

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 351: Missing - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 351: Missing

Chapter 351: Missing

Louis' POV

I turned to Olivia, who stood near Levi, who had just been healed from the deep cut. She did a good job by healing him completely. A mark wasn't even left.

"I have to leave," I announced.

They turned their eyes toward me.

"Where are you going?"

"I need to be with Lennox," I answered quickly. "He's always irrational when he's angry or in pain. I have to be with him." My words tumbled out in a rush as I turned to leave, but Olivia stepped in my way.

"Isn't he in the mansion?" she pressed, worry already clouding her expression.

I shook my head. "No... he should be at his house."

"Stay with Levi," I said firmly. "I'll go check on Lennox."

Her lips parted as though she wanted to say more, but nothing came. Her silence made me frown. Didn't she feel it? Lennox was her mate. Even without his mark, she should sense his emotions—his pain, his turmoil. Unless... he'd blocked her.

Yes. That had to be it. That was why Olivia wasn't feeling him the way I did.

But what about Levi? My eyes narrowed on him. He seemed lost in thought, spacing out as if caught in something only he could feel.

I didn't waste any more time. Grabbing my keys, I rushed out and slid into the car. The engine roared to life, but my focus was elsewhere—on the thread that bound me to Lennox.

I stayed connected to him as I drove, his emotions pressing against me. Rage. Pain. A restless heaviness that wouldn't settle. My grip on the wheel tightened, but I didn't dare pull away from the bond. If he was drowning, then I needed to feel it too.

Halfway down the road, Levi's voice brushed into my mind. "Louis..." His tone was strained, laced with worry. "Let me know the moment you reach Lennox. Promise me."

His concern steadied me. My lips curved faintly, the weight on my chest easing just a little. At least Levi still cared—still loved him enough to worry. That love, that bond, hadn't been broken.

Which only made it clearer. Lennox hadn't blocked us. He couldn't. Our bond as brothers was too strong, too deep to be shut out.

It was only Olivia he had closed himself off from.

By the time I reached Lennox's house, my chest was already tight from holding his emotions. I pulled up quickly and jumped out, rushing to the front door. The housekeeper met me before I could even knock.

"Alpha Louis," she said nervously, wringing her hands. "You just missed him. He... he drove out a few minutes ago."

My heart dropped. Drove out? Panic surged through me. Lennox was drunk. How could he get behind the wheel like that?

I grabbed at the bond immediately, forcing my mind into his. "Lennox! Where are you?" I asked while rushing back to my car.

His voice came back, rough and heavy, almost slurred. "I just need fresh air. I'm fine."

"Tell me where you are," I pushed, desperate.

"No." His voice was flat now, cold. "I don't want to see anyone. I just... I want to be alone."

Fear gripped me harder than his anger ever could. My breathing quickened, my palms damp on the steering wheel. "Please, brother. Don't shut me out. Let me come to you. Just tell me where you are—"

But before I could finish, the bond snapped closed. He shut me out completely.

"No, no, no..." I muttered, slamming my hands against the wheel. My whole body shook with panic. The thread was still there, but it was silent now, locked.

I put on the car, heading back toward the mansion as fast as I could. My mind spun with fear. If he was drunk, angry, and alone—then anything could happen.

I drove as fast as I could to the mansion. Arriving, I rushed back inside, my chest burning, my head spinning with panic. I didn't stop until I got to Levi's room. I shoved the door open and found Levi on the bed with Olivia beside him.

"Olivia!" I almost shouted, my voice sharp and frantic. She stood quickly, her eyes wide.

"Louis, what is it?"

"Mind link Lennox," I pleaded, barely able to breathe. "Do it now! I can't... I can't reach him fully. Please—just try!"

She looked shaken but closed her eyes. I watched her face tense, her lips parting as if she was reaching out. Seconds dragged. Then she opened her eyes again, fear flashing in them.

"I can't," she whispered. "He's... he's blocking me."

Her words hit me like a blow. My chest tightened, fury mixing with terror. "What do you mean he's blocking you?!" I snapped, pacing the room, my hands trembling.

Olivia's voice cracked. "I can't feel him, Louis. Not his anger, not his pain—nothing. He shut me out completely. I can't even teleport to him."

"Damn it!" I slammed my fist against the wall so hard the wood splintered. My whole body shook with anger. "Why would he shut you out when he needs us most?"

Levi stirred, his face pale, his eyes worried as he looked between us.

I turned back to Olivia, desperation clawing at me. "Can't you think of him? Can't you pull him to you somehow? You're his mate—you're supposed to find him!"

Tears welled in her eyes as she shook her head. "I tried... but he's shutting me out, Louis. I can't reach him. Until he unblocks me, I can't teleport to him."

My chest heaved, rage and helplessness twisting inside me. "If you can't reach him, then how are we supposed to find him?! He's drunk, he's angry, and he's alone out there—anything could happen!"

The room fell into a tense silence, broken only by Levi's low, pained voice. "Then we'll find another way. If the bond won't guide us, we'll track him by scent... by his car... anything. But we will find him."

Silence pressed down on us, broken only by my ragged breaths. Lennox was out there—drunk, furious, alone.

Chapter 352: Everywhere

Levi's POV

The anger that had been burning in me earlier was gone, and now it was replaced by panic. A knot pulled tight in my chest as I thought of Lennox, alone, furious, drowning himself in alcohol. That wasn't good. We all knew how he handled things when the weight got too heavy.

Despite being the strongest among us—physically, mentally, in almost every way—Lennox always carried more than he should. He took failures harder, betrayals deeper, and words sharper than anyone realized. People saw his strength and assumed he could take anything. They never noticed how deeply it cut him when he felt misunderstood or doubted.

I remembered his face when Olivia turned on him earlier as she said he shouldn't have made such a mistake. I saw how it hit him. Not just as a scolding, but like a wound. To Lennox, being the eldest meant more than responsibility—it was identity, pride, and purpose. To be accused of failing, even accidentally... it gutted him.

And then me. The way I had spat my own pain back at him, accusing him of meaning it... those words weren't just anger. They had struck deep. I could see it in his eyes before he left.

Now, knowing he was drunk and blaming himself, I couldn't stop my wolf from pacing inside me. I feared what he might do. Lennox was strong, yes, but when he thought he had lost the people he cared about most, he became fragile.

And if he really believed he had lost both me and Olivia in one day... I didn't even want to think about how far he might go.

I jumped off the bed, dragging my shirt over my head with shaky hands. "We have to look for him," I said quickly, my voice sharp with panic.

Louis was already pulling on his jacket, ready to set out. Olivia didn't even bother changing out of the shirt she wore—one of Louis's—she just followed, her face pale and worried. None of us cared about appearances now. We just needed to find him.

We rushed outside, the late morning air cool against my heated skin, and piled into the car. Louis slid behind the wheel, I sat beside him, and Olivia took the back. My wolf clawed restlessly, urging me to push faster, to reach him before anything could happen.

Louis pressed his foot down, and the engine roared as we followed Lennox's scent trail. It was strong, almost overwhelming at first, leading us out of the pack grounds and deeper into the pack.

The first stop—the old training grounds. The open field was empty, silent except for the wind cutting through the grass. His scent lingered, sharp and recent, but fading.

"Damn it, he was here," I muttered, scanning the area, my wolf pressing against my skin. "But he left."

Louis scanned the field, his jaw tight. "He's not settling anywhere. That's not good."

Olivia's arms wrapped around herself. "He doesn't want to be found."

I turned to her quickly. "Don't say that. We'll find him."

We got back in the car, following the trail again.

The second stop—the cliffside by the northern woods. The one we used to sneak to as kids, when we needed to breathe away from everyone. My stomach twisted when I saw the half-empty bottle smashed on the ground, the sharp burn of whiskey in the air.

"He's drinking more," Louis said under his breath, his jaw tight. His hands gripped the steering wheel hard enough to whiten his knuckles.

But again... no Lennox.

I kicked the shards hard enough to scatter them. "He's tearing himself apart."

Olivia's voice trembled. "This is where we used to come as kids. If he's here, it means..." She stopped, pressing her lips shut.

"Means what?" I snapped.

Her eyes shimmered. "It means he's breaking."

We pressed on.

The third stop—the abandoned cabin near the river. The door hung open, creaking in the wind. His scent was all over it, heavy and strong, but he wasn't there. Just the faint sound of the river rushing, mocking the silence that stretched between us.

Olivia's hands twisted in her lap, her face pale. "He's moving around," she whispered, almost to herself. "He doesn't want to be found."

Her words hit hard.

I slammed the car door. "Then too damn bad—we're not letting him disappear."

Louis started the car again, his jaw set. "we'll keep looking until we find him."

We kept driving, the road winding farther from the heart of the pack. The scent trail was scattered now—strong in places, faint in others—as if Lennox himself couldn't decide where to go, only that he didn't want to be found.

The fourth stop—the border gates. We slowed as Louis pulled the car up to the guard post. His scent lingered heavy here, too, but when I asked the warriors, they said he had passed through quickly, not speaking to anyone. My stomach tightened.

We turned back, following the trail deeper into the territory, closer to where his own home sat tucked away in the hills.

The fifth stop—the old watchtower ruins. My wolf stirred uneasily as I stepped out of the car. Broken glass glinted at the base of the crumbled stones. Another bottle. The air reeked of alcohol and his scent. My hands curled into fists. He was drinking faster, harder.

"Damn it," I hissed, kicking the dirt. "He's drinking faster, harder."

Louis crouched, sniffing the ground, his expression grim. "He didn't stay long," he muttered. "He's drifting, restless."

I raked a hand through my hair. "Restless is one thing. Running from us? That's worse."

Olivia hugged herself tightly, her face pale in the late morning light. "He's hurting," she whispered. "He doesn't want to be found because he thinks he's a burden."

Her words sank heavily into me because she was right. That was Lennox. Stronger than any of us, but when his heart cracked, he thought disappearing was the only way to keep from breaking us too.

We got back into the car again.

We kept driving, the silence in the car heavy. Every stop only made my chest tighter, every empty place another reminder that Lennox didn't want to be found. His scent trailed us everywhere, sharp with alcohol, restless, unsettled.

The sixth stop—the riverbank near the east woods. The scent there was faint, already pulling away, carried off by the wind. Another empty bottle lay half-buried in the dirt. Olivia picked it up with shaking hands, then dropped it quickly like it burned. "He's slipping further," she whispered.

Louis's grip on the wheel tightened as he scanned the tree line. "He's running from us. He's not thinking straight."

We got back in the car. My wolf clawed at my chest, restless, angry at my helplessness. Every second wasted felt like we were losing him piece by piece.

I cursed under my breath, fists clenched. "Damn it, he's everywhere and nowhere."

Olivia pressed her forehead to the window, silent, her face pale with worry. I could feel her pain through the bond, intense and raw, as if it were my own.

We drove again, following the trail, but it was scattered now, pulling in too many directions at once. My chest ached with panic, my wolf snarling in frustration.

Finally, Louis slowed the car, his jaw tight, eyes dark as he stared ahead at the empty road. His voice cut through the silence, low but firm.

"I think... I have an idea."

Chapter 353: Lied

Louis's POV

Before either of them could question me, I established a mind link, reaching for Lennox. His presence was there—distant, muffled, locked away. I pressed harder, shoving past the haze, forcing the link open.

"Lennox!"

Nothing. Just a heavy wall. He was trying to shut me out, dousing himself in his pain.

I pushed harder. Damn it, don't do this.

"Leave me alone," his voice finally came through, hoarse and flat. I felt him trying to sever the connection.

Panic shot through me. "Wait! Don't cut me off!" My voice cracked with panic, rawer than I meant.

That froze him for a beat.

"What's wrong?" His tone sharpened instantly, and just like that, I felt his pain shoved aside. That was Lennox—no matter how broken he was, the second he thought someone else needed him, he forgot himself.

I swallowed, hating what I was about to do. "It's Levi," I said, forcing a tremor into my voice. "He... he fainted."

The silence that followed was sharp. Then his growl cut through the link. "Louis. Is this a joke?"

I clenched my jaw, acting the part. "Do I sound like I'm joking? He and Olivia had a fight. A bad one. She told him... she told him she'd reject him." I let my voice falter, shaky. "And after that... he collapsed. He's not waking up."

For a long moment, there was only his ragged breathing, heavy and uneven in my head.

"Tell me you're not lying to me, Louis," he growled, but there was fear laced beneath his fury.

"I wish I was," I said, keeping my tone flat, solid, believable. "But it happened. He's down. We don't know what to do."

A savage growl thundered across the link, my wolf flinching at the sheer force of it. "I'm coming. Now."

The link snapped shut.

I exhaled shakily, guilt clawing at my chest. Levi was fine—alive, breathing right next to me—but if this lie was what it took to drag Lennox back before he destroyed himself, then I'd bear it.

I turned to Levi, who sat stiff beside me in the car, his brows drawn. My chest tightened. "I just lied to Lennox using your illness," I admitted, the guilt sour on my tongue. "I told him you fainted after fighting with Olivia. He believes it... and he's coming back."

Levi's jaw clenched, but he didn't argue. He only looked away, his wolf restless beneath his skin. Olivia sat in the backseat, her face pale, her hands twisting in her lap. None of us liked this, but it was the only way.

We drove fast, the engine roaring as we cut through the winding roads, racing back toward the mansion. No one spoke—the silence weighed heavy, broken only by the sound of my wolf pacing inside me.

By the time we pulled into the gates, my heart was hammering. We rushed inside, heading straight for Levi's room. The healer's tools still sat scattered from earlier, a reminder of the fight that had started this spiral.

