

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 481: Where is he - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 481: Where is he

Chapter 481: Where is he

Olivia's POV

The first thing I felt when I woke up was emptiness. A strange, hollow silence filled the room, too still, too cold. Something was wrong. I sat up slowly, my body aching, my vision spinning for a second before clearing. The healer's words from earlier echoed faintly in my mind: "You can't continue the ritual... it will harm you and the child."

The child.

My hand drifted to my belly, but the warmth I'd felt there before was replaced by a sharp, twisting panic. Something else was missing—something stronger.

Lennox.

My wolf stirred instantly, a low whimper rising in my chest. His scent... it's fading. I pushed the blanket off and stood, ignoring the dizzy rush that followed. Selene tried to stop me when I reached the door, but I brushed past her.

"Olivia, wait—"

"No. Something's wrong."

The hallway was too quiet, the air heavy. I reached Lennox's door and pushed it open.

Empty.

The bed was neatly made. The lights were out. His scent—faint, almost gone. My chest tightened painfully.

"No..." I whispered, stepping inside. "No, no, no."

I tore back the sheets, checked the corners, the window—nothing. My heart pounded so loud it drowned everything else out.

"Selene!" I shouted. "Where is he?!"

She ran in, her eyes wide. "Olivia, please calm down—"

"Don't tell me to calm down!" I screamed. "Where is he?! Where is Lennox?!"

I was frightened. Was he dead? Why was he gone? Why was his scent fading like smoke? What was happening?

Selene grabbed my arm, trying to calm me, but I shook her off violently. "Our bond... it's gone," I whispered, horror spreading through me. "I can't feel him. I can't feel anything. Even if something is wrong, I can't tell."

"Lennox!" I screamed at the top of my voice, fear gripping me. Did he die? Did he die while I was asleep and they took his body away?

Suddenly, Louis rushed in, and I grabbed him by the collar of his shirt before he could even speak.

"Where is Lennox!" I demanded, terrified.

Louis exhaled shakily. "Calm down, Oli... Lennox is fine. He's not dead."

"Then where is he?!" I cried. "Where did you take him?!"

Louis looked confused, like he didn't know what to say—or he didn't want to.

"Louis, where is he?" I demanded.

He sighed heavily. "Calm down, Olivia... Levi will be back soon."

My frown deepened. "Levi will be back? For what? Where did he go?"

Before he could answer, a voice came from behind me.

"Olivia."

I turned. Levi stood in the doorway, tall and tense—his eyes shadowed with guilt.

"Where is he?" I demanded.

He didn't answer. The silence was annoying me.

"Levi!" My voice broke, tears stinging my eyes. "Tell me where he is!"

He took a careful step forward. "You need to rest. Please."

"Rest?" I laughed bitterly, the sound shaking. "He's gone! His scent is gone! You think I can rest when he isn't here anymore?!"

Louis tried to reach me, but I pushed his hand away. "Don't touch me!"

My heart was racing, my wolf clawing against my ribs. I turned back to Levi, tears blurring my vision. "You moved him, didn't you?"

He said nothing. Didn't deny it. Didn't even look surprised. And that silence was enough.

My knees went weak. "You... you took him away from me."

He swallowed hard, his jaw tight. "He's safe, Olivia. You need to believe me. He's alive, and he's safe."

"Safe?" I whispered. "You had no right! None! You took away my chance to save him—"

"You already tried," he snapped, his voice rising. "And it almost killed you! It would've killed the baby!"

"Then so be it!" I shouted back, tears streaming freely now. "If that's what it takes to bring him back, then so be it!"

The words tore out of me before I could stop them. Levi's face twisted in pain, his eyes glistening.

"Do you hear yourself?" he said softly. "You'd rather die than live with us? You'd rather throw everything away for a ghost?"

"He's not a ghost!" I cried. "I can feel him, Levi! He's still there, fighting, waiting for me—"

"And you think I don't love him too?!" he shouted, his voice cracking. "You think I want him gone? You think this is easy for me? You think I want to stand here and stop you from killing yourself?!"

The air in the room trembled with tension and pain. My heart felt like it was being split in two—half for the man who lay lifeless, half for the one standing in front of me, breaking apart.

"You took him away," I whispered, "without my permission."

His gaze softened, but his voice stayed hard. "No, Olivia. I took away the thing that was destroying you."

My hand moved before I realized it. In the blink of an eye, I slapped him hard across the face.

The sound echoed. Everyone froze—even me.

Levi didn't move. He just stood there, his cheek red, his eyes filled with quiet sorrow.

"How could you?" I whispered, my voice shaking. "How could you take him away from me?"

He lowered his head. "Because I couldn't lose you too."

Something inside me shattered.

"Where is he? Tell me where he is?"

Levi shook his head in disapproval. "That is never happening. I'm never telling you where Lennox is."

My anger and hate intensified, and I knew if he didn't leave, I would do or say something we'd both regret.

"Get out," I said.

"Olivia—"

"Get out!" I screamed, the room trembling with the force of my wolf's cry.

For a second, he just stared at me—and I saw it, the heartbreak he tried to hide. Then he turned and walked out without another word.

As the door closed, my knees gave out. I sank to the floor, my hands clutching my stomach as sobs wracked my body.

Selene dropped beside me, whispering something I couldn't hear. The world blurred. All I could think about was Lennox—and whether this was all just a cruel nightmare I couldn't wake up from.

Chapter 482: Threat

Levi's POV

The drink burned my throat, but it didn't stop the pain in my chest. I poured another glass, watching the golden liquid swirl before I swallowed it down. The room was dark. The firelight flickered weakly on the walls. The bottle beside me was half-empty, just like I felt inside. My thoughts were heavy, slow, full of guilt and worry that I couldn't drown no matter how much I drank.

Louis's voice broke the silence. "You really think this will fix things?"

I didn't look at him. My voice came out rough. "It keeps her alive."

"Barely," he said, stepping closer. "You think she'll thank you for this? You think she'll smile and say 'thank you, Levi, for sending Lennox away'? No. She'll hate you for it."

I slammed my glass down so hard it rattled on the table. "Then let her hate me!" I shouted. "At least she'll still be alive to do it!"

Louis sighed deeply, rubbing the back of his neck. "You always do this," he said. "You try to fix everything on your own. And sometimes in the wrong way."

"Because no one understands!" I shot back, my voice shaking. "You didn't see her tonight, Louis. You didn't see the blood, her eyes rolling back, the way she begged to keep going. She almost died. She would have died if I didn't stop her!"

Louis's eyes hardened. "And what about Lennox?" he asked. "You sent him away like he was a problem to get rid of."

