

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 331: Punishment - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 331: Punishment

Chapter 331: Punishment

Olivia's POV

Silence... suffocating silence hung in the air as neither of them responded. I darted my eyes between the three of them, and none of them looked me in the face, but Lennox finally broke the quiet, though his eyes stayed fixed anywhere but on me.

"You should ask Levi... I believe he has a lot to say," he groaned.

I turned to Levi, my chest tightening when he still refused to look at me. "Levi..." I called softly, as gently as I could. "What is going on?"

Levi's frown deepened, and then, for the first time since I appeared, he looked me straight in the eyes. "You are the cause of this, Olivia... if only you loved the three of us equally, none of this would be happening!" he murmured.

My heart sank at his words, but before I could speak, Lennox interrupted.

"Don't you dare put this on her, Levi. If you've got a problem, take it up with me. Not her." he snapped.

Levi scoffed bitterly. "Once again you prove my assumption right... you are acting like her knight in shining armor," he spat.

His words hit me straight in the heart. My chest tightened, my breath shaky.

"Levi..." I whispered, my voice trembling though I fought to steady it. "You think I don't love you? You think I haven't tried to give each of you a part of me? Do you have any idea how heavy it feels—being pulled in three directions, knowing no matter what I do, someone will feel left behind?"

Levi's jaw clenched, his stare hard. "Then why does it always feel like he gets more?" he shot back, his voice rough with pain.

"Enough!" Lennox barked, stepping forward, his anger radiating. "Don't twist this into her fault. She's not the one measuring and keeping scores—you are, Levi!"

Levi let out a bitter laugh. "And look at you again... jumping to shield her, like the rest of us don't exist. Like you're the only one with the right to protect her."

I pressed a hand to my chest, the ache there almost unbearable. Their voices, their anger—it all swirled around me, loud, sharp, suffocating. My wolf whimpered inside, torn between them, torn by them.

Louis, who had been quiet too long, finally slammed his palm against the desk, the sound echoing through the room. "Both of you, shut the hell up!" His eyes blazed as he glared between his brothers. "Do you even hear yourselves? You're ripping her apart in the middle of your damn pride war."

Silence fell again, thick and heavy, but this time it was different. My eyes stung with unshed tears as I looked at all three of them, anger and pain radiating inside me.

"Enough!" I screamed, my wolf's power crackling through me, making the very walls tremble. All three of them froze, finally looking at me.

"You want to fight? Tear each other apart like rabid dogs?" My voice shook with rage, but I didn't stop. "Then do it without me! Because I will not stand here and be the rope you pull from both sides until I break."

Their faces shifted to shock, guilt, anger—but none of it mattered. The fire inside me was too strong to be stopped now.

"You think I don't love you?" My eyes burned as I swept my gaze over them. "I've given everything I have, every piece of myself, trying to make you feel seen, trying to make you feel loved. And still, it's not enough! You're so damn busy competing with each other, so busy counting who has what, that you don't see me breaking right in front of you."

Their wolves stirred, uneasy, but I didn't give them a chance to speak. My voice lowered, cold and authoritative.

"For this, your punishment is simple—you won't see me for the rest of the week. Not one of you." I clenched my fists, my emotions sparking in the air around me. "Maybe then you'll learn how to share me."

Before they could move, before they could beg or argue, I let my wolf's magic surge through me. My body glowed faintly, and in the next heartbeat—I vanished.

The last thing I saw were their faces—wide with shock, pale with regret.

I arrived in my room and met Lolita arranging my things.

The moment she saw me, her smile faded. She dropped what she was holding and rushed toward me.

"Olivia—" she began, but before she could say more, a loud, piercing scream of pain tore through the air. It came from outside.

My head snapped toward the window, my brows furrowed. "What was that?" I demanded curiously.

Lolita's eyes darted nervously to the door before meeting mine. "It's Anita," she whispered, her voice trembling. "She's being punished... by your brother."

My stomach dropped. I didn't wait another second. My feet moved on their own, carrying me swiftly out of the room, down the long staircase, and toward the sound of her cries. I pushed open the heavy doors and stepped into the courtyard.

There was Anita—kneeling on the stone floor, her wrists bound, her face streaked with tears. She was naked and tied to the wooden pillar while a guard with a whip stood beside her.

"Whip."

The whip landed on her bare back, and Anita yelled out in great pain. She turned her tear-soaked gaze toward me, her eyes wide with desperation.

"Please, Olivia... make it stop."

My breath hitched, my wolf stirred uneasily, but I forced myself to remain still. My fingers curled into fists at my sides as I tried to harden my heart.

Remember, I told myself, this is the same Anita who betrayed you. The same Anita who smiled to your face while stabbing you behind your back. The same one who made you cry, who made you feel small, who tried to ruin you.

And yet... as her tortured voice echoed in my ears, as I watched the guards draw the whip back again—I felt terrible.

Another strike. The whip kissed her skin with a savage crack, tearing a sob from her throat. My wolf whimpered inside me, torn between rage and pity.

I clenched my jaw, forcing my eyes to stay on her. Don't feel sorry. Don't you dare feel sorry, Olivia. She deserves this... she deserves it.

But my heart didn't listen. It twisted painfully, every scream of hers digging deeper, pulling at the walls I thought I had sealed.

Damn her cries. Damn my heart for still hearing them.

Her gaze locked on mine again, desperate and pleading. "Please..." she whispered through sobs.

I swallowed hard, my throat dry, torn between mercy... or the betrayal that still burned and the compassion I couldn't quite kill.

Chapter 332: If It Was Lennox

Olivia's POV

I looked away, then forced myself to look back. My mind was restless... I wanted to interfere, but I clenched my fists, my nails digging into my palms. "She deserves this," I muttered under my breath.

The next strike came lower, across the curve of Anita's hip. She bit down on her lip, refusing to cry out, but the tremor in her arms made her whole body shake. The stone below her was wet with tears, and maybe more. My own vision blurred for a second. I blinked hard.

Lolita touched my arm, tentatively. "Olivia, please. Let's just go back inside."

I shook her off. "No. I want to watch." From somewhere behind me, a familiar voice called my name. It was loud and commanding, pulling the attention of everyone in the courtyard.

Calvin.

"Olivia," he called again, and I felt the eyes of the guards stationed toward us, curiosity sharpening their faces. Calvin strode forward, all broad shoulders and rigid posture, the kind of presence that made you want to stand up straighter even if you hated him. He stopped just short of the whipping post, close enough that I could see the muscle ticking in his jaw.

"She's had enough. Tomorrow she begins the new punishment," he declared, lifting a hand.

The guard obeyed at once, setting down the whip and untying Anita's wrists. She collapsed to the ground, catching herself with shaking hands. Her back was a canvas of blood and raw welts.

No one moved. Not the guards. Not the servants watching with wide, hushed eyes. Not even me. I stood rooted, fighting the urge to rush to her side. Once, she had been my best friend.

Calvin's gaze pinned me. "You want to say something?" he asked, voice low enough that only I could hear.

I didn't. I didn't want to say anything. But the words tumbled out anyway: "You should have asked me before punishing her. You know that, right?"

Calvin's expression didn't change. "She's my prisoner, not yours."

I frowned, and my eyes dragged back to Anita. I noticed the way she hunched over, clutching her arms around herself, blood trickling down her spine. The old anger in me flickered, sputtered, then died under the weight of pity.

My feet moved before my brain could catch up. I stood beside Anita, careful not to touch her wounds. She was breathing hard, tears and snot smeared across her cheeks, but she didn't look away.

Her lips twisted into something that was almost a smile. "Death is better than this, Olivia... tell him to just kill me."