Levi lay down on the bed, his movements stiff but silent, playing his part. Olivia stood close, hovering at his side, her fingers brushing his wrist as if she were trying to soothe him.

I paced by the window, my mind focused, waiting.

Then it came—the tug of Lennox's voice through the link, sharp and heavy.

"I'm near," he growled. His tone was rough, strained, but full of panic. "Has Levi woken up yet?"

I inhaled sharply, steadying my voice before answering. "No. Olivia tried—her ability isn't waking him. He's still out."

A furious growl rumbled down the link, strong enough that Levi flinched even hearing it.

"I'm almost there," Lennox bit out, his voice shaking with fury and fear. "Don't let him slip. I'll be there in minutes."

The link cut abruptly, and silence swallowed the room.

I dragged a hand down my face, exhaling hard, before glancing at Levi and Olivia. Both looked tense, bracing for Lennox's arrival.

And so was I.

A few minutes later, the sound of fast footsteps echoed down the hall before I even had to say a word.

The door flew open with a loud bang!

Lennox stormed inside, his chest rising and falling, eyes wild and sharp. His hair was a mess, his shirt half-buttoned, and the strong scent of alcohol clung to him. But under all of that, I saw fear.

He didn't look at me. He didn't even glance at Olivia. His eyes locked straight on Levi, lying still on the bed.

"What happened?!" Lennox's voice cracked like thunder as he rushed forward. He dropped to his knees beside the bed, his big hands shaking as they hovered over Levi's chest, afraid to touch. "Levi! Damn it, wake up!"

Olivia flinched beside him. She tried to speak, but her throat caught. "I—I tried, Lennox. My ability... it isn't working."

His head whipped toward her, his eyes wide and burning. "What do you mean it isn't working?!"

I stepped forward, forcing myself not to flinch under his fury. "She tried. It didn't help. That's why I called you."

"Damn it!" Lennox barked, the sound raw and broken. His gaze snapped back to Olivia, his voice cracking with panic. "You shouldn't have said that to him... you know his

condition." His voice dropped to a hoarse whisper, fear seeping into every word. "You can't throw rejection at him—not when he's already... fragile."

Then, as if the world narrowed to just the bed, Lennox turned all his focus back to Levi.

Levi's chest rose slowly, shallow and weak, the faintest mimic of breath. To Lennox, it looked like a dying flame. His hands pressed down against his brother's shoulders, trembling, desperate. The muscles in his jaw clenched so tight they shook, his teeth grinding as if he were trying to hold back the weight of everything breaking inside him.

"Levi," he whispered, his forehead lowering until it almost touched his brother's. "Don't do this. Don't you dare leave me." His voice cracked on the last word, sharp with grief. "I can take anything—you hating me, Olivia hating me—but not this. Not you dying."

His fingers dug harder into Levi's arms, as though his grip alone could keep him here. The Alpha mask Lennox always carried, that unshakable strength, was slipping right in front of us. His breaths were ragged, his eyes wild, shining with unshed tears that he refused to let fall.

And for the first time in years, I saw him not as the eldest, not as the strongest, not as the elder brother we all leaned on. I saw Lennox as he truly was—raw, terrified, a brother who couldn't imagine his world without us standing in it beside him.

Chapter 354: Trick

Lennox's POV

My chest hurt so badly it felt like I couldn't breathe. My heart was pounding, and my eyes burned with tears I didn't want to let fall. Levi looked so weak, his breathing shallow, and I felt like the world was slipping out of my hands.

I spun toward Louis, my voice breaking. "Call the healer!" I shouted, panic shaking through me.

But Louis didn't move. His face stayed calm, too calm.

"If Olivia can't heal him," Louis said slowly, "do you really think anyone else can?"

The words hit me like a knife. My wolf growled inside, furious. My teeth clenched, and a growl rumbled from my chest. "Don't say that!" I snapped. "Don't you dare tell me my brother can't be saved!"

I pressed my hand against Levi's chest, desperate to feel something—anything. My vision blurred again, but I forced the tears back.

My chest eased a little when I felt it—Levi was breathing. Slow, steady breaths. Relief flooded me so hard I almost collapsed right there.

I bent closer, pressing my forehead to his shoulder. "Levi..." my voice cracked. "Don't ever scare me like this again. You hear me? I love you, brother. I love you so damn much. You drive me crazy sometimes, but I wouldn't trade you for anything. Not in this life, not in the next."

The confession tumbled out like water breaking through a dam. "I've carried you since we were kids, always trying to shield you... but the truth is, you're the one who's kept me alive. You and Louis. Without you, I'm nothing. Do you hear me? Nothing."

I wrapped my arms around him tightly, hugging him as if letting go would make him vanish. My wolf calmed just a little, soothed by the sound of his breathing under my cheek.

And then—

A sound.

A low, soft chuckle.

I froze. Slowly, I lifted my head. Levi's lips were curved into a small, smug smile. His eyes fluttered open just enough to meet mine, and then—he chuckled again.

"You love me that much, huh?" he teased, his voice weak but full of mischief.

My heart stopped. My mind spun.

Realization slammed into me like a blade to the chest.

He wasn't fainted.

He wasn't sick.

He was smiling.

The bastard had tricked me.

No, they tricked me.

My breath caught in disbelief, my arms dropping away as the truth hit me. "You... you've been deceiving me," I whispered, my voice trembling with rage and relief.

My whole chest felt tight, like I couldn't breathe. Relief and betrayal tangled inside me until I didn't know which one was stronger.

"You... you were faking?" My voice came out quieter, pained. I looked between Levi and Louis, my throat burning.

Levi's smirk disappeared, his eyes softening. "We had to, Lennox. You weren't listening to us. You were tearing yourself apart. We didn't know what else to do."

I swallowed hard, my hands flexing uselessly at my sides. "Do you know what it felt like—thinking I was losing you?" My voice cracked despite how angry I was at myself, and I shook my head. "I thought... I thought my brother was slipping away right in front of me. And I couldn't stop it."

Levi's teasing expression vanished completely. He reached for my arm. "I'm sorry. I really am. But I had to see it, Lennox... had to hear it. That you still cared. That you still loved me, even after everything."

I let out a shaky breath, my wolf pacing inside me, not angry—just exhausted. "I've always loved you, Levi. You and Louis both. Nothing changes that. I just... wish you hadn't forced it out of me this way."

Louis finally spoke, his voice gentle. "We weren't trying to hurt you. We just needed to bring you back."

I rubbed a hand over my face, sighing deeply. The raw ache in my chest was still there, but the anger had drained out of me. In its place was just weariness—and, reluctantly, a flicker of gratitude that Levi wasn't in danger.

"Next time..." I muttered, glancing between them, "don't trick me like this. Find another way."

Levi chuckled softly, but there was no arrogance in it now—only warmth. "Noted, big brother."

Despite the heat of my anger, the corner of my lips twitched. Just a little.

"I think we need to sit and talk." Olivia's voice finally broke the silence.

I swallowed and nodded.

She turned her gaze on me. "Can you do that now?" she asked gently, her meaning clear—my drunkenness.

Her words sank into me. Sit and talk. She was right. We needed it. But the thought of sitting here now—reek of alcohol still clinging to me, my head pounding, my emotions hanging by a thread—it felt impossible.

I swallowed hard, running a tired hand over my face. "Let me take a bath first," I murmured, my voice low but steady. "I need to clear my head before we do this."

Olivia's gaze lingered on me, worried and concerned as if she was weighing whether or not to push. Finally, she gave a small nod. "Alright. But don't take too long."

I didn't trust myself to answer with words. Instead, I rose to my feet, my steps heavy and sluggish as I turned toward the door. The silence behind me was thick, but no one stopped me.

In my room, I stripped out of my clothes and let the warm water pour over me. Steam curled around my shoulders, heat seeping into my aching muscles. I braced my hands against the tile, letting the water wash away the sweat, the stench of alcohol, the fear that had clawed its way through me.

For a long moment, I just stood there, my chest rising and falling, listening to the steady rhythm of the water. My wolf was quieter now, soothed by the cleanse, but not silent.

"They love you," he murmured, firm. "Don't push them away."

By the time I stepped out and pulled on fresh clothes, my head felt lighter, clearer. The storm inside had dulled. I was back to my sanity.

When I returned to Levi's room, they were all still there. Louis leaned against the wall, arms crossed, his eyes on me the moment I stepped inside. Olivia sat close to Levi, her hand resting lightly on his arm, her gaze lifting as I entered.

"I'm ready," I said quietly, meeting her eyes. "Let's talk."

Chapter 355: The Talk

Olivia's POV

When Lennox came back from his bath, he looked calmer. His eyes still held pain, but the anger was softer now.

"I'm ready," he said quietly. His voice was steady, but I could feel how heavy his heart was.

No one spoke for a moment. The room was so quiet it hurt. Finally, I took a deep breath.

"This has to stop," I said, authoritatively. I looked at each of them—Lennox, Levi, Louis. "The fighting, the anger... it's breaking us apart. And it's breaking me too."

Levi looked down at the floor. Louis leaned against the wall, silent but watching. Lennox just stared at me, his eyes full of emotions I couldn't even name.

"Sit," I said softly, but leaving no room for argument.

Lennox and Levi exchanged a glance, then both lowered themselves onto the edge of the bed. Louis stayed quiet against the wall until I gave him a pointed look. With a sigh, he finally pushed off it and joined his brothers.

I took the chair opposite them, my hands clasped tightly in my lap. For a moment, I just stared at the three of them—my mates. My heart. My chaos.

"You are all mine," I began, my throat tight. "And I am yours. Each of you. I love you all equally. Maybe my actions sometimes don't show it... maybe they've made you doubt it. But I know my heart. And in my heart, I could never choose one of you over the others. Not now. Not ever."

They stayed silent, watching me. Lennox's jaw was tight, Levi's eyes lowered, and Louis was unreadable.

I breathed in deeply, pressing on. "You all give me something different. That's why I need you all." My eyes fell on Lennox. "You make me feel protected. Safe. That's why whenever I'm down, I find myself pulled to you. It's not because I love you more—it's because my soul craves that shield you give me. And maybe that's why Louis and Levi think I favor you."

Then I turned to Levi, my chest tightening. "But when I need to feel heard... when I need someone who understands me without question, someone who never says no to me—it's you I go to. You've always been the one I could cling to when I felt unseen. And maybe you don't notice it anymore, maybe lately I haven't shown it the same... but think back, Levi. Remember how much I leaned on you before. That was real. It still is."

Levi's eyes flicked up at me, guilt breaking through his guarded expression.

I turned to Louis, narrowing my eyes. "And you... you're different. You're not soft like Levi. You're not protective like Lennox. You don't spoil me... you don't let me hide. You challenge me, push me, make me face things I'd rather run from. And I hate you for it sometimes... but I love you for it too."

My voice wavered, but I pressed on. "You're like a strict father with me. When I want a yes, you give me a no. Not because you don't love me—but because you know saying yes isn't always good for me. It's a different kind of love... but it's love all the same. A love that keeps me strong when I want to be weak."

I swallowed hard, my voice lowering. "Don't you see? I need all of you. Not one. Not two. All three. Because without one, I'm incomplete."

The room fell into silence again, my words hanging in the air.

I let out a shaky breath, my eyes burning as I looked at them again. "I'm sorry," I whispered, my voice breaking. "If I've ever made any of you feel like I loved one more than the others... it wasn't my intention. I don't. I can't. It's just... sometimes I feel pulled in three directions at once, and it's hard. It makes me stumble. But my heart—it's the same for each of you."

Their silence pressed in on me, and my throat tightened. I pressed a hand to my chest, right over the pounding of my heart. "Please... I need you to stop this fighting. I need you to stop tearing at each other. Because every time you do, it hurts me. It tears me apart more than you know."

I blinked back the tears threatening to fall and shook my head. "I don't want to lose any of you. I don't want to choose. I don't want this bond to break. I want you—all three of you. Not half, not pieces. All of you, together."

I swallowed hard, waiting for them to speak.

Lennox was the first to move. He leaned forward, elbows digging into his knees. He rubbed his face with both hands, dragging them down before lifting his eyes to me. His voice was low, strained.

"I'm sorry, Olivia. I should never have let things get so far with Levi. We should have talked it out like brothers, not fought over it. That was reckless." His eyes flicked toward Levi. "And I'm Levi. I know I can be possessive. Maybe my actions made it seem like I wanted Olivia all to myself, but that's not true. She's ours. I don't ever want you thinking otherwise."

Levi's throat bobbed as he swallowed hard. His eyes stayed on the floor for a moment before he finally spoke, regret clear in his face.

"My jealousy made me blind," he admitted, his voice softer than I'd heard all day. "It twisted things, made me think and say nonsense. Olivia..." His eyes lifted to me, full of regret. "I'm sorry for the stress I've caused you. For making you feel like you had to carry all this alone." His gaze then turned to Lennox. "And I'm sorry to you, too. For what I said earlier—accusing you of trying to hurt me. I know you'd never. You're my brother. I should've trusted that."

The room grew heavy with emotion, but not the sharp, angry kind. This was different—like something long overdue finally cracking open.

Louis, who had stayed quiet the longest, finally spoke. His tone was calm, almost grounding.

"Then let me apologize too," he said, his eyes sweeping over the both of them before settling on me. "On behalf of my brothers. They're still learning, Olivia—we all are."

Learning how to love you the right way. None of us are perfect, but we'll keep trying. You deserve that much."

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Chapter 356: Start all over

Olivia's POV

The room felt different now. For the first time in a long while, it wasn't filled with anger. It was quiet, gentle—like after a big storm when everything is still, but you can finally breathe again.