My jaw clenched so tight it hurt. "Don't say that. You know why I did it."

"Yeah," he said bitterly. "Because you can't stand that she still loves him more than she'll ever love you."

The words hit deep, like a knife twisting in my chest. I couldn't speak for a few seconds.

"This isn't about who she loves," I said finally, my voice low and flat. "It's about who's still alive."

Before he could answer, the door flew open.

"Enough!"

Our mother stood there in her nightrobe, her hair messy, her eyes wet with tears. "Enough, both of you!" she said again, her voice breaking.

Louis stepped back, guilt flashing across his face, but I didn't move. I just stared at her.

"What you boys did wasn't right," she said, pointing at me. "Moving Lennox without telling Olivia? Lying to her? That's not protection, Levi. That's cruelty."

"You think I don't know that?" I snapped.

"Then why do it?" she shouted. "Why can't you trust the Moon Goddess? Why can't you trust Olivia to make her own choices?"

"Because trusting fate doesn't bring people back!" I yelled, slamming my hand on the table. "You all act like Lennox is the only one that matters! What about us? What about me? What about the people who are still alive and trying to hold everything together?"

The room went still. Only the fire crackled.

Mother looked at me with sad eyes. "You've changed, Levi," she whispered. "You've let your fear turn to anger."

"Maybe I had to," I muttered. "Please, just leave."

Her lips trembled, but she turned and walked out. Louis followed slowly, looking back once before closing the door.

When I was finally alone, I sank into the chair and held my head in my hands. My chest hurt so much it was difficult to breathe. I told myself I did the right thing. I saved her. But if I was right, why did it feel so wrong?

After a long time, I stood up. I couldn't sit there anymore. My feet carried me toward Olivia's room before I even realized where I was going. The hallway was quiet, as if everyone was scared of making a sound. When I reached her door, I stopped for a second, breathing in deeply. Then I pushed it open.

Selene was sitting beside her bed, holding her hand. The moment she saw me, she stood up quietly. "I'll give you two some space," she said softly, and left.

Olivia was awake. Her eyes were red from crying, and her face looked pale. But there was still fire in her eyes—anger and pain, all mixed together.

I stepped closer. "You need to rest," I said gently. "You're still weak."

She didn't answer. She just looked at me like she was waiting for the truth.

"I did what I had to do," I said. "For your health. For our baby. You almost died, Olivia."

Her voice was small but sharp as glass. "You had no right to decide that for me."

"If I hadn't, you'd be dead right now!" I said, my voice rising.

She glared at me. "So now you decide who lives and who doesn't?"

"Lennox is fine," I said quickly, hoping it would calm her. "He's safe."

"Then take me to him," she said suddenly, standing up from the bed.

I froze. "What?"

"Take me to him, Levi!" she shouted. "If he's alive, then take me to him right now!"

I shook my head slowly. "That's not happening."

Her wolf's golden light flashed in her eyes. "You don't get to tell me what's happening!" she said. "You can't hide him from me. You can't!"

"I'm doing this for you," I said, trying to keep my voice calm. "For our child—"

"Don't you dare use my child as an excuse!" she screamed, tears falling down her face. "If you don't take me to him, I'll reject you."

Her words hit me like thunder. I felt everything inside me go still.

"You don't mean that," I whispered. My voice barely came out.

She took a step closer, her eyes wet but fierce. "Try me," she said.

Silence filled the room. The firelight flickered on her face, and I saw how broken she looked—and how much she hated me in that moment. In her eyes I was the villain.

I wanted to hold her, to explain, to make her see I was only trying to protect her. But my body wouldn't move. My throat felt tight, and my heart felt like it was tearing in two.

The woman I loved was slipping away from me, and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

"Oli..." I managed to whisper, reaching for her.

She cut me off sharply, her voice trembling with rage and heartbreak. "Don't, Levi. Take me to Lennox," she said, her eyes blazing with golden fire. "Take me to him, or I'll break our bond—and I swear to the Moon Goddess, I mean it."

Chapter 483: In distress

Olivia's POV

I didn't want to do it. Not really. But Levi wasn't listening. He stood there, his jaw tight, his eyes filled with that same cold stubbornness that always made me furious. Every word I said bounced off him like it didn't matter. He wouldn't tell me where Lennox was. He wouldn't let me see him. He just stood there, calm, silent, breaking me with his stubborn refusal. I was shaking, not from anger but from fear. Fear that Lennox was gone forever. Fear that Levi had done something I couldn't forgive.

"Tell me where he is," I said, my voice trembling.

Levi's eyes softened, but his answer stayed the same. "I can't."

Something inside me cracked.

"Levi," I whispered, trying one last time, "please... I just need to see him. I won't do the ritual. I swear it. I just want to see him."

His lips pressed into a hard line. "You can't."

That was it. That was the moment everything in me broke.

"Fine," I said, my voice cold even though my heart was crying. "If you won't take me to him, then I'll make sure you don't have to deal with me anymore."

His brow furrowed. "Olivia—"

I took a deep breath and let my wolf's power rise. The air in the room thickened. My heart pounded hard against my ribs. "I, Olivia—"

His eyes widened instantly. "Don't."

"Reject—" I tried to finish, my voice shaking as tears filled my eyes.

But I didn't want to. I didn't mean it.

Inside, my mind was screaming, Stop me, Levi. Please stop me. Just tell me where he is. I was begging him silently, praying he'd interrupt me, hold me, anything, but he didn't move. He just stood there, staring at me, his face pale and his hands trembling.

"Please," I whispered, choking on the word. "Say something. Don't make me do this."

And then, before I could finish, Levi's body suddenly went still.

"Levi?"

He swayed on his feet. His eyes rolled back.

"Levi!" I screamed as he collapsed to the floor.

I rushed to him, my hands grabbing his shoulders. His skin felt cold, his pulse faint.

"Levi! No, no, no!" My voice broke. "Somebody help!"

The door burst open. Two guards ran in, followed by Louis. His eyes went wide when he saw Levi on the ground.

"What happened?!" Louis shouted, rushing to kneel beside him.

"I—" My voice shook. "We were talking—he wouldn't listen—and I said—" I couldn't even finish. The guilt was crushing me. "I didn't mean to! I didn't want to!"

Louis didn't waste time. "Get the healer!" he barked.

One of the guards ran out at once.

Levi's head rested in my lap. His breathing was slow, heavy. Every time he exhaled, I felt like part of my soul was leaving with him.

"Stay with me," I whispered, brushing the hair from his forehead. "Please, Levi, stay with me. I didn't mean it. I was angry. I was scared."

Tears ran down my face and dropped onto his skin. Yet he didn't move.

