

# **Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 341: Play 2 - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 341: Play 2**

## **Chapter 341: Play 2**

Olivia's POV

The heat of the wax stole my breath, a hiss escaping me as it trailed down my skin in molten ribbons. My body jerked against the cuffs, but there was no escape.

"Breathe through it," Louis's voice came, low and husky, brushing the shell of my ear. "Let it burn. Let it claim you."

Another drop fell, lower this time, pooling at the dip of my spine before sliding along the arch of my back. I gasped, my thighs clenching together, every nerve alive, every instinct screaming both pleasure and surrender.

The flogger hit my skin immediately after, the sting crossing paths with the lingering heat of the wax. The contrast made me cry out, muffled and desperate, before I remembered his warning. I bit down hard on my lip, swallowing the sound until tears pricked behind the blindfold.

Louis's hand cupped the side of my face, steadying me in the dark. "That's it," he praised softly, though his tone carried possession like steel. "My obedient little wolf."

He trailed his fingers lightly over the fresh lines of wax, tracing the patterns he'd painted into my body, his touch tender compared to the bite of heat. My breath shuddered, chest straining against the bench, torn between relief and anticipation of what he would do next.

Then his voice dropped darker, filled with promise. "Let's go to the next part."

I shivered, bound and blindfolded, not knowing what was coming next. Suddenly, he released my hands from where I was suspended and spun me around. I gasped, unprepared, knowing only that he was close—so close I could feel the hot whisper of his breath against my face.

Suddenly, I felt him move away from my front, and I stretched my attention, wondering where he was going. His presence shifted, circling me like a predator that had all the time in the world. My chest rose and fell in uneven breaths, straining against the fabric that still clung to me. Then I felt it—the brush of his fingers at my back, deliberate, unhurried, until they found the clasp of my bra.

A click.

The strap fell slack, sliding from my shoulders. My body tensed, but I didn't move, bound in place. The cool air kissed my bare skin where the bra no longer shielded me, my nipples tightening instantly from exposure.

His hands didn't stop there. With calm precision, he slipped lower, hooking his fingers at the band of my underwear. The thin fabric peeled away, leaving me utterly exposed. My breath caught, humiliation and arousal tangling into something dangerous, something that made my wolf whimper inside me.

He led me toward a corner of the room, lifting my cuffed wrists high above my head before securing them to a bar of cold metal overhead. I gasped but had no chance to speak before I heard his retreat. My head jerked toward the echo of footsteps, my blindfold a prison, my heart racing as panic mingled with raw, aching anticipation. What was he planning?

Before I could form a thought, heat ghosted across my chest. His breath.

And then—ice.

Cold, sharp, shocking.

His lips closed over my nipple, but it wasn't warmth I felt—it was the searing kiss of ice, the frozen cube sliding between his mouth and my skin. A strangled cry caught in my throat as my body arched, the temperature so brutal against my already sensitized flesh that it stole my breath.

Louis's muffled growl vibrated through me as he held the ice in place with his tongue, his mouth commanding and merciless. The cold burned deeper, harder, until it melted and slick rivulets trickled down my breast.

My hands clenched against the cuffs, every muscle quaking with the torment of sensation. The cube slid over my nipple as his tongue released it, and I hissed at the shock of cold trailing against overheated skin. The sharp ache made me strain against the cuffs, my breasts jutting forward helplessly as the last edges of the ice melted over my peak.

Louis caught the cube between his fingers then, dragging it down the center of my chest in a slow, merciless path. The freezing trail burned over my heated skin, droplets following like a cruel echo.

When the ice reached my stomach, I gasped and twisted, the sensation sharper there, vulnerable and exposed. His free hand pressed firmly at my hip, steadying me, controlling me.

"Still," he commanded, his voice deep, authoritative, leaving no room for disobedience.

I obeyed, trembling, biting hard on my lip to keep from crying out as the cube traced lazy circles around my navel, then lower. My thighs clenched instinctively, a futile attempt to shield myself, but he growled low in warning.

The cube pressed against my inner thigh. My entire body jolted, the contrast between the icy chill and the fever of my arousal unbearable. He dragged it slowly, deliberately upward, each inch of the climb stealing my breath.

And then—

The cube touched my pussy.

I gasped, a strangled cry breaking free before I could stop it. The frozen sting against my swollen, sensitive flesh made me thrash in the cuffs, my entire body jerking violently. The cold was brutal, shocking, cruelly perfect as it slid over my folds.

Louis chuckled darkly, satisfied, the sound vibrating through me like another command. He pressed the melting cube tighter, circling on my entrance. My wetness mingled with the water as the ice melted faster against my heat, droplets slipping down my thighs.

"Greedy little wolf," he murmured, low and possessive. "Even frozen, you ache for me."

The blindfold cut me off from everything. I couldn't see him, couldn't tell what he was about to do next. My body was tense, waiting, my breaths coming fast.

I felt Louis drop to his knees before me with a deliberate grace that made my pulse stutter. His hands slid up my calves, firm and possessive, until they reached my thighs. With one rough tug, he parted my legs wider, forcing me to stand open for him, completely exposed, my wrists still bound above me.

"Stay still," he ordered, his voice deep, rough. Then I felt it—cold, sharp, shocking.

The ice.

He pressed his mouth to me, lips sealing around my pussy with the cube caught between his teeth. The contrast made me gasp, a choked sound of pleasure and pain tearing from my throat. The frozen sting burned against my swollen flesh, but the heat of his tongue softened it, coaxing, tormenting.

"Master—" I whimpered, the word broken.

I arched, my bound arms straining, body jerking against him as his mouth worked me with devastating skill. He sucked, pulled, dragged the melting ice over my clit until I thought I would shatter. Every flick of his tongue was torture, every swirl mixing icy numbness with unbearable heat.

"Fuck!" I gasped, straining against the blindfold, desperate to see him, to know what he'd do next.

"Master—" I gasped, my voice breaking, my thighs trembling uncontrollably.

He only hummed in response, the vibration shooting through me, forcing a scream from my lips. His grip tightened bruisingly at my hips as if to remind me—I wasn't allowed to move, wasn't allowed to come, not until he gave permission.

He licked me slowly, dragging the melting cube over my pussy, then sucking the water from my skin as if he owned every drop. My whole body trembled, trapped between fire and ice, pain and pleasure.

I was close—too close. My stomach tightened, my walls clenching hard, the orgasm building fast.

But then he pulled away.

"No—please!" I cried, my voice cracking. I was dripping, throbbing, aching for him, but he didn't care.

A rough hand grabbed my jaw, tilting my blindfolded face up. His breath brushed my lips when he spoke, low and cruel.

"Not yet," he growled, voice low, cruelly amused. "You'll come when I say so. Not a second before."

### **Chapter 342: Play 3**

Olivia's POV

The low hum filled the room before I even felt it, the sound alone making my thighs tremble. My breath caught, the blindfold tightening the dark, every nerve straining to guess where he would press it first. Then it touched me—just at the inside of my thigh. The vibrations sent shocks racing upward, so close, yet maddeningly not enough. I whimpered, shifting my hips, but the cuffs and Louis's steady grip kept me still.

"Eager already?" his voice rumbled, laced with dark amusement. The vibrator dragged higher, tracing the crease where my thigh met my core, but he never settled it where I ached most. I bit my lip hard, holding back the plea burning in my throat. He'd warned me. He wanted silence, obedience.

Suddenly, he pressed the toy flat against my clit. The sensation tore through me, so sharp and overwhelming I nearly cried out. My knees buckled, but his hands at my waist forced me to stay upright. The blindfold made it worse—I couldn't see him, couldn't prepare, only feel the relentless vibrations pounding into me.

Just as I felt myself rising, teetering close to the edge, it was gone. The air felt cold against my wet skin, my body clenching desperately around nothing.