Tears slid down my cheeks as I gave a shaky smile. "Thank you," I whispered. "This is all I ever wanted—for us to stop hurting each other."

Lennox rubbed a hand over his face. When he looked at me again, his eyes weren't hard anymore. They were tired and open. "No more fights," he said softly. "I promise."

Levi lifted his head, his voice low. "I promise too. No more jealousy. No more harsh words. I'll work on it." He looked at Lennox with guilt in his eyes. "And no more accusing you. I was wrong."

Louis smiled. "Then we start over," he said. "Together. We're not perfect, but we'll keep trying. For you, Olivia. For all of us."

My heart squeezed so tight it almost hurt. Relief. Love. Hope. For the first time, I felt like maybe—just maybe—we could really fix this.

Lennox moved first. He knelt in front of me and took my hands, lowering his head until his forehead brushed my knuckles. "I'm sorry," he whispered.

Levi came next. He sat on my other side and placed his hand over mine too. His eyes were soft, full of regret. "Me too. I was wrong about everything."

Then Louis stepped forward, standing tall in front of us. His voice was strong. "No more pulling you apart. We'll learn to do this right."

That was it—the last piece.

I reached for them all. My fingers curled around Lennox's wrist, my other hand held Levi's, and my eyes locked with Louis's steady gaze.

Slowly, we leaned into each other. Levi's arm came around my shoulders, Lennox pressed his forehead against my temple, and Louis rested a firm hand on my back.

The four of us. Tangled. Messy. But together.

More tears fell, soaking Levi's shirt, but this time I didn't hide them. "Please," I whispered, my voice breaking. "Let this be the start. No more breaking. Just us. Together."

Inside me, my wolf stirred with approval as I breathed in the dangerous, addictive mix of their scents.

Then Lennox moved first again. He pulled me into his lap, his strong hands gripping my hips. His mouth found mine in a hard, hungry kiss. It wasn't gentle. It was possessive, full of need, like he had been waiting too long to taste me again. I gasped against his lips, and he groaned, kissing me harder, forcing my mouth open so his tongue could slide against mine.

Levi pressed against my back, his chest warm and solid. His lips brushed my neck, slow at first, teasing, making my skin break out in shivers. Then his mouth opened, sucking at the soft spot under my ear until my head fell back on his shoulder. "I've missed this," he whispered, his breath hot against my skin. His hand slid around my stomach, down to my thighs, spreading them wider.

Louis stood in front of us, watching, his jaw tight, his eyes burning with heat. He placed his hand under my chin, tilting my face up until I had no choice but to look at him. His gaze held me still, full of command and desire. Then he bent and kissed me. His mouth was rough, claiming, forcing me to give in to him. My head spun as I was caught between all three of them—Lennox's hungry kiss, Levi's teasing mouth at my throat, and Louis's steady, possessive grip.

I moaned, and they all froze for a heartbeat, like that sound broke something inside them. Then they moved at once. Hands slid under my clothes, pulling, tugging, peeling fabric away. Soon my top was gone, and Lennox's mouth was on my breast, his tongue circling my nipple before sucking hard. I cried out, arching into him, while Levi's hand slipped lower, brushing over me between my thighs, teasing until my legs trembled.

Louis's hands never stopped roaming my body. Strong and possessive, he stroked down my back, cupped my hips, then squeezed my ass hard enough to make me whimper. "You're ours," he said against my lips. "Say it."

"I'm yours," I whispered, breathless.

Clothes fell to the floor one by one until there was nothing left between us but heat. Lennox lifted me, laying me back across the bed. His body pressed over mine, his eyes wild and dark as he kissed me again, slower now but deeper, pouring everything into it.

His hand guided his cock against me, sliding between my folds until I was shaking with need. Then, with one deep thrust, he filled me. I gasped, clutching at his shoulders, the stretch sharp but perfect.

He moved hard and steady, every push driving me higher. His lips stayed on my neck, sucking, biting softly, while his hips slammed into mine.

Levi slid onto the bed beside me, his lips finding my free breast, his tongue flicking across my nipple while his hand stroked along my thigh. "You feel so good," he murmured against my skin. His other hand slid down, pressing where Lennox's thrusts made me ache, rubbing my clit in time with his brother's thrusts until I was crying out.

Louis climbed behind me, his hands lifting my hips, steadying me. He leaned down, kissing the back of my neck, my shoulder, trailing fire across my skin.

"Mine," Lennox growled, his mouth on my breast again, sucking, biting. His thrusts were wild, claiming, each one pushing me closer.

Levi moved beside me, kissing my lips, swallowing my moans. His hand stroked my hair, gentler, soothing even as Lennox pounded into me. When Lennox finally shuddered and spilled inside me, pulling out breathless, Levi slid between my legs. His eyes met mine—soft, worshipful, filled with love and need.

"I love you," he whispered before pushing inside me. His pace was different—slower, deeper, each thrust dragging out my pleasure. His forehead rested against mine, his kisses tender, his hand rubbing slow circles over my clit until I was shaking. "You're everything to me," he murmured. "Always."

I cried out his name as I came, my body clenching tight around him. He groaned, thrusting harder, faster, before spilling inside me, holding me close as my body shuddered through the release.

But it wasn't over.

Chapter 357: His Play

Olivia's POV

I lay on the bed, my heart beating fast. Louis positioned himself in front of me, his eyes dark, heavy with lust. Levi and Lennox were close too, but they stayed back, waiting. I looked at Louis, my chest rising and falling, and I whispered, "Louis... I want you to... control me. Tie me. Blindfold me. I want it."

His lips curved into a slow smile, deep and dangerous. "You want to give yourself to me?" he asked, his voice low like thunder.

"Yes," I breathed out, my cheeks warm. "All of me."

He leaned down, his hand grabbing my chin, tilting my head up. His eyes burned into mine. "Really?"

"Yes, Alpha," I whispered, my voice shaking.

"Good girl," he said, kissing me hard before pulling away.

Louis took a cloth and tied it over my eyes. Darkness fell, and my body trembled with excitement. Not seeing made everything sharper—the sound of his steps, the brush of his fingers, even my own breath. He tied my wrists to the bedposts, strong but not painful, and I gasped softly, feeling how helpless I was now.

"Perfect," he murmured against my ear. "Now, you belong to me."

I felt his hands trail down my body, slow and teasing. He didn't rush. He dragged his fingers over my skin, making me shiver. Then his lips touched my neck, sucking lightly before biting just enough to make me moan.

Behind him, I heard Levi's breath. Lennox's soft growl. Louis's voice cut through the air. "You two do not touch her until I give the word."

"Yes, sir," they said together.

I almost smiled to myself ... were they joining in the play...?

Louis moved lower, kissing between my breasts, his hand squeezing one while his tongue circled the other. I arched my back, my body begging for more, but the ropes held me down. I pulled against them, helpless, needy.

"Please," I whispered.

"Not yet," Louis said firmly. He pulled back, and I whimpered at the loss. Then I felt the bed dip—Levi on one side, Lennox on the other. I could differentiate them through their scent. Louis's voice commanded, "Kiss her. But nothing more."

Their lips brushed my shoulders, my collarbone, moving in soft, teasing touches. I gasped, my chest rising high, the heat building between my legs. I wanted more. I wanted all of them.

"Louis," I begged, "please... I need—"

Louis groaned. "Levi, lick her. Slowly. Lennox, hold her legs open. Don't stop until I say."

"Yes, sir," they answered in unison.

I gasped as Levi's tongue slid over my pussy, slow and teasing, while Lennox's hands forced my thighs wide, keeping me open. I squirmed, but Louis's hand pressed down on my stomach, pinning me.

"Stay still," he ordered. His other hand slapped my inner thigh, making me whimper. "If you move, I stop."

Levi's tongue worked harder, sucking, flicking, sending sparks racing through me. My moans filled the room. I was so close, trembling under the heat.

But just as I was about to break, Louis's voice cut sharp. "Stop."

Levi pulled away instantly. I cried out in frustration, my body shaking.

Louis leaned close, his lips brushing my ear. "You don't come until I let you. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I begged. "Please, Louis... I need..."

He silenced me with a kiss so rough it stole my breath. His hand slid between my thighs, his fingers brushing me just enough to make me cry out. "You don't get to need. You get what I give."

I moaned, my body shaking under his control. Every touch was fire. Every second he delayed made me ache more. Finally, he pushed two fingers inside me, slow, deep. I gasped loudly, my legs pulling against the ropes, but I couldn't close them. He moved his fingers steadily, twisting them just right, and I screamed his name.

Louis's breath was hot against my ear. "Not yet, Olivia. Hold it."

I cried, shaking, my body begging for release. He pulled his fingers out, and I heard him lick them clean. "Delicious," he growled.

Then I felt him push my legs wider, his hard length pressing against me. He thrust in deep, filling me in one stroke, and I cried out, the ropes holding me as he pounded into me. His pace was hard, each thrust shaking the bed.

"Master!" I screamed, my voice breaking.

"Say who owns you," he growled, his hand wrapping around my throat lightly, forcing my head back.

"You do! You all!" I gasped.

"Louder!"

"You all! You own me!"

"Good girl," he said, slamming harder.

I could hear Levi groaning, Lennox growling, holding themselves back because Louis hadn't given the word. My body was on fire, every nerve alive.

Finally, Louis whispered in my ear, "Now, darling. Come for me."

The moment the words left him, my whole body shattered. I screamed his name as waves of pleasure tore through me, harder than ever. My body shook, my breath broke, but Louis didn't stop. He thrust deeper, riding me through it, until, with a low growl, he spilled inside me, his body pressing me down into the sheets.

The ropes dug into my skin, the blindfold still tight, and all I could feel was Louis's weight, his breath, his power.

"Mine," he whispered, kissing me rough again. "Always mine."

Louis untied my wrists and removed the blindfold, his big hands gentle now. My wrists tingled where the ties had been, and as soon as the last knot came loose, I fell forward into his chest. He caught me easily, pulling me against him, his arms wrapping me up tight.

Levi and Lennox moved closer, surrounding me. Levi kissed the side of my face softly, whispering, "You were perfect." Lennox's hand stroked my hair, strong and protective. I felt safe, wrapped up in all of them.

Louis kissed my temple and held me even closer. His voice was softer now. "Rest, darling. You belong here."

I breathed out slowly, my body melting in their warmth. My head rested on Louis's shoulder, Levi's arm circled my waist, and Lennox's chest pressed to my back. For a while, there was nothing but their breathing, the steady rhythm calming me.

And then—

A sharp whisper cut through my mind.

"Olivia."

I froze, my eyes snapping open.

It was Sofia.

"Olivia, please... I need your help. It's urgent."

Chapter 358: Scared

Sofia's POV

"Olivia... please, I need your help," I said, panic spilling out of me. She was the only one I could think of in that moment, the only person I trusted enough to call.

"Where are you?" she asked immediately, her voice sharp with urgency.

I swallowed hard, my chest rising and falling too fast. "I'm in Damien's mansion," I answered quickly, almost stumbling over my words.

I heard movement on her end, a shuffle like she was already on her feet. "I'll be there in a minute." Her voice was steady, but I could feel the edge of worry behind it.

The link cut, and I sucked in a deep breath, trying to calm myself. My hands trembled as I pressed them to my knees. My heart wouldn't slow down—it pounded harder and harder, echoing in my ears. My wolf whispered inside me, urging me to breathe, to stay calm... but I couldn't. I was terrified. Too many thoughts were running through my mind, dark and heavy.

I sat on the couch, fingers twisting together, and every second felt like an hour.

Then—light flared in front of me. A sharp ripple in the air.

Olivia appeared, her form solidifying right before my eyes. She stood tall, her eyes already searching me, sharp and full of concern.

The moment Olivia appeared, the tears I had been holding back broke free. I shot up from the couch, clutching her arms before she could even speak.

"Olivia..." My voice shook, filled with panic. "Since I woke up this morning, I haven't seen Damien or our son. It's already past four... and they're still not back."

Her brows furrowed instantly, but I rushed on before she could calm me.

"I've called him. Over and over." My hands trembled as I gripped her tighter, my breath hitching. "He isn't answering. Not once. I don't know where they are. I don't know what's happening." My chest tightened, a sob slipping out. "What if he's taken him away from me? What if Damien decided—"

The words cut off in my throat, strangled by fear. My knees weakened, and I collapsed back onto the couch, burying my face in my hands. My wolf whimpered inside me, unsettled by the hollow ache where my son's presence should have been near.

"I'm scared, Olivia," I whispered through my tears. "So scared."

Olivia sat beside me and rubbed her hand gently against my back, her presence comforting me, but my chest still felt tight.

"Tell me," she said softly, "has he shown any sign... or said anything about taking the boy away?"

I sucked in a shaky breath, trying to think clearly, though my mind felt like it was spiraling. "It's been three days since my son and I arrived at Damien's mansion. And... there isn't much between us." My throat tightened as I forced the words out. "We hardly talk. And when we do—it's only about our son."

The truth stung more as I said it out loud. "He avoids me, Olivia. Like I'm a disease he doesn't want to catch. He doesn't look at me. He doesn't ask me anything. The only one he gives his time to... is our son."

My hands curled into fists on my lap, my nails digging into my skin. "I should be happy he loves him, right? That he's being a father. But the way he looks at him, the way he holds him... it feels different. Like he wants him only for himself. Like... like I'm just the mother he can throw aside."

Tears burned down my cheeks again, and I covered my face. "And now... now he's taken him somewhere without telling me. Without answering my calls. I don't know if he's safe. I don't know if he's coming back. I don't even know if Damien intends to bring him back to me at all."