My heart sank. I remembered the day Anita lied and I was punished, the cold satisfaction in her eyes when the guards led me away. I remembered the wedding night, how she fucked the triplets without listening to my cry of pain. I remembered the way she'd hurt me in different ways.

And now she was reduced to this.

I lifted my eyes toward the pack house, to the rows of windows where staff watched in silence. Did any of them pity her? Or did they see only justice being done? And what did they see when they looked at me—a monster who stood by while her former best friend was flogged without mercy?

Without saying a word, I watched the guards drag a blood-dripping, naked Anita away, and all I could do was harden my heart and watch her being taken away.

I turned to Calvin, my frown deepening. "You didn't have to humiliate her like that," I said, my voice tighter than I meant.

Calvin finally raised his eyes. Calm, steady, unreadable. "Punishment is supposed to humiliate, Olivia."

I stepped closer, heat rising in my chest. "You should have asked me. Anita was—" My throat closed for a second. "She was mine to deal with."

His jaw flexed, but his voice stayed calm. "And you? What would you have done? Cried for her? Freed her? Given her mercy she doesn't deserve?"

The words stung because part of me didn't know the answer. I swallowed hard, forcing my fists to unclench. "You should have given her another punishment... not this public lashing."

Calvin folded his arms, studying me like he was stripping me bare. "This is just the beginning of her punishment."

My breath caught and my frown deepened. "Leave Anita's punishment to me. I'll—"

His voice cut in, low and final. "You'll do what, Olivia?"

My frown deepened as I didn't know what to say.

Calvin spoke. "By the time I'm done with her, she will wish to die, but death will never come."

He didn't wait to hear my argument before turning around and walking away.

I frowned and walked back inside. Arriving in my room, I sat on the bed... my head was spinning from all that was happening... so many things were going on in my life all at once. There was my sour relationship with my mother, Lord Frederick's claim over me, and now the rift between the triplets. Everything was just like a heavy weight pressing down on me, making it suffocating to even breathe properly.

Suddenly, I got a mind link.

"Olivia..." it was Levi.

I sighed, dragging in a shaky breath. "Have you settled things with Lennox?"

Levi sighed over the mind link. "Not really." Even through the mind link, his voice was tight, defensive. "He locked himself in his office and told me not to follow. I think he's still mad."

I closed my eyes and pressed the heel of my palm to my forehead. Lennox's version of sulking was legendary: he'd brood for hours or days, refusing to talk to anyone, generally making everyone around him miserable until he decided he'd suffered enough. I didn't have the emotional bandwidth for it right now. Levi must have sensed it because he added, "I'm sorry. I acted out of line and said stupid things," he apologized.

I sighed but said nothing.

"Can you forgive me? Let things go back to normal?"

I wanted to say yes, wanted to lie so Levi would leave me alone, but the words wouldn't come. Instead, I just let myself fall backward onto the cold, clean duvet and stared at the ceiling.

"I'm tired, Levi," I whispered.

A suffocating silence hung through the link. Then Levi scoffed.

"If it was Lennox saying this," his voice hardened, "you'd have already forgiven him. Don't even deny it, Olivia."

My eyes snapped open, anger flaring hot in my chest. "What are you trying to say, Levi?"

"You know exactly what I'm saying," he shot back. "I could move the whole damn world for you—tear it apart with my bare hands—and it still wouldn't matter. Because in the end, you'll only look at him. You'll only see Lennox."

His words hurt, but I refused to let him see it. I sat up, my nails digging into my palms. "Don't twist this into some competition between you and your brothers. Everything is not about you—or about them. I'm going through hell on my own, Levi. Do you even understand that? Or do you only see yourself?"

The silence on his end burned, but I didn't stop. "In fact, do me a favor and just fuck off."

And before he could say anything more, I severed the connection. Slammed the link shut so hard it echoed in my skull. Blocked him out completely.

I fell back onto the bed, dragging the sheets over me, and closed my eyes. If only shutting out the rest of the world could be that easy. But I was wrong, because a knock came on my door and the door pushed open, revealing my mother... Great... just what I needed.

Chapter 333: My Problem

Olivia's POV

My mother stepped inside. Of course. Because even in my worst moments, I was never allowed the space to breathe.

She furrowed her brows. "You don't seem happy to see me," she said.

I frowned, pushing myself up so I could sit properly on the bed. I folded my legs beneath me and leaned my back against the headboard, steadying myself before looking her straight in the eye.

She looked beautiful today, dressed in a royal blue gown that swept elegantly across the floor. Her long black hair was pulled neatly into a bun, showing off the striking lines of her face. She was still beautiful, ageless almost. Despite nearing fifty, she looked remarkably young, her appearance still capable of being mistaken for a woman in her late thirties.

She had good genes, undeniably so, and a part of me silently hoped I had inherited them from her. At least if that were the only thing I could claim from being her daughter, her beauty and graceful figure, then maybe it was something worth holding onto.

"What do you want, Mother?" I asked, making sure she could notice the displeasure in my voice.

She didn't answer at once. Instead, she stepped closer and stopped by my side. "Lord Frederick is downstairs with a few guests... he wants to see you."

At the mention of his name, my wolf growled furiously inside me, and a deep frown carved into my face.

I leveled my gaze at her. "I don't want to see him," I spat.

Her lips curved into a tight line, the kind that always came before she began to lecture me. "Olivia, stop this nonsense. You will see Lord Frederick. He's been waiting patiently, and it would be rude of you to refuse him. Do not make a scene."

I clenched my jaw, my wolf's growl echoing deep inside me. "I said I don't want to see him," I repeated, slower this time, my anger rising.

She sighed and shook her head as if I were a child throwing a tantrum. "Why must you always be so difficult? Do you think every choice in life is yours to make? You are endangering yourself. Your life is at risk here."

I laughed bitterly. "My life?" I leaned forward, glaring at her. "You mean your reputation. I don't know what Lord Frederick has promised you that you seem so desperate about me marrying him."

"Enough!" she snapped, her voice raised and enraged. "You are behaving like a spoiled child. What is so wrong with Lord Frederick? Tell me, what exactly is the problem?"

I tilted my head, watching her carefully, then let the words roll off my tongue like poison. "The problem isn't him. It's you."

Her eyes widened, but I didn't stop. "If you like Lord Frederick so much, you should marry him. He's old enough, isn't he? Older than you, even. Maybe the two of you would make a perfect pair."

Color drained from her face, then flared back with anger. "What is wrong with you?" she whispered harshly. "Why must you always attack me? Why must you always make me your enemy?"

My chest rose and fell, the weight of everything between us pressing down like a storm about to explode. "Because you are my enemy," I said loud and firm. "Every time I try to

breathe, you're there, pushing me toward something I don't want. You are my problem, Mother. Not Frederick. Not anyone else. Just you."

My words must have greatly affected her because her eyes widened for a moment, then it was replaced by hurt as tears began to well up in her eyes. I frowned and looked away so it wouldn't have any effect on me.

"So this is what you think of me, Olivia? You see me as your enemy?" she asked, sounding heartbroken, but I didn't respond, neither did I say a word.

Mother continued. "All I am doing is for your good... I want you alive, is that a crime." My frown deepened, and I dragged my attention back to her. Her eyes were now filled with tears.

My chest heaved as I held her gaze, refusing to let her tears get to me. "For my good?" I scoffed, my voice dripping with venom. "Don't you dare stand there and pretend you care about me, Mother. If you truly wanted what was good for me, you'd listen when I say no. You'd protect me from men like him, not throw me into their arms like some bargaining chip."

Her lips trembled, but she quickly steadied herself, masking her emotions with that familiar, practiced composure. "You think you know everything, Olivia, but you don't. You're blinded by your stubbornness. You have been vowed to Lord Frederick, and it's either you marry him or you lose your life."

