

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 511: Weakness - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 511: Weakness

Chapter 511: Weakness

Lord Frederick's POV

"Are you angry?" she asked again.

I ran a hand through my hair, exhaling slowly. "I'm angry," I said honestly. "I won't lie about that."

Her face fell, and I reached out, gently lifting her chin so she'd meet my eyes. "But it's okay," I added quietly. "You had your reasons."

Her breath hitched, like she didn't believe me. "You... you mean that?"

"I do." My voice softened. "You were living in a lie. You thought I killed your mother. I can't blame you for hating me when you didn't know the truth."

Her tears started again, and something in my chest tightened. I brushed a thumb across her cheek, wiping one away. "Enough crying for one night, okay?"

She nodded weakly, trying to smile. It broke me even more.

I stood and looked toward the witch. "We're done here." The witch only nodded.

Turning back to Selene, I said, "You're not going home tonight."

She blinked. "What?"

"You need rest," I said firmly. "You've been through enough. I have an apartment nearby, quiet, safe. You can stay there until tomorrow. Then we'll talk."

Her lips parted like she wanted to argue, but she didn't. She just looked tired, soul tired. After a moment, she nodded. "Okay."

I led her out of the cabin into the cool night. The drive was silent. Her head leaned lightly against the window, eyes half closed. Every now and then, I glanced at her.

When we reached the apartment, I parked and turned off the engine. "We're here."

She blinked, looking around the quiet street. The building was small, tucked between old trees and shadows. "This is... yours?"

"Yeah," I said, stepping out and opening her door. "I come here when I need space."

Inside, the place was simple, with dark furniture, clean lines. I locked the door behind us and turned to her. "You can use the room down the hall. Fresh clothes are in the drawer. Bathroom's beside it."

Selene looked at me, her brows drawn together. "We're not sharing the same room?"

I met her eyes. "No. You need to rest, Selene. I need a little time to think."

She stared at me like she didn't understand. Then her eyes dropped, and her shoulders sank. "Right... of course."

Her voice was soft, almost too soft. It made something twist inside me. I wanted to take back the words, but I didn't.

"Goodnight, Frederick," she whispered.

"Goodnight," I said quietly, watching her walk down the hall. She stopped once, like she wanted to say something else, then just sighed and went into the room. The door closed behind her with a small click that felt louder than it should have.

The silence after she left was heavy. I ran a hand through my hair and let out a breath I didn't know I was holding. Then I went to the other room, strolled to the shelf, grabbed a bottle of whiskey, and poured myself a glass.

I sat on the couch, staring at the amber liquid. The room was dim, lit only by a small lamp in the corner. The shadows moved across the walls as I swirled the drink in my hand.

Selene is my mate.

I never thought I'd ever say those words. In three hundred years, I had never had one. I'd stopped believing the Moon Goddess cared for someone like me. A vampire with too much blood on his hands didn't deserve that kind of gift.

And yet, she was here.

I took a long drink, the burn sliding down my throat. The thought of her being my mate should have made me happy. It didn't. It scared me.

Because now I knew she was my only weakness.

If anyone ever found out, she'd be the first they'd come for. My enemies wouldn't need to hurt me. They'd only need to hurt her.

I gripped the glass tighter, my jaw clenching. "I won't let that happen," I muttered. "Never."

Time passed slowly. The clock ticked on the wall. The whiskey bottle grew lighter. And all I could think of was her, her voice, her scent, her face when she cried.

Then I heard it, a soft creak.

The door to the room opened.

I turned my head slowly.

Selene stepped into the room.

For a moment, I couldn't breathe. She was wearing a thin, light nightdress, almost see-through. Her hair fell loosely over her shoulders, and her eyes met mine.

My heart started to pound. Hard.

"Selene..." I said, my voice low.

She didn't answer right away. She just stood there, the faintest hint of color rising in her cheeks.

The air between us changed, thicker, warmer. Every sound in the world seemed to fade, except for the soft beat of our hearts.

And as she took one slow step toward me, I knew I was in trouble.

"Selene..."

"I... I couldn't sleep," she whispered.

I set my drink aside and looked at her fully. God, she was so tempting.

"I keep hearing her voice," Selene continued, her eyes glimmering with tears. "My mother. What she said... it won't stop replaying in my head."

I stood up slowly, trying to steady my breathing. "Selene, you need rest."

She shook her head. "I tried."

Then she walked closer, and before I could say anything, she stopped right in front of me. Her scent hit me first, soft, warm, alluring, and then her hands gently rested on my chest.

"Selene..." I said, my voice low, warning.

"I just don't want to be alone," she whispered. Her words were shaky, but her eyes didn't move from mine. "Not tonight."

I froze. Every part of me screamed to pull her closer, to hold her, to take away her fear, but I knew how dangerous that was. Not for her safety, but for my control.

"Selene..." I tried to speak, but she pushed me, and I fell back onto the couch. Without a second's hesitation, she climbed on top of me.

Chapter 512: The Question

Frederick's POV

I felt the couch cushion give under me as Selene climbed onto my lap. Her nightdress was thin—barely there—but her pussy pressing against my cock made my blood roar.

"Selene!" I tried to speak, but she clamped her hand over my mouth.

"Shhhhh," she whispered, eyes wild and needy. "Don't talk. Please."

I couldn't. My body didn't listen. All the control I'd built over centuries collapsed. She pressed herself harder, grinding, and I groaned into her palm.

Her hand slid from my mouth to my shirt buttons. One by one, she popped them open, running her palms over my chest. Then she moved lower, fumbling with my pants. I lifted my hips, and she pushed my cock free. Her fingers stroked me before she sank down, her pussy hot and wet around me, and I lost it—groaning, gripping her hips, letting her set the pace.

Her hands clawed my shoulders, her eyes shut tight, pressing herself down. I cupped her face, brushing away tears she didn't hide, letting her need guide every motion.

"Selene," I gasped, cock buried inside her, feeling her quake.

She kissed me hard, needy, and frantic, riding me on the couch, and when she cried out, I followed, my cum spilling inside her.

I didn't even wait to recover. I grabbed her waist, lifting her off the couch. Her legs wrapped around me instinctively as I pressed her against the wall. Cold plaster hit her back, but she shivered against me, pussy squeezing hard around my cock. I gripped her hips, driving into her fast and rough. She moaned, fingers clawing my shoulders, teeth biting my neck, back arching, screaming. Every sound she made fueled a hunger inside me I didn't know I still had.

I slammed her into the wall again and again, hips snapping against hers, every thrust fast, raw, unrelenting. Her pussy clenched around me, and I lost myself in the feeling of it, lost in the primal heat of it, lost in her. She cried my name over and over, her voice ragged, desperate, and I followed her, groaning deep, spilling myself inside her again as she shook and screamed beneath me.

I slid her down to the edge of the table next, not letting her recover. I was behind her, gripping her hips, driving deep. Her hands braced on the table as I slammed into her from behind, my cock thick, hot, pounding her pussy. She pressed back into me, her boobs bouncing, her hair falling across her face, mouth open, moaning, screaming. I leaned over, biting her shoulder, marking her, letting her know she was mine.

Her pussy tightened around me again, thighs clenching. I shifted, lifting her slightly to spin her, pressing my chest against hers, my cock sliding in and out, hard and fast. She cried out, digging her nails into my shoulders, screaming my name like she'd been waiting for this, needing this, as much as I needed her.

Finally, I dragged her to the bed. She hit it with a gasp, and I climbed on top, gripping her legs and lifting them over my shoulders. I slammed into her, every thrust sharp and deep. Her pussy wrapped me tight, back arching, nails clawing into me. She screamed, clawed, moaned, and I didn't stop, fucking her like I'd never breathe again, every inch of her body responding to mine.

I flipped her onto her side, still thrusting into her. She grabbed me, pressed herself to me, grinding, rolling, hips snapping. I leaned down, biting her shoulder, teeth grazing her collarbone, growling low in my chest. Her moans, her cries, her frantic grip—they tore me apart, pulled me deeper, made me lose everything, all control.

We moved like animals. Couch, wall, table, bed—the room a blur of limbs, sweat, heat, and loud moans. Hair pulled, teeth biting, fingers scratching, bodies slamming together in chaotic rhythm. Every scream, every cry, every clench of her pussy around my cock pushed us higher, over and over, until we were trembling, gasping, drenched, and completely undone.

Finally, I collapsed on top of her, my chest heaving, my cock still buried inside her, both of us slick with sweat, bodies trembling, hearts pounding like war drums. I pressed my forehead to hers, growling low.

"You're mine," I whispered.

She breathed. "Yours."

For almost twenty minutes we remained in that position; she, in my arms, while I stroked her hair and drew invisible lines all over her exposed body.

"I'm sorry," she replied in a whisper.

I sighed because I knew exactly what she was apologizing for.

I brushed a strand of hair from her face and traced slow, aimless patterns across her shoulder. She stayed still, breathing softly, her fingers lightly gripping my arm as though afraid I might pull away.

"Will you ever forgive me?" She asked again after not getting a response from me.

I tilted her chin up gently so she could meet my eyes. "I forgave you the moment I found out you are my mate," I said quietly. "I knew why you did what you did, Selene. And I understood."

Tears welled in her eyes, glistening in the low light. "Thank you," she breathed, her voice barely holding together.

I smiled faintly, brushing my thumb across her cheek. "No, Selene. Don't thank me. Just... let me love you. Let me cherish you. I want to adore you, only if you will let me."

Her breath hitched. "Frederick..."

"I'm going to age now," I said, the words coming out rough, honest. "I have started aging like a normal human. So you don't have to be worried about that." I paused, my heart thudding hard against my ribs. "So tell me, Selene... do you want to grow old with me?"

Her lips parted, and for a moment, she only stared at me. Then a soft, shaky smile broke through her tears. "Are you asking me out?" she teased, her voice trembling with emotion.

I shook my head slowly, my eyes locked on hers. "No," I murmured, my voice thick with nervousness. "I'm asking you to marry me."

Chapter 513: Time To Pay

Frederick's POV

She froze, the meaning of the words sinking in. Her tears fell freely then, and she let out a small, breathless laugh—half joy, half disbelief.

"Frederick..." she whispered, and before I could say another word, she kissed me—slowly, tremblingly. I smiled and broke the kiss.

"You haven't given me an answer," I whispered.

Selene lifted her head slowly. Her eyes were still wet, but there was a new kind of light in them—gentle and full of peace. "Yes," she said softly, her voice trembling with emotion. "Of course, yes."

