

# **Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 451: Prove Myself - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 451: Prove Myself**

## **Chapter 451: Prove Myself**

Frederick's POV

The night air was sharp against my skin, but I barely felt it.

The woman you killed.

Those words wouldn't leave me. They echoed through my head again and again, louder each time I thought about them.

I staggered toward the far end of the garden, stopping by the pool. The water shimmered. My reflection looked back at me—pale, tired, broken.

I thought of Deborah.

That name alone was enough to drag me years into the past. The young woman who worked beside me... brilliant and stubborn. The woman who smiled even when we argued over experiments, who believed she could change the world.

I remembered the letter she left behind, written in haste: "There's an emergency. I have to return home. I'll explain everything soon."

That was the last thing I ever heard from her. I searched for months. Sent messages, called in favors. Nothing. I thought she'd left, but I didn't know that all this while she was dead—and I was pinned as the killer.

Poison.

I sent a maid.

I killed her.

I pressed a trembling hand against my face, trying to steady my breathing. "No," I whispered to myself. "I can be a monster, but killing Deborah? That was the last thing on earth I would ever do."

Then came the cruelest realization of all...Selene.

Deborah's daughter.

It made sense now—her intelligence, her temper, the way she looked at me sometimes, like she knew me before she actually did.

And Hailee... when she said she was descended from Hailee, it felt like the ground shifted beneath me. The same bloodline. The same aura. The same face that haunted my dreams for centuries.

I cursed under my breath, running a hand through my hair. "Damn it."

Everything was becoming suffocating.

But one thing was clear.

I couldn't lose her. Not to hatred. Not to lies.

"I'll prove it," I murmured to myself. "I'll prove I didn't kill Deborah. I'll find the truth. I'll make her believe me."

My reflection wavered in the water as I whispered again, firmer this time, "I'll prove it to you, Selene... I will."

Taking a deep breath, I decided to go back into the mansion to see how things were. I should have gone home. After everything that happened tonight, after Selene's words, the last place I should be was here.

But I couldn't leave.

Not when she looked broken, lost, and exhausted.

When I reached Lennox's room, the door was half-open. The smell of herbs and medicine hit me first. Inside, the healers were still working, their chants low, their hands glowing faintly as they moved around Lennox's still body.

And there she was.

Selene sat beside the bed, her shoulders slumped, her hair falling messily over her face. Her clothes were rumpled, her hands stained with magic dust as she helped the healers prepare another mixture. She looked completely drained—like she hadn't slept in days, like she was one breath away from collapsing.

For a moment, I just stood there, watching her. Every instinct in me screamed to walk over, to pull her into my arms, to let her cry into my chest and tell her she didn't have to carry all this alone.

But I knew better.

She wouldn't let me. Not now.

I stepped into the room slowly, my voice gentle. "You need to rest, Selene."

Her head snapped up. When her eyes met mine, they were red and tired but still full of hatred for me.

"It's none of your business," she said flatly, her voice hoarse but strong enough to sting.

I took another step closer, ignoring the warning in her tone. "You haven't closed your eyes once since this began. You'll collapse if you keep going like this."

She turned away, mixing the magic dust. "Then let me collapse," she muttered. "At least that's something I can control."

My chest tightened. I wanted to argue, but the pain in her voice stopped me. She was grieving—maybe not for Lennox alone.

I sighed quietly and said, "I'm not going anywhere, Selene... I'm not."

She didn't respond. She just kept working, pretending I wasn't there.

For a while, I stood at the door, my attention fixed on the exhausted Selene, who was still trying to help the healers. Suddenly, her hands trembled as she tried to grind the last bit of magic dust. I could see the exhaustion in every movement—the way her shoulders sagged, the way her breathing quickened.

"Selene," I said quietly, "you need to stop."

She ignored me, mixing faster. "I'm fine," she muttered, even though her voice wavered.

Then, before I could take another step forward, the bowl slipped from her grasp and shattered against the floor. She swayed—once, twice—then her knees buckled.

"Selene!"

By my speed ability, I caught her before she hit the ground. Her head fell against my chest, her eyes barely open.

"Enough," I whispered, my voice low but firm. "Enough of this stubbornness."

She mumbled something I couldn't quite hear, maybe telling me to let her go, but I wasn't listening anymore. I brushed a strand of hair away from her face. Her skin was warm, her pulse faint but steady.

"You can hate me," I said softly, tightening my hold on her. "You can despise me all you want. But I won't stand here and watch you destroy yourself."

I lifted her into my arms. She was lighter than I expected... far too light. Her head rested against my shoulder, her breathing shallow but even.

I didn't know the Luciano mansion well, but I moved through the corridors quietly, searching for a place to lay her down. My boots echoed softly on the marble floor until I found a small guest room at the end of the hall.

The door creaked as I pushed it open. I laid her gently on the bed. She stirred faintly, her lips parting as if she wanted to protest, but she was too exhausted to fight me.

"Rest," I whispered, brushing a stray lock of hair from her cheek. "Just rest."

For a long moment, I stood there beside her bed, watching her breathe. Every rise and fall of her chest felt like proof she was still here—alive, angry, and somehow still beautiful even when she hated me.

I turned toward the door, whispering under my breath, "I'll go make you something to eat."

But as I stepped out of the room, I came face-to-face with Louis. He stood there, his expression grim.

"We need to talk," he said.

## **Chapter 452: Still Care**

Frederick's POV

Louis stood at the door, his expression hard, arms folded across his chest. The air between us tightened instantly.

"What are you doing here?" he asked sharply. "You should leave."

I met his stare calmly, though my hands still trembled slightly. "I'm here for Selene."

That made him raise an eyebrow. "Oh? Not for Olivia?" His tone carried disbelief and something close to mockery. "So you like Selene now? Does that mean you'll finally let Olivia go?"

I said nothing. There was no point arguing about what he couldn't understand.

Louis gave a small, humorless laugh. "You killed her mother," he said flatly. "And now you're standing here pretending you care?"

My jaw tightened. "I didn't kill her," I said quietly. "And I'll prove it."

Louis stepped closer, his brown eyes sharp. "We'll have that conversation later," he said coldly, "but for now, you need to leave."

"No," I replied simply.

He frowned. "What?"

"I said no." I glanced past him, down the hallway. "Where's the kitchen?"

His brows furrowed, clearly thrown off. "The kitchen?"

"Yes," I said, brushing past him before he could argue. "Selene hasn't eaten in hours. I'm going to make her something."

Louis blinked, almost speechless. "You're unbelievable," he muttered, shaking his head.

"Maybe," I said, pausing briefly. "I'll leave once I'm sure Selene is okay."

Then I continued down the hall, leaving him behind, confused, irritated, and maybe, just maybe, a little unsure of what to think anymore.

The hallways of the Luciano mansion were silent. My footsteps echoed softly as I made my way through the vast corridors, searching for the kitchen.

It was almost 3 a.m.

The whole house was asleep or grieving.

I finally found the kitchen after a few wrong turns. It was enormous, with marble counters, long shelves, and rows of silver pots gleaming under the dim light. But it was empty. Not a single kitchen assistant or cook in sight.

Of course, no one was thinking about food tonight.

I sighed and stepped inside. The silence was thick. For a second, I just stood there, unsure where to start. It had been years since I last cooked anything.

Decades, actually.

I rolled up my sleeves, scanning the space until I found a few simple ingredients: bread, eggs, milk, and honey. My fingers brushed against the counter, remembering the movements, the rhythm.

