

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 301: The Promise - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three

Chapter 301: The Promise

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Olivia's POV

The moment I reached the final step, I caught sight of Calvin standing in the sitting room, arms crossed as he spoke quietly to someone seated casually on one of the leather couches.

Lord Frederick.

And damn, he looked... good.

He wasn't dressed like the uptight man I remembered seeing days ago. Gone was the formal cloak and the stiff suits. Instead, he wore a fitted black t-shirt that hugged his toned chest and dark jeans that hung low on his hips. A leather wristband circled his wrist, and his silver hair was slightly tousled, like he hadn't bothered to fix it—or maybe he just liked looking effortlessly hot.

He looked young. Relaxed. But there was still that unmistakable aura of power and quiet confidence that clung to him.

He turned as I approached, and when our eyes met, he stood up slowly, giving me a once-over that wasn't exactly subtle. His gaze lingered for a second too long on my tied shirt and jeans before lifting to meet my eyes.

"Olivia," he said with a warm, low voice. "You look beautiful."

"You too," I said, the words slipping past my lips.

He chuckled. "Guilty. I figured if I'm going to show up uninvited, I might as well not look like a relic."

I glanced at Calvin, who didn't look too thrilled about this whole situation.

"I didn't even know you were coming," I said, folding my arms. "You could've given a heads-up."

"I like surprises," he replied smoothly. "Besides... you weren't exactly reachable the last few days."

"What do you want, Frederick?" I asked, keeping my tone polite.

He didn't answer immediately. Instead, he motioned toward the sitting area. "Can we sit? It's not the kind of conversation you have while standing."

That made my spine stiffen slightly, but I nodded and followed him to the couch. He waited until I sat first before taking the seat opposite me. Calvin remained standing, arms crossed, watching us like a guard dog.

I leaned back into the couch, already having a bad feeling about this. Lord Frederick watched me with unnerving calm, the kind of stillness only someone not quite human could master.

Then he spoke.

"Do you know how I knew your great-grandmother, Hailee?"

My brow furrowed slightly. "No. You tell me."

A faint, almost nostalgic smile played on his lips. "I saved her life once. A long time ago... when she was young. Barely older than you are now."

That startled me a bit. "You saved her?"

He nodded. "And when she asked what I wanted in return... I told her I would think about it."

I tilted my head, skeptical. "So?"

Frederick reached into the inside pocket of his jacket and slowly pulled out something long and old, carefully wrapped in dark silk. He placed it gently on the table between us, then unwrapped it.

A scroll.

A real one. The parchment was aged, sealed with a blood-red wax emblem.

My stomach twisted again.

"What is this?" I asked, reaching out but not yet opening it.

He met my gaze steadily. "A promise."

My heart thudded harder.

"I knew Hailee was special, but she wasn't the one I wanted. I asked her for someone instead. The next special one." He paused, his voice soft but clear. "She gave me her word. That the one born with the next special ability... would be mine."

I blinked, confused. "Yours? What does that mean?"

I stood slowly, unsettled by the weight of his gaze. "What exactly are you saying?"

Lord Frederick rose too, but he didn't move closer. His expression didn't change, though his voice dropped into a more serious tone.

"I'm saying... I've waited for years. I haven't aged a day because I've held off my own end. My time should've come and gone, but I refused it. I waited for you, Olivia."

My breath caught.

"What?"

"You were promised to me. As my wife. That scroll in your hand... is your great-grandmother's blood-sealed vow. Her word."

My stomach turned. Not from fear—but from rage. Like my life had been written without my consent.

I stared at him, my wolf already howling with threats.

"I don't believe you," I said, even though a part of me already did.

"Open it," he said softly. "See for yourself."

But I didn't.

"You're lying," I snapped, my voice sharp. "This is insane. You expect me to believe that I was promised to you?"

Lord Frederick didn't even flinch. "I'm not lying."

I clenched my jaw, the scroll still unopened in my hand. My entire body was heating with disbelief and growing rage.

"Even if what you're saying is true—which I highly doubt," I spat, "I'm not accepting it. Never."

His expression stayed calm, though something darker dimmed his eyes. "You have to."

My brows shot up. "Excuse me?"

"If you don't," he said softly, "you'll die."

I froze. "What?"

"I'm not threatening you, Olivia," he said immediately, stepping back slightly as if to show he meant no harm. "I could never hurt you. That was the deal. Hailee made a pact sealed in blood. I am forbidden from ever causing you pain. But the magic in that scroll... it's binding. If you reject the bond, the cost will fall on you."

My lips parted, but no words came out. My breath hitched in my throat, and for a moment, everything felt too quiet.

"That's enough," Calvin growled suddenly. He stepped between me and Frederick, his posture tense, protective. "You've said enough. She's overwhelmed—and you're scaring her. Leave."

For the first time, something flickered in Frederick's expression. Regret. Maybe even sadness. But he nodded once, slowly, as though he'd expected this.

"I meant no harm," he murmured, giving me one last glance. "We'll speak again... when you're ready."

And then he was gone—moving with supernatural speed out the door, vanishing before I could blink.

The room was silent again, but the pressure hadn't lifted from my chest.

I turned to Calvin, barely breathing.

"What the hell is this?"

He looked at me, and the apology in his eyes told me everything I needed to know before he even spoke.

"It's true," he said quietly. "All of it."

Chapter 302: Won't Accept It

Olivia's POV

"That was how it happened," Calvin finished, his voice weighed down by the ridiculous story he had just told me.

I scoffed in anger, my hands flying to my hair as I yanked at it in pure frustration. Then I snapped my gaze to him, my eyes burning with rage.

"It's never happening," I hissed. "I'm not getting married to Lord Frederick just because I was vowed to him by a woman I never even met. Who the hell gave her the right to vow me to him?"

Calvin let out a deep sigh and sank back into the couch, his elbows resting on his knees. His frown cut deep into his face as he studied me.

"Don't worry, sis," he said finally, his voice low and calm. "I'm not going to force you to do something you don't want to do... but—"

I narrowed my eyes. "But what?"

His jaw tightened before he continued. "But the blood oath Hailee made wasn't just a simple promise. It's sealed magic. And if what Frederick said is true..."

I crossed my arms, glaring. "Spit it out, Calvin."

He hesitated, then leaned forward. "If you refuse him completely... if you try to break the bond... the magic will turn on you. And I don't know if even I can stop it."

I stared at him, my heart pounding in my ears.

"You're telling me my life depends on some stupid promise my great-grandmother made years ago?"

His silence was answer enough.

I gritted my teeth and shook my head. "Then I guess we're going to find a way to break it... because I'd rather die fighting it than live as someone's property."

With that, I turned and stormed upstairs.

Back in my room, Lolita and Nora were already waiting. I could tell from the looks on their faces that they'd overheard everything.

"What are you going to do?" Nora asked.

I didn't answer. I had no idea what to say. Instead, I sank onto the bed, my thoughts spinning. "Why now...?" I whispered, my fingers tightening around the edge of the blanket. "Why now, when my life was finally starting to fall into place..."

Lolita sat beside me, her hand brushing mine in silent comfort.

Nora crouched in front of me, so I had no choice but to meet her eyes. "You have to tell the triplets."

My head snapped up. "No," I said without giving it a second thought.

"They have a right to know," she argued gently. "This isn't some random trouble you can hide from them. If what Alpha Calvin says is true, this is life or death. And you know damn well they'll want to fight for you."

I shook my head, my throat tight. "If they know... they'll lose their minds. Lennox will go to war. Levi and Louis will follow him without hesitation. And Frederick—" I bit my lip. "Frederick isn't just some random vampire we can push around. He's ancient. Old magic runs in his veins."

Lolita frowned deeply. "So what? You're just going to sit here and wait for him to claim you?"

"I'm going to think," I said firmly. "There has to be a way out. I'm not his. I'll never be his."

Silence settled between us for a few seconds, heavy and suffocating.

Lolita broke the silence first, tilting her head and watching me closely.

"What if there were no triplets?" she asked quietly. "What if you were still... you know... having issues with them? Would you have at least considered Lord Frederick?"

The question caught me off guard. I froze, my lips parting but no words coming out.

I hated that I even had to think about it.

My mind drifted for a second... and the truth was, Lord Frederick was insanely hot. Strong. Tall. Confident. He carried himself like the world already belonged to him. He was dangerous in that way some men are. He was magnetic, alluring, the kind of man that made you wonder what it would be like to be claimed by him.

And yes... he was exactly my type physically. If the triplets had never been in the picture... if I hadn't felt what I feel for Lennox, Louis, and Levi... maybe, just maybe, I would have thought about giving him a chance.

But that was a fantasy.

The reality was... the triplets are my life.

They are a part of me in ways I can't explain. I know their flaws, their bad sides, their tempers, their mistakes... but I still love them. And they love me back with that fierce, possessive, unshakable way that feels like home.

Lord Frederick? I don't even know him. I don't know the real man behind that charming smile or the things he's done over the centuries. For all I know, his hands are stained with blood I could never forgive him for.

So no matter how tempting Lord Frederick might seem... no matter how curious I might be about him... it doesn't change the fact that my heart belongs to the triplets.

I gave Lolita a small, firm smile. "Maybe, yes... if they weren't in the picture, I'd give him a chance to know him. But they are in the picture. They're my mates... my everything. That's not changing."

Nora exhaled, relieved at my answer. Lolita just nodded, but I could tell her mind was already working on the next thing to say.

I pushed myself off the bed suddenly, determination replacing my earlier frustration.

"I have to meet the seer," I said aloud, more to myself than to anyone. "If there's even the smallest chance I can heal my mother, she might be the one who can help me... and if my mother wakes, she can guide me. She can help me with this decision."

Nora's head tilted in concern. "Liv, are you prepared for that? Your healing ability—"

I shook my head, cutting her off. "yes. I'm not wasting another minute. I can't make this choice without her."

Lolita straightened from the bed, studying my expression. "You're serious."

"Dead serious," I replied.

I glanced between them, my decision final. "I'll be back soon. Don't worry about me. And... don't tell my brother where I went."

"Olivia—" Nora began, but I was already stepping away.

With one last look at their worried faces, I whispered, "Trust me."

And then... I teleported.

Chapter 303: The War

Lennox's POV

It felt like half of me had left with Olivia.

The excitement I'd been feeling just minutes ago was gone, snuffed out like a candle in the wind. Even my wolf, who had been wagging his tail in my mind ever since she was here, was now silent and brooding.

I let out a frustrated sigh and lay back on the bed, staring blankly at the ceiling.

I was a fool. We were fools—me and my brothers.

We had Olivia all these years. She was ours, right here, and yet... we let someone else's manipulations twist the truth. We let them poison what we had, and we believed it.

I turned my head slightly, my eyes landing on Levi and Louis. They were as quiet as I was, lost in their own thoughts. None of us had said a word since she teleported away.

I didn't need to ask how they were feeling—I already knew. They were drowning in the same emptiness.

Suddenly, my phone buzzed on the nightstand.

I frowned and leaned over to grab it.

Gabriel.

I scoffed, glancing at my brothers. "The idiot is calling."

Levi raised a brow. Louis just gave a humorless smirk.

I hit answer and immediately put it on loudspeaker. "I hope you've received my message," I said flatly.

Gabriel's voice came through the line, calm but with a hint of unease. "Lennox... let's talk about it. It doesn't have to be this way."

I scoffed again, my anger flaring hot. "Gabriel, you should be thanking me. I'm being kind to you. Normally, I'd just attack your pack without warning. But instead, I'm calling to give you time to send your little pups and the old ones away... and to prepare yourself for the war that's coming."

There was a pause, and when he spoke again, there was desperation in his tone. "Let's please settle this—"

"There's nothing to settle," Levi cut in sharply, his voice cold. "You had the guts to do what you did to Olivia, and you think you can talk your way out of it?"

"But I didn't kill her," Gabriel said quickly, almost defensively.

My jaw tightened. "You didn't have to kill her. Throwing her in a dungeon, plotting with my uncle—those things are enough. You've wronged us, Gabriel. You've wronged her."

Louis leaned forward over the phone. "Don't waste your breath trying to explain yourself. We've made our decision. You should just get ready for the war. In fact, you should be grateful we're giving you the courtesy of a warning."

I knew Gabriel was scared. He had every right to be. No pack in their right mind would want to go to war with us—not when the three of us fought as one.

Together, we were unstoppable. We didn't just win wars; we ended them. The stories of the last war we had two years ago were still whispered in fear. Gabriel knew that if this came to blows, his pack wouldn't survive.

He didn't say another word. He simply ended the call.

I threw my phone onto the bed, my jaw still locked, my wolf pacing restlessly within me.

There was a knock, and then the door opened.

Dustin, one of our Betas, stepped inside.

"I've got the report," he said, glancing between me and my brothers. "Gabriel has about two hundred foot warriors and a hundred wolf warriors."

I scoffed and leaned back against the headboard, shaking my head. "That means I'll be going alone with my warriors. You two don't need to join me."

Levi gave me a sharp look. "Lennox—"

"I said you don't need to," I cut him off.

Dustin frowned slightly. "How many of your warriors do you want to take?"

"Just half of mine," I replied without hesitation.

He did a quick mental calculation, then nodded. "That's four hundred foot warriors and two hundred and fifty in wolf form."

"Yes," I confirmed. "That's more than enough for what's waiting for us."

Dustin nodded.

"Have you passed our warnings around to other packs?" I asked, narrowing my eyes.

He nodded. "Already done. I told them not to dare support Gabriel. Their response was unanimous—they don't want our trouble."

I let out a satisfied breath. "Good. They know better. No one wants to get in our way."

Louis folded his arms and muttered, "Don't you think we should let Olivia know?"

"No," I responded immediately. "If she finds out, she'll try to stop us... and besides, I don't want to stress her. The fight will be over before she even knows it began."

Levi and Louis nodded in agreement.

I turned to Dustin. "Get the men ready. We leave by tomorrow."

Dustin nodded and left.

Louis broke the silence first. "You're sure about going in tomorrow alone?"

"Yes," I said without hesitation. "It's a small war. Besides, it's too risky for all three of us to go. If something happens, our pack needs at least two of us alive."