I leaned forward, my voice rising. "I didn't give my consent to be vowed to him. And I don't want him. How many times do I have to say it before you finally hear me?"

"Lower your voice," she hissed, glancing sharply toward the door as if the walls themselves were eavesdropping. Then she turned back to me, eyes narrowed with frustration. "You will not embarrass me, Olivia. Not after everything I've done to keep you alive. You may hate me, but one day, you will understand that every choice I make is to ensure your survival."

I laughed bitterly, shaking my head. "Survival? What kind of survival is it if I lose myself in the process? If I become nothing more than a puppet for you and whatever schemes you've tied yourself into with Frederick? That's not survival, Mother. That's a slow death."

Her nostrils flared, her composure slipping for just a second before she caught it again. "Enough of this," she said firmly, her voice final. "You will come downstairs and meet Lord Frederick and the guests. That is not a request, Olivia. It is an order."

I felt my wolf bristle inside me, snarling with defiance, but my mother did not waver. She adjusted her gown, as though that ended the matter. "Fix yourself," she added coldly, "and do not keep them waiting any longer. I expect you downstairs."

Without waiting for my response, she turned and swept out of the room, the door shutting softly behind her, but the sound echoed like a sentence in my ears.

I scoffed. "She thinks she can control me?" I muttered under my breath, shaking my head with a humorless laugh. My wolf snarled again, restless and furious, but I forced myself to stay calm, to think.

Fine. If she wanted me downstairs, then I would go. But not the way she expected.

I swung my legs off the bed and stood, my jaw tight, my chest burning with rage. She thinks she can order me to smile and nod while they all plot my fate?

A dark smirk tugged at my lips as I straightened my gown and adjusted my hair. "Then let her watch me put on a show," I whispered to myself, my voice laced with mischief. "If she wants a spectacle, I'll give her one. And neither she nor Frederick will see it coming."

Chapter 334: Display

Olivia's POV

When I entered, all heads turned. Lord Frederick sat with three older men, his guests, no doubt his allies or puppets. Their stiff postures and stern faces reminded me of vultures waiting for scraps. I smiled sweetly—too sweetly—as I walked past my mother's stiff form and straight to Frederick. His calm eyes followed my every step, probably expecting me to curtsy, to bow, to play the obedient girl my mother wished me to be. Instead, I shocked them all. I moved closer, my fingers brushing along the arm of his chair, and before he could stop me, I lowered myself onto his lap.

The room fell into silence. I felt his body tense beneath me, his confusion obvious as his eyes darted to my mother, then back to me. I leaned in, close enough that only he could feel my breath against his ear. "Well, my Lord," I purred, grinding myself ever so slightly against him, "is this not what you wanted?"

One of the older men coughed awkwardly, shifting uncomfortably in his seat. My mother's face flushed crimson, her lips pressed into a furious line. Frederick frowned, his hand tightening on the armrest. "Olivia, behave yourself," he hissed under his breath, trying to maintain composure.

But I wasn't finished. I let a playful smile curve across my lips and tilted my head. "What's wrong, my Lord? You look... uncomfortable." I shifted again on his lap, slow and deliberate. "Surely you've fucked women before. Or is it that you prefer your brides silent and docile?"

The older men shifted in their seats, their disapproval hanging thick in the air. Frederick's jaw clenched, fury flashing across his face, but I only giggled softly, pretending innocence.

"Maybe," I continued, my tone light and teasing, "if you asked nicely, I might even kiss you in front of your friends. Wouldn't that make quite the memory?"

Frederick's frown deepened. "Olivia," he hissed, "control yourself."

But I only smiled wickedly. "Control? Oh, forgive me, my Lord, I thought control wasn't something you cared for. Not after yesterday..." My voice carried, dripping with false innocence, as I tilted my head and looked at him sweetly. "When your cock inside me was so painfully disappointing. Honestly, I thought a man of your... age and stature would be better. But maybe it was just too small? Or perhaps you don't know how to use it."

The three older men choked in outrage, one of them slamming his palm on the armrest, while the other muttered a curse. My mother froze, horror etched into her face. I giggled and shifted on his lap again, my voice high and mocking. "It hurt so much, Frederick. You should have been gentle. That's what men do when they care for a woman, isn't it? Or do you like it better when they cry?" I let out a laugh, sharp and cruel, letting the words stab him in front of everyone. "Tell me, should I scream louder for you next time? Would that make you feel like more of a man?"

Gasps filled the room. One of the men stood, muttering, "This is disgraceful."

But I only threw my head back and laughed, reckless and wild. "Oh, don't be so shy now, Frederick. You weren't shy when you had me last night, were you? Or was that just another fantasy you forced yourself to believe?"

The older men looked scandalized, their glares flicking between him and me. My mother pressed a hand over her mouth, torn between fury and shame. The room had turned into a graveyard of shocked faces, but I wasn't done. I slid off Frederick's lap in one slow, deliberate motion and dropped gracefully to my knees in front of him.

Gasps erupted around me.

I tilted my head, smiling up at him with false sweetness. "Why don't I really give these fine gentlemen a show, my Lord? I'm sure they'd love to hear how you moan. Or would that embarrass you, Frederick?"

The older men jumped to their feet in outrage, their voices a chorus of curses and disgust. My mother half-screamed my name, her hand clutching her chest as though she might faint.

Frederick's fury exploded. His hand shot down, grabbing me by the arm and yanking me up so roughly my feet stumbled. "Enough!" he thundered, his composure gone.

The room fell into chaos—my mother crying out, the guests barking about disgrace and shame—but Frederick dragged me out of it all, his grip iron, his silence more terrifying than his roar. He shoved me through the hall and up the stairs, my laughter echoing behind us like a mad woman's song. "What's the matter, Frederick? Don't you like an audience?"

He said nothing, only kicked open the door to a guest room and slammed it shut behind us. The sound rattled the walls. Before I could turn, his body pressed hard against mine, pinning me to the wall. His eyes blazed with fury, his breath hot against my face.

"What," he hissed, his voice low and raging, "was the meaning of that little spectacle?"

I only smiled faintly, refusing to answer. My silence seemed to anger him further, his hand slamming flat against the wall by my head.

"You humiliate me in front of those men, in front of your mother," he snarled. "And you think you can just laugh it off?"

Still, I said nothing. My chest rose and fell in steady defiance, though my wolf clawed inside me, urging me to strike, to run, to teleport away. I didn't. I wanted to see how far he'd go.

His lips twisted into something between a sneer and a smirk. "Perhaps this is what you want, Olivia. You act out like a spoiled child because you crave my attention. You want me so badly, you'd crawl at my feet to get it."

He gripped my chin, forcing my gaze up to meet his. "Tell me I'm wrong."

I stayed silent, my mouth curling at the edges in mock amusement. His breath grew heavier, his voice darker. "If you are so desperate to feel my cock inside you, then I'll fuck you right here."

His hand dropped toward his waist, fingers tugging at the buckle of his belt—the metallic click snapping through the air like a threat. I could have vanished in a second. Teleported away and left him raging alone in this room. But I didn't. I stayed rooted, staring at him with calm, unblinking eyes.

Let me see how far he dares to go.

Chapter 335: Annoying Him

Olivia's POV

"You want to see what I'm capable of?" Frederick snarled, yanking the belt free from its loops with a hiss that split the air. His knuckles whitened around the leather. For the first time, my body truly registered the danger—he was twice my size, carved of muscle and burning humiliation. Yet I refused to let him taste fear. I stood my ground, chin lifted, eyes locked on his. Defiance radiated from me like fire, even as his fury thickened the air.

