

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 381: Sucking Him Off - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 381: Sucking Him Off

Chapter 381: Sucking Him Off

Sofia's POV

I told myself I was only doing this for the money. I needed it badly. The investigator I hired charged a lot, and most of my savings were already gone. Getting this money every month would help me so much. And it wasn't sex. It was only a blowjob. All I had to do was close my eyes, get it over with, and then it would be done.

"Do you want it here?" I asked, my voice rough.

"Yes," he said without a pause, his eyes locked on me like a hunter who had already caught his prey.

My knees felt weak as I lowered myself in front of him. My hands shook when I reached for his belt, and the sound of the buckle coming undone made my heart pound even faster. I told myself it was just money. Just a deal. But the truth was harder to face.

Because as I knelt there, every memory came flooding back. The way it used to be. The way I used to love sucking him. And the ache inside me reminded me I hadn't been touched in years. Damien had been the last. And now, here I was again, back where it all began.

I hated myself for it. For wanting him. For missing him. But my body betrayed me. Heat curled low in my belly, spreading fast, making me wet even as I told myself this was nothing. Just a job. Just a trade.

Swallowing hard, I unzipped him, and his cock spilled out. My throat went dry as I came face-to-face with his already hardened cock; it felt like he was bigger than I remembered. My lips hovered just above him, trembling, betraying every denial I whispered in my head. I told myself again—this wasn't desire, this was just money. But the moment my mouth touched the tip of his cock, everything inside me shattered.

The taste of him—familiar, salty—slid over my tongue as I closed my lips around him. I kissed him slowly first, almost reverently, before letting my mouth open wider, swallowing inch by inch, like I was starving and he was the only thing that could fill me.

His breath hitched, low and sharp, and the sound ignited something reckless in me. My tongue traced him, teasing, circling, before I sucked harder, like it was a lollipop I couldn't put down. Heat coiled deep in my core, my body betraying me with every wet sound I made around him.

Slowly, his hand slid into my hair, gathering it into a makeshift ponytail, and my heart kicked against my ribs. With a sharp tug, he held me still, his eyes locking onto mine. The connection made my whole body throb. I tried to look away, to hide, but he wouldn't let me.

"Don't you dare close those pretty eyes," Damien growled, his voice rough, dark. "I want to see every second of you taking me like you used to."

Then he pushed deeper, his hips snapping forward, fucking my mouth in a way that made me choke and moan all at once. Tears pricked my eyes, but the heat between my legs only grew worse, my underwear damp and clinging to me. Every thrust sent a fresh wave of wetness spilling out of me, my body betraying me completely.

I wanted to turn, to bend over, to beg him to take me the way he used to—to feel his cock inside me again—but I couldn't. This wasn't supposed to be that.

"Fuck, Sofia," he groaned, his pace rougher now, his voice dripping with the same filthy words that used to undo me. "Your mouth was made for me. Look at you—on your knees, drooling all over my cock. You missed this, didn't you? You missed me."

I only responded with a gasp.

His thrusts grew harder, his grip tighter, and I moaned around him, the sound vibrating through my throat. My eyes stayed locked with his, and the raw hunger there only made me wetter, my whole body screaming for more.

Damien's grip in my hair tightened, holding my head in place as he drove into my mouth harder, deeper. Each thrust made my throat stretch around him, my body trembling with the effort to keep up. My eyes watered, saliva running down my chin, but instead of stopping him, the fire in my belly only burned hotter. I was dying for him to stop torturing me like this and finally take me—bend me over, fill me, fuck me until I couldn't think.

But before I could beg, before I could turn around and give myself away completely, Damien groaned loud and sharp. His hips jerked hard against my lips as he spilled inside me, hot and thick, flooding my mouth. I swallowed on instinct, choking slightly, my body shuddering at the taste of him.

When he finally pulled back, breathing rough, I wiped my lips and turned, my chest heaving. The ache between my legs was unbearable, a hollow, desperate need clawing at me. I wanted him so badly it hurt, but my pride wouldn't let me break.

"Are we done?" I asked, my voice hoarse, raw. I didn't look at him when I said it. "Can I leave now?"

Inside my head, the words screamed louder than anything else. Please... ask to fuck me. Please, Damien, turn me around and take me. Don't make me be the one to say it. My pride burned, my throat locked, and all I could do was beg silently.

But he didn't move. He didn't reach for me. He only adjusted himself, his breathing steadying, his voice cold.

"Yes," Damien said flatly. "You can leave."

The words cut deeper than any blade. My chest caved, my heart sinking into a pit of emptiness. For a second, I almost broke, almost fell to my knees again—not from lust, but from the ache of wanting what I couldn't have. But I bit it back. I nodded, hiding the pain inside me, refusing to let him see my pain.

With shaky legs, I pushed myself up. My lips were swollen, my throat raw, my pussy still wet and throbbing with need he had no intention of easing. Without another word, I walked out of the room.

By the time I reached my room, my legs felt numb, my chest too tight to hold it all in. I shut the door behind me, sat down on the edge of the bed, and the first tear slipped free, sliding hot down my cheek.

What am I doing? The question echoed over and over in my head. My body still throbbed with desire for him, but my heart... my heart was breaking.

We were related. Blood bound. And worse—our families were enemies. This was wrong in more ways than I could count, and yet I kept letting myself have these feelings.

I sighed, closing my eyes in shame, wondering who I could talk to. Who could I tell without being judged, without being mocked? Then, through the haze of guilt and shame, one name came to me—Olivia. My sister. She had been in the same situation once. She would understand.

With trembling hands and a broken heart, I reached out through the bond, opening the mind link. "Olivia..."

Chapter 382: Talk With Sofia

Olivia's POV

"Sofia? Is everything okay? You don't sound okay." Her voice was shaky, threaded with muffled sniffles. My brows furrowed instantly. For a moment, all thoughts of Frederick and his cursed house slipped away—I couldn't focus on anything but her. "What is it? Where are you?" I pressed, my wolf pricking up with worry.

Her silence stretched, heavy and aching, until finally I felt her broken whisper. "I... I did something, Olivia. Something I shouldn't have. And now I feel like I'm drowning."

Her pain washed over me through the bond, raw and unguarded. My chest tightened. "Talk to me," I urged softly. "Don't hold it in. Whatever it is—you can tell me."

Sofia's voice cracked, barely audible. "I think... I still love him. And it hurts so much, because I know I shouldn't."

I sighed. I didn't need her to name him. I already knew who she meant. I closed my eyes, steadying myself, then pushed calmness into the bond. "Sofia, listen, you don't have to beat yourself up about it."

Her breathing hitched, almost like a sob. "Do you really? Because right now... I feel like I'm going mad."