It felt strange, comforting, and painful at the same time.

The last time I cooked for someone, it had been for Hailee, shockingly Selene's great-grandmother.

I could still remember her laughter, the way she had teased me for burning the first attempt. "Lord Frederick, you're terrible with a stove," she had said, grinning.

And I had laughed, a sound that felt foreign now. It had been a long time since I laughed that way.

My chest tightened as I whisked the eggs and poured them into a pan. The soft crackle filled the silence, and for a moment, it almost felt peaceful.

I caught my reflection in the window: older, colder, and tired. "Hailee," I murmured quietly, "you'd laugh if you saw me now."

The smell of the food spread faintly through the kitchen. It wasn't much, just warm bread and eggs with a drizzle of honey, but it was okay.

And maybe that's what Selene needed most right now.

I placed the meal on a tray, wiped my hands on a towel, and took a deep breath.

Then I turned toward the door, ready to return to her room, ready to return to the woman who made me feel the way only Hailee had, and yet she hated me so much.

I walked back into the room. Selene was awake. She sat up. Her face was tired. She frowned when she saw me.

I put the tray on the small table. The warm smell of eggs rose. I sat on the edge of the bed. My hands still shook a little.

"Eat," I said quietly.

She looked at the food. Her eyes flashed. "Did you poison it to kill me?" she asked. Her voice was cold.

Those words hit me like a stone. I felt hurt, but I kept my face calm.

"If I wanted you dead, Selene, you wouldn't still be talking."

She flinched, ever so slightly. I didn't mean it as a threat, but truth often sounds like one.

I picked up a spoon. I tasted the egg myself. It was plain. I smiled, but it was only a small one.

"This is for you," I said. I lifted a spoon with the egg on it. I held it out. "Open."

She folded her arms and looked away. "I will not," she said.

I leaned forward slightly, my tone low but firm, the tone that used to make soldiers obey without question. "I said, open your mouth, Selene. Or I have better ways to make you listen."

She looked at me. She saw my face. She saw I meant it. Slowly, she parted her lips.

I put the spoon to her mouth. She bit. Her eyes closed for a second.

She pulled back and looked away. "I don't have an appetite."

"No," I said. "You need to eat. You need strength." I tried not to sound pleading, but I did.

She stared at me. Then, very slowly, she took another small bite. She did not smile. She did not say thank you. But her shoulders relaxed a little, and that was more important.

I watched her chew slowly, her lashes lowering as if she was trying to hide from me.

When she finished that bite, I lifted the spoon again, ready to feed her another. "One more," I said softly.

But before the spoon reached her lips, her hand shot up. Her fingers brushed against mine, warm, trembling, stubborn. She took the spoon from me, her jaw tightening.

"I can feed myself," she muttered.

For a second, I didn't move. Her hand lingered in the air, still close to mine, and the simple touch made my heart stumble. I slowly let go of the spoon, watching her lift it to her mouth.

She ate in silence, refusing to look at me.

Suddenly, dull pain spread through my ribs, sharp enough to make me tense. I drew in a breath, trying to hide it, but the effort made the wound throb harder. My hand moved instinctively to my side. I forgot I had gotten an injury during the fight and hadn't healed myself yet.

I winced, the breath slipping out of me as a low groan.

Selene froze. Her head snapped toward me, her eyes wide. "What's wrong?"

I tried to brush it off, but another wave of pain rolled through me. "It's nothing," I said, my voice tight.

Her gaze dropped to my side. Her brows furrowed when she saw the faint stain seeping through my shirt. "You're bleeding," she whispered. Her tone wasn't cold this time. It was worried.

For a second, I almost forgot how to breathe. Seeing that look on her face, that tiny flicker of concern, made something warm stir inside me.

I smiled faintly, forcing a shaky breath. "You still care," I whispered, the words escaping before I could stop them.

Her eyes widened slightly, but she didn't deny it.

And in that moment, the pain didn't matter anymore.

It was enough, that one look, that small proof that somewhere beneath her anger and hurt, her heart hadn't closed off completely.

### **Chapter 453: prepare for the worst**

Levi's POV

Olivia was drifting again, her eyes glassy, her mind somewhere far away. Every few seconds, I had to reach out and tap her cheek gently, trying to pull her back.

"Hey," I whispered, brushing my thumb over her face. "Stay with me, okay?"

She blinked slowly, her gaze unfocused, then turned to me with tears pooling in her eyes. For a heartbeat, she seemed to see me, and then she faded again, lost in whatever storm was raging inside her.

"Hey... back," I said again, this time more firmly. I pulled her against me, guiding her head to my chest. Her body felt so small, so fragile in my arms. I could feel her silent sobs, the way she shook, the way her fingers clutched weakly at my shirt.

Each shudder tore through me.

I was breaking too.

My other half, my brother, lay on the edge of death, and every instinct in me screamed to fall apart. But I couldn't. Not now. Not when she needed me to be her anchor.

I held her tighter, pressing my chin to the top of her head. "It's okay," I whispered even though it wasn't. "I'm here."

My throat burned, and for a moment, I couldn't tell whose pain I was feeling, hers or mine. All I knew was that the woman in my arms and the brother in that room were both pieces of me.

And I couldn't lose either.

Olivia stirred weakly in my arms, her breathing uneven. Then, all at once, she pushed herself up, her eyes wide and wild.

"I need to see him," she said, her voice shaky but firm. "Lennox, he needs me. I can heal him."

I caught her wrists before she could stand. "Olivia," I said softly, "you can heal him, maybe, but not now."

Her lips trembled. "No."

"Listen to me," I said, holding her gaze. "Your body's drained. You've already done too much. If you push yourself again, you'll end up beside him, and I can't lose both of you."

Tears filled her eyes again. "He's my mate," she whispered, her voice breaking. "I have to be by his side."

I swallowed hard, forcing my tone to stay steady. "Louis is with him," I said. "He won't leave Lennox's side for a second. You need to rest. Let the other healers do their work. When dawn comes, we'll go together."

She shook her head violently. "No! He needs me! He'll hear me. He'll come back if I'm there!"

I cupped her face gently, making her look at me. "Olivia," I said, barely keeping my voice from shaking, "I know. I know you want to be there, but right now, I won't let you."

Her breath hitched, and she tried to pull away, but I held her firmly, drawing her back into my arms.

"Please," I whispered against her hair. "Just rest. For him."

She went still for a moment, her fists still pressed against my chest, then finally, she broke down, her sobs muffled against me.

"Shh," I whispered, brushing her hair back gently. "Rest, Olivia. Just rest."

She shook her head weakly. "I can't, not while he's—"

I didn't let her finish. I leaned down and pressed my forehead to hers, letting our mate bond hum between us, a quiet, soothing pulse of warmth and comfort. It wasn't as strong as it used to be, but it was enough to make her eyelids grow heavy.

"Sleep," I murmured softly, running a thumb over her cheek. "Please. For him. For me."

This was the first time I had ever used our mate bond to command her into doing something. I had no choice.

Her breathing slowed, the tension in her shoulders fading little by little. I felt her wolf surrender to mine, the bond wrapping her in calm until finally, she fell asleep against my chest.

I lay there beside her, holding her close, listening to the fragile rhythm of her heartbeat. For a long while, I said nothing. I just breathed.

Then the silence became too heavy.

My throat tightened as I turned my head toward the dark ceiling. "Lennox," I whispered. "I know you can hear me."

The words cracked halfway out. I clenched my fists, forcing myself to keep going. "You promised me, remember? You said, No matter what happens, we'd face it together."