With shaking rage, he fumbled with the buckle, unzipping his trousers. In one vicious motion, he shoved them to his knees. My gaze dropped, deliberate. White briefs. His cock outlined against the thin fabric. He wasn't hard—not yet—but the size was obvious. Thick, long... the kind of weapon men boasted about. The kind women were expected to worship.

But I didn't flinch. I tilted my head, lips curling in a razor-edged smile. "So this is it?" My voice dripped venomous sweetness. "I was right. For all your swagger, for all your boasting, your cock is really... small."

His nostrils flared, jaw locking as fury scorched his features. I stepped closer, mocking him with every word. "Do you know what's worse, Frederick?" I purred, my tone sliding from playful to cruel. "The triplets' cocks are twice your size."

His chest heaved, fists clenching, but I didn't stop. I leaned in, my face a breath from his. "I'm sorry, my Lord, but I don't take small cock. Not yours. Not ever."

The silence that followed was venomous, his humiliation complete. His face twisted, the belt tightening in his hand like a blade poised to strike. But I only smiled wider, refusing to bow.

The belt clattered against the floor as his fury boiled over. In one brutal surge, Frederick seized my wrist and slammed me into the wall. My palms smacked the cold stone, the impact rattling through my bones, but I didn't cry out. My wolf snarled inside, demanding I rip his throat out, but I restrained her, lips curving in a faint, taunting smile. Let's see what you can do when pushed.

He pinned me there, his breath harsh at my ear, the sharp tang of rage bleeding from him. His hand trembled as it slid down my back, clawing at the fabric of my gown. Then—rrrip.

The sound shattered the silence as easily as the silk. My gown split open, falling loose until cool air kissed heated skin. Another savage tug and the neckline tore. The gown sagged in tatters, sliding from my shoulders until I stood half-bared before him.

My wolf raged, growling deep in my chest, but I raised my chin higher, calm. Nudity meant nothing to a werewolf. Skin was skin. Weakness was thinking otherwise.

Frederick froze when his gaze dropped to my exposed back, the thin lace strip of my panties revealed. His breath hitched, a guttural sound tearing from his throat. A groan. Raw. Hungry. Frustrated.

I felt his body tremble behind me, but I didn't move, didn't give him the satisfaction of fear. I stood still, palms braced on the wall, my head turning just enough to flash my smirk. "Is that all, my Lord?" I whispered, my voice pure mockery. "Tearing gowns and groaning like an animal? Show me then—or admit you're nothing but noise."

His reply came swiftly, the crack of skin against skin. Smack. My ass burned from the spank, the sound echoing in the chamber like a brand of his fury.

I scoffed. "That's it? A slap?" A sharp, cruel laugh spilled from my lips. "I've felt fiercer swats from puppies."

A growl rumbled in his chest. He pressed closer, his cock grinding through thin cotton against my ass. His breath came hot, ragged, his voice breaking in a groan. "You shouldn't push me, Olivia..." His hips ground harder, the pressure undeniable. "You don't know what I'm capable of."

I tilted my head, smirk never fading. "Oh, I know exactly what you're capable of. Noise. Groaning. Pretending."

He groaned again, louder now, his hips moving in slow, frustrated circles. "I'll fuck you," he rasped, his breath scorching my ear, "and when I'm done, you won't be able to use your legs."

His groan tore out, guttural, almost pained, as his hips rolled against me, desperate for friction. His hands clutched my hips like anchors, but I arched slightly, letting him feel me before sliding just far enough away to deny him.

He groaned, desperate. His cock, once soft, now hardened, straining against cotton as he rubbed harder, hungrier. It swelled, thick and heavy, his body betraying him as I mocked him.

A laugh slipped from me, light and cruel, my eyes glittering as I glanced back. "Oh? That's what you call hard? My, my, Frederick... I've seen bigger lying limp."

His cock throbbed against me, betraying him with every pulse. I stayed still, letting him grind, letting him humiliate himself. His breath came ragged, control slipping like sand through his fingers.

A low, mocking sigh escaped me. "Listen to yourself. Gasping, groaning, rutting against me like you can't help it. Do you know how pathetic you sound right now?"

A harsh groan ripped from him, guttural and raw, as if my words fanned his fire. His hips jerked harder, the bulge of his cock pressing and sliding along the curve of my ass.

"Pathetic," I repeated, dragging the word like venom. "All that power, all those allies waiting outside, and here you are... reduced to this. Grinding like some desperate pup who's never had a woman's touch."

He groaned again, guttural, pressing harder, the heat of his erection grinding against me. His hand slid lower, fingers hooking the lace of my panties, tugging as though desperate to rip them aside.

And that was when my smile vanished. Enough. The game was over.

With a burst of strength, I shoved back, tearing from his grip. He stumbled half a step, caught off guard. I spun on him in a single fluid motion, my hand flashing up before he recovered.

Crack. My palm met his cheek with a sharp, brutal slap. His head snapped sideways, a red mark blooming across pale skin.

I stood tall, my chest heaving, my eyes blazing into his. My wolf purred at his stunned silence. "Touch me again, Frederick," I whispered, venom coating every syllable, "and I'll do more than slap you."

Chapter 336: Almost

Olivia's POV

Frederick's control snapped. His eyes darkened, feral, and before I could react, he yanked me toward the bed. The impact knocked the air from my lungs, my palms scraping the sheets as he pinned me. His body pressed hard against mine, heat and raw fury radiating from him.

He ripped off his briefs in one violent motion, his cock springing free, hard and huge. My stomach twisted at the sight, but I refused to flinch, refused to give him even a flicker of triumph. I tried to push him, to shove him back, but his strength pinned me completely.

I should have teleported, should have vanished in an instant, but rage consumed me. It was blinding, roaring inside like wildfire. My vision blurred with fury. And then it happened: fire erupted from my hand. A scorching wave of heat shot outward, licking the sheets, sizzling the air.

Frederick's eyes widened in shock, his roar of anger colliding with surprise. I could feel his body stiffen, his grip faltering as the flames surged. Smoke curled around us, stinging my nose, but I didn't stop. My wolf roared in unison with me, unleashed and victorious, demanding the dominance I refused to relinquish.

The bed shook as he stumbled backward, finally releasing me, his hands frantic, eyes locked on the fire now crackling along the edge of the sheets. I leapt away, rolling to my feet, heart hammering, breaths sharp and wild.

"You think you can fuck me?" I spat, my voice a razor cutting through the chaos. "I am not yours, Frederick. Not ever."

He growled, rage and disbelief battling inside him, and lunged again, but I was ready this time, every nerve alive with heat and fury. My hand rose, flames dancing along my fingertips, and I let the fire speak my warning.

"Try me," I hissed, venom and power coiling together, "and I'll burn your cock."

Frederick's fury didn't fade. He stumbled backward, his eyes blazing, but his gaze locked on me like a predator refusing to let go. His voice was low, lethal, trembling with anger.

"You belong to me, Olivia," he growled, stepping closer, while I stretched out my flaming hand toward him. "You were vowed to me. You will be mine. I will marry you."

I laughed, sharp and bitter, shaking my head. "Over my dead body," I spat, every word burning with defiance.

His eyes darkened, and a slow, terrifying smile curled his lips. "Then I will marry your dead body," he whispered, each word a promise and a threat all at once.

Before I could react, he tore his briefs the rest of the way, yanking on his jeans over his nakedness, and with a searing glare, he stormed out. The door slammed behind him.

I sank to the bed, chest heaving, wolf growling softly in my chest. I stared at my flaming hand, and I inhaled deeply as the fire began to lessen. Suddenly the door to my room pushed open, and Mother stormed in.