"You are not going mad, my dear... believe me, you are not. This is love, and there is nothing you can do about it. Think of me as an example... Damien never did what the triplets did to me. Those men hurt me in ways I never imagined to forgive them, but look at us now... I tried, Sofia, I tried to hate them, tried not to forgive them, but I couldn't... I couldn't stay away from them because I love them. They are my mates, and there is nothing I could do to stay away from them."

Sofia inhaled deeply over the mind link. "So what should I do, Olivia? I can't tell him I want us back... and besides, I don't even think he wants me. His actions... they don't show it."

I sighed softly, my chest aching for her. "Sofia, listen to me. Men are not always good at showing their feelings. Damien might act cold, distant, but that doesn't mean he has stopped loving you. I know he still feels something."

Her silence told me she was listening, clinging to my words. I pressed on. "Don't let fear make your choices. You say you're scared he doesn't want you back, but what if he does? What if he's just as scared as you? You'll never know unless you open your heart and speak."

Her breathing grew shaky again. "But Olivia... what if he rejects me?"

I understood her worry. "Then at least you'll know. At least you won't live the rest of your life drowning in what-ifs. Isn't the pain of silence worse than the pain of truth?"

Sofia sniffled but didn't say anything.

"Start small," I told her. "You don't have to pour it all out at once. Just... show him a piece of your heart. Let him see you. Let him feel you again. And trust that if the bond between you is real—and I believe it is—he won't let you slip away."

Her whisper came soft, fragile, but with a spark of courage. "I'll... I'll try."

"Good."

"But Olivia, I have to tell you something else." This time she sounded more worried.

"What is it?"

She hesitated, and through the bond I could feel her wolf urging her, pushing her to speak. Finally, Sofia whispered, her words trembling. "My investigator... the one I hired to look into Rebecca's death—he told me something. He checked her call records through the phone company."

I straightened, my pulse quickening. "And?"

Her next words were sharp enough to steal my breath. "The last person Rebecca spoke to... was Damien. They talked for fifteen minutes. And now I don't know what to think. Olivia—what if he's lying to me? What if... what if he had something to do with her death?"

The silence on the bond stretched heavy, suffocating. My heart thudded hard in my chest. I could feel her panic, her doubt, the way her love for Damien warred against the horror of what she'd just learned.

I swallowed, steadying my voice, though the weight of her revelation pressed into me. "Sofia... listen to me. Don't jump yet. Fifteen minutes doesn't prove guilt. It only proves they spoke. We don't know what they spoke about."

Her breathing hitched, and I knew she was crying again. "But why hasn't he told me, Olivia? Why would he hide that from me?"

I closed my eyes, fighting to stay calm for her sake. "That's what you have to find out. Not from investigators. Not from outsiders. From him. You need to ask Damien yourself."

"I can't... I can't ask him. What if he hurts me to close his tracks?"

My frown deepened. "Stop it, Sofia... Damien can never hurt you. You of all people should know that."

I was sure of this... Damien could do many things, he may even have a hand in Rebecca's death, but hurting Sofia was something I knew he would never do.

Sofia's voice trembled. "I'm just confused."

I pressed the bond gently, sending her warmth, the way only sisters could. "Then rest, Sofia. Don't let fear eat you alive. We'll figure this out together."

Her breathing softened, though I still felt her doubt lingering. "Thank you, Olivia..."

"Always," I whispered, then carefully closed the link. My heart ached for her, but I couldn't drown in her pain when I had my own storm brewing. And right now, all I wanted was the triplets. My mates. My other half. I needed to feel them, even if only for a moment.

Before I could think too long about it, I teleported straight to the mansion, but something felt... quiet. Too quiet. I went straight to Lennox's room first. Empty. Levi's? Empty. Louis's? The same.

I frowned, glancing at the dusky light spilling in through the tall windows. Evening had already settled over the grounds, which meant they weren't sleeping. They were busy.

I inhaled deeply, closing my eyes, letting their scents guide me. Levi's trailed faintly toward the training yard but faded off—probably left earlier. Lennox's was fresh but tangled with too many others, hard to trace. But Louis—his was stronger, sharper, pulling me toward the sparring ground.

A smile appeared on my face as I followed it.

The sounds reached me first—the rhythmic thud of feet against the dirt, the sharp clang of weapons clashing, the low growl of exertion.

And then I saw them.

Louis, bare-chested, sweat gleaming across his skin, his movements sharp and precise as he fought... her.

A woman I had never seen before.

She moved with skill, each strike fluid, her long hair whipping through the air as she countered him blow for blow. Beautiful. Deadly. Every step of hers matched Louis's like a dance they had practiced for years.

My feet stopped at the edge of the sparring ground. My chest tightened, my wolf bristling.

She wasn't just skilled. She was captivating. And the way Louis's eyes locked on her every move made my heart clench in a way I didn't expect.

Chapter 383: unease

Olivia's POV

I stood quietly, watching them spar. Louis was so deeply drawn into it that he didn't even sense my presence at first. The lady struck him with the head of her sword, and Louis laughed—full, hearty laugh, the kind of laugh he only ever shared with me. My frown deepened, and my wolf stirred restlessly inside me, growling with jealousy.

"Oh, Louis, it seems you're losing your charm," the young woman teased.

Instead of getting annoyed, Louis only chuckled and shook his head. But then—almost as if he suddenly felt me—his head snapped to the side. His eyes found mine. At first, he looked shocked to see me there, like a child caught doing something wrong. But almost immediately, a bright smile spread across his face.

"Olivia... you're here."

He dropped the sword carelessly onto the dirt and strolled toward me. Every step he took made the young woman's gaze linger on him, and that only fueled the unease in my chest. My wolf pushed forward, demanding I claim him, demanding I remind everyone—remind her—who he belonged to.

Before Louis could say another word, I reached for him. My hands on his arms, and I pulled him down into a kiss—hard, claiming, shameless. His lips parted in surprise, but then he melted into me, his arms circling my waist as though he'd been waiting for this moment.

I didn't kiss him softly. No. I kissed him with heat, with fire, with all the jealousy burning in my chest. I kissed him in a way that made it impossible for anyone watching to doubt that he was mine.

When I finally pulled back, breathless, her stunned look made my wolf purr in triumph.

Louis leaned closer, his breath warm against my lips, his eyes still dazed from the force of the kiss. A crooked grin tugged at his mouth.

"That was hot," he murmured, his voice low and teasing. "Can we continue... inside?"

I would have blushed, but my gaze stayed fixed on the young woman still holding her sword, still watching us. My wolf bristled again. I didn't like her eyes on him.

Louis followed the line of my stare and chuckled softly. He brushed his thumb across my cheek, then stepped aside so the woman could approach.

"Olivia," he said, his tone shifting into something more formal, "this is Selene."

Selene dipped her head politely, but I kept my eyes sharp, my arms folded. Louis seemed to notice, because he quickly continued.

"You remember our great-grandmother Hailee had three sons by three men, right?"

