

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 321: At My Door - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 321: At My Door

Chapter 321: At My Door

Lennox's POV

The first knock came soft and hesitant, like she was afraid even to knock. I didn't move. I'd heard her long before she reached my door. Her scent had found me first—that maddening, intoxicating scent that set every nerve in me on fire. Then came her voice, gentle and pleading, slipping through the mind link. "Lennox... please open up."

I clenched my jaw and stared at the wall, forcing my heartbeat to steady. I was a mess and didn't want to face her now. But when she spoke again, something in her tone chipped at the wall I'd built.

"Lennox... please." The sound of her voice slid under my skin like it belonged there, stirring things I wanted to bury.

I inhaled slowly and deeply but didn't answer. Because if I answered, I might let her in, and if I let her in... she'd see the mess she'd made of me. The scent of her cooking reached me next. My favorite. Damn her. She remembered. Of course she remembered.

I kept my eyes on the floor, but every word she sent through the link hit harder than I wanted it to. "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."

She didn't understand. It wasn't just anger. It was the way her words earlier had hurt me. It was the image of her looking at me like I was the last person she wanted near her. I'd rather go hungry than pretend that didn't matter.

Then I heard it—the sound of her sitting down on the other side of the door. "I'll be here... When you're ready to open the door... I'll be here."

I closed my eyes, leaning my head back against the chair. I didn't deserve her waiting for me. And yet... I sat there listening to the steady rhythm of her breathing through the barrier between us, every inhale and exhale finding its way into the cracks I swore I'd keep sealed.

"Stop being stubborn," my wolf cautioned again, his voice low but edged with frustration.

I swallowed hard, my gaze dragging to the door like it had a pull of its own. My chest tightened. I was still furious—furious that of all the damn things she could have assumed, she'd chosen the worst one. That she thought I was with another woman.

She still didn't trust me. She still didn't believe in my love for her. Because if she did, she would never have imagined I'd do something like that.

Her voice came again through the mind link, quieter this time and a bit shaky. "Do you remember..." She began, hesitation brushing against my mind, "a week before my fourteenth birthday? When you wouldn't speak to me or even look at me?"

I didn't answer. I didn't need to—because I already knew where she was going. "I lied to you," she said, the words laced with shame. "I told you I was at Anita's house... when really, I was having coffee with Silas."

My jaw tightened, the memory hitting me like a punch to the chest. I could still see it—walking into that café, finding her sitting across from him, smiling faintly while he leaned in too close.

"You caught us," she whispered. "I tried to explain, told you he'd been begging me to go with him, and I just... wanted to make him happy."

My hands curled into fists. Even now, the thought of her doing anything to "make Silas happy" made something dark coil in my gut.

"Levi and Louis laughed it off," she continued softly. "But you didn't. You wouldn't see me. Wouldn't talk to me the entire day."

I remembered that silence. I'd locked myself away, too angry to trust what might come out of my mouth if I opened the door.

"I sat outside your room for hours," she said, her voice trembling now. "And somewhere in the middle of the night... I fell asleep there. The next thing I knew, I woke up on your bed."

A muscle jumped in my jaw. That night I'd carried her in while she slept, tucking her under my blanket, and sat in the chair watching her breathe until the sun came up.

"I'm sorry, Lennox, she whispered through the link. I'm sorry for then... and I'm sorry for now."

That was when I felt her emotions crashing through the bond—the soft shuddering of her crying. It hit me square in the chest, cutting through my pride and anger like it was paper.

I was on my feet before I realized I'd moved, my chair scraping back hard against the floor. The distance to the door felt shorter now, my heartbeat loud in my ears. My hand hovered over the lock, my wolf urging me to just open it.

Without hesitation, I pulled the door open, and there she was—eyes red, lashes wet, cheeks streaked with tears. Something in my chest twisted painfully, and before I could stop myself, I reached for her.

She gasped softly when my hands closed around her arms, pulling her up from the floor. The moment she was on her feet, I wrapped her against me, holding her tight like I could shield her from everything—especially from the hurt I'd caused.

"I'm sorry," I murmured against her hair, my voice rough. "I'm sorry... just stop crying, please." My hands cupped the back of her head, keeping her pressed to me. "I hate seeing you like this."

Her body trembled against mine, her tears soaking into my shirt. I pulled back just enough to look at her face, brushing my thumbs over her damp cheeks. "No more crying, alright? I can't take it."

I reached for the tray she'd left by the door, glancing down at the food she'd made. "I'm eating now," I told her firmly, hoping she could hear the sincerity under my words. "So you can stop worrying."

Still holding her hand, I guided her into my room, shutting the door behind us. I led her to the bed and made her sit. Then I sat beside her, close enough that our shoulders touched.

I took the first bite, letting her see it, chewing slowly before giving her a small, tired smile. "See? I'm eating. You can stop crying now."

She sniffled, nodding slightly, but I didn't let go of her hand. I kept it in mine while I ate.

Chapter 322: Stay longer

Lennox's POV

I didn't rush through the food. Partly because it was still hot, partly because... I didn't want her to leave. The silence between us wasn't the cold, biting kind from before—it was warmer now, softer, filled with unspoken things I wasn't ready to let out yet. Her eyes kept drifting to my face as if she wanted to say something, but each time, she swallowed it back. I could feel her through the bond—guilt still sitting heavy in her chest, mingled with relief that I was eating.

When I set the fork down, she reached for the tray, but I caught her wrist. "Leave it," I said quietly. "Stay here a little longer."

Her lips parted, but she didn't argue. Instead, she shifted so her knees were tucked up on the bed, facing me fully. I studied her for a moment before inhaling deeply. "I'm sorry for the way I reacted, Olivia... yes, you have every reason to still doubt me," I said softly, but she shook her head.

"No... I was not supposed to conclude. I should have trusted you and waited for you to return," she said.

I inhaled again and moved onto the bed so I was seated beside her, turning sideways to see her face clearly as I spoke. "Olivia, I want you to know I will never hurt you again. This is a vow. I love you so much. You don't know... you'll probably never truly know... how deep it runs. There is no woman alive who could ever compare to you—not in beauty, not in soul. I will never glance at another woman, let alone touch her. My body, my spirit, my soul—they're all yours."

Her eyes widened slightly, but I didn't stop. I reached up, brushing a strand of hair from her face, my thumb lingering on her cheek. "You have no idea how tightly you have me wrapped around your fingers, Olivia. You could close your hand, and I'd come running without a thought. You're not just in my heart—you are my heart. Every breath I take is for you. And nothing, no one, will ever change that."