Her brows furrowed when she saw me in my torn dress, and then her eyes darted to the flames dancing in my fingers.

"Olivia, what happened?" she asked, her eyes full of concern, confusion, and curiosity.

I didn't give her a response; rather, I quenched the fire in my hand.

Slowly, I pushed myself off the bed and headed toward the dresser.

I grabbed a pair of jeans and a simple shirt, pulling them on quickly. The denim hugged my legs, the shirt soft against my skin—mundane, normal, I needed to feel like myself again, away from the chaos Frederick had tried to drag me into.

"Olivia... what happened?" Her voice was tight, part concern, part curiosity. Her brows furrowed, her hands twitching as if she wanted to reach for me.

I didn't answer. Instead, I clenched my jaw, shoved the last of my hair behind my shoulder, and glared at her. The fire in my chest had not yet cooled.

"Answer me," she pressed, voice sharper now, the worry laced with accusation.

I spat the words out before she could frame them any other way. "Your favorite Lord Frederick almost raped me!"

Her mouth opened, then closed again, a sharp intake of breath betraying the shock she tried to hide. Her eyes narrowed, searching mine as though trying to find some reason to disbelieve me, but I held her gaze.

"Do you understand? He—he lost control. He—" I shook my head, struggling to keep my voice steady. "He thinks he owns me, Mother. He thinks he can force me. But I—" I took a shaky breath, glaring at her with everything I had left. "I'm not his. Not ever."

Her lips pressed into a thin line, hands clenching at her sides, a storm of fear and fury battling behind her eyes. She wanted to say something, anything, to make it all better, but the truth burned too sharply between us. I could see the gears turning in her mind, the questions and the horror, but I wasn't letting her intervene—not yet.

I crossed my arms over my chest, still trembling slightly, still filled with rage. "If I was an ordinary girl, he could have had his way with me—" I spat at her. "That is the kind of man you want me to be with!"

Mother's lips tightened, her voice calm when it finally broke through the silence. "Lord Frederick is a dominant, possessive man. You know this. You provoked him, Olivia—what did you expect would happen when you pushed him so far?"

My eyes widened, disbelief flooding me, and then rage followed like a floodgate breaking. "What did I expect?" I barked, stepping toward her. "So now it's my fault? I provoked him? Are you even listening to yourself? He tried to force himself on me, Mother! He had his hands on me, he—" My voice cracked with fury, my wolf snarling inside. "And your first thought is to defend him?"

Her face twitched, torn between anger and guilt, but she stood her ground. "You don't understand, Olivia. Men like Frederick... they don't respond to defiance. You can't keep humiliating him publicly and expect there to be no consequences. I am trying to keep you alive—"

I let out a bitter, humorless laugh, shaking my head. "Alive? You call this alive? To be chained to a monster who only sees me as property?" My voice rose, sharp and ragged.

"You want to know the truth, Mother? You disgust me more than he does. Because at least Frederick doesn't hide what he is. You pretend it's all for my 'good.'"

Her mouth opened, then closed, her expression faltering as my words struck. She looked almost... wounded. But I didn't let myself feel guilty. Not this time.

I jabbed a finger toward the door, my jaw clenched so tight it hurt. "Get out."

Her brows furrowed, her lips trembling as though she wanted to plead with me. "Olivia, please. Let us talk—"

"No!" I cut her off, my voice loud enough to rattle the air between us. "If you don't leave my room this instant, I swear I will teleport away, and you will never see me again. Not you. Not Frederick. No one. I'll be gone, and you'll have nothing left of your daughter but her memory."

The silence that followed was suffocating.

Her face paled, her chest rising and falling in uneven breaths. I could see the battle raging in her eyes—fear, pride, desperation—but she didn't take a step closer.

"Get. Out," I repeated, my voice lower now, but sharp enough to echo in the room.

Her throat bobbed as she swallowed hard, then without another word, she turned on her heel and walked out, the door shutting quietly behind her.

The moment she left, I sagged onto the edge of the bed, my body trembling, my wolf pacing restlessly inside me.

The air felt heavy, suffocating, pressing against my chest like a weight I couldn't lift. Even with the flames in my hand gone, the fire inside me refused to die down. Every inhale scratched my lungs, every exhale burned. This room—these walls—were choking me.

I couldn't stay here. Not now. Not after Frederick's filth and Mother's betrayal.

But where could I go?

The thought of the triplets stabbed me. Lennox and Levi were still at each other's throats, their bond poisoned by jealousy and rivalry. I had vowed not to see them until they made peace, until they could stand beside each other without tearing me in half. That left only one...

Louis.

He wasn't caught up in their fight.

I closed my eyes and reached out through the mind-link, my voice shaky and strained. "Louis..."

There was a pause, then his voice came, calm but edged with concern. "Olivia? Are you okay?"

He obviously noticed my emotions through the bond.

My throat tightened, but I forced the words out. "No. I... I can't breathe in this place anymore. Where are you?"

"Packhouse," he answered instantly, his tone sharpening as if ready to drop everything.

I bit my lip, pacing, one hand pressed hard against my chest as though I could hold myself together. "Louis... can we meet? Somewhere else? Away from there?"

Silence filled the link for a heartbeat, and then his reply came, gentle but sure. "Yes. I have my own apartment."

I blinked, startled. "You do?"

"We all do," he explained quickly. "Separate spaces... for when things get too much and for privacy."

I sucked in a shaky breath, my heart thudding faster. "Where?"

His voice dropped to something soft, something that steadied me even as I shook. "Wait beside our favorite coffee shop. Three minutes. I'll come to you. My place is just behind it."

Three minutes.

I let out a trembling breath, already reaching for my shoes. Three minutes, and I wouldn't be here anymore. Three minutes, and maybe I could breathe again.

Chapter 337: His Apartment

Olivia's POV

In exactly three minutes, I pulled myself out of my room and teleported to a quiet corner near the coffee shop. The afternoon sun spilled golden light across the street, warming the stone paths, but my chest still felt cold and tight.

Then, the hum of an engine reached my ears. I looked up just as a car rolled steadily toward the shop, its dark paint glinting under the sun. My eyes dropped to the plate, and recognition struck instantly—the Alpha's crest, bold and obvious.

For a breath, my heart settled. At one glance, the driver eased the knot in my chest. It was Louis. Even behind the glass, I knew it was him. His calm presence radiated like an anchor, steady and comforting, pulling me back from the storm raging inside me. I didn't wait for him to come out of the car. Instead, my feet carried me forward before I could second-guess myself. The car slowed to a stop, and I walked straight to the passenger side, my hand trembling only slightly as I pulled the door open.

Louis turned his head, his calm brown eyes locking onto mine. The concern was etched into his features. He didn't say anything at first, but the way his gaze studied me made words unnecessary. I slipped into the seat beside him, shutting the door softly but firmly, as if sealing myself away from the chaos I had left behind. The scent of him mixed with the lingering leather of the car, wrapping around me like a shield.

"Olivia..." he finally spoke, his voice low and concerned. "Tell me the truth—are you okay?" My lips parted, but no sound came out at first. My chest rose and fell, heavy, the fire inside me refusing to calm. I turned my head, meeting his gaze with a rawness I couldn't hide.

"No," I whispered, my voice breaking. "I'm not okay."

His jaw tightened, but he reached across gently, his hand brushing against mine, comforting me. "You will be fine. I'm here."

I nodded and flashed him a weak smile. Louis smiled back at me, though it didn't quite reach his eyes because he was worried about me. Then he started the car. The engine hummed softly as Louis pulled away from the coffee shop. I sat in silence, my gaze fixed out the window, watching the world blur past. Each turn of the wheels seemed to take me further from the suffocating weight I'd left behind. Louis didn't speak again, and I was grateful for it. His silence wasn't cold—it was comforting, patient, like he was giving me the space I didn't even know I needed. Every so often, I could feel his eyes flicker toward me, checking, but never pushing.