Louis's voice was rough. "You shouldn't have pushed him like that, Olivia."

"Don't," I sobbed. "Don't you dare blame me right now."

Louis looked at me, pain and worry mixed in his eyes. "He loves you too much. You saying those words—it tore him apart."

The healer rushed in just then. She knelt beside Levi and placed her hand on his chest, closing her eyes. Her brow creased.

"He's not hurt," she murmured softly. "But his heart is in distress. Too much emotional shock. It's like his wolf is shutting down to protect him."

"What does that mean?" I asked, my voice breaking.

"It means he's not okay, my dear," she said gently. "Not physically, not emotionally."

The guards carefully lifted him onto the bed. His face looked pale, too pale. I stayed beside him, gripping his hand tightly.

"Levi," I whispered. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

Louis stood by the wall, his arms crossed, trying to stay strong. But I could see the fear in his eyes too.

The healer touched my shoulder softly. "You need to rest as well," she said. "This isn't good for your baby."

I shook my head. "I can't leave him like this."

She sighed. "Your bond is strong. He'll feel your presence. But you must be calm. If you panic, it'll only make things worse."

I nodded weakly, wiping my tears. My chest hurt, my heart ached, and guilt clawed at me like fire.

I looked down at Levi's face again. Even unconscious, he looked tired, like he'd been carrying too much for too long.

"He was only trying to protect you," Louis said quietly after a moment.

"I know," I whispered. "But I was just so scared. I thought he was taking Lennox away from me forever."

Louis rubbed the back of his neck. "Maybe he was trying to save you both, in his own way."

The healer finished checking Levi's pulse and covered him with a blanket. "He'll wake up soon," she said softly. "But he needs peace. No more fights tonight."

I nodded, still holding his hand. "I promise."

The healer smiled gently and left the room. Louis followed, closing the door behind him. It was obvious he couldn't stand seeing Levi in that position, so he had to leave. After everyone left, the silence that followed was heavy. Only the faint sound of Levi's breathing filled the room.

I leaned forward and kissed his forehead softly. "I didn't mean to hurt you," I whispered. "I just wanted the truth. I just wanted him back."

I rested my head against his chest, listening to the slow, steady thump of his heart. It was weak but still there.

And as my eyes filled with tears again, I realized something that scared me more than anything. If Levi didn't wake up, I'd never forgive myself.

I closed my eyes for a moment, praying silently. "Please, Moon Goddess, don't take him too. I can't lose another."

The room was quiet. Too quiet. I could hear the wind brushing against the window, the faint howl of wolves in the distance.

Then, suddenly, Levi's fingers twitched.

My breath caught. "Levi?" I whispered, gripping his hand tighter.

His body shifted slightly, his lips parting like he was trying to speak. I leaned closer, my heart racing.

But instead of words, a low growl came from his throat, deep, pained, and not entirely human.

"Levi?" I said again, panic rising in my chest. His eyes flew open, glowing faint gold for a split second before his body jerked violently.

"Louis!" I screamed. "Someone help!"

The door burst open again, but before anyone could reach him, Levi's hand clutched my wrist—tight, almost bruising. His eyes, wild and strange, locked onto mine.

For a moment, I thought he didn't recognize me.

Then his voice came out rough and broken. "She's not safe," he whispered hoarsely. "Keep her away from him."

"Who?" I asked, terrified. "Levi, who?"

But his grip loosened, and his body went limp again.

"Levi!" I shouted, shaking him, but his eyes had already closed.

The healer rushed in behind Louis, her voice filled with worry. "Get back!" she said quickly, touching his chest again and whispering a spell.

"What's happening to him?" I cried.

The healer's face went pale. "His wolf... it's fighting something. Something dark."

My heart stopped.

"What do you mean dark?" Louis asked, his voice unsteady.

The healer looked at me, her brow furrowed. "He's not just collapsing from pain anymore. Something—or someone—is reaching for him through the bond."

Through the bond.

I froze, realizing what that meant. My wolf whimpered inside me.

"Lennox," I whispered.

Chapter 484: Let Go

Olivia's POV

Louis froze beside me, his eyes darting between Levi's still form and the healer.

"What do you mean someone's reaching for him through the bond?" he demanded.

The healer didn't answer right away. She placed both palms over Levi's chest, whispering words in an old tongue. I wiped my tears, my heart pounding.

"I think... it was Lennox," I whispered, my voice shaking.

Louis looked at me sharply. "What?"

I nodded weakly, still staring at Levi's face. "It was him. Levi said... keep her away from him." My throat tightened as the words came out. "That means Lennox reached out to him... and he's trying to protect me."

The healer's eyes widened slightly. She stepped closer, her tone gentle but serious. "Olivia, if what you're saying is true, then Lennox's soul knows something you don't. He's warning you."

My chest tightened. "Warning me?"

She nodded slowly. "Yes. If his spirit told Levi to keep you away, it means you are in danger, either from the ritual itself or from something connected to him. Souls don't reach out like that unless there's a reason."

Tears burned in my eyes again. "But he'd never hurt me."

The healer sighed. "I don't think he's trying to hurt you, my dear. I think... he's trying to stop you. Because he knows you're endangering yourself."

Her words hit me harder than I expected. My hands trembled as I tried to speak. "No... I was doing this to save him. To bring him back."

The healer looked at me with concerned eyes, but her voice was firm. "You have to let go, Olivia. You have to stop the ritual. Whatever is left of Lennox, his spirit, his will, it's telling you to stop before you lose yourself completely."

I shook my head, tears streaming freely now. "No... you don't understand. If he reached out, it means he's still there. It means he's still fighting."

Louis's voice was low. "Or maybe... it means he's finally ready to rest."

I froze.

The words sank deep into my chest, and for the first time, I couldn't breathe.

If Lennox had really sent that message, if he truly told Levi to keep me away, then maybe that was what he wanted.

To be let go.

The thought broke me.

My legs gave out, and I fell to my knees beside Levi's bed, my hands covering my face. "No," I whispered, shaking my head. "No, please. Don't ask me to do that. Don't ask me to let him go."

Louis crouched beside me, his voice quiet and filled with sadness. "Oli... maybe that's what love means this time. Letting him rest."

I sobbed harder, my heart tearing with every word. The healer placed a gentle hand on my shoulder. "He's at peace, child," she said softly. "And if you keep reaching for him, you might lose yourself and your child in the process."

I looked up, my vision blurred by tears. "I can't give up on him."

The healer gave me a small, sorrowful smile. "You are not giving up on him, just let the healers do their job."

My gaze drifted back to Levi, lying pale and still. He had taken the message meant for me. He had carried Lennox's final warning when I refused to hear it myself.