"Yes," I said carefully, my eyes still narrowed.

"Well..." he glanced between me and Selene, "one of those sons was my grandfather. The second was yours. And the third—" he hesitated, then smiled faintly—"the third son was her grandfather."

My brows furrowed, unsure where he was leading.

Louis turned back to Selene. "She's the great-granddaughter of Hailee, the one she had with Sir Dane—who, by the way, was cousin to our great-grandfather Nathan."

Selene's eyes softened as she met mine, but I still felt the tight coil of jealousy in my chest.

"So..." I tilted my head, my voice sharp despite how hard I tried for it not to. "She's related to you? Just like I'm related to you?"

Louis nodded slowly, but then shook his head with a small smile. "Yes, but not exactly the same, Olivia. My great-grandfather Nathan and her great-grandfather Dane were cousins. So we're connected through that line. Distant—but still related."

I should have been at peace with that. Blood was blood, family was family. It should have silenced the storm inside me, but it didn't.

Because if I could still love the triplets despite how tangled our bloodlines were... then this Selene could too.

My chest tightened, my wolf snarled under my skin, and I forced myself to keep my face calm, even as unease coiled like fire in my stomach.

"Nice to meet you," I said tightly, forcing a polite smile.

Selene smiled back, but it didn't reach her eyes. I could see it—she didn't like me, just the same way I didn't like her.

"Why haven't I seen you before?" I asked, unable to stop myself.

She shifted slightly, lowering her sword. "Actually... my father doesn't let me travel much. But the triplets and I usually talk on the phone. They even visit sometimes."

Her words were casual, but each one pricked at me like thorns. The triplets and I... they visit. My jaw clenched.

Before I could respond, a familiar aura swept into the training ground. Lennox.

The moment Selene saw him, she lit up. She dropped her sword and ran straight into his arms. He didn't hesitate—he caught her, wrapping her in a hug that looked far too comfortable for my liking.

There was nothing wrong with it. It was innocent, friendly. But damn it, jealousy ripped through me like claws to the chest. My wolf snapped inside me, demanding I rip her away from him.

I stood frozen, my fists curling at my sides, my heart pounding with a mixture of rage and hurt.

"When did you get here?" Lennox asked her, his voice warm in a way that made my chest tighten.

"A few hours ago," Selene answered quickly, still holding onto him like she belonged there.

Then Lennox's eyes lifted—and found mine. For a heartbeat, his entire face softened, and a smile pulled at his lips. He even took a step, like he meant to come to me.

But Selene's voice cut through. "I'll be staying here for a while."

At once, the others nodded. Louis clapped his hands together. "Then you're welcome. This is your home too."

Lennox echoed the words, his smile easy, reassuring. "Yes, Selene. You're family. You belong here."

Family. Home. The words echoed in my head like stones dropping into water, one after the other, sinking straight to the bottom of my stomach.

Staying here... for a while?

My throat tightened. My wolf paced inside me, restless, agitated. I should have felt calm, I should have told myself it was nothing. But I couldn't. The thought of her under the same roof, sharing the same halls, laughing with my men—it suffocated me until all I could feel was the fire of jealousy threatening to burn me alive.

Chapter 384: Her Words

Lennox's POV

I felt it. She was uneasy. No, more than uneasy. She didn't like Selene here. She didn't like her presence. The bond made it possible to feel her emotions, and I understood. If the roles were reversed, if I stood watching her hug another man, I'd be furious too. And goodness, I wish I could turn around right now, look Selene in the eye, and tell her, "You know what? You can't stay. Leave." But I couldn't. Because Selene wasn't just anyone. She was family. And more importantly—she was here for a reason. A reason Olivia didn't know yet. She was here to help us fight Frederick.

"Lennox." Louis's voice pulled me from my thoughts. He didn't take his eyes off Olivia, who was trying her best to conceal her emotions. "I feel it. Olivia isn't happy about her."

"Yeah," I admitted, my chest tightening. "I can feel her emotions. She doesn't want Selene here."

Louis sighed, his jaw tightening. "And we can't even explain it to her. Not yet."

"Not yet." I sighed.

"So will I be staying?" Selene asked, sounding excited. This was her first visit here, and she seemed so excited about it.

"I'll show you," Louis offered and began leading the way while Selene slipped her hand around his arm.

It was harmless. Family often did things like that. But the way Olivia's frown deepened told me she didn't see it that way. Her emotions spiked so hard through the bond it nearly made me wince. Her frown deepened, her lips pressed into a thin line, and her wolf bristled just under her skin. She tried to mask it, tried to stand unaffected like nothing was wrong—but I felt it all. Every ounce of her discomfort slammed into me through the bond, sharp and heavy. And goodness, it hurt.

Louis didn't notice—at least not at first. He kept walking with Selene, her laughter light as she clung to his arm, talking about the pack lands and how excited she was to be here. My eyes weren't on them. They were on Olivia. Her gaze followed every move Selene made, her nails digging into her palms. Then, in one swift step, Olivia moved. She reached forward and pulled Selene's hand off Louis's arm with a firm tug. Her voice was ragged, leaving no room for question.

"I don't like other women being touchy with my men."

The training ground went quiet for a beat. Louis stiffened. Selene blinked in shock, then her lips curled into a smirk. She rolled her eyes and crossed her arms.

"Don't be dramatic," she said first, rolling her eyes. "We're family. I already have my own man."

She paused, her smirk deepening, her gaze sweeping Olivia up and down like she was dirt. Olivia's wolf snarled inside her, but before she could reply, Selene added,

"And besides, I'm not like you—sleeping with men I know are related to me."

The words hit like claws across flesh. Louis froze. My chest tightened, my fury rising.

Selene tossed her hair back with a little huff and turned away. "Grow up, Olivia."

Then she walked off the training ground, leaving everyone stunned. Olivia stood frozen, her hands trembling, her wolf raging inside her, urging her to attack. Selene's words weren't just an insult—they were a knife, reopening wounds she had fought so hard to heal.

The insult replayed in my head, over and over. I'm not like you—sleeping with men I know are related to me.

My fists clenched. My wolf snarled. Every part of me wanted to storm after Selene, drag her back, and make her regret ever speaking to Olivia like that. My hands shook with the need to grab Selene by the throat and throw her across the courtyard. My wolf was already halfway there, howling to defend Olivia. But then the other truth sank in, heavy and suffocating—Selene wasn't just a guest. She was family. And worse, she was the only one who knew the things we needed to win against Frederick. If I lost control now, if I hurt her... we'd lose everything.

I started forward, my voice a growl. "I'll deal with her—"

But Louis cut me off, stepping in quickly, his hand on my chest. His voice was calm, but his eyes were sharp. He was angry but trying his best to control it.

"No. Let me go. You'll lose control, Lennox. We both know it."