Levi nodded and leaned back, crossing his arms. "What's the plan?"

"Quick and clean. We hit them at dawn. No drawn-out fights. We tear through their defenses, take out their leadership, and leave the rest too scared to even think about retaliation."

Louis smirked faintly, shaking his head. "Too bad... sounds like we're going to miss all the fun."

Levi chuckled under his breath. "Yeah... you're going to have all the glory to yourself, brother. Don't forget to save us a piece of the action next time."

I was about to reply when the air in the room shifted. The faintest ripple of energy brushed over my skin, raising the hairs on my arms.

My wolf's ears perked up in my mind.

A familiar scent hit me before the light shimmered in the center of the room.

And then—just like that—Olivia appeared.

Her arms were folded across her chest, her face etched with a big frown.

"Lennox. Levi. Louis..." Her voice was low but filled with annoyance that made even my wolf go still. "You three have some explanations to give me."

The three of us froze, caught like pups with our paws in the meat storage.

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 304: Call It Off - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 304: Call It Off

Chapter 304: Call It Off

Olivia's POV

"Are you sure about this?" the seer asked again for what felt like the hundredth time after I told her I wanted to heal my mother.

"Yes," I said firmly. "I need her now."

The old seer's cloudy eyes studied me, her gaze unreadable, before she finally gave a slow nod. "Alright... we will do it tonight. But if the process becomes risky, I'll stop it."

I nodded quickly. "Thank you. So... I'll see you tonight?"

"Yes," she confirmed.

A small, grateful smile spread across my lips. "Thank you," I repeated softly before teleporting away.

The moment I reappeared in my room, I met Lolita there, arranging some of my clothes, but the second she saw me, her face lit up in relief.

"Thank goodness you came..." she said quickly, almost rushing the words out. "Guess who called."

I raised a brow. "Who?"

"Alpha Gabriel," Lolita said, watching my reaction closely.

I froze. "Gabriel?" My brows pulled together in confusion. Why would he be calling me after everything... after his betrayal?

Before I could even ask, her phone rang again.

I hesitated for a moment, my wolf growling low in my chest. Then I snatched the phone from Lolita's hand and answered.

"You have the guts to call me?" I spat without greeting.

There was a short pause on the line before his voice came through, soft and almost pleading. "Olivia... I'm sorry."

I let out a bitter scoff. "Sorry? I trusted you, Gabriel. I thought you were my knight in shining armor. I thought you were different."

"I know," he said quickly. "And I'm sorry. Truly, I am."

I tightened my grip on the phone. "If you're calling to apologize, save it. I won't forgive you."

"I'm not calling just for that," he said urgently. "I need your help. The triplets... they're waging war against my pack. I don't want innocent souls to die because of me. I'm ready for any punishment you think I deserve... but not war."

My frown deepened instantly. The triplets... going to war? And they didn't tell me?

I didn't say another word. I ended the call, tossed the phone back to Lolita, and instantly teleported.

I appeared right in Lennox's room to find all three of them seated on the bed. The moment they saw me, I noticed that look of unease in them, like they had been caught doing something they were not supposed to do.

With a deepening frown and my arms folded across my chest, I stared at them. "I believe you three have some explaining to do," I said coldly.

The three brothers exchanged tense glances before returning their gazes to me. Levi was the first to get up as he approached me. "We are sorry, Olivia. We didn't want you to get worried."

My frown deepened, and my glare fixed on the three of them. "Why did you have to keep this away from me? I thought we said no secrets among us."

But deep down, a heavy guilt curled in my chest because I was keeping a secret of my own.

Lennox finally stood, his expression softening, though his jaw was still tense. "We're sorry, Olivia. Really. We just... didn't want you to worry. This war? It's nothing. We'll be back before you even know we've left."

I shook my head instantly. "No. Absolutely not." My voice cracked slightly. "I just got you three back. Things are finally starting to work. And I don't want anything happening to you. I don't want any risks."

I took a step closer, my gaze bouncing between all of them. "The war is not happening. I don't care what Gabriel did. You're not going. You're calling him, and you're canceling it. Now."

They hesitated.

The three of them exchanged glances like they were silently trying to decide how to handle me.

Lennox finally broke the silence. "Olivia... there's no need to get scared. We've handled worse. You know we can win this."

And he was right. Damn it, he was right. But this time... the risk? It wasn't one I was willing to take.

I narrowed my eyes. "Lennox. Levi. Louis. It's either you three call Gabriel right now... or I will never talk to any of you again."

That got them.

Levi was the first to move. He practically rushed for the phone, snatching it from the nightstand before anyone else could say a word. Without hesitation, he dialed Gabriel's number and put it on loudspeaker.

Gabriel answered almost immediately, his voice tense. "Hello?"

"You got lucky," Lennox said darkly, his tone dripping with rage. "I wanted to paint the ground with your blood."

"Lennox!" I snapped sharply. "Watch your tongue."

He groaned under his breath but didn't argue.

Louis leaned closer to the phone. "We're calling off the war," he said flatly. "But don't think this is over, Gabriel. You'll hear from us soon."

Gabriel exhaled audibly, clearly relieved, but smart enough not to say anything stupid.

Levi ended the call, then smiled at me. "All for you, Princess," he teased.

I rolled my eyes and looked away, pretending to be mad. Louis moved closer, trying to touch my arm, but I stepped back.

"We're sorry... we promise we won't keep anything from you again," he said sincerely.

I didn't look their way. Yes, I was angry they kept things away from me, but that wasn't my only concern. I was worried about the silly vow our great-grandmother made and how the triplets would react to it.

Lennox's sharp eyes lingered on me longer than usual, like he could see straight through my deflection. "What is it?" he asked finally, his voice low but filled with concern. "Something's bothering you. I can feel it."

I forced a small smile that didn't quite reach my eyes. "It's nothing... I just... I'll be trying to heal my mother tonight."

Their eyes widened instantly. Levi's brows pulled together. "Olivia... are you sure you're ready for that?"

Louis tilted his head, his gaze softening with concern. "I heard it's been ten years. This isn't something you just... decide in a moment."

"I know," I said quietly, my fingers tightening slightly against my shirt. "But I think so. I need her now. More than ever."

There was a beat of silence before I stepped back slightly. "I have to leave."

Louis was the closest to me, so I leaned in first and pressed my lips to his. He let out a low, deep moan against my mouth, his hands immediately sliding to grip my waist possessively.

I pulled away before he could deepen it, turning toward Levi. His warm hands cupped my face as soon as I leaned in, and when my lips touched his, he groaned softly into my mouth like he didn't want to let me go.

Finally, I moved to Lennox. The moment our lips met, his kiss was different—deep, claiming, filled with the kind of possession that made my knees threaten to give out. He groaned against my lips and pulled me closer until I could feel his heartbeat pounding in sync with mine.

When he broke away, his hand stayed on the back of my neck, holding me in place. "Stay a little longer," he murmured, his voice low and rough.

God, I wished I could. But I had too much on my plate.

I gave a faint smile and shook my head. "I have to leave."

He exhaled heavily, clearly unhappy, but he let me go.

"See you later," I said, and with that, I teleported back to my room.

When I arrived, only Lolita was there. Nora was nowhere in sight.

"Where's Nora?" I asked, confused.

Lolita shrugged. "Alpha Calvin demanded her attention."

I frowned. Something was definitely going on—and I needed to get to the bottom of it.

"I'll be back," I told Lolita, then left my room.

This time, I didn't teleport. I walked to Calvin's room.

When I reached it, I should have knocked. But something came over me. I just grabbed the doorknob, pushed it open, and stepped inside.

Stepping in, my stomach dropped, and I could only stare, unable to believe what I was seeing.

Chapter 305: Caught

Calvin's POV

The door to my room pushed open, and even before the person stepped inside, her intoxicating scent hit my nose, making my wolf lose his damn mind.

"Mate!" he growled in my head—loud and possessive—pacing like a caged beast ready to pounce. His voice vibrated through me, tasting her scent like it was the finest thing in existence.

I clenched my jaw and forced myself to keep my composure, ignoring the rush of heat in my chest. I wasn't about to let my emotions take over.

Nora stepped in quietly, balancing a tray of juice I had requested earlier. Her eyes flicked to mine for the briefest second, and my wolf practically roared again, demanding I claim her.

"Mine." His voice was raw, insistent. "Touch her. Take her."

I inhaled deeply, fighting the urge to let my instincts win. "Thanks," I muttered, my tone polite. My voice came out rough, like gravel, betraying the strain I was under.

She gave me a polite smile, setting the tray down on the table beside me. But every movement she made—every shift of her body—only drove my wolf wilder.

I had to grip the armrest of my chair to stop myself from reaching out.

I cleared my throat, forcing my voice to stay even. "You can leave now," I said, not trusting myself to look at her for too long.

But she didn't move. Instead, she crossed her arms, her chin tilting slightly as she studied me. "Since you don't want me as your mate," she said calmly, "why don't we just reject each other quietly? No one has to know."

My frown deepened.

Yes... I had told her I didn't want a mate. And it was true—I don't believe in the mate bond. She was my second chance mate, but I'd already convinced myself that mates only brought weakness, distraction, and pain.

Still... the casual way she said it, like I meant nothing... that hurt more than I expected.

"Why are you so desperate for it?" I asked, my voice low.

She folded her arms tighter, meeting my gaze without flinching. "So I can explore other men," she replied flatly.

A sharp, ugly pang of jealousy shot through me. Other men?

In a flash, my hand shot out and I pulled her onto my lap, my grip firm around her waist. She gasped softly, glaring at me as if daring me to let go.

"Other men?" I repeated, my voice filled with jealousy. "So you're already seeing someone?"

Her lips curved in the faintest smirk. "That's none of your business, Alpha Calvin. You made it clear you don't want me. So I can fuck anyone I want to."

That... did it.

The thought of her with another man lit a fire in my chest so fierce I could barely think. My wolf snarled violently in my head, demanding I put her in her place.

Without another word, I crashed my lips against hers in a hard, possessive kiss. There was nothing gentle about it—I claimed her mouth like I owned it, like I had every right to.

And in that moment, I didn't care what I'd said before.

She was mine.

She struggled against me at first, her hands pressing lightly against my chest as if to push me away. But the more I kissed her, the more that resistance began to melt.

I deepened the kiss, pouring into it everything I shouldn't be feeling. Pain. Longing. Desire I'd been denying since the moment I saw her.

She was everything I had ever wanted in a woman—beautiful, innocent, a pure heart that radiated warmth. But I knew better. Those things... they never stayed the same. They would change. People always changed.

Still... in that moment, I couldn't stop myself. My lips moved over hers like I was trying to memorize the taste, my fingers gripping her waist tightly as if she might disappear if I let go.

Then—

The door burst open.

I tore my lips from hers and looked up sharply, my chest rising and falling with uneven breaths. My eyes locked with the wide, shocked gaze of my sister standing frozen in the doorway.

"Shit!" Nora gasped and jumped out of my lap.

"Olivia... you are—" she couldn't complete her words.

Olivia narrowed her eyes at Nora, then she stared back at me with a raised brow.

I sighed and sat upright. "Nora... please excuse us."

Nora hesitated like she wanted to argue, but after a second, she turned and walked out, unable to meet Olivia's gaze.

Olivia's sharp gaze stayed on me even after Nora had slipped out, the air still tense from what she'd just walked in on.

"What is going on, brother?" she asked, folding her arms, her tone demanding answers.

I exhaled slowly, running a hand over my face. There was no point in lying. "Nora... is my mate."

Her eyes widened instantly. "Your mate? And you didn't think to tell me?"

I looked away, my jaw tightening.

"Why?" she pressed. "Is it because of her status? Calvin, you know Nora is a nice lady. You shouldn't care about status when it comes to mates."

I shook my head firmly. "It's never been about her status, Olivia. The truth is... Nora is my second chance mate. I've had a mate before."

Her brows shot up even higher. "You have? Where is she now?"

A bitter laugh escaped me. "Probably with my best friend right now... maybe even having their second child together."

Her lips parted in shock. "What? How?"

I leaned back in my chair, my gaze going cold as I thought back. "She'd been in love with my best friend for years. I didn't know. When she turned eighteen, we found out we were mates. But she never let me mark her—always saying she wanted the mate mark on our wedding night. I said fine, let's marry. She refused, saying she was too young. She wanted to wait until she was twenty."

My voice darkened. "What I didn't know... was that she was sleeping with my best friend the whole time. I never even touched her, Olivia. Not once."

Her expression softened with something close to pity, but she said nothing. She let me talk.

"Then one day," I continued, my voice almost a growl, "she came to me, asking me to forgive her. She wanted us to reject each other quietly because she was pregnant with his child. So I did it. I rejected her... and she left without looking back."

I clenched the armrests, fighting the burn in my chest.

Olivia's eyes softened a little as she studied me.

"So... is that why you don't want Nora? Because of what your first mate did to you?"

I didn't answer right away. My gaze dropped to the floor. "I'm... scared, Olivia. I don't believe in the mate bond anymore. Not after that. I've seen what it can turn into. How it can destroy you."

She stepped a little closer. "Nora is not like that, Calvin. She's nothing like your first mate."

I shook my head firmly. "No. I don't want it. I can't... go through that again." My voice dropped lower. "Please, Olivia... just leave it alone."

She opened her mouth to say something more, but I turned my face away, my tone final. "Please... leave."

Olivia studied me for a moment longer, then with a faint, troubled sigh, she nodded and quietly walked out.

Chapter 306: Awake

Olivia's POV

The seer stood across from me, her worried eyes fixed on mine. "Are you ready?" she asked for the last time.

"Yes," I breathed. "I'm ready."

She nodded once, her expression unreadable, then motioned for me to kneel beside the bed. My mother lay there, still as stone, her body pale and thin from ten years of being trapped in this cursed sleep. My hands trembled as I reached for hers.

"She's been gone for a long time," the seer reminded me softly. "To call her back will take more than magic—it will take your spirit. Do you understand?"

"I understand," I whispered, my throat tight.

The seer began chanting in a low, rhythmic voice. Candles flickered, shadows dancing across the walls. A silver circle surrounded the bed, the runes glowing faintly as if waking from a long slumber.