"Not yet," Louis murmured at my ear, his voice rough with control. "You'll come when I allow it. Until then, you suffer."

The toy returned, slower this time, circling my clit with maddening precision, pushing me higher and higher only to pull away again. My breath broke into ragged sobs behind my bitten lip, every part of me strung tight between need and restraint. His hand slid into my hair, tugging my head back while the vibrations pulsed at the edge of my sanity.

"Beg," he ordered softly. "Show me you know who owns this body."

My lips trembled. "Please, Master," I whispered.

Louis chuckled, and at this moment I wished I could see his pretty annoying face.

Suddenly, the hum of the toy brushed over my clit again, circling, taunting, until I was shaking against the cuffs. My body begged for release, my pussy so wet it ached, every nerve wound too tight. Then I felt it—Louis shifting, the toy pressing lower, nudging at my entrance. My breath caught in my throat, a strangled gasp breaking free.

"Open for me," he ordered, his voice gravel and steel. His hand gripped my hip hard enough to bruise, steadying me as the tip of the vibrator slid against my soaked folds.

"Please—" I whispered, but the word broke into a cry as he pushed it inside.

The vibration filled me instantly, deep and overwhelming, sending shocks tearing through my body. My knees buckled, but there was nowhere to fall—he had me pinned, stretched, trembling with the sudden invasion.

"Good girl," Louis growled, pushing the toy deeper, twisting it until I nearly screamed. "So fucking wet... greedy little wolf, clenching already."

I writhed, the blindfold drowning me in darkness, every sensation sharper, unbearable. The toy pulsed inside me, the vibrations flooding my core, making my walls spasm helplessly around it.

"Too much—" I gasped, my body arching.

His lips brushed my ear, dark with amusement. "No. Not enough."

He angled the toy, pressing it against that perfect spot inside me. My back bowed, a raw cry tearing from my throat, my pussy fluttering around the relentless vibrations. I was so close, too close—my orgasm surging fast, unstoppable.

And then it was gone. Louis pulled the toy out in one smooth motion, leaving me empty, trembling, desperate.

"NO—!" the cry ripped from me before I could stop it, my voice breaking into a sob.

A sharp slap landed on my thigh, stinging hot. His voice followed, low, merciless. "Silence."

Tears pricked behind the blindfold, my whole body shaking from denial, my pussy clenching around nothing, aching for the toy, aching for him. Louis chuckled, dark and cruel.

Suddenly I felt him at my entrance again, the tip of the toy nudging, pressing. My walls tightened instinctively, too raw, too desperate, but he didn't care.

"Relax," Louis growled, his hand gripping my hip hard. "You'll take it."

I whimpered, straining against the cuffs, but the slickness of my own need betrayed me. The toy pushed in, stretching me slowly but relentlessly until I gasped, my pussy clenching tight around the intrusion.

"Fuck—" I choked out, my body shaking with the overwhelming fullness.

Louis's lips brushed my ear, voice dark silk. "So tight... your body resists even while it begs."

The toy thrummed deep inside me, vibrations tearing through my core, scattering my thoughts. My knees buckled, but his grip held me upright, forcing me to feel every second of it.

And then—heat.

A sudden drop of molten wax splashed against my nipple.

I screamed, the sting biting sharply into my already-sensitive skin, clashing brutally with the vibrations pounding inside me. My chest arched forward instinctively, offering myself up to more pain even as I whimpered through clenched teeth.

Another drop fell. Then another. Each one seared a path into my flesh, the sharp burn twisting into raw, electric pleasure that made my pussy clench hard around the toy.

"Beautiful," Louis murmured, his voice threaded with dark pride. "Look at you... bound, blindfolded, trembling for me."

The wax dripped again, this time on the other nipple, the heat slicing through me like fire. My cry broke into a sob, but my hips rolled helplessly, grinding against the toy that pulsed inside me.

"Do you feel it?" he whispered in my ear, his voice low and merciless. "The burn... the vibration... tearing you apart, putting you back together?"

I couldn't answer. I could only gasp, shake, cry out, every nerve overwhelmed. The blindfold made it worse—I couldn't see where the next drop would fall, couldn't brace myself.

The toy twisted suddenly inside me, hitting that spot again just as another stream of wax kissed my skin.

The scream tore from my throat, raw and broken. My pussy spasmed uncontrollably around the vibrations, my whole body thrashing against the cuffs, begging without words.

Louis chuckled, dark and satisfied.

The wax hit again—hot, biting, merciless—and I screamed, arching against the cuffs until the leather cut into my wrists. The vibrations deep inside me rattled through every nerve, my pussy clenching so tight it almost hurt.

Louis didn't stop. He shifted, and I felt the candle tilt above me.

Drip.

The wax slid lower, past my nipple, crawling over the soft skin of my stomach. I sobbed, jerking helplessly. I couldn't see. I couldn't prepare. All I could do was wait for the next drop, my body shaking, caught between pain and unbearable pleasure.

Drip.

The wax landed just above my belly button, hot enough to sting, rolling slowly down my trembling skin. My thighs clenched together around the toy buried in me, but Louis's hand shoved them apart again.

"Spread," he growled, voice sharp like a whip.

I obeyed with a broken moan, legs quivering.

Drip.

The next drop landed at the top of my mound, so close my pussy pulsed in panic. The heat radiated down, and I gasped, hips bucking against the vibrator inside me.

"Please!" I cried, the word ripped from my throat. I didn't even know what I was begging for anymore. Release? Mercy? More?

Louis chuckled.

The candle tilted again.

Drip.

The wax splashed against my swollen clit.

I screamed. My whole body convulsed, pussy tightening like a vice around the toy, waves of unbearable sensation tearing through me. The sting seared, but the vibration pressed deep, pushing me right against the edge—so close I could taste it, so close my body tried to come without his permission.

"No," Louis snapped, pulling the toy back just enough to deny me the final push. My sob broke into a ragged cry.

He leaned close, his breath hot against my ear. "Not yet. You will only cum with my cock inside you."

Drip.

Wax rolled down over my pussy lips this time, sharp fire meeting unbearable vibration, and my mind shattered into raw, desperate need. I tugged at the cuffs, throat hoarse with screams and moans. My blindfold was wet with tears.

"Louis—please—I can't—"

## **Chapter 343: Play 4**

Olivia's POV

The vibrator stopped. The sudden silence left my body twitching, straining for what he had so cruelly stolen away. My chest rose and fell in shallow, desperate gasps, the blindfold pressing against my eyes, heightening the darkness that matched my hunger.

"Please..." My voice cracked, thin and broken. "Please, master... I can't take it."

A low growl rumbled from him, vibrating through the air and straight into my bones. "Can't take it, or can't live without it?" His fingers gripped my chin, forcing my trembling lips upward. "Which is it, Olivia?"

"I... I need you," I whispered, shame burning hot across my skin. "I need your cock. Please."

His hand gripped my chin, forcing my face upward again. His voice cut through the dark like steel.

"No."

The word hit harder than a slap. My lips parted, a broken sob escaping. I jerked against my restraints, desperate, ruined. "Please... please don't say that. I need you. I need you inside me, master—please, I'll do anything."

A cruel chuckle rumbled from him, vibrating straight through me. "Now you remember how to beg."

"I'm begging," I cried, my voice raw, trembling. "Don't leave me like this. I'll be good. I'll do whatever you want—just don't leave me empty."

He didn't say a word; rather, he released my cuffed wrist, which was still bound, and held my hand as he led me to another corner of the room.

My stomach brushed something hard, and I flinched. A desk? A table? I couldn't see, couldn't know, but his hands were suddenly on my waist as he pressed me down, spreading me, forcing me open as I arched my back.