My voice broke.

"You bastard," I choked out, a tear slipping down my face. "You can't just leave me here. You can't leave us."

I pressed a shaking hand over Olivia's back, feeling her small warmth against my chest. "If you don't want to fight for me and Louis, then fight for her," I said hoarsely. "For our mate. Because she won't survive this, Lennox. She's already breaking."

My voice dropped to a whisper. "So please, come back to us."

For a long, painful moment, there was nothing, just the sound of my heartbeat echoing in the dark.

Then the door creaked softly.

Louis stood there, his eyes red, his jaw clenched. He didn't say anything at first; he just looked at Olivia asleep in my arms, then at me, and I saw it in his eyes, the same fear, the same desperation.

He shut the door quietly behind him and walked closer, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Any change?" he asked, his voice barely more than a breath.

I shook my head. "No."

Louis exhaled shakily and covered his face with his hands. For the first time, I saw him tremble in fear. Slowly, I untangled myself from Olivia's sleeping form and stood. My legs felt heavy, but I forced myself toward the window.

The moonlight spilled across the floor, pale and cold. I placed a hand against the glass, staring out into the endless stretch of night. My reflection stared back at me, tired, hollow, and afraid.

Behind me, Louis' voice broke the silence. "The healers said..." He hesitated, his tone cracking. "They said we should prepare for the worst."

My heart sank. I didn't have to ask what he meant. The worst was death.

He swallowed hard. "Levi, if that happens—"

"Don't," I muttered, still facing the window. "Don't you dare say it."

But he kept going, his voice low and strained. "If it happens, we'll have to focus on Olivia. She'll lose herself completely. You've seen how she is. If Lennox doesn't wake up, she'll follow him."

I closed my eyes tightly. His words sliced through me, sharp and cruel because they were true.

Louis sighed shakily. "We'll protect her, you and I. We'll hold her together, even if—"

A sharp voice cut him off.

"What the hell are you two talking about?"

We both froze.

Olivia was sitting up in bed, her eyes wide, blazing with anger and grief. Her hair was messy, her face streaked with tears, but her voice was strong. Fierce.

"Lennox isn't dying," she said, her voice trembling. "He's not. Do you hear me? He's not!"

"Olivia—" I started, but she shook her head violently, tears spilling down her cheeks.

"No!" she shouted, her voice cracking. "Don't you dare talk about him like that! He's not dying!"

Before either of us could move, she pushed herself up from the bed, her legs barely steady.

"Olivia, wait!" Louis called, but she was already gone, the door slamming behind her as she ran down the hall.

## **Chapter 454: Use her power again**

Olivia's POV

The moment I reached the door, I didn't stop to think.

I burst into the room.

The healers turned sharply, startled by the sudden crash of the door. Lennox lay still on the bed, his chest unmoving, his skin pale as marble.

"Move!" I yelled, stumbling forward. "Get away from him!"

"Lady Olivia," one of the healers began, but I shoved past him, falling to my knees beside Lennox. My hands trembled as I pressed them to his chest. His skin was ice-cold. Too cold.

"Lennox," I whispered, my voice breaking. "Please. Please come back to me."

Light flared from my palms. The air thickened with power. My wolf howled inside me, pushing everything I had toward him.

"Olivia, stop!" one of the healers shouted. "You're draining yourself! Your magic isn't—"

"I don't care!" I screamed, tears falling down my face. "He's my mate!"

The glow around us grew stronger. The windows shook. The ground trembled under my knees. My heart pounded so hard it hurt, but I didn't stop. I couldn't. I poured every ounce of life inside me into him, even when my vision blurred and black spots danced before my eyes.

"Please," I gasped. "Please, Lennox."

The head healer rushed forward, his voice loud and panicked. "She's channeling too much! If she doesn't stop, her heart will fail!"

Hands tried to pull me away, but a burst of energy exploded from me, throwing them back. My hair lifted in the air, my eyes glowing gold as power surged violently through me.

I pushed harder, ignoring the pain tearing through my chest. My body was shaking uncontrollably, my nose bleeding, my skin burning.

"Olivia, stop!" the healer begged. "You don't understand. His condition isn't something you can fix. That ritual, he shouldn't have been part of it. It's not just physical damage. It's spiritual. You'll kill yourself trying!"

I didn't stop.

"Then I'll die with him," I whispered, my voice hoarse, trembling.

The light flared one last time, a blinding burst that filled the room. The healers shielded their faces. And then, everything went silent.

My hands fell limp. My body tilted forward.

"Olivia!" someone shouted, catching me before I hit the floor.

"Olivia!" Levi's voice broke as he held me tightly. "What the hell were you thinking?"

His heart was pounding hard against my back. I could barely lift my head, but I felt his hands, one cradling my face, the other pressed against my chest like he was checking if I was still breathing.

"You almost died!" he shouted, his voice cracking. "Do you hear me? You almost died!"

I blinked weakly. "I can heal him," I whispered, my voice faint.

Levi's jaw clenched. "No, you can't."

He didn't let me argue. He scooped me up, ignoring the healers' protests, and stormed out of the room. I felt the rush of air as he carried me down the hall, his grip tight, his steps fast and furious.

By the time he kicked the door open to his room, Louis was already waiting there, eyes red, face pale.

"What happened?" Louis demanded, standing instantly.

Levi laid me down on the bed carefully, his movements gentle but tense. Then he turned, his anger barely restrained. "She tried to kill herself!"

Louis froze. "What?"

"She pushed past the healers," Levi said through clenched teeth, pacing the room like a storm. "She used her power again, everything she had." He turned to me, his eyes burning. "What were you thinking, Olivia?"

Tears burned my eyes again, but I didn't answer. I couldn't.

Louis moved closer, his tone sharp but trembling. "Do you want to die? Is that it?"

I shook my head weakly. "No, I just—"

"Just what?" Louis snapped. "You think he's the only one who matters? You think we don't care? You think we don't feel what you feel?" His voice broke, his fists shaking. "He's our brother, Olivia. Our blood. But we can't lose you too."

Levi's voice softened slightly but carried the same pain. "Do you even think about us? About what it would do to us if you died trying to save him?"

My throat closed. I couldn't look at them.

Louis took a shaky breath, rubbing his face. "You talk about dying with him like it's noble. But what about the ones left behind?"

I swallowed hard, guilt clawing through my chest. The truth of his words hit like a blade.

"I..." My voice trembled. "I just couldn't watch him slip away. I thought if I lost him..."

Levi stepped closer, kneeling in front of me. His hand brushed away a tear from my cheek. "You wouldn't be the only one losing him," he said quietly. "We're all breaking, Olivia. But if something happened to you too," his voice cracked, "I don't think either of us would survive that."

I looked between them, both pale, tired, hurting, and for the first time, I saw it. The fear in their eyes wasn't just for Lennox. It was for me.

The guilt sank deeper than any wound.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, my voice small. "I didn't mean to."

Louis exhaled slowly, sitting beside me on the bed. "Just don't ever do that again," he said, his tone softer now. "Get your strength back."

Levi nodded, his hand still on mine. "We'll save him together, but not if it means losing you."

I closed my eyes, the tears slipping down silently.

For once, I didn't argue. Because they were right.

Hours later, the room was quiet now.

Too quiet.

Levi had fallen asleep in the chair beside the bed, his arm slumped across the armrest. Louis sat by the window, staring into the dark, the faint glow of moonlight tracing the sharp lines of his face.

But I couldn't sleep.