And now... he was the one paying the price.

I reached for his hand, gripping it tightly, my voice trembling through my tears. "Is this really goodbye, Lennox?"

Inside me, my wolf whimpered, a sound so soft and broken that it made my heart ache. She was restless, pacing within, howling low and mournfully.

My chest tightened painfully. "No..." I whispered, clutching Levi's hand tighter. "No, no, please, don't die."

My wolf whimpered louder. He's leaving... she whispered through my mind. His soul is slipping away.

Tears spilled freely down my cheeks. "It's my fault," I choked out. "If he hadn't tried to save me, he wouldn't be like this. He wouldn't be trapped."

Louis moved closer beside me, his voice heavy with sadness. "Olivia—"

I shook my head, cutting him off. "Don't. Please. I can't hear that right now."

My throat burned with guilt. "He took the pain that was meant for me... and now he's dying because of it."

The healer watched quietly, her eyes filled with pity. "Sometimes love demands a sacrifice we never asked for," she said softly. "But, Olivia, this isn't your burden to carry anymore. If his soul is ready to rest, you must let him go."

Her words made my whole body tremble. "But if I let go," I whispered, "then it means he's really gone."

The healer moved closer, her eyes full of compassion but her voice calm and steady. "Olivia," she said softly, "sometimes we try so hard to hold on that we forget some souls aren't meant to stay. If it is the will of the Moon Goddess, he will return. But if not, you must learn to live in his memory."

Her words sank deep into my heart, cutting through my grief. I wanted to believe her, but it hurt too much. "How do I live without him?" I whispered. The mere thought was driving me insane. I've known and loved Lennox for as long as I can remember. I met him when I was seven. My life has always revolved around him and his brothers. Even when they hated me, even when they hurt me, I was still theirs. And now this? Now, when we were finally trying to rebuild, I'm supposed to accept that he's dying? How?"

"You don't forget him," the healer replied gently. "You carry him in your child, in the love he left behind. That's how you honor him."

I pressed a hand over my chest, feeling the hollow ache that throbbed there. "But it feels empty. Like he took half of me with him."

The healer's gaze softened. "That's how you know it was true love. But love doesn't die, Olivia, it only changes form."

Louis turned away, his jaw tight, unable to watch the tears streaming down my face.

I looked back at Levi lying motionless on the bed, my heart twisting. "This has been a nightmare," I whispered, shaking my head. "Someone, please wake me up."

Chapter 485: It was a lie

Levi's POV

The room was still. Too still. For a long moment, I didn't move. I could hear the faint sound of Olivia's sobs somewhere nearby, Louis's tense breathing, the healer whispering fake prayers under her breath. Everyone thought I was unconscious. They thought I had fainted because I was weak. But I wasn't. I was awake the whole time. My heart was beating fine, my mind clear. Only the healer knew the truth. She understood right away and pretended to keep praying so no one would notice.

When I finally opened my eyes, the room was empty. The healer had asked everyone to leave so I could rest. My body ached, my chest felt heavy, but not from weakness. From guilt. Because what everyone believed had happened was a lie. I hadn't fainted. I'd pretended. I'd needed Olivia to believe something, and the voice Olivia heard through me—the message that made her stop fighting, that made her cry and finally let go—that wasn't Lennox.

It was me. Lennox hadn't reached out. No spirit had whispered through me. That voice, that warning, "Keep her away from him," had been mine. I said it because I knew it was the only way to make her stop. It was the only thing that could reach her heart. Nothing else worked. She wouldn't listen to me, to Louis, or even to reason. But if she thought Lennox himself wanted her to stop the ritual, maybe she would finally listen. Maybe she would believe it wasn't her fault. Maybe she would finally rest instead of breaking herself to save someone she couldn't reach anymore.

I hated myself for saying those words, for using his name that way. But I had no choice. If she believed it came from me, she would fight harder. If she believed it came from Lennox, she would finally let go. But I never expected the pain that followed. The moment I saw her face—the heartbreak, the fear, the way her hope shattered—it nearly destroyed me. And yet, I'd do it again. Because if lying was the only way to keep her alive, then I'd carry that lie until my last breath. I'd rather she hate me and live than love me and die.

I pressed my shaking hand against my forehead. My chest felt so heavy, like a stone sitting on my heart. The guilt was eating me up inside, but I knew I couldn't tell her the truth. Not ever. If she found out that I lied, that Lennox never spoke through me, that he never reached out, she'd never forgive me. She'd look at me with those same hurt eyes, and this time, she wouldn't cry because of pain. She'd cry because of betrayal.

I stared up at the ceiling, my throat tight. "I'm sorry, brother," I whispered. "I had to." The words felt heavy, like they were made of stone. My chest hurt with the weight of them.

Just then, the door creaked open. I turned my head slowly, and there she was. Olivia. The moment she saw my eyes open, her whole face lit up. It was like watching the sun break through storm clouds after a long, dark night. Her lips parted in shock, then curved into a smile, shaky but real.

"Levi," she breathed, her voice full of relief. She rushed across the room before I could even sit up. For the first time since this nightmare began, I saw light in her eyes—not pain, not anger, not grief, but genuine happiness.

It had been so long since I'd seen that spark in her. The last time she'd looked at me that way was before everything fell apart, before Lennox, before the rituals. I forced a weak smile, pretending not to notice the tears in her eyes. "Hey," I murmured, my voice hoarse. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

She let out a shaky laugh and cupped my face with trembling hands. "I thought I lost you," she whispered, her voice breaking. "You scared me so much, Levi."

I wanted to tell her I was fine, but my throat felt too tight. Instead, I brushed a strand of hair from her face. "I'm sorry I worried you."

She shook her head quickly, tears falling again. "No, I'm sorry," she said. "For everything. For yelling, for pushing you, for saying those horrible things, for trying to reject you."

Her words hit me deep. I could see how heavy they felt on her heart.

"I didn't mean it," she whispered, her lips trembling. "I was angry. I was scared. I didn't know what else to do. I thought you were taking Lennox away from me forever. I thought you didn't understand."

I reached for her hand, holding it gently. "You were hurting," I said softly. "I understand."

She shook her head again, tears glistening. "You don't. You've been the only one trying to hold me together while I kept breaking everything apart. You didn't deserve that, Levi." Her voice cracked on my name. "You could've left me, and I wouldn't have forgiven myself for it."

I smiled faintly, my chest tight. "I told you, Oli. I'll never leave you. Not when you need me most."

She leaned forward, resting her forehead against mine, her voice barely above a whisper. "Thank you for saving me. For not giving up on me even when I tried to push you away."