The sound of fabric tearing filled the room, followed by the heavy thud of his belt dropping to the ground. My breath caught—every nerve alive, waiting. I heard the soft rasp of a zipper, the whisper of clothing shifting. My wolf whimpered inside me, clawing at the edges of my chest.

He stepped between my thighs, his presence so close, so solid, my body bowed forward instinctively, aching to feel him. My legs quivered as he nudged them wider, his thumbs pressing into my thighs until I was bared, helpless, ready.

His breath ghosted over my ear as he leaned down, his voice dark velvet. "I can smell your arousal, dear mate."

I swallowed hard, my lips trembling. "Yes," I breathed. "Please, master. I'll do anything—just don't leave me empty."

A rough chuckle left his lips. His body pressed closer, heat radiating against my trembling core.

The blunt head of his cock brushed against my entrance—just enough to make me gasp, to make my whole body jerk forward like it was begging on its own. My walls clenched around nothing, desperate, aching, as I arched my back, trying to take him in.

But he pulled back.

A broken cry left my throat. "No—please—don't tease me," I begged, my voice cracked and hoarse. "Just fuck me, master, I need it, I can't—"

He only pressed the tip against me again, slow and deliberate, rolling it over my slick folds, smearing me with my own wetness. My legs shook, my hips pushed back, but every time I tried to take him, he pulled away, leaving me hollow, tortured.

"Greedy little mate," he muttered against my ear, his tone rough, cutting, but laced with heat that made me burn.

"Please," I sobbed, shameless now. "I'm begging—fill me, master. Please, I'll be good, I'll do anything—just fuck me."

Instead of giving in, his palm came down hard against my ass. The sharp sting made me cry out, my body jerking against the desk. The sound echoed in the room, mixing with the ragged edge of my breath. My pussy clenched tighter, dripping, needy, begging for him in ways words never could.

Then—finally—he pressed forward. The head pushed past my entrance, stretching me, burning, filling the emptiness I had been drowning in. My mouth fell open in a broken moan as my body opened for him, wet and eager, welcoming every inch as he slid in.

"Master—oh god—" My voice broke as my walls clamped down around him, relief and desperation flooding through me.

He didn't let me breathe. With my hair wound tight in his grip and my body bent over the desk, he pulled back and slammed into me, hard and slow. The force shattered my cry into a gasp, my nails clawing uselessly at the wood beneath me.

"Fuck, love." He moaned out, and then he began to fuck me.

A sudden crack of his palm against my ass jolted a cry from my lips, the sting burning hot, sharp enough to make my core clench tighter around him. He growled low, the sound vibrating through me as though he took pleasure in my reaction.

"So fucking wet, Oli." He moaned, fucking me harder, his grip on my head tightening. He yanked my head back until my throat arched. I gasped, helpless beneath his pull, my world narrowing to the heat of his body and the merciless grip that reminded me I was his.

Then his other hand roamed forward, seizing my breast, his thumb brushing across my nipple until it ached, pinching just enough to make my back arch off the desk. The small torment blended with the relentless stretch inside me, and my broken moans filled the air.

"Fuck, this feels good," he murmured darkly against my ear, his voice a velvet blade. "Every part of you begging, every sound you make mine."

My walls clenched greedily around him, my body betraying me, pulling him deeper with every savage thrust.

My wolf whimpered, clawing to submit, to surrender to him fully.

His thumb drifted lower, sliding across my stomach before pressing against the slick heat between my thighs. The rough stroke against my clit sent shockwaves through me, forcing my hips to jerk, my body unable to resist. I was trapped—pinned, claimed, unraveling under his every move—yet my soul craved more, begged for him to never stop.

### **Chapter 344: Worried**

Olivia's POV

Every movement of his body tore me further apart, each thrust carving a command into my skin, into my very bones. I couldn't hold back the cries tumbling from my lips, couldn't hide the way my body yielded, clinging to him as though I'd shatter into pieces if he stopped. "Louder," he growled into my ear, his hand twisting in my hair until my scalp burned. "Let me hear how much you need me."

A sob burst from me, broken and raw. "I need you, master—I need you—don't stop, please, don't ever stop." He moaned low, rough, the sound vibrating through me as he drove into me harder, deeper, forcing every part of me to bow beneath him. My nails scraped helplessly at the desk, searching for something to ground me, but there was nothing—only him, only his strength binding me in place, his control pressing down on every breath I took.

The sharp sting of another slap cracked against me, sharp enough to blur the line between pain and pleasure. I gasped, the sound strangled, but my body clenched tighter, betraying me, begging for more. He fucked me so hard the pleasure ripped through me like nothing I had ever known. Every thrust was deeper, rougher, more consuming until my body couldn't take it anymore. I had had sex before—but this... this was a whole different level. My soul screamed, my wolf howled, and my body broke apart under him.

When he slammed into me again, he struck something deep inside—my G-spot—and I cried out, the sound raw and strangled as blinding ecstasy exploded through me. My vision blurred, my knees gave out, and I was sobbing as he pounded into me, every stroke tearing me apart and putting me back together. "Louis!" I screamed, my voice broken, pleasure overwhelming. Tears streamed down my cheeks, every nerve inside me begging, burning, clinging to him.

Then—suddenly—he stilled. His body froze, his hips pressed tight against me, his breath jagged in my ear. I gasped when he withdrew his cock out of me, my body collapsing against the desk, still trembling, still aching for more. Confusion flooded me, my lips parting under the blindfold. "W-why did you stop?"

Suddenly he tugged the blindfold away, light flooding my vision, and I blinked up at him. His brown eyes weren't the same; they had darkened, and he wasn't himself. He was out of control, but still he looked worried. "Louis...?" My voice shook.

His hands fumbled at my restraints, untying me quickly, almost frantically, as if he couldn't stand the sight of me bound. "I'm sorry," he murmured, his voice rough, broken, mumbling the words over and over. "I'm sorry—I didn't mean to hurt you."

I frowned, my chest heaving as I stared at him. But before I could speak, Louis scooped me into his arms. My body was limp against his chest, still trembling, still ruined from what he had given me. He carried me across the room, setting me gently onto the bed as though I might shatter under his touch. "Stay," he whispered, his voice hoarse. He started to straighten up, to turn away. "I need to get something—"

But panic flared inside me. My hand shot out, catching his wrist, pulling him back down. "Don't go." My voice cracked, my brow furrowing, my whole body still shaking with the aftershocks of him. He froze, his eyes burning into mine. The shadows in his gaze made my chest tighten. He looked torn apart, haunted. "I'm sorry," he said again, the words breaking. "I lose control... I don't mean to—but sometimes I go too far."

I shook my head hard, choking on a sob. "No." My fingers curled into his arm. "You're perfect, Louis. You didn't hurt me—you... you gave me more than I could take." My lips trembled into a broken smile. "It was unreal. I've never... never felt anything like that."

His brow furrowed, his thumb brushing away the wetness on my cheek, as though he couldn't believe me. "Olivia..." His voice cracked. I pulled him to the bed, made him sit, and climbed onto him, my soaked pussy settling directly over his semi-hard cock. I cupped his face, staring into his eyes, which had softened back to their normal shade. "You didn't hurt me, Louis... I cried because the feelings were unlike anything I had ever expected." I assured him.

His gaze was still stormy, doubt lingering in the shadows, but I wouldn't let misunderstanding remain. I caught his hand and guided it between my thighs, lifting myself just enough so his fingers brushed against my slick pussy. "See?" I whispered, trembling but steady in my conviction. "I'm still wet. If you had hurt me, if I had been in pain, my body wouldn't be like this." A shaky laugh escaped me, tangled with tears. "You didn't hurt me, Louis—you ruined me in the most perfect way."

His jaw tightened, his thumb brushing over my pussy almost hesitantly, as though he needed proof of what my body was already screaming. I leaned closer, my lips brushing

against his as I murmured, "I'm angry, you know... you spoiled my fun." My smile curved through the dampness on my cheeks. "And now, you have to make up for it."