Every time I closed my eyes, I saw Lennox, still, cold, lifeless.

My chest tightened painfully. I pressed a hand to it, trying to calm the ache that wouldn't go away.

It was my fault.

All of it.

I turned slightly, my voice small. "Louis?"

He didn't move at first, but I knew he was awake. His gaze stayed fixed outside. "You should rest," he said quietly.

"I can't."

He sighed softly and turned toward me. "You need to try."

My throat burned. "Everything happening is my fault."

He didn't answer, and that silence, that quiet disappointment, hurt more than shouting ever could.

"I wasn't thinking," I whispered. "I thought I could help Selene."

Louis stood and walked to me. His expression softened, though his eyes still held traces of pain. "You weren't thinking," he agreed quietly, sitting at the edge of the bed. "You were feeling. Too much."

I looked down, ashamed.

My hands trembled slightly as I spoke. "Sometimes I feel like everything bad that happens to him is because of me. Like I'm cursed or something. Maybe if he wasn't mated to me..."

"Don't," Louis cut in firmly, his tone sharp. "Don't ever say that again."

I looked up at him, startled.

## **Chapter 455: Risk**

Louis's POV

She looked up at me, her eyes red and full of guilt.

And for a moment, I forgot my own pain.

I sighed quietly, running a hand through my hair before speaking. "Olivia, stop blaming yourself. None of this is your fault. Lennox made his choices. He'd do anything for the people he loves."

She shook her head. "And now look where that's gotten him," she whispered, her voice breaking. "He's dying because of me."

I knelt beside her, my tone soft. "No. He's fighting because of you. That's the difference."

Her lips trembled, but I pressed on. "You're the reason he's still holding on. Even like this, his bond with you is keeping him here. Don't call that a curse."

Her eyes filled again, and she let out a shaky breath. "Then why does it feel like I'm killing him instead of saving him?"

Before I could answer, Levi stirred. His voice was low, rough from sleep. "Because you're exhausted, Olivia," he murmured, rubbing his eyes. "You've given too much. You can't keep pouring from an empty heart."

She looked between us, her shoulders trembling. "I just want him back," she whispered.

Levi moved closer, wrapping an arm gently around her. "And you will have him back," he said quietly. "But not like this. Not if it means losing you too."

Her breath hitched, and finally, her body sagged, too tired to argue anymore. I exchanged a glance with Levi, and together, we soothed her until she drifted into an uneasy sleep.

When her breathing evened out, we both exhaled.

Levi ran a hand down his face. "She's burning herself from the inside out."

"I know," I muttered, standing. "Come on. Let's check on Lennox."

When we reached the door, the faint sound of chanting drifted from inside.

Seven healers were attending to him, and among them, the sorcerer who had been called in from the Northern Coven, stood around Lennox's bed. Symbols burned faintly on the floor, pulsing like a heartbeat.

I could barely breathe when I looked at him.

He was still as stone, but his body was trembling faintly, like his spirit was fighting something unseen.

The sorcerer turned to us. His eyes were old, sharp, unsettlingly calm. "You shouldn't be here," he said quietly. "The energy in this room isn't stable."

"We're not leaving," I replied flatly. "Tell us what's happening to our brother."

The sorcerer studied us for a long moment, then sighed. "Alpha Lennox's soul is trapped, halfway between his body and the realm the ritual opened. He's neither living nor dead right now. The thread that ties him to this world is thin, dangerously thin."

Levi frowned. "Then fix it. Bring him back."

The sorcerer hesitated, exchanging a look with one of the healers. "We can't. Not yet. There's a complication."

My stomach sank. "What kind of complication?"

He stepped closer, lowering his voice. "It's her. The mate."

Levi's eyes darkened. "Olivia?"

The sorcerer nodded grimly. "Her power is connected to his. Through the bond, she's feeding him strength, even now. But it's too strong. If he dies while the bond is this active..."

He paused, his expression grave. "She will die with him."

A heavy silence fell.

I felt the blood drain from my face. "You're saying she's tied to his death?"

"Yes," the sorcerer said quietly. "The bond is anchoring her life to his. Normally, it weakens when a mate is unconscious, but hers is resisting. It's unnatural. Dangerous."

Levi stepped forward, his tone sharp. "Then what do we do?"

The sorcerer's gaze hardened. "You must disconnect them."

I froze. "Disconnect?"

He nodded. "Break the bond completely. It's the only way to save her if he doesn't return."

Levi's jaw clenched. "And if we don't?"

"Then when his heart stops, hers will too," the sorcerer said. "They'll die together."

The words hit like thunder.

For a long moment, neither of us spoke. I could hear my own heartbeat in my ears.

Finally, I managed to ask, "How... how do we disconnect them?"

The sorcerer's answer was immediate. "She has to reject him. Fully. Freely. Before his spirit fades."

Levi and I exchanged a horrified look.

"She'll never do that," I whispered.

The sorcerer's eyes met mine, calm but cold. "Then you better prepare yourselves. Because if she doesn't, then if we lose him, we are losing her too."

The sorcerer's words hung in the air like poison.

Levi and I stood frozen, the reality of it settling in our chests.

"She has to reject him," the man repeated softly, as if saying it again would make it easier to accept.

Levi's fists clenched. "You're asking her to destroy herself. You don't understand what you're saying."

The sorcerer met his glare calmly. "I understand perfectly. I've seen this before. When a bond this strong refuses to fade, it becomes lethal. One dies, the other follows. If you care for her life, you'll convince her."

I shook my head. "She won't do it. You saw her. She'd rather die beside him than live without him."

"Then she'll get her wish," the sorcerer replied grimly. "And you'll bury them both."

The words sliced through the room like ice.

Levi turned away, dragging a hand through his hair. "There has to be another way. Another spell, another ritual, something."

The sorcerer's gaze hardened. "We've already tried every stabilizing charm we know. His soul is caught between realms. If we force a pull, both their spirits could tear. You'd lose them instantly."

I felt a sick heaviness in my stomach. "So either she rejects him, or they both die?"

"Yes," the sorcerer said. "Those are your choices."

Levi slammed his hand against the wall. "Damn it!" His voice cracked, raw with anger and grief. "You're telling me our only option is to make her reject the man she loves while he's lying there half dead?"

"It's not about love anymore," the sorcerer said sharply. "It's about survival."

I swallowed hard. "If we tell her this, it'll destroy her. She won't do it. She'll fight it. Olivia will not reject Lennox."

Levi turned toward me, his voice low, trembling. "Then what? We just let her die too?"

I didn't answer. My throat was too tight.

The sorcerer stepped closer to the bed, his eyes scanning Lennox's pale face. "You don't have much time," he warned. "His spiritual tether is thinning by the hour. If she doesn't reject him before it breaks," he looked back at us, "she'll follow him, and there won't be a way back."

Levi turned to me, his voice hoarse. "What do we do, Louis?"

I didn't know. For the first time in a long while, I didn't have an answer.

## **Chapter 456: The only option**

Levi's POV

Louis and I stood frozen, the weight of the sorcerer's words pressing down on us like a mountain. Olivia had to reject Lennox—or die with him. But both of us knew she would never do that.

Louis was the first to find his voice. "You don't understand," he said tightly. "Olivia won't reject him. Even if it kills her, she'll hold on."

The sorcerer regarded him for a long moment, then turned to me. His expression was unreadable, his voice calm but cold. "Then perhaps... someone else can."

I frowned. "What do you mean?"