I closed my eyes, her warmth seeping through me, and with it, guilt. Heavy, bitter guilt. Because she was thanking me for a lie. A lie I'd told to protect her, but one that could destroy everything if she ever found out.

"I'll make it up to you," she whispered, her thumb brushing my cheek. "I promise I'll trust you from now on."

I swallowed hard and nodded, forcing a smile I didn't feel. "That's all I ask," I said softly. But deep down, I knew the truth. Trust built on a lie never lasts.

As she leaned into me, I stared past her shoulder, my heart pounding with a fear I couldn't shake. Because if the goddess ever decided to reveal what I'd done, I wouldn't just lose Olivia's trust. I'd lose her completely.

Chapter 486: missing him

Olivia's POV

Two days had passed. Two long, quiet days. The house felt different now... calmer, emptier. I hadn't gone near Lennox's room since that night. Every time I walked past it, a strange chill ran through me, as if something inside was calling to me.

I'd made my decision. No more rituals. No more trying to bring Lennox back. Maybe this was what he wanted, for me to stop fighting the impossible. Maybe his last message, whether dream or miracle, was his way of saying goodbye.

I wanted to believe he was still alive somewhere, that Levi was keeping him safe, just like he promised. And maybe one day, when the time was right, he'd let me see him. But for now, I wouldn't push. I couldn't keep hurting the people who were still here.

So I tried to move forward.

That morning, we all sat at the dining table. The sunlight came through the big windows, warm and bright, but it didn't feel the same. Levi sat across from me, quiet, focused on his plate. Louis said little, lost in his own thoughts.

And then my eyes drifted to the empty chair beside Levi. Lennox's chair. For a moment, I could almost see him there, smiling faintly, teasing me for not finishing my breakfast, his deep voice filling the air. The image was so clear it made my chest ache.

I blinked, and he was gone. Just the empty chair and a plate that would never be used again. My throat tightened. I felt the sting in my eyes before the tears came. I quickly set down my fork and pushed away from the table.

"Excuse me," I murmured, my voice shaking as I stood.

Neither Levi nor Louis said a word, and I was grateful for that. I walked slowly through the quiet halls until my feet pulled me toward his room.

The door creaked softly as I pushed it open. The air inside felt different, heavy, still, yet warm in a way that made my chest ache. Lennox's scent still lingered faintly, that smell of him that always made me feel safe.

I stood there for a long moment, staring at the bed that had been untouched since the day he was taken away. Everything was just as he'd left it—his jacket thrown over the chair, a book half-open on the nightstand, his picture frame resting beside it.

I walked to his closet and opened it slowly. His clothes hung neatly, untouched. My fingers brushed against one of his shirts, and I pulled it close, pressing it to my face. The scent hit me like a wave—familiar, comforting, heartbreaking.

A sob escaped my throat before I could stop it. I held the shirt tighter, as if I could bring him back by sheer will.

Finally, I turned to his picture on the dresser. His smile in that frame was broad and real, the same one that used to melt every piece of anger I had. I traced my thumb over the glass and smiled bitterly.

"I'm trying," I whispered. "I really am."

My voice cracked at the end, and the tears came again. I walked to his bed and lay down carefully, pulling one of his blankets over me. It still smelled like him, faint but enough to make my heart twist.

For a while, I just lay there, breathing him in, pretending that when I opened my eyes, he'd be there beside me again. Sleep pulled me under until the walls of Lennox's room melted away and I was somewhere else, somewhere far from pain and loss.

I was twelve again. We were in the pack garden, sitting on the grass after training. My hands were covered in dirt from helping the healer plant herbs, but I didn't care. I was too busy talking, too full of dreams.

"I'm going to have a big family when I grow up," I'd said proudly, my voice high and excited after seeing a woman with her six kids. "Seven pups. Eight, or five!"

Lennox had laughed so hard he almost fell back on the grass. "Eight? You'll drive your mate crazy, Olivia."

I had stuck out my tongue. "I'll be a good mom! I'll take them to training, teach them everything, make sure they never get hurt."

He leaned closer, smirking. "And what about your mate, hmm? You'll boss him around too?"

I giggled and nodded. "Of course! He has to listen to me."

He laughed again, that deep sound that made my heart flutter even then, though I was too young to understand why. "Remind me never to fall for you, then. I like my peace."

I had thrown a small flower at him, pretending to be offended. "You already did, silly," I said with a grin.

He'd blinked, pretending to look shocked. "What did you just say?"

"You heard me!" I teased, then laughed when he grabbed me by the wrist and tickled me until I couldn't breathe.

"You're impossible," he'd said when we finally stopped laughing.

"You love it," I shot back between giggles.

He'd smiled down at me, soft and warm, his eyes bright in the sunlight. "Don't worry. No matter what, I will be here to take care of you and your kids, and make sure your mate treats you like a queen."

I smiled at his promise because I knew Lennox was one who kept his word, but deep down, even as a little girl, I secretly prayed he and his brothers would turn out to be my mates.

"Olivia."

A soft voice called, pulling me out of my slumber. I forced my eyes open and realized it was Mother. She flashed me a weak smile and sat beside me, her eyes filled with so much worry and sympathy.

"You have to be strong, my dear. Remember the life growing inside you."

I swallowed hard and wrapped my hand around my stomach. I was pregnant. This was supposed to be a joyous celebration, but right now I was having mixed feelings.

"Your family is here to see you," Mother suddenly announced, and I raised my brow.

She nodded. "Your mother and brother are here."

Chapter 487: Wait

Olivia's POV

I froze when Mother said it.

"They're here to see you."

My stomach twisted. The last thing I wanted was visitors, especially them. I wasn't ready to face anyone, not after everything that happened.

"I don't want to see them," I said quietly, keeping my eyes fixed on Lennox's blanket still clutched in my hand. "Can they leave?"

Mother sighed softly, her eyes full of pity for me, like she could do anything to take away my pain. "You have to see them, Olivia. They came all this way. They're family."

That word again, family. I actually don't see them as one.

I didn't argue. I just nodded weakly and followed her out of Lennox's room. When I entered, they were already seated, my brother Calvin and my mother, waiting. Their faces lit up when they saw me, but I couldn't bring myself to smile back.

I sat beside Mother, folding my hands on my lap. The silence stretched awkwardly, thick enough to choke on.

Calvin leaned forward slightly, his voice gentle. "You look tired, Oli."

I forced a faint smile. "I've been better."

He nodded, clearly unsure what to say next. My eyes darted between them, familiar faces that suddenly felt distant. They were my family, my blood, but I didn't feel close to them.