His eyes darkened again, not with guilt this time, but with the fire I craved. "Here?" he rasped, the word rough and almost disbelieving. "Yes," I breathed, my body already moving, already. I lifted myself and, without hesitation, sank down onto him.

The stretch stole my breath, my nails digging into his shoulders as his length filled me once more. My head fell back, a broken moan escaping my lips as every nerve lit up, every part of me crying out in relief. I moved against him, rising and sinking, every motion stealing my breath as his strength surged up to meet me. My body arched, helpless, the rhythm between us raw and consuming, pulling sobs and cries from me that I couldn't contain.

"Please, Master," I gasped, voice breaking. "Spank me." The crack of his hand against my ass lit fire across my skin, the sting merging with the pleasure until I thought I'd lose myself completely. His thrusts drove me higher, deeper, tearing me apart and binding me back together with every movement.

My toes curled, my body trembling violently as the pressure built, unbearable, devastating. He kissed me hard, rough and desperate, swallowing my cries as his rhythm slammed into that place inside me that shattered all control. Tears spilled hot down my face as the pleasure broke me open. My wolf howled, my soul screamed, and I clung to him with everything I had as the world dissolved. Together we released, and I felt Louis' hot cum fill me.

Gasping, I collapsed into his shoulder. He didn't hesitate—not even for a second. His arms locked around me, holding me, comforting me, keeping me with him. And all I could do was hold on tighter, praying he understood—I wanted this. I wanted him.

## **Chapter 345: After Care**

Louis's POV

Her body collapsed against mine, trembling, drained but still clinging as if she feared I'd vanish if she let go. I tightened my hold, one arm wrapped around her back, the other cradling the back of her head. She was damp with sweat and tears, her breath hot against my neck.

My chest clenched at the sound of it—those broken sobs she couldn't swallow. Even though I knew she wasn't crying out of pain, I still felt terrible hearing her cry. I lowered us carefully onto the bed, refusing to let her slip from my arms. She was light in my hold, far too light for the weight she carried inside her, and I knew I had pushed her hard. Maybe too hard. The thought made me feel regretful. I pulled the blanket over her bare body, wrapping it snug around her before she could shiver. My fingers brushed her

cheek, tracing away the dampness there, and for the first time since I had touched her tonight, my hands trembled.

"Breathe with me," I whispered, pressing my forehead against hers. My voice was hoarse, stripped raw of command, yet I kept speaking softly, steadily, the way I would soothe a wolf in pain. "In... slow. Good. Now out. Again. That's it, Olivia."

Her lashes fluttered, her eyes glassy, but she followed. Every breath she took steadied mine. I kissed her temple, lingering there.

"You scare me when you cry like that," I admitted quietly, almost ashamed of the truth. "I think I've gone too far, that I've broken something I can't fix. But then you look at me... and you beg me to stay. Goddess, you undo me."

I stroked her hair, slow and rhythmic, until her trembling eased. I held her gaze, unable to look away. Damn, she was beautiful like this—flushed, damp, eyes glassy from tears and pleasure. My wolf howled in possession, demanding I claim her again, but I forced him down. Right now, she needed my care more than my hunger.

Reluctantly, I eased her back against the pillows and stood. "Stay here," I said, my tone low, firm, the same command I'd give in the heat of play—except this time it carried tenderness instead of fire.

I crossed the room to the mini fridge tucked against the wall. The cool air hit me as I opened it, pulling out a chilled bottle of water. When I returned, she was still watching me, lips parted, chest rising and falling in soft, uneven breaths.

"Here," I murmured, twisting the cap and holding it to her lips. She drank slowly, her throat working with each swallow, and I kept my hand steady, making sure she didn't rush. A few drops slid down her chin, and I caught them with my thumb, brushing them away before pressing a kiss to the same spot.

She whispered, "Thank you."

I bent, pressing my lips to her temple. "Always," I said, the word rough, because it wasn't just an answer—it was a promise.

Setting the bottle aside, I stroked her hair back from her damp face, tucking the strands gently behind her ear. "I'm going to prepare a bath for you," I told her. "You need to relax your body. No arguments, Olivia."

Her lips curved faintly, almost teasing, but she didn't resist. She simply nodded. I kissed her forehead again, lingering, and then straightened, pulled on my pants, and headed for the bathroom. The sound of rushing water filled the air as I tested the temperature, making sure it was warm enough to soothe without being too hot. I poured a stream of lavender oil into the water, watching ripples spread the scent across the surface. The air

grew heavy with it, calming even me, though my wolf paced restlessly inside, aching to claim Olivia again. But tonight, that wasn't happening.

When I returned to the bed, she was still awake... most subs fall asleep immediately at play.

"Come," I said gently, scooping her into my arms before she could protest. She fit against me so easily, her arms curling instinctively around my neck. I carried her into the bathroom, lowering her carefully into the steaming water.

She gasped softly as the heat enveloped her, her shoulders sinking, her head falling back against the porcelain edge. I knelt beside the tub, my hands never leaving her body.

"Lean forward," I instructed, my voice calm but commanding. She obeyed, her damp hair falling forward, and I cupped water into my palms, pouring it gently over her hair. The strands clung to her back, dark and glistening. I worked shampoo through them slowly, massaging her scalp with my fingers until I felt the tension melting from her. She sighed, the sound low and content, and my chest tightened with something far deeper than desire.

"You are good at this," she murmured, her eyes half-closed. "So fucking good."

I smiled faintly, my hands still in her hair. "That's because you're mine to care for. My responsibility. My mate."

Her cheeks flushed.

I rinsed her hair carefully, tilting her head just right so nothing dripped into her eyes. Then I reached for the sponge, lathering it slowly before sliding it down her arm, across her shoulder, over the curve of her chest. I didn't rush—I traced every inch of her like she was something sacred.

She shifted slightly, her thighs parting under the water, teasing, testing me. A soft laugh left her lips. "Another round, Master Louis?"

I leaned closer, my mouth brushing her ear as I whispered, "No, Olivia. You're drained."

I stroked the sponge across her collarbone, down to her stomach, slowly and carefully. "All you need is rest. Perhaps tomorrow I'll fuck you until you can't use your legs."

Her breath caught, and she tilted her head, trying to hide the blush blooming on her cheeks. I smirked softly, taking pride in every reaction she couldn't control.

When I finished, I pressed a kiss to her damp temple and whispered, "It's time for your massage." I lifted her from the bath. Her damp body curled against me like it belonged

there, her head tucked under my chin. I carried her back to the bedroom, laid her gently on the bed, and pulled the blanket aside.

"On your stomach," I murmured. She obeyed without hesitation, her wet hair spilling over her shoulders as she settled into the pillows.

I crossed to the dresser, uncapped the small vial of massage oil, and warmed it between my palms before climbing onto the bed, straddling her hips. My hands slid over her back in long, slow strokes, spreading the oil across her skin.

Her soft gasp reached my ears as my thumbs dug carefully into the knots at her shoulders. "Mmm... Louis..." she whispered, her voice melting into the sheets.

"Shh," I soothed, my hands moving lower, working over her spine with steady pressure. "Don't speak. Just feel."

Every muscle under my touch eased, her breathing deepening, her body surrendering to the comfort of my hands. My wolf rumbled, content, as I pressed my palms down her back, circling over her waist, kneading the tension from her hips.

By the time I reached her thighs, she was half-asleep, her sighs soft, her body pliant under me. I leaned forward, pressing a kiss between her shoulder blades, whispering against her skin, "Rest, Olivia. I've got you."

I continued the massage until her breath evened, her body sinking into the mattress, every trace of strain gone. And only when I was sure she had drifted into sleep did I settle beside her, pulling the blanket over both of us and wrapping my arm securely around her waist. My wolf finally stilled, content with her safe in my arms.