He stepped closer, his gaze fixed solely on me. "The three of you are bound—brothers sharing one bloodline, one spiritual thread. Her bond with Alpha Lennox runs through that same thread. Which means..." He paused, studying us. "Either of you could act on her behalf."

Louis stiffened beside me. "You're saying we can reject him for her?"

The sorcerer nodded once. "Yes. The connection between the triplet bloodline and the mate bond makes it possible, though it is forbidden in most covens. If one of you channels her energy, the rejection can be spoken in her place."

My chest tightened. "Would it work?"

"It would sever the bond," the sorcerer said. "Her life would no longer depend on his. She would live... but the cost would be heavy."

Louis's eyes darkened. "What kind of cost?"

The sorcerer's tone turned grave. "Pain—unbearable pain. The bond will tear violently, and every person tied to it will feel the ripping of their souls. For her, it will feel like death. For you two... perhaps worse."

I clenched my jaw. "But it would save her."

"Yes," the sorcerer confirmed. "If done properly."

Louis shook his head slowly. "And Lennox?"

The sorcerer's eyes flickered toward our brother's still body. "He would remain the same—trapped, weak. But at least she would not die with him. Once the bond is cut, she will be free."

"Free," Louis repeated bitterly. "You mean broken."

The sorcerer's gaze didn't waver. "Better broken than buried."

A heavy silence fell. I could feel the thrum of the wards in the room, the faint pulse of Lennox's fading energy.

I swallowed hard, my voice low. "If we... if we agree, what do we have to do?"

The sorcerer's answer came without hesitation. "One of you must speak the rejection aloud within the circle of sigils. You will need her blood to make it binding. Only then will the severing take hold."

Louis took a step forward, disbelief clouding his face. "You're asking us to break our own brother's bond while he's dying?"

The sorcerer's voice was like steel. "I'm asking you to save the girl he loves. You can mourn him later, but she will not last another day tied to him like this."

My throat tightened. I turned toward Lennox, pale and unmoving on the bed.

Louis looked at me, his voice barely a whisper. "Levi... what if doing this kills her anyway?"

I swallowed the lump in my throat. "Then at least we tried to save her."

The sorcerer nodded once, the faintest trace of pity in his eyes. "Think quickly," he said. "Because her life will begin to fade with his."

He turned away, focusing his attention back on Lennox.

Louis let out a shaky breath and leaned against the wall, covering his face with his hands. "This isn't saving her," he muttered. "This is tearing everything apart."

I stared at Lennox, then thought of Olivia. I knew the sorcerer's proposal was something we should never consider—but it felt like the only thing left that could save her.

Louis stood beside me, still pale, his hand pressed to his face. "She will hate us for this," he muttered. "She will never forgive us."

He was right, and yet, deep down, I knew the sorcerer wasn't wrong. Olivia's bond with Lennox was stronger than any of us had ever understood. Even though she was mated to the three of us—me, Louis, and him—there was something different between them. Something unique.

It wasn't favoritism or imbalance. It was nature. Something primal that even we couldn't interfere with. Over the years, I'd seen it—how her eyes always found him first, how her laughter always came easier when he was around. She loved me and Louis too, yes, but there was something different about the way her soul leaned toward Lennox, like the universe itself had tethered her to him.

It wasn't favoritism. It was something beyond that. Something we could feel, even as kids.

I remember when it first became obvious—when Lennox left for his first Alpha training trip. We were seventeen. Olivia was twelve.

It was only supposed to be a week.

The morning he left, she stood by the gate, her hands clutching the edge of his jacket as if letting go would tear her apart.

"Promise you'll come back soon?" she'd asked, her voice tiny.

Lennox had smiled, that same calm smile that always soothed her. "Before you even miss me," he'd said, brushing a tear from her cheek.

That was a lie.

By the third day, she was pacing the halls like a ghost. She'd wait by the window in the living room, staring out into the distance every few minutes as if expecting to see him walk through the trees.

Louis and I tried everything to distract her—games, food, stories—but she only smiled politely, never for long.

At dinner, she would push her plate away after one bite. Her parents complained, and we had to bring her to the mansion to live with us.

At night, she'd sneak into Lennox's room, curl up in his bed, and whisper to the empty air, "Goodnight."

One night, I found her sitting there, knees tucked under her chin. When I walked in, she quickly wiped her face and said, "I'm fine." But then she whispered, "It's quiet when he's not here. Too quiet. I don't like it."

And I didn't have an answer for her.

Even back then, before the bond revealed itself, she felt him. Like her heart knew when his heartbeat was missing.

By the fifth day, she fell ill. The doctor said it was exhaustion, but we knew better. She couldn't sleep, couldn't eat. She'd wake up in the middle of the night calling his name.

Louis and I took turns sitting with her, trying to calm her. But nothing helped.

When Lennox finally returned, she ran to him before he could even step out of the car. She collided into his chest with such force that even he staggered a little.

He laughed—a deep, soft sound that filled the whole courtyard—and lifted her off the ground. "You see?" he'd said, pressing his forehead to hers. "I told you I'd come back."

And she'd cried—not from sadness, but from the sheer relief of it.

That day, her color returned, her appetite came back, her laughter filled the house again.

That's when I realized... whatever bound them went beyond love. It was something out of this world.

And now, seeing her fading like this—her light dimming each time Lennox's heartbeat slowed—it was happening all over again.

Only this time, he might not come back.

I swallowed hard, pushing away the lump in my throat. "She'll never let him go," I said quietly.

Louis glanced at me, his expression heavy. "Then we'll have to do it for her."

I looked back at Lennox, my chest tightening painfully. Maybe he'd hate us for it. Maybe she would too.

But if it meant keeping her alive...

Then we would have to do it..

## **Chapter 457: The Ritual**

Levi's POV

"Fine," I said quietly, my chest tight. "Let's do it."

Louis looked at me sharply, his eyes wide. "Levi, are you serious? If Olivia finds out?"

"She'll hate us," I finished for him. "Yeah, I know. But I'd rather she hate me and live... than die loving him."

Louis didn't speak. He just looked away, his jaw clenched.

The sorcerer nodded slightly, stepping closer. "Where is she?"

"She's asleep," Louis said.

"Good," the sorcerer replied. "Then we keep her that way until the ritual is done."

He reached into his robe and pulled out a small glass vial filled with golden liquid. It shimmered faintly under the light.

"What's that?" I asked, the sweet smell already filling the air.

"A sleeping charm," he said calmly. "Strong, but harmless. You must drink it first. Once it's in your system, go to her and wake her gently. Kiss her. When she tastes the charm on your lips, it will take effect. She will fall into a deep sleep, long enough for us to draw her blood and perform the ritual."

My stomach turned. "You want me to drug her with a kiss?"

The sorcerer's eyes stayed cold. "It's the safest way. The bond trusts the touch of a mate. Any other attempt will wake her, and then she'll fight us. And if she fights, the ritual fails."

I hesitated, staring at the vial. The scent was sweet, like honey and crushed flowers.

Louis's hand brushed my arm. "You don't have to."

"I have to," I cut him off. "Lennox would have wanted this."

I took the vial and drank. The taste lingered, sweet and warm, almost comforting.

"Now," the sorcerer said softly, "go."

The halls were quiet as I walked back to my room. The sound of my heartbeat filled my ears.

When I pushed open the door, the candlelight flickered faintly across her face.

Olivia lay still, curled on her side, her hand clutching the blanket near her chest. She looked peaceful for once, but even in sleep, faint tear tracks glistened on her cheeks.

I sat beside her and brushed my thumb along her jaw. "Olivia," I whispered.