I lifted my head, staring at Olivia desperately. "What if this is it? What if he's decided to cut me out completely? To take my son and leave me with nothing?"

My wolf howled inside me, restless, pacing, sensing my fear.

Olivia shook her head firmly, her tone calm, even though I could see the worry flickering in her eyes. "He can't take your son away and disappear, Sofia. This is his pack—he's the Alpha. No matter what, he will come back."

But I couldn't calm down. I shook my head hard, my voice cracking. "You don't understand. What if he comes back empty-handed? What if he hides him somewhere I'll never find him? What if I never see my son again? Olivia... what will I do then?"

My words broke into sobs, my chest heaving. I clutched her hands desperately, clinging to her like she was my only lifeline. "Please," I whispered through my tears. "Please help me. You're the only one I can turn to."

Olivia's grip tightened on mine, her eyes filled with concern for me. "I'll try," she said softly, but there was worry in her tone. "I can locate where he is—if he hasn't blocked me. If he's shielding, it'll be harder. But if not... I'll take you straight to him."

Hope flickered faintly inside me, weak but alive. I nodded quickly, too choked up to speak.

Olivia closed her eyes, her hands still wrapped tightly around mine. I felt a hum of energy, her wolf power stirring, her aura wrapping around me like a shield. A moment of silence stretched, my heart pounding in my chest.

Then her eyes snapped open, a faint glow fading from them. Her lips parted, and for the first time that day, relief brushed her face.

"He isn't blocking me," she said. "I've found him."

I gasped, my whole body jolting with desperate energy. "Take me to him—please, now!"

Olivia didn't hesitate. She tightened her hold on my hands, whispered, "Hold on," and in the blink of an eye, the room dissolved in a burst of light as she teleported us both toward Damien.

Chapter 359: Accusing

Sofia's POV

Olivia's teleport pulled us into a room, but this time the air was different—heavy with the smell of ink and old leather. An office. My eyes darted around, frantic, until I saw him.

Damien sat behind his desk, his back straight, his jaw tight. In his arms was our son, who leaned comfortably against him, playing with a pen Damien had given him. The sight should have eased me. My baby was safe. But instead, it only made my chest ache harder. His phone lay face down on the desk beside him.

I stumbled forward, my voice breaking. "Damien, why were you not picking up your calls..."

He looked up at me, his brow furrowed as he glanced at me and then back at Olivia. "So this is what you thought?" His tone was calm, too calm—dangerously so. "That I'd run away with him? That I'd take him away from you?"

The words hit me like claws to the chest. How did he read my thoughts so fast...? "You were gone all day. You never picked up your phone. I didn't know where you were. I didn't know if he was safe. What else was I supposed to think?"

Damien's eyes burned into mine, and for a moment I thought he would yell. Instead, he rose slowly, placing our son gently onto the couch beside his desk. The boy curled into the cushions, comfortable and calm, as Damien stepped closer.

His voice dropped, low as if he didn't want our son to hear. "You think so little of me, Sofia? That I would take him from you?" His chest rose and fell unevenly. "You believe I'd do something that cruel?"

I shook my head, swallowing hard. "I don't want to believe it—but you don't talk to me, Damien. You don't look at me. You only give your attention to him. And then today—you disappear without a word! My mind went to the worst place because you shut me out."

For the first time, something cracked in his mask. His jaw clenched, his voice trembling just slightly. "I would never take him away from you. Never."

I swallowed hard, glancing past him, watching Charlie giggle in Damien's chair as he spun the pen like it was a treasure. My chest swelled with relief and resentment all at once. I forced myself to face Damien again, only to find his expression unreadable, carved from ice.

"My phone was on silent. I didn't want interruptions," he said flatly. "And I told the housekeeper to inform you that Charlie and I would be late. So why the hell were you so worried? Why let such silly thoughts crawl into your head?"

My lips parted, but no words came.

He stepped closer, lowering his tone again, his eyes boring into mine. "Sofia, listen to me. If I ever wanted custody of Charlie... if I ever wanted to keep him, I wouldn't sneak around like a coward. I would tell you openly. To your face." His jaw tightened, his chest rising heavily. "But that's not what this is. Charlie needs his mother. He needs you."

My breath hitched, confusion tangling with the relief his words gave me.

Damien's gaze softened for just a fleeting second as it flicked back to where Charlie sat. "I may hate you, Sofia. I might be angry at you. But don't ever believe I would use our son against you. He's not a weapon. He's... our boy."

I blinked hard, my chest still trembling with leftover fear, but my eyes drifted back to Charlie. He was grinning as he spun the pen between his fingers, his little legs swinging happily off the couch.

"Mom!" he beamed when he saw me walking closer. "I had so much fun!" His voice was bright, pure, and free of all the worry that had been eating me alive.

My lips curved despite the heaviness in my chest. "Did you now?" I whispered, my voice breaking with both relief and love. I lowered myself onto the couch beside him, pulling

him gently into my arms. His warmth melted some of the cold that had been lodged in me all day.

He leaned into me, excited. "Daddy showed me his office! He let me sit in his chair and draw on some papers." He giggled proudly, and I couldn't help but smile through my tears, brushing my hand over his hair.

For a few moments, I let myself just breathe him in—his scent, his laughter, the sound of his joy. It calmed me more than any words could.

Behind me, I faintly heard Olivia's voice, low and steady. "She was worried sick, Damien. You have to understand that."

Damien's reply came quieter, rougher. "I didn't think... she'd believe I could do something like that."

I kept my focus on Charlie, not daring to turn. My boy's chatter filled my ears, drowning out the weight of their words. Still, every syllable sank into me, reminding me of how fragile everything between us had become.

After a moment, Olivia came to me. She stood beside me, her gaze searching mine. "Do you want me to teleport you back?" she asked gently.

I shook my head quickly, my arms tightening around Charlie. "No," I whispered firmly. "I'll stay. Thank you."

She nodded. "Call if anything comes up, okay?" I nodded, flashing her an appreciative smile before she teleported away.

Damien didn't say another word after Olivia vanished. He simply walked back to his desk, lowered himself into his chair, and picked up a stack of papers as though nothing had happened. His face was carved from stone, his focus already on the work in front of him.

I watched him for a long moment, my chest tight. Finally, I found my voice.

"Why didn't you just use the office in the mansion?" I asked quietly. "Where... where even is this place?"

He didn't look up right away. His pen scratched against the paper before he finally set it down and leaned back, his eyes meeting mine. "This is my company," he said simply. "It's new. Barely two years old."

My brows knit together. "Company?"

He gave a short nod. "It's just a few minutes' drive from the packhouse. Not far at all. But I needed space—somewhere separate. Somewhere I could work without the noise of the pack or the weight of the mansion pressing down on me."

I looked down, chewing on my lip, unsure what to say. My eyes softened when they landed on Charlie, who had slumped against the couch cushions. His little hands were still wrapped around the pen, his chest rising and falling with the rhythm of deep sleep.

Carefully, I rose and crossed the room, slipping the pen from his tiny fingers before lifting him gently into my arms. He stirred but didn't wake, his head resting against my shoulder.

I laid him down on the long sofa in the corner—the one that looked more like a king-sized lounge than office furniture. I tucked a throw blanket over him, brushing my hand lightly across his hair before stepping back.

For a moment, I just stood there, watching his peaceful face. The storm inside me quieted, even if just a little.

Then, slowly, my eyes drifted back to Damien—still at his desk, still pretending to be buried in his work, totally avoiding me.

My eyes drifted across the desk and landed on something—subtle, but enough. A faint scent clung to the corner of the desk. Sweet. Feminine. Perfume. Or maybe my mind just wanted to see it that way. Either way, my blood boiled.

"So you can sit here all day, in your little secret office, answering to no one," I snapped, my voice pained. "You can't pick up my calls, Can't even spare a moment to tell me where you are? Of course you were with a woman—that's why you refused to pick up my call."

His head shot up, his eyes narrowing. "A woman?" His voice was low and annoyed. "That's what you think of me? That I sneak around like a coward, fucking a woman while my son is in my arms? Are you insane?"

I frowned. "You don't have to deny it. After all, we are not together anymore," I spat, trying my best to hide my jealousy.

His chest heaved, his eyes burning into mine. And before I knew it, he was right before me—so close I had to tilt my head back to meet his gaze. My back hit the wall as he leaned in, his palms flat on the wall on either side of me, trapping me there.

"You drive me insane, Sofia," he hissed, his face inches from mine. "Always assuming, always pushing me, always clawing at my control—"

"I hate you," I spat, though the words trembled, unsteady. My breath betrayed me, shaky and quick, matching the thunder in my chest.

His jaw tightened, his eyes flicking down to my lips for a fleeting second before snapping back up. "Do you?" he whispered, huskily.

And then—like a dam breaking—we collided. His mouth crushed against mine, not gentle, not tender, but desperate, furious. My hands flew up to his chest, meaning to push him away, but instead they fisted into his shirt, dragging him closer. The kiss was fire, pain, and relief—all tangled into one.

For a moment, I hated him. For a moment, I loved him. And for a moment, I couldn't tell the difference.

Chapter 360: Jealous

Sofia's POV

His lips devoured mine, rough and demanding, until I thought I might drown in him. I hated how much my body betrayed me, answering him when my mind screamed to stop. His hand slid to the back of my neck, holding me in place, deepening the kiss until my knees buckled.

But suddenly, he pulled away. The heat vanished as quickly as it had come, leaving me gasping, my eyes wide. My lips tingled, my chest heaved, and for a second I couldn't breathe. Damien stared at me, his face hard, but I caught the flicker of regret in his eyes. His hand fell from my neck, and he stepped back as if the nearness had burned him.

"I shouldn't have done that," he muttered, his voice rough, strained. "I'm sorry, Sofia."

The words hurt. He turned from me before I could answer, walked back to his desk, and lowered himself into the chair. The sound of his pen scratching paper filled the room again, like nothing had happened. Like he hadn't just torn me apart and left me standing there in pieces.

My chest ached so badly it felt hard to stand. But I forced my face still, acting like I didn't care because I refused to let him see how much he still had power over me. Ignoring him, I moved over and sat on the couch beside a sleeping Charlie. The room was awkwardly silent until the sound of the door opening broke through it. I turned sharply, my chest tightening the moment I saw her.

A woman stepped in—tall, elegant, with alluring eyes that sparkled with intelligence. Her hair was neatly pulled back, and she carried herself with a confidence that made my stomach twist. The faint sweet scent that drifted in with her was the same one I'd noticed earlier clinging to Damien's desk.

My heart sank. So it hadn't been my imagination.

She carried a folder in her hand, her heels clicking lightly against the floor as she walked in like she owned here. "Alpha Damien," she greeted, her voice smooth, professional—but there was a warmth in it too, too casual for someone who should have kept their distance.

I froze, my eyes narrowing. Secretary. She had to be. But why her? Why a woman? He could have picked anyone—a man, someone less... striking. Instead, it was her.

I felt my jaw tighten as I watched Damien look up. To my shock, his expression softened—just slightly, but enough to make my blood boil. "You're here," he said, his tone low, almost... friendly.

My stomach twisted with jealousy so sharp it made me nauseous. He never spoke like that to anyone. Only to me. And now here was this woman, standing in his office with her polished smile, speaking to him as though they shared some secret language.

She placed the folder neatly on his desk, and their eyes met for the briefest second in a way that made my fingers curl into fists. My nails dug into my palms as I sat stiffly beside Charlie, forcing myself to stay quiet, forcing myself not to explode. Then, as if sensing my stare, her eyes shifted—and landed on me.

Her brows lifted in mild surprise before her lips curved into a polite smile. "Oh... you must be Charlie's mother."

The words were friendly, but they only made my chest tighten more. Charlie's mother. That was all I was to her. Not Sofia. Not Damien's woman. Just... his son's mother.

I forced a thin smile, my voice clipped. "Yes."

She gave a small nod, her eyes flicking briefly to Charlie sleeping beside me. "He's adorable. Looks just like Damien."

My throat tightened. "He looks like me too," I said quickly, a little ruder than I meant.

She blinked at my tone but only smiled again, unbothered by my attitude. "Of course. Lucky boy."

Damien finally cleared his throat, breaking the silence. "Thank you. That'll be all."

She glanced back at him, and for a second, the look they shared made my stomach churn. It was professional... but warmer than I liked. Too warm. She gave a small bow of her head, her heels clicking softly as she turned for the door.

Just before she stepped out, she looked back at me again with that same friendly smile. "It was nice meeting you."

I pressed my lips together, nodding once. "Likewise." The word was bitter on my tongue.

And then she was gone, leaving behind the faint trace of her perfume and a silence heavier than before.

I sat frozen, my fists clenched in my lap, every part of me burning. She was just his secretary... but for the first time, I wasn't sure that was all she was. And that thought alone nearly broke me.

The room went back to its awkward silence, but my mind refused to rest. Every second replayed in my head—her scent, her smile, the way Damien's voice had softened when he spoke to her. My stomach twisted, the fire of jealousy clawing up my chest until I could hardly breathe.

I hated myself for it. Hated that I cared. Hated that I was jealous.

The door opened again, and my chest tightened. It was her. Again. Her heels clicked softly as she carried in a tray. Two glasses of juice, chilled, sitting neatly on top.

"I thought you might want these," she said politely, her smile warm, directed at both of us.

She set the tray carefully on Damien's desk, then gave a small nod. "If you need anything else, Alpha, I'll be outside."

Damien only gave her a short nod before she turned and left. The faint perfume lingered behind her again, teasing my nose, taunting me.

My fists clenched in my lap. Why her? Why not a man? Why her? The questions ate at me until I thought I'd scream.