Just as my own eyes began to close, a familiar voice cut sharply through my mind.

"Louis, where are you?"

My body went rigid. I glanced at Olivia's peaceful face, torn between ignoring and answering the mind link.

## **Chapter 346: Lying**

Louis's POV

It was Levi's voice on the other end, calm and curious. For a moment, I froze. My throat tightened, and a dozen excuses rushed through my mind. I thought of telling him the truth—that I was with Olivia—but the idea died before it could leave my lips. Things between us were already strained, and throwing this into the fire would only make the tension worse.

"I had to check on a contact," I said finally, keeping my tone as calm as I could.

There was a pause, then Levi's voice cut back, laced with disbelief. "A contact? Since when? Why don't I know about this? What's going on, Louis?"

I clenched my jaw, forcing my voice to stay relaxed. "Not everything I do has to run through you, Levi. This one's... personal. It came up last minute."

The silence on the line stretched uncomfortably, heavy with suspicion. I could almost feel his frown through the mind link, his mind racing to piece together the lie. My heart thudded against my ribs, but I kept my emotions intact.

"When are you coming back home?" Levi finally asked, his voice clipped, businesslike now. "I need your signature on some files."

I pinched the bridge of my nose, shutting my eyes for a moment. "Tomorrow," I said. My voice was firm, leaving no room for argument.

"Tomorrow?" Suspicion colored his tone again. "Louis, what are you—"

"Everything is fine," I cut in, sharper than I intended. "Don't overthink it, Levi. Handle the files for now. I'll be back tomorrow."

Before he could press further, I severed the mind link, shutting out his presence. The silence that followed was heavy, suffocating.

I exhaled and leaned back against the headrest, but peace didn't last long. Another tug pulled at my mind, more forceful this time. Lennox.

The moment I felt him, I knew Levi had already run to him. Of course he had. They always did this—double-teamed me like I was the reckless one, like they needed to watch me closer. As if being born a few minutes after them made me incapable of making my own decisions.

My teeth ground together, annoyance rising. I hated it—how they treated me like a kid brother who couldn't be trusted, when in truth I was no different from them. Just a few minutes younger, yet somehow that made all the difference in their eyes.

"Louis... are you okay?" His voice was quieter than I expected, curious.

I drew a slow breath, forcing the tension in my shoulders to ease. "Yes," I answered simply, steady. "I'm fine."

"Okay... if anything, you contact us. Alright?" Lennox's voice carried that steady, older-brother tone—the one he always used when he was worried.

I rolled my eyes, though he couldn't see it. "Yeah, Lennox. I got it."

Silence filled the room again, but my chest was heavy. That was Lennox—always trying to shoulder everyone's burdens, always treating me like I needed looking after. And Levi? He was no different, always questioning, always digging.

But I knew it didn't come from doubt. It came from care. From love. They weren't trying to control me because they thought I was weak—they did it because they were older by a few minutes and felt it was their duty to protect me, even if I didn't need it.

Still... growing up in their shadow had shaped me. Being on the receiving end of Lennox's constant protectiveness and Levi's endless scrutiny lit something inside me early. I wanted to take charge of my own life. I wanted to lead myself. To prove I wasn't someone who needed to be carried.

That desire to step forward instead of being pulled along—that's what made me the way I am now. A man who takes control even in bed. It's one of the reasons I became a dominant. Not the entire reason, just one of the factors.

After the pause, his tone shifted, frustration creeping back in. "Have you talked to Olivia? She's refusing to speak to me. No matter how many times I try to reach her through the link, she shuts me out."

My chest tightened, but my voice stayed calm. I wanted to lie and say no... but if I did, he'd only keep worrying, and I didn't want that. "Yes. I just spoke to her a few minutes ago," I said, careful to keep it short. "Through the mind link."

I overheard Lennox exhale over the bond.

"What did she say exactly?" he asked, softer this time, more bothered than defensive.

"Nothing you'd want to hear right now," I said carefully, keeping my words short so he wouldn't sense the unease behind them. "But she's angry with you and Levi."

There was a pause, then his voice returned, strained and worried. "I'll talk to Levi tonight... before we go to bed. We'll sort this out. Whatever it takes."

I hummed in response and looked down at Olivia, sleeping peacefully in my arms. I inhaled deeply. It was a good thing they couldn't feel us having sex... that would have been awkward, especially with all the tension between us.

"Lennox, I have to go... I'll see you tomorrow," I said, sounding as casual as I could so he wouldn't pick up on the strain in my voice.

Lennox was silent for a moment before he said, "Okay... be careful." With that, he ended the link.

I inhaled deeply, letting the weight of the silence settle in me. With the link finally severed, all I had left was Olivia—warm, soft, curled into my chest. I tightened my arms around her, pulling her closer, and pressed my nose into her hair. Her scent filled me, calming the storm still tugging at my mind.

The tension from Levi's questions, from Lennox's steady worry, from all the lies I'd had to string together—it all faded the longer I held her. In this moment, she was mine, and I wasn't letting go.

My eyes grew heavy, my body easing against the mattress as sleep crept in. The steady rhythm of her breathing lulled me, grounding me more than any words ever could.

But then—Olivia gasped.

Her body jolted in my arms, stiffening as though struck by something unseen. My wolf snapped awake instantly, claws scraping at the edges of my control as panic surged through me.

"Olivia?" I whispered sharply, my grip tightening around her waist as I pushed myself upright. Her chest rose and fell too quickly, her eyes fluttering open wide, panic gleaming in them.

Her hands clutched at me, trembling.

"Olivia, what's wrong?" I demanded, my heart slamming against my ribs as fear coiled in my stomach.

## **Chapter 347: Dream**

Louis's POV

Her eyes locked on mine, wide and terrified, her breaths coming too fast. It was as if she didn't recognize me at first. The panic in them made me so concerned, but when she saw me—really saw me—I noticed the fear soften, just a little.

"Baby... what's wrong?" My voice was low, careful, though the worry in my chest made it tight.

She didn't answer. Instead, her trembling hands rose and cupped my face, holding me firmly as if she needed proof that I was real. Her gaze searched me desperately, scanning every line, every shadow of my face, like she expected me to vanish or shift into something else.

I furrowed my brow, leaning closer into her palms. "Olivia, it's me," I whispered, my thumb brushing her wrist where her pulse thundered. "I'm here. It's Louis."

Her lips parted, but no words came. Only the sound of her breathing—shallow, uneven, frantic.

My wolf pushed at me, restless, agitated. He hated seeing her like this, hated the panic rolling off her in waves. I gathered her closer, one arm firm around her waist, the other covering her hand where it still clung to my cheek.

"You're safe," I said, more firmly now, hoping she could anchor to my voice. "You're with me, Olivia. Nothing's going to hurt you."

My wolf prowled inside me, restless, wanting to protect her from whatever shadow still haunted her.

Finally, her lips moved, the words trembling out. "I... I had a dream."

I stilled, my arms tightening around her. "A dream?" I coaxed gently, brushing her damp hair away from her cheek. "Tell me, Olivia."

Her eyes brimmed with fresh fear, and her voice broke as she whispered, "You... and your brothers. You were lying in a pool of your blood."

My chest clenched. For a moment, I couldn't breathe. But I kept a calm expression.

Her hands shook harder against my skin, her words spilling faster. "It felt so real, Louis. I saw you all... your eyes closed, your bodies—" She choked, shaking her head as if she could erase the memory. Tears clung to her lashes, sliding down onto my fingers where I held her face. "I thought I lost you. All of you."

I swallowed hard, pushing back the cold weight pressing at my ribs. I cupped her tighter, forcing her to meet my gaze. "Look at me," I said firmly, though my tone softened at the edges. "We're here. I'm here. No one is bleeding, no one is dying. It was a dream, Olivia."