The relief that washed through me was unlike anything I'd ever felt in all my years. I smiled—really smiled—for the first time in a long time, and pulled her close, kissing her forehead. "Thank you," I murmured. "I'll spend the rest of my life learning how to love you right. I'll protect you, Selene. No harm will ever come to you while I still draw breath."

She smiled faintly, her fingers brushing my face. "And I'll love you too," she whispered. "No matter what comes next, I'll stand by you."

She slammed her lips into mine for another kiss, only this one was intense, and I chuckled, brushing her hair from her face as I broke the kiss. "Careful," I said softly. "If you keep kissing me like that, I might forget to let you rest."

She laughed, blushing faintly. "Then I'd better stop."

We both smiled, and she settled back beside me, curling up against my chest. The warmth between us wasn't just from touch—it was from trust, from something deep and new that neither of us fully understood yet.

As her breathing slowed and she drifted to sleep, I stayed awake for a while, just watching her. Her hair spilled across my arm, her face calm and soft. I didn't know what the future held, but for the first time in centuries, I wasn't afraid of it.

Eventually, my own eyes closed, and I fell into a dream.

In it, I saw Hailee. She looked younger—peaceful. A big smile spread across her face.

"I'm happy for you, Frederick," she said softly. "You finally found love."

I tried to reach for her, but she only shook her head, still smiling. "It's time for me to go," she said gently. "Goodbye."

When I woke, morning light was spilling through the curtains. Selene was still asleep in my arms, her hand resting over my heart.

I let out a slow breath and smiled faintly. For the first time in my long life, I knew what peace felt like.

My phone suddenly buzzed on the low table. I opened my eyes slowly, still fogged from sleep, and fumbled for it with one hand while the other kept Selene close. The screen lit up with a message from my informant—the one I'd sent to dig, to listen, to collect the pieces of Selene's father's life that no one else wanted to see.

Everything is ready, the message read. Evidence compiled. Witnesses prepped. I can bring the proof to the council when you say so.

A small, hard sound left me. Relief and anger braided together behind my ribs. I thumbed a short reply: Bring it. Meet me at dawn. Don't delay.

Selene stirred against my chest, one hand flexing as if feeling the beat of my heart. Her lashes lifted, and when she opened her eyes, the world seemed to tilt in toward us. For a moment she just looked—at me, at the morning light, at the small, safe room that smelled faintly of sex and our scents.

"Good morning," I said, because the voice that came out sounded steadier than I felt.

She smiled, that gentle, fragile smile that had already grown into something steadier overnight. "Morning," she whispered back. Then she leaned forward and kissed my throat, soft and warm. "Thank you," she murmured.

I brushed a thumb across her cheek and let the weight of the message settle. "My informant says everything is ready," I told her. "We can bring down your father. We can show the council what he did."

Her face changed while I spoke. At first there was confusion, then understanding. She pushed herself upright and blinked, as if shaking sleep from her mind. "That was fast," she said simply.

"I sped it up," I said. "You gave me the reason to finish it."

She folded her hands in her lap and inhaled slowly, like a woman pulling herself together from the inside. "I had a dream," she said suddenly. "I saw my mother. She was calm. She told me she's happy now."

The words were small, but they landed heavy. I reached for her hand and squeezed it. "I'm glad you get to see her again," I said.

She laughed once—a sound like a broken thing being mended. "It was strange," she admitted. "Not all pain. But it was her. She asked me to trust our bond. I hate that the bond brought me to you when everything else trained me to hate you."

I let out a breath that tasted like the last of my fear.

She sat very still, and for a second I wondered if the decision was harder than I had imagined. Then she looked up and met my eyes, and I saw the line in her jaw harden.

"Is he ready to pay?" she asked, voice low.

"He will be held to account," I answered. "My informant has witnesses who will testify, ledgers with his handwriting, pay slips, secret routes used to move girls out of the country. The council will not be able to ignore this. They will not let him walk away."

Selene swallowed. The muscles in her throat worked. "They will hang him for this," she said. Her voice was small and terrible.

I felt my stomach drop. The law of the packs is harsh and swift for those who betray their own. "If the council convicts him, yes," I said. "He will face the full weight of the law."

She was silent for a long moment, looking at the window where the light fell in a clean rectangle on the floor. When she spoke again, it was as if she had climbed through fire and come out steadier on the other side.

"I'm ready," she said.

I let the word wash over me and then leaned forward to press my forehead to hers. Her skin was warm, and the small line of her brow felt like the last of her doubt. "Are you sure?" I asked, because I wanted her to know I would only walk this road with her if she wanted it.

"Yes," she replied, a single small word full of breaking things and building them up again. "He has to pay. Not just for my mother, but for every child he stole, every family he ruined. He must pay."

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 514: The Call - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 514: The Call

Chapter 514: The Call

Sofia's POV

My phone rang just as I was about to step out of my room.

The screen showed an unknown number. For a second, I thought about ignoring it, but something inside me said to answer.

"Hello?" I said softly.

There was a short silence before a man's voice came through, low and calm. "Sofia."

My brow furrowed. "Who is this?" I asked.

"Who I am doesn't matter," he said. "What matters is that you know the kind of man Damien truly is."

I frowned. "What are you talking about?"

He let out a slow breath. "Damien had an affair with Rebecca—your late best friend."

The name hit me like a slap. "What?"

"She got pregnant," the man continued. "But Damien didn't want the child. He asked her to get rid of it. She refused. She said she'd keep the baby no matter what. And so... he killed her."

My throat closed. "No," I whispered, shaking my head even though he couldn't see me. "That's a lie."

"It's not," he said, his tone sharper now. "Deep down, you already know the truth. You just don't want to accept it."

My hand started shaking. "You don't know what you're saying."

"I know enough," the man replied coldly. "Think, Sofia. Who did Rebecca talk to last before she died? Damien. Who was the last to see her alive? Damien. Why was Olivia's body switched with hers?"

I froze. I didn't want to listen, but my mind had already started putting the pieces together.

Rebecca's last call had been to Damien.

The scarf—yes, I'd seen it there before.

The exchange of bodies... I remembered.

My heart pounded so hard it hurt. "Who are you?" I demanded, my voice trembling. "How do you know all this?"

He paused for a second. "I can't tell you that," he said finally. "I can't trust you not to tell your Alpha. Because if you do, he'll come for me. And I won't survive that."

"Wait—!" I cried.

But the line went dead.

The call was over.

I just stood there, holding the phone, my hands shaking.

Everything around me felt heavy.

I didn't want to believe it, but the things he said made too much sense.

Rebecca's last call.

The scarf.

The body exchange.

Tears filled my eyes. "No," I whispered. "No, he wouldn't..."

My heart hurt. The man I loved—the man I trusted—could he really have done something so cruel?

Then I heard a sound.

Footsteps.

I turned quickly.

Damien was standing in the doorway.

My heart almost stopped.

He looked calm, but his eyes... his eyes were cold.

"Who was that on the phone?" he asked softly.

I froze, clutching the phone to my chest.

He took a step closer. "Sofia," he said again, his voice lower. "Who were you talking to?"

My lips trembled. "It—it was my mother," I said quickly.

His eyes narrowed. "Your mother?"

"Yes," I said, forcing a weak smile. "She isn't feeling well. She called to tell me she's sick. I have to go see her."

The air felt heavy. My lie hung between us.

Damien tilted his head, watching me quietly. His face didn't change, but his eyes were sharp—too sharp.

"I didn't know she was sick," he said slowly.

"It just started," I said, trying to sound calm. "I didn't want to worry you."

He stepped closer. I could smell his scent. It used to make me feel safe. Now it made me want to run.

"You look nervous," he said.

"I'm just worried about her," I said quickly. "I'll take our son with me. We'll stay for a few days."

Damien didn't speak. He just looked at me—deeply, silently, like he could see right through me. Then, slowly, he shook his head.

"You don't need to go," he said softly.

My breath caught. "What?"

He took another step closer. "You don't have to travel. She can be brought here."

"Brought here?" I repeated, my voice barely above a whisper.

"Yes," he said smoothly. "We have the best healers in the pack. They'll take care of her."

My heart skipped a beat. He wasn't trying to help—he was trapping me.

"No," I said quickly, shaking my head. "She wouldn't be comfortable here. She prefers her own home."

Damien tilted his head slightly, studying me like he was reading a book. His smile didn't fade, but something cold flashed in his eyes.

"Then we'll send healers to her," he said. "I'll arrange it now."

He turned as if to grab his phone, but I stepped forward. "Damien, that's not necessary—"

"It is necessary," he cut in, his tone authoritative this time. "I can't have you running off while your mother is sick. You'll stay here where I can make sure you're safe."

The words where I can make sure you're safe felt wrong... like I was in captivity.

I swallowed hard, forcing a small nod even though my chest felt tight. "Alright," I said softly.

He turned back to me slowly, his eyes narrowing like he didn't believe me. Then he smiled again. "Good. I'll have someone bring you breakfast. You look pale."

He reached out to touch my face, and I flinched—just a little. But it was enough. His hand froze in midair.

That small movement changed everything.

His smile vanished, replaced by a confused frown. He didn't say anything, but I could feel it—the shift, the silent realization.

He knew.

He knew I was lying.

He knew something was wrong with me.

He stepped back, his calm expression returning, like nothing had happened.

"You should rest," he said quietly. "I'll handle everything."

I forced a weak smile and nodded again. "Thank you."

As he turned and walked toward the door, my heart pounded so hard I thought he might hear it.

I waited until he was gone—until I couldn't hear his footsteps anymore—before I let out a shaky breath.

I sat down on the edge of the bed, clutching my phone. My hands were still trembling.

My mind screamed at me to run—to grab my son and get out before it was too late.

But deep down, I knew the truth.

Damien would never let me leave.

And now... I was sure of one thing.

He killed Rebecca.

Chapter 515: Revelation

Sofia's POV

Throughout the day, my mind wouldn't stop spinning. I couldn't think clearly. Every time I tried to breathe, my chest felt tight.

Damien had an affair with Rebecca.

He got her pregnant.

He killed her.

Those words kept echoing in my head like music. Each time I thought of them, it felt like my heart cracked a little more. I wanted to scream. I wanted to deny it. I wanted to believe the man I loved could never do something that cruel. But the more I thought about it, the more everything started to make sense.

The scarf in his storeroom.