He was right. One wrong word from her, and I wouldn't stop at yelling. I'd tear into her, family or not. My wolf was too close to the edge. If I went, I wouldn't stop at yelling. I'd lose control. If I let my rage get the better of me now, if I put my hands on her, everything we'd built, every fragile plan we had to bring Frederick down... it could all fall apart.

I glared past him, watching Selene disappear through the corridor, and my chest tightened painfully. I wanted to go. I needed to go. But Louis's hand pressed harder against me, holding me back.

"I'll talk to her," Louis promised. "Just... stay with Olivia."

My gaze swung to Olivia. She was trembling, her eyes locked on the empty space Selene had left behind. Her chest rose and fell too quickly, her nails biting into her

palms so hard a drop of blood slipped free. For a terrifying second, I thought she might lunge, right there in front of everyone. Her rage, pain, and shame radiated through the bond, crashing into me so hard it almost buckled my knees.

I swallowed hard. "Olivia..." I began softly, trying to reach her.

But she turned sharply, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. "No. I'm leaving."

My chest tightened. "Liv—"

Her voice cut me off, sharp and final. "By the time I'm back, she's gone. Or I won't come back at all."

Before I could grab her, before I could soothe her, she vanished—teleporting away in a flash of light.

Chapter 385: Can't Send Her Away

Louis's POV

"What the hell was that?" I snapped the moment we stepped into the living area. My voice thundered through the room, sharp enough to make Selene flinch before she masked it with a smirk. She folded her arms, her chin high. "I said what needed to be said."

My wolf bristled, pushing hard against my control. "No, you insulted my mate. In our house. Do you realize how close I was to breaking you right there in front of everyone?"

Her eyes narrowed, and she scoffed. "Mate or not, someone has to remind her of the truth. She acts like she's untouchable, but she's not. She's selfish. She's weak. And one day, she'll bring you all down with her." My hands clenched into fists, nails biting into my palms.

"Watch your mouth." My voice echoed with rage. "You don't know Olivia. You don't know what she's been through. And you sure as hell don't get to judge her."

Selene rolled her eyes, like my fury meant nothing. "I only said what everyone else is thinking but too afraid to admit. She's jealous. Possessive. And dramatic..."

"Enough!" I thundered, my wolf snarling inside me. "You may be family, Selene," I continued coldly, "but Olivia is our mate. And if you ever speak to her like that again, you won't just be leaving this house—you'll be crawling away in pieces."

Her face drained of color.

I leaned in, my voice dropping to a low, lethal whisper. "When she comes back, you'll apologize. I believe I make myself clear."

Selene didn't answer, but I knew she wouldn't dare defy me.

Footsteps sounded behind me. I turned to find Levi entering, his brow furrowing as he caught the thick tension. His gaze flicked from Selene to me. "What's going on?"

Just then Lennox walked in but didn't say a word. He only eyed Selene and then communicated to us through the mind link. "Let's meet in my room." Levi looked at me with confusion but gave a short nod. I let out a breath, forcing myself to calm down. I gave Selene one last hard look—a warning. Then I walked past her without another word.

When we got to Lennox's room, he stood by the window, staring outside at the wide stretch of trees. His back was stiff, his hands clasped behind him.

"What happened?" Levi asked, clearly still confused about what happened.

I sighed but didn't go into details. "Olivia and Selene didn't get off on the right foot."

Levi's frown deepened. "Then Selene has to leave."

Lennox pinched the bridge of his nose, exhaling sharply. "Selene isn't here for pleasure. She's here for work—for Frederick. She knows things, things Olivia doesn't. But how do we explain that without revealing too much? Olivia doesn't trust her. She barely trusts us."

I growled under my breath. "Then Selene needs to learn her place. If she can't respect Olivia, she has no business being here, no matter what she knows."

Lennox finally turned from the window, his eyes sharp and stormy. "She can't leave," he said, his voice firm. "We need Selene. Whether Olivia likes it or not, she's our only chance to gain an advantage against Frederick. She knows his movements, his weaknesses. She's more valuable than you think."

I frowned, my wolf snarling in protest. "Valuable or not, if she keeps running her mouth about Olivia, she's nothing but trouble."

Lennox shook his head, jaw tight. "That's why we have to control her. We can't throw her out now. Not when we are this close. If we do, we lose information we can't get anywhere else. All we need to do is maybe—" his voice lowered, hesitantly, "—tell Olivia about our plan. Make her see why Selene has to stay."

"No," I cut him off sharply, my voice echoing in the room. My wolf pushed hard, angry at the thought. "Olivia will never agree to it. You know her, Lennox—she'll be too scared for us. Too protective. She'll shut it down before we even start."

Levi finally spoke, his arms still crossed tightly. "Louis is right. Olivia won't go along with something this dangerous. If she thinks we're putting ourselves in danger, she'll fight us harder than she fights Selene."

I nodded grimly. "Exactly. So telling her isn't an option. If Selene stays, it has to be on our terms. Olivia can't know the full extent of what we're planning—not yet."

Lennox sighed heavily and sat on the bed, rubbing his face. "The problem now is Olivia demanded Selene leave before she comes back... What do we do about that? How do we calm her down?"

I leaned back against the wall, my arms crossed, my wolf pacing with agitation. The question dug deep, because I knew Olivia. I knew her heart. And I knew this wasn't just about Selene's words—it was about the way Olivia felt when someone else tried to stand too close to us.

"Olivia's always been like this," I muttered, half to myself.

Levi arched a brow. "Like what?"

"Jealous." A small smile tugged at my lips despite the tension in the room. "Even when she was just twelve."

Lennox lifted his head, curious despite the heaviness in his expression.

I chuckled softly, the memory flashing bright in my mind. "Do you remember when we had that training session with the River Moon pack? One of their girls—what was her name... Mina—kept following me around, bringing me water, asking me questions."

Levi smirked faintly. "I remember."

"Yeah," I continued, shaking my head, "Olivia stormed right up and told Mina to back off. Said I didn't need her water, because she was already taking care of me." I laughed under my breath. "She was twelve, barely reaching my shoulder, glaring like she could tear Mina apart with her teeth."

The memory softened something in me. "That's Olivia. She loves hard. And when she loves, she doesn't want to share—not even a drop. Selene touching my arm..." I shook my head. "To Olivia, it's not harmless. It's a threat."

Silence filled the room after my words. Lennox rubbed the back of his neck, his expression tight. Levi sighed and sat on the edge of the bed, his face thoughtful.

"So what do we do?" Levi asked.

Lennox suddenly spoke. "I have an idea."

Chapter 386: The Plan

Levi's POV

"She can't leave. We need Selene. But I agree—Olivia won't stand for her unless she understands why Selene's here. So... we tell her. Not everything, not the full plan—but enough."

I frowned. "Enough to calm her? Or enough to get her to trust Selene?"