Her lashes fluttered. Slowly, her eyes opened, soft, tired, and full of worry. "Levi?" she murmured. "How... how is Lennox?"

I swallowed hard, forcing my voice steady. "He's fine," I said. "He's still fighting. You need to rest, okay?"

She nodded weakly, though her gaze searched mine. "You promise he's okay?"

I smiled faintly, even though it hurt. "I promise."

She exhaled shakily, her lips trembling. "I just... want to see him again."

"I know," I whispered, leaning closer. "And you will. But not tonight."

For a moment, we just stared at each other. Her eyes softened, and I could see the trust there, the blind, innocent trust that cut deeper than any blade.

I cupped her face gently and leaned down. My lips brushed hers, warm and trembling.

At first, she kissed me back, slow and tender, like she was saying thank you without words.

Then I felt her body relax, the tension melting away.

Her breathing slowed.

Her hand, which had been gripping my arm, slipped weakly to the bed.

Her eyelids fluttered, then closed completely.

I pulled back slowly, my chest heavy. "I'm sorry," I whispered, brushing a strand of hair from her face. "Forgive me for this."

I turned toward the door. "She's asleep," I said quietly.

The sorcerer entered with two healers. He set a silver bowl on the table beside her and nodded once. "We'll take what we need now."

Louis stood in the doorway, his face pale and drawn. His voice shook. "Levi, she'll hate us."

I looked at Olivia one last time. Her face was peaceful, unaware of what we were about to do.

"I know," I said softly. "But if this saves her, it's worth it."

The sorcerer dipped a small silver blade in the glowing potion and pressed it gently against her palm.

A single drop of blood rolled down and fell into the bowl.

We carried the bowl of Olivia's blood back to Lennox's chamber. The air inside was heavy, thick with the scent of burned herbs and power. Seven healers stood in a circle around him, their hands raised, their lips moving in silent chants. The sigils on the floor glowed faintly, pulsing in rhythm with Lennox's heartbeat. It was weak, fading.

The sorcerer moved to the center, setting the bowl beside Lennox's bed.

"Once this begins," he warned quietly, "you must not stop. No matter what happens."

Louis nodded beside me, pale and tense. "Understood."

The sorcerer gestured toward the floor. "Step into the circle, Alpha Levi."

I took a deep breath and stepped forward. The air shifted immediately. I could feel the bond stirring under my skin, the link that tied all four of us together: me, Louis, Lennox, and Olivia.

"Repeat after me," the sorcerer said.

He dipped his finger into the blood and drew a mark over my heart, a burning line that seared through my shirt and skin. I clenched my jaw as pain rippled through me.

"By blood and bond, speak her will," the sorcerer intoned.

"By blood and bond," I echoed, my voice rough.

"You reject what chains the dying to the living."

I swallowed hard. "I reject what chains the dying to the living."

The light around the circle flared brighter, throwing long shadows across the walls. Lennox's body jerked once, a violent, involuntary movement that made my stomach twist. His chest rose, then fell again.

"Now speak her name," the sorcerer said. "And his."

My throat tightened. "Olivia," I whispered, then looked at Lennox. "And Lennox."

"Say the words," the sorcerer pressed. "Say them as if they were hers."

My heart hammered in my chest. Every part of me screamed not to. But I could feel her faint heartbeat through the bond, weakening. I had no choice.

"I," I faltered, my voice trembling. "I, Olivia, reject you, Alpha Lennox, as my mate."

The moment the words left my mouth, the air exploded.

The floor trembled. The sigils blazed white. A sound tore through the room, not from outside, but from within me.

Pain.

It ripped through my chest like claws of fire, burning through my veins. I fell to my knees, gasping. My vision blurred, and I could feel the bond thrashing violently, fighting to stay alive.

Behind me, Louis shouted my name, but I couldn't answer. I could feel Olivia screaming somewhere deep inside me. Not aloud, but through the bond. Her spirit convulsing, her heart breaking.

The sorcerer's voice cut through the chaos. "Hold on, Levi! It's almost done!"

Lennox's body arched on the bed, his mouth opening in a silent cry. His pulse surged once, then crashed. The bond tore again, snapping like lightning through my mind.

I screamed.

The world tilted. My body convulsed. The pain wasn't just mine, it was hers, and his, all at once. The ripping of one soul into three.

Then, suddenly, silence.

The light dimmed.

The sigils faded.

The pain stopped, leaving only emptiness.

I was shaking when I looked up. My vision swam, but I could still hear the faint hum of magic settling.

The sorcerer exhaled and straightened. His face was pale but calm.

"It's done," he said quietly. "The bond is severed."

Louis fell beside me, panting. "And Olivia?"

The sorcerer turned toward the door. "She will wake, but she will feel the void. Prepare yourselves. She will remember nothing at first, but her heart will know something is missing."

I looked at Lennox's still body, my hand trembling. His chest no longer glowed faintly with her energy. The connection was gone.

And even though it meant she was safe...

It felt like I had just killed them both.

## Chapter 458: Something Is Wrong

Olivia's POV

The faint warmth of sunlight brushed against my face, pulling me slowly from the fog of sleep. My eyes fluttered open, blinking against the soft morning light that poured through the tall glass windows. For a moment, everything felt still. Too still. Then it hit me, the emptiness. It wasn't pain, not exactly. It was something deeper, colder, like a part of me had been quietly stolen while I slept.

My chest felt hollow, my wolf restless beneath my skin, pacing, whining, searching for something that wasn't there.

"What is wrong?" I whispered.

My wolf didn't answer, only whimpered faintly. That was when I realized Levi was sitting beside the bed, his head bowed, his hand loosely holding mine.

"Levi?" My voice came out small and cracked.

His head snapped up, relief flashing across his face, but his eyes were heavy, too heavy.

"You're awake," he said softly, forcing a small smile.

"Yeah..." I blinked, looking around the room. Everything felt normal, yet wrong. "What happened? I feel strange. Like something's been taken from me."

Levi stiffened slightly but quickly covered it with a small shake of his head. "You've been through a lot. You just need to rest."

But I wasn't convinced. My wolf wasn't either. Her unease crawled through me like static.

Something's wrong, she whispered weakly. I can't feel him.

My breath caught.

"Levi," I said, my voice trembling, "where's Lennox? Is he okay?"

He hesitated just for a heartbeat, but I saw it. The flicker in his eyes. The way his hand tightened around mine.

"He's still resting," Levi said quietly. "The healers are with him. He's stable."

"Stable?" I repeated, sitting up too quickly. The room spun a little, but I didn't care. "I need to see him."

"Olivia."

"I need to see him!" I snapped, my voice breaking. "Please. I can't feel him anymore, Levi. I can't—"

I stopped when I saw his expression. He wasn't angry. He wasn't annoyed. He just looked broken.

His eyes met mine, and I felt my heart twist painfully. My wolf whimpered again, pressing against the emptiness inside me.

"Why do you look like that?" I whispered. "What aren't you telling me?"

Levi exhaled shakily, reaching out to touch my cheek, but his hand trembled. "You're safe now," he said quietly, avoiding my question. "That's what matters."

Safe.

"Safe?" I repeated, my chest tightening. "What do you mean by I'm safe?"

Before Levi could respond, I shoved his hand away and swung my legs off the bed. My head spun, but I didn't care. I needed to see Lennox. I needed to feel him.

"Olivia, wait!" Levi called out, but I didn't stop. I ran.