The call.

The body exchange with Olivia.

All these were proof he did it.

Tears filled my eyes again as I sat by the window, staring out at the darkening sky. I had loved Damien with everything I had. I trusted him. I gave him my life. But now... now all I could feel was fear and disgust.

A soft knock pulled me from my thoughts.

"My lady," a maid said gently from the doorway. "Alpha Damien says dinner is ready."

I didn't want to go. My stomach felt like a knot. I didn't think I could swallow even a bite. But if I refused, it would only make him suspicious. He was already watching me too closely.

"I'll be there soon," I said quietly.

When I finally entered the dining room, the table was already set. Our son had gone to bed early, so it was just the two of us. The silence between us was thick, like the air before a storm.

Damien sat at the head of the table, dressed neatly as always. His face looked calm, but I could feel something dark behind his eyes.

I sat down across from him.

"Eat," he said softly, smiling. "You've hardly touched food all day."

I forced a small nod and picked up my fork. The smell of roasted meat filled the air, but I couldn't taste anything. I lifted a piece to my mouth and chewed, just to look normal. Every bite felt heavy, dry.

Damien watched me closely, his eyes never leaving my face.

"I got you something," he said suddenly.

My head lifted. "What?"

He reached under the table and pulled out a small box. "A gift," he said, smiling faintly.

My fingers trembled as I opened it. Inside was a delicate gold bracelet, shining under the candlelight. It was beautiful, simple but elegant. I should have loved it. But instead, I felt sick just looking at it.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"It's beautiful," I said quietly. My voice didn't sound like my own.

He leaned back, still watching me. "You seem distant tonight," he said slowly. "Is there something you want to tell me?"

My heart jumped. I forced a smile and shook my head. "No. I'm just tired."

He nodded, but there was a flicker in his eyes—something I couldn't place. He leaned forward slightly, his elbows resting on the table. "Sofia," he said calmly, "I know you have people watching me, looking into Rebecca's death."

My breath stopped. My hand froze on the table.

I stared at him, trying to hide my fear. "What are you talking about?" I whispered.

His eyes narrowed. "Don't play games with me," he said softly. "You think I don't notice when my own mate sends men to follow me?"

My heart was beating too fast. I wanted to speak, but my throat was dry.

He tilted his head slightly. "Tell me, Sofia. What do you think you'll find?"

I swallowed hard, trying to keep my voice steady. "So you know," I said quietly.

Something flickered in his eyes—pain, maybe anger. "Yes," he said. "I know. But I didn't think you'd actually believe those lies."

My chest burned. "Lies?" I whispered. "You call it lies?"

He looked at me sharply. "Whatever you've been told isn't true."

I laughed softly, but it came out broken. "Not true?" I said, shaking my head. "You had an affair with Rebecca. You got her pregnant. Then you killed her because she refused to get rid of the baby. And now you sit there and call it a lie?"

Damien's eyes darkened. He stood up slowly. "Is that what you think of me?" he asked, his voice pained. "That I'm a murderer? That I killed your best friend?"

Tears blurred my vision. "That's not what I think, Damien," I said. "That's what I know."

He slammed his hands on the table. The plates rattled. "Who told you that?" he shouted. "Your spies? Those filthy traitors?"

I stood too, my voice rising. "It doesn't matter who told me! I know the truth now. I know what you did!"

His expression twisted in anger. "You don't know anything, Sofia!"

"Oh, I know enough!" I snapped. "You cheated on me. You destroyed her life. You killed her. You took away her chance to be a mother. And for what? To protect your image? To keep your lies?"

"Stop it!" Damien yelled, his voice echoing off the walls.

I flinched, but I didn't stop. "You're a monster!" I screamed, tears streaming down my face. "I loved you, Damien! I trusted you with everything I had, and you killed her! You killed my best friend!"

For a second, he just stared at me. His chest rose and fell heavily. His eyes looked almost broken—almost.

Then he said quietly, "You'll regret saying that."

That was the moment something inside me snapped.

I reached for the knife beside my plate. My hand shook, but my anger guided it. All I could see was Rebecca's face—her innocent smile, her laughter, her kindness. All I could hear was that man's voice telling me what Damien did.

Before I even realized it, I had the knife in my hand.

Damien's eyes widened. "Sofia—"

But I didn't listen.

The pain, the anger, the betrayal—it all poured out at once.

I stepped forward and plunged the knife straight into his chest.

He gasped, his body jerking back. The sound of the blade sinking into him filled the air. His hands went to the wound, his eyes wide with shock and hurt.

The table shook. A plate fell and shattered on the floor.

I stumbled back, breathing hard, my hands trembling. The knife was red.

Damien looked at me, his lips parting as if to speak—but no words came.

And for a moment, time stopped.

All I could hear was the sound of my heartbeat and the blood rushing in my ears.

What had I done?

I had stabbed the man I once loved—the man I used to call my world.

Chapter 516: His Reaction

Sofia's POV

While my heart beat like a drum, I stared at Damien, who was bleeding profusely, the knife still pierced in his chest. For a moment, time stood still. Everything around me disappeared. There were no walls, no table, no air... just me staring at Damien, and Damien staring at the knife that was killing him.

My wolf whined loudly inside me, the sound echoing in my head. It hurt. It really hurt. A deep ache sat in the center of my chest, like something heavy had been dropped on my heart. For a tiny second... I regretted it.

Just a tiny second.

But then the truth came back—Rebecca.

The baby.

The betrayal.

The lies.

The murder.

And just like that, the regret faded.

Slowly, painfully, Damien wrapped his fingers around the knife handle. His hand shook. He gritted his teeth. And then he pulled the knife out of his chest.

He let the knife fall from his hand. It hit the floor with a sharp clink, bouncing once before lying still. More blood spilled down his shirt, dripping onto the floor and forming a small dark puddle.

A few guards and maids rushed into the hall after hearing the noise. They gasped loudly when they saw the blood, the shattered plate, and Damien standing there with an open wound. Some covered their mouths. Some trembled. But none of them dared to move closer.

Nobody wanted to get between an Alpha and his mate.

Not even now.

Damien lifted his eyes finally—slowly, like it took strength just to look up. His gaze met mine.

I expected anger.

I expected a roar.

I expected him to shout, to yell, to threaten, to punish, to grab me—

But he did none of those things.

He didn't move to hit me.

He didn't scream at me.

He didn't ask why.

He didn't even look surprised anymore.

Instead... he just stared at me for a long, silent second.

A second that felt like a whole lifetime.

His eyes—those dark eyes I used to find safety in—looked empty. Not furious. Not hateful. Just tired. Like something inside him had broken.

And then... he turned around.

No words.

No reaction.

No fight.

He simply walked away.

His steps were slow at first, like each one hurt his chest. Then he grew steadier, but the blood kept dripping behind him, marking the floor with dark red stains as he moved down the hallway.

I just stood there, frozen, numb, and shaking.

My legs felt weak as I watched Damien disappear down the hallway, leaving a long line of blood behind him like a red ribbon. The whole house stayed silent, everyone too afraid to speak. My own breath felt loud in my ears.

The guards didn't follow.

The maids didn't speak.

Nobody moved.

They all stared at the trail of blood that Damien left behind... and I stared at his back as it disappeared around the corner.

The world felt too quiet.

Too heavy.

Too wrong.

And in that terrifying silence... I realized something.

I might be in big trouble.

I swallowed hard and slowly turned away. My hands were shaking. My heart felt like it was twisting itself into tiny painful knots.

I walked back to my room. My steps felt slow, heavy, like my feet didn't want to move. When I finally reached my door, I closed it and leaned against it, breathing fast. My chest hurt. My head hurt. Everything inside me felt wrong.

I sat on my bed, hugging my arms around my body.

I knew Damien would live.

He had the best healers.

He was strong.

A knife wouldn't kill him.

But that didn't stop the fear.

Because now he knew.

He knew someone told me the truth.

He knew I didn't trust him.

He knew I knew he killed Rebecca.

What would he do to me now?

I lay down, staring at the ceiling. But my eyes refused to close. Every time I tried to rest, another thought jumped into my head. Another fear. Another memory.

That man's voice on the phone.

Rebecca's smile.

The scarf.

The body exchange.

Damien walking away with blood dripping on the floor.

My wolf finally spoke inside me, her voice soft and serious.

"How are you sure he killed Rebecca?"

I blinked, surprised. "What do you mean how? The proofs are there."

"Proofs... or coincidences?" she asked quietly.

I sat up a little. "He had an affair with her."

"Do you have proof of the affair?"

"He got her pregnant."

"Did you see the pregnancy test? A healer's report?"

"Rebecca called him before she died!"

"Many people call the ones they trust when they are in danger," she answered calmly.

My heart started beating fast again. "Stop it," I whispered. "I saw the scarf. The body... he switched the bodies."

"Sofia... none of that proves Damien killed her," my wolf whispered. "It only proves something strange happened."

I covered my face with my hands. Tears burned my eyes.

Maybe my wolf was right.

Maybe I didn't have real proof.

Maybe I acted too fast.

Maybe I let fear and pain control me.

But I couldn't think straight.

Not that night.

I lay awake for hours, staring at the wall, waiting for footsteps... waiting for him to come back... waiting for something.

But nothing came.

No shouting.

No threats.

No guards pulling me out of bed.

No punishment.

Nothing.

And that silence scared me more than anything else ever had.

I wished I could call Olivia.

I wished I could hear her calm voice telling me I wasn't crazy.

But she was suffering. Lennox was still in a coma. Her whole pack was in chaos. I didn't want to add myself to her problems.

So I stayed alone with my thoughts—thoughts that hurt more and more each time I replayed the scene in my mind.

By the time morning arrived, my eyes were burning from staying awake all night. My hair was messy. My throat felt dry. I sat on the bed, hugging my knees, shaking softly.

A knock came at exactly 6:00 AM.

My heart jumped so fast it felt like it leaped into my throat.

Was it him?

Was he here to punish me?

To lock me away?

To kill me?

My hands shook as I opened the door.

But it wasn't Damien.

It was one of the maids, standing straight with her head bowed.

"Good morning, Lady Sofia," she said softly.

"M-Morning," I whispered, my voice barely there. "What is it?"

She lifted her eyes a little. "Alpha Damien sent me," she said. "He asked me to help you pack your things."

My stomach dropped. "Pack? Why?"

The maid swallowed hard. "The private jet that will take you and your son back to your hometown will be ready in one hour."