"Both," Lennox answered. He moved away from the window, his expression carved in stone. "Olivia's smart. If we feed her lies, she'll know. If we hide too much, she'll tear us apart for keeping secrets. But if we give her a piece of the truth—a controlled piece—she'll at least understand why Selene has to stay."

My wolf rumbled inside me. I didn't like it. Not one damn bit. "And what happens when she realizes we didn't tell her everything? What happens when she learns how dangerous this really is?"

Lennox's jaw tightened. "Then we'll deal with it when it comes. For now, we give her just enough to keep her close. We can't afford to lose her over this, Levi."

Louis exhaled slowly, dragging a hand over his face. "So we play carefully. We choose our words. We let her think she knows the whole plan, when in truth... she only has the surface."

I ground my teeth, but deep down I knew Lennox was right. Olivia would never accept Selene without some kind of explanation. And if controlled transparency was the only way to keep her from getting angry... then maybe that was the risk we had to take.

Still, I wasn't at rest. "If we do this, then we make sure it's tight. No cracks. No slips. Olivia is smart."

Lennox nodded once. "Agreed. When Olivia returns... we'll give her the truth. But only the part of it she needs."

I sighed. "I should mind-link her to come," I suggested, and Louis and Lennox both agreed.

Drawing in a deep breath, I reached for her through the bond. At first, she ignored me, but after pushing harder she finally answered, her tone sharp and annoyed.

"Have you sent her away?"

I smirked to myself, thankful she couldn't see my face. A jealous Olivia. Gods, she had no idea how much her jealousy thrilled me, how it proved over and over that she cared, that she loved us.

"Not yet," I answered carefully, keeping my tone even though my wolf wanted to purr at the heat in her words. "But we need to talk, Liv. Come home. Please."

She was quiet for a long moment, and through the bond, I felt her hesitation, her hurt, her pride battling with the pull that always brought her back to us.

Finally, her voice slipped through, low and annoyed. "If Selene is still there when I arrive, I'm leaving again. I meant what I said."

I clenched my jaw, forcing myself to stay calm. "Olivia, just give us a chance to explain. That's all we're asking. You'll understand why she's here once you hear it from us."

Her scoff echoed faintly in my head. "I doubt it."

But she didn't cut the link. That was a victory in itself.

Behind me, Lennox gave me a look, his eyes steady but carrying that silent warning only brothers understood: Don't push her too hard.

Louis crossed his arms, his wolf restless. "Is she coming?"

I gave a small nod. "She's thinking about it. She's angry, jealous, but she's listening. That's more than enough for now."

Lennox exhaled slowly, tension easing just a fraction.

Louis muttered under his breath, "She'd better hear us out before she tears Selene apart."

I almost smiled. That sounded exactly like Olivia. And gods help me—I loved her for it.

"I'll be there in a minute," she finally said, before cutting the link.

I turned to my brothers. "She's coming."

A heartbeat later, Olivia appeared in the doorway, her eyes sharp, her body tense.

Her gaze flicked straight to me, then to my brothers. Her voice full of annoyance.

"Well? Is she gone?"

I swallowed a growl. The fire in her voice made my wolf both restless and thrilled. Gods, even in anger, she was beautiful.

"No," Lennox said carefully, stepping forward. "Olivia... listen. She's not here for games. She's here because she's the only one who can help us kill Frederick."

Olivia's eyes narrowed, but she didn't walk away. That was a win.

Louis spoke next, his tone calm but firm. "Selene isn't just any wolf, Liv. Her mother was a pure vampire. Her father a wolf. That makes her... something rare. A pure hybrid."

Olivia's brows furrowed, suspicion still written all over her face.

"And why does that matter to us?"

I drew a steadying breath. "Because every vampire craves a taste of her blood. It is known that if a pure hybrid allows a vampire to drink willingly, that vampire will become immensely powerful..."

Her frown deepened, but I continued. "The good thing is—her blood can also destroy Frederick. All she has to do is poison it, and once he drinks, he'll be nothing but a vegetable. Then we'll strike and finish him off."

Olivia's frown remained as she tried to process our words.

But what none of us told her—what we would never tell her—was the risk. That if Selene's poison didn't work, Frederick would absorb her blood's power instead. And then he'd be unstoppable.

Olivia stared between us, her jaw tight, her wolf bristling under her skin. "So you're telling me she's the key. And I'm just supposed to... accept that?"

"Yes," Lennox said firmly. "Because this is our only chance."

Louis stepped in. "Frederick doesn't know who she is. He doesn't know she knows us and we have a plan. Once he ever catches her scent, he'll realize her blood is powerful. More powerful than anything he's ever tasted. He will want it."

Olivia's jaw clenched, her eyes snapping to me. "So what's your plan? Frederick is smart. You can't fool him."

"We know," I said quickly. "That's why we've set a trap. We'll stage it—make it look like an accident. Selene will 'happen' to cross paths with Frederick. She'll be injured just enough so her blood spills. When he takes the bait, she'll poison it. The moment he's weak, we strike. We kill him and burn his body so he can't come back."

The room fell into silence. Olivia's frown deepened. She looked between us, then shook her head.

Chapter 387: Refusing

Olivia's POV

Their idea made sense.

At least... a little sense.

But I wasn't buying it. Not fully.

"I don't agree to this." My arms folded tight across my chest, my voice sharp as a blade. "I already have a plan. I'll find the vessel, destroy it, and kill Frederick myself. I don't need a stranger to get involved. A stranger I don't trust."

The words spat out of my lips. And I couldn't even tell if I said them because I didn't trust her—or because I couldn't stand the sight of her standing so close to my mates.

Either way, I didn't care. I wasn't accepting this idea of theirs.

Louis stepped toward me, his expression calm but his wolf restless inside him. "Olivia, you can't face Frederick alone. You know that. He'll tear you apart before you even touch the vessel."

I scoffed. "Better me than letting her be near you three." My glare flicked toward the door as if I could see her from there.

"Liv," Lennox said carefully, his voice deep and pleasing. He moved closer, close enough that I could feel the heat of his presence. "She's a weapon Frederick doesn't expect. That makes her valuable."

My wolf growled inside me, furious at his calm tone. "Valuable?" I snapped. "So am I worthless to you now? You'd rather rely on her than on me?"

Levi stepped in quickly, his voice firm but soothing, the peacemaker as always. "That's not what we're saying. You are everything, Olivia. But Frederick... he's not just another enemy. He's older, stronger, and darker than anything we've fought before. If we ignore Selene's blood, we're walking blind into death."

I clenched my fists, every muscle in my body trembling with anger and hurt. Their logic pressed against me like iron, but my heart screamed louder.

I didn't care if Selene's blood was poison or power. I didn't care if she was the "key."

All I saw was another woman in my house, too close to the men who were mine.

And gods help me—I wasn't ready to sit back and watch it happen.