"Place your palms over her heart," the seer instructed.

I did as told, pressing both hands gently against my mother's chest. Her skin was cold, but under it, I imagined the faintest thrum of life—like a dying ember waiting to be fanned into flame.

"Call to her," the seer urged.

I closed my eyes, letting tears slip down my cheeks. Mama... it's me. Please come back. I need you.

Heat began to build under my palms, slow at first, then stronger. My wolf stirred inside me, lending me strength. A golden glow spread from my hands, sinking into my mother's body.

The seer's voice rose, the ancient words flowing like a river. The glow deepened, brightening until it filled the circle with light. My body ached, my heart pounding painfully in my chest.

Her lips parted slightly.

"Mama?" I whispered, my voice trembling.

Her fingers twitched against mine. Her eyelids fluttered, just for a moment.

"She hears you," the seer said urgently. "Push harder!"

Pain lanced through me as I poured every drop of my energy into her. The light from my hands pulsed faster, stronger—until it felt like the air itself was vibrating. My breathing grew ragged, my vision blurring.

Then—

A gasp.

Her chest rose sharply, and her eyes snapped open, wild and confused.

My tears spilled freely as I leaned closer. "It's me, Mama."

She blinked up at me, her lips trembling as if trying to form words. The seer's voice softened. "She's back... but weak. You must let her rest."

I nodded and held the shocked and confused gaze of my mother. She stared at me as if she was seeing a ghost, but even in that confused state, I could see the look of reconciliation in her eyes.

"Mom... it's me... can you hear me?" I asked.

"Olivia... let her speak on her own..." the seer advised gently.

I swallowed hard and nodded, my gaze still on her. My mother's gaze drifted past me, scanning the room before settling on the seer. Her brows furrowed, puzzled, then slowly—tremulously—she began to sit up.

My heart pounded as I watched, unsure if she would recognize me. Then her gaze returned to mine, and a soft, weary smile bloomed across her face.

"It's you," she whispered, her voice shaky.

Tears gathered in my eyes as I nodded and took her hands in mine again.

"Yes, Mother... it's me... your daughter... Olivia."

Her eyes, those eyes that looked exactly like mine, lit up with a soft glow as tears gradually gathered in them. Her lips trembled, and then, with a sudden burst of emotion, she reached for me.

Before I could even breathe, her arms wrapped tightly around me, pulling me into her frail but desperate embrace.

"I finally... meet you," she whispered against my ear, her voice shaking with a mix of disbelief and overwhelming love.

I broke. Completely.

Hot tears streamed down my face as I buried my head in her shoulder, inhaling the faint scent of her skin that felt both strange and familiar.

"I'm here, Mama... I'm really here," I choked out, clutching her as if I'd never let go.

Her thin hands trembled as they caressed my hair, her touch gentle but filled with a hunger only a mother could have after being kept away from her child for so long.

"I've dreamed of this... for so long," she murmured, her voice breaking. "I thought... I'd never get the chance to see you again."

"I'm here now," I said fiercely, pulling back just enough to look into her teary eyes. "And I'm neverleaving again."

The seer, standing quietly nearby, gave us a small, relieved smile. "Let her rest now, Olivia. She needs time to regain her strength."

I nodded slowly, still holding my mother's hands in mine.

Mother looked around as though searching for something or someone.

"Where is Calvin?" she asked, her voice laced with worry.

"He's right outside," I answered quickly. "Should I call him?"

She nodded quickly. "Yes... please call my boy."

I gave her hands a reassuring squeeze before standing. "I'll call him in," I said softly.

Opening the door, I found Calvin leaning against the wall, his arms folded, eyes closed like he'd been holding his breath this whole time. When his gaze lifted to mine, I didn't have to say a word—he could see it in my tear-streaked face.

"She wants to see you," I told him quietly.

For a moment, his lips parted, but no sound came out. Then, with slow, almost cautious steps, he walked past me into the room.

The moment my mother's eyes landed on him, they lit up—not just with recognition, but with the fierce, protective love only a mother could hold for her son.

"Calvin..." she breathed, her voice cracking.

He froze by the bed, his jaw tight, and for a second, I thought he wouldn't move. But then, almost as if a dam broke, he stepped forward and dropped to his knees beside her.

Without hesitation, she wrapped her arms around him.

"Mother..." His voice was raw, low, and shaky in a way I had never heard from him before.

She held him close, her thin fingers curling around the back of his head like she was trying to shield him from every hurt he'd ever known.

"I'm so sorry," she whispered, her voice trembling as tears streamed freely down her cheeks. "I'm so sorry for leaving you alone. I can't imagine... what you must have gone through without me."

His arms tightened around her, his forehead pressed into her shoulder.

"You don't have to apologize... you're here now," he murmured, but I could hear the pain in his voice, the years of loneliness he had buried deep.

Her hands cupped his face then, forcing him to look at her.

"My boy," she said with aching tenderness, "you've grown so big and handsome, just like your father."

Calvin swallowed hard, blinking away tears. He didn't speak. Instead, he reached up and wiped one of her tears away before pulling her back into his arms.

I stood there quietly, my own heart swelling with emotion as I watched them.

Calvin was still holding her when my mother's gaze slowly shifted to me. There was so much tenderness in her eyes, but also... worry.

She reached one hand toward me, and I stepped closer, slipping my fingers into hers. Her grip was weak but warm.

"My Olivia..." she whispered, searching my face like she was trying to read through me. "How has your life been?"

I swallowed hard, unsure how to even begin answering that.

But before I could speak, she tilted her head slightly, her brows drawing together.

"Are you... married to Lord Frederick?"

Her question hit me like a cold wind, and for a moment, I just stared at her, frozen.

Chapter 307: Troubled

Olivia's POV

I swallowed hard, not knowing what to say. For some reason, I thought she would look worried, maybe even upset, at the idea of me marrying Lord Frederick. But she didn't.

Her expression didn't even flicker with surprise—it was almost like... she had expected it.

That unsettled me more than anything.

Why wasn't she worried?

Was she... fine with it?

A cold ripple ran through me. I quickly pushed the thought aside, forcing a small smile as I decided to change the topic.

"Mama... I've been seeing you," I said softly. "In my dreams... in my visions. You appeared to me. You spoke to me."

Her brows pulled together into a deep frown. "No... Olivia." Her voice was low but certain. "It wasn't me."

I blink confused. "What? But—"

She shook her head slowly, her grip tightening weakly around my hand. "I've been in a coma for ten years. My soul has been trapped... sleeping. I couldn't appear to you even if I wanted to. Whoever you saw—it wasn't me."

A chill ran through me. "Then... who was it?"

Her gaze darkened slightly, and when she spoke again, her voice dropped lower. "It might have been your great-grandmother... Hailee. She must have taken my face."

A wave of unease rolled through me, tightening in my chest. My pulse quickened, and suddenly the room seemed to sway. My vision blurred at the edges.

The seer's voice cut through the haze. "Olivia—" She was at my side in an instant, her hand steadying my shoulder. "You've overexerted yourself. Healing her took a great deal from you. You need to rest before you collapse."

I tried to shake my head, but even that made me dizzy. "I'm fine... I can still—"

"No," the seer said firmly, her tone brooking no argument. "You can speak to her later. Right now, you must recover your strength. If you push yourself, you'll harm yourself."

I glanced at my mother, still lying weakly on the bed, her tired eyes filled with so many unspoken words. I wanted to stay. I wanted to keep talking, to tell her everything. But my body wasn't listening to my will anymore.

I swallowed, forcing a soft smile for her sake. "I'll be back soon, Mama. I promise."

She squeezed my hand faintly, her lips curving into a small smile. "Go rest, my daughter."

I nodded, releasing her hand reluctantly. "Goodbye... for now."

I teleported away, the room and the seer's worried gaze vanishing from sight as I disappeared into the safety of my chambers.

Arriving in my chamber, I immediately noticed the quiet. No Nora. No Lolita. No sound of movement, no familiar presence to greet me.

I let out a long sigh and lowered myself onto the bed, my body sinking into the soft mattress. My gaze drifted to the ceiling, but my mind was far away.

I should have felt lighter. Happier. Relieved.

My mother was back. She was alive. I had accomplished the one thing I'd dreamt of since learning about her fate.

But...

A hollow ache sat stubbornly in my chest. Something felt wrong. I didn't know if it was her strange calmness about me marrying Lord Frederick or something else.

I wrapped my arms around myself, the silence of the room suffocating me. I had thought that having her back would help in Frederick's case, but instead, I felt... scared.

I didn't want to be alone right now. I needed someone.

And without thinking too much about it, my thoughts drifted to the triplets. The only ones who had ever made me feel safe without words.

Without hesitation, I decided I'd go to them.

With a blink, I teleported.

I appeared, standing in Levi's room.

It was quiet, dimly lit, the faint scent of his smell lingering in the air. He was alone—sitting on the edge of his bed, elbows resting on his knees, head slightly bowed like he'd been lost in thought.

He looked up the moment he sensed me. Surprise flashed in his eyes, quickly replaced by a warm, almost relieved smile.

"Olivia," he said softly, rising to his feet.

Levi's eyes searched my face, his brows pulling together in concern. "Olivia... what's wrong?" he asked gently, stepping closer.

I parted my lips to answer, but before I could speak, the door opened.

Lennox stepped inside, his sharp gaze immediately finding me, and just behind him, Louis followed. It didn't take a genius to guess how they knew I was here—they must have caught my scent the second I arrived.

"Olivia?" Lennox's voice was low but worried, his eyes scanning me from head to toe. "What happened?"

I gave them a faint, tired smile. "I just... healed my mother. It took a lot out of me. I'm... weak right now."

The three of them exchanged worried looks, and without hesitation, Levi moved to guide me toward the bed. "Come here," he murmured, his voice softer than usual.

I didn't resist. My body welcomed the comfort as Levi eased me down, positioning me so I could rest. I ended up with my head resting against his chest, feeling the steady beat of his heart beneath my cheek. His warmth surrounded me, comforting me in a way I didn't know I needed.

Lennox moved in behind me, settling on the bed and wrapping an arm lightly around my waist, his other hand stroking slow, soothing circles across my back. His touch was gentle, protective, reminding me that I wasn't alone.

Louis shifted slightly at the foot of the bed. Without a word, he gently lifted my legs and rested them across his knees. His large hands began to massage slowly, his thumbs pressing into the tense muscles of my calves.

A soft sigh escaped me before I could stop it. The ache in my legs from the strain of the ritual began to ease under his touch. His movements were firm yet careful, like he was afraid of hurting me.

"You're so tense," Louis murmured, his gaze flicking up to meet mine for a brief moment before returning to his task. "You should have come to us sooner, princess."

The soft kneading of his fingers, Levi's steady heartbeat in my ear, and Lennox's warm strokes across my back worked together to pull me into a cocoon of comfort. For the first time since my mother woke up, I felt like I could finally breathe.

But somewhere deep inside, a quiet whisper reminded me this moment wouldn't last.

Chapter 308: A Strange Voice

Olivia's POV

I woke up to the feeling of warmth wrapped around me. Strong arms caged me in from both sides, their heat seeping into my skin, making me feel safe. My head was still rested against Levi's solid chest, his slow, steady heartbeat a soothing rhythm in my ear. One of his arms was draped protectively around my waist, holding me close. Behind me, Lennox's body was pressed against my back, his arm snugly around my middle, his breath fanning the back of my neck in slow, even puffs. And at the foot of the bed, my legs still rested across Louis' lap. At some point in the night, he must have stopped massaging me, but his hands still lay on my calves, his touch gentle and absentminded—as if even in his sleep, he didn't want to let go.

For a long moment, I stayed still, my eyes half-closed, letting the feeling sink in. Surrounded. Protected. Loved. A small smile tugged at my lips despite the heaviness still in my chest. But after a while, a different discomfort hit me. My bladder protested painfully, and I shifted slightly, trying not to wake anyone. Unfortunately, the movement was enough to make Levi stir.

His arm tightened around me just a second, and his sleepy voice rumbled above my head. "Olivia? You okay?"

I bit my lip, embarrassed. "I'm... pressed," I murmured.

He blinked at me for a moment before understanding clicked in his expression. He chuckled softly and loosened his hold. "Go before you explode."

I carefully slipped out of the warm tangle of limbs, feeling Lennox shift behind me in his sleep but not wake. Louis mumbled something incoherent and turned his head, his hand sliding off my leg. Padding quietly across the room, I slipped into the bathroom and closed the door behind me.

I sat on the toilet, sighing in relief, but then—

"Hello, Olivia."

I froze.

That voice... it wasn't my wolf. My wolf's tone was familiar, threaded into my very soul. But this... this was deeper. Older. It slithered into my mind like silk and steel combined.

My pulse spiked. "Who—"

"You've been feeling it, haven't you?" The voice was calm, feminine, and coldly confident.

My mouth went dry. "You're... not my wolf."

A low, almost amused hum echoed in my mind. "No. I am not. But I know you, Olivia... more than you know yourself. I have been in existence for over five hundred years."

Her voice was low, yet carried an authority that made my wolf whimper deep inside me. "I have been in the bodies of five generations before you. And now... I am inside you."

My fingers clenched against my knees. "Inside me? What do you mean?" I whispered, my voice trembling.

"I mean, Olivia," she purred, "you and I... we are bound. My blood runs through your veins."

My stomach tightened. "So... you're saying you've been there all along?"

"Oh yes," she said softly, almost mockingly. "Since the moment you were born. Watching. Waiting. Guiding you when I could."

I swallowed hard. "And who exactly are you?"

A low, amused chuckle filled my mind. "The special ability in you... that is me..."

The air in the bathroom suddenly felt thinner, harder to breathe. "I don't need you... I have the voice of my wolf already," I spat.

She scoffed. "You have no choice, Olivia... I'm here to stay. To direct and to guide you."

My throat went dry. "And if I don't want your direction?"

Her reply came like a threat. "Then you will lose everything you love. One by one."

My frown deepened. "Are you threatening me?" I asked, already getting annoyed.

She scoffed. "You think this is a threat? No, little one... it's a warning."

I clenched my fists, my patience running out. "A warning for what?"