For a moment... I couldn't breathe.

I just stared at her. My heart felt like it broke in half. My lips parted, but no words came out.

Damien was sending me away.

Sending me home.

Sending me out of his life.

Because I stabbed him.

Because I didn't trust him.

Because I accused him.

Because I thought he was a monster.

I felt my knees weaken.

The maid stepped back, bowing again. "I'll wait outside until you're ready, my lady."

And then she left.

I stood there in the doorway, shaking like a leaf.

Damien didn't punish me.

He didn't shout.

He didn't hit me.

He didn't lock me up.

He simply... let me go.

And somehow... that hurt worse than anything else.

Chapter 517: Sent Away

Sofia's POV

I packed slowly, my hands shaking the whole time. Every shirt I folded felt heavy. Every drawer I closed sounded too loud. The maid stood quietly by the door, waiting for me, her head down. She did not look at me—maybe because she already knew what had happened last night.

My little boy sat on the bed, sleepy and rubbing his eyes.

"Mama... where we going?" he asked softly.

I forced a smile and kissed his forehead. "We're going to visit Grandma," I said quietly.

He nodded and reached for his small backpack. He was only two and a half, but he understood when something felt strange. His eyes watched me the whole time, confused and worried.

When I finished packing, I took one deep breath and walked out of the room. My legs felt weak, like they didn't want to move. The maid followed behind me with the bags.

Downstairs, two guards were already waiting.

I cleared my throat. "Where is Alpha Damien?"

One guard bowed his head. "Alpha Damien left early this morning, my lady."

My heart dropped. "Left? Where?"

"We do not know," the guard answered. "But he left orders. We are to take you and the young master safely to the private jet. He said no one must trouble you."

No one must trouble you.

The words hit me like a punch. Was that his final message? Was he done with me? Did he hate me now? Or... was he planning to hurt me.

I didn't know.

I picked up my son, holding him close, and walked outside. The air felt cold. Too cold. My chest felt tight, like something inside me was shrinking.

The guards walked behind me as we approached the car. It wasn't the usual big pack Jeep. This one was smaller, quiet, and clean—almost like he didn't want attention.

The door was opened for me.

"Careful, my lady," the maid whispered before stepping back.

I climbed inside with my son on my lap. The guards closed the door, got into the front, and soon, the car started moving.

My son looked around with big, curious eyes.

"Mama... where father?"

I froze. My throat closed.

"He... he had to go somewhere," I whispered.

He frowned in that cute little way he always did. "Dada come back?"

I looked out the window so he wouldn't see the pain in my eyes.

"I don't know," I whispered softly.

The drive to the private airstrip felt long. Too long. My heart kept pounding. Every turn of the car made me more nervous. My mind kept screaming:

What if this is a trick?

What if he is angry?

What if he plans to kill me?

But nothing happened. No guards grabbed me. No threats came. No messages. No anger.

Just silence.

And that silence hurt more than a thousand screams.

When we reached the airstrip, the jet was already waiting. The stairs were down. The pilot stood near the entrance and bowed when he saw me.

"Welcome, Luna," he said quietly. "We will leave as soon as you are ready."

Luna.

It felt wrong hearing that word now—like the title didn't belong to me anymore.

I held my son's hand tightly and walked up the stairs. He hopped beside me, his little backpack bouncing on his shoulder.

Inside, the jet smelled like clean leather and cold air. The seats were soft. The lights were low.

"Wow..." my son whispered. "Plane!"

"Yes," I said softly. "Plane."

The guards handed my bags to the attendants and bowed before leaving.

The door closed.

The engines started.

And before I knew it, we were in the air.

I sat by the window, watching the clouds outside. My son leaned on my arm, playing with his little toy car.

But I didn't feel anything. Not joy. Not fear. Not relief.

Just emptiness.

I rested my forehead on the cold window and closed my eyes. My heart felt too heavy. My mind wouldn't stop racing.

Last night replayed over and over:

Damien pulling the knife from his chest...

Damien walking away...

The blood on the floor...

His empty eyes...

His silence...

Him sending me away without a word...

My wolf whispered softly inside me:

"He didn't punish you.

He didn't lock you away.

He didn't shout.

He didn't even ask who told you."

I swallowed hard.

"Maybe he hates me now," I whispered.

"No," my wolf answered. "If he hated you... you wouldn't be on this plane."

I didn't know what that meant. I didn't know what he was thinking. And that was what scared me the most.

Damien's silence was louder than his anger.

I looked down at my son.

"Mama?" he said softly. "You sad?"

I forced a smile and kissed his forehead.

"No, baby. Mama is fine."

But I wasn't.

Not even close.

The flight felt longer than usual. Even though everything was calm, my heart refused to calm down. Every cloud we passed, every sound the jet made, every thought in my head—everything felt heavy.

What if Damien never wants to see me again?

What if I made the biggest mistake of my life?

What if I stabbed an innocent man?

What if someone lied to me on purpose?

What if... what if... what if?

I closed my eyes again, shaking slightly.

I didn't know what the future held.

But one thing was clear:

I didn't want to lose him.

The plane finally began to descend. My heart raced faster with every second.

"We landing?" my son asked softly.

"Yes," I whispered. "We're almost home."

But it didn't feel like home anymore. Everything felt strange, like I was walking into a life I no longer belonged to.

When the jet touched the ground, the doors opened. Cold wind rushed inside, and for a moment, I closed my eyes and breathed it in. It didn't calm me. Nothing could.

At the bottom of the stairs, a black car was waiting for us.

Damien had arranged it.

Even now, even after I stabbed him, he still planned everything for me.

My chest hurt.

A man stood beside the car and bowed. "Alpha Damien sent me, my lady. I will drive you and the young master home."

I nodded silently. My voice didn't want to come out.

He opened the door for us. My son climbed in first, then I followed. The door closed, and the car began to move.

The whole ride felt like a dream.

Empty streets.

Tall trees.

Shops I used to know.

Buildings I used to pass every day.

But today... I felt like a stranger in my own town.

My son leaned against me. "Mama, when Dada come?" he asked again.

My eyes burned. "I don't know, baby," I whispered.

I looked out the window, hoping the tears wouldn't fall.

After a long drive, the car stopped in front of my childhood home. The driver stepped out and opened the door for me.

"We have arrived, Luna," he said.

Luna.

The word stabbed my heart.

I carried my son and walked toward the front door. It opened before I could knock.

My mother stood there, wide-eyed.

"Sofia?" she gasped. "Oh my goodness, child—you didn't tell me you were coming!"

I forced a smile and hugged her with one arm. "I... I didn't know I was coming either."

My voice cracked a little. I hoped she didn't notice.

She hugged my little boy and kissed his cheeks. "My sweet boy! Oh, how you've grown!"

He giggled softly and hugged her neck.

My mother looked at me again. Her eyes searched my face, but I turned away quickly.

"I'll take your bags inside," she said gently.

"Thank you," I whispered.

I stepped inside the house. Everything looked the same—same couch, same pictures on the wall, same smell. It should have felt comforting.

But instead...

I felt empty.

Cold.

My mother walked down the hallway with the bags, calling out something about preparing a room.

I didn't follow her.

I walked straight into my old room.

I closed the door quietly behind me.

Then I sat on the edge of the bed.

My son sat beside me, playing with his car happily, unaware of the storm happening inside me.

I stared at the wall, my hands shaking again.

For the first time in a long time...

I felt truly alone.

Chapter 518: Moved On

Sofia's POV

It had been two whole days.

Two days of silence.

Two days of waiting.

Two days of checking my phone every five minutes like a fool.

And still—not a single word from Damien.

It was as if he had wiped me out of his life.

Like I never existed.

Like we never loved.

Like I never gave him a son.

But what hurt the most was one question that wouldn't stop echoing in my chest:

Why hasn't he checked on his son?

Not even one call.

Not even one message.

Not even a "How is he?"

"What kind of father does that?" I whispered to myself.

My wolf growled inside me.

"A father who is angry."

She sounded annoyed at me.

I scoffed loudly. "Angry? He is angry? Really? Why? Because I found out what he did?"

My wolf hissed sharply. "Stop saying that, Sofia. You still don't have proof."

I rolled my eyes and turned away, hugging a pillow close to my chest.

Proof or not... my heart still hurt.

And the silence from Damien was eating me alive.

I didn't know which feeling was worse:

The fear that he hated me...

Or the fear that I might have truly lost him.

I lay on my bed staring at the ceiling when a soft knock came at my door.

I sighed. "Come in."

The door opened, and my mother stepped inside. Her face softened the moment she saw me.

"Oh, Sofia..." she whispered, walking closer. "What is wrong with you, my child? You have barely spoken since you came."

I turned my face to the wall. "I don't want to talk."

She sat on the edge of my bed. "Keeping things inside will only hurt you more. Talk to me. Let me help you."

I kept silent.

My mother reached out and touched my shoulder gently. "Sofia... Damien seems like a good man. I know he cares about you. Maybe you should think things through. Maybe you should let go of your bad temper and—"

I snapped around so fast that she flinched.

"Don't advise me," I spat. "You don't get to lecture me about relationships."

Her eyes widened. "Sofia—"

"No!" I cut her off, the words pouring out like fire. "I am NOT like you! I didn't sleep with my twin sister's husband!"

Her face paled instantly.

I didn't stop.

"You drugged him! You got pregnant by him! That is how I was born!"

"Sofia—!" she tried again, her voice breaking.

"You are the reason I have no father's family! You are the reason they hate me! You are the reason I grew up like a girl without a father."

Tears filled her eyes.

And for a second—

a tiny second—

I felt the guilt stab me.

But I wasn't done.

"So please," I said coldly, "don't stand there and pretend you are better than me. Don't tell me how to manage my life."

Her lip trembled. "I never pretended to be better than you. I only wanted to help."

"Well, I don't want your help," I said quietly, staring at the floor. "I want to be alone."

A long silence followed.

My mother slowly stood up, wiping her eyes.

"Sometimes," she whispered softly, "we push away the people who love us most. And sometimes... we regret it when it is too late."

She turned and walked out of the room before I could respond.

The door closed with a small click.

And then the guilt hit me again—sharp and painful.

I buried my face in my hands.

I didn't mean to hurt her.

I didn't want to bring back her past.

But... I wasn't in the mood to hear anything from anyone.

Not when Damien's silence was already killing me.

I hugged my knees tightly and whispered to myself:

"What am I going to do...?"