Damien's voice broke through my thoughts. "Sofia, stop."

My head snapped toward him, frowning. "Stop what?"

His eyes pinned me in place, calm and blank. "Stop fuming. Stop glaring like you'll rip her apart. Stop acting jealous."

Jealous. The word stabbed deep, and my chest flared hot. "I'm not jealous," I snapped, my voice loud as I tried to hide my jealousy.

His brow arched, disbelief written all over his face.

I lifted my chin, my lips curling into a smile I didn't feel. "Besides... I have a man. So why would I care?"

The lie slid out smoothly, but it burned my tongue. My heart pounded so hard I thought Damien would hear it.

For a second, his brows furrowed, and I thought he would explode—but he didn't. Instead, he simply bent his head and returned to the document on his desk.

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 361: Threats - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 361: Threats

Chapter 361: Threats

Damien's POV

Her words slammed into me like claws across my chest.

A man.

For a moment, I forgot how to breathe. My wolf surged forward, snarling, demanding a name, a face, blood. My jaw clenched so tightly it hurt, my knuckles whitening around the pen in my hand.

I didn't look at her. I couldn't. If I did, I might break.

Instead, I bent my head lower, forcing myself to stare at the papers spread before me, though the words swam and tangled into a blur I couldn't make sense of. My hand moved as if to write, but the pen refused to obey. I wasn't writing at all—I was clutching it so hard that the plastic groaned under the pressure, my knuckles straining white. A sharp crack split the silence, the pen snapping in my grip, ink threatening to spill, yet still I didn't loosen my hold.

She lied. She had to. If another man had touched her, I would have known. I would have smelled him on her skin, felt it burn in my wolf's bones. There was no way I could have missed it.

And yet... the way she spoke tore at me. Her voice had no pause, no stumble. It was steady, clear, and sharp. Too real. Too sure. Like she wanted her words to cut and leave me bleeding.

Charlie shifted on the couch, his small body turning, a soft sigh escaping his lips. The sound comforted me for a moment, dragging me back from the edge of my fury. I lifted

my eyes, just enough to see Sofia bend over him, brushing his hair gently from his forehead.

My chest twisted. God, I love this woman.

The thought of another man standing where I stood, near Charlie, near Sofia—it burned hotter than any flame.

"Don't," I finally said, my voice low, rough, but steady.

Her head snapped up, her brows furrowed. "Don't what?"

"Don't you ever bring him near Charlie," I growled. My wolf pressed against my skin, fighting to be let out. "If you even think of letting another man into his life, I will take him from you. Do you understand me?"

Her lips parted, but she said nothing. Her eyes shone with something I couldn't read—fear, anger, maybe guilt.

The silence stretched, sharp as a blade.

Finally, I pushed back from the desk, standing to my full height. "Get up. We're leaving."

The car ride was a graveyard.

She sat stiffly on the passenger side, her arms crossed, her face turned to the window. Not a word left her lips. My grip on the steering wheel was iron, the veins in my hands straining as my wolf paced inside me.

The lie echoed again and again in my skull. I have a man. I have a man.

I wanted to laugh. I wanted to rip the steering wheel in half. I wanted to pull over and shake the truth out of her, demand she say it again to my face, and watch her crumble.

But I didn't. I just drove.

When we finally pulled into the mansion grounds, the pack guards bowed their heads, but I barely noticed. My mind was locked on one thing—her words, her lie, the burn of jealousy I couldn't shake.

As soon as she stepped out with Charlie in her arms, I pulled out my phone, my voice cold and sharp when my Beta answered.

"Find out if Sofia has been seeing anyone," I ordered. "Check everything—every trip, every errand, every friend she has spoken to. If there's a man..." My wolf growled inside, finishing the sentence for me. I'll kill him.

I ended the call before he could answer, my hand tightening around the phone. My gaze shifted back to where Sofia disappeared inside with Charlie.

Fuming, I stripped off my jacket and tugged at the buttons of my shirt, trying to loosen the fire caged in my chest. But before I could throw myself under the shower, my phone buzzed in my hand.

I frowned, glancing at the screen. An unknown number.

For a moment, I thought about ignoring it. But something in my wolf stirred, restless. With a growl, I swiped to answer and lifted it to my ear.

"Who the hell is this?" I snapped.

A chuckle slid down the line, low and mocking. "Easy, Alpha Damien. It's Frederick."

My body stiffened, my wolf bristling instantly. "Frederick," I said, my voice sharp as a blade. "Why are you calling me?"

"To save time," he said casually, his tone dripping arrogance. "I don't like wasting words. Tell your nephews—Lennox, Levi, and Louis—to stop circling where they don't belong. Olivia... is mine."

The words detonated inside me like an explosion. My teeth clenched, and my wolf howled furiously beneath my skin. "You dare call me to spew this filth?" I growled. "Olivia is not yours."

"Ah, but that's where you're wrong," Frederick sneered. "She was given to me. And I'll make sure those triplet wolves of yours stay far away from her. If they don't, I'll bury them before they get the chance."

"Try it," I spat, my voice dropping into a dangerous rumble that shook the air. "Go ahead, lay a finger on them—touch even a strand of their hair—and see how long you survive. They are my blood, my heart walking outside my chest. I love my nephews more than my own life, and I swear to you, I would tear apart the world before letting harm reach them.

"You think your title makes you untouchable? That crown, that name, that empty power—you cling to it like it makes you a god. But I'll strip it all away. I'll rip your throne from beneath you, drag your honor into the dirt, and burn your legacy down to dust until even your ancestors choke on ashes. And when your line is nothing but a memory, when your name is spoken only as a curse, you'll understand what it means to cross me."

His laugh was harsher this time, sharper. "Such threats, Alpha. But threats don't scare me. Remember this—I don't warn twice. Tell Lennox, Levi, and Louis to stay out of my

way. Olivia is mine. And if they test me, their blood will stain the ground before the moon rises."

The line went dead.

Chapter 362: Three days

Olivia's POV

I teleported and appeared in my room. As if they had been waiting for my return, it didn't take five minutes before the door pushed open and Mother walked in. I knew she had sensed my presence through my scent. Ignoring her, I began removing my shoes, but she stepped forward and stood in front of me. I expected her to be furious... to yell at me... but she didn't. Instead, she wore a blank expression and just stared. Rolling my eyes, I stayed seated on the bed, waiting for her to speak. Finally, she drew in a sharp breath and moved to sit beside me.

"Lord Frederick was here," she muttered. I frowned, waiting for her to continue.

"He is promising doom, Olivia... He says he gives you three days, and if you don't agree to be his... he will invoke the spirit of the vow."

I turned to face her. "What does that mean?"

Mother's eyes flickered with fear. She hesitated, as though speaking the truth aloud would make it real. At last, she whispered,

"Through the blood vow, Olivia... he will give it to a witch. Once the spell is cast, it will bind you. Your body will begin to weaken, little by little. You'll fall sick, and no healer will be able to stop it. Not even you... and eventually... you'll die."

Her words crashed over me like ice water.

I froze, staring at her. "Die?" My voice broke, thin and sharp.

Mother nodded slowly, her hands twisting in her lap. "Yes. That is what the vow means. It is not just a threat, Olivia. It is a curse... one that only ends if you give in to him. Once the witch seals it, your life will slip away, day after day, until nothing is left."

The room seemed to shrink around me, the air pressing heavy in my chest. My mind raced—images of being trapped, helpless, my body failing while he stood there, waiting for me to surrender.

I clenched my fists, my voice shaking but steady enough to speak. "So, it's death... or him."

Mother turned toward me, her eyes glassy with something I rarely saw—guilt and fear. "Yes, my daughter. And he is serious. You have three days to decide."

I stood abruptly from the bed. "I'd rather die than belong to him," I hissed, my wolf snapping inside me in fierce agreement.

Mother flinched at my tone but didn't argue. She only whispered, "Be careful, my daughter. Because if you mean those words... you may very well face that choice."

I turned away, my nails digging into my palms, my body trembling with fury I could barely contain. My whole body shook with anger. My wolf growled inside me, restless and wild. I couldn't just sit in my room and wait three days for Lord Frederick to curse me. No—I had to face him now.

I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and let my power rush through me. The air around me lit up, bright and hot.

When I opened my eyes, I was no longer in my room. I was standing inside a huge hall. The walls were made of stone, tall and dark, with torches burning along the sides. The air smelled strange, like metal and smoke.

And there he was. Lord Frederick.

He sat on a chair that looked like a throne, leaning back as if the whole world belonged to him. His white hair glowed in the firelight, and his sharp eyes locked on me the second I appeared.

A slow smile spread across his face. "Well," he said, his voice smooth, "I was wondering when you would come."

My fists curled tight. My wolf growled louder. "You think I'll be yours? You think you can scare me into bowing to you?"

He leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees, his smile still there. "No, Olivia. I don't need to scare you. The blood vow will do that for me. Three days... and your body will weaken. Unless you choose me."

His words sent chills down my spine, but I stood tall and glared at him.

"Listen to me, Frederick," I said, my voice steady even though my heart pounded. "I'd rather die with my wolf than ever belong to you."

His smile grew sharper, colder. "We'll see."

I glared at him, my whole body burning with anger.

"Kill him." My wolf snarled inside me. "Just do it." She pushed harder.

My heart slammed against my ribs, my wolf pressing harder.

"Burn him. End him!" she demanded.

The fire in me rose fast, rushing through my veins. My hands lit up, flames bursting out, hot and wild. I threw them at Frederick, fire shooting across the hall. The walls shook, the heat filled the air—I was sure I had him.

But then—

With just a flick of his wrist, my fire went out. Gone. The room filled with smoke, but the flames were dead.

My chest rose and fell fast, my wolf howling inside me. "No! Again! Don't stop!"

But Frederick only laughed. His laugh was low, smooth, and full of pride.

He stood from his chair, his white hair glowing in the firelight. His eyes burned into mine as he said, "That's it? That's your big power? Fire?"

I clenched my fists, my heart racing.

Frederick stepped closer, slow and calm. His voice was sharp but steady. "Olivia, I am three hundred years old. Do you really think you're the first wolf to try killing me? I have lived this long because no fire, no magic, no power has beaten me."

His aura pressed down on me, heavy like chains. "Your flames can't touch me unless I let them."

Then he smirked, his voice dark and sure. "And I never will."

He took more steps toward me, and when he got much closer, his hand shot out fast, cold as ice, and wrapped around my throat. His grip was firm but not crushing, just enough to remind me who held the power here.

I didn't fight. I didn't claw at his hand or try to pull away. My wolf roared inside me, begging me to strike again, but I stayed still. My eyes locked with his, refusing to give him the satisfaction of seeing me scared.

Frederick's lips curled into a cruel smile as he leaned closer. "Do you even know what I did, Olivia?" His voice was low, heavy, each word like a stone pressing down on me. "If not for me... you, your precious Hailee, your entire bloodline... would have been ashes long ago."

My chest tightened, not from his grip but from the weight of his words.

His eyes glowed, rare and merciless. "I saved Hailee. I risked my life to let her live. And because Hailee lived, you were born. You exist because I let it be so." He squeezed my throat just a little, enough to send sparks of pain down my neck. "That means you belong to me, Olivia. You always have."

His breath was cold against my ear as he whispered, "And soon... you will be mine fully. Body. Soul. Wolf. Everything."

Chapter 363: The Man They Wanted

Olivia's POV

"Get your hands off me," I snapped, yanking his grip away from my neck and stumbling back a step. I glared into his eyes... "I will never belong to you, Frederick... never," I spat.

He smirked, slow and dark, a devilish twist of his lips that made my stomach knot. "We shall see."

I wanted nothing more than to scorch him where he stood, to burn him into nothing with the fire that pulsed inside me. But I knew it would be useless against him. So instead, I vanished. Teleporting away, I landed back in my room—only to find I wasn't alone. This time, it wasn't just Mother waiting for me. Calvin was there too.

The moment I appeared, their faces told me everything—fear, worry, silent questions. I ignored them both and grabbed the bottle of water from my side table.

The water was cool against my throat as I gulped it down, but it didn't wash away the burning in my chest. My hands still trembled from the anger I had barely contained. When I set the bottle down, I finally looked at them—Mother and Calvin. Both of them were staring at me as though I'd walked out of a warzone.

Mother's face was pale, her hands twisting in her lap. Calvin, though... his jaw was tight, his fists clenched at his sides. Concern was etched into both their faces, but his eyes—sharp, stormy—never left mine.

"Olivia," Mother whispered, her voice shaking. "You went to him, didn't you?"

I didn't answer. I just crossed my arms, leaning back against the table. My silence was answer enough.

Calvin stepped forward, his voice low, tense. "Why the hell would you face Frederick alone?" His gaze searched me, fierce but laced with worry. "Do you have any idea what he could've done to you?"

My lips curled into a bitter smile. "He already promised what he'll do, Calvin. Three days. If I don't bend, he'll kill me. You wanted me to sit here and wait for that?"

His fists tightened, his chest rising and falling unevenly. For a moment, he didn't say anything. Just stared at me like he was trying to hold himself back.

Mother spoke again, her voice trembling. "What did he say to you?"

I laughed bitterly, shaking my head. "What did he say to me?" My voice cracked, but anger carried it. I turned my eyes on both of them, fire burning hot behind my glare.

"Isn't this the man you all wanted me to be with?" I spat. "The one you praised? The one you said was powerful, safe, worthy? Look at him now. That same man is ready to kill me if I don't belong to him."

Mother's lips parted, her face paling even more. She looked like she wanted to deny it, to say it wasn't true, but she stayed silent.