Her voice shifted, becoming sharper, laced with annoyance. "It seems you'll be just like Hailee. Stubborn. Defiant. Reckless."

A cold shiver ran down my spine. "And what happened to Hailee?"

Her tone dropped into something darker. "Her disobedience cost her many things. All because she thought she knew better than me."

I swallowed hard, my jaw tightening. "So you're saying if I don't obey you, I'll end up like her?"

"I'm saying," she purred, "you should not make her mistake."

I exhaled slowly, glaring at the tiled wall. "Fine," I said tightly. "What exactly is your so-called direction?"

The answer came without hesitation. "First, you must marry Lord Frederick."

It hit me like a punch to the gut. "What?!" I almost laughed in disbelief. "Hell no!" The words tore out of me before I could stop them, sharp and loud enough to bounce off the bathroom walls.

The moment the words left my lips, I felt a shift outside. Within seconds, a light knock sounded on the door.

"Olivia?" Levi's deep, concerned voice came from the other side. "Why are you yelling? What's going on in there?"

My breath caught. My heart was pounding. And in my mind, the strange voice groaned.

"We had a deal with Lord Frederick, and you need to abide by it."

I gritted my teeth. "There was no we in that deal," I hissed under my breath. "And I'm not—"

"Enough." Her voice cut through me like a whip. "I've said what must be said. You will think on it. When you are ready to listen... call me. I will come."

Before I could reply, her presence and voice vanished.

The bathroom was suddenly too quiet. I exhaled shakily, running a hand over my face, trying to steady my heartbeat before stepping out.

When I opened the door, all three of them were standing there. Levi was closest, his brows knitted in deep worry. Lennox stood a little behind him, his sharp eyes scanning

me like he could read my soul. Louis leaned against the wall, but his usual teasing smirk was nowhere to be found.

"What happened?" Levi's voice was soft but firm.

"Yeah," Lennox added, his gaze narrowing. "We heard you yell."

Louis tilted his head, studying me closely. "You look pale, Olivia."

I forced a small, strained smile, keeping my tone relaxed. "It's nothing. I was just having a little disagreement with my wolf."

Levi's frown deepened, but he didn't push, at least not yet. "You sure?"

"Yes," I lied smoothly, stepping past them toward the bed. "I'm fine. Really."

Chapter 309: Something Is Wrong

Lennox's POV

The moment she stepped out of the bathroom, I knew something was wrong.

Olivia's smile was small—too small. Forced. And her scent... it carried that faint bitter note she always had when she was trying to hide something.

My eyes stayed on her face, watching the way she avoided my gaze, the way her shoulders were just a little too tense.

"You sure?" Levi asked again.

"Yes," she answered too quickly.

Liar.

I took a step closer, my gaze steady on hers. "You yelled in there, Olivia."

Her eyes flicked to me for a split second before sliding away. "It was nothing."

Her heartbeat spiked. I heard it. So did my wolf.

Something happened in there. Something she doesn't want us to know.

I crossed my arms slowly, letting her know I wasn't buying her story. "Fine. But whatever it is... it's written all over your face."

She froze just a second before moving toward the bed, like she didn't hear me. Levi followed her instantly, helping her sit. Louis moved around and sat on the edge near her feet.

But I stayed standing, watching her.

Her scent still carried unease. She was thinking about something—no, someone. I could see it in her eyes.

She sat there for a moment, her gaze unfocused, like her mind was somewhere far from this room. Then she finally looked at us and said quietly, almost distracted, "I... I need to go back."

Louis frowned. "Back? Olivia, it's—" he glanced toward the clock on the wall— "it's just after three in the morning."

Levi leaned forward, concern tightening his voice. "Why? You're still weak. You should rest here."

Her fingers twisted in her lap. "I just... I need to be at home."

The way she said it made my wolf bristle. It wasn't the tone of someone going home because they wanted to—it was the tone of someone who felt compelled. Like something was pulling her.

I took a step forward. "Olivia—"

But she didn't let me finish. With one last glance at us, her expression unreadable, she whispered, "I'll be fine," and in a blink, she was gone—teleporting out of the room, leaving only the faint trace of her scent hanging in the air.

I clenched my jaw, staring at the empty space where she'd been just a heartbeat ago.

For a few seconds, the room was silent after she disappeared.

Louis was the first to speak, his brows furrowed. "Something's not right with her."

Levi let out a slow breath, his gaze still fixed on the spot Olivia had just vanished from. "No... it's not. She's hiding something. And whatever it is—it's serious."

I didn't need them to tell me. I could feel it. Smell it. The unease in her scent was still lingering in the air like smoke after a fire.

Louis rubbed the back of his neck. "We should let her be for now... but I don't like this."

"Neither do I," I muttered. My wolf paced inside me, restless, demanding I reach out to her, but I held it back. She clearly didn't want us to trouble her.

We exchanged a few more quiet words before finally deciding to call it a night. Each of us drifted back to our own rooms, but sleep? That was impossible.

I sat at my desk, staring at the scattered papers in front of me, barely seeing the words. My mind kept replaying her face, the tightness in her voice, the way she left so suddenly.

With a frustrated sigh, I shoved the papers aside and leaned back in my chair. Finally, I gave in and reached for the one thing I knew I shouldn't do but couldn't resist.

I mind-linked her. Olivia.

A few seconds passed before her voice came. It was calm but not convincing. "I'm fine, Lennox."

The words were exactly what I expected. And just like before... I didn't believe them for a second.

I didn't break the link. I leaned forward in my chair, resting my elbows on my knees as if somehow getting closer to her voice would make her speak the truth.

"Olivia," I said again, softer this time. "You know you can tell me anything. Anything that's bothering you."

There was a pause on her end, just her breathing—steady but faint.

I pressed a little further. "We promised, remember? Not to keep things from each other. Not when it matters."

Another pause.

"Tell me," I urged. "Whatever it is, you don't have to carry it alone. You have us."

Her answer came quicker this time, and it made my jaw tighten. "I'll handle it myself."

I sat there for a long moment, gripping the arm of my chair. My wolf growled low in my head, furious that she was shutting us out again. But her tone told me one thing—she wasn't going to say more tonight.

"Fine," I finally said, masking my frustration. "But just know... I'm here. We all are."

Her voice came again, softer now, like she wanted to end the conversation before I could push further. "Goodnight, Lennox."

It was such a simple thing to say, but the way she said it... it didn't feel like a goodnight. It felt like a door closing.

The link went quiet. I sat there in the stillness of my room, the faint ticking of the clock filling the silence. My wolf prowled in my mind, uneasy, growling low. My gut twisted in the same way it did before something bad happened.

Something wasn't right with Olivia—and the worst part was, she was shutting me out.

I rubbed my face with both hands, trying to shake the heavy, restless feeling weighing on me, but it didn't work.

Sleep never came. My mind stayed locked on her until the sky outside my window began to lighten.

By morning, I was running on no sleep but forcing myself to focus. We had an Alpha council meeting later, and I was already preparing the reports in my office. Papers were spread across the desk, and I was halfway through making a note when a sudden voice hit my mind.

"Alpha Lennox," one of the border guards' mind linked urgently. "I'm one of the guards at the northern gates."

I stiffened. "Yes? What's going on?"

There was a pause before he answered, and I could tell he was uneasy. "Lord Frederick is here. He says he wishes to enter the pack... and that he has something important to tell you."

Chapter 310: The Vow

Lennox's POV

Lord Frederick?

What the hell was he doing here?

The last time I saw him was years ago, during Great-Grandmother Hailee's last birthday celebration. I still remember that night vividly. My brothers and I were young then, and she had introduced him to us with a proud smile.

"This is my friend, Lord Frederick," she had said warmly.

Even back then, I knew exactly what he was—a vampire. And from the moment I caught his scent, cold and metallic like winter blood, I didn't like him. There was something about the way he looked at people... calm, polite, but calculated. Like he was always

two steps ahead, already deciding how you fit into his plans. And even though Great-Grandmother trusted him, I could never shake the feeling that there was more to him than he let on.

As if my anticipation were right, just a few hours after she introduced us to him, I saw her having a heated disagreement with him that caused Great-Grandfather Nathan to send him away. Ever since then, we haven't spoken to him, and our paths haven't crossed—although I saw him at Olivia's welcome party. We only exchanged looks but never talked.

Now he was here, at my borders, asking to enter my pack.

And claiming he had something important to tell me?

I didn't believe for a second that it was just a casual visit.

"Let him in," I said to the guards.

I rose from my chair, mind-linking Levi and Louis immediately. "Meet me in the visitors' room. Lord Frederick is here."

Louis' response came first, sharp and laced with irritation. "Lord Frederick? What the hell does he want?"

"We're about to find out," I muttered through the link.

Levi's tone was calmer, but there was tension under it. "On my way."

I grabbed my jacket and made my way out of the study room to my room so I could freshen up.

By the time I entered, Levi and Louis were already there, both wearing the same curious expression on their faces.

Lord Frederick stood near the far end of the room, hands clasped neatly behind his back, posture straight. His presence was the same as I remembered—calm, but somehow commanding. His dark eyes flicked to each of us as we approached, and the faintest curve of a smile formed on his lips.

"Alpha Lennox," he greeted smoothly, inclining his head slightly. "Alpha Levi and Alpha Louis. It's been... far too long."

I didn't bother returning the smile. "Lord Frederick. You wanted to speak with us. What's so urgent that you had to come to our pack unannounced?"

His gaze sharpened, but his tone remained calm. "Because what I have to say... cannot be delivered through a message."

Louis crossed his arms, clearly annoyed. "Then say it."

Frederick's eyes lingered on him for a moment before returning to me. "It's about Olivia."

My wolf instantly went on alert, ears pricking at the sound of her name. "What about her?" I asked, my voice dropping low.

Frederick took a slow step forward. "Whatever path she is trying to take, she has to stop it."

Levi's eyes narrowed. "What exactly do you mean by that? What path?"

The vampire's lips curved again, but it wasn't a pleasant smile. "Your great-grandmother didn't tell you?"

I felt my jaw tighten. "Enough with the riddles. Speak plainly."

He tilted his head slightly, studying me. "Hailee and I made a deal."

I took a step closer, my gaze locked with his. "What kind of deal?" I asked, already sensing something wasn't right.

"Hailee gave the next special one to me," Lord Frederick said, his voice smooth, almost satisfied. "And that... happens to be Olivia."

For a second, the room felt like it tilted. My wolf snarled violently inside me, his rage punching through my chest.

Louis straightened instantly, his arms falling from their crossed position, his voice low and full of anger. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Frederick's eyes shifted briefly to him before returning to me. "I saved the life of your great-grandmother, and in return she promised Olivia to me. This vow was sealed by her blood."

The moment those words left his mouth, something inside me snapped.

Olivia.

Our mate.

And this leech was standing here claiming she belonged to him?

My wolf lunged inside me, roaring so loud it rattled my bones. The air in the visitor's room shifted—thick, heavy with the raw rage pouring from me and my brothers.

Louis stepped forward first, his voice a low, venomous growl. "You just made the biggest mistake of your undead life saying this to us."

Levi's eyes were blazing gold now, his wolf fully pressing against the surface, wanting to be grateful. "She's ours. Not yours. Not anyone's. You don't touch her. You don't even breathe her name."

Frederick's expression didn't falter, but I saw it—the tiny flicker in his eyes. He'd expected anger, but maybe not this. Not the fury of three Alphas ready to kill.

I moved closer, the air around me radiating anger. "You listen to me, and you listen well, Frederick. Whatever deal you made with Hailee? It means nothing to us. Olivia is our mate."

Louis's snarl was vicious. "And if you think for a second we'll let you so much as look at her the wrong way, you're dead wrong. And I do mean dead."

Frederick's gaze flicked between us, his composure still holding, though I caught the way his jaw tightened. "You may think your bond can protect her, but you have no idea the forces at play here. You don't know what she is—"

I cut him off with a growl that shook the room. "I know exactly what she is. She's ours. And if you ever try to claim her, I will rip your cold, undead heart out and feed it to the fire."

Levi's tone was pure Alpha command now. "Get out of our pack, Frederick. You've overstayed your welcome."

For a long moment, he just looked at us, as if weighing his next move. Then that cold, annoying smile slid back onto his lips. "She has just a month to get married to me or else her life will be in danger."

Louis stepped forward like he was ready to attack, but I caught his arm. "Leave," I ordered, my voice low but filled with Alpha power. "Before I decide your head will look better mounted on my wall."

His eyes lingered on mine for one last heartbeat... then he turned and walked out, the air in the room slowly loosening with his absence.

But the rage? That stayed.

I closed my eyes and made a mind link to Olivia.

"Olivia," I called out, trying my best not to let my anger show in the tone of my voice.

"Lennox," she responded. Her voice shaky... Now I understood. This was why she'd been so withdrawn.

"Can we see you now? It's very important."

There was a moment of silence over the mind link before she responded. "Yes..."

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 311: It's True - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 311: It's True

Chapter 311: It's True

Olivia's POV

The moment I got the mind link from Lennox, I realized they knew. Somehow, they must have been told... either by Lord Frederick himself.

I closed my eyes, my fingers curling against my palms. A part of me wanted to delay, to run, to hide. But there was no running from this. I had to face them.

Without another thought, I teleported.

The cold air of my room was instantly replaced with the warmer, heavier atmosphere of the visitor's room in the triplets' pack house. The scent of my mates—earth, pine, rain—wrapped around me immediately, comforting me.

But the moment my eyes landed on them, my stomach tightened.

All three stood there, tense. Levi's golden eyes still glowed faintly, Louis's jaw was locked so tight I could almost hear the grind of his teeth, and Lennox... Lennox's expression was unreadable, but the storm in his gaze told me everything.

Louis was the first to break the silence. "Tell us it's not true."

My breath caught. "...What did he tell you?"

Lennox stepped forward, his presence overwhelming, but it wasn't dominance that hit me—it was the sheer weight of his emotions. "That Hailee made a deal with him. That you... are supposed to marry him."

The words stung in my chest even though I already knew them. I bit my lip, unable to look at them.

Levi's voice was softer but still sharp. "Why didn't you tell us?"

Because I was scared. Because I thought maybe I could fix it before they found out. Because I didn't want them looking at me like this—like I was about to be stolen from them.