Her lips trembled, and for a second, she looked like she might cry, but I pulled her up and made her sit on my lap while she stared at me with conflicted eyes.

"I'm sorry... I shouldn't have reacted that way..." She did not let me finish my words before sealing her lips with mine. I groaned, deepening the kiss, pouring every raw emotion I had for her into it. Her mouth moved hungrily against mine, tasting and claiming, as though she was terrified to let go. My hand slid to the back of her neck, holding her in place, while the other gripped her waist and pulled her flush against me. The bond between us throbbed—raw, intoxicating—until I finally broke away, resting my forehead against hers, breath ragged.

My voice was rough when I asked, "Have you forgiven me?"

Her lips curled slowly into a smirk, her eyes glinting with mischief. "That," she murmured, her tone dripping with challenge, "depends... on your performance."

I arched a brow, my smirk tugging at the corner of my mouth. "Performance, hmm?" My fingers traced the line of her spine, slow and deliberate. "Careful, Olivia... you might not be ready for what you're asking for."

She tilted her head, the smallest, taunting smile playing on her lips. "Try me."

That was all the invitation I needed. With a low growl, I shifted, turning her over beneath me in one smooth movement. Her soft gasp was swallowed by my mouth as I kissed her again—harder this time, deeper, my hand sliding under her gown to feel the warmth

of her skin. The bed dipped with our movements, the air between us thick with heat and desire.

"Then let's see," I murmured against her lips, my voice low and husky, "if you'll be begging for forgiveness... or begging for more."

Her breath caught, her fingers clutching at my shirt as she began to unbutton it. I let her, watching her closely, and when she was done, I stripped it off and tossed it aside. She immediately went for my pants.

Her fingers toyed with my belt, undoing it with maddening slowness, her eyes locked on mine as though she wanted to catch every flicker of reaction. The faint clink of metal broke the silence before she eased the zipper down. Her hand brushed over the hard line of my arousal, and she gasped softly, lips parting in an involuntary sound.

I didn't move. I just watched her, letting her take what she wanted. She curled her fingers into the waistband and tugged, freeing me completely. Her eyes darted downward for a moment, a glint of heat and something almost reverent flashing across her face.

Without breaking our gaze, she reached for the hem of her nightgown. In one smooth motion, she pulled it over her head, the soft fabric whispering over her skin before falling to the floor. My chest tightened at the sight of her naked form.

She climbed onto my lap, her knees pressing into the mattress on either side of my hips, her wet pussy settling against my hardened cock. The air between us thickened as we kissed again—deep, hungry, unhurried. My hands roamed over her, tracing the slope of her back, the curve of her waist, memorizing the way she shivered under my touch.

When my mouth lowered to her nipple, she let out a soft, trembling sound, her fingers weaving into my hair as I tasted her, teasing her with slow, deliberate pulls that made her body press harder against mine. Her breath grew uneven, her hips shifting instinctively.

Then she rose slightly, her hands resting on my shoulders for balance, and guided herself over me. The moment she lowered herself fully onto my cock and I entered her, her head tilted back and a low, breathless moan escaped her lips. I gripped her waist, holding her there for a heartbeat, savoring the heat and the feeling of being inside her again.

Chapter 323: Apology Sex?

Lennox's POV

Her hips began to move, slowly at first, finding a rhythm that had every nerve in my body standing at attention. I let her set the pace, watching the way her breath hitched each time she sank down, the way her lashes fluttered when she felt me deeper.

"You're doing well," I murmured, my voice low, rough, laced with pride and heat. "Better than well... almost like you've been thinking about this as much as I have."

A faint, breathless laugh escaped her, but it melted into a gasp as my hands slid lower, gripping her ass firmly and urging her into a sharper rhythm. Her body responded instantly, each movement drawing a deeper sound from her throat.

She was still impossibly tight around me, each shift and roll stealing the air from my lungs and making me grip her ass harder.

"Still... so perfect," I breathed, leaning in to brush my lips over hers, teasing at the kiss without giving it fully. "Like the first time... only now you know exactly how to drive me mad."

Her eyes were half-lidded, her expression dazed with pleasure as I held her tighter, my hands cupping and guiding her. When I caught her lower lip between my teeth, she gave a small cry—half frustration, half desire—and crashed her mouth to mine, kissing me like she wanted to brand me with the taste of her.

I jerked upward as I fucked up my own pace.

"Len..." she moaned out my name in a loud voice as I increased my pace, thrusting upward. Her eyes were interlocked with mine, and I could see the pleasure in her.

Her cry turned into a low, breathless laugh, like she knew exactly what she was doing to me. Unexpectedly, she shifted off me, turning around until her back faced me. She climbed over again, straddling me with deliberate slowness, and the look she threw over her shoulder was pure challenge.

I caught her hips in both hands, holding her as she sank into me again, making my cock go inside her. Her breath hitched when I pulled her closer, my chest against her back, and she began to move. She groaned, her head tilting back, her hair brushing against my jaw as I dragged her hips down harder, forcing her to take every bit of me. My hands locked around her, fingers digging into her skin as I drove her at a pace she couldn't control.

Her breath came in sharp, uneven bursts, her body jerking with each thrust I made. I pressed my chest to her back, my mouth finding the side of her neck, biting down just enough to make her gasp. She tried to move on her own, testing me, but I slammed her back down into my rhythm, my voice rough in her ear.

"Mine. Every damn part of you."

She reached behind, her nails scraping my thigh, and the sound she made when I rolled my hips up into her nearly broke my restraint. I pulled back slightly, watching the way she moved against me, the muscles in her back flexing, her head dropping forward as she clung to my legs for balance.

I yanked her back, making her arch into me, my hands sliding over the curve of her waist before gripping her tighter. The bed shook beneath us, the sound of her breath mixing with mine echoing in the room.

She started bouncing on me—slow at first, like she was teasing me—then faster, harder, until the mattress squealed beneath us. Every drop drove my cock deep, the slick, obscene sound of her taking me filling the air. I gripped her hips tighter, my fingers digging in as her cries grew louder, ragged, broken little shouts that blurred between begging and daring me to give her more.

I slid one hand up her stomach, feeling the jump of her muscles under my palm, before closing it over her breast. I squeezed hard, rolling her nipple between my fingers until she arched into me with a sharp gasp. Her head tipped back against my shoulder, hair spilling over me, and the sound she made when I pinched harder nearly snapped my control.

She didn't slow. If anything, she slammed down faster, her hips hitting mine with a wet, relentless rhythm. My other hand slid between her thighs, finding her clit and working it in tight, ruthless circles that matched the pace she was bouncing. The way her body jerked against mine—hot, wet, trembling—made me growl low in her ear.