My frown deepened, my voice sharp. "It's not happening. We don't need her help. I have a plan, remember? And besides, we can't trust her. What if she betrays us?"

Louis's jaw tightened. "She won't. Selene can't betray us, Olivia. She's family. Her bloodline ties her to us just as much as it ties her to the fight against Frederick. She gains nothing by standing against us."

I scoffed, my wolf snarling inside me. "Family means nothing. You should know that better than anyone. Blood betrays. Blood lies. Don't stand there and act like it's a shield."

Lennox stepped closer, his eyes full of worry. "Olivia, listen to me. You can doubt her all you want, but the fact remains—we can't do this without her. Selene is the weapon Frederick won't see coming. She's the reason we might finally have a chance at ending him."

I glared at him, my chest heaving. "So you'd rather put your faith in her than in me?"

God, I was drowning in jealousy.

Levi's voice cut in before Lennox could answer, calm but carrying weight. "This isn't about choosing her over you, Liv. It's about using every advantage we have. Selene doesn't replace you. She strengthens us. With her, and with you, we stand a chance."

Louis's eyes locked on mine, his tone final. "She can't betray us, Olivia. Not with what's at stake. She knows Frederick as well as anyone, and she wants him dead just as much as we do. That makes her an ally we can't afford to throw away."

Their voices suffocated me. My wolf clawed inside me, screaming for me not to yield.

But for the first time, I realized—they weren't bending. They weren't going to let go of this plan, no matter how much I fought it.

And that made my blood boil.

The silence between us was suffocating. Their arguments stacked against me, their plan was logical, but all I could feel was the heat of my jealousy burning through my chest.

And before I could stop myself, the words slipped out.

"Why don't you just say it? You like her."

The second it left my lips, I wished I could swallow it back down.

The room went still.

Their faces changed—Louis's jaw tightened, Levi's eyes widened, and Lennox's gaze snapped to me like I'd just ripped something vital out of him. The hurt in his eyes sank into me before he even spoke.

"Olivia," Louis said softly, his voice pained.

I cursed myself immediately, guilt crashing through me. I hadn't meant to say it, not like that. But the words were out, and I couldn't take them back.

Lennox's chest rose and fell heavily, his wolf restless inside him. He stepped closer, his voice low and pained. "So that's what you think of us?"

I froze.

His eyes burned into mine, full of anger and heartbreak. "You think we'd look at another woman? You think we'd do something with Selene?" His voice cracked, just a little. "Don't you still get it? We love you. So, so much."

My throat tightened, my eyes stinging.

He didn't stop. "What happened with Anita..." He exhaled sharply, shaking his head. "We weren't in our right minds, Olivia. We were charmed. Twisted. And goodness we hate ourselves for it every single day. But you—" His voice broke, his hand curling into a fist. "You'll never let it go, will you? You'll always see us as men who would pick another woman over you."

My wolf whimpered inside me. Guilt shredded through my chest, leaving me breathless.

I wanted to deny it, to tell him he was wrong, but my silence betrayed me.

Because maybe, deep down, that was the fear I could never shake.

Lennox's chest rose and fell like he was holding himself back from saying more. He just turned around and faced the window—and that broke me more than his anger.

"I..." My voice faltered. The guilt was sharp, burning, but the fear still clawed inside me. "I don't want to think that. I don't. But every time I see her near you—I see another lady near any of you—I feel like I'm back there again. Back when Anita happened. Back when I wasn't enough to keep you from..." My throat closed. I couldn't finish.

Louis's face twisted with hurt. "Olivia, no." His voice was firm, but it trembled underneath. "Don't do that to yourself. Don't do that to us. You are enough. You've always been enough. What happened with Anita will never happen again."

Levi stepped closer, his wolf brushing against mine through the bond, warm, steady, begging me to hear him. "We will never want Selene. We will never want anyone else. We only want you. That's the truth, Liv. That's the only truth that matters."

I swallowed hard, my chest aching. Their words should have soothed me, but the war inside me raged louder. Love and jealousy, trust and fear, clashing until I didn't know what to believe anymore.

And the worst part? I hated myself for saying it—for doubting them, even for a moment. But the scars Anita left weren't easy to erase.

Chapter 388: Assurance

Olivia's POV

I had to tell them. I couldn't keep swallowing it down, pretending like I was fine, pretending like what happened didn't still haunt me every single day.

"I know," I whispered, my voice trembling. "I know we were supposed to leave everything behind. To move forward. To heal. But I can't. Not fully."

Their eyes stayed on me, heavy and piercing, but I pressed on, because if I stopped, I'd break.

"Even knowing you were spelled... even knowing it wasn't your fault—I still can't cope with it sometimes. I still get... triggered. Every time I see another woman close to you, every time one of you smiles or lets someone touch you..." My throat closed, my wolf whimpering inside me. "It's like I'm right back there. Like I'm about to live that trauma all over again."

I wrapped my arms around myself, holding in the ache that clawed through me. "I'm scared," I admitted, my voice cracking. "I'm so scared of losing you. And that fear—it's eating me alive. It's making me jealous, bitter, insane. And I hate it, because I hate who it makes me. But I can't stop."

Silence hung in the air, and through the bond, I felt their emotions full of pain, love, and worry. Levi was the first to move.

His arms wrapped around me gently, pulling me into his chest. The warmth of him, the steady beat of his heart, made my wolf exhale shakily.

"Liv," he whispered into my hair, his voice breaking with love, "that will never happen again. I swear it. You'll never lose us like that. You'll never have to relive that pain."

I shook against him, my fingers clutching the fabric of his shirt. "I know... I know you say that. But I'm still scared."

His hand rubbed slow circles down my back, comforting me. "Then let us carry that fear with you. Don't hold it alone. We love you so much, Olivia. We'll spend the rest of our lives proving that to you."

Before I could answer, another warmth closed around me. Lennox. His presence was overwhelming and strong, like a wall shielding me from everything else.

He pulled me into his arms, cupping my cheek with one rough hand. His thumb brushed away a tear that had escaped, and his eyes—goodness, those eyes—burned straight into me.

"We cannot be spelled again," he said firmly, his voice calm and unshakable. "We're Alphas now. No witchcraft, no spell, no trick can touch us. That mistake only happened because we weren't yet what we are today. And it will never happen again."

His hand pressed tighter to my cheek, his forehead almost touching mine. "I love you, Olivia. So much. Sometimes I wish you could see my heart—just so you'd know there's no space in it for anyone else but you."

The truth of his words hit me like a wave. I couldn't see his heart, but gods...I could feel it. His love. It was real, deep, burning through me until I couldn't breathe.

And then Louis's arms slipped around me from behind, pulling me fully into the safety of all three of them. His lips brushed the top of my head, his voice low and fierce.

"You're ours. Always. No spell, no woman, no mistake will ever change that. We'll fight for you until our last breath."