My voice was barely a whisper. "...I was going to handle it."

Louis's hands curled into fists. "Handle it? Olivia, he gave you a month! That's not something you 'handle' alone!"

Lennox's voice dropped lower, but it carried the weight of his rage. "You're ours. And there is no deal, no vow, no blood promise that changes that."

I finally lifted my gaze, meeting his. His eyes burned with such fierce protectiveness it made my heart ache.

"You don't understand—" I began.

"No," Lennox cut me off, stepping closer until I could feel his breath. "You don't understand. We will not let him take you. Not in a month. Not ever."

My chest tightened, torn between fear and the comfort of their presence. "I'm sorry," I apologized, my eyes darting to each of them. "I shouldn't have kept it away from you, but I was scared of how you would react."

Lennox, who was closer to me, sucked in a deep breath and ran a hand through his hair, but he didn't say a word. Instead, he moved away from me and sat on the sofa.

I stared at Levi, who had an angry look on his face, but the anger wasn't directed at me. My eyes landed on Louis, whose attention wasn't on me but on the floor, like he was thinking of a plan. All three of them looked angry, worried, and confused.

"How are we sure he is saying the truth... why would Great-Grandmother do such a thing?" Louis said in disbelief.

I sucked a deep breath and whispered, "It's true."

Their eyes all snapped to me the second the words left my mouth.

"Calvin and my mother have confirmed it, and I also saw the scroll of the vow."

A heavy silence fell between us. I could feel their fury all over the air.

Louis muttered something under his breath before snapping, "That undead bastard—"

"Louis, control your wolf." Levi's voice was low but lethal.

I glanced toward Lennox. He was leaning forward, elbows on his knees, staring at the floor like he was barely holding his wolf back. Finally, he spoke.

"Olivia," he said, his tone controlled but cold. "You are our mate. Do you understand me? I don't care what Hailee promised him. I don't care what bargain was struck. That promise dies with her."

His eyes lifted to meet mine, burning with intensity. "And if he thinks he can take you from us, he's already dead."

My lips trembled.

Levi stepped forward until he was directly in front of me, cutting me off. "We are never going to let you marry him. Never!"

Louis finally looked at me, his expression hard but his voice calm. It seemed he was able to control his wolf. "Don't worry. We will handle this."

I nodded, trying my best to believe them even though I was still worried.

Lennox's voice turned even darker. "And Olivia... you don't keep things like this from us again. Ever."

I nodded quickly, feeling guilty. "I promise."

Lennox stood slowly from the sofa, his gaze locked on me. His face was still tight with anger, but there was something softer behind his eyes now—something that made my chest ache.

Without saying a word, he stepped forward and pulled me into his arms.

The moment his warmth surrounded me, my walls cracked. My cheek pressed against his chest, and I felt his heartbeat—steady, strong, comforting me. His scent wrapped around me like a shield, blocking out the lingering chill Lord Frederick's name had left on my skin.

His arms tightened, one hand cradling the back of my head. "Don't worry," he murmured into my hair, his voice low but fierce. "We're not going to let anything happen to you. Not now. Not ever."

I closed my eyes, letting myself sink into that promise, even if the weight of the situation still pressed on me. "I want to believe that," I whispered against him.

"Then believe it," Lennox said firmly, pulling back just enough to look me in the eyes. "Because it's the truth."

I nodded faintly, swallowing the lump in my throat. But before I could say more, a sudden ripple brushed against my mind. I got a mind link from Calvin.

"Olivia," his voice echoed sharply in my head. "Mother wants to see you."

I stiffened in Lennox's hold. I hadn't seen or talked to my mother since she woke up. "Is something wrong?"

"She didn't say. But she sounded... serious."

The link cut abruptly, leaving me staring over Lennox's shoulder, my mind suddenly buzzing with unease.

"Olivia?" Lennox's voice pulled me back. He had felt my body tense. "What is it?"

I slowly stepped back from his embrace, my hands tightening together. "Calvin just mind-linked me. My mother... she wants to see me. I have to go."

I didn't wait to get their response before teleporting away.

Chapter 312: Tell Me About Yourself

Olivia's POV

I appeared back in my room and quietly made my way toward the one I assumed my mother was staying in. Reaching the door, I inhaled deeply before pushing it open.

Stepping inside, I found her seated on the bed, her back resting against the headboard, while Calvin sat beside her, feeding her small bites of food.

The moment her eyes landed on me, a big, bright smile spread across her face. It was the kind of smile that reached her eyes, softening her features. Something about it felt... contagious. I couldn't help but smile back.

I walked closer to the bed, and she immediately patted the space beside her, urging me to sit. I didn't hesitate. I lowered myself onto the mattress.

Her gaze swept over me slowly, deliberately, as if memorizing every detail of my face. "You look so beautiful," she said softly, warmth coating every syllable.

I smiled faintly. "All thanks to your genes."

Her face brightened even more, and for a moment, I found myself staring at her—this woman who had given birth to me. My biological mother.

And yet... I didn't know her.

All my life, I had believed Mrs. Parker was my mother. She had raised me, cared for me, loved me in every way that mattered. She never once made me feel like I didn't belong to her. I never questioned it. Not once.

Mrs. Parker had been a good mother to me. And I had tried, in my own way, to be a good daughter to her.

But now... sitting here, looking at the woman who had brought me into this world, I didn't know what to expect or feel.

I didn't know if the choices I'd made—or the choices I was about to make—would disappoint her.

And despite everything I told myself about not caring for other people's opinions anymore... I realized I cared about hers. More than I wanted to.

"So, tell me, Olivia... tell me everything about yourself... I'm dying to know you," she said, sounding so eager to know me.

I swallowed hard, unsure where to begin, unsure what to tell her and what to keep hidden. In truth, my life hadn't been all that interesting... There was nothing worth telling, nothing that stood out from the past few years. Still, I knew I had to come up with something.

I forced a small smile, shifting slightly on the bed. "Well... I don't even know where to start."

"Anywhere," she urged softly, her eyes bright with curiosity. "I just want to know you. Everything."

I hesitated, my fingers twisting together in my lap. The truth was... I didn't know what was safe to share. My life hadn't been a fairytale. It wasn't full of glamorous stories or joyful memories. Most of it had been quiet, uneventful—at least for the past four years. And the parts that weren't... well, those were the ones I wasn't sure I wanted her to know.

Still, the hope in her eyes made it impossible to stay silent.

"I grew up in the Full Moon Pack with the Parkers," I began slowly. "Father was a warrior, and Mother worked in the pack hospital as a nurse before Father was framed

and sent to jail—or so I thought. After that, Mother and I became omegas, working in the pack house."

Her head tilted slightly as she listened, her attention fixed on me like I was telling her the most important story in the world.

"I didn't have many friends," I admitted with a small shrug. "But I didn't mind. I liked quiet places. I liked... staying in my own little world."

Her hand reached for mine, squeezing gently. "That doesn't sound boring to me, Olivia. That sounds like my daughter."

A lump formed in my throat. I looked down at our joined hands, unsure if I could meet her gaze without breaking apart.

"There's more," I murmured after a moment. "Things I'm... not sure you'll want to hear."

She leaned in slightly. "I want to hear everything, Olivia. The good. The bad. Even the parts you think will scare me."

I searched her face, wondering if she would still say that after hearing about my relationship with the triplets.

"On my eighteenth birthday," I said slowly, "I found out I was mated to the triplets... the Lucianos." I spilled out, expecting her to be shocked—but she wasn't. She had that calm look on her face, like she already knew.

"Mother knows. I told her everything. What those bastards did to you," Calvin suddenly spoke for the first time since I walked into the room.

My head snapped toward Calvin so fast my neck almost hurt.

"What?" My voice came out sharper than I intended. "You told her?"

Calvin didn't even look guilty. "Of course I told her. She's your mother. She has the right to know what those bastards did to you."

My chest tightened, anger flaring inside me. "That was my story to tell, Calvin! Not yours!" I spat. "You had no right to—"

"I had every right!" he cut me off, his voice rising. "You've been through hell because of them, and you still think you can protect them? You think keeping secrets will make them better men?!"

I shook my head, frustration building inside me. "No, you don't understand—"

"No, you don't understand, Olivia!" His eyes burned with the same fury I'd seen anytime the triplets were mentioned. "They hurt you! And you still... still try to defend them."

Mother's voice joined his, calm but laced with barely concealed anger. "Olivia... what part of what Calvin told me was a lie?" she asked slowly, her gaze narrowing. "Because I listened to him—and nothing he said sounded untrue. Unless..." Her voice dipped. "Unless you think what they did to you can somehow be justified."

The accusation hit harder than I expected. "That's not what I'm saying!" I shot back, my voice trembling. "You don't know everything, and now—thanks to him—what you do know is only half the truth."

Mother's eyes hardened. "Half the truth? Or is it that you don't want me to see them for what they are?"

Calvin crossed his arms, jaw clenched tight. "Tell us, Olivia. What exactly did I say that wasn't true?"

"Everything... everything you think you know is a lie," I spat, my anger rising. "You have no idea what actually happened."

The look they gave me made my stomach twist. They gave me that look of disbelief, doubt... like no matter what I said, they'd already decided their version of the truth. It was written all over their faces. They didn't believe me now, and they wouldn't believe whatever I would say.

But still... I needed to say it. If not for them, then for myself. For clarity.

I drew in a shaky breath, my nails digging into my palms. "You've heard one side—Calvin's side. And yes, maybe parts of it are true. But not everything. Not the way he makes it sound. You think they're nothing but monsters? That they hurt me for the fun of it? You think I was just... some helpless victim with no choice?" I shook my head sharply. "It wasn't like that."

Calvin scoffed under his breath, muttering something I couldn't quite catch. My glare snapped to him. "You weren't there, Calvin. You don't know how things happened. You only know the aftermath."

Mother's gaze didn't soften. "Are you saying you're defending them?"

"I'm saying," I bit out, "that I'm telling my truth. And my truth is more complicated than the little black-and-white story you've made in your heads." My voice dropped lower, tighter. "So if you're going to judge them or me—then at least hear the whole thing first."

They stayed silent, but I could see the skepticism in their eyes, the unspoken we already know.

It made me want to scream.

Chapter 313: Disappointment

Olivia's POV

Mother scoffed and gave a small shrug.

"Fine... tell us the truth," she hissed, the skepticism dripping from her tone. I could hear it clearly, but I chose to ignore it.

"I know what the triplets did to me is unforgivable—"

"I'm glad you know—" Calvin cut in sharply.

"Shut up, please," I snapped, my voice full of spite.

"Olivia... watch your tongue," Mother warned, her tone hardening. "That's your elder brother. Ten years older than you and the Alpha of this pack."

I turned my glare to him. "Then he should act like one," I hissed back.

Mother's eyes narrowed, that look of annoyance crossing her face again, but I ignored it.

Left to me alone, I saw no need to give them any explanation. They'd already made up their minds. But this... this wasn't just about me. For the sake of the triplets—for the truth—I had to speak.

I drew in a slow breath, my chest tight with frustration.

"The triplets' actions... the things they did... were because they were under a spell."

Calvin's brows shot up, disbelief flashing in his eyes. "So I'm supposed to believe that?"

"Yes," I said firmly, my voice leaving no room for doubt. "Because I know them. I grew up with them. Those men loved me more than anybody in the world. They didn't just care for me—they worshipped me."

Mother's expression tightened, but I pressed on, my voice gaining strength.

"I know what real love looks like, and I know what it feels like when it's taken away. The men I knew—the men who held me like I was the only thing that mattered—would never hurt me like that. Not in their right minds. So yes, I believe them.... Anita's father twisted them into what you've heard about. But it wasn't them."

My voice wavered slightly as I finished, but I forced myself to meet both their gazes.

"They were being controlled by a spelled letter... If you think I'm lying, then do the findings yourself."

There was a moment of silence as my words hung in the air. Then, suddenly, Calvin began to clap slowly, mockingly.

"Bravo," he drawled. "Truly... bravo."

My eyes narrowed. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means," he said, leaning forward slightly, "how can you be so foolish, dear little sister? So silly as to actually believe them? They are Alphas. Charms and spells don't work on Alphas. That's basic knowledge."

His words hit like a slap, but I refused to flinch. I forced myself to meet his gaze head-on.

"When they were charmed," I said steadily, "they weren't Alphas yet. They were still heirs. Still vulnerable in ways you clearly don't understand."

Calvin's mouth tightened, a humorless smirk playing on his lips.

"I can't believe you're this naïve," he muttered. "Defending the very people who—"

"Enough," I cut in sharply, my voice trembling but loud. "You think I'm naïve because I refuse to hate the people I know better than anyone? Fine. But don't stand there pretending you know my truth better than I do. You weren't there."

His jaw flexed, but I didn't look away.

"I have told you the truth. It's left for you to believe it or not..."

"I don't believe it," Mother cut in.

I moved my gaze in her direction and held it. For a moment, I was disappointed in her. I thought having her here was supposed to be of great help to me—that she would understand me and be on my side—but from the look of things, it seems I might be wrong.

"I heard they are your second chance mates," she said, but I didn't respond. I just looked away.

"I don't know what silly moves the Moon Goddess is playing at, but you are going to reject them..."

"I won't!" I cut in. "I'm never doing that," I said firmly.

Mother's brow furrowed as she gave me that look of disappointment, and despite how much it hurt, I didn't care.

"I should have raised you myself... see what you've become." She sighed, disappointment dripping in her tone.

Those words from her hurt... it hurt so much, but I swallowed back my pain. If I could endure all the terrible things the men I loved more than life did to me, then I can endure the hurtful words of a woman I barely met twenty-four hours ago.

Slowly, I got up on my feet, my hardened gaze locked on her.

"Well... I'm sorry I grew up to be a disappointment to you," I said, my tone sharp and loud.

She blinked, her lips parting like she hadn't expected me to respond that way.

"Olivia, I didn't mean it like that—"

"Oh, but you did," I cut in, my voice rising just slightly. "You meant every word. You think I'm reckless, you think I'm naïve, you think I'm a fool for holding on to the people I love. You don't understand me, and you don't even want to try. You've already made up your mind about me before you even got to know me."