"That's it," I rasped, my mouth grazing her skin. "Take it. Take every fucking inch."

"Lennox!" Her breath was breaking apart, her movements losing their rhythm. She was cumming. I caught her tight, yanking her flush against me, locking her in place while I drove up into her hard, deep, and passionate until she came with a sharp cry. Her pussy walls clamped down around my cock, dragging my release out of me in a rush I couldn't fight.

I stayed buried inside her, holding her pinned to me while she trembled, both of us breathing hard, her skin slick and hot under my hands.

She collapsed back against my chest, gasping, her hair damp and sticking to her neck. I wrapped my arms around her, holding her there, still buried deep, still unwilling to let her go.

Then the sharp creak of hinges cut through the air.

The door swung open.

Levi stepped inside, Louis a half step behind him. Both stopped dead.

Olivia stiffened, then pulled off me with a gasp, sliding into my lap to shield herself. Her bare back pressed into my chest as I curved an arm protectively around her.

I didn't break eye contact with Levi.

His jaw ticked, his gaze flicking once to Olivia before locking on me again. There was heat there—anger, maybe—but also something sharper, like he was weighing whether to explode or laugh.

Finally, his mouth twisted into something halfway between a smirk and a sneer.

"Is this... apology sex?" he asked, voice deceptively casual. "Because if that's all it takes, you should've skipped the part where you pretended to be pissed and just said you wanted sex."

I frowned. There were times I could've taken this as a joke and laughed over it, but right now, I didn't. Especially not with the way he was glaring at me.

I narrowed my eyes at him. "What are you trying to say?"

Chapter 324: Fighting

Lennox's POV

Levi's smirk didn't falter, but the glint in his eyes sharpened. "I'm saying..." he drawled, stepping further into the room, "...that maybe your anger wasn't about what she did. Maybe it was about you needing an excuse to pull her into bed and stake your claim again."

Louis' gaze flicked between us, his mouth set in a tight line, but he stayed silent. Olivia shifted in my lap, clearly uncomfortable, but I kept my arm locked around her waist, holding her exactly where she was.

"Careful," I said, my voice low but pissed. "You're getting me annoyed, Levi."

He took another step, stopping just at the edge of the bed. "Am I? Because from where I'm standing, I see you sitting there all smug, like you've just marked your territory... and maybe you think that's enough to keep her." His eyes slid to Olivia briefly, then back to me. "But you forget—she's not just yours."

The words hit like a spark to gasoline.

Olivia turned her head slightly toward him. "Levi—"

"No," I cut in, my tone sharp enough to make both of them stop. My grip on her tightened as I locked eyes with him. "You don't get to stand here and imply anything about what we have. You don't get to cheapen this into some 'apology sex.'"

Levi's smirk faded into something more guarded, but he didn't back down. "Then prove it. Not with words, Lennox. With actions that go beyond your bed."

The air between us was electric, the tension so thick I could feel Olivia's heartbeat through her back. Louis finally exhaled, stepping between us. "Enough. This isn't the time or the place."

But I didn't break eye contact with Levi. Slowly, I pulled Olivia out of my arms, rose from the bed, tugged on my pants, and closed the space between us.

As I held his angry gaze, I decided to speak to him through the mind link. "What is this all about?" I asked as calmly as I could, despite the raging storm bubbling inside me.

Levi's frown deepened, and instead of responding to me through the mind link so Olivia wouldn't get to know what we were saying, he decided to speak it out. "The actual fuck is that you should already know Olivia belongs to the three of us... not only you."

My frown deepened. "And when have I ever said she belongs to me alone?"

Levi's laugh was humorless, his jaw tight. "You might not say it out loud, but every damn thing you do screams it. The way you hold her like she's yours alone. The way you cut us out, making decisions for her without us. Hell, you don't even give her the space to look at us the same way she looks at you."

My fists clenched at my sides. "You think I'm keeping her from you?"

"I don't think, Lennox—I know." His voice rose a bit, his stare hardening. "You've always been the selfish one. You take first, you take most, and you damn well make sure you leave scraps for the rest of us."

Olivia tensed where she sat, glancing between us, confusion flickering across her face.

Levi didn't stop. "Maybe you're afraid, huh? Afraid that if she ever truly saw us without you hovering like some overprotective guard dog, she'd realize she doesn't need you as much as you think."

The words enraged me. My vision tunneled.

"And maybe," he added, his mouth twisting into something cruel, "deep down you know you're doing this as a competition. You want her to reject Louis and me and be only with you..."

I didn't hear the rest. My fist connected with his jaw before my mind could catch up. The sound echoed in the room, and Levi staggered back, one hand going to his face, his eyes flashing with rage.

Louis swore under his breath, stepping forward, but I was already braced for Levi to swing back.

Levi lunged, but Louis shoved himself between us, planting a firm hand on each of our chests. "Enough! Both of you, before you do something you can't take back."

I was breathing hard, my knuckles throbbing from the hit. Levi's lip was split, and the sight only fueled the restless rage in my chest. But then my eyes caught Olivia—still sitting on the bed, hands clenched in her lap, looking... hurt. Not angry, not annoyed, but hurt.

The sight of that hurt me, and I regretted my action.

"Do you hear yourselves?" she asked quietly, her voice trembling in a way that made all three of us freeze. "You're supposed to be my mates... yet you're standing here tearing each other apart over me like I'm some prize to win."

Levi's glare faltered. He swiped the blood from his mouth, glancing at her for the first time since I'd punched him. Louis looked away, his jaw tight.

"You three are here with me right now," she went on, her voice sharper now, "and still... you're acting like I'm already gone. Like I'm someone you have to fight over instead of someone you're supposed to fight for."

The silence after that was suffocating. My fists slowly unclenched. Levi let out a long breath and rubbed the back of his neck.

"Olivia..." he started, his tone softer now. "I shouldn't have said what I did. I was... jealous. And pissed. My wolf suddenly got possessive..." He broke off, shaking his head. "I'm sorry."

I took a step closer to her, my chest tightening. "I didn't mean to make it seem like you're mine alone," I admitted. "I've been... protective. Too protective. And if that's made you feel trapped or made them feel shut out... then I'm sorry, Olivia. Truly."

She looked at each of us in turn, her expression unreadable. Then she gave a small, tired sigh. "Just... figure it out. The three of you. Because I can't keep doing this if you don't."

And with that, she rose, covered herself, and teleported away.

Chapter 325: Her Suggestion

Olivia's POV

I arrived back in my room, and thankfully, no one was there. The quiet was a relief. I went straight to the shower, letting the warm water run over me, trying to wash away the heaviness clinging to my chest.