The halls blurred around me as I pushed forward, barefoot, breathless, my heart pounding like it was trying to break free from my chest. Every step I took made the emptiness inside me worse.

Something was wrong. Something had been taken.

"What is wrong?" I whispered desperately, searching for my wolf, but she didn't answer.

No growl. No whisper. Just silence.

"Please..." My voice cracked. "Say something!"

Nothing.

Tears filled my eyes as I reached Lennox's room. I pushed the door open so hard it hit the wall. The healers turned sharply, startled. The room smelled of burnt herbs and medicines. And there he was, Lennox, lying on the bed, still pale, still unmoving, but alive.

I stumbled forward, almost falling to my knees beside him. My fingers trembled as I reached for his hand. His skin was warm. His pulse was faint but steady. Relief washed through me, but only for a second.

Because then I felt it. Or rather, I didn't.

That pull, the invisible thread that always tied us together, the heartbeat inside my soul, it was gone. Completely gone.

My wolf whimpered faintly, confused and lost.

Where is he? She asked weakly. Why can't I feel him?

I pressed a hand to my chest, panic clawing at me. "No," I breathed. "No, no, no."

I turned sharply, my eyes finding Levi and Louis standing by the doorway. My vision blurred with tears, but I could see it in their faces: the guilt, the fear.

"What did you do?" I whispered, my voice trembling.

"Olivia," Louis started, but I cut him off, my voice rising.

"What did you do?!"

They said nothing. Levi's jaw tightened, and Louis looked down, unable to meet my eyes.

I took a step closer, my hands shaking. "Why can't I feel him anymore?" My voice broke. "Where is my bond?!"

Silence.

I felt my knees weaken. My heart pounded so loud it hurt. I turned back to Lennox, brushing my fingers over his face, searching desperately for the spark, the warmth, anything.

But all I felt was emptiness.

The love, the deep human love, was still there, burning painfully in my chest. But the bond, the sacred connection that made us one soul in two bodies, it was gone. Completely severed.

My body trembled as I turned to face them. The bond I shared with Levi and Louis burned faintly beneath my skin, alive, real, pulsing, but when I reached toward Lennox, there was nothing. Not even a spark. Just silence.

My breathing hitched. "I can feel you," I whispered, my eyes darting between them. "Both of you. Your bonds are still there." My voice cracked as I looked back at Lennox's still body. "But him," my hand pressed against my chest, "I can't feel him."

I turned back, my tears blurring everything. "What did you do?"

"Olivia," Levi started, stepping closer, but I stumbled back.

"No!" I yelled, my voice breaking. "Tell me what you did!"

Louis flinched, his expression torn with guilt. His lips parted, but no words came at first. Then finally, in a shaky whisper, he said, "Please, forgive us."

My heart sank. "Forgive you?" I repeated, almost laughing, a broken, disbelieving sound. "For what?"

Levi's jaw tightened. He couldn't meet my eyes. "We didn't have a choice."

"What are you talking about?!" I screamed. "You always have a choice!"

## **Chapter 459: Had No Right**

Olivia's POV

He stepped forward then, his eyes glassy. "Olivia, listen to me. The sorcerer said your life was tied to Lennox's. The bond was keeping you connected, but it was killing you too. If he died, you would've followed him."

I froze, staring at him in disbelief. "So what?" I breathed. "You thought you'd play gods and decide for me?"

Louis's voice cracked. "We did what we had to do to save you."

I shook my head violently, backing away. "Save me? What are you saying!"

Levi finally met my eyes, pain etched deep into his face. "You were fading, Olivia. We could feel it. Your wolf was slipping, your heart slowing. You would've died if we didn't—"

"Didn't what?!" I snapped.

Silence filled the room.

Louis's shoulders slumped. "We had to disconnect the bond. The sorcerer said it was the only way."

"The only way..." I repeated slowly, my voice trembling. I knew what he was trying to say, but I didn't want to accept it.

Levi swallowed hard. "I did it," he said quietly.

My heart stopped. "What?"

His voice broke. "I was the one who spoke the rejection. In your place."

For a moment, I couldn't breathe. The words echoed in my head like thunder.

He rejected Lennox.

He spoke the words I never would have.

"You..." My voice shook violently. "You rejected him?"

Levi's eyes shone with tears. "It was the only way to save you."

Something inside me snapped. "No!" I screamed. "You don't get to decide that for me! You don't get to choose who I live or die for!"

My knees gave out, and I collapsed to the floor, sobbing. "You took him from me," I whispered, my hands clutching my chest. "You took him away."

Louis knelt beside me, his hand hovering like he wanted to touch me but didn't dare. "Olivia, please... you're alive because of us."

"I'd rather be dead with him than alive like this," I choked out.

The room went silent again.

Even my wolf didn't respond. She only whimpered weakly in the corner of my soul.

I looked up at Lennox one more time, my tears blurring his face. "You should've let me die with him," I whispered. "At least then, I wouldn't feel this empty."

Levi turned away, his shoulders shaking. Louis bowed his head, his voice breaking. "We're sorry, Olivia. We just couldn't lose you too."

The silence in the room was suffocating. Their apologies hung in the air, empty and meaningless.

I wiped my tears roughly, rising to my feet. My legs were shaking, but I didn't care. My rage gave me strength.

"You had no right!" I shouted, my voice cracking under the weight of fury and grief. "You had no right to touch our bond. No right to take what wasn't yours to take!"

"Olivia," Levi began, stepping toward me, but I didn't let him finish.

My hand flew before I could stop it.

SLAP.

The sound echoed across the room.

Everyone froze.

The healers gasped audibly, horrified. It was a taboo, a crime even, to strike an Alpha. But I didn't care. He was my mate, and he had broken something sacred.

Levi stood still, his cheek reddened, his eyes wide with shock. He didn't even try to stop me.

The head healer began nervously, "My lady, you—"

"Leave," Levi said sharply, his voice low but firm. His eyes never left mine. "All of you. Get out."

The healers exchanged uneasy glances before bowing and retreating silently. The door shut softly behind them, leaving only the three of us and the storm brewing between us.

Louis stepped forward, his voice tight. "Enough, Olivia. We understand you're angry, but—"

"Angry?" I laughed bitterly, the sound sharp and hollow. "You think this is anger? No, Louis. This is hate!"

Louis's jaw tightened, his nostrils flaring. "We saved your life!"

"And destroyed my soul!" I shot back, pointing at Lennox's still body. "Look at him! You call this saving me? I'm standing here breathing, but I'm dead inside!"

Louis ran a hand through his hair, his temper breaking through. "Why are you acting like he's the only one you're mated to? What about us, Olivia?"

His words made my blood boil. "Don't you dare make this about you!"

He stepped closer, his voice rising. "It's always about him with you! Every damn time! We risked everything for you, and you still look at us like we're the villains!"

My palm struck his face before I even realized what I'd done.

SLAP.

Louis's head snapped to the side, his jaw locking.

"You think I wouldn't act this way if it were you lying there?" I shouted, tears streaming down my cheeks. "If it were you dying, Louis, I'd tear the world apart to bring you back! Both of you! Do you hear me?!"

Louis froze, his chest heaving. For a moment, his anger faltered, replaced by shock.

Levi stepped forward, his voice raw. "We know you would, Olivia. That's exactly why we did what we did. Because you'd rather die than live without us, and we can't let that happen."

I stared at him, trembling. "You can't let that happen?" My voice lowered to a broken whisper. "You're my mates, not my jailers."

Levi's eyes filled with tears. "Hate us if you want. We'll take it. But you're still ours. You're alive, and we won't let you throw that away."