My biological mother reached for my hand and squeezed it softly. "We just wanted to see how you're holding up," she said. "We've been worried."

I swallowed hard, staring at our joined hands. "I'm fine," I whispered, though we all knew it was a lie.

She flashed me a warm smile and then suggested, "Maybe a change of environment will help."

"She is not going anywhere."

The authoritative voice of Louis echoed from the stairs as he made his presence known. All eyes turned toward him, and one look at his face was enough to see how angry he was.

"Olivia stays here. She needs us," he declared firmly.

I swallowed hard and looked back at my biological mother and Calvin. "I'm okay being here. If I need space or anything, I can always teleport."

Calvin looked like he wanted to speak, but Mother stopped him by gently placing her hand on his arm. I watched him sigh and look away.

Mother smiled; it looked genuine, but I couldn't find the strength to smile back. Despite being my biological mother, our relationship was sour.

"I wish to have a conversation one day with you, my dear," she said softly, her eyes glistening. "I know I've failed in my duties as a mother, and I hope you can forgive me, give me another chance."

For a moment, no one spoke. The only sound was the faint ticking of the clock on the wall.

I swallowed hard, trying to find the right words. Part of me wanted to say something, but my heart wasn't ready for this. Not now.

"Now isn't the time for this," I said quietly, forcing my voice to stay steady. "We'll talk when I'm ready."

She looked like she wanted to argue, but she didn't. She just nodded slowly, her lips trembling into a sad smile. Calvin shifted beside her, his gaze flicking to me with concern. I could tell he wanted to say something too, maybe to plead with me, but Mother gently rested her hand on his arm, stopping him.

I stood, smoothing my hands down my dress. "Thank you both for coming," I said softly. "But I think I've had enough for today."

"Olivia—" Calvin began, but I didn't let him finish.

"Goodbye," I said firmly, turning before they could see the tears threatening to fall.

I walked out of the living room, my footsteps echoing faintly down the hall. The moment I reached Lennox's door, my chest ached again, that familiar pain that never really went away.

I pushed the door open and slipped inside, closing it quietly behind me. The air was still thick with his scent. My body moved on its own, straight to the bed.

I lay down and pulled his blanket over me, burying my face into it. The tears I'd been holding back finally spilled, soaking the fabric that still smelled faintly of him.

"I miss you," I whispered into the silence. "I miss you so much."

I wiped my tears quickly, though my chest still ached. I thought I was alone, but the door opened softly behind me.

"Olivia?"

Selene's voice was calm and concerned. She stepped inside. She looked tired but worried for me.

I sat up slowly, brushing the blanket off my shoulders. "Selene?"

She smiled faintly. "I came to tell you goodbye."

My heart sank. "You're leaving?"

She nodded. "Yes. I'm going back home. It's time I returned." She walked closer and stopped at the edge of the bed. "I wanted to thank you before I left, for saving my life, Olivia. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't be here."

I shook my head, my throat tightening. "You don't have to thank me."

Selene smiled softly. "Maybe. But still, I'm glad I met you. You showed me who you really are and why you deserve the special abilities."

I looked down, my fingers curling around the blanket. "Special abilities?" I said quietly. "Yet I couldn't bring Lennox back."

She reached out and touched my hand gently. "You did your best. Don't beat yourself up for it."

Her words made my eyes sting again. She gave my hand a soft squeeze before continuing. "I know you're hurting, Olivia. I can see it. But don't lose hope. Lennox will wake up. I can feel it, and you should too. You just need to be patient."

My lips trembled, and I could barely whisper. "I don't know how much longer I can wait."

Selene smiled again. "As long as it takes. Love like yours doesn't fade. It waits."

I blinked, trying to hold back more tears. "Thank you," I whispered.

She nodded, her eyes softening. "Take care of yourself, and of that little life growing inside you. That's your light now."

And with that, she turned toward the door and left.

As she left, I looked up at the large portrait of Lennox and whispered, "Maybe she was right. Lennox, I'll wait for you."

Chapter 488: Keeping Away

Olivia's POV

Six months had passed.

The morning sun spilled through the open window, casting a soft glow across the room. The midwife adjusted her glasses and smiled down at me, her hands resting gently on my swollen belly.

"You should be ready, dear," she said warmly. "The babies will come any day now, maybe within the week."

Yes, babies. Three of them. The first time I saw the scan, I couldn't believe it. Triplets, just like them. The irony wasn't lost on me. It felt like fate had its own cruel way of reminding me what I'd lost and what I still carried.

I smiled weakly and nodded, though deep down I was terrified. Everyone kept assuring me I was strong, that my body could handle it, but I couldn't shake the worry. Every kick, every flutter reminded me of Lennox and the family we could've had if things had been different.

The door opened quietly. I didn't need to look up to know it was Levi. His scent filled the room, but beneath it, faintly, I caught something else—Lennox's scent. My chest tightened, my curiosity piqued. He smiled gently and sat beside me. "How are you feeling?"

I forced a small smile. "Huge," I said, trying to joke, though my voice came out shaky. "And tired."

He chuckled softly. "You're doing amazing."

For a few moments, we just sat in silence. But the question pressed at my tongue, refusing to stay buried any longer.

"How's Lennox?" I finally asked.

Levi's smile faltered slightly, but he recovered quickly. "He's fine," he said simply.

I searched his face. "Any... development?"

He looked down, his hand tightening slightly on his knee. "No. Nothing new."

My heart sank. I looked away, blinking back the sting in my eyes. "I just wish I could see him," I whispered. "Maybe if I could be there... maybe I could help."

"Olivia," Levi said gently, but there was that edge in his tone, the one that meant no.

"You've said that before," I cut in softly. "You always say I can't. But why can't you at least let me see him?"

He sighed and rubbed his forehead. "Because it's not the right time."

I looked up at him, my voice trembling. "Then when is the right time, Levi? I just wanna see him."

He didn't answer. He just looked at me with those sad, guilty eyes, the same ones he'd worn for months.

Before Levi could say another word, the door opened again. Louis stepped inside, his presence always calm but heavy with authority. His gaze moved from Levi to me, and in an instant, he seemed to understand the tension in the room.

"What's going on here?" he asked quietly.

My frown deepened. "I was just asking Levi if I could see Lennox," I said softly. "I'm tired of waiting. I just... I need to see him."

Louis exhaled slowly and shot Levi a look that said he knew exactly how this conversation had gone. Then he walked over to me, his voice gentle, like he was talking to a little girl. "Olivia, you need to focus on yourself and the babies right now. That's what matters."

My anger spiked. "So, that's a no?"

Louis hesitated for a moment, then crouched beside my bed so he could look me in the eye. "Listen to me," he said. "Once you give birth and recover, I'll personally take you to see him. I promise."