Afterward, I dressed in something simple—a black denim skirt that stopped just above my knees and a fitted yellow off-shoulder top. I tied my hair into a neat ponytail, slipped on a pair of sandals, and stood for a moment in front of the mirror. But my mind wasn't on my reflection.

As I adjusted my top, the earlier confrontation with the triplets replayed in my mind. I couldn't understand why Levi and Louis thought I loved Lennox more than them. I'd never shown favoritism... at least, not intentionally. Yes, I loved them differently, but never more or less. Or... was I doing something wrong without realizing it? Was it my words? My actions? My reactions?

The way Levi had spoken, it felt like he had been carrying that thought in his head for a long time. I inhaled deeply and spoke into the mirror as I stared at my reflection.

"What should I do?" I whispered to my wolf.

She was silent for a moment before finally speaking. "Maybe you should give Lennox less attention... and more to Louis and Levi."

I frowned, my hands tightening around the edge of the dresser. "That's not fair," I whispered back. "I can't just... ration my love like it's something I can measure. They're all mine. They're all part of me. I love them in my own way, differently, yes—but not more, not less."

Still, the doubt lingered. My wolf's words had planted a seed I didn't like, but couldn't ignore. I thought of the way Levi's eyes had dimmed earlier... the way Louis had looked away instead of meeting my gaze. It was like they'd been holding that thought in for a long time, like this wasn't the first time they'd wondered.

I sighed heavily and pressed my palms flat against the table, leaning closer to the mirror. "What am I supposed to do?" I muttered again.

No answer came this time. Just the steady thud of my heartbeat and the quiet hum of my thoughts—thoughts I wished I could silence.

Suddenly, that voice rebounded in my head... that voice which wasn't that of my wolf.

"Just leave the three of them and be with Lord Frederick," she hissed.

My frown deepened as I glared right at the mirror in front of me, as if I could see her in it—not actually, but it was only my reflection.

"Over my dead body," I gritted my teeth.

She scoffed. "Then on your dead body it shall be," she spat, before vanishing as suddenly as she'd come.

Before I could dwell on what had just happened, a knock came on my door, but the person didn't wait for me to ask them in before they pushed the door open. When I looked at the door through the mirror, I realized it was Mother.

Swallowing the lump in my throat, I turned around as I watched her approach where I stood. As I stared at her, I didn't know what to feel... this woman was my mother. Ever since I knew of her existence, I had wanted to meet with her... have a lot of deep conversations that only mothers and daughters have. But with her... it felt different. Cold. Strained. Like we were strangers forced to share the same blood.

She stopped just a step away from me, her eyes scanning me as if trying to read what was in my mind. I didn't speak. I didn't trust my voice not to crack.

"You look troubled," she finally said, her tone soft but carrying that weight of authority she always wore like a crown.

I gave a faint shrug. "I'm fine."

Her gaze sharpened, and I knew she didn't believe me. "Fine doesn't look like that," she murmured, her hand lifting slightly as if to touch my cheek but pausing mid-air. She let it drop. "You didn't pass the night here."

The words hung in the air, and my chest tightened. "Is there a problem with that?" I said, turning back toward the mirror. "I'm not a kid."

She took a step closer, her reflection now beside mine. "Maybe not. But you are the daughter of the Beckhams... my daughter..."

A bitter reply threatened to spill from my mouth, but I swallowed it.

Her eyes softened then, and for a moment I thought she might just leave... but instead, she spoke again. "I came here to apologize."

That made me turn to her fully. "For what?"

"For... what happened the last time we spoke," she said quietly, her gaze dropping to the floor. "But whatever I'm doing, it's for your own good, Olivia... your life is in danger if you don't marry Frederick. And besides, Lord Frederick is a good man..."

"I don't fucking care," I spat in spite. "I don't love him, and I don't want to be with him. Why is that so hard for you all to understand!"

Mother's frown deepened, her lips pressing into a thin line. "This is about the triplets? I wonder what you see in them... those men are not worthy of you. Do you even know who you are, Olivia? The blood that runs in your veins? You are destined for more than this... petty entanglement."

I glared at her through the mirror. "They're not an entanglement. They're my mates. And I love them."

She scoffed softly, giving me a pitiful look. "Love... such a fragile, dangerous thing. It blinds you. And right now, it's going to get you killed. Frederick can protect you in ways those three never could."

"I don't care!" I snapped, spinning to face her fully. "I don't love him, I don't want him, and I will never marry him!"

She studied me for a long moment, her eyes calculating, then her tone shifted from harsh to a whisper. "Fine," she said slowly, "if you're so obsessed with those triplets, there's... another way."

My brow furrowed. "What do you mean?"

Her lips curved into the faintest of smiles. "You marry Frederick. You give him the title of being your husband, the appearance of a perfect union. And behind closed doors... you keep your little affair with the triplets. No one has to know. Frederick won't care—as long as you play the part of his wife in public."

I stared at her, stunned. "You're saying... I could marry him... and still..."

"Yes," she said without hesitation, stepping closer. "You get the safety, the power, the status. And you keep your lovers. You'd have it all, Olivia. What do you think?"

Her words hung in the air, heavy and poisonous, wrapping around my mind like smoke.

I didn't answer. I just stood there, frozen... confused... wondering if she was insane.

Chapter 326: In Danger

Olivia's POV

"So... what do you think?" Mother asked, raising a brow at me. She gave me that confident look, like she was offering me the best gift in the world, utterly convinced I wouldn't dare refuse.

My wolf was already pacing inside me, her hackles raised. And God help me, she was my mother. If she had been anyone else, I would've spat in her face for suggesting such rubbish.

With a glare sharp enough to cut steel, I met her eyes. "Never happening, Mother. I'm not marrying Lord Frederick," I hissed.

The anger on her face deepened, but I didn't care. In fact, in that moment, I regretted healing her. I should've just let her stay in the coma. Life would've been so much easier for me.

Her eyes darkened with my refusal, but I still didn't care. Right now, she felt more like a stranger than the woman who gave birth to me.

"This is your destiny, Olivia. You can't run from it," she snarled, not even giving me a chance to respond before spinning on her heel and storming out, slamming the door behind her.

"She's acting like a bitch... no offense," my wolf growled.

I frowned—not at my wolf's choice of words, but at the whole twisted situation I'd found myself in. I thought meeting my real family, learning who I truly was, would finally make me feel happy. But right now? I wished I'd never found out. I wished I could go back to being the Parkers' daughter... somehow, life had been so much simpler then.