I took a step forward, my hands trembling at my sides. "Do you see now? Do you understand what you were asking of me? You weren't giving me a choice. You were pushing me into the arms of a monster." My voice broke, but I didn't stop. "And now that monster is counting down the days to my death, unless I give myself to him like some prize."

Calvin's jaw clenched, his eyes darkening as if my words were cutting straight through him. His fists tightened, but his voice, when it came, was low and rough. "I never wanted this for you," he said, his tone tight with guilt.

I shook my head, blinking back the hot sting in my eyes. "But it happened. And now I'm the one paying for it."

I turned away from them, my anger intensifying. "Please, both of you leave," I ordered, my back still turned against them.

Behind me, I heard Mother's voice break, soft and trembling. "Olivia..."

But Calvin cut her off. "Mother, we should let her be."

There was a pause. But I knew they were still there, still watching me. My wolf paced inside me, restless, snarling that they should leave.

Soon, I heard footsteps, and then the door opened and closed.

Realizing they were gone, I turned around and walked over to the bed. I sat on the bed, thinking of what to do... I wasn't taking Frederick's threats lightly. By the look in his eyes, I knew he meant every bit of his threats, and that got me so worried.

I dragged my hands down my face, sucking in a sharp breath. My thoughts shifted suddenly towards Anita.

Why hadn't I heard anything about her? Why had no one mentioned her since the last time I saw her? My chest tightened. Was she dead already?

I stood abruptly, my wolf urging me forward. I had to see her. The corridors of the packhouse stretched before me, cold and silent. My footsteps echoed as I made my way to the lower levels, down the winding stone stairs, until the air grew damp and heavy. The dungeon.

The guards at the entrance stiffened when they saw me, but I didn't pause. One glare was enough to make them step aside, their heads bowed.

The smell that hit me first was iron, then dampness. And then I saw Anita.

She was slumped against the wall of her cell, her once-bright eyes dull, her skin pale, lips cracked. Her hair hung in messy strands around her face, and her body looked so frail it made my stomach twist. She looked dead.

My steps faltered as I moved closer to the bars. For a moment, I thought she might already be gone—but then, barely, I saw her chest rise and fall.

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

Her head turned weakly, her dull eyes finding mine. A broken sound slipped from her lips, almost like a laugh but too fragile to hold shape. "So... you came after all," she rasped, her voice cracked and dry.

I swallowed hard, my wolf pressing inside me, torn between pity and fury. This girl had hurt me, betrayed me in ways that still stung. And yet, seeing her like this—reduced to nothing but skin, bone, and sorrow—made my heart twist.

She shifted against the wall, her lips trembling. "Olivia... do me one kindness."

I frowned, gripping the cold iron. "What do you mean?"

Her gaze wavered, tears welling faintly in her tired eyes. "Tell your brother... to kill me."

The words hit me like a blade.

My wolf growled, unsettled, pacing in confusion. She wants death?

Anita coughed out thick blood, spilling it on the hard floor. "I can't... live like this. Not after what I've done to you. Not after what he's done to me." Her voice was trembling. "Better an end by your brother's hand... than wasting away in this cage."

Her body shuddered, her tears streaking down her pale cheeks. "Please... tell him to do it. Please."

Chapter 364: The Only Way

Olivia's POV

Pity. That was the first thing I felt watching Anita beg for death. But as quickly as it came, pity was replaced with anger. Hot, sharp, bone-deep anger. It was as if my wolf was replaying every wound Anita had carved into me. Every humiliation. Every betrayal. If she had been given the chance to drive a dagger through my heart, she would've done it without hesitation. I knew that. She would not have pitied me. So why should I pity her?

My jaw tightened, and my nails dug into my hands. The sound of her voice—weak, begging, echoed in the dungeon like a sad cry. But all it did was remind me of how many times she laughed while I cried.

"Good girl," my wolf purred, her voice fierce and pleased. "Don't forget who she is. Don't forget what she's done."

I stared at Anita's frail body slumped in chains, my chest rising and falling with uneven breaths. For a fleeting second, I wondered if I should tell my brother, if I should grant her request for mercy. But the thought twisted in me like a blade. Mercy for her? After everything?

No.

I took a slow step closer to the bars, meeting her hollow gaze with mine. "You want death?" I whispered, my voice low, almost trembling with the pain inside me. "You should've thought of that when you made me wish for mine."

Anita sobbed loudly, her body shaking as she pulled weakly against the chains. "Please, Olivia... please just let me die. You've won. You're the winner. What more will you gain by leaving me like this?" she choked with pain.

My lips twisted into a bitter smile. "Everything. I will gain everything."

I stepped closer to the bars, letting her see the hate burning in my eyes. "Anita, your death would be too easy. Too quick. Too merciful. But keeping you alive?" My voice dropped into a low whisper. "That means you will feel what I felt. The helplessness. The shame. The endless days where every breath is a curse."

Her face crumpled as she shook her head, tears streaking down her hollow cheeks. "No, please... don't do this. I was wrong. I know I was wrong!"

"And that is why you will pay for your wrongdoings." My chest rose and fell heavily, my wolf pacing inside me, her growl vibrating with satisfaction.

"Do you hear that?" I whispered, leaning closer to the bars. "That's my wolf. And she's not begging for your death. She's savoring your suffering."

Anita's cries filled the dungeon, echoing off the walls. But I didn't flinch. I didn't let my heart soften.

Because for once, I wasn't the broken one. She was. And I wasn't going to let her escape so easily.

"Have a nice day, Anita," I said and didn't wait to listen to her cries before storming out of the dungeon. Her loud cries filled the dungeon, but I ignored them. For once I didn't want to be that kind-hearted girl everyone knew me to be. Maybe if I started hardening my heart, people would stop trampling on me like a rag. Speaking of that, I had to focus on Frederick. I couldn't be called the special one and fall so easily to him. There had to be a way. There had to be something.

With that thought burning in my chest, I teleported to the witch hunt. She was already seated on the ground, her head bowed low, lips moving in heavy incantations.

"I was waiting for your visit," she said calmly the moment I landed, without looking up at me.

I stepped forward until I stood right before her. "I need your help."

"Sit." She gestured toward a single couch.

My wolf paced inside me, restless, but I kept my face calm as I lowered myself into the single couch she had pointed to. The air here smelled of herbs and ash, a heavy scent that clung to my skin.

"I need your help," I said again, firmer this time.

Finally, she lifted her head. Her eyes, strange and glowing faintly, locked on mine. "I know why you are here," she said slowly. "Frederick."

The name alone made my jaw clench.

The witch tilted her head, studying me like I was a puzzle she'd already solved. "He has threatened you with the blood vow. Three days until you will be struck with a strange illness no one, not even you, can heal yourself."

I didn't flinch, though my stomach twisted. "Yes. And I will not give myself to him. I won't. I need to know how to stop him. How to defeat him."

She smiled faintly. "Defeating Frederick is no small task, Olivia. He is three centuries old. His power is not just his own—it is layered with protection, charms, and the blood of those he has conquered. Fire will not burn him. Blades will not pierce him. And your abilities will have no effects on him. Not as he is now."

Her words sent a chill down my spine. "Then what do I do?"

The witch leaned forward, her voice dropping low. "Power as old as his can only be broken by one thing—the origin of his bond. To fight Frederick, you must first uncover the secret of his immortality. Somewhere, hidden, he has hidden his soul. Destroy that, and his body will follow."

I blinked, my heart pounding. "His... soul?"

"Yes," she whispered. "A vessel. His soul is hidden in a vessel. Until you find it and destroy it, you will never defeat him."

I sat back, my hands curling tight in my lap. My wolf growled, uneasy, but a spark of hope lit in my chest. If what she said was true... then Frederick wasn't invincible. He could be killed.

I swallowed hard, lifting my gaze to meet hers. "Where can I find this vessel?"

The witch shook her head slowly. "No one knows... no witch can see it. It is cloaked in a charm far older than I. You must find it yourself. That is the true task. But once you do, once you hold it in your hands, set it aflame. Destroy it. And then—even the slightest wound will be enough to end him."

Chapter 365: The Plan

Olivia's POV

It was past midnight, and I still couldn't force myself to sleep. I lay on my bed staring at the ceiling, but my mind wasn't quiet. I turned to my side and pulled my blanket tighter, but it didn't help. My chest felt heavy, my thoughts restless. Where was I supposed to start? I knew nothing about Lord Frederick—nothing about his past, his friends, or even his weaknesses. He had lived for three hundred years. That meant his vessel could be anywhere. But where?

Frustration bubbled up inside me. I sat up, rubbing my hands against my face. "But how?" I whispered into the silence. "How do I even begin?"

My mind raced as I thought of him. A man like that—no, a monster like that—wouldn't entrust his vessel to just anyone. It would be somewhere close. Somewhere personal.

The thought made my chest tighten. That meant I would have to get closer to him. I would have to study him, watch him, maybe even act to be with him. The very idea made my skin crawl.

I pushed to my feet, pacing the room. "No matter what," I muttered, "I'll find it."

I stopped pacing, my breaths heavy. This wasn't something I could keep to myself. The triplets had to know. Whatever danger I was walking into, they deserved the truth.

Closing my eyes, I let my power surge. In the blink of an eye, I teleported.

When I opened them again, I was standing inside Lennox's room. He was at the edge of his bed, pulling the blanket back. His head snapped toward me, his eyes widening for a second before softening.

"I was just about to contact you," he said quietly, his voice holding that mixture of relief and concern that always made my chest ache.

I didn't waste time. "Louis, Levi," I mind-linked. "Come to Lennox's room."

I felt their acknowledgment at once, the pull of the bond sparking. Within minutes, they arrived—Louis with a concerned look and Levi with his eyes already sharp with questions.

They all looked at me, waiting to hear what I had to say.

I drew in a shaky breath, forcing myself to steady. "There's something you need to know," I began, my voice a little tense. "Mother... she told me about Frederick's threats."

Their expressions hardened instantly.

I went on, holding their gaze. "He's not just threatening me with anything, but he has a blood vow. If I don't agree to be his within three days, he'll hand it to a witch. The spell will bind me. My body will weaken. I'll fall sick... and then die."

Levi's jaw dropped. Louis' fists clenched. Lennox's whole body went rigid, rage flashing in his eyes.

I swallowed and pressed on. "That's not all. To find a way to defeat him, I have to know where his vessel is. A vessel where his soul is kept. I need to find it and destroy it. And the only way to figure that out..." My chest tightened. I forced the words out anyway. "...is to get closer to him. To act like I'm willing to accept being his."

For a long second, no one spoke. The room was so silent I could hear the pounding of my own heart. Then, as if a string snapped, all three of them reacted at once.

"No." Lennox's voice was a growl, sharp and ragged. His chest heaved, his fists balling so tight I thought his knuckles might break. "You are not going near him. Not for this. Not for anything."

"Olivia," Levi cut in, his voice louder, rough with disbelief. His eyes blazed, his wolf pushing hard against the bond. "Do you even hear yourself? Pretend to be his? Act like you're willing? Over my dead body." He shoved a hand through his hair, pacing, his anger radiating in the room. "You don't need to get close to him—you have us. We'll find another way."

Louis didn't pace. He stood very still, his gaze locked on me, unreadable at first—until I saw it. The rage gathering in his eyes, the deep protectiveness that came with his silence. "He wants you to bend to him," Louis said flatly, his jaw tight. "And now you think we'll allow you to play along? No. That's not happening." His words weren't loud, but they carried weight like steel.

Lennox stepped closer, his wolf pressing so hard against mine I felt it in my bones. "Do you know what it does to me—just the thought of him touching you?" His voice cracked with fury. "I won't allow it. I'll kill him before I watch you take one step toward him."

Levi stopped pacing and snapped his head up at me. His eyes were wild, his wolf clawing close to the surface. "You're mine, Olivia. Ours. Not his. Don't you dare even think of giving him that satisfaction."

I knew they wouldn't bend easily. But I also knew I had to win Lennox over. Once he agreed, the other two always followed. It had always been that way.

I turned to face Lennox. "Please—listen to me. This is the only way. If I don't get close to him, I'll never find the vessel. And if I don't find it, I can't destroy it. You think I want this? You think I enjoy even imagining being near him? No! But it's the only path I see."

Lennox's face darkened, his jaw locked tight. "No, Olivia. I said no. I don't care what plan you think you have—getting close to him is not an option." His voice rumbled like thunder.

"Lennox, please!" I begged, my throat tight. "If there was another way, I'd take it. But there isn't. If I don't do this, I'm dead in three days."

Levi stepped forward, his hands shaking as he pointed at me. "And what happens if he touches you? If he hurts you? You think we'll just sit back and watch while you play his little game? I'd rather die fighting than see you pretend to be his."

My chest burned, frustration building up inside me. "You don't understand—I'm doing this for all of us! If I don't try, we all lose. Do you want me to just sit here and wait to die?"

Louis's voice cut in, low and firm. "We'll find another way. But not this." His words were final, like a stone wall slamming down.

Something inside me snapped. My voice rose, sharp and trembling with fury. "This is why I don't tell you things! Because all you ever say is no. You never listen! You don't trust me to make my own choices. You act like I'm weak, like I'm reckless, when I'm the one who has to carry this curse!"

Lennox's eyes blazed, and for a second he looked more wolf than man. "And maybe you are reckless," he spat, his words like claws raking across my heart. "Running headfirst into danger without thinking of what it does to us—what it does to you."

The room went silent, his words hanging heavy in the air. My breath caught, and I stared at him, my chest aching with more than just anger now, hurt.