My heart jumped. "Really?"

He nodded with a faint smile. "Yes. But you need to be strong first. Lennox wouldn't want you to risk your health right now."

For the first time in months, a small spark of hope flickered inside me. "Okay," I whispered. "I'll wait."

Louis reached out and gently squeezed my hand. "That's my girl. Just a little longer, alright?"

I nodded, though a part of me still ached. I wanted to believe him. I wanted to trust that Lennox was still out there, still breathing, still fighting. But Levi's silence, his constant hesitation, made it difficult to believe everything they told me.

When Louis stood to leave, I looked down at my stomach, rubbing it softly. The babies kicked, as if responding to the name that still lingered in my thoughts.

If I could still feel him, I would've teleported to him in a heartbeat. But since our bond had broken, I couldn't sense him anymore. It was like reaching into the dark and finding nothing.

Still, I whispered softly to my unborn children, "When you arrive, we'll go see him together. I promise."

After Louis and Levi left, the room fell quiet again, too quiet. The midwife had already gone, and the only sound was the ticking of the small clock on the wall.

I felt thirsty, my throat dry. I could've just rung the bell and called one of the staff, but I didn't want to. I needed to move, to stretch my legs a bit.

So, slowly, I pushed the blanket aside and stood up. My belly felt heavier than ever, but I managed to steady myself. One hand on the wall, one on my stomach, I began walking toward the door.

The hallway outside was quiet. I took each step carefully, my bare feet brushing against the cold floor. These days, I preferred being barefoot — maybe it was one of those strange pregnancy habits. For a moment, it felt peaceful, until I heard voices coming from the far end.

At first, I couldn't make out the words. Then, as I got closer, the tone sharpened, low and tense. Louis's voice.

"The way you act," he said, his words edged with frustration, "it's as if you don't want him to ever wake up."

I froze mid-step. My breath caught in my throat. Levi. He was talking to Levi.

For a heartbeat, I didn't move. My pulse pounded in my ears. I wanted to step forward, to demand what he meant, but before I could, Louis's voice went silent.

A faint shift of air told me they had caught my scent. They knew I was there.

Chapter 489: Healer's Plan

Levi's POV

I stiffened the moment I caught her scent. Honey mixed with nutmeg, faint but unmistakable. Olivia was close. Louis must've realized it too because he stopped mid-sentence, his expression shifting. But the damage was already done.

I turned just in time to see her step out from the corner of the hallway, one hand resting protectively on her belly, her eyes wide and full of confusion.

"Olivia," I said quietly, my chest tightening.

She looked between us, her voice trembling but sharp. "What did you mean by that, Louis?"

Louis opened his mouth to answer, but I cut in quickly. "He didn't mean anything."

Her frown deepened. "That's not true." She turned to Louis, her gaze demanding. "You said he acts like he doesn't want Lennox to wake up. Why would you say that?"

Louis glanced at me, then back at her. "Oli, it's not—"

"It's because I don't want you to do something reckless," I interrupted, stepping closer. "That's all. He meant I don't want you near Lennox because you might try to use magic again. It's too dangerous for you and the babies."

Her lips parted slightly, as if she didn't know whether to believe me. "So... that's what you meant?" she asked, her gaze darting to Louis.

Louis stayed quiet, but I didn't let the silence drag. "Yes," I said firmly, meeting her eyes. "That's all he meant. Nothing else."

The tension lingered, heavy and uncomfortable. She stared at me for a long moment, her expression unreadable, then finally nodded, though I could see doubt flickering behind her eyes.

"Alright," she whispered softly. "If you say so."

I forced a small smile that didn't reach my eyes. "You should rest now, Olivia. Please."

She hesitated, then turned and walked slowly back down the hall.

As soon as she disappeared around the corner, I let out a shaky breath and rubbed my face with both hands. Louis stared at me, his jaw tight. But I didn't give him the chance to accuse me more. I just turned and walked toward my room.

Reaching my room, I poured myself a glass of whisky and drank it all in one go. I knew what I was doing was the right thing. I was protecting Olivia, and I didn't care what anyone thought.

"But maybe you are going too far," my wolf whispered.

I frowned. Him too? He wasn't backing me up.

"You are my wolf, for goodness' sake. You should be on my side," I spat out.

"I am," my wolf spat back at me. "But not with their recent development, Levi," he growled again, his voice echoing through my head. "Why did you refuse the healers' plan? It could've helped him."

I slammed the empty glass down, the sound echoing through the room. "Because it's too dangerous!" I snapped. "They wanted to use a spirit-binding ritual. Do you know

what that means? They'd have to call his wolf back through a link, using Olivia as the anchor."

My wolf growled low. "And maybe that's exactly what he needs. A connection. Something to pull him back."

I gritted my teeth. "It would kill her," I hissed. "The last ritual almost did! I'm not risking her life for something that might not even work."

"But he's fading," my wolf pushed. "You know it. The healers said his heartbeat's growing weaker by the day. You're running out of time."

I dragged a hand through my hair, pacing. "I don't care. As long as Olivia lives, that's all that matters."

My wolf's voice softened. "Even if that means losing your brother forever?"

That hit harder than I expected. I turned toward the window, staring toward the pack land. My reflection looked back at me in the glass—tired, angry, guilty.

"If that's the price," I whispered, "then I'll pay it."

I swallowed hard, my voice shaking as I spoke again. "I already lost one of them once. I won't lose her too."

I barely had time to gather my thoughts when the door burst open. Louis stood there, his face hard and his eyes burning with anger.

"Fine," he snapped. "If you won't let Olivia do it, then let me try. We share a bond with Lennox. I can be an anchor."

I frowned, already feeling the tension rise again. "Louis—"

"No!" he shouted, stepping closer. "For six months, Levi. Six months! You've been the only one who knows where Lennox is. You keep us out, you keep her out, and now you're rejecting every chance he has!"

I clenched my fists. "Because I know you," I growled. "You'll do something reckless, something that'll risk Olivia's life or yours. Right now, I'm the only one thinking straight."

Louis's jaw tightened. His eyes glimmered with hurt and rage. "And you think that makes you right? That makes you the only one who gets to decide?"

I didn't answer.

He stepped even closer, his voice trembling now. "I'm also an Alpha, Levi. Your equal. Stop treating me like some kid brother who doesn't know what he's doing!"

I opened my mouth, but he shoved me, hard enough to make the glass behind me rattle.

"Lennox would've risked his life for us without blinking," he said through gritted teeth. "He'd never sit back and watch any of us rot while protecting himself."