But even as I spoke, I knew it didn't feel like just a dream, but I didn't want Olivia to feel my worry.

I pressed a kiss against her forehead, anchoring us both. "You won't lose me. Do you hear me? No matter what you saw... you won't lose us."

She nodded faintly and rested her head against my chest, her arms winding tightly around my waist. I exhaled deeply and closed my eyes, stroking her hair with slow tenderness. I didn't know why Olivia would dream something so vivid, but deep down, I sensed it wasn't just ordinary—it felt like a warning. And I knew I had to tell Lennox and Levi about it.

"Louis, I'm worried." Olivia suddenly spoke after a few moments of silence. Before I could ask why, she continued. "Frederick is bent on marrying me, and my mother is in support of it."

Her words tightened something in my chest instantly. Frederick. Even his name on her lips made my wolf bristle, angry and restless.

"Frederick is not taking no for an answer," she whispered, her voice raw, heavy with dread. "And I'm worried."

I stilled, my hand still stroking her hair. The protective fire inside me surged, threatening to spill, but I kept my voice steady for her sake. "He won't have you, Olivia. Not while I breathe."

Her grip on my waist tightened. "You don't understand, Louis... he's dangerous. The way he looks at me, the way he—" Her voice cracked, and she buried her face against my chest. "And with Mother on his side, he'll do anything to make it happen."

I pressed a kiss to the top of her head, my jaw clenched so tight in anger. "Listen to me," I murmured, each word edged with a vow. "You are not his. You are ours. And no alliance, no scheme, no pressure will change that."

She trembled against me, silent, but I felt her heart hammering wildly beneath my palm.

"I'll tell Lennox and Levi," I continued firmly, already deciding. "They need to know. If Frederick is making moves—and your mother is supporting him—then this isn't just your burden. It's ours. We'll protect you."

Her head lifted slightly, her tear-bright eyes searching mine. "I don't want this to result in bloodshed."

Now I understood her fear... she wasn't only scared of Frederick—she was terrified of losing us to him.

I brushed my thumb gently across her cheek, softening my tone. "Nothing is going to happen to us... we will take care of Frederick," I assured her.

She seemed to believe me, but the worry in her was still there, buried in the depths of her eyes, yet when I leaned in and pressed my lips to hers, I felt it soften. The kiss was gentle, lingering, carrying every promise I couldn't put into words. My hand cupped the back of her head as she melted against me, her body relaxing little by little until the tension finally eased.

When I pulled back, she exhaled shakily, then tucked her face into my chest. Her breathing slowed, the weight of exhaustion pulling her under. Within minutes, she drifted into sleep, her arms wrapped around me like she never wanted to let go.

I held her close, brushing a kiss to the crown of her head, and allowed myself to relax too. It didn't take long—I drifted to sleep too. With Olivia there, peace came easily. The night passed like a balm to my soul, and I slept deeply, not knowing morning had arrived until a sudden tug yanked at my mind, sharp enough to jolt me awake.

I blinked awake, my wolf instantly on guard. It was Lennox.

"Louis." His voice was firm but carried an edge of unease. "Calvin is here. He's demanding to see Olivia. He says she is not home, and she's not responding to him. He thinks she is here," he said slowly.

I sighed and ran a hand through my hair. What a way to be dragged awake.

"Louis." Lennox called me out and paused. His pause was heavy, suspicious. "Is Olivia with you?"

I sat up slowly, careful not to wake her, though my jaw tightened. Damn it. Of course Calvin would choose now to come sniffing around. And Lennox—he already suspected.

I glanced down at Olivia sleeping peacefully against me, my arm still around her. My chest ached at the thought of anyone dragging her back into that chaos.

"Lennox," I answered through the link, keeping my tone flat, calm. "She's safe. That's all you need to know right now."

But I knew this wasn't going to end here.

## **Chapter 348: In my Arms**

Louis's POV

"So, you're really with Olivia," Lennox said. His tone caught me off guard. It wasn't sharp, not the furious edge I had prepared myself for. Instead, it was calm, almost resigned.

I had braced for his anger—for him to lash out, accuse me of lying, of sneaking behind their backs while everything else was falling apart. But instead, all I heard was the faint sigh that slipped through the link.

"You should have just said it," he muttered.

I exhaled, rubbing a hand over my face. "I didn't want things to get awkward."

Lennox scoffed lightly, not angrily —just matter-of-fact. "Come on, Louis. She's also your mate. That doesn't matter. Not to me."

His words hit me in a way I hadn't expected. I sank deeper against the bedframe, glancing down at Olivia sleeping soundly against my chest. The knot in my stomach loosened just a little.

"So... what now?" I asked after a moment, uncertain.

"Don't worry," Lennox said, his tone collected, the edge of command slipping in the way it always did when he took charge. "Just stay with Olivia. At least she needs one of us right now. I'll tell Calvin she went on a trip with you. He'll back off if he thinks she's safe."

I nodded instinctively, even though he couldn't see me. "Okay."

That was Lennox—always quick to find a solution, even in the messiest situations. He didn't dwell, didn't overcomplicate. While Levi would've pressed me with a hundred questions, Lennox had already decided the path forward. That quality of his—steady, decisive—was something I had always admired, even if I never admitted it to his face.

I glanced down at Olivia again, brushing a strand of hair from her face. She shifted slightly, sighing softly in her sleep, her arms curling tighter around me as though she knew, deep down, she was safe.

"Tell me if anything goes wrong," I said to Lennox.

"Don't worry... just have fun." With that, Lennox ended the mind link.

I inhaled deeply, pressing a kiss to Olivia's head. She was still fast asleep. It seemed our play last night had drained every bit of strength from her.

"Mine." My wolf howled possessively inside me.

I sighed contently, letting the comfort of having her in my arms sink into me. But then it hit me—when she woke, she would be hungry. I opened my eyes, realizing I needed to prepare breakfast for her.

I pressed another kiss to her hair, her soft strands brushing against my lips. She didn't stir, only sighed faintly and burrowed closer against me.

Leaning down, I whispered against her ear, "I'll be back."

Her lashes didn't flutter, her eyes didn't open, but she murmured something faint and sleepy, a sound that made my chest ache with tenderness. I lingered for a heartbeat, then carefully slid her down against the pillows, making sure the blanket stayed tucked around her. She curled into it instantly, still wrapped in the warmth of our night.

Quietly, I pulled on a shirt and padded out of the room, closing the door softly behind me.

The kitchen smelled faintly of polish—the housekeeper had been here earlier. I opened the cupboards and the fridge, finding them neatly stocked, just as I'd asked her to keep them. Everything was arranged in order, labeled, and easy to reach.

Eggs, bread, fresh fruit. Even my favorite tea was stacked carefully in the corner, untouched since the last time I came here. I made a mental note to thank the housekeeper later, but for now, my mind was on Olivia.

She'd be starving when she woke up. After last night... I knew I had drained her. My wolf howled proudly at the thought, but I shoved him back, focusing instead on what mattered now.

Not dominance. Not play.

Care.

My mate needed food, comfort, and a reason to smile when she opened her eyes.

I rolled my sleeves and set to work.

I cracked a couple of eggs into the pan, the sizzle rising as the yolks spread across the heat. The sound filled the quiet kitchen. I grabbed bread, sliding it into the toaster, then sliced a few strawberries and apples, arranging them neatly on a small plate.

"She'll like this," I murmured aloud, though it wasn't really to myself.

My wolf stirred inside me, restless. "She deserves more than this. She deserves the world. You saw her last night—how fragile she was after the dream. We should never let her out of our sight."

I clenched my jaw lightly as I stirred the eggs, lowering the flame. "I know. But we can't cage her, either. She needs freedom. Space."

"Space gets her hurt. Look at Frederick. Look at her mother. Don't let her out of our sight."