Her mouth opened again, but I didn't let her speak. I stepped closer to the bed, my fists curling at my sides.

"For the past few weeks, I've had people tell me who I should be, what I should feel, and how I should live. And I'm done. I'm done trying to fit into boxes that were never meant for me. I won't reject them just because you say so. I won't turn my back on what I know is the truth just to make you proud of me."

Her eyes softened a little.

"Olivia... I only—"

"You only want me to be the daughter you imagined in your head," I interrupted bitterly. "But that's not me. And if that makes me a disappointment in your eyes, then so be it."

Her lips trembled faintly.

"I truly didn't mean—"

"I'm not here to be fixed or reshaped into someone you'll approve of," I said coldly. "I am who I am. Whether you accept that or not is up to you."

And before she could say another word, before her voice could soften enough to make me falter, I teleported away.

The room around me vanished in a blink, replaced by the familiar walls of Lennox's room.

But it was empty.

I frowned, my chest tightening with a strange mix of frustration and disappointment. I didn't even give myself time to think before I teleported again—this time into Levi's room.

Also empty.

Gritting my teeth, I teleported once more, appearing in Louis's room. But it was empty.

Exhaling hard, I opened my mind link to all three of them.

"Where are you?"

Lennox's deep voice came through first, filled with concern.

"At an Alpha meeting."

Louis's voice followed, warmer but distracted.

"Heading out to take care of something. Won't be around for a bit."

Then Levi's voice came, calm and curious.

"I'm in the study room. Is there something wrong?"

I didn't even hesitate. I teleported straight into the study, my heart pulling me toward him like it had a mind of its own.

The moment I appeared, Levi turned toward me in surprise—but before he could say a single word, I closed the distance and threw myself into his arms.

His warmth enveloped me instantly, his scent wrapping around me like the only safe place in the world.

His strong arms closed around me without question, holding me tightly.

"Olivia... what's wrong?" he murmured into my hair.

I didn't answer. Instead, I buried my face deeper into his chest, breathing in his scent like I needed it to stay standing. My fingers clutched the fabric of his shirt, refusing to let go.

He didn't push me to speak. He just held me, one hand rubbing slow, steady circles over my back. The silence between us was heavy, but his warmth was steady — comforting me in a way nothing else could.

My chest ached. My thoughts felt too loud, too sharp. I just wanted them to stop. I wanted everything to stop, just for a while.

"I'm in a bad mood," I finally whispered, my voice low and strained. "I need... something to make me forget. To make this feeling go away."

His arms tightened around me, his eyes searching mine. "How?" he asked softly.

I didn't answer with words. My gaze stayed locked on his, my breathing quickening. Slowly, my hands slid down from his chest, my fingertips tracing the line of his abdomen before stopping at his waistband.

"Olivia..." he murmured, but I only stepped closer, my voice dropping to a plea.

"Make love to me."

Chapter 314: What Do You Want

Levi's POV

Before I could respond or react, she went for the zipper of my jeans, but I caught her hand and shook my head. A small frown spread across her face, and I smirked.

"You said you want me to make love to you, right?"

She nodded eagerly. "Yes."

I smiled. "Then let me do all the actions tonight..."

Unexpectedly, like the blink of an eye, I found myself and Olivia in my personal room. She smirked at me. "The weather is hot... We should take a cold shower," she said seductively.

I raised a brow. "As my lady commands."

Slowly, I stepped behind her, my hands coming up to the zipper of her gown. My fingers grazed her back as I tugged it down, the silky fabric parting with ease.

"You're breathtaking," I murmured, letting my lips brush the curve of her shoulder as the gown slipped from her body and pooled at her feet.

Wearing only a lacy slip underneath, Olivia turned to face me, her skin glowing beneath the sunlight streaming into the room through the window. A playful smirk curved her lips as she took a slow, teasing step back.

Without breaking eye contact, she reached up and let the thin straps of her slip fall from her shoulders, leaving her completely naked before me.

My breath caught, my eyes lingering greedily over the dip of her waist and the swell of her hips.

fuck!

Her body was so irresistible and tempting.

She took another step back, her hips swaying seductively as she turned and walked toward the bathroom. She didn't need to look back—I was already following. I could feel the heat of my stare burning into her skin.

She reached for the faucet and turned on the shower, letting cold water cascade from the showerhead.

I stepped in behind her, my fingers already working the buttons of my shirt. I shrugged it off without pause, muscles flexing as I reached for my belt.

She turned, stepping into the stream of water, letting it glide down her body as she watched me with hooded eyes.

When I finally joined her, the heat of my body pressed against hers. My hands slid up her sides, gripping her waist and pulling her tightly to me.

I leaned down and captured her lips in a deep, searing kiss. My tongue explored her mouth, tasting her, claiming her. My hands roamed her slick skin, memorizing every dip and curve.

Olivia moaned softly as I trailed kisses down her jaw, my lips finding the sensitive spot on her neck. I sucked gently before biting down, just enough to make her gasp. My hands slid lower, gripping her thighs, lifting her slender but curvy form effortlessly as she wrapped her legs around my waist.

The cold water cascaded over us, heightening every sensation as I pressed her against the cool tiles, my mouth trailing lower, kissing a path between her breasts, down her stomach.

I dropped to my knees. My lips found her most sensitive spot, and I wasted no time worshipping her. My tongue flicked, teased, and licked with practiced skill, drawing breathless moans from her lips. She arched against the wall, fingers tangling in my wet hair.

I inhaled deeply, my eyes turning completely gray. "Fuck," I muttered. "I've been craving this taste for so long."

Sliding one finger inside her, I continued to lap at her clit. She gripped my hair tightly, trying to still her trembling body. Her pussy clenched around me, and she bit her lip to muffle her moans.

I added another finger into her pussy, and she moaned out loud but slapped a hand over her mouth to muffle her moans as she came all over me. She curled a hand in my hair, moaning breathlessly.

"Levi—" she threw her head back, her voice breaking. "I'm going to..."

I stood abruptly, my lips capturing hers, letting her taste herself on my tongue. With effortless strength, I carried her from the shower, our wet bodies pressed together as I stepped back into the bedroom.

The air was thick with heat and desire as I laid her down on the bed. I hovered over her, my gaze dark with desire.

"You're mine," I whispered, my voice rough and full of possession as I began kissing down her body again.

Olivia pulled me down to her, her nails raking down my back. "Then show me," she breathed.

I smirked. "Tell me, mate... do you want me to take my time... or make you scream?"

She smirked back, wrapping her arms around me. "Make me screamed."

A deep chuckle rumbled from my chest as I slid off the bed, leaving her panting, anticipation crackling in the air. She watched as I walked to the mini fridge in the corner of the room, retrieving something that made her eyebrows knit in curiosity.

A bottle of honey.

Her gaze remained locked on me as I opened the bottle and poured its contents over her body, making her gasp. I spread the honey across her skin, down to her pussy, sending shivers racing across her body.

Hovering over her, I began licking the honey off her body, starting at her neck. My tongue trailed down over her collarbone to the soft swell of her breasts. A soft moan escaped her as I took her left nipple into my mouth, sucking, teasing, my tongue flicking over the sensitive peak.

Leaving her breasts, I licked a line down her stomach before settling between her thighs.

I spread her legs wider and buried my head between her thighs. My mouth latched onto her pussy, my tongue swirling, sucking, nibbling, and driving her into madness.

Her head fell back against the pillows. Her fingers clenched the sheets, her body writhing with overwhelming pleasure.

"Ahhh!" she gasped as my tongue flicked against her clit. A shockwave of pleasure tore through her, making her body arch into me.

As I sucked, one hand found her breast, kneading, teasing, and rolling her nipple between my fingers.

She moaned, eyes squeezed shut, as I ravished her like a man possessed.

I groaned against her, sucking harder, wiping away every last trace of the honey with my tongue.

Chapter 315: Love Making(Levi)

Levi's POV

Moving upward, she drew me toward herself, and our lips crashed into a heated kiss.

I groaned into her mouth, gripping her waist as she pulled me closer, our bodies sliding against each other with intoxicating friction.

Olivia's hand slid between us, fingers wrapping around my cock, stroking slowly, deliberately. The sudden jolt of pleasure made me break the kiss with a low groan.

"Patience," I rasped, my voice rough as I caught her wrist gently, trying to stop her.

But she looked up at me, defiant and full of heat.

"No," she whispered. "I've waited long enough."

I stared into her eyes, and for a fleeting second, the world went quiet.

No sound. No movement. Just her.

The heat in the room, the thunder of my own heartbeat—everything narrowed to her gaze.

I leaned in and kissed her again, slower this time. My mouth left hers to trail soft kisses down her neck, across her collarbone, and finally to her breasts.

I took my time there, gently drawing one nipple between my lips, sucking softly, teasing it with the tip of my tongue until she gasped my name and arched into me.

My hand replaced hers around my length, guiding it slowly between her thighs.

She moaned softly, her hips lifting to meet me, her body already trembling with anticipation.

I paused, just at her entrance, holding myself there as I looked at her pleasure-filled face. But her eyes were closed, and I really wanted to look into those fascinating eyes of hers while I made love to her.

"Open your eyes, love," I whispered, my voice a low growl.

Slowly, she did. And when she smiled at me, it felt like the earth shifted.

"This is our first time alone," she whispered.

I nodded, pride swelling in my chest as I leaned down to capture her lips in another deep, tender kiss, then pulled away.

With a steady breath and locked in her gaze, I pressed forward—entering her inch by inch.

Slowly. Reverently. Until we were fully joined. Until our hearts pounded in tandem and our breaths became one.

"Goddess," I moaned.

Her pussy wrapped around me like a velvet glove, wet and tight, and I had to squeeze my eyes shut for a moment just to hold back from losing it too soon.

My wolf let out a guttural moan inside me, his voice echoing through my chest, syncing with hers like they were howling together.

She felt like heaven—like honey and fire all at once. Her walls clamped around my cock with pulsing need, drawing me deeper, begging me not to stop.

My breath hitched, my hands gripping her hips as I held still inside her, just for a second longer, wanting to memorize how perfect she felt.

"Levi..." she whispered, breathless, her lips parting as her eyes fluttered.

"I know, baby," I murmured, brushing my nose against hers. "You feel so damn good."

I began to move—slow, deliberate strokes that made her gasp each time I pulled back and pushed in again.

Her hands gripped my shoulders, her nails digging into my skin like she needed something to hold onto.

I watched her every expression, every tremble and twitch of pleasure as I rolled my hips into hers, never breaking eye contact.

The room was filled with our sounds—low groans, soft moans, the slick, sinful rhythm of our bodies joining.

Her head tipped back, lips parting wider as I rocked into her again, deeper this time, and her moan echoed through the walls of the room.

I bent forward, pressing a kiss to the corner of her mouth.

"Stay with me," I whispered. "Look at me."

She did. Goddess, she did. Her eyes locked with mine, glassy with desire, full of emotion I didn't deserve but craved like a starved man.

With each thrust, I could feel her walls tightening, fluttering around me like her body was already close to the edge.

My own release coiled low in my spine, my wolf pacing, snarling with the urge to mark her, to claim her completely, but I held myself back and continued thrusting, savoring each second, each sound she made, each clench of her body around mine.

She was trembling beneath me, her fingers tangled in my hair, her lips parted in helpless moans.

"Levi..." she gasped again, her voice cracking with pleasure. "I need more..."

I groaned and kissed her deeply, my tongue sweeping into her mouth, tasting her need, her desperation, and her love.

"I've got you," I whispered against her lips, brushing a kiss across her cheek.

Her body trembled beneath me, and I wanted her even closer—wanted to hold her in a way that wrapped her in me completely.

Slowly, I pulled out, making her whimper at the loss, then gently guided her onto her side.

I slid my arm under her neck, cradling her head as I pulled her back to my chest, spooning her as if she belonged there.

The angle opened her up for me perfectly, and I wasted no time in sliding back into her wet heat.

We both gasped. Her body arched, and mine trembled with the new depth.

"Fuck..." I rasped, pressing my forehead to the back of her neck. "You feel even tighter like this."

She moaned, her head falling back against my shoulder, her hand reaching behind to grip my thigh as I began to thrust again—deeper, slower, dragging every inch through her until she was gasping my name with every breath.

I kissed her shoulder, then down the curve of her neck, tasting the sweat and sweetness on her skin.

My hand slid to her breast, cupping it, squeezing gently until she cried out again.

Her nipple peaked between my fingers, and I rolled it slowly before replacing my hand with my mouth.

I sucked her breast, groaning around the soft flesh, flicking my tongue over her nipple as I continued to thrust from behind.

She writhed against me, her body a mess of trembling desire, her moans now barely coherent whispers of my name.

"Levi... please..." she begged, her leg tightening around mine, drawing me even closer, deeper.

"I'm here," I murmured, sucking harder on her breast before letting it go with a wet pop and pressing kisses along her spine. "I'm not going anywhere."

Her walls clamped down again, fluttering wildly, and I knew she was close.

I gripped her thigh, anchoring us together as I pounded into her, the wet sounds of our bodies echoing in the air, mixing with our breathless moans and guttural growls.

My wolf was howling now, begging for release, demanding we mark her, but I controlled it with everything in me.

"You're mine, Olivia," I growled, my voice raw. "Say it."

She gasped, twisting her head to the side until our eyes met again.

"I'm yours," she cried. "Always."

And with those words, she shattered—her body convulsing around me, her cry piercing the air as pleasure rocked through her.

I felt her come apart, every twitch and pulse dragging me with her into the abyss.

With one final thrust, I buried myself to the hilt and let go, groaning her name against her skin as I spilled deep inside her, my heart pounding, my soul shaking.

We stayed there, tangled and breathless, as the aftershocks rippled through us.

My arms wrapped tighter around her, holding her against me, never wanting to let her go.

"I love you," I whispered against her damp skin. "So fucking much."

Her hand found mine and squeezed.

"I know," she murmured, smiling softly. "I feel it... everywhere."

Chapter 316: Getting used to it

Olivia's POV

I woke to the slow, deliberate sweep of fingers trailing across my back. A soft smile tugged at my lips as I instinctively tightened my arms around the broad chest beneath me.

But something felt... different.