Surrounded. Shielded. Loved.

For the first time, the fear inside me loosened, just a little.

I hugged Louis, and he wrapped his arms around me. I let the tears fall as I relaxed in the comfort of his arms. I knew my healing process would take a long while, but having this conversation with them gave me a little assurance, and I felt a heavy load leave my shoulders. Louis kept whispering words to me as he rubbed invisible circles on my back while I just remained in his arms.

My eyes closed. I pressed my face into Louis's chest, listening to the rise and fall of him. My hands found Levi's and Lennox's and I squeezed, a small, stunned laugh escaping

me. God, I loved these men so much. If something happened—if I lost them—I didn't know how I would live with it. Louis lifted up my head and leaned down to kiss me. I opened my mouth and kissed him deeply, pouring out my emotion into the kiss.

The kiss deepened. I melted into it, parting my lips, tasting him, letting all the emotions I had bottled up for so long spill into the way I kissed him back.

My hands slid up his chest, clutching at him like he was the only thing keeping me tethered. His arm tightened around me, his tongue brushing mine, and for that brief moment, I felt whole. Safe. Loved.

Levi began trailing soft kisses on the back of my neck while I felt Lennox lifting up the hem of my gown. God, I loved them. All of them. The thought of losing even one made my chest tighten, but here—like this—I could almost believe we were inseparable.

And then—knock. Knock.

The sound shattered the bubble we had built. We froze. Louis pulled back, his breathing rough, his forehead still pressed against mine.

The knock came again, softer this time, followed by a too-familiar voice. "Brothers? It's me. Selene. Can we talk?"

My frown deepened. Why was she calling them brothers? It sounded so fake to me.

The tension in the room snapped back like a whip. My wolf bristled instantly, claws raking at me from the inside. The warmth of the kiss drained, replaced by cold anger curling in my stomach.

Louis muttered a curse under his breath. Lennox's jaw clenched. Levi squeezed my hand tighter, his eyes flicking toward the door.

And me? I wanted to rip it off its hinges.

The door creaked open before anyone could answer the knock. Selene stepped in, her eyes sweeping the room, and that little smirk I already hated tugged at her lips.

"Hope I'm not interrupting," she said sweetly, though her tone dripped with anything but innocence.

"You are," I snapped, my frown deepening as I glared at her.

Her eyes flicked to me, and she rolled them like I was nothing but a child throwing a tantrum. My wolf growled inside me, but before I could lunge, she turned her attention away from me completely—straight to the triplets.

"I just got some information," she announced, her voice suddenly serious.

The shift in her tone made Lennox stiffen, Louis's hand drop from my waist, and Levi's posture straighten instantly.

I hated it.

I hated the way she commanded their attention in seconds.

Chapter 389: Information

Olivia's POV

"Let's hear it," I said sharply, moving before I could even think about it. I planted myself in front of the triplets, my body a wall, blocking Selene's line of sight. My wolf bristled inside me, daring her to try and step closer. Oh, gods... I probably looked insanely possessive, but I didn't care.

Selene's lips curved into the faintest scoff, like she wanted to mock me, but she must've caught the warning flash in my eyes because—for once—she was smart enough not to make any silly remarks. Instead, she straightened her back, trying to look composed, but when she tried to peer over me toward the triplets, I shifted right back into her path, my glare fixed on her.

"What?" I arched a brow, my tone dripping with challenge. "Can't you tell me what you have to say? Whatever you think you can tell them, you can also tell me." Her eyes flicked to mine, and I didn't flinch. I wanted her to know I meant every word.

"The triplets are my mates," I continued, my voice authoritative, heavy with warning. "We are one." I made sure to stress the last word—one—just in case she was harboring even the faintest little fantasy of worming her way into their lives. Deep down, I knew she was. My instincts never lied.

Selene's eyes narrowed slightly, but she said nothing. She just stood there, waiting. For a moment, the silence between us burned hotter than fire. Then she finally spoke.

"Frederick is attending a birthday party tomorrow," she announced. "The celebrant happens to be... someone I know. Which means I have a way in. I can get close, and if the opportunity shows itself, I can set the plan in motion."

I narrowed my eyes at her, my arms crossing tighter. "Very well then," I said, my tone sharp, leaving no room for argument. "I'll be at the party too. With Frederick. That way I can watch you myself, make sure you don't make any mistakes."

Her composure cracked. She frowned, her voice rising with sudden frustration. "You don't need to babysit me, Olivia! I'm smart enough to handle this. I know what I'm doing."

I arched a brow, tilting my head slightly. "Smart? Maybe. But you're not flawless. And when it comes to Frederick, one mistake is all it takes. I won't risk it."

Selene's jaw tightened, and for a moment I saw her wolf bristle in her eyes. But she didn't argue further—she just scoffed under her breath and turned her face away, clearly biting back whatever insult she wanted to throw.

Lennox's jaw tightened as he finally spoke, his voice low but edged with frustration. "I hate it," he admitted, his eyes locked on me, burning with possessiveness. "I hate the thought of people seeing you with Frederick. Of him even standing beside you."

My chest ached at the raw honesty in his tone. I reached for him without hesitation, my hand curling around the back of his neck as I pulled him down to me. Our lips met, and I kissed him deeply, pouring all my defiance and love into it.

"It's only for a while," I whispered against his mouth before kissing him again, harder this time. My wolf hummed with satisfaction as I made sure the kiss lingered, hot and passionate, knowing full well that Selene was watching.

Her presence prickled at the edge of my awareness, and the thought of her seeing us like this made me press even closer to Lennox. My nails dug lightly into his shirt as I deepened the kiss, staking my claim without words.

Through the bond, I felt Lennox's wolf purr, and then his chuckle brushed against my mind link. "I know exactly what you're doing, Liv. And gods, I love it." That made me smile against his lips, even as Selene scoffed faintly in the background, her annoyance rolling off her like smoke.

I finally pulled back from Lennox, my lips still tingling, my chest rising and falling. Turning to Selene, I forced a sharp smile that held no warmth. "Thank you for the information," I said, my tone clipped. "Now you can leave. We were in the middle of something before you interrupted."

Her lips twitched, but instead of walking out quietly, she tilted her head, her eyes glinting with something sharp. "I just hope," she said smoothly, "that you can keep them forever."

Her words sliced through the air like a blade. My wolf bristled, but before I could fire back, Levi's voice cut through the tension, loud and commanding. "Watch your tongue, Selene." His gaze was steady, hard. "Olivia isn't just anyone. She is our mate. Ours. She doesn't have to 'keep' us—we belong to her. That's how it is, and that's how it will always be."

Louis stepped closer too, his arm wrapping protectively around my waist. His voice was sharp, edged with finality. "If you're here to help against Frederick, then focus on that. But don't you ever forget your place when it comes to Olivia."