The wolf's voice was harsher than mine, but I knew where it came from—possession, protection, love. The same things that made my chest ache every time I looked at her.

"We will care for her," I promised quietly, sliding the eggs onto the plate. "But we will give her space."

My wolf rumbled in approval, quieting, but I still felt his hunger, his need to claim her in every way possible. I ignored it, focusing instead on the tea I was pouring into a cup. Sweet, with just a hint of honey—the way she liked it.

By the time I was done, the tray looked simple, but it was made for her. Eggs, toast, fruit, tea. I picked it up carefully and carried it back upstairs.

The bedroom was still dim, curtains drawn against the morning sun. Olivia hadn't moved much—still curled into the blankets, her breathing soft and even. For a moment, I just stood there, watching her, something heavy and unexplainable pressing into my chest.

Then I crossed the room quietly, setting the tray down on the bedside table. Leaning closer, I brushed a kiss against her temple.

She tried to sit up fully, fumbling with the blanket, but I placed a steady hand on her shoulder.

"Easy," I murmured, reaching for the tray. "Let me."

Her brows lifted, amusement flickering in her sleepy eyes. "You're going to feed me now?"

"Yes," I said without hesitation, meeting her gaze with a smile. "Last night drained you. The least I can do is make sure you eat."

Her lips curved into the faintest smile, but her cheeks warmed. She leaned back against the pillows, surrendering. "Alright then... feed me, Master Louis."

I gave her a look, half stern, half amused, and she laughed softly, though it ended in a sigh. I picked up a slice of toast first, brushing the edge lightly against her lips until she parted them. She took a small bite, her eyes never leaving mine.

"Good girl," I whispered, unable to stop the words. Her blush deepened, but she chewed obediently, swallowing before murmuring, "You're enjoying this too much."

"Maybe," I admitted, lifting a forkful of eggs next. "But only because it's you."

Bit by bit, I fed her—toast, eggs, fruit—watching the tension ease from her body as she filled her stomach. She sighed in contentment when I finally offered her the tea, holding the cup steady while she sipped.

When she finished, she rested her head lightly against my chest again. "You spoil me," she whispered, eyes heavy with sleep once more.

I pressed a kiss into her hair, murmuring against her crown. "Get used to it, Olivia. You're mine to take care of."

She blushed and let me continue feeding her. When she finished the last sip of tea, Olivia leaned back against the pillows, her lips curving faintly into a tired smile. For a moment, she simply stared at me, her eyes softer than I'd ever seen them.

Then she stretched lightly beneath the blanket and murmured, "I need to wash up."

I tilted my head, brushing a strand of hair from her face. "Do you want me to draw the bath again?"

Her eyes gleamed mischievously as she asked, "Do you want to join me?"

The thought alone made my wolf snarl with desire, but I shook my head, smirking despite the ache in my chest. "No. If I see you naked again, I won't be able to stop myself. You should bathe alone."

Her laugh was soft, melodic, filling the room. She smiled at me, leaning forward to press a quick kiss to my cheek.

"Suit yourself, Master Louis," she teased, slipping off the bed with the blanket still wrapped around her shoulders. She glanced back once, her smile lingering as she padded toward the bathroom.

I watched her go, a quiet exhale leaving me. Goddess help me—this woman would ruin me in every way, and I'd let her.

My wolf prowled inside me, restless. He wanted me to go to her, to claim her again, but I forced him down. She needed space—peace. After last night, after her nightmare, she needed more than my hunger and desire.

I closed my eyes, letting her scent soothe me. Lavender from the bath, the faint sweetness of her skin—it calmed the unease inside me, reminding me why I had to keep steady. For her. Always for her.

Minutes later, the sound of the water stopped.

I sat up just as the bathroom door opened. Olivia stepped out, steam curling behind her, her damp hair clinging to her shoulders. She wore one of my shirts, loose and falling just past her thighs. For a moment, she looked calm until I caught the crease in her brow.

Her lips pressed into a thin line as her eyes met mine, and the smile I had expected wasn't there. Instead, a faint frown shadowed her beautiful face.

I straightened, my chest tightening with concern. "Olivia?" I asked softly, "What is it?"

## **Chapter 349: Hurt**

Olivia's POV

"What is wrong?" Louis asked, concern plain on his face.

"Olivia... please, you need to come home. We have something to discuss with you," my mother pleaded through the mind link again.

My frown deepened. "I'm not in the mood to see you, Mother. I'll come home when I feel like it." I didn't give her the chance to argue before cutting the link.

When I looked up, Louis was already on his feet, striding toward me with that same worried look. His eyes scanned me, as if he could pull the truth out without me saying a word.

I sighed and sat on the bed. He came closer, squatting in front of me. "It's nothing," I said quietly. "My mother wants me back home, but I don't want to go."

Louis tilted his head, not convinced. His gaze softened, but there was a sharp edge to his voice when he asked, "It's not really about your mother, is it? ... Is it Lennox and Levi?"

I swallowed hard, forcing a smile that didn't quite reach my lips. "I don't want to talk about them right now, and yes, it was my mother, not them."

Louis studied me for a moment longer, then finally sighed. "Fine. Then you don't have to go home. Stay here with me."

His words warmed me, and I nodded. He gave me one last searching look before rising to his feet. "I'll go shower."

"Okay," I whispered, watching him disappear into the bathroom.

Left alone, my thoughts turned heavy. My life felt like one mess after another. I had been ignoring Lennox and Levi's mind links. I told myself it was punishment—that shutting them out was the price they had to pay for fighting each other, for letting our bond weaken. But deep down, I knew it wasn't just their punishment. It was mine too. Every time I ignored them, my chest ached. Not seeing them, not hearing them, it hurt.

My wolf stirred restlessly. "Maybe you should go to them. Maybe you should end this."

The suggestion cut deep. I wrapped my arms around myself and shook my head. "No. Not this time. They need to fix this themselves. I can't always be the bridge holding them together."

My wolf growled, impatient. "They are Alphas, Olivia. They have pride, they have egos. None of them will admit they are wrong. None of them will bow first. That is why you are their mate. It's your duty to hold them together. Without you, they will break."

I let out a long breath, too tired to argue anymore. But deep down I knew she was right.

Louis came out of the bathroom, towel slung low around his waist, his hair damp and dripping down his temple. My eyes betrayed me, tracing over the sharp lines of his chest, the ridges of his abs, the water glistening on his skin. Heat stirred low in my stomach before I could stop it. My wolf stirred inside me, pushing, urging. Go to him. Touch him. Let him fuck you again.

My breath hitched, my thighs pressed together instinctively. Memories from last night flooded back—the way his strength had crushed me into ecstasy, the way he had pushed me past every limit until I broke in his arms. Goddess, I wanted it again. I wanted him again. Right here, right now, dripping wet and looking like sin carved into flesh.

My lips parted, a quiet ache slipping from my chest. I imagined walking up to him, tugging that towel free, feeling him harden against me, bending under his weight as he fucked me until I couldn't even remember my own name.

But as quickly as the fantasy flared, I smothered it. No matter how much my body screamed for him, I knew it would be selfish now. I was drained, still sore. My wolf might crave his dominance again, but my body—and my heart—needed rest.

So I stayed on the bed, nails digging into my palm as I fought the urge to move. My wolf snarled with frustration, but I forced myself to breathe.

He smirked faintly as he reached for his clothes, and I quickly looked away, pretending not to be caught fantasizing. But before I could even tease him, a sudden pain ripped through my chest.

I gasped, clutching my side as my wolf howled inside me. Mate!

Louis's head snapped toward me instantly. "Olivia? What's wrong?"

"Something's wrong," I panted, already reaching for his hand. The bond was tugging at me hard, sharp with distress.