After a few minutes, he turned into a quieter street, lined with neat trees and smaller buildings. The car slowed, then finally rolled to a stop in front of an apartment complex tucked away at the back of the block.

He cut the engine, the sudden silence filling the car like a blanket. Without a word, Louis stepped out, and before I could reach for the handle, he was already there, opening my door.

I looked up at him, the golden afternoon light casting soft shadows across his face. Louis was devastatingly handsome. His jaw was strong but not harsh, balanced by the softness of his full lips. His deep brown eyes carried a calm steadiness that could disarm anyone; they were the kind of eyes that seemed to listen even when no words were spoken. His hair was slightly tousled from the breeze, dark strands catching the

sun in subtle glints. Broad shoulders filled his shirt effortlessly, his frame solid, reliable—like someone carved by the gods for both strength and gentleness.

And still... he wasn't Lennox nor Levi. That was what I loved about them. The triplets weren't identical copies. They shared the same blood, the same bond, but each carried their own face, their own aura, their own pull. Loving them was like standing before three versions of perfection—three different storms, each capable of undoing me in their own way.

I finally swung my legs out, the soles of my shoes crunching lightly against the gravel. Rising to my feet, I took in the place. It was quiet, private, hidden from the chaos and activities of the packhouse.

"This is yours?" I asked softly, my voice still shaky.

Louis nodded once, his calm gaze never leaving me. "Ours," he said gently, correcting himself, as though to remind me that I wasn't alone anymore.

Louis slipped his keys from his pocket and walked ahead of me toward the entrance. His steps were steady, unhurried, like he wanted me to feel there was no rush, no pressure—only safety. He glanced back once, giving me a reassuring look.

"I already asked my housekeeper to leave," he said quietly as he slid the key into the lock. "So it's just us."

Something about the way he said it—simple, calm—eased the tension coiled inside my chest. The door opened with a soft click, and he stepped aside, holding it for me. I hesitated only a second before moving forward.

The moment I stepped inside, I froze. The apartment was spacious but warm, the air carrying a faint blend of wood polish and Louis's scent. The living room opened wide, with a soft gray couch set neatly against the wall, a glass table in front of it. Light spilled in through large windows, painting golden streaks across the wooden floor. My eyes moved instinctively, drawn upward to the staircase that curved toward the second floor. And then I saw it.

Hanging on the wall above the stairs was a large portrait, framed in dark oak. My breath caught in my throat as I took it in. It was us. The four of us. Lennox, Levi, Louis, and I.

I swallowed hard, my throat suddenly tight. The picture was from their sixteenth birthday. We were younger, smiling, caught in a moment before everything had turned complicated and messy. Before the fights. Before the pain.

A big smile spread across my face, but my eyes never left the portrait. I felt Louis's presence behind me as he wrapped his arms around me and rested his head against my neck. "This is my favorite picture of us," he whispered behind my ear. My smile

widened as my eyes lingered on the portrait, wishing desperately that time could rewind, that everything could be as simple again. His arms remained around me, warmth steady at my back, perfect, almost too perfect. Yet, even as I smiled, unease began to twist inside me.

The living room felt untouched, clean—too clean. The couch cushions barely looked used, the air carried only faint traces of polish and his scent. My stomach tightened. A place this perfect... could it really have been waiting only for me? Or had others stood here too, wrapped in the same embrace?

My wolf stirred uneasily, restless, like she had caught a scent I hadn't.

I frowned. How many times had he stood here like this—holding someone else? How many had been brought into this space? The thought burned, souring the comfort in my chest. My smile faltered, and before I could stop myself, the words spilled out.

"How many women have you brought here, Louis?"

I felt him stiffen behind me, his arms loosening slightly. His silence was deafening. I turned in his embrace, looking up at him sharply. His calm eyes flickered—shock, guilt.

"Tell me," I pressed, my voice firmer now. "How many?"

He looked away, jaw tight, before finally muttering, "Two."

The word hit harder than I expected, jealousy coiling sharp in my chest. Even though I knew it was the past, it didn't matter. The thought of anyone else standing here in this place, in our place, burned like acid.

"Who?" I asked, my voice low but demanding.

Louis's brows furrowed, and he shook his head slightly, as though he didn't want to answer. But I wasn't letting him off. I stepped closer, my hand pressing against his chest. "Who were they, Louis?"

He sighed, heavy and reluctant. "One was a... sub I used to have. It was nothing, Olivia. Just... temporary."

I swallowed hard, the jealousy biting deeper, but I wasn't done. "And the other?"

He hesitated longer this time, his gaze dropping to the floor. I caught the flicker of something in his eyes before he finally spoke.

"Anita."

The name hit me like a slap. My stomach twisted, my wolf snarling inside me, and for a moment, I thought the fire in my hands might spark again.

Chapter 338: His BDSM Room

Olivia's POV

"Olivia," Louis's voice cut through the rage inside me. His hands caught mine before I could pull away. "Please... calm down. Listen to me." My chest heaved, jealousy and fire still prickling under my skin, but the way he looked at me—steady, pleading—held me still. He guided me carefully toward the couch, his touch grounding, his steps slow as though afraid I'd bolt at any second. I sank onto the cushions, tense, my arms crossed, but I let him sit beside me.

"Everything I told you," he said, his voice low and tense, "was in the past. I swear it. You know me, Olivia—you know me better than anyone. I wasn't myself then. None of us were. If my head had been clear, if my heart had been... awake, I would never have touched another woman. Never."

His words sank into me, and deep down I knew they were true. I did know him. I knew the man sitting before me wasn't careless with his heart. My wolf, restless and protective, eased slightly at the raw honesty in his tone.

Louis leaned closer, his eyes never leaving mine. "You are everything. Do you understand? This apartment—every piece of it—it's yours." His voice dropped, almost a whisper. "The couch, the furniture, the utensils... even my bed. I replaced everything a week ago. I needed a fresh start. Needed to clear it all. For you."

I blinked, my gaze shifting around the room as his words settled in. The glass table shone like new, not a scratch on its surface. The couch beneath me smelled faintly of leather polish, too fresh to be old. Even the kitchen counters gleamed in a way that spoke of recent replacement. My eyes darted upward, toward the staircase, toward the rooms beyond—and I knew he was telling the truth.

Louis's hand slipped over mine, warm and firm. "Even my... tools," he admitted quietly, his cheeks coloring just slightly. "Have been replaced. This place, Olivia... it's for us. For you."

My throat tightened, my breath hitching as I looked back at him. The jealousy still burned faintly in my chest, but it was slowly smothered by his words.

Louis's hand stayed wrapped around mine, firm but tender, his thumb tracing slow circles over my skin as though pulling me back to him. There was something in the way he looked at me—steady, commanding—that made my pulse trip over itself.

Then he leaned in slightly, his voice dipping low, calm but edged with quiet authority. "You've had enough chaos today. Sit here. Let me take care of you."

The tone, the phrasing—it wasn't a suggestion. It was an order, wrapped in tenderness. My wolf stirred, not in defiance, but in... submission? The thought startled me, and I huffed out a nervous laugh.

"Careful, Louis," I teased, tilting my head at him. "You sound like you're treating me as your sub."

A slow smile curved his lips, one that sent heat rushing to my cheeks. He shook his head once, then leaned closer until his breath brushed against my ear. "You're not my sub, Olivia." His voice was steady, rich with quiet certainty. "You're my mate. That's far more powerful."