Selene's smirk faltered, her eyes flicking between the three of them before finally landing on me. For a heartbeat, I swore I saw irritation and hate flash across her face—but she said nothing more. With a scoff, she turned on her heel and walked out, her footsteps echoing down the hall.

I exhaled slowly, leaning into Louis's hold as my wolf hummed in satisfaction. For once, I didn't have to fight. My mates had spoken for me. And it felt damn good.

Lennox's gaze landed on me, his lips curling into that half-smirk that always made my stomach tighten. "So," he drawled, his voice low, "we were in the middle of something, huh?"

My breath caught as his fingers went to the buttons of his shirt. One by one, he began undoing them with deliberate slowness, his eyes never leaving mine. The sound of fabric sliding against skin filled the silence, and heat rushed up my neck. My wolf stirred restlessly, caught between pride and the undeniable pull of him.

"Lennox..." I whispered, warning laced in my tone, but my voice betrayed me—it was already trembling.

Louis chuckled softly behind me, his arms still looped around my waist. "He's got a point, Liv. You did say we were busy."

Levi smirked too, his hand brushing over mine. "And we hate leaving things unfinished."

My heart pounded so hard I thought it might burst. Gods, I had no defense against them when they closed in like this. Lennox shrugged his shirt off, his chest bare, his wolf burning in his eyes. He tilted his head, daring me. "So tell me, mate... do we pick up where we left off?"

Chapter 390: Sex

Olivia's POV

Before I could even form a reply, Levi yanked me into his arms, his mouth crashing onto mine. The force of his kiss devoured my breath, his lips moving over mine with a hunger so fierce it made my pulse stumble. My hands clutched at his shirt on instinct, desperate to anchor myself against the sheer intensity of him.

As his tongue tangled with mine, I felt a hand—Louis's hand—slip boldly under the hem of my gown. My body jolted, heat flooding through me as his fingers grazed over my

bare skin. In one swift motion, he pushed my panties aside and cupped me there, right over my pussy.

A startled gasp escaped me, swallowed against Levi's lips. The shock dissolved into something darker, hotter, and before I could stop myself, I spread my thighs wider, silently begging Louis to push further. His fingers slid against me, teasing, then pressing in, and I moaned straight into Levi's mouth.

Levi devoured the sound greedily, his kiss rougher, hungrier, as if he wanted to claim every breath I gave. His hand tangled in my hair, tugging just enough to angle my head, his tongue sliding deeper, leaving me dizzy.

Louis's fingers pressed inside me, slow at first, then curling just right, and my legs trembled. My gasp vibrated against Levi's mouth, and he groaned, gripping me tighter as though the sound itself was undoing him.

"Fuck, Liv..." Levi muttered against my lips, his breath hot, his voice drenched in raw need.

Louis's other hand slid up my thigh, steady and firm, holding me open for him as his fingers thrust deeper, harder. I could feel the slick coating his hand, the shameless way my body betrayed me, and it only made Levi kiss me harder, his teeth grazing my bottom lip until I whimpered.

Levi broke from my lips only long enough to guide me backward until my knees hit the bed. I fell with a soft gasp, chest heaving, my gown disheveled, my panties already damp and tugged aside.

Lennox followed me down, his eyes dark, hungry, unrelenting. He gripped my chin, forcing me to meet his gaze, then pressed his cock against my lips. The weight, the heat, made my stomach twist with need. Without hesitation, I opened, taking him in, the taste of him filling me as I sucked eagerly.

Behind me, Levi climbed onto the bed. His hands gripped rough against my hips, dragging me to my knees. I moaned around Lennox's cock when Levi shoved my thighs apart and pressed hard against my soaked entrance.

"Fuck, Olivia..." Levi groaned, and then he pushed into me, stretching me inch by inch until I cried out, muffled around Lennox.

My nails raked the sheets, my mouth working over Lennox's thick length while Levi's thrusts drove harder, deeper, each one rocking me forward until my lips slid further down Lennox's shaft.

Lennox's hand tangled in my hair, guiding, groaning low as I took him deeper. Levi's grip branded my hips as he slammed into me from behind, the bed creaking, the

obscene slap of skin against skin mingling with the wet sounds of my mouth working Lennox's cock.

The more Levi pounded into me, the louder my moans grew, vibrating around Lennox until he cursed and thrust harder into my mouth. Every nerve burned alive, every part of me filled and claimed at once.

"Spread wider for me, sweetheart," Louis murmured, his voice husky, commanding, yet laced with a softness that made obedience effortless.

Levi groaned when my thighs opened further for his pounding, the angle letting him sink impossibly deeper. My muffled cry vibrated around Lennox, and he cursed, driving his length harder past my lips.

Louis's palm cupped my ass, kneading firmly before delivering a sharp spank that jolted through me. His other hand slipped lower, stroking where Levi was buried deep inside. The feel of his fingers brushing Levi's thickness, sliding over my swollen folds, made me tremble violently.

"Fuck, she's dripping," Louis growled under his breath. Then his fingers pressed to my clit, rubbing merciless circles that sent shocks of fire racing through me.

Trapped between them, I moaned helplessly, choking around Lennox's cock as my hips jerked back into Levi and into Louis's touch. Levi snarled at the movement, thrusting harder, pounding me so deep I swore I could feel him everywhere.

Lennox's grip tightened, dragging me farther down on his cock. I gagged lightly, tears prickling, but the raw sound of his groan made me take more, suck harder, as though I craved every broken sound I could drag from him.

Louis bent to my ear, his breath searing, his words dark. "Moan for us. Our perfect little mate."

His fingers on my clit quickened, relentless, until my body shook uncontrollably. My muffled scream around Lennox made him throw his head back, groaning, while Levi's pace turned savage behind me.

Levi's thrusts grew frantic, the harsh slap of his hips echoing through the room. His grip on my waist turned bruising, desperate, as though he was unraveling completely.

"Fuck—Liv..." he groaned, burying himself deep one final time. I felt him spill inside me, hot and overwhelming, his body shuddering hard against mine. The rush sent another wave tearing through me, my moan strangled around Lennox's cock still filling my mouth.

Levi's breath came ragged, his chest pressed flush to my back as he held me there, panting against my skin. Then slowly, reluctantly, he pulled free, leaving me trembling, wetness spilling down my thighs.

But before the emptiness could even settle, Louis was there. His hands gripped my hips, his chest grazing my back as he positioned himself behind me. His cock slid along my slick folds, the thickness of him making my breath falter even before he pushed inside.

"Gods..." Louis hissed as he sank into me, stretching me anew, filling me completely. My whole body arched, a muffled cry spilling from my throat as Lennox groaned above me, shoving harder down my throat.

Louis didn't rush. Not yet. His thrusts were long, deliberate, making me feel every inch of him, his hands molding my hips, his groans low and raw in my ear.

"So fucking tight...."