Without hesitation, I teleported us both, my wolf guiding me. The familiar scent of blood hit me first—Levi's blood. I followed it through the mansion halls, heart pounding, until I burst into Levi's room.

The sight made me stop cold.

Levi was on the bed, his chest bared, a healer bending over him with glowing hands pressed against a deep, ugly cut along his ribs. Levi's eyes snapped up first, widening when he saw me. Lennox turned too, his face tight with surprise. For a heartbeat, silence fell—just the three of us, staring.

But then Levi broke it, his glare snapping back to Lennox. His face was twisted in pain, but his voice carried louder than anything else.

"You did this on purpose!" Levi snarled, glaring at Lennox who stood by the window, chest heaving.

Lennox's eyes snapped to me in surprise, then quickly back to his brother. His jaw tightened. "It was a mistake, Levi. I didn't mean—"

"That was no mistake!" Levi cut him off, pushing against the healer's hand. He winced but still pointed accusingly. "You wanted to hurt me. Admit it!"

Lennox's eyes darkened, his voice low and sharp. "Are you accusing me of deliberately hurting my own brother during training? Really, Levi?"

"Yes!" Levi roared back. "Because lately you fight like a man with something else in his head. Like you don't care if you cut me down!"

Lennox's fists clenched, his voice rising. "If you can remember clearly, you were the one swinging like you'd lost your mind! Like something else had taken over you!"

Their voices crashed together, hot and furious, filling the room. My wolf bristled, snapping inside me, unable to take it anymore.

"Enough!" My voice thundered through the room, startling even the healer into stillness. "You haven't settled your scores—and instead of talking, you draw your swords? Do you even realize what you're doing to yourselves? To me?"

You're mates—mine—and you're cutting each other open like enemies!"

The room fell silent, their chests rising and falling heavily, but the tension between them still crackled like fire waiting for fuel.

## **Chapter 350: Drowning**

Lennox's POV

Olivia abruptly turned to me. "You're the eldest, Lennox," Olivia said, her voice trembling but sharp with pain. "You're skilled, you're trained—you can't make such a mistake. Not like this." Her frown deepened, and I could feel the hurt under her anger, the disappointment that I could wound Levi the way I had.

My chest tightened. I wanted to argue, to tell her it was a mistake, that I hadn't meant for the cut to land as deep as it had. But looking at her—at the disappointment swimming in her gaze—I couldn't bring myself to speak. The protest died on my tongue.

Instead, I dropped my eyes, swallowing the bitter weight pressing in my throat. "I'm sorry," I murmured, the words barely more than a whisper. I meant it because they weren't just for Levi. They were for her too.

Levi let out a sharp scoff, shifting where the healer worked on his side. "Sorry? You almost skewered me, Lennox. That didn't feel like a mistake—it felt like you meant it." His voice was tight, laced with pain and bitterness.

The words made me flinch, though I kept my face still. I didn't argue. I didn't defend myself. I just turned, shoulders heavy, and walked out, leaving the room.

I didn't head for my room. No. The walls of the mansion were too suffocating, too heavy with their eyes, their words. Olivia's voice replayed in my head.

And Levi... his face, twisted with pain, with suspicion. Why would he think I'd want to hurt him? Why would Olivia even believe for a second that I could...

The weight in my chest grew unbearable. My wolf paced inside me, snarling, restless, but even he didn't have the words to fight them off. So I did the only thing I could—I left the packhouse.

I took the stairs down two at a time, shoving past the heavy doors of the mansion until the morning air hit my lungs. My hands shook as I gripped the keys and climbed into one of the cars. The engine roared to life, and I drove—fast, reckless, needing distance, needing silence.

By the time I pulled into my own house, my head was pounding with too many thoughts. I slammed the door behind me, the echo ringing through the quiet halls. My housekeeper startled in the kitchen, but I didn't stop for explanations. I went straight to the fridge, yanked it open, and pulled out every bottle of alcohol I could carry. Whiskey. Vodka. Rum. Anything strong enough to burn.

Clutching them to my chest, I climbed the stairs to my room. Tonight, I wasn't Lennox the eldest, the leader, the strong one. Tonight, I was just a man who felt like he was losing everything—his brothers, his mate, and maybe even himself.

I dropped the bottles onto the nightstand with a loud thud, twisting open the first one without even bothering to see what it was. Whiskey. The burn scorched down my throat, but it wasn't enough. I wanted it to numb me, to drown the ache in my chest, but my body—my cursed Alpha strength—kept it from taking hold.

I grabbed another. Vodka this time. The sharp bite followed the fire of the whiskey, but still, nothing dulled. My wolf snarled inside me, angry, restless. He hated this weakness, hated the way I was trying to drown us.

"This won't fix it," he growled.

"I don't care," I muttered aloud, tipping the bottle again, the liquid spilling messily down my chin. "I just want to forget... just for a moment."

I lost track of time. Bottle after bottle, I kept drinking, each one heavier in my hand than the last. My vision blurred at the edges, my thoughts tangled, and still I forced another swallow. Any normal man would've been unconscious by now. But my body fought it, held me up.

Until it didn't.

My knees buckled, and I sank onto the edge of the bed, head swimming, chest tight with something that wasn't just alcohol. It was pain. Betrayal. Loneliness. Olivia's voice echoing in my head, Levi's accusation stabbing deep.

That's when it came.

A mind link from Louis.

"Lennox?" His voice rang through the link, calm but edged with unease.

I squeezed my eyes shut, clutching the half-empty bottle in my hand. My voice was rough, slurred at the edges. "What do you want, Louis?"

There was a heavy pause, then his tone softened, the kind he only used when he was concerned. "You're not okay. I can feel it."

My throat tightened. The bottle slipped from my hand, shattering on the floor, the sharp scent of whiskey rising with the sting in my eyes.

"Lennox." Louis's voice came again, calm but firm. "Talk to me."

I pressed the heel of my hand against my face, trying to block him out. "I don't... I don't want to do this right now." My voice cracked, betraying me.

"You don't have to," he said gently. "Just... don't shut me out."

Silence stretched. My chest heaved, breath ragged, and I hated that he could feel it, hated that he knew.

But he didn't push harder. He just stayed there in my head, steady, patient. A presence I couldn't shake, even as the alcohol blurred my thoughts.

Finally, my voice broke through the haze, low and raw. "She thinks I could hurt him, Louis... She thinks I could hurt Levi."

I heard him exhale softly, not in judgment but in understanding. "She doesn't believe that," he said carefully. "She's scared. Hurt. And so are you."

My throat tightened. I wanted to argue, but the words failed me.

"Lennox, we all know what happened was a mistake... Olivia knows that... I know that."

The burn in my throat wasn't from the whiskey anymore. It was from the words clawing their way out. My chest heaved, my vision blurred, and before I could stop myself, the truth tumbled out.

"Maybe..." My voice cracked, low and hoarse. "Maybe it'd be better if I just disappeared. If I was gone, if I—if I died... everyone would be happy. No fights, no hate. No competition."

The silence that followed was suffocating. For a heartbeat, I thought Louis might let it pass. But his voice cut through the haze, sharper than I'd ever heard it.

"Don't you dare say that."

I froze.

His voice came again, calm but iron-edged, the kind that could command a battlefield or break through the thickest fog. "Don't you ever put that thought in your head again, Lennox. Not once. Not ever."

Something in me flinched at the force of his words.

"I don't care how angry you are, how guilty you feel, or how broken this all seems," Louis pressed, his tone low but unrelenting. "You're my brother. Our mate's mate. You are not disposable, Lennox. You are not allowed to vanish just because it hurts."

My lips trembled, tears gathering in my eyes. "You don't understand—"

"I do." His answer came fast, cutting me off. "More than you think. I'm on my way to you. You're not alone in this, and you don't get to decide the world's better off without you. Not while I'm still breathing."