Louis's voice softened, almost pleading. "You don't have to forgive us. You don't even have to love us right now. But don't forget, Olivia, we're your mates too. And as long as we're alive, we'll keep you breathing, even if you hate us for it."

Levi's eyes glistened, his voice steady but tired. "Olivia, Lennox would have wanted the same thing. He'd have wanted you to live, even if it meant losing the bond."

I froze, my breath catching painfully in my chest. "No." I shook my head, backing away. "No, he wouldn't."

Louis stepped in quietly, his tone heavy with sorrow. "He would've, Olivia. You know he would. Lennox has always protected you, always. Even if it meant his own life."

A bitter laugh escaped my throat. "Don't you dare speak for him," I whispered. "You don't know what he would've wanted."

Louis clenched his fists. "We do. We know him better than anyone. He would've chosen your life over his. Every. Single. Time."

"Stop it!" I screamed, my voice breaking. "He's not dying!"

Both of them fell silent.

I wiped my tears harshly, my eyes burning with wild determination. "Do you hear me?" I shouted, glaring between them. "Lennox isn't dying. He won't die. I don't care what your sorcerer or your healers say. I'll bring him back. I'll make sure of it."

Levi took a cautious step toward me. "Olivia—"

But I didn't let him finish.

"No one touches him again," I whispered fiercely. "No one."

Before either of them could reach me, I prepared myself to teleport.

Louis's eyes widened. "Olivia, stop—"

But it was too late. I was gone.

## **Chapter 460: A Way**

Olivia's POV

I appeared in the old witch's hut—the same woman who once helped me cast the spell that brought my mother out of her coma. The air inside was thick with smoke and the scent of herbs, just as I remembered. Luckily, she was there.

She sat cross-legged on the cold floor, her gray hair falling loosely over her shoulders, her eyes closed as she murmured an incantation under her breath. She must have sensed my presence, but she didn't lift her head right away. Her fingers kept tracing glowing symbols across the dusty floor, her voice steady and deep, whispering in the ancient tongue.

I stood there for a moment, trying to catch my breath. My heart was pounding so hard it hurt.

When she finally spoke, her voice was calm, almost a whisper. "I was wondering how long it would take you to come."

I swallowed, my throat tight. "You knew I'd come?"

The old witch gave a faint smile without looking up. "A woman whose bond has been ripped apart never stays still for long."

Her words hit me like a blade. My knees weakened, but I steadied myself. "I need your help," I said, my voice breaking. "I can't lose him to death."

Now she lifted her head, her sharp eyes locking on mine. "You still feel his soul calling, don't you?"

I nodded, my tears spilling again. "Please... I can still sense him—faintly. He's alive, but he's slipping away. Tell me how to reach him. How to bring him back. Am I the special one? There's something I can do, right?"

The witch studied me for a long, silent moment. Then she sighed and rose slowly to her feet, her joints creaking.

"Child," she said quietly, "Lennox is not gone... not yet. His soul still clings to this realm, though his body sleeps beyond mortal time."

My heart skipped. "You mean he'll wake up?"

She nodded once. "Yes. But not soon. It could take years—five... ten... maybe twenty. Time moves differently for souls that wander between worlds."

My breath caught. "No," I whispered, shaking my head. "No, I can't wait that long. There has to be another way. Something I can do now."

The witch's lips curved faintly, almost pitying. "There is always a way," she said. "But it comes with a price."

"I don't care about the price," I said quickly. "Tell me."

She moved closer, the floor creaking under her bare feet. "Every night, you must wound yourself," she said. "Just enough to draw a drop of blood. That drop you will feed him—place it on his tongue before dawn. I will perform a ritual at the same hour, guiding your life force into his."

I swallowed hard, my chest tightening. "Will it work?"

The witch's eyes smirked. "You are far more powerful than you realize, Olivia. You have not yet been stretched to your limits. The strength of a rubber band," she said, raising a wrinkled finger, "is known only when it's pulled."

Her words sent a shiver down my spine.

"It will not take long," she continued. "If you do this faithfully, seven nights will be enough. By the seventh dawn, he will gain consciousness."

Those words from her relieved me, but something in her voice made me pause. "You said it comes with a price," I murmured. "What kind of price?"

The witch's expression darkened. "That," she said softly, "I do not know. Each resurrection demands something different. A soul cannot return from the other side without paying for its passage."

I frowned. "You mean he'll be... changed?"

"Changed," she repeated, her eyes distant. "In ways we cannot predict. But he will live. His body will breathe, his eyes will open, his heart will beat again. The only thing I cannot promise... is that he will return the same."

I felt my stomach twist. "What do you mean?"

She looked straight at me, her tone low and final. "He may not come back as the man you loved, Olivia. The bond between you is gone. What returns may remember you, but not feel you the same way. Something will be taken away from him as the price in place of his life."

I clenched my fists, my throat burning. I thought of the words, but nothing could compare to the idea of never seeing Lennox open his eyes again.

"I don't care what he becomes," I whispered fiercely. "As long as he comes back to me... I'll take him any way I can."

The witch watched me quietly for a moment, then nodded once. "Then prepare yourself, child. Tomorrow, before the first moonrise... we begin."

Her words echoed in my chest like a heartbeat of hope, and for the first time since all this happened, I was able to breathe.

I bowed slightly, my voice trembling. "Thank you... thank you."

The old witch gave a faint, knowing smile. "Don't thank me yet, child. Pray instead—that the price won't be too cruel."

I nodded, and in a blink, I was gone.

When I opened my eyes again, I was back in Lennox's room.

The air was heavy, thick with the scent of healing herbs. Louis and Levi were both there, standing near the window. They turned sharply when I appeared, shock flashing across their faces.

"Olivia—" Levi started, relief flooding his voice. "You're back."

I didn't answer him. I couldn't. My heart was already moving toward the bed.

Lennox lay there, pale but peaceful. His chest rose and fell faintly beneath the sheets. His once-strong hands rested limply at his sides. My beautiful, stubborn, infuriatingly perfect Alpha looked nothing like the force of nature I knew. He looked... fragile.

My breath hitched.

I sat down beside him, brushing a strand of hair from his forehead with shaking fingers. "My sexy, handsome man," I whispered, a small, broken smile tugging at my lips. "You still manage to look good even like this."

My thumb traced his cheek gently. His skin was warm, but there was no spark—no energy, no bond. Only stillness.

"Don't worry," I whispered, leaning closer so my lips brushed his ear. "Soon, you'll be back. I promise you that."

Behind me, Levi's voice broke through the silence. "Olivia... what did you do?"

I ignored him, keeping my eyes on Lennox. My hand lingered over his chest, feeling for that faint beat.

"Olivia," Louis said, his voice firmer now. "Answer him. What did you do? Or what are you planning to do?"

I inhaled deeply, trying to steady the anger inside me. "I'm doing what you couldn't," I said softly, without looking at them. "I'm bringing him back."

Levi's tone sharpened. "Olivia, whatever you're thinking—"

"I'm not thinking," I cut him off, my voice low but steady. "I'm doing."

I turned then, my eyes locking on theirs. "You took his bond from me. You silenced our bond. But you didn't take my love. And that," I said, my voice trembling with fire, "is enough to bring him back."

The room went silent again.

Levi took a step forward, his expression unreadable. "Olivia... please. Don't do something you'll regret."

I looked back at Lennox, brushing my fingers along his jaw. "The only thing I regret," I whispered, "is not saving him sooner."