My wolf whispered inside me, her voice soft but firm.

"You can start by calling him."

I shook my head instantly. "No. Never. My pride won't let me do it."

But even as I said it, my chest tightened.

My pride was the only thing stopping me from breaking completely.

I stayed in my room the whole day, doing nothing—

not eating,

not watching TV,

not even talking to my mother.

I just held my pillow and stared at the wall.

My mind kept drifting back to him.

His silence.

His face when I stabbed him.

His eyes before he walked away.

His steps as he left the room.

The blood.

By evening, the weight on my chest felt too heavy.

My wolf whispered again.

"Just call him."

"No," I whispered back.

"Then you will lose him," she warned.

Something inside me twisted painfully.

My hand moved before I could stop myself.

I picked up my phone, scrolled to his number, and stared at it for a long time.

My heart thumped louder and louder.

Finally...

I hit call.

The ringing started.

Once...

Twice...

Three times...

"Pick up," I whispered.

Four rings...

Five...

I was just about to hang up when someone finally answered.

But neither of us spoke.

There was only silence.

I swallowed. "Damien... you don't even ask how your son is doing," I said shakily. "What kind of man are you?"

More silence.

Then—

A voice that wasn't Damien's.

"Sorry, Sofia. This is not Alpha Damien. This is his secretary."

My whole body froze.

The secretary.

The same woman he once claimed drugged him?

The same woman whose scent I smelled on him?

I clenched the phone harder. "Where is he?" I asked sharply.

I couldn't believe I was calling him that.

"I'm sorry," she said calmly. "Alpha Damien is very busy. He cannot take calls right now. He said he will call you when he is done."

Then she ended the call.

Just like that.

I stared at the screen, my heart breaking more and more with every breath.

My wolf growled painfully.

"He is with her."

I felt jealousy so strong it made my stomach twist.

Anger hit me.

Pain hit me harder.

My eyes burned.

"So that's why he hasn't called," I whispered. "He has moved on. He threw me away that easily."

I covered my mouth as a sob escaped.

He replaced me.

Just like that.

And with her of all people.

My chest hurt so much it felt like someone was squeezing my heart.

Then—

My phone vibrated again.

At first I ignored it. I thought it was some random message or alert.

But something made me look.

It wasn't a message.

It was an email.

From a strange, unknown address.

My hands shook as I clicked it open.

The first line made my breath stop completely.

"Dear Sofia...

This is Rebecca."

I froze.

My mind went blank.

My heart stopped beating for a full second.

Rebecca?

No.

No, this had to be a joke.

A mistake.

Someone messing with me.

But the email was still there...

The words still staring at me...

Dear Sofia...

This is Rebecca. If you received this mail, that means I am dead already.

My whole world tilted.

Chapter 519: The Email

Sofia's POV

For a moment, I couldn't breathe.

Then I forced myself to keep reading.

"If you received this mail, that means I am dead already."

My whole body froze.

A quiet gasp left my throat, and my hands clutched the phone tighter.

"This is a scheduled email.

I set it to be sent to you four months later.

I am writing this so that if something happens to me...

You will not spend your whole life wondering what killed me."

My vision blurred with tears.

Rebecca.

My best friend.

My sister in everything but blood.

She knew she was in danger.

She felt it.

Rebecca's Email Continued

"Sofia...

After you left town, a few weeks later, Alpha Damien called me.

He told me you disappeared.

He asked if I knew where you went.

I told him the truth...

I didn't."

My breath shook.

I whispered, "Damien called her?"

My wolf whined softly.

But I kept reading.

**"Sofia, I tried calling you.

Your number was switched off.

Over and over and over.

It was like you had vanished.

I worried so much.

I couldn't sleep.

I couldn't think straight."**

Tears slid down my cheeks.

Because I remembered that time too.

I had left without telling anyone—not even her.

**"So I returned to Damien's pack.

I thought together we could find you.

He looked for you everywhere, Sofia.

Everywhere.

He called other Alphas.

He asked Seers.

He sent warriors to far places.

After a while...

He finally told me you were alive.

The Seer said you were fine, just hurt.

Just running from him.

So I left the pack, relieved but broken."**

A sharp pain shot through my chest.

Damien had looked for me? He wasn't lying? He really looked—

My eyes burned harder.

"On my way back to my country, at the airport, I met someone.

A werewolf.

He was kind, handsome...

And I was lonely.

We fell in love quickly.

Maybe too quickly."

I wiped my face, sniffing.

**"He asked me to come with him.

I agreed.

I thought it was fate giving me a second chance.

I moved into his pack—the Thorn Pack.

He is the head warrior there.

His older brother, Alpha Nigel, is the Alpha."**

The Thorn Pack.

I know this pack.

**"Our first year together was perfect.

Sweet.

Calm.

But the second year...

Everything changed."**

My heart dropped.

**"He started hurting me.

First, with words.

Then with hands.

Then with chains.

The maltreatment became too much.

I tried to leave...

But he locked me in the storage house.***

I covered my trembling mouth.

Tears ran down my chin.

Rebecca...

My Rebecca...

***"I didn't know who to call.

I didn't have your number anymore.

I lost Damien's too.

Months passed.

I found out I was pregnant.

I thought maybe—

maybe this will make him soften.

Maybe he will love the baby.

Maybe he will love me again."**

I whispered, "Oh no..."

"But he didn't.

He said the child might turn into a human.

He said we would disgrace the pack.

He said my baby was a mistake."

My chest tightened painfully.

"Sofia...

I am scared.

So scared."

I let out a broken sob.

**"I made a friend here.

A tech guy.

A good man.

He took pity on me and helped me recover your old number...

And Damien's.

I tried calling you.

But your line was still switched off.

Maybe you changed it after you left.

I hope you are safe."**

I cried harder.

**"He also gave me Damien's number.

I have been calling him too.

But he never picks.

Maybe he changed his number as well.

Maybe he thinks I am someone else.

I don't know.

But I will keep trying."**

I pressed a hand over my heart.

She had been trying to reach us...

Both of us.

But neither of us picked.

**"I am sending this mail to arrive four months before my scheduled date.

If I am alive,

if things get better,

I will delete it.

But if the man finds out what I'm planning...

If he finds out I tried to reach out...

I might not make it."**

I shook as I read her words.

**"Sofia...

I hope you and Alpha Damien end up together.

I hope you are happy.

And I hope—

I pray—

you never have to feel the pain I am feeling now."**

The email ended.

Just like that.

A soft sob escaped my lips.

I slid down to the floor, the phone shaking in my hand.

The truth hit me like a lightning strike—

Damien didn't kill her.

Damien didn't hurt her.

Damien didn't lie to me.

Rebecca... was alive after Damien's side of the story.

He didn't betray me.

He didn't cheat on me.

He didn't kill my best friend...

I stabbed an innocent man.

The man who loved me.

The father of my son.

The man who searched the world for me when I ran.

My whole body broke into tears.

I pressed the phone to my chest and cried harder than I ever had in my life.

Because now I knew the truth.

I made the biggest mistake of my life.

My breath broke into fast, painful gasps.

I wiped my tears with shaking fingers and grabbed my phone again.

"I have to call him..." I whispered.

I had to tell him.

I had to explain.

I had to tell him who Rebecca's killer is.

I dialed his number with trembling hands.

Ring...

My heart squeezed.

Ring...

"Please pick up..."

Ring...

"Damien... please..."

Ring...

Tears blurred my sight again.

Ring...

I bit my lip until I tasted blood.

Ring...

Nothing.

He wasn't picking.

He wasn't answering.

Not even after everything.

I tried again.

And again.

And again.

Ten calls in a row.

Still nothing.

My wolf whimpered. "He's hurt... you stabbed him. He might not want to hear your voice."

"No..." My voice cracked. "I have to tell him. I have to fix this."

But each call went the same.

Ring.

Ring.

Ring.

No answer.

No text.

No callback.

A painful sob escaped me as I clutched the phone.

But then another thought hit me so hard I sat up straight.

Rebecca's killer was still out there. Free and living his life. And who the hell was that man who called me and lied?

I stood up quickly, wiping my face, even though more tears kept falling.

"I'm going back," I whispered.

My wolf perked up. "Yes. Go back to him. Fix this."

"I'm returning to the pack," I said out loud this time. "I'm going back to him."

I didn't know how he would react.

I didn't know if he'd forgive me.

I didn't know if he'd even look at me.

But I didn't care.

I would beg.

I would crawl.

I would kneel.

I would do anything to fix the damage I caused.

I grabbed my suitcase and pulled it open, ready to pack again, ready to leave right then—

But my hands shook, and I froze for a moment.

"I'm coming, Damien," I whispered through my tears.

"I'm coming back to you."

Chapter 520: The Man

Sofia's POV

The car finally stopped right in front of Damien's pack house.

My heart jumped inside me.

I had left this place only a few days ago, but it felt like I had been gone for years. Everything looked the same, but today it felt different. Today it felt cold.

I stepped out slowly.

I didn't bring our son.

I didn't want him near Damien until I knew how Damien would react to seeing me.

Or if he even wanted to see me at all.

My legs shook as I climbed down from the car.

Two guards opened the doors automatically... but their eyes widened when they saw me.

"L—Lady Sofia?" one whispered.

I forced a smile. "Where is Alpha Damien?"

They shared a look—an uneasy one—and did not answer.

My chest tightened.

Fear started crawling inside me again.

Something was wrong. Very wrong.

As I stepped into the main hall, a few maids stopped walking. One girl almost dropped the plates in her hand. Everyone... everyone looked shocked.

They whispered softly among themselves.

"She came back..."

I pretended not to hear.

Then suddenly—a loud scream tore through the air.

A man's scream.

A scream filled with pain.

"AHHHHHHHHH—!!!"

I flinched hard, my hand going to my chest.

"What... what was that?" I asked one of the maids.

She froze, eyes wide, and shook her head. "I-I don't know..."

But I knew she was lying.

They all knew what was happening.

And they were terrified.

Another scream followed, louder this time.

My whole body turned cold.

"Where is Damien?" I demanded.

No one answered.

But the screams...

They were coming from below.

From deep inside the mansion.

From the basement.

My feet moved on their own.

Past the maids.

Past the guards.

Past the long hallway.

The screams guided me like a rope.

I opened the heavy door that led to the underground hall.

Another scream echoed through the walls.

I stepped down the stairs slowly... one step... then the next... until I reached the basement door.

The screaming stopped.