My cheeks flamed, my lips parting as I blinked at him. Heat coiled low in my stomach, my heart skipping a beat at the weight of his words.

I tried to cover the fluster in my chest with a playful roll of my eyes, but my voice betrayed me with its softness. "Then maybe I should see what kind of tools you've been hiding, Louis."

His brows arched slightly, surprise flashing before it softened into something darker, something dominant. He leaned back, studying me with that calm, unshakable gaze, his thumb still stroking my knuckles. "Are you sure you want to?" he asked quietly, almost a challenge.

My blush deepened, but I lifted my chin, meeting his gaze head-on. "Yes. Show me."

Before I could even blink, Louis scooped me up into his arms as though I weighed nothing. I let out a startled laugh, clinging to his shoulders. "Louis! Put me down."

He only gave me that calm, infuriating half-smile, his voice low. "Not until I want to."

My cheeks flamed, but I stayed still, secretly savoring the steady thump of his heartbeat against my ear as he carried me up the staircase.

We passed one door on the left. He slowed for a second, then tilted his head toward it. "That's my bedroom," he said evenly. "But my tools aren't in there."

My pulse quickened.

He continued down the hall until we reached the next door. Setting me gently back on my feet, he pulled a small keypad cover aside and typed in a code, his fingers steady and fast. The faint beep of the lock disengaging sent a shiver through me.

The door opened.

I stepped inside, and my breath caught in my throat.

The room wasn't like the others—it was darker, more detailed. The walls were painted a deep shade of charcoal, the lighting soft and dim, creating a cocoon of privacy. Everything inside was precise, orderly, and purposeful.

Against one wall stood a polished wooden cross, its surface gleaming faintly in the light. Beside it, a locked cabinet, tall and sleek, hinted at more hidden inside. On the opposite wall hung neatly arranged racks: cuffs of leather and steel, lengths of rope wound perfectly, a few gleaming chains suspended like art.

The floor was covered in thick black mats, clean and seamless, while in the center stood a padded bench with straps tucked neatly at the sides. There was no clutter—every object had its place, as though Louis had curated it carefully, intentionally.

Then in a corner was the bed... its bedsheet red and white.

My breath shuddered out as I turned slowly, taking it all in. "Louis..." I whispered, my voice trembling, though I wasn't sure if it was from fear or fascination.

He stepped behind me, his presence tall and consuming, his breath brushing against my ear. "Everything here," he murmured. "Is all new..."

I swallowed hard, my eyes drinking in the sight before me while my thoughts spun recklessly.

The air in the room was suddenly different now. Thicker, charged. My nipples tightened beneath my blouse, hardening against the soft fabric, and the sudden ache that bloomed low in my stomach made me tremble. My body betrayed me; even as my mind raced, I felt my pussy getting wet.

Swallowing hard, I turned to face Louis, my chest rising and falling too quickly, my lips parting around words I almost couldn't say. But the hunger in me—the desire—was louder than fear.

"I want to experience this," I whispered, my voice rougher than I intended. My fingers curled into fists at my sides, as though anchoring me, but my gaze never left his. "With you."

Louis's eyes darkened instantly, hunger clear in every line of his face. For a long moment, I thought he'd close the space between us, claim me then and there.

But instead, his jaw locked, his hand tightening around mine. His voice came low, rough, but steady—like he was holding himself back with everything he had.

"No,"

Chapter 339: Your Desire

Olivia's POV

The word struck me harder than I thought it would, and for a moment, I froze. He wasn't teasing. He wasn't playing. His denial was firm and final.

"You're not in a good mood, Olivia," he continued, his eyes holding mine with a quiet authority that sent a shiver through me. "You're angry. You're unsettled. And I will not touch you like this, not when your emotions are this raw."

My throat tightened, my body trembling, but not from rejection. His refusal wasn't a dismissal—it was control. Restraint. And somehow, that only made me ache more.

"That's exactly why I need this," I pushed back, my voice breaking on the edge of desperation. I stepped closer, my fingers brushing the fabric of his shirt, clinging as though I could anchor myself to him. "Louis... I need you to take this from me. The jealousy. The fire. I can't breathe with it sitting inside me."

His nostrils flared, his composure faltering for a second, just a crack that revealed the storm behind his eyes. His hand came up, cupping my jaw with careful strength, forcing me to meet him head-on.

"You don't know what you're asking," he murmured, but his voice had roughened, heavy with restraint, with desire barely leashed.

"I do," I whispered back, my body pressing closer, my nipples brushing against the firmness of his chest, sending another pulse of heat between my thighs. "I know exactly what I'm asking. And I trust you to give it to me."

"You're not a sub, Olivia," he said firmly, his voice low but edged with certainty. His thumb brushed over my jaw, holding me steady as though daring me to argue. "And I will never force you into something that you are not into. You're my mate—that is more than enough."

His words should have calmed me, but they only made my chest tighten more. My voice came out rough, almost pleading. "Maybe I'm not a sub... but I can learn. Teach me, Louis. If this is what you like, if this is what you crave, then I want to know it. I want to be the one who satisfies your needs."

For a moment, something flickered in his eyes—surprise, conflict, desire. His grip on my face softened as though my words had cut through the walls he'd built around himself.

"My needs don't come first, Olivia," he said, his voice softer now, but laced with an intensity that made my stomach flutter. "Yours do. Always. I'll never let anything—anything—come before that."

I shook my head, my hands sliding up his chest, clutching tightly at his shirt as I pressed closer, feeling his hardness straining against me. "But satisfying you is my need," I whispered fiercely, my lips trembling with the truth of it. "If this is part of you, Louis, then it's part of us. And I want all of you."

The air thickened, the weight of my words pressing down on us. His jaw clenched, his eyes searching mine, and for a long heartbeat, he said nothing. Then he exhaled, a rough, low sound that made my pulse race.

"Fine," he said at last, his voice gravelly but calm, commanding. His hand slid from my jaw to the back of my neck, holding me firmly but gently. "If we do this, we do it my way. You'll give me your trust completely, and in return, I'll protect you through it. Always."

His thumb stroked once along my throat, careful but purposeful, before his gaze deepened, demanding. "But first, Olivia... you'll tell me your safe word."

I swallowed hard. Of course I knew what a safe word is. "Red," I whispered.

Louis gave a single nod and stepped back. His eyes darkened, and my knees nearly buckled beneath me. "Undress."

My body reacted before my mind could catch up, my pulse skittering wildly, my knees trembling as though they no longer belonged to me. His voice had changed; it wasn't soft anymore, wasn't coaxing. It was deep, commanding, threaded with authority that wrapped itself around me and made my wolf shiver with recognition.

My breath caught. For a moment, I just stared at him, frozen. The way his darkened eyes followed every flicker of hesitation, the way he stood so still yet felt like he was filling the entire room—it was overwhelming.

I swallowed hard, my fingers moving almost of their own accord to the hem of my blouse. Slowly, deliberately, I tugged it upward, the fabric sliding over my skin. My breath trembled as cool air hit the bare flesh beneath, and Louis's gaze didn't waver away from me, not once.

By the time the blouse fell to the floor, my chest was rising and falling too fast, my hardened nipples straining against the lace of my bra. I felt exposed, turned on, but the way he looked at me made me burn hotter, wetter, until I almost squirmed under his stare.

"Keep going," he said, his voice low, steady, as though he had all the time in the world.

I fumbled with the button of my jeans, my fingers clumsy from the rush of nerves and arousal tangling inside me. When the zipper slid down, the faint rasp of it filled the silence between us, and I pushed the denim down my legs. My panties clung to my dampness, and shame mixed with heat as I kicked the jeans aside.