Chapter 366: I have to do it

Olivia's POV

I felt like teleporting away like I always did when anger consumed me, but this time, my feet refused to move. It was as if the floor itself held me in place. My chest rose and fell heavily, my glare locked on Lennox. Not because I hated him. No, never that. But because, as always, he refused to let me have my way. He never did. And suddenly, a memory struck me like lightning.

We were younger. I was no more than ten, sitting on the edge of the riverbank with my bare feet dipped in the water. I had wanted to cross, to prove I was brave enough. But Lennox had stood there, arms crossed, his face stubborn even then.

"No, Olivia. It's too deep."

I had pouted, snapping back, "You're not my father, Lennox!" Then I had jumped in anyway, thinking I could swim across. But the current was stronger than I imagined. It had pulled me down, choking me, swallowing me.

I would have drowned.

But Lennox had been there. He always was. He had leapt in after me, dragging me back to shore, his body shaking with fear and fury as he yelled at me.

"Do you want to die? Don't ever do that again!" His voice had cracked, his eyes wet, but he hadn't let me go until I promised I'd listen next time.

And now, looking at him in this room, his fists clenched, his chest heaving, it felt exactly the same. He wasn't just angry. He was scared.

I swallowed hard, my glare faltering for a moment, and then without saying a word I lowered myself onto the single-seater couch. Silence weighed heavily in the room as the four of us sat without speaking. Each of us was waiting for someone else to break it, and it was never going to be me. Lennox moved away, leaning against the wall, his arms crossed tightly over his bare chest, muscles flexing with the motion, his skin catching the dim light of the room.

My eyes betrayed me.

Before I could stop myself, they trailed over him—slow, unwilling sweeps across the lines of his chest, the slope of his shoulders, the veins that stood out along his arms. My wolf stirred instantly, heat rolling through me, her voice low and seductive.

"Hottie."

My breath caught. For a heartbeat, the world narrowed to just him—the rise and fall of his chest, the sharp set of his jaw, the way his eyes lingered on me as if he already knew where my thoughts had gone.

But I shook my head quickly, tearing my gaze away. My nails dug into the fabric of the couch as I forced myself to look down. "Not now," I whispered under my breath, though I wasn't sure if I was speaking to my wolf or to myself.

My wolf growled softly inside me, restless, unsatisfied.

I noticed Levi sitting on the edge of the bed across me and Louis took the couch beside me. And again the awkward silence hung in the air. Louis leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, and Levi... Levi's eyes stayed fixed on me.

Finally, he spoke.

"So what's your plan, Olivia?" His voice was calm, steady—but it carried weight. "If you want to do this, then tell us how. Step by step. How do you mean to get close to him? How do you plan to find the vessel?"

I wasn't surprised. Levi almost never said no to me. My chest ached with the memory of when we were kids, when Lennox and Louis told me I wasn't allowed to climb the tall tree behind the mansion. I had begged, pouted, even shouted, but they had held firm.

"No," Lennox had said flatly, his voice sharp.

Louis had echoed, his arms folded. "It's dangerous. Don't be stupid, Olivia."

Only Levi had sighed, looked at me with those soft eyes, and whispered, "Fine. I'll help you, but don't tell them."

That was Levi. Always giving me yes when I wanted it most.

He had led me by the hand, whispering instructions while I climbed higher. He'd been terrified for me—anyone could see that—but he had let me try. Because I had wanted it.

And even though I'd fallen a few minutes later, scraped and bruised, I had smiled through the pain. Because Levi had believed in me, when no one else would.

Now, sitting across from him, I saw the same thing in his eyes. That flicker of trust. That silent vow that if I insisted, he would stand with me.

I swallowed hard, my lips pressing together before I finally said, "The plan is simple. I get close. I act like I'm considering him. He'll let his guard down. That's the only way I can learn where his vessel is. And once I know..." My wolf growled low inside me, "...we destroy it."

Lennox groaned but didn't say a word, and then Levi spoke.

"You know Frederick isn't just an ordinary vampire..."

"I know." I cut Levi off. "That is why I will be very careful. There is no other way," I said firmly, trying to make them understand. "You can search every corner of this world, fight every battle, and spill as much blood as you want—but none of that will matter if we don't know where his vessel is. And the only way to learn that... is through him."

Lennox pushed off the wall, his arms still crossed but his jaw tight. His glare fixed on me, but I didn't flinch.

"I'm not a child anymore," I pressed, heat rising in my chest. "I can take care of myself. I have my abilities—my fire, my strength, my wolf. I'm not some weak girl who needs to be hidden away while you three risk your lives on my behalf."

Levi's brows furrowed, his lips parting as if to argue, but I cut him off before he could.

"I need to do this," I said, sharper now, leaving no room for argument. "If I don't, then what's the point of all this power? What's the point of being who I am if I can't use it to protect myself—and all of you?"

My words hung in the air, heavy, sparking tension like lightning.

Lennox's growl rumbled low in his throat, his wolf pushing hard against mine, fierce and angry. "And what happens when he touches you, Olivia?" His voice was harsh, almost breaking. "When he wants to have you? You think your fire will protect you from that?"

I froze, his words hitting deeper than I wanted them to.

But still, I lifted my chin, fire flaring in my chest. "I won't let him touch me. I have a plan for that."

Louis leaned forward then, his voice trembling with more worry than anger. "And if your plan costs you your life? If we lose you because of this? You think any of us will survive that?"

Chapter 367: Agreed

Olivia's POV

I felt their fear. It was thick in the air. I could see it in Lennox's clenched fists, in Louis's worried stare that tried too hard to mask his worry, in the way Levi's eyes wouldn't stop following mine as though he was afraid I'd disappear if he blinked. And somehow... I understood. They weren't just angry at me. They were terrified. Terrified of losing me. Terrified that if I walked into Frederick's arms, I wouldn't come back out.

My chest ached, my wolf whimpering at their pain. For a moment, the fight in me softened. I wanted to scream at them, but instead I breathed, composing myself.

"I know what you're scared of," I whispered, my voice softer now. "I know you're afraid of him taking me. Of him hurting me." My eyes swept over each of them, meeting their worried gazes with as much calm as I could muster. "But you have to understand... doing nothing terrifies me more. Sitting here, waiting to die—that isn't me."

I placed a hand on my chest, feeling my wolf stir. "I was born with these abilities for a reason. I won't waste them. Not even for your fear."

The silence stretched until Lennox finally cursed under his breath. His fists dropped to his sides. "Fine," he muttered. "I hate it. I hate all of this. But you're right. Waiting won't save you."

Levi leaned forward, a big frown etched on his face. "I don't like it either. But if you go, I go. I'll be watching every move he makes. If he tries anything—I'll kill him."

Louis spoke last. His voice was calm, but I could feel the worry under it. "Then it's decided. You'll act close to him. But you will not be alone. We'll stand with you. Always." His eyes locked on mine. "Promise you'll call us the second it gets too much."

My throat closed up, and my eyes stung. They still hated it, I knew that. Every line of their bodies screamed it. But they were choosing to stand beside me anyway.

I nodded slowly, my voice barely there. "Thank you. All of you."

"When do you start?" Lennox asked immediately. I looked up at him, my lips pressing together before I answered.

"Tomorrow."

He gave one sharp nod. "Okay." Then his eyes softened just a little. "But for tonight... come to bed."

For the first time since we began this conversation, I smiled. A small one, but real. Without another word, the four of us shifted together. Lennox got into the bed, Levi kicked off his boots, and Louis slid closer to make space. I climbed in between them, the warmth of their bodies pressing against mine like a shield.

It wasn't perfect. Fear still lingered in their eyes, and my heart still carried the weight of what tomorrow would bring. But here—here I felt safe.

I curled into the comfort of them, my head resting against Lennox's chest, Levi close at my back, Louis brushing his hand lightly against mine.

"I love you three," I whispered into the quiet room, my voice breaking.

Three voices answered at once, overlapping, fierce and tender all at once:

"We love you too."

A kiss landed on my forehead—gentle, lingering—and then another. Their warmth surrounded me, their scents grounding me, their wolves humming softly against mine.

"Goodnight, Olivia," Lennox murmured.

"Goodnight, love," Louis echoed softly.

Levi's voice came last, low against my ear. "Goodnight, my love."

While a big smile spread across my face, I closed my eyes. Warmth. That was the last thing I remembered before sleep stole me. The warmth of their bodies wrapped around me, the steady thrum of their heartbeats, the comfort of belonging to them. For once, I didn't dream of Frederick. I didn't dream of running or of fear. I dreamed of nothing but peace.

But when my eyes fluttered open, the bed was empty. Cold sheets pressed against my skin where Lennox, Louis, and Levi had been. My hand reached instinctively across the mattress, but found no one.

My chest tightened, a small frown spread across my face. But suddenly the faint sound of running water reached my ears. Relief spilled through me, loosening the knot in my chest.

I slipped from the bed, walking softly across the room toward the bathroom. Steam curled from the crack beneath the door, carrying with it the scent of him. Lennox.

Pushing the door open, I stepped into the misty warmth. And there he was.

Water cascaded over his broad shoulders, rivulets racing down his back and chest, the muscles flexing as he tilted his head under the spray. His dark hair clung to his forehead, droplets sliding over his jaw. When his gaze caught mine, his lips curved into that smile—the one that always undid me.

"Couldn't stay away, could you?" he murmured, his voice husky, low, like velvet dragged over my skin.

Heat flared through me. I shook my head once, unable to tear my eyes from him. He lifted a hand, palm out, beckoning me closer. My feet moved before my mind caught up, carrying me into the shower with him.

Warm water poured over me, soaking my hair, my clothes clinging until Lennox's hands found me. He tugged me against his chest, his heat eclipsing everything else. His mouth brushed my temple before trailing lower, lingering at the corner of my lips.

I tilted my head back, giving in. His lips crashed onto mine, hot and relentless, tasting of all the fear, love, and frustration we'd held back. The kiss deepened, his tongue sliding against mine, a growl vibrating through his chest as his grip tightened on my waist.

My fingers tangled in his wet hair, pulling him closer. The world outside—the fear, the danger, the plan for today—ceased to exist. There was only Lennox. His mouth. His touch. The way he devoured me like I was the only thing he'd ever need.

"Mate," he groaned against my lips, his voice rough with desire. His hands roamed my body slowly, as if memorizing me all over again.

I gasped into his mouth, pressing myself flush against him. "Lennox..." My voice trembled with desire.

"Fuck me."

Chapter 368: Shower

Olivia's POV

Lennox's answering growl rumbled against my lips, vibrating through my chest as if my very bones responded to him. His hands slid down, gripping the hem of my soaked clothes, tugging them upward. The wet fabric clung stubbornly to my skin, but he tore it away piece by piece, stripping me bare until the steam wrapped around every inch of me. His gaze burned as it swept over me, hunger blazing in his eyes.

"Mine," he whispered, almost reverent, before dropping to his knees. The spray of water rained down over both of us as his hands spread my thighs apart, his breath ghosting hot against my core. My knees trembled, but his grip kept me steady, anchoring me against the shower wall.

The first touch of his tongue made my head fall back, a gasp tearing from my throat. He licked me slowly, teasing, savoring, before diving deeper, his mouth claiming me with a hunger that made my wolf howl inside me. His tongue circled, lapped, and flicked until my body writhed against him, my hands tangling desperately in his wet hair.

"Lennox..." I moaned, my voice breaking, the sound echoing off the tiled walls.

He growled against me, the vibration making me shudder as he devoured me, drinking in every sound I made. My legs threatened to give way, but he held me firm, his mouth working me closer and closer to the edge until I was unraveling in his hands.

When he finally pulled away, his lips glistened, his eyes wild and dark with need. He rose in one fluid movement, pinning me to the wall, his mouth crashing back onto mine. I tasted myself on his tongue, the mingled heat between us dizzying.

My trembling fingers slid down his chest, wrapping around the thick length of him, stroking once, twice, before I sank to my knees in front of him. The water poured over us, steam rising as I took him into my mouth. His head dropped back, a deep, guttural sound spilling from his throat as my tongue worked him, sucking hard, taking more until his hands tangled desperately in my hair.

"Fuck, Olivia..." he groaned, his voice ragged, his body shaking with restraint.

I hollowed my cheeks, tasting every inch of him, loving the way his control frayed with every movement of my lips. When I finally released him, his breathing was heavy, his eyes wild with lust.

He yanked me back up, spinning me to face the wall, his chest pressed hot against my back. His hands slid down my hips, gripping hard, positioning me.

"You want this?" he growled in my ear, his voice deep, dangerous, trembling with need.

"Yes," I gasped, arching into him. "Please, Lennox."

With a fierce growl, he thrust into me, filling me completely, stretching me until a cry tore from my throat. Lennox's growl ripped through the steam as he drove into me again and again, his hips slamming against mine with unrelenting force. Each thrust stole my breath, dragging sounds from my throat I couldn't control. The shower wall was cold beneath my palms, but his heat against my back consumed me, filling me until nothing existed but him.

"Fuck, Olivia..." he snarled into my ear, his teeth grazing my neck. His pace quickened, deeper, harder, until sparks burst behind my eyes. My wolf cried out, clawing for release, for the bond, for him.

"Lennox!" I gasped.

He reached around, his hand slipping between my thighs, circling my swollen clit with ruthless precision. My legs buckled, pleasure crashing through me like lightning. My release tore me apart, shattering me against him as my scream echoed in the mist.

Lennox's thrusts grew rougher, frantic, his chest vibrating with another guttural growl. He buried himself deep one last time, his body shaking as he spilled inside me, his breath hot and ragged against my ear. For a long moment, we clung to each other, our bodies trembling, our breaths mingling in the steam.