The silence was worse.

I pushed the door open.

And what I saw made my breath break into sharp pieces.

There—

in the middle of the room—

was a man tied to a chair.

He was shaking.

His shirt was torn.

His skin was burned.

Sweat and tears mixed on his face.

And Damien...

Damien stood in front of him.

Holding a burning coal rod in his hand.

He was sweating.

His shirt was stained with blood.

The wound I gave him was hidden beneath the fabric, but I could see the pain on his face.

He looked tired.

He looked angry.

He looked dangerous.

He looked like an Alpha who had lost control.

I froze.

"Damien..." I whispered.

He turned.

His eyes widened for half a second—

half a second—like he didn't know whether to be shocked... or furious... or hurt.

Then...

His expression went blank.

Completely blank.

He looked right at me.

Right into my eyes.

And then...

He looked away.

He didn't say my name.

He didn't ask why I was here.

He didn't ask where our son was.

He didn't even ask if I was okay.

He just... looked past me.

Like I was a stranger.

Like I was nobody.

Then he turned back to the injured man—

and continued what he was doing.

Like I wasn't even there.

Like I didn't exist.

My mouth fell open a little.

My heart cracked so loudly it felt like everyone could hear it.

"Damien..." I whispered again, but it came out small and weak.

He didn't turn.

He didn't flinch.

He didn't blink.

He pressed the burning coal against the man's shoulder.

The man screamed again.

Damien didn't react.

He just kept going.

Panicked, I rushed towards him. "Damien!" I cried.

But he didn't look at me.

Not once.

Not a single glance.

My heart squeezed painfully.

"What is happening?" I whispered, my voice shaking as I stopped beside him.

Still—

nothing.

He didn't answer.

He didn't even breathe differently.

It was like I was invisible.

Like he had erased me from his world.

My hands trembled as another scream ripped from the tied man's throat.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I flinched.

Damien didn't.

My chest pounded harder. "Damien, please... talk to me—"

Before I could finish my sentence, the man in the chair suddenly lifted his head, his eyes red with pain and fury.

"You Bastard!" he spat at Damien, his voice hoarse. "You will regret this! My brother—Alpha Nigel—he will come for you! He will kill you!"

The moment he said that name—

Alpha Nigel—

My whole body froze.

My stomach dropped.

Alpha Nigel.

The Thorn Pack.

Rebecca's email.

Her abuser.

Her captor.

Her killer.

A sharp gasp escaped me.

"This is him..." I whispered. "Oh my God... this is the man Rebecca wrote about."

The man glared at me with madness in his eyes, but I couldn't look away.

My tears fell fast.

The monster who hurt her...

The monster who kept her trapped...

The monster who killed her...

Was right in front of me.

Damien turned to the man again, still ignoring me, his jaw tight, eyes burning with cold rage.

"Even your brother..." Damien hissed, leaning close to the man's ear, "Alpha Nigel fears me."

The man trembled, but tried to hide it.

Damien lifted the burning coal again. The orange glow lit up his face, making him look like a demon sent from hell.

"After I'm done with you..." he said slowly, "I will deal with him too."

My breath caught.

Damien's voice dropped even lower.

"For turning a blind eye while you tortured Rebecca."

Tears streamed down my face.

He knew.

He knew everything.

"And for killing her," Damien added.

My hand covered my mouth as another sob left me.

The man laughed weakly, blood dripping from his lip. "She deserved it," he spat.

Damien's whole body went still.

Frozen.

Then he turned slowly, his eyes dark—too dark.

"Why," he said softly, "did you kill her in such a gruesome way?"

"You cut off her head," Damien continued. "And you dropped it at my border."

My knees weakened.

My breath stopped.

The world spun.

The man smirked, even in his suffering.

"She ran," he said simply. "I warned her not to leave. I told her she was mine. And when I caught her—"

Damien punched him across the face, the sound echoing through the basement.

My heart slammed against my chest.

"Do NOT say another word," Damien growled, his voice shaking with rage.

But the man laughed again like a lunatic.

"So what, Alpha?" he spat out blood. "You loved her? Was she your little toy? Did you enjoy—"

Damien rammed the burning coal into the man's thigh.

The scream that followed was the loudest yet.

I covered my ears, crying harder.

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 521: What Happened - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 521: What Happened

Chapter 521: What Happened

Sofia's POV

Damien shoved the burning coal into the man's thigh again, and the scream that came out didn't sound human. My whole body shook, tears running without stopping.

"D-Damien, please—" I sobbed.

He still didn't look at me.

Didn't blink in my direction.

Didn't even breathe differently.

His rage filled the entire room like a storm.

Then suddenly, he spoke.

Not to me.

To the guards.

"Take her out."

His voice was so cold... so sharp and authoritative. It sliced right through my chest.

Two guards stepped forward instantly.

I stepped back. "No—I'm not leaving! Damien, I'm not leaving!"

The guards hesitated, glancing at him.

Damien turned... and the look he gave me—

One look.

One single look.

And my legs almost gave out.

It wasn't anger.

It wasn't hatred.

It was emptiness.

A cold, hollow emptiness that said:

Don't test me.

My wolf whimpered and lowered her tail so fast it stunned me.

I swallowed hard and stepped back, nodding even though it broke something inside me. The guards took me gently—almost respectfully—out of the basement.

When the door shut behind me, another scream shook the floor.

I froze.

Then the screams stopped.

Silence.

Terrifying silence.

Did he kill him?

I hugged myself tightly, shivering in the hallway. My heart refused to calm down. I couldn't breathe properly.

I forced myself to move to the sitting room. I sat on the cold couch, tapping my fingers, biting my lip, shaking uncontrollably.

Ten minutes passed.

Fifteen.

Twenty.

Then finally—

Footsteps.

Slow. Heavy. Dragging slightly.

I jumped to my feet.

Damien walked into the sitting room, his expression unreadable. His hair was messy, his shirt soaked in sweat and blood—some his, some not. His hands were still shaking from the rage.

I rushed to him.

"Damien," I cried. "How did you find out? I—I got a scheduled email from Rebecca, and she—"

He walked right past me.

Like I wasn't talking.

Like I wasn't even there.

He headed straight for the stairs.

"Damien, please," I begged, following him quickly. "Just listen to me! I didn't know! I swear to you I didn't know—"

He climbed the stairs.

I followed.

He entered his room.

I followed.

He stopped only when he reached the center of the room.

I stood behind him, shaking. "Damien, I'm begging you. Say something. Please say something. I'm sor—"

Then he finally spoke.

His voice was deep, rough, cracked... tired.

"Rebecca has been trying to call me," he said without turning around. "For months."

My breath hitched.

"She used different numbers," he continued quietly. "Unknown lines. Foreign lines. Hidden IDs."

He let out a bitter laugh.

"I never picked."

Guilt punched me straight in the heart.

He turned to face me.

His eyes were red. Not from crying—Damien doesn't cry—but from sleeplessness, rage, and guilt.

"I thought she was one of my disturbances," he whispered. "I get too many calls. Too many questions. Too many requests from other Alphas. I thought she was another one."

He swallowed hard.

"I ignored them."

Tears blurred my eyes.

He ran a hand through his hair, sighing shakily. "The day she escaped, she was running toward my pack. She called. I picked. She was talking... crying... screaming something... but I couldn't hear her clearly."

He shook his head, jaw clenching.

"The line kept breaking. Then it cut. Just like that."

I pressed a hand over my mouth, sobbing quietly.

Damien continued.

"I tried tracking her number... but I was too late."

His voice dropped into a pained whisper.

"A few minutes later... my border guards called."

My heart stopped.

"They said a body had been dropped at the border."

He looked down.

"When I got there... it was Rebecca. Her head was gone. Her body was dumped like trash. And I had no idea who did it. I had no idea who held her captive. No one knew where she was. Not even the seers could track her exact location."

I cried harder.

My whole heart ripped open.

He closed his eyes, his voice nearly breaking.

"And because of my selfish reasons..." he whispered painfully, "I exchanged her body with Olivia."

My breath froze.

"I shouldn't have. It was wrong. Very wrong. I didn't want you to see Rebecca like that. I didn't want to break you. I didn't want you to know she died running to me."

Damien's shoulders dropped... slowly... heavily... like every word he spoke pulled him lower and lower.

The room was silent.

Too silent.

My tears came harder, but he still didn't look at me. It felt like there was a thick wall between us—one made of pain, guilt, and everything we never said.

His jaw clenched as he finally continued.

I wiped my face, shaking. "Damien... please—"

He held up a hand.

Not to stop me.

To steady himself.

His voice cracked as he spoke next, the sound deeper, tired in a way I had never heard before.

"Since that day... I have been investigating her death."

My eyes widened.

He finally met my gaze.

"And not because I wanted to prove myself innocent."

He shook his head slowly.

"But because I needed to find the monster who took her from you... from me... from all of us."

I pressed both hands to my mouth as another sob escaped.

Damien walked to his desk slowly and opened the top drawer.

Inside were papers—tons of them. Documents. Maps. Phone logs. Pictures. Names. Threads.

Months of work.

He pulled some out and threw them onto the table.

They scattered like falling leaves.

"I searched everywhere," he said quietly. "Every pack. Every border. Every abandoned land. No clue led to the right man. Every trail died halfway."

I stared at the papers, my stomach twisting.

Maps were marked in red ink.

Photos of people. Wolves. Forests.

Damien's handwriting circled names.

Notes scribbled everywhere.

I whispered, "You... did all this alone?"

He nodded. "I didn't find a clue. Not one. Not until two months ago."

I blinked. "Two... months?"

He nodded. "One of my warriors intercepted a message. A whisper. A rumor of a human woman trapped in the Thorn Pack. Tortured. Pregnant. Abused."

My heart dropped.

"That was the first time I suspected," he whispered. "Just suspected... that maybe her killer was there."

Chapter 522: Hate Me

Sofia's POV

My heart was beating so loudly I could hear it in my ears.

Damien didn't sit. He didn't rest. He just stood there, eyes fixed on the map-covered desk as if he were still chasing Rebecca's ghost.

"After that suspicion," he continued, voice low, "I placed spies around the Thorn Pack. Quietly. Carefully. I didn't want Alpha Nigel to know I was watching his brother."

I wiped my face quickly. "Damien—"

He ignored my interruption.

"For weeks, nothing happened. Nobody knew anything. Nobody talked. Nobody slipped."

His jaw tightened.