Levi always carried the rich, heady scent of aged whiskey and rain. But the man holding me now didn't smell like that. His scent was calmer, yet no less consuming... a warm blend of vanilla and jasmine that curled into my senses and settled deep.

I didn't need to open my eyes to know who it was.

"Louis," I whispered, my voice still husky from sleep, a big smile spreading across my face. Slowly, I opened my eyes and met his gaze.

He was lying beneath me, one arm draped protectively around my waist, the other tracing slow, deliberate patterns along my bare back. His deep brown eyes locked with mine, and the air between us shifted—instantly thick, charged. That magnetic pull, that inescapable gravity of the mate bond, wrapped around us like invisible chains.

For a heartbeat, neither of us spoke. The rise and fall of his chest beneath my cheek, the solid warmth of his body against mine... it was all too real, too familiar, too fascinating.

His lips curved into the faintest smirk, though his eyes held something far softer. "You were smiling in your sleep," he murmured, his voice low and smooth.

My throat tightened. I didn't know how to respond, so I stayed quiet, my gaze lingering on his. The bond hummed between us, urging me to close the last inch of space, which I did.

Louis's fingers stilled on my skin, his touch now firmer, more possessive. "You know you smell like him," he said quietly, his words not accusing but laced with a strange mixture of jealousy and acceptance.

I swallowed hard, the confession I couldn't speak lingering on my lips. Instead, I let my hand slide up to his jaw, feeling the faint stubble beneath my fingertips. "Are you jealous?" I teased back.

Something flashed in his eyes that looked like possession. His hand came up to cradle the back of my head, his thumb brushing the line of my jaw as if I were something fragile he wasn't sure he was allowed to touch.

"Olivia..." His voice was barely a breath now, but it thrummed through me.

Louis's gaze didn't waver, his thumb still tracing along my jaw as if committing every curve of me to memory.

"I've never had a problem sharing anything with my brothers," he said finally, his voice low, steady. "But with you... it's different. With you, I find myself feeling... possessive. Jealous, even."

The words sank deep into me, pulling at something inside my chest. His eyes softened, though his tone remained firm.

"I'm learning to live with it," he continued. "Because this... you... us... this isn't temporary. It's a lifetime thing. And a lifetime means sharing you with them too."

My heart ached at the quiet honesty in his voice. I cupped his cheek, letting my thumb sweep lightly across his skin. "Louis," I murmured, my voice trembling just slightly. "I love you. And I love your brothers. Equally. Always."

His eyes searched mine, as if weighing every word, testing it for truth. Whatever he saw there must have satisfied him, because his lips curved in the faintest of smiles.

I leaned forward and kissed him—slow, warm, passionately—pouring my heart into that single moment. His fingers tightened on my waist, holding me there like he didn't want to let go.

But the moment broke when the door opened.

We pulled apart just as Levi stepped inside, carrying a tray of food. His gaze landed on us instantly, one brow arched, but there was no anger in his eyes—only that same quiet understanding that always passed between the three of them.

"I see you are awake," Levi said with a warm smile.

I nodded but didn't leave Louis's arms. Rather, I rested my head back on his chest.

"I believe you must be tired... you know..." he smirked, and I blushed. "I made these myself."

My gaze drifted to the tray in Levi's hands as he crossed the room with that easy confidence of his. The warm aroma of freshly cooked food filled the air, making my stomach tighten with sudden hunger I hadn't realized I had.

Levi set the tray down on the small table beside the bed, his movements unhurried, almost careful. Then he took a seat on the edge of the bed, his eyes flicking briefly to Louis before settling back on me.

"You need to eat," he murmured, his voice gentle but leaving no room for argument.

Still nestled in Louis's arms, I watched as Levi picked up a fork and scooped up a bite, bringing it toward me. For a heartbeat, I hesitated—part of me expecting Louis to shift away. But he didn't. He only tightened his hold on me, tucking me closer into his chest as if silently claiming his place.

Levi's hand stayed steady, his gaze fixed on mine. "Come on, sweetheart," he coaxed softly.

I parted my lips and accepted the bite, savoring the simple, grounding act. Levi fed me another, and another, each time his eyes holding mine with a quiet intensity that made butterflies flap in my stomach.

It wasn't until I caught a faint shift of color in the window that I realized the light in the room had dimmed.

My brows pulled together. "It's evening already?" I asked softly, glancing toward Levi. "Where's Lennox? Hasn't he come back?"

Levi set the fork down for a moment, his expression calm but unreadable. "No. He won't be coming tonight. The Alphas' meeting is still on, even now. He'll be back tomorrow."

I frowned, sitting up just a little in Louis's arms. "Where's the meeting being held?"

Levi's gaze flickered to Louis briefly before answering. "A neutral ground ... a few kilometers from here." Then, after a short pause, he added, "They're holding it in the penthouse of a club there."

The moment the words left his mouth, my stomach sank. I knew exactly what that meant. I'd been around enough gatherings to know the so-called "meetings" at clubs were rarely just about pack politics. There were always girls—too many girls—circling like moths around a flame, hoping to catch an Alpha's eye.

A hollow heaviness settled in my chest, my fingers curling slightly against Louis's arm as I tried to school my expression. But inside, I could already picture something silly in my head.

Louis's hand squeezed my hip gently, as if sensing the sudden shift in my mood. Levi's gaze lingered on me for a beat longer, his tone softening. "It's not what you're thinking," he said quietly. But he didn't say it with certainty.

I didn't answer Levi. Instead, I closed my eyes and reached out through the mate bond, letting my consciousness stretch until I brushed against Lennox's presence.

"Lennox?" I called softly in my mind.

For a moment, there was nothing—then I felt him. His presence was there, but not focused on me. It was blurred, distracted, like trying to grasp smoke.

"Liv... I'm busy," he said quickly, his tone clipped, almost breathless. "We'll talk later."

But I didn't pull away. I pushed deeper, letting the bond guide me to the rhythm of his pulse.

It was fast. Too fast. Not the steady beat of a man in a simple meeting. I could feel the rush of his blood, the quickened breaths, the faint edge of heat that didn't belong to a political discussion.

And then... I felt it. A flicker. A shift in his energy. The kind of rush that came from being close—too close—to someone. A woman.

My own pulse stumbled, a cold, sharp ache threading through my chest. "Lennox?" I pressed again.

Silence. Then, hurriedly, "Please, love, let's talk later... if there is a problem, contact Levi or Louis."

And just like that, he walled himself off, slamming the connection shut so abruptly that it left me breathless.

I opened my eyes slowly, the lingering echo of his quickened heartbeat still pounding in my head. My fingers curled slightly against Louis's arm, and I forced my expression to remain calm.

Louis's gaze was already on me, searching my face. "What is it?" he asked quietly.

I swallowed hard, forcing a faint smile. "Nothing," I lied. "It's nothing."

But deep down, my stomach was twisting, because I wasn't sure I believed that.

Chapter 317: Misunderstood

Olivia's POV

It was almost midnight, but I couldn't sleep. My mind was too loud, too restless. I was worried—yes—but more than that, I was jealous and scared. Lennox was out there somewhere—God knows where—likely surrounded by a swarm of beautiful women. And from the way our mind link had felt earlier... something wasn't right.

What terrified me most was the absence of their marks on my skin. Without them, I had no way of knowing if he'd been with someone else. No confirmation. No certainty. The only chance would be catching another woman's scent on him. And even that would be gone by the time he returned tomorrow.

"Olivia... are you even watching?" Levi's voice pulled me out of my spiraling thoughts. He lay to my right, stretched out comfortably on the bed, his tone casual, but his eyes fixed on me with quiet curiosity.

I glanced at him, forcing a small smile. Louis was on my left, leaning back against the pillows. We were in Levi's room watching a show playing on the TV in front of us.

I tried to focus on the screen, but my thoughts kept drifting to Lennox—to the way he had reacted earlier when I reached out through the bond. That clipped tone. That breathless tone. The way he shut me out. I knew I was jealous. Dammit, I'd always

been jealous when it came to the triplets. And it didn't start now—it started when I was seven years old.

Back then, it was something small, harmless... or at least that's what everyone else thought. The boys were already protective of me, even as kids. But sometimes... they gave their attention to others, and I hated it. I remember one afternoon at the training grounds, Levi had been sparring with one of the Beta's daughters. She'd giggled at something he said, brushing her hair back in that fake shy way girls do when they're trying to be cute. I remember my chest tightening, my small fists curling at my sides. I was only a child, but I marched right over, tugged Levi's sleeve, and told him it was time to leave—like I had the right to decide that for him. He had laughed, ruffled my hair, and left without finishing the spar. But that girl had looked at me like she knew exactly what I was feeling.

Then there was Louis. He's always been the charmer, always smiling at people in that warm, lazy way that makes them feel special. When I was about nine, there was a visiting Alpha's daughter who wouldn't stop following him around. She kept trying to braid little flowers into his hair while we sat outside. I remember yanking every single flower out the moment she left. Louis had just watched me, a small smirk tugging at his lips like he knew exactly why I'd done it.

But my worst bout of jealousy? That came when I thought Lennox was seeing the Gamma's daughter. I must have been eleven. I'd overheard two omegas whispering about how pretty she looked sitting next to him during a council lunch. The image burned into my mind—her leaning close, laughing softly, her hand resting on his arm like she had every right to touch him. For days, I avoided Lennox, my heart aching for reasons I didn't understand yet.

When he finally cornered me and asked why I was ignoring him, I blurted it out in a rush—accusing him of liking her. He'd stared at me for a long moment, then actually laughed. Not mocking, but soft, like he couldn't believe I was serious. "She's not who I want, Olivia," he'd said simply. At the time, I didn't know how deeply those words would carve themselves into me.

But now... now I was older. Now I knew exactly what my jealousy meant. And tonight, with Lennox at some Alpha "meeting" in a club penthouse surrounded by who knows how many women, that same bitter, ugly feeling was gnawing at me again. Only this time, it was sharper. Real.

I shifted between Louis and Levi on the bed, trying to look like I was watching the TV. But my mind kept circling back to Lennox—his clipped voice through the mind link, the breathless quality, the way he ended it so fast. I'd felt his pulse. Quick. Uneven. Distracted. And Goddess help me... I was sure there was a woman involved.

"Are you spending the night here?" Louis asked suddenly.

I nodded without hesitation. I didn't feel like returning home. Truthfully, I wanted to be here when Lennox walked through that door.

"Are you okay?" Louis asked, his brow furrowing. "You're frowning and spacing out."

"Oh, so you noticed too," Levi sighed.

I rolled my eyes at both of them. "I'm fine..."

"Does it have something to do with your mom?" Levi asked, but I shook my head.

Louis's gaze narrowed slightly, his arm stretching behind me on the headboard. "So it is about Lennox's absence, then."

I turned to look at him, forcing a shrug. "I didn't say that."

"You didn't have to," Levi muttered from my other side, his tone sharper now. "It's written all over your face."

Heat flared in my chest, but it wasn't from guilt—it was from frustration. They thought they knew why I was upset, but they were mistaken. I wasn't sitting here sulking just because Lennox wasn't around. My anger wasn't about his absence. It was about the hollow ache in my chest, the ugly twist in my gut from what I felt through the bond earlier. But I couldn't tell them that without sounding paranoid... or worse, insecure.

Louis leaned forward slightly, his deep brown eyes locking on mine. "We're both here with you, Olivia. Right now. But you're sitting between us like your head is somewhere else entirely."

Levi's jaw ticked. "Exactly. You've got two of your mates here, giving you their time, and all you can think about is the one who's not."

"That's not true," I muttered, my voice tight.

Louis arched a brow. "Isn't it? Because that's what it looks like."

Levi's lips pressed into a thin line, irritation flickering in his eyes. "If you miss him, fine. But don't sit here with us and act like we're invisible. We notice, Olivia. We're not blind."

Louis crossed his arms, his tone turning more annoyed. "We're here, giving you our time, and you're acting like it's a burden. Like our presence means nothing compared to his."

The air between us turned tense, heavy, like a storm waiting to break. I swallowed, guilt and anger tangling in my chest. I wanted to tell them it wasn't that I didn't appreciate

them. I wanted to tell them it wasn't about Lennox's absence at all. But I couldn't—not without opening the door to questions I wasn't ready to answer.

So I stayed quiet.

"You're being silly," my wolf's voice broke through the noise in my head, low and annoyed. "You're letting your jealousy eat at you for no reason. You don't even know what's happening over there."

"I felt him," I argued back silently. "I felt his pulse, the way his breath hitched. He was distracted. I'm not imagining it."

"You're making yourself miserable over a guess," she warned. "If you keep going like this, you'll end up pushing them away before you even have proof of anything."

I pressed my lips together, staring at the TV without really seeing it. Maybe she was right. But the image of Lennox in that club penthouse, surrounded by beautiful women... it refused to leave my mind.

Chapter 318: Back Home

Olivia's POV

After what Levi and Louis said, I decided it was best to just go to sleep.

My wolf kept urging me to apologize to make things right with them, but I refused. They were wrong. And if I apologized now, it would only make them think they were right.

So I said nothing.

I pulled the blanket up to my chin and lay on my stomach, pretending to get comfortable even though my heart was still racing. The room felt too quiet, too heavy. I could feel Louis shifting beside me, and Levi exhaled a long, tired breath—but none of us said another word.

I hated this tension.

But I hated more that they didn't even try to understand what I was feeling.

So I just let it be... and closed my eyes, hoping sleep would take me before my thoughts did.

I lay still, eyes closed, pretending to be asleep. But I wasn't. My mind was still full of Lennox, of tonight, of how Louis and Levi had made me feel.

Why was it so hard for them to see that this wasn't just about Lennox not being here? Why couldn't they understand that I was scared and tired, and maybe I just needed them to be patient?

The bed shifted behind me. I felt a soft movement—Louis sitting up slightly.

"Olivia..." His voice was low, hesitant. "I'm sorry."

I stayed quiet.

He sighed. "We shouldn't have jumped to conclusions. It's just... when you act like that, it gets to us. We're trying to be here for you, but sometimes it feels like we're not enough."

I turned my face further into the pillow, swallowing hard. His words hurt. How can they ever think they were never enough for me?