I inhaled deeply, but the air felt thick, suffocating. I could have teleported straight to the triplets, but I wanted them to sort out their issues without me interfering. So instead of mind-linking or appearing before them, I decided to reach out to Sofia. We hadn't spoken since Lord Frederick's party. She hadn't made any effort to contact me.

Hi, Sofia, I called through the mind link.

She didn't respond at first. But after a few long seconds, her voice finally connected.

Hi, Olivia, she said, but her voice sounded strained... exhausted.

My brow furrowed, even though I knew she couldn't see it. "What's going on, Sofia? You sound... off."

There was a tense silence, then her voice came through the mind link, soft and tired. "I'm at the pack hospital. My son's been ill for a few days now... and it's been getting worse."

My chest tightened instantly. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?" I asked, already getting worked up.

"I didn't want to bother you. You've already been dealing with so much—"

"I don't care," I cut her off. "I'm coming right now."

Before she could argue, I ended the link and teleported.

The cool scent of antiseptic and healing herbs hit my nose the moment I arrived at the pack hospital. My wolf stirred anxiously inside me. I followed Sofia's scent down the quiet hallways while ignoring the curious eyes of the people passing by.

Finally, I reached the children's ward. The faint sounds of soft cries and low voices filled the air. I spotted Sofia sitting beside a bed, her posture slumped, her eyes red from lack of sleep.

The moment she saw me, she looked shocked and got to her feet. "You came so quick," she whispered.

I looked at her closely, and my heart clenched. She looked... different. Thinner. Her cheeks had hollowed out, her skin pale, and there were faint shadows under her eyes. She had been living here, fighting this battle alone, and I hadn't even known.

My gaze shifted to the boy lying on the bed. The moment my eyes landed on him, my breath caught in my throat. Even in his frail state, with his small chest rising and falling weakly, there was no denying the resemblance. The shape of his jaw, the curve of his eyebrows... he looked exactly like Alpha Damien.

I took a shaky step toward the bed, my hand hovering over the boy's forehead. My wolf whimpered softly inside me, urging me to act. "What's wrong with him, Sofia?" I asked, already gathering my energy to heal him.

She shook her head slowly, her lips trembling. "The healers have done everything they can. They've managed to stabilize him for now... but it's not enough."

My heart pounded. "Not enough? What does he need?"

Her voice cracked as she whispered, "He needs a bone marrow transplant. And the match... it has to come from his father."

The words hit me like a punch to the gut. My gaze flicked between her and the boy.

My stomach churned, but I forced the words out. "So what are you going to do, Sofia?"

She looked away, her chin trembling before the first tear slid down her cheek. "I... I don't know," she whispered, her voice breaking. "I'm confused."

Something inside me snapped. "Confused?!" I hissed, my voice echoing too loudly in the ward. "This is your son's life we're talking about, Sofia. You don't have the luxury of being confused right now!"

Her head whipped toward me, her eyes blazing through the tears. "You don't understand! If Damien finds out—if he knows—he'll take him from me, Olivia. I'll lose him forever!"

Before I could bite back a response, the steady beeping from the monitor next to the bed turned erratic. My wolf shot forward inside me, panic surging in my veins.

"He's crashing!" one of the healers shouted as they rushed in.

I moved instinctively, placing my hands over the boy's frail body and pouring my energy into him, forcing warmth and life back into his weakening system. My magic clashed with the healer's power, blending into a desperate push to stabilize him.

Slowly—agonizingly slowly—the monitor's beeps steadied again. His breathing evened out, but his skin was still far too pale.

A doctor stepped forward, her face grim as she looked between us. "That was close. But listen to me—he won't last much longer like this. The transplant has to be done in the next twenty-four hours... or there's nothing more we can do."

Sofia's knees buckled, and I caught her before she hit the floor. My wolf growled.

I gripped her shoulders, forcing her to look at me. "Listen to me—if you don't act now, you're going to lose your son." My voice shook with desperation, but I didn't let her look away. "You think you're protecting him by hiding this from Damien, but you're not. You're killing him."

Her lips trembled. "Olivia—"

"No," I cut her off sharply. "There's no more time to argue. Let me teleport to Damien and bring him here. He needs to know. He needs to be here."

She froze, torn between fear and hope, her eyes darting to her son's still form. For a long moment, the only sound was the steady beep of the monitor.

Then, finally, she gave a small, shaky approving nod.

I didn't waste a second. "Stay with him," I said, already feeling the power hum in my veins. In the next heartbeat, the hospital ward blurred around me, and I vanished into the pull of my teleportation.

Chapter 327: Involving Damien

Olivia's POV

I found myself standing in the middle of Damien's office, my heart pounding. I didn't even know how I'd gotten here—all I had done was think about him, and the next moment, I'd teleported.

He was mid-sentence with someone, a stack of papers in his hand, when he froze. His eyes widened in disbelief.

"Olivia?" he said slowly, as though unsure if I was real. "How the hell—"

"There's no time for questions," I cut in, my tone sharp. "Sofia needs your help. Now."

His brows knitted together, confusion flashing across his face. "Sofia? What happened?"

I shook my head. "I can't explain here. Just trust me and come."

He hesitated, still looking like he was trying to process my sudden appearance.

"Olivia—"

"Damien!" I snapped, my voice raising with impatience. "This isn't a request."

Something in my tone must have convinced him, because he set the papers aside and moved toward me without another word. I reached for his arm, the power thrumming in my veins again, and the next second, we were gone.

We appeared in the hallway outside the children's ward, and Damien's head snapped toward the sudden sounds of nurses moving, quiet beeps from heart monitors.

I led him forward without a word, my steps fast and panicked. The moment we entered Sofia's room, she looked up from the bedside, her face pale and drawn.

"Damien..." she breathed, relief and hesitation tangled in her voice.

He froze for half a heartbeat, his gaze locking on her. Worry flared in his eyes, the kind that came from deep, old ties. But then... his attention dropped to the small figure lying in the bed. His pupils widened, locking on the boy's face as though the rest of the room had vanished.

He didn't need anyone to tell him.

His wolf had claimed the boy in an instant—his blood, his kin.

His wolf had recognized the little boy.

Damien's jaw clenched, and his hands curled into fists at his sides. His gaze stayed fixed on the boy, his eyes filled with a million emotions. Sofia's grip on the bedsheet tightened, and for a moment, no one moved or spoke.

Slowly, Damien approached the little boy, his eyes fixed on him. I stared at Sofia and saw the unease in her... she was so terrified.

Damien's steps were slow, almost predatory, as if each movement was controlled to keep his wolf from pushing forward. He stopped at the edge of the bed, his shadow falling over the small, fragile body.