"But two days ago... I finally got confirmation."

My breath caught.

"Confirmation of who killed Rebecca," he finished.

My knees weakened.

Damien looked up at me with eyes that were dead tired, emotionally drained, and still burning with fury.

"It was him," he said. "The bastard you saw downstairs. The head warrior of Thorn Pack. The man who took her. Tortured her. Murdered her."

He ran a hand across his face.

"I took permission from the Council, gathered every proof I had—and brought him here to be punished."

My voice trembled. "W-What... what are you going to do to him?"

Damien scoffed. A cold, humorless sound.

"What will I do to him?" he repeated. "Or what I have already done?"

My stomach twisted. "W-What do you mean?"

Damien walked to the small glass bar in the corner and poured himself a drink. His hands were steady now, as if all the rage had already been burned out of him in the basement.

"He's dead, Sofia," he said calmly, lifting the glass. "He died a few minutes before you came upstairs."

I gasped.

Damien took a slow sip.

"And his headless body," he added quietly, "will be dropped at his pack border... exactly the same way he left Rebecca at mine."

My hand flew over my mouth.

An eye for an eye.

A head for a head.

Damien placed the drink down and finally looked at me.

Coldly.

Emotionlessly.

And that's when I knew his heart was shutting down...

Not because of Rebecca.

But because of me.

I swallowed hard and stepped forward. "Damien... I got an email. A scheduled mail. From Rebecca. She—she told me everything. I didn't know. I swear I didn't know."

His jaw flexed.

I kept talking, desperate. "And someone... someone called me. A man. He told me you were the one who—"

Damien let out a sharp, mocking scoff. "A man called you?"

I nodded quickly. "Yes. He said—"

"That man," Damien snarled, "was Rebecca's killer."

My heart stopped.

My mouth slowly opened. "W-What?"

"Who else?" he barked.

His eyes were burning now—anger mixed with hurt, betrayal, exhaustion.

"He saw you as an easy tool. He used your pain. He used your fear. He used the fact that you don't trust me."

"No," I whispered, shaking. "Damien, no—"

He looked away from me.

"You believed him."

My chest cracked wide open. "Damien, I didn't know—please—"

He finally stepped closer, and his voice dropped into a cold whisper.

"You believed I killed your best friend."

Tears blurred my vision. "I made a mistake—I'm sorry, Damien, I'm so sorry—"

"You believed I had an affair with her," he pressed.

"No," I cried. "I was confused—he tricked me—"

"And you stabbed me, Sofia."

I froze.

His voice didn't break.

His expression didn't change.

He just said it... flatly.

Like he was listing facts.

"If you could believe something that horrible..." he said quietly, "then you don't know me."

My breath shattered. "Damien—please—"

"And if you could stab me that easily..."

His eyes narrowed, full of pain.

"...then you don't love me."

The words slammed into me like a physical blow.

"Damien, don't say that," I begged. "Please, don't—"

He stepped back, as if my presence burned him.

"There is nothing left," he said firmly. "Nothing between us except co-parenting."

My knees buckled. "No. Damien, please—please, I love you—"

"Stop." His voice snapped like ice. "Don't use that word."

I reached for him.

He stepped away again.

"Damien, forgive me," I cried. "Please. I'll do anything. I'll prove—"

"You can't," he said simply.

My heart stopped.

He pointed toward the door.

"Please leave my room."

I shook my head, tears falling uncontrollably. "Damien, don't do this—please, don't push me away—"

"I need privacy," he said coldly. "Please leave."

I stumbled backward, unable to breathe, unable to think.

He turned his back to me again—the same way he did in the basement—and this time the message was clear:

I meant nothing to him.

Not anymore.

I stood in the doorway, broken, shaking, destroyed.

"Damien..." I whispered one last time.

He didn't turn.

He didn't respond.

He didn't even move.

So I left.

I walked out of Damien's room like a ghost.

My legs didn't feel like my legs. My chest hurt. My eyes were burning. My throat felt tight, like someone tied a rope around it.

I went straight to my room. I closed the door. Then I fell on the floor and cried into my palms.

Big tears. Hot tears. Tears that came from my heart, not my eyes.

"Damien hates me," I whispered. "He really hates me."

My whole body shook.

I cried until my throat hurt, until no sound came out again.

I wanted to stop, but my body wouldn't listen.

After some minutes, something strange happened.

My head started spinning.

The room became blurry. My ears rang. My chest felt heavy.

I grabbed the side of the bed and sat slowly.

"Why... why am I feeling like this?" I whispered.

I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself, but the dizziness didn't stop.

Then another thought hit me—a small thought...

a scary thought.

"When last did I see my monthly flow...?"

I froze.

My eyes widened.

I counted backward in my mind.

Last month?

The month before?

My heart dropped.

"No... no, no, no..." I whispered.

I stood up, shaking.

My hands trembled so much I almost fell again.

I opened the door and grabbed the first maid that walked by.

"Please," I said quickly. "Please get me a test kit... quickly."

She blinked in confusion.

"A... a test kit, my lady?"

"Yes!" I almost shouted. "Please—run!"

She saw the panic in my eyes and hurried away.

I shut the door and paced the room. My stomach felt weak. My chest kept squeezing.

"Please no... not now..." I whispered.

Minutes later, there was a quick knock.

I rushed to the door.

The maid handed me the small box.

"M-my lady, are you okay? Do you need the healer—?"

"I'm fine," I whispered, though I was not fine at all. "Thank you."

I locked the door again.

My hands were shaking so badly I almost dropped the kit.

I opened it.

Did the test.

Then I waited.

It felt like hours.

My heart was beating too fast, too loud.

When the result finally appeared...

My breath left my body.

Positive.

I stared at the test stick. Then at my stomach. Then back at the stick.

A small, broken sound left my throat.

"I'm pregnant..."

I covered my mouth as tears spilled again.

Not just crying—I cried like my soul broke in half.

"Damien won't accept this," I choked out.

"He hates me now... he hates me..."

I sat on the floor, hugging myself.

"He will think I'm lying.

He will think I'm trapping him.

He will think I'm doing it on purpose."

My voice cracked.

"He won't want this baby..."

The pain stabbed deep. Too deep.

I wiped my face roughly and stood up.

"I have to leave," I whispered.

"I have to leave now.

Before he thinks I'm forcing myself on him again."

With shaking hands, I grabbed my bag.

I threw my clothes inside.

I packed everything.

Every second felt like a knife in my chest.

"I will raise this baby alone," I whispered to myself.

"I won't let him hate the child.

I won't let him call the baby a mistake."

More tears fell.

"I'll leave before he knows."

I zipped the bag.

I walked to the door.

And with a trembling breath...

I stepped out, ready to disappear from Damien's life again.

When I reached the front doors, two guards bowed quickly.

"My lady—"

"Please," I whispered, "get Damien's driver. I need to go to the airport."

They froze for a second, confusion in their eyes.

But they obeyed.

The driver came out almost immediately. He looked surprised to see me with a packed bag.

"My lady... you are leaving?"

"Yes," I said quietly. "Please take me to the airport."

He hesitated.

Just a little.

Then he nodded. "As you wish."

He took my bag and placed it in the car trunk.

I climbed inside the back seat.

The door closed.

I leaned my head against the window and covered my mouth as another sob escaped.

"I'm sorry, baby," I whispered, touching my stomach.

"I'm so, so sorry."

The driver started the engine.

The car pulled away from the mansion slowly.

My tears fell silently as we moved farther and farther away.

Every turn of the car hurt.

Every second felt like I was ripping my heart into pieces.

I wiped my face again, trying to breathe.

Then—

"My lady?" the driver said suddenly.

I didn't look up. "Please... don't talk to me right now."

"My lady..." he said again, louder this time.

I sighed shakily and looked up through blurry eyes.

He pointed behind us.

"My lady... look behind you."

My heart skipped.

Slowly... scared... I turned my head and looked out the back window.

And then—

My breath stopped.

It was Damien.

He was running after the car.

His hair was messy.

His shirt was soaked in sweat.

His chest was rising and falling hard.

His face—

His face was pure panic.

He wasn't shouting.

He wasn't slowing down.

He was chasing me like his life depended on it.

My lips parted.

"D... Damien?" I whispered.

Chapter 523: Chased

Damien's POV

The moment Sofia stepped out of my room, the silence hit me like a punch to the chest.

I stood there with my back turned, breathing hard, pretending I didn't care.

But I cared.

Too much.

I closed my eyes and let out a slow, shaky sigh.

I was angry.

Furious.

Broken.

But gods... I still loved her.

Even after everything... the pain, the doubts, the stabbing... a part of me still wanted to pull her close and tell her everything would be fine.

I dragged a hand down my face and sat on the edge of the bed.

"I need to calm down," I muttered.

My wolf growled in my head, restless, pacing, snapping.

"Mate is hurting," he snarled. "Go to her."

"No," I whispered back. "Not now. I'll make it worse."

I forced myself to breathe.

Forced myself to stay still.

Forced myself to hold the anger instead of the truth:

I wanted to go after her immediately.

But I told myself—

Give her space.

Give yourself space.

Think first.

Calm down before you talk again.

I leaned back and closed my eyes.

My chest ached.

My wolf whimpered.

Then—

A sound cut through the quiet.

A car engine.

Starting.

Moving.

Driving away.

My eyes snapped open.

"What...?"

I stood quickly and walked toward the window.

A black car was rolling down the driveway...

With her inside.

My heart slammed against my ribs.

"No. No, no, no—what the hell—"

I rushed out of the room. I ran down the staircase so fast I almost slipped. I shoved past two startled guards and burst through the front doors.

But the car was already halfway down the driveway.

"Sofia!" I shouted.

Nothing.

The engine grew louder as it picked up speed.

My wolf roared inside me.

"GO!"

And that was all it took.

I bolted forward, shifting slightly, my wolf pushing my muscles, my speed, my strength.

I sprinted down the driveway, feet hitting the ground with enough force to crack stone.

"Sofia!" I yelled again, breathless, desperate.

The car kept moving.

My chest burned.

My legs pushed harder.

I didn't think.

I didn't plan.

I just ran.

Ran like losing her again would kill me.

The driver must have seen me... because the brake lights flickered.

Inside the car, I saw movement.

A head turning.

Her.

She turned.

Her eyes widened through the back window.

And I kept running—

Faster.

Harder.

As if my entire world was trying to leave me behind.

My lungs burned.

My legs felt like fire.