Then Levi's voice joined, softer than I'd ever heard it. "We know Lennox has a strong pull on you. But... we're here too, Olivia. We've always been. And tonight, we just wanted to be what you needed."

I turned slowly to look at them.

Louis was sitting up now, staring at me with a guilty expression. Levi lay on his side, his brows drawn, his eyes searching mine.

"I didn't mean to make you feel like you weren't enough," I whispered. My voice cracked a little. "I'm just... scared that Lennox hasn't arrived yet."

Louis reached out and brushed my hair back from my face. "We know. But he is fine."

"And we're sorry," Levi added, "for assuming the worst. You don't have to explain anything. Just go to bed... we will talk about it tomorrow, okay."

I nodded, blinking fast.

Louis leaned down and pressed a kiss to my forehead. "We'll stay right here," he whispered.

Levi moved closer too, wrapping an arm around my waist, and I drew in a deep breath.

And just like that, something in me eased. I still didn't have all the answers, I was still worried, but I pushed it away and forced myself to sleep.

But peace didn't last long because I had a dream.

In my dream, I was standing in the hallway of the pack house. I could hear muffled laughter echoing through the walls. A woman's laugh.

I walked toward the sound. The closer I got, the heavier the air felt, thick with something sour—like betrayal.

I turned a corner... and there he was.

Lennox.

Pinned against a wall, his hands tangled in the hair of a dark-haired woman. She was pressed up against him, her mouth on his, her body flushed against his in a way that made my stomach twist.

And he wasn't pulling away.

He wasn't fighting it.

He groaned into her mouth, one hand gripping her waist, the other sliding under her shirt.

"No," I whispered, frozen in place. "Lennox, what are you doing?"

But he didn't hear me.

I stepped forward, shouting now, screaming his name.

"Lennox!"

His head snapped toward me suddenly, but his expression wasn't shocked or guilty. He just... stared. Like he didn't even recognize me.

Then he smirked.

That same arrogant, knowing smirk he used to wear before everything went to hell.

"She was here," he said. "And you weren't."

I gasped.

And then everything shattered.

The hallway crumbled, the walls broke apart into dust, and I felt myself falling—down, down, down into a pit of cold darkness.

I bolted upright with a choked gasp, my body slick with sweat, heart pounding like I'd just run a marathon.

I Blinked rapidly.

Morning sunrise from the window spilled across the room, too bright. My eyes darted—and froze.

Lennox was sitting in the armchair across the room. One ankle hooked over the other. A glass in his hand. Watching me.

For a second, I couldn't move. I couldn't even tell if I'd really woken up. The dream felt too close. His face was too sharp in the morning light, and yet... wrong.

"Morning," he said. Calm. It's almost like he'd been here the whole time.

My mouth was dry. "When did you get back?"

He tilted his head, studying me. "A while ago."

I couldn't speak. Couldn't breathe.

Because part of me still felt like I was dreaming.

And another part... wanted to slap the juice right out of his hand.

I didn't even think. I just moved.

I threw the blanket off and stormed out of the bed, ignoring Levi's hand that reached for me and Louis's voice calling my name. My bare feet hit the cold floor as I marched straight toward him.

Lennox stayed seated, watching me like he knew this was coming.

"Where the hell are you coming from?" I snapped, my voice sharp and shaking.

He blinked, caught off guard by the fire in my tone. "The Alpha meeting—"

"Oh, really?" I cut him off, my laugh bitter. "The Alpha meeting took all night?"

Lennox stood slowly, setting the glass down on the side table. "Yes. I'm sorry I didn't come home. I was going to, but things got complicated. I can explain—"

Slap.

My hand met his cheek before I could stop myself, and the sound echoed through the room.

His face turned slightly from the impact, his jaw tightening. But he didn't say a word. He just looked at me.

His eyes were confused. His expression shocked.

Chapter 319: What Happened

Lennox's POV

The sting of her slap was nothing compared to the anger blazing in her eyes

I stayed still, trying to control my breath, my heart pounding louder than I expected. Slowly, I turned my face back to her, her palm print still burning on my cheek.

She stood there, chest heaving, eyes glossy with unshed tears and fury.

"What the hell was that for?" I asked, my voice low but firm. "Because I stayed out?"

She let out a short, bitter laugh. "You really think I'm that stupid?"

"What are you talking about?" I narrowed my eyes, trying to understand where this was coming from.

"I know you were with a woman last night, Lennox," she spat, her voice shaking. "I felt it."

My breath caught.

Louis and Levi stiffened behind her. I could feel Levi already stepping forward, like he wanted to step in.

"Olivia, don't—" Levi started gently.

But she raised a hand, silencing him without even looking.

"No, let me talk," she said, her voice sharp. "Don't protect him."

Her gaze snapped back to me. "When I mind-linked you, I felt your pulse... your breath... and the presence of a woman so close to you," she spat.

My frown deepened. I hadn't touched anyone. Not last night. Not ever since I claimed her.

But I didn't speak fast enough.

I just stared at her with nothing but pain... it was heartbreaking that up until now she didn't trust me.

"Do you think I'm a fool?" she asked, her voice rising. "You think I wouldn't know? You think I wouldn't feel it?"

"Olivia," I said, finally managing to speak, stepping toward her. "That wasn't real. I wasn't with anyone—"

"Don't," she snapped, stepping back like my presence disgusted her. "Don't lie to me."

Her voice trembled now, not with anger but with pain.

Louis stepped closer too, rubbing a hand over his face like he was trying to figure out what the hell was happening.

Levi tried again. "Olivia, maybe you had a nightmare. You were sweating, thrashing a little—"

"I saw him," she said. "In the dream. With her. Touching her. Kissing her like I didn't exist."

Her voice cracked.

I felt like the ground shifted under me.

I didn't know what she saw. What she felt. But I knew one thing: it wasn't real.

Still... she believed it. Every word of it. And that alone shattered something inside me.

I inhaled deeply, and I didn't explain with words—because clearly, right now, she wouldn't believe them.

Instead, I stepped forward, tugging my shirt over my head in one swift motion.

Her eyes widened instantly. Her breath hitched.

There, across my chest and down my ribs, were deep, angry red claw marks. Fresh. Some still scabbing over, others barely closed.

I turned slightly, and her hand flew to her mouth. My back was worse—long, jagged gashes slicing from my shoulder down to my spine, raw and swollen.

She blinked rapidly, her fury faltering as her gaze traced the deep slashes across my chest. Her lips parted, but no sound came. The flush in her cheeks drained to pale, and her shoulders sank a fraction, as if the weight of her own words suddenly hit her. "Lennox..." Her voice was softer now, unsteady.

But before she could say more, I pulled my phone from my pocket, scrolled, and hit call.

When the voice on the other end picked up, I hit the loudspeaker.

"Beta Carson," I said flatly, "how's your Alpha doing?"

There was a pause before his tired voice came through.

"He's resting. The healer patched him up. You need to rest too, Lennox—you took just as bad a beating."

I glanced at Olivia. Her face had gone pale.

"Thanks," I said, and ended the call without another word.

Silence swallowed the room.

I finally looked at her, my voice steady but heavy.

"In that Alpha meeting last night, we were attacked. Not by some petty rogues—powerful ones. Ones we've been tracking for weeks."

Her lips parted, but no sound came.

"What you felt through the mind link—my pulse, my breath, the... presence you thought was a woman—" I shook my head. "That was me fighting. Fighting to stay alive."

Her eyes were locked on mine now, and I could see the cracks forming in her anger.

"The 'woman' you sensed?" I continued. "That was one of the rogues. A female. Fast and vicious. She had me pinned for a moment, and I had to throw her off." My tone hardened. "Not everything close to me is someone in my bed, Olivia."

I stepped closer, lowering my voice.

"The reason I ended the mind link... was because I didn't want you to know I was in danger. I didn't even tell my brothers... and the second reason was because I was being distracted by your words, and at that moment I needed concentration to stay alive."

Her eyes glistened now, her fists trembling at her sides.

"And the fact that you'd rather believe I'd cheat on you than think I'd be fighting for my life..." I let the words hang in the air, my chest rising and falling with the weight of it.

The room was so quiet, I could hear Louis and Levi breathing behind her.

Levi moved first, stepping around Olivia to stand beside me. Louis followed, his expression tight with worry.

"Are you okay?" Levi asked, scanning the marks on my chest and back.

"I was," I said flatly, my gaze locked on Olivia's glassy eyes. "But not anymore."

Her throat bobbed as a single tear slipped down her cheek.

I took a step closer, my heart clenching.

"I believe you dreamt it. What you saw... was your imagination twisting what you felt. And for the record—" I tilted my head, my eyes hard on hers. "I would rather cut off my manhood than fuck another woman."

Her breath hitched.

"It's actually sad," I continued, my chest heavy, "that after everything, you still don't know how much I love you."

Her lips parted like she wanted to respond, but no words came—rather, more tears just spilled.

"I have to get treatment," I said, breaking the silence. "Their claws were poisoned."

Her brows pinched instantly, and she stepped forward, her voice softer now. "Let me heal you—"

"Please," I interrupted, raising a hand to stop her. "I don't want it."

Her face fell.

"I need time alone," I said, my tone leaving no room for argument.

Without another glance, I turned and walked out, leaving her standing in the middle of the room with Levi and Louis watching her in tense, worried silence.

Chapter 320: Stubborn

Olivia's POV

An awkward silence settled in the air, thick, and heavy. Neither Levi nor Louis spoke, but they didn't need to—one look at them told me all three of them were disappointed in me. The weight of that truth sat like a stone in my chest, and I felt utterly miserable.

I glanced in Levi's direction. When our eyes met, he offered me a faint, comforting smile—one that didn't quite reach his eyes—but still, it was something.

"He's gonna be okay," Levi said gently.

Of course, I knew he'd recover from his injuries. That wasn't what worried me. What about the hurt I'd caused with my words? What about the way I'd looked at him?

I swallowed hard. "Can I go to him?" I asked quietly, my gaze darting between Levi and Louis, searching their conflicted expressions for any sign of approval.

Finally, Louis shook his head. "Give him a few moments alone."

I frowned. "I can't wait. I can't let him remain angry and hurt. I have to fix this."

Louis sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. "Rushing in right now might make it worse. Sometimes space is better—"

"Not for me," I cut him off firmly. "I'm going to the kitchen to cook for him. It'll be my apology."

Neither of them stopped me as I turned and walked away.

When I stepped into the kitchen, the staff froze, surprise flashing in their eyes. They hadn't expected to see me in the pack house, much less in the kitchen. Without a word, I tied an apron around my waist and began pulling out ingredients.

If words had failed me, maybe Lennox's favorite meal could speak for me.

The smell of ingredients began to fill the air as I moved around the kitchen, my hands working on instinct. It had been years—years—since I'd cooked for them. The last time, we were barely more than teens. I could still picture it clearly...

That day, I'd stood right here, nervously serving them the meal I'd made from scratch. The moment they took the first bite, their faces lit up like I'd just given them the greatest gift in the world. They'd eaten like it was the most delicious thing they'd ever tasted, and between mouthfuls, they kept showering me with praise.

I remembered laughing as they fought over the last piece, promising—no, swearing—that I would cook for them until we all grew up. I didn't realize then how much that promise meant to them... or to me. The way they'd looked at me that day—it was like I'd just promised to be by their side forever.

The memory made me smile faintly as I stirred the pot. I couldn't just make Lennox's favorite. If I was going to mend the cracks between us, I wanted Levi and Louis to feel it too.

So, I reached for more ingredients, deciding to make Levi's favorite dish and Louis's as well. Maybe if they could taste a piece of the past, they'd remember what we used to be... before everything got so complicated.

By the time I was done, three trays sat on the counter—one for Lennox, one for Levi, and one for Louis. I arranged them neatly, adding the little touches I knew they loved: extra gravy for Levi, a sprinkle of herbs for Louis, and Lennox's favorite hot sauce on the side.

Wiping my hands on the apron, I lifted the first two trays and carried them out to the sitting room where Levi and Louis still sat.

They both looked up in surprise as I set the plates down in front of them.

"You... cooked this?" Levi asked, his brows lifting.

I gave a small nod. "Yes. For both of you. But..." My gaze shifted toward the hall. "I'm going to take Lennox's to him now."

Louis exchanged a quick glance with Levi, but neither of them tried to stop me.

I turned back toward the kitchen, my heart pounding a little harder now. His tray was waiting, still steaming. I balanced it carefully in my hands and inhaled deeply.

Then I followed the pull of his scent—strong, familiar, and achingly comforting—down the hallway. Every step brought me closer until I was standing at the door to his room.

I took a breath, tightening my grip on the tray, and knocked softly.

He didn't answer. I could sense he already knew it was me at the door, and he didn't want me in.

I tried to push the door open, but it was locked. I swallowed and reached for him through the mind link. "Lennox... please open up," I pleaded.

I knew he heard me; I felt the deep inhale he took, but there was still no response.

"Lennox... please," I tried again through the mind link, my voice barely above a whisper in my own head.

Silence.

No footsteps. No sound of the lock turning. Just stillness.

Among the three, Lennox was the most stubborn—stone-willed and impossible to move when he'd made up his mind. He could shut the world out for days if he wanted to, and I knew I was asking him to open a door that was more than just wood and metal.

My chest tightened. I could feel him on the other side—his presence heavy, steady, but locked down like a fortress. His emotions were there too, faint threads of hurt and anger that he kept wound tight, refusing to let me near them.

"Lennox," I whispered again, pressing my forehead to the door. "I made your favorite. You don't even have to talk to me. Just... eat. Please."

Another deep inhale from him—audible this time, like he was trying to keep himself from reacting. But still, no response.

Frustration and desperation tangled inside me. My hands tightened around the tray until my knuckles ached. "You can remain angry at me if you want. You can ignore me forever. But you're not going to starve because you're too stubborn to see me."

Silence.

I closed my eyes. This was Lennox—strong-headed, proud, the one who never bent until he was ready. I could beg all night, and it still might not matter.

But I wasn't leaving.

I sank to the floor just outside his door, setting the tray beside me. "I'll be here," I told him softly, through the mind link. "When you're ready to open the door... I'll be here."