The boy stirred faintly, his lashes fluttering before settling again. Damien's gaze traced his features—the curve of his cheek, every line that seemed achingly familiar.

When he finally spoke, his voice was low, rough, and dangerous in its restraint.

"How old is he, Sofia?"

Sofia's lips parted, but no sound came out. Her knuckles were white where she clutched the blanket.

"Damien... this isn't—"

"Don't," he cut her off, his eyes never leaving the boy. "Don't lie to me."

Her breathing hitched, and I could feel the tension in the room tighten like a wire about to snap.

I stepped closer to Sofia, my voice calm but firm. "You'll lose him if you don't let Damien help. Whatever your fears are—they won't matter if he's gone."

Sofia's eyes darted to mine, filled with panic and something else... shame. She hesitated, her chest rising and falling in sharp bursts, before she gave the smallest, trembling nod.

Damien didn't wait for permission beyond that. He moved closer, lowering himself into the chair beside the bed. His large hand hovered above the boy's small one for a long moment, as though afraid to touch. Then, gently, his fingers closed around the child's.

Damien's hand tightened around the boy's, his eyes never leaving the small face before him. His voice came out low, thick with disbelief.

"How... how is this possible?" He finally turned toward Sofia, the storm in his gaze impossible to read. "The healers told me years ago I couldn't get any woman pregnant. It wasn't until a few months ago I was told I was healed." His words were sharp, like each one scraped against him as it left his mouth. "So tell me, Sofia—how?"

Sofia's throat bobbed as she swallowed hard. For a moment, she couldn't seem to speak, her eyes darting from Damien's face to the little boy lying between them.

"I..." Her voice cracked, and she had to start again. "I was a few weeks pregnant when I left."

Damien's jaw worked, but he didn't interrupt.

She twisted the bedsheet in her fist. "I found out the truth about us—about our bloodlines. That we were... related, even if distant. And with the enmity between our families... I panicked." Her eyes glistened, guilt thick in every word. "I thought if I stayed, it would destroy both of us. So I left. And I couldn't tell you about the pregnancy... I was afraid you'd try to keep me there, that you'd force me to choose between my safety and..." Her voice trailed off, trembling. "...and him."

Damien's nostrils flared as he took in her confession, his gaze flicking back to the boy. His hand remained on the child's, but his grip had softened, his thumb brushing lightly over the small fingers.

"You should have told me," he said finally, his voice quieter but heavier, as if it carried the weight of years lost.

Sofia's eyes dropped to the floor. "I know."

The beeping of the heart monitor filled the silence again.

I noticed Alpha Damien inhaled deeply before he asked, "What is wrong with him?"

Sofia swallowed hard, her voice small but steady enough to answer.

"He... he needs a bone marrow transplant. The doctors say he won't last much longer without it. They... they believe you are his match."

Damien's jaw flexed, and I saw his nostrils flare again as he drew in a long, slow breath, like he was forcing himself to keep his composure. His thumb brushed the boy's hand one last time before he let go.

Without a word, he straightened to his full height, his Dominating presence suddenly filling the small room.

"I'm going to see the doctor," he said, his tone clipped and cold, every syllable brimming with command. "We're getting this operation done immediately."

He turned toward the door, but paused, glancing back at Sofia. His voice dropped to a low growl.

"And after this is over, Sofia... you will answer to me."

The threat wasn't shouted—it didn't have to be. It was a promise, one she clearly understood.

Sofia's breath hitched, and I saw the faintest tremor in her hands. She knew exactly what Damien's fury meant, and that there would be no escaping it once their son was safe.

Chapter 328: Kept His Son Away

Sofia's POV

The moment Damien left the room, I felt my knees weaken. I sank into the chair beside my son's bed, my hands shaking as I smoothed the hair from his damp forehead. My heart was torn in half—fear for my child's fragile life, and fear of the storm Damien had promised once this was over. Minutes stretched like hours before the door opened again. A nurse entered, her expression tight with urgency. "We need to prepare him for the procedure. Both the donor and the child will be taken to surgery."

Donor.

The word echoed in my head like a drumbeat. Damien returned soon after, already in the sterile gown they had given him. His expression was unreadable, carved from stone, but his eyes betrayed the truth—they were fixed on our son, unwilling to look anywhere else.

When the medical team began moving the boy onto a gurney, I gripped the rails, my chest aching. "Be careful with him," I whispered, though my voice broke. "Please... he's all I have." For the first time, Damien's gaze flicked to me. The look in his eyes wasn't soft, but it wasn't cruel either. It was... sharp, heavy, filled with emotions I couldn't untangle. He said nothing, only walked beside the gurney, his hand resting on our son's arm until they wheeled him into the surgical wing.

I wasn't allowed inside. I was left outside the doors, clutching the fabric of my dress as if it could anchor me to the earth. Every second gnawed at my nerves, every muffled sound beyond the sterile walls made me flinch. I pressed my palms together, whispering prayers I hadn't said in years. Please... don't take him from me. Not now. Not like this.

Through the small glass window, I caught glimpses of what was happening inside. Damien was lying on one table, my son on the other. Tubes, monitors, doctors, and healers moving swiftly. Damien looked terrifyingly calm, his chest broad, his face set like he would rip the world apart if anything went wrong.

The minutes dragged on. At one point, I swore my vision blurred from holding my breath too long. Then finally, the doors opened. The surgeon pulled down his mask, his face

weary but calm. "The transplant was successful. He'll need time to recover, but your boy is strong. And Alpha Damien's marrow was a perfect match."

My legs gave out, and I would have collapsed if Olivia hadn't caught me. Relief broke through me in a violent rush, tears streaming down my cheeks as I whispered, "Thank you... thank you..." over and over.

But when I lifted my gaze again, I saw Damien being wheeled out, pale but awake, his piercing eyes already on me. They weren't softened by the weakness of the operation. No, they burned with anger for me. They wheeled him into the recovery room, his skin pale from the procedure but his dominating presence still filling the air. My breath hitched when, instead of collapsing into the bed as anyone else would, Damien swung his legs over the side and sat upright, defying weakness itself. The strength of his wolf was already knitting him back together, healing what should have taken hours.

Olivia hovered close for a moment, her eyes flicking between us. I saw the way her lips pressed together, as if she was weighing whether to stay. Then she gave me a nod. "I'll give you space." With that, she slipped out, the door shutting softly behind her.

I rose, intending to follow, but Damien's voice stopped me cold.

"Stay."

The command rolled through the air like thunder, leaving no room for refusal. My body obeyed before my mind could resist. My fingers curled nervously into the fabric of my skirt as I stood frozen in place, my heart pounding so hard I feared he could hear it.