But nothing—nothing—could stop me from chasing that car.

Not when she was inside.

Not when she was leaving me again.

"Sofia!" I shouted, pushing harder.

The car slowed only a little, but not enough.

My wolf growled furiously.

"FASTER!"

I obeyed.

The distance between us closed in sharp, painful seconds.

My breath came out ragged.

My heart slammed so loud I could hear it in my ears.

Finally—

My hand grabbed the back of the car.

The driver gasped and slammed the brakes.

The car jerked to a stop.

I nearly hit the trunk, but I caught myself and rushed to the back window.

Sofia's face turned toward me, eyes wide, lips trembling.

"Damien..." she whispered, barely audible through the glass.

I didn't wait.

I ran around the passenger side and pulled the door open.

"Sofia," I said sharply, chest heaving, "what do you think you're doing?!"

Her eyes filled with tears immediately—fresh ones, scared ones, broken ones.

"I... I have to go," she whispered, hugging her bag.

My jaw tightened. "Why?"

She swallowed hard, her chin trembling. "Because you hate me."

Her voice cracked.

"And you will hate this baby too."

I froze.

My wolf went still, silent, but burning with sudden alertness.

"...baby?" I repeated slowly, my heart pounding now for an entirely different reason.

Sofia's breath hitched. She looked away, wiping her face, trying and failing to hide the test kit box half-sticking out of her bag.

But I saw it.

I saw everything in one second.

Her dizziness.

Her shaking.

Her panic.

Her sudden decision to leave.

I stepped closer—slowly, gently.

"Sofia," I said quietly, "look at me."

She didn't.

So I reached out, softly placing my fingers under her chin, lifting it.

And when her eyes finally met mine—

I saw the truth.

"You're pregnant," I whispered.

Her tears spilled harder. She nodded once.

"I didn't want to trap you," she cried. "You already hate me. I didn't want you to hate the baby too. I was going to leave before you found out."

Something inside me snapped.

"Get out," I said.

She gasped. "W-What?"

I leaned closer.

"Get. Out. Of. The. Car."

She shook her head quickly. "Damien, please... don't drag me out—"

"I'm not dragging you," I said, voice low but steady. "I'm telling you to get out because I'm not letting you run from me again."

She froze.

Her lip trembled.

"I don't hate you," I said.

Her breath caught.

"I hate what happened. I hate the pain. I hate the lies you believed."

I paused.

"But I do not hate you."

Her eyes widened—and then lowered again with guilt.

"I thought you wouldn't want this baby," she whispered.

My chest ached. "That's my child. Why would I not want my own blood?"

She sobbed softly.

"I thought you wouldn't believe it was yours."

I clenched my jaw, hurt slicing through me but softer this time.

"Sofia," I whispered, "every child you carry is mine. Only mine. There is no doubt."

She covered her face, breaking down fully.

My heart cracked.

"Get out," I repeated gently.

She hesitated.

So I reached in, unbuckled her seatbelt, and held out my hand.

"Come to me."

Slowly—shaking—she put her hand in mine.

I pulled her out of the car carefully.

She stood there in front of me, hair messy, eyes red, body trembling, holding her bag against her chest like a shield.

I looked down at her stomach.

Then up at her eyes.

"You're not going anywhere," I said quietly.

She swallowed. "Damien..."

I stepped closer.

"You're carrying my child. You're staying."

Her tears fell again, but she didn't look away this time.

I wiped one from her cheek with my thumb.

"Next time you try to run," I said softly, "I'll chase you again."

Her breath shuddered.

"But I'd prefer you don't run at all."

The driver scrambled out of the car the moment I pulled Sofia into my arms.

"Alpha—I'm sorry! I didn't know—she just said—your orders were—"

I didn't even look at him.

"Shut up," I said flatly.

He froze immediately, bowing so low his forehead nearly touched the ground.

But I didn't waste another second on him.

I turned to Sofia, her face pale and streaked with dried tears, her small hands clutching my shirt like she was scared I might disappear.

"Sofia," I said softly, "let's go home."

Her breath hitched. For a moment she looked like she might faint again.

Then she whispered, "Okay."

I didn't enter the car.

I didn't let her walk.

Instead—I lifted her off the ground, one arm under her knees, the other around her back.

She gasped. "D-Damien—"

"Quiet," I murmured. "You're mine. And you're pregnant. I'm not letting you walk."

She sniffed and hid her face in my chest.

And I held her tighter.

My wolf purred so loudly inside me I felt it in my bones.

I started walking toward the mansion.

The staff at the front door froze.

Their eyes widened. Some covered their mouths. Some bowed instantly. Some whispered her name in shock.

"Sofia..." "She came back..." "The Alpha is carrying her..." "Oh Goddess..."

I ignored them all.

I carried her through the hall, up the stairs, and straight into my room. The room I kicked her out of minutes ago. The room she cried outside of. The room I told her to leave.

Now—I placed her gently on my bed.

She looked so small there. So fragile. So scared.

Her fingers trembled as she reached for me.

"Damien..." she whispered, "I'm... I'm sorry. I didn't know. I swear I didn't—"

I sat beside her and touched her cheek, wiping a tear that escaped.

"I forgive you."

She froze.

Her lips parted.

She stared at me like she couldn't understand the words.

But I repeated slowly,

"I forgive you, Sofia."

A sob escaped her. She covered her mouth, tears rolling again.

I leaned forward, pressing my forehead to hers.

"You made a mistake," I whispered. "A terrible one. But so did I. I should have protected Rebecca. I should have looked deeper. I should have trusted you enough to explain everything before it got this far."

She shook her head. "No... no, Damien... it was my fault. All of it."

"Enough," I said gently.

I reached down and placed my palm on her stomach.

Soft. Warm. Carrying my child.

"Our son..." I said slowly, "and this baby..."

Her breath caught. She placed her hand over mine, shaking.

"...they are our family."

Her tears fell harder.

I lifted her chin so she would look at me.

"Sofia," I said gently but firmly, "come with me. Stay with me. Let's raise our children together. No more running. No more lies. No more fear."

Her lips trembled. "Damien... do you really want me?"

Chapter 524: Mark Me

Damien's POV

I didn't answer with words. I pulled her into my arms, holding her like she was the most precious thing in the world. Then I whispered against her hair, "I want you, Sofia. You. Our son. This baby. Our family."

Her arms wrapped around me slowly... then tightly. She buried her face in my neck and nodded, crying softly.

"I'll stay," she whispered. "I'll stay with you."

"I promise."

I held her tighter, closed my eyes, and breathed her in. She was home. My mate. My love. The mother of my children. And this time—I would never let her go.

I held her. Tighter. Closer. My wolf was pacing inside me, desperate to pull her even deeper into my arms, but I forced myself to stay gentle. She had been through enough. We both had.

After a moment, she pulled back slightly, her red eyes meeting mine.

"Damien..." she whispered, voice shaky.

I brushed a strand of hair behind her ear.

"Yes?"

She stared at me for a long second. Then she leaned forward and pressed her lips against mine.

Soft. Warm. Barely a touch at first—like she was asking permission.

My breath hitched.

Then she kissed me again—harder, fuller—her hands sliding up to my jaw, her body pressing closer like she couldn't hold back anymore.

I let out a low sound in my chest. A sound that came from both me and my wolf.

I cupped her face and kissed her back deeply, tasting her tears and her need and her apology all at once. She moved on my lap, her hands gripping my shirt as if she wanted to climb into my soul.

"Sofia..." I murmured against her lips, breath uneven.

She kissed me again, desperate, trembling.

I broke the kiss suddenly, pressing my forehead to hers.

She blinked, confused, lips still parted.

"Why did you stop?" she whispered.

I exhaled slowly, struggling to keep control.

"You need to rest," I said quietly, brushing her cheek with my thumb. "You're pregnant. You cried earlier. Your body is exhausted and—"

"No," she breathed.

Her hands clutched the sides of my face. Then she kissed me again. Deeper. Harder. Like she was pouring everything she had left into me.

"Sofia..." I whispered, but the sound died against her mouth.

She pulled back only enough to speak, her voice shaking.

"I want you," she whispered. "I want you, Damien. Please... don't push me away again."

Her words hit me straight in the chest.

My wolf growled with approval.

I swallowed hard, staring at her—my mate, crying, begging, trembling in my arms.

"Sofia..." I whispered, voice cracking slightly. "I'm trying to be careful with you."

"I don't want you to be careful," she whispered back, brushing her lips along my jaw. "I want you."

Her hands slid around my neck. Her lips found mine again.

"I want you to mark me."

Those words hit me harder than any wound, any betrayal, any pain she ever caused.

My wolf pushed so hard against my chest that I had to grit my teeth to keep him from taking over completely.

"Sofia..." I whispered, my voice rough. "Are you sure?"

She nodded—slow, certain, beautiful.

"I want to be yours fully."

She didn't blink. She didn't hesitate. She didn't look away.

"I'm sure," she said again, softer this time. "I want you. I want our family. I want this bond."

My heart—my cold, angry, hurting heart—shook inside my chest.

She didn't know how long I had waited to hear those words. How many nights I imagined her sleeping beside me with my mark on her neck. How many times my wolf clawed at me, whispering:

"Mate. Mark her. Claim her. Keep her."

But I forced myself to breathe. To be sure.

Because once I marked her... there was no going back.

She would feel my emotions. I would feel hers. Our wolves would be tied forever. Our souls would be one.

I swallowed hard.

"You know what a mark means," I whispered, stepping closer. "It's permanent. It ties your life to mine. Your heart to mine. There will be no distance between us. No secrets. No lies."

"I know," she whispered.

"You'll feel everything I feel."

"I want that."

"You'll feel my pain, my anger, my love—everything."

Her eyes softened at the last word.

"I want it all."

My chest tightened so painfully I had to shut my eyes for a second. When I opened them again, she was still looking at me.

I moved closer, slowly, afraid she would vanish if I moved too fast.

"Sofia," I whispered, searching her face, "you're pregnant. You're emotional. You're scared. I don't want you to choose this because you think you'll lose me."

She reached for me—her hands trembling—and placed them against my face.

"I choose this," she whispered. "Because I love you."

My breath hitched.

Her thumbs brushed my cheeks gently.

"And I want to belong to you," she whispered, eyes soft but burning with something deeper. "Not because of fear. Not because of the baby. But because it's where I want to be."

My wolf let out a growl so deep it vibrated through my chest.

I leaned down until our lips were