Now, standing there in nothing but lace and trembling breath, I felt stripped in more ways than one.

Louis's gaze dragged over me, unhurried, deliberate, as though memorizing every curve, every flush of my skin. His jaw flexed, but he didn't move closer. Instead, he let the silence stretch until it coiled around me, until my nerves were humming like a live wire.

"Good," he said finally, the word low, almost a growl. His head tilted slightly, eyes narrowing with that calm dominance that made me ache. "It's your first. So we will take things slow."

My throat bobbed as I swallowed, my voice a shaky whisper. "Okay."

"Say it properly," he demanded softly, though his tone carried weight enough to make my body tighten.

"Okay, Master," I breathed, my lips trembling, heat flooding through me.

Louis's eyes burned into mine, and for a fleeting second, I glimpsed the storm he had chained inside him—wild, consuming, but restrained for me. His hand lifted, brushing his knuckles tenderly along my cheek as I pulled in a shaky breath.

"Good girl," he murmured, and the words seared through me like fire, leaving my legs weak and my body desperate for more.

Chapter 340: BDSM Play 1

Olivia's POV

Louis's thumb lingered at my jaw for a moment before he stepped back, his presence pulling away just enough to make my body ache for it. His eyes swept over me, sharp and assessing, like he was reading not just my body but my soul.

"Stay where you are," he ordered, his voice calm but authoritative.

I froze, every nerve on edge. My wolf didn't fight him—she stilled, waiting, obeying. Louis moved past me toward the sleek cabinet against the wall. He opened it with a key, the quiet click of the lock echoing in the dim room. When the doors swung open, my breath hitched.

Inside, neatly arranged and gleaming under the soft light, lay his tools. Cuffs of leather, polished steel restraints, coils of rope, a spread of floggers and paddles in varying shades and textures—all organized with precision. Each one whispered of a world I'd never stepped into, but one he clearly lived in with intention. Louis's hand hovered before selecting a single item: a pair of soft black leather cuffs lined with velvet. He shut the cabinet, turned, and walked back to me with that same unshakable calmness.

My heart hammered, my body trembling, but I didn't move.

"Hands," he said firmly.

I lifted them slowly, palms up, and he took them into his much larger hands. His touch was warm, grounding, almost tender as he buckled the cuffs around my wrists. He was precise, adjusting them until they fit snug but not tight. When he finished, he threaded his fingers lightly over the leather, checking, testing, ensuring I felt no discomfort.

"Too tight?" he asked.

I shook my head quickly. "No... it feels..." My voice caught, my cheeks heating. "It feels good."

A ghost of a smile tugged at his mouth, though his eyes stayed serious. "If that changes, you tell me. Say red, and everything stops. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I whispered.

Louis leaned closer, his breath brushing my ear, his tone darker now. "It's yes Master... Olivia... the next time you say just yes, you will be punished."

A shiver raked down my spine, heat flooding my core at his words. He guided me slowly toward the padded bench in the center of the room.

"Lean forward," he instructed, his tone steady and authoritative.

I obeyed, my chest tightening as I bent slightly at the waist, pressing my hips and stomach against the cool padded leather. The position forced my back to arch, my breasts pushing forward, my lace-covered nipples aching as they brushed the air. My legs stayed planted firmly on the ground, though they trembled under me, the anticipation winding tighter with every heartbeat.

Louis raised my cuffed wrists and secured them to the straps fixed above the bench, holding me in place. I tested the restraint instinctively, but there was no escape—it was snug, firm, yet not painful. Just enough to remind me that I was his to command.

The vulnerability of it made heat curl through me, low and insistent. I could feel how wet I already was, my thighs pressing together in vain.

Louis stepped back, studying me with a gaze that was equal parts hunger and control.

"You're beautiful like this," he said, his voice roughened now. His fingers trailed down the side of my neck, over my collarbone, slow and deliberate, making me gasp. Then he picked up something from the bench's side—a soft flogger, its strands thin, supple, and harmless-looking in his grip.

He held it where I could see, his eyes locking on mine. "I'll start gentle," he promised, though his voice carried the weight of command. "And you will tell me everything you feel."

My lips parted, a shiver of nerves and arousal rushing through me. "Yes, Louis," I whispered, breathless.

Shit! A mistake.

He lifted the flogger, and the first whisper-soft stroke landed across my ass, light as a feather. The sensation jolted me, a shudder rolling through my body. My nipples hardened painfully, my pussy throbbing with desperate desire.

Louis's mouth curved in the faintest, satisfied smile. "It's Master, Liv," he murmured, his tone both annoyed and possessive. "Now, let's see how much of me you're ready to take."

The second stroke of the flogger landed on my ass, firmer this time, a sting rippling across my skin. I gasped, my breath hitching as my body arched against the padded bench.

Louis's hand moved suddenly, tugging the lace of my panties aside. The cool air hit me, and before I could process it, his fingertip brushed against my slick pussy. My whole body jolted.

"You're soaked," he murmured, his voice a deep growl that slid down my spine. His finger lingered at my entrance, circling, teasing, never quite giving me what I craved. "So wet... from just a few strokes. My greedy little wolf."

A moan broke from my lips before I could stop it. The sound filled the room, needy and raw.

The flogger struck again, sharper this time, making me cry out. Louis leaned close, his mouth brushing my ear, his voice low and merciless. "I didn't give you permission to make that sound."

My thighs trembled. "I—I'm sorry, Master—"

Another strike, quick, controlled, pulling a whimper from me. His finger returned, sliding lightly inside me, drawing a fresh wave of wetness he knew I couldn't hide.

"You'll hold it in until I say otherwise," he commanded, each word firm, absolute. "No moaning. No begging. You only give me what I allow."

The flogger hit across my skin again, a sting followed by the maddening caress of his finger. My chest heaved, my lips parted, desperate to cry out, but I bit down hard, swallowing the sound. The battle burned through me—obedience versus desire, restraint versus release.

Louis's chuckle rumbled low, darkly pleased. "Good girl," he praised, his hand pressing against my lower back to keep me steady. "Now let's see how long you last."

The flogger bit into my skin again, followed by the torment of his fingers circling inside my pussy, stroking just enough to make me burn with need. My body writhed against the bench, my wrists tugging at the restraints, my breath ragged as tears slipped hot and unbidden down my cheeks.

"Still," Louis ordered, his hand pressing firmly against my back. His voice carried no room for defiance.

"Yes, Master," I whispered, trembling.

He withdrew his hand and stepped away, the absence of his touch almost worse than the flogger's sting. My chest rose and fell rapidly, my heart pounding so hard I thought it might burst.

I heard him move, the soft thud of a drawer sliding open. My throat tightened when he returned, something smooth brushing over my temple. A strip of fabric.

A blindfold.

Louis slipped it over my eyes, tying it firmly behind my head. Darkness swallowed me instantly, and my body went rigid. The world shrank to sound, scent, and the ghost of his presence.

"Trust me," he murmured, low and commanding.

"Yes, Master," I breathed.

The flogger struck suddenly, sharper now, my body jolting against the cuffs. I bit my lip, swallowing the cry that rose in my throat. Then... silence. Long, heavy silence.

My chest rose and fell fast, straining for any clue. Footsteps? A whisper? Nothing. The stillness drove me mad. I strained my ears, desperate to know where he was, what he was doing. Every second stretched, my breath ragged, my body trembling in the dark.

Then something else touched me—unexpected, startling.

A drop of liquid heat spilled onto my back. I gasped, the sensation burning for an instant before softening into a deep, strange ache. Another drop followed, sliding down the curve of my shoulder blade, hotter, heavier, making me jolt against the cuffs and gasp aloud.

Candle wax.