Damien moved with slow, deliberate precision, removing the thin gown the healers had given him. The silence in the room thickened, each sound of fabric shifting scraping against my nerves. My eyes darted away, but I still felt every movement, every flex of muscle as he dressed with the ease of a man utterly in control—even after nearly giving a piece of himself away.

When he finally turned, the anger in his eyes hit me like a physical blow, twisting my chest until I could barely breathe.

My throat went dry. "Damien..." I whispered, but the word cracked before it even left me.

He took one step closer, and out of panic I took a step away. His brow furrowed as he studied me. "So now you're scared of me?" he asked, sounding like he didn't like the thought of that.

I swallowed hard and looked away, not able to meet his eyes. "I'm not... scared," I managed, though my voice betrayed me. It trembled like a fragile thread about to snap.

Damien's steps were measured slow, each one closing the distance between us. "You should be," he murmured, not in threat, but in a dark, restrained truth. His hand lifted—and for a moment, I thought he might touch me—but instead he dragged it through his hair, his jaw tight.

The air between us burned with all the words neither of us had spoken. His chest rose and fell with controlled breaths, but his eyes... they blazed with questions, accusations, pain.

"You kept him from me," he finally said, his voice low and filled with pain. "My son. My blood. And only because he was at the verge of death did you contact me."

Tears welled in my eyes, spilling before I could stop them. "I did what I thought was best. I was trying to protect him. Protect us—"

"Protect?" His laugh was hollow, sharp, and angry. "Do you even hear yourself, Sofia? You kept me from him. You denied him his father."

His angry voice resounded through the walls of the room. Feeling a little terrified, I wrapped my arms around myself, fighting the urge to crumble under the force of his fury. "I was afraid..." I whispered.

That stopped him. Just for a moment, the anger in his eyes deepened. "Afraid of me?" he asked again, softer this time, though the anger in his eyes remained.

I pressed a trembling hand to my chest, my heartbeat wild. "It's not just about you, Damien... Damien, we are related... our families are enemies..."

"I don't fucking care!" he spat in anger. "They can be in each other's throats for all I care... that has nothing to do with us... that didn't give you the right to steal almost three years of my son's life. Do you even know what that means? Do you know what it feels like to know you have a son who has been kept away from you for almost three years and you are only being contacted because it was life or death!"

His rage erupted so violently that the equipment and furniture in the room rattled from the force of it.

Chapter 329: My Decision

Damien's POV

My hands trembled, not from weakness, but from the force it took to stop myself from putting a hole through the wall. I had just walked out of an operating room, given a part of myself for my son, and instead of relief, all I could taste was the bitterness of the years I'd lost. I stared at Sofia, every breath like a growl I had to choke back. She stood

there, clutching herself like she could hide from the truth, from me. My wolf clawed against my skin, furious and wild.

"You don't understand what you've done," I said, my voice low but vibrating with barely restrained fury. "You stole moments I can never get back. His first steps. His first words. The first time he called for his father—" My voice caught, and I hated myself for it. I swallowed hard, shoving the weakness down. "Those are mine, Sofia. They were mine, and you threw them away."

Her tears fell harder, her lips trembling, but it didn't soothe me. If anything, it fueled my anger.

"I thought—" she began, but I cut her off with a sharp, bitter laugh.

"You thought you knew better than me? You thought you had the right to decide I didn't exist in his life?" I stepped closer, close enough that she had to tilt her head back to meet my gaze. "I am his father. And if you think for one damn second I'm going to step aside and let you keep him from me again, you're out of your mind."

Her breath hitched, but she didn't move away this time. She stood there, rooted, as if my words pinned her in place.

I leaned down slightly, my voice dropping to something cold, something that made her shiver. "You can hate me. You can fight me. But you will never—never—take him away from me again. If I have to burn down the world to make sure of that, I will."

For a long moment, the room was nothing but the sound of her unsteady breathing and the pounding of my own pulse. My wolf settled slightly, satisfied with the truth laid bare, but my rage was far from gone.

I straightened, my jaw locked. "From this moment on," I said slowly and deliberately, "he's with me. I don't care about your excuses, your fears, or our family's damn feud. He's mine. And I will be in his life—every day, every second—whether you like it or not."

Her eyes widened as the realization dawned on her that this wasn't a negotiation. "I'm taking him back home with me and it's left for you to decide if you want to come with us or not," I spat.

But even as the words left my mouth, I knew they were a damn lie.

I wanted her with me. Hell, I'd wanted her with me every day since the moment she left, since the moment I realized she'd taken not just my son but a part of me I could never get back. And despite the fury boiling in my veins, despite the sting of betrayal and the poison of our families' history, my feelings for her had never changed.

The truth was, they'd only gotten worse. More consuming.

I watched her, the way her hands trembled against her skirt, the way her lashes clung together from tears. My wolf howled in my chest, wanting—needing—to close the space between us, to wipe those tears, to pull her against me and bury my face in her hair until the scent of her was burned into me again.

But I didn't move.

I couldn't.

Because if I let myself go there—if I let myself be the man who loved her instead of the man she'd betrayed—then every decision I'd already made would shatter. I needed her to understand the weight of what she'd done. I needed to keep the upper hand, to make sure she knew I wasn't asking anymore, that I was taking.

And yet, holding myself back felt like trying to stop myself from breathing. My chest burned with it, my jaw ached from clenching too hard. Every shaky breath she took chipped away at the wall I'd built, and I hated how badly I wanted to destroy it myself.

Her eyes lifted to mine, and for one heartbeat too long, I let her see it—the truth I was trying to hide. The love. The longing. The part of me that had never stopped wanting her, even when I should have.

I tore my gaze away before she could read it all. Before she could use it to get to me.

"The decision is yours to make... it's whether you come with us back to my home or you come visit him whenever you want," I said, my voice a low growl meant to mask everything else inside me. Then I turned my back to her, because if I didn't, I knew I'd break my own damn rules.

I left the room, and outside I saw Olivia waiting. The moment I saw her, I released a deep sigh and approached her. "Thank you for your help," I said sincerely.

She nodded but didn't say a word, but I knew I had a lot to say to her. "I'm sorry for all the things I did to you... I know apologizing will not change the fact that I did terrible things to you, but I just want you to know that I am sorry. I was just a man in love, which resulted in me doing stupid things," I apologized sincerely.

Yet Olivia didn't respond. She just stood there, her eyes steady on mine, as if she was deciding whether my words were worth accepting. Then, finally, she spoke.

"Damien..." her voice was calm but carried a weight that made me pause, "don't be too harsh on her."