I thought it was over. I thought we'd collapse against the tiles, spent. But then—

A low chuckle rumbled from behind us. "So..." a voice drawled, rich and teasing, "we're having fun without me?"

My eyes flew open, my heart lurching. I turned my head just enough to see Levi leaning against the bathroom doorframe, water droplets from the steam clinging to his dark hair, his smirk both wicked and hungry. His eyes burned as they roamed over me, still pinned to the wall, Lennox's hands possessive on my hips.

"Levi—" I breathed, heat flooding me all over again.

He stepped forward, closing the distance with deliberate slowness, every movement radiating dominance. His hand caught my chin, tilting my head so I had no choice but to meet his gaze.

"Tsk," he murmured, his thumb brushing over my swollen lips. "And here I thought you'd wait for me."

In one swift motion, Levi scooped me into his arms, carrying me out of the shower and setting me down on the bathroom counter. My back pressed against the cool surface, steam curling around us as his hands slid down my thighs, forcing them apart.

His smirk widened, his voice low and seductive. "Open wider for me, love."

Levi bent forward, his mouth brushing along my jaw, down my throat, before he pulled back just enough to smirk at me again. "So wet already," he murmured, his voice a purr. "Was that all for Lennox... or for me too?"

"Both," I whispered, shame and desire tangling in my voice.

His answering growl vibrated through me. Without hesitation, Levi lined himself up, the thick head of him pressing against my slick entrance. My body clenched in anticipation, desperate and ready.

"Levi—" I gasped, but my plea turned into a cry as he thrust in hard, burying himself inside me in one rough stroke.

The sound that tore from his throat was primal, feral. His hands gripped my hips, holding me in place as he pulled back and slammed into me again, the counter jolting under the force. My nails scraped against the surface, my head falling back as pleasure ricocheted through me.

"Fuck, you feel perfect," Levi snarled, his pace already brutal, relentless. "So tight for me... taking me so good."

My body arched, caught between the sharp edge of the counter and the ruthless drive of his hips. Lennox's hand came up, stroking my hair back, his lips brushing the shell of my ear as he whispered, "That's it, Olivia. Take him. Take all of us."

Levi's thrusts grew faster, harder, his teeth gritted, his groans mixing with my cries. The wet slap of skin, the hiss of steam, the sound of our ragged breaths filled the bathroom, drowning out everything else.

When Levi angled his hips, hitting that spot deep inside me, I shattered. My scream ripped through the mist, my body convulsing as another orgasm crashed over me, harder and fiercer than the last.

"Fuck—yes," Levi roared, his rhythm breaking as his release claimed him. He buried himself deep, his grip bruising on my thighs as he spilled into me with a guttural growl.

Before my breath could steady, the bathroom door creaked again. My head jerked toward the sound—and there he was.

Louis.

Chapter 369: Leaving

Olivia's POV

He didn't smirk like Levi, nor did he growl like Lennox. He just stood there in the doorway, his eyes dark and unreadable, watching the scene before him. But the heat in his gaze was undeniable. It wrapped around me, making my skin prickle, my core clench with need all over again.

"You couldn't wait for me," he said softly, his voice calm, but beneath it, I could hear the strain, the restraint barely holding him together.

"Louis..." I whispered, my voice hoarse, my body trembling from the pleasurable feelings Lennox and Levi had already unleashed on me.

He stepped closer, each movement deliberate, controlled, as though fighting every instinct to simply take. His hand came to my cheek, warm, steady, grounding. He brushed his thumb across my lips, his eyes locked on mine.

"Let me," he murmured. Not a demand, not a tease—just a promise.

And when I nodded, he leaned down and kissed me.

It wasn't a crashing, desperate kiss like Lennox's, nor a taunting one like Levi's. It was deep, consuming, tender in its slowness—yet somehow it set me ablaze. His mouth moved against mine with reverence, savoring me, tasting me as if I were his salvation.

Without breaking the kiss, he slid his hands beneath my thighs and lifted me effortlessly from the counter. I gasped against his lips as he carried me toward the wall, pressing me gently but firmly against it. My legs wrapped around his waist instinctively, my body arching to him, craving more.

When he finally entered me, it wasn't with a harsh thrust—it was slow, deliberate, inch by inch, filling me completely. A moan spilled from my throat, tears pricking my eyes at the overwhelming sensation.

"Olivia..." Louis breathed, his forehead pressed to mine. "I love you. Only you."

He moved slowly at first, each stroke long, deep, measured. His control was maddening, drawing out the pleasure until my body shook with the need for more. Every roll of his hips stroked that aching spot inside me, dragging me higher and higher.

"Louis—please..." I whimpered, clawing at his back.

His composure cracked, just barely. His pace quickened, his breath coming in harsh pants against my ear as his thrusts grew harder, deeper, the sound of our bodies meeting filling the steam-heavy air.

When his hand slipped between us, circling my clit with devastating precision, my body broke apart again. My cry was swallowed by his mouth as he kissed me through my climax, his hips driving into me until he finally let go too, his groan low and rough as he spilled inside me.

For a moment, he held me there, still joined, his arms strong and steady, his breath hot against my skin. Unlike the others, he didn't pull away immediately. He just stayed inside me, whispering softly, "You're ours."

I smiled faintly and kissed him again, my lips lingering on his as his warmth surrounded me. Louis kissed me back slowly, tenderly, like he had all the time in the world, like I wasn't already trembling from being claimed over and over. His hand cupped the back of my head, keeping me close.

When Louis finally pulled back, his lips lingering on mine, he didn't rush. His hand cradled the back of my head, keeping me close. For once, there was no hurry, no fire—just his warmth surrounding me, holding me together.

Before I could even catch my breath, Lennox's strong arms scooped me up, carrying me out of the steam and back toward the waiting tub. Levi was already there, sleeves rolled up, filling it with warm water that smelled faintly of herbs.

"Sit," Levi murmured, his hands surprisingly gentle as he guided me down into the water.

Steam curled around me again, but this time it wasn't about passion—it was about care. Lennox knelt behind me, running warm water over my hair, his touch slow and steady. Louis was on my right, carefully wiping my arms with a soft cloth. Levi on my left, brushing the water over my legs with almost reverent hands.

I leaned back, my wolf sighing inside me as the three of them cared for me like I was their most precious jewelry.

When they finished, Levi wrapped me in a thick towel and lifted me to my feet. Louis pressed a kiss to my temple. Lennox's hand lingered against my lower back.

We went back to the room together, the smell of food waiting for us. A tray sat on the table—warm bread, eggs, and fruit. My stomach rumbled, reminding me how long it had been since I last ate.

We ate quietly, but their eyes never left me. Every bite I took, every sip of water—I could feel their worry, their love.

When I finally set my fork down, I looked at the three of them, my chest tight. "I need to go home," I said softly. "I need to change. And after that..." I swallowed hard. "I'm going to Frederick."

The silence was heavy. Levi's jaw tightened. Lennox's hand fisted against the table. Louis's gaze sharpened, his calm mask slipping for a second.

"I'll be fine," I whispered.

For a long moment, none of them spoke. Then, one by one, they nodded. Slowly. Reluctantly. But they nodded.

"We'll be close," Lennox muttered, his voice rough.

"Reach through the mind link if anything goes wrong," Levi added, his eyes full of worry.

"Don't keep any information away from us," Louis finished, his hand covering mine.

I gave them a small smile, even though my heart felt heavy. "I'll be fine," I whispered again, more to myself than to them. "I have to be."

Louis's hand squeezed mine tighter. Levi's wolf brushed against mine, restless but loyal. And Lennox—he didn't speak, but his eyes said everything. Anger. Fear. And love, even if he tried to hide it behind his hard stare.

For a moment, I looked at them one by one, trying to remember their faces. They looked at me as if this could be the last time. My chest hurt at the thought.

"I love you three," I said softly, the words slipping out before I could stop them.

All three answered together. "And we love you."

I swallowed the lump in my throat and stood up. While holding their gazes, I teleported away.

Chapter 370: Everyone is afraid of death

Olivia's POV

"I will be fine... you don't have to worry about me," I assured Nora and Lolita for what felt like the hundredth time. Just like the triplets, they couldn't hide their concern over my plan.

"Just be careful, okay," Lolita pleaded, her voice trembling.

I gave her a warm smile and nodded. "Yes... I will."

Nora stepped forward and wrapped her arms around me, holding on tightly as though she didn't want to let go. "Be careful," she whispered in my ear before reluctantly pulling away. Lolita came next, hugging me briefly before we parted. I forced another soft smile for them both, closing my eyes as I drew in a long, steadying breath.

With my eyes closed, I sucked in a deep breath and thought of Lord Frederick. Now that I was about to do it, I felt nervous. He wasn't just another man—he was dangerous, unpredictable, and I couldn't afford for this plan to fail. If it did, everything would collapse around me.

"We can do this," I whispered to my wolf. She stirred inside me, her strength brushing against mine, urging me on.

One more deep breath, and I focused on Frederick's image, channeling my teleportation ability to guide me straight to him. In the blink of an eye, the world shifted.

When I opened my eyes again, I was standing in a vast living room. My brows drew together instantly.

"This... isn't Lord Frederick's home," I murmured. His other home had been bleak, cold, suffocated by shadows and dark decor. But this place... it was warmer, grander, almost regal in its age.

I turned slowly, my wolf restless inside me. Where am I?

Before I could take another step, soft footsteps echoed from the far side of the room. A woman appeared. She moved with elegance, her steps soundless across the polished floor. Her skin was pale, her eyes a deep crimson that shimmered like firelight. Her long hair, black as night, fell down her back in smooth waves. But what struck me most—was her face.

She looked like him.

The sharp cheekbones. The proud jawline. Even the cold tilt of her eyes.

My lips parted in shock. "You... you look like Lord Frederick."

The woman paused a few steps away, her gaze sweeping over me carefully, almost as if she was measuring me. A faint smile curved her lips—not cruel, but not soft either.

"That's because," she said, her voice smooth and friendly, "I am his sister."

A sister? I never knew he had siblings.

I swallowed, forcing myself to nod and take a hesitant step forward. "Hi... my name is—"

Olivia," she interrupted.

My brow furrowed. How did she know? I could swear I had never seen her before.

Frederick's sister smiled again. "I know you... you are my future sister-in-law," she said proudly, looking so excited at the thought of it.

I wanted to rebuke her, telling her it was in her wildest dream, but I held back my words. After all, I had to keep up my plan.

I glanced around the vast mansion looking for any sign of Frederick. "Where is Frederick?" I asked, returning my gaze back to her.

"He's here," she replied. "Likely in his study. I'll take you to him." Without waiting for me to agree, she turned and began to walk.

At first, I didn't move... I was having cold feet. But she turned, giving me a friendly look. "Come. Frederick doesn't like to be kept waiting."

I followed her, my eyes scanning the mansion. It was nothing like Frederick's other home. That place had been cold and dark, filled with shadows. But this... this place was different. The walls were covered with red curtains and golden frames holding old portraits. The air smelled of herbs, not smoke. It felt ancient. Royal.

My wolf whispered inside me. " Maybe his vessel is here. Somewhere close."

I kept my face calm, but my thoughts raced.

We stopped in front of a tall wooden door. Strange carvings twisted across it like living vines. His sister laid her hand on the wood and gave me a smile. "He's inside. Try not to upset him. He seems not to be in a good mood."

My fist curled at my side, and I swallowed hard, composing myself.

The door swung open on its own.

Inside, Lord Frederick sat behind a wide desk. His pale fingers tapped the wood lazily, but his eyes—sharp and glowing—were already on me.

"Olivia," he said, his voice husky and deep. His lips curved into a slow smile. "I was beginning to think you'd never come."

I forced my shoulders straight, lifting my chin. "I came," I answered simply, letting my voice carry strength even though my heart hammered.

Frederick's smile widened, but it didn't reach his eyes. It was obviously fake. He gestured lazily to the chair across from him. "Sit."

For a moment, I didn't move. My wolf snarled inside me. But I needed to keep up the act. If I wanted answers, I had to play this game. So, slowly, I crossed the room and lowered myself into the chair.

His eyes followed every step, lustfully staring at me. "My guess was correct," he said after a pause. "I knew you would come..." His gaze lingered on me, a victorious smirk appearing on his face. "Everyone is afraid of death."

I frowned. He was wrong. I wasn't afraid of death—I was afraid of closing my eyes permanently and not being able to see the triplets forever... not being able to feel the warmth of their hands on my body... not being able to hear their voices. That was what I was afraid of—not death.

My lips curved in a small, cold smile. "Maybe I am."

That made him laugh—low, rich, but annoying. "Really, Olivia. I thought you loved your mates."

I clenched my fists beneath the desk, my nails biting into my palms. "And yet you are here."

His laughter stopped. His head tilted slightly, his expression shifting into curiosity now. "You've made the right choice. I like that." His fingers drummed once more against the desk before stilling. "But I don't trust you."

I kept my expression perfectly blank.

He leaned forward, his voice dropping lower, heavy with suspicion. "Tell me, Olivia... are you here because you're ready to be mine? Or are you here to pretend?"

My breath caught at his question. My wolf bristled. His suspicious eyes bored into mine as though he could see right through my lies.

"I'm here..." I whispered, my voice steady despite the storm inside me. "...because I don't want to die."

His lips curved into a slow, devilish smile, and I wished I could wipe that off his annoying face. "Good answer," he murmured, leaning back in his chair. But then his gaze sharpened. "If you're not pretending..." His tone grew lower, darker, filled with command. "...then prove it."

I swallowed hard. "How?"

His eyes dragged over me, lingering at every curve of my body. "Stand up," he ordered softly. "And undress."