His words hit like a blade—sharp, true. For a moment, I couldn't breathe. I wanted to shout back, to defend myself, but the guilt was already crushing me.

Because deep down, I knew he was right.

The air between us was thick, the kind that made it difficult to think, hard to move. My throat burned.

Before I could find my voice, the door flew open again.

"Levi? Louis?"

Olivia stood there, her eyes wide, confusion written all over her face.

My heart stopped.

She shouldn't have been there. I hadn't even sensed her—hadn't felt her approach at all. How? My wolf stirred uneasily.

"What's happening? And don't you two dare lie to me."

Louis froze. I turned toward her slowly, my mind spinning with one thought.

Why didn't I smell her before she walked in?

Chapter 490: The Secret

Olivia's POV

I should have gone back to my room. But something inside me, that strange tug that never lied, pulled me elsewhere. Before I knew it, I was standing in front of Levi's door. There was a voice inside me whispering that I wasn't meant to be here, yet something else, something stronger, pushed me to open the door. The moment I stepped in, both Levi and Louis turned toward me. Their faces were tense, their energy off, like two wolves caught mid-argument.

"Olivia?" Levi's tone was too calm, too controlled. That alone told me everything.

I stared between them. "How long are you going to keep hiding things from me?"

Louis shifted awkwardly. Levi said nothing.

"I'm not blind," I continued, stepping further in. "You both whisper every time I walk into a room. You stop talking the second I'm near. I'm your mate, not a stranger!"

Louis exhaled, running a hand through his hair. "Olivia, please, it's not like that."

"Then what is it?" I snapped, my voice trembling. "Because from where I stand, it feels exactly like that!"

Levi's tone hardened. "You shouldn't be here. You need rest. This isn't good for—"

"Don't use the babies to silence me," I cut in, already losing my patience. All I ever hear is the babies this, the babies that—just to shut me up. But not this time. "You've been using that excuse for months. You're hiding something, and I deserve to know what it is."

The silence that followed was deafening. Levi looked away, jaw locked tight. But Louis couldn't keep it in any longer.

"Fine," he muttered. "You want the truth? The healers found a way that could help Lennox: a ritual. But Levi said no. He won't let anyone try it."

I blinked. "Why?"

"Because it's risky," Louis said bitterly. "Too risky, he claims. But he won't even give me the chance to try. He won't tell me where Lennox even is!"

My heart dropped. "Wait... what do you mean?"

Louis met my gaze. "Only Levi knows where he's being kept."

For a heartbeat, I couldn't breathe. I turned toward Levi, my voice shaking but loud enough to fill the room.

"You've been hiding him from Louis too?"

Levi's lips parted, but no sound came out. His silence was answer enough.

"Where is he?" I demanded. "Tell me where Lennox is!"

"Olivia—"

"Don't you 'Olivia' me!" I shouted, my anger exploding. "You don't get to decide everything. You don't get to play god with our lives!"

"I'm protecting you!" he roared back. "That ritual would kill you and the babies!"

"I don't want your protection!" I yelled, my voice breaking. "I want the truth! I want to see him!"

Louis tried to step between us, his voice calm and full of concern. "Oli, please, stop—"

I shook my head, trembling. "No! He's acting like Lennox's death would make his life easier! Maybe that's what you want, Levi! Maybe you think if Lennox is gone, I'll finally love you more!"

The room went dead silent.

Levi's face darkened, pain flashing through his eyes before anger swallowed it whole.

"That's enough," he growled.

"No," I whispered, clutching my chest. "It's not."

"Olivia, stop," Louis pleaded again.

But before I could speak, a sharp pain tore through me, deep, sudden, and unbearable. My knees buckled.

"Ah—" I gasped, clutching my belly as another wave hit me, stronger than the first.

"Olivia!" Levi's anger vanished instantly. He caught me before I hit the ground.

"Get the healer!" he barked, panic lacing his voice. Louis sprinted out the door.

I gripped Levi's shirt, my breath ragged, tears streaming down my face. "The babies... Levi... they're coming..."

He pressed his forehead to mine, his voice breaking. "Please—hang on, Olivia, please."

The pain hit through me again, fiercer this time, like a thousand blades twisting inside me. My scream caught in my throat as Levi held me tighter, shouting my name, his voice echoing in my ears.

Footsteps thundered down the hall. The door burst open, and two healers rushed in, followed by the midwife, her hands already full of supplies.

"She's in labor!" one of them cried.

"No—" Levi's voice cracked, desperate. "It's too early!"

The midwife barely looked up as she pulled the covers from the bed. "It doesn't matter. The babies are ready. Get her up, now!"

Louis was suddenly beside me, breathless, his hand clutching mine. "It's alright, Oli. Breathe. You've got this."

I wanted to believe him, but the pain was too much. My breaths came in short, broken gasps.

Levi lifted me into his arms and carried me to the bed, his movements frantic but careful. "Stay with me," he whispered, pressing his forehead against mine before setting me down.

The midwife quickly rolled up her sleeves, her tone brisk. "They're coming fast. We need to get her ready. Please ask the maids to bring hot water and clean cloths."

Louis obeyed immediately, his usual calm replaced with panic. Levi hovered beside me, gripping my hand so tightly it almost hurt.

"Levi..." I managed to whisper through the pain. "Promise me... if something happens—"

"Nothing will happen," he cut in sharply, shaking his head. "Don't you dare say that. You're going to be fine."

But I wasn't sure. I could feel my strength fading fast, my body trembling with every contraction.

The healer touched my forehead, muttering softly under her breath. "Her energy is dropping too quickly," she said to the others. "It's the broken bond. She doesn't carry your marks; she's not fully linked to you."

I barely understood what she meant until she turned to Levi and Louis. "You need to mark her. Now. All three of you are second-chance mates, yes? Without the marks, her body doesn't share strength with yours. The delivery will be easier, safer, if she's connected."

Louis froze. Levi stiffened.

The healer's tone was firm. "Do it now, or you'll lose her. And the babies."

Levi looked down at me, torn between fear and guilt. "Olivia..."

I met his eyes through tears. "Do it," I whispered. "Please."

For a heartbeat, no one moved. Then Levi nodded. His wolf stirred beneath his skin, his eyes flashing that deep shade of gold that always made my heart race.

Louis leaned forward, his expression filled with worry and fear. "This might hurt a little," he murmured, his voice shaking.

"I can handle it," I breathed, though my voice barely came out.

Levi brushed my hair away from my neck. "Left side," the healer instructed. "And you, right."

Louis nodded.

They both leaned closer, and for a brief second, I felt their breath against my skin, warm, alive, comforting me in a way nothing else could.

Then their fangs sank into my flesh.