I stared at her, my brows knitting. "She kept my son from me—"

"And she has a good reason for that," Olivia interrupted softly. "You can rage all you want, but you can't deny the fact that most women would have done what she did."

Her words struck deeper than I wanted to admit. My jaw tightened, but I didn't argue. She was right, damn it.

Before I could reply, the door to the room behind us opened. Footsteps approached, and when I turned, there she was—my Sofia.

She looked pale, eyes still red from crying, but there was a steadiness in her that hadn't been there before. Her gaze flicked briefly to Olivia, then landed on me.

"I'll come with you," she said, her voice low but unwavering.

For a second, I thought I'd misheard her. "What?"

She swallowed hard, her chin lifting just slightly. "I can't stay away from him, Damien. I can't... I won't. He's my son. If you're taking him home, I'm coming too."

Something in my chest shifted. There was still anger there, but it tangled with something softer. My wolf surged, almost triumphant, and it took everything in me not to show just how much her words meant to me.

I gave a curt nod, forcing my voice to stay even. "Good. Then pack whatever you need. We leave as soon as the healers clear him for travel."

She nodded once, then glanced down at the floor, as if gathering herself, before brushing past me to return to our son's bedside.

I watched her go, every muscle in my body tense with the effort it took to stay where I was instead of following her in.

Chapter 330: Jealous

Lennox's POV

A tense silence hung in the air as the three of us sat there. My jaw clenched, and finally, I snapped, my voice cutting through the stillness. "What's the meaning of this attitude, Levi?" I growled, my eyes narrowing on him.

Levi didn't flinch. He leaned back in his chair, arms crossed, calm in a way that only stoked my anger. "Someone has to call you out," he said calmly. "You're acting like Olivia is only mated to you."

Rage shot through my veins. My hands curled into fists at my sides. "So, you still haven't changed, Levi? You still have that seed of jealousy toward me," I spat.

And I wasn't lying. Levi had always been the perfect one among the three of us—calm, composed, measured—but he carried a spirit of jealousy. Not for anyone else... only for me. He used to think I always had the best, that I took the best. It was a shadow that trailed us when we were growing up, something that created distance between us. But later... he changed. Or at least, I believed he did. He outgrew it, or so I thought. Which is why I don't know where this is coming from now.

Levi's jaw ticked, but he met my glare head-on. "I'm not jealous, Lennox. She's ours. But you keep pushing like you're the only one who matters, like the rest of us should stand back and wait for scraps."

My wolf snarled inside me, furious at his words. "Scraps?" I echoed, my angry voice booming around the room. "That's what you think this is about? You were the first to make love to Olivia alone. Did you think I didn't know?" I leaned forward, my glare burning into him. "I wasn't angry then, Levi. I didn't get jealous. So why the hell are you angry now just because she and I made out?"

Levi's face hardened, his jaw ticking. "This isn't about sex, Lennox..."

"Then what is it about?" I snapped at him while rising to my feet, my anger-filled eyes fixed on him. I hate that we are in this situation... I hate having a fight with any of them, and now especially because of Olivia.

Levi pushed up from his seat, closing the distance between us until only inches remained. His hard glare never wavered. "All I'm saying is, stop being manipulative, Lennox. Stop trying to pull her closer to you like that. You already have Olivia wrapped around your finger—you don't need to do more."

My frown deepened. His words angered me, but at the same time, I was hurt by his words... How could he think I was being manipulative?

Louis, who had been quiet all this while, finally stood up and stepped between us, separating Levi from me. "Both of you, stop it," he snapped.

He turned his glare on Levi first. "I'm the last-born here, Levi. If anyone should be acting out and throwing tantrums, it should be me. Not you. And definitely not over Olivia." He exhaled sharply, his shoulders tense. "We have a serious problem with Frederick breathing down our necks, and you two are standing here ready to tear each other apart over this? Do you even hear how foolish this sounds?"

The room went silent again, heavy with the weight of Louis's words. My chest heaved as I glared past him at Levi. The anger was still there, but under it was pain. I was pained that Levi had such thoughts about me.

I shook my head slowly. "You know what, Levi? If having Olivia all to yourself is what will help you sleep soundly at night, then take her. Have her." My voice was filled with

hurt. "I don't need to fight my own brother just to prove something that was never in question."

Without waiting for his reply, I turned on my heel and walked out, my wolf pacing inside me, torn between rage and hurt.

Outside, Dustin was already waiting for me, his stance straight and formal, but his eyes flickered with concern.

"You have a meeting with the heads," he said simply, giving me a curt nod before turning toward the pack hall.

Without a word, I fell into step beside him. My wolf was still restless, pacing inside me, clawing at my chest. The walk to the hall was quiet, my mind replaying every word Levi had thrown at me. Manipulative. Wrapped around my finger. Scraps. Each tore into me... I'm the type of man whose words get into me easily, and especially from my loved ones.

We stepped into the pack hall, the heavy double doors closing behind us with a low thud. The room was already filled with the pack heads, their voices low, conversations blending into a muted hum. The long, polished table gleamed under the golden light of the chandeliers, and every gaze briefly shifted toward me as we entered.

I took my seat, my expression neutral, but my jaw was tight. Dustin moved to his place, and the meeting began almost immediately—reports of border patrols, supply allocations, and rogues' growing movements.

But I wasn't really hearing any of it. My mind was miles away, still locked in that room with Levi, still staring into his accusing eyes. Every so often, a voice from the table would drag me back, only for my thoughts to slip again. The weight of his words clung to me like chains, and no matter how I tried to focus, my chest stayed tight, my pulse unsteady.

Suddenly, I got a mind link. "Lennox... I'm in the study room with Levi and Louis, can you come?" That was Olivia's voice.

I inhaled deeply before responding. "Yes... I'm on my way."

I stood to my feet and all eyes were drawn to me. "Apologies... something came up... this meeting is adjourned." I didn't wait for objections before striding to the door.

The moment I stepped out of the hall, the tightness in my chest only grew worse. My wolf paced harder, restless, wanting nothing more than to be near her. Olivia.

The corridors felt endless as I strode through them, my footsteps echoing against the marble floor. By the time I reached the study room door, my pulse was thundering in my ears.

I paused for a moment, breathing in deeply. Her scent was faint through the wood, soothing yet sharp enough to stir my wolf. I pushed the door open.

Olivia stood there, her gaze darting between the three of us—me, Levi, and Louis already inside. She was tense, her hands clasped in front of her, as though bracing herself for the storm she knew was coming. Levi stood off to the side, arms crossed, still rigid from our earlier clash. Louis leaned against the desk, his expression heavy with irritation.

Her eyes locked on mine first. "What the hell is going on between you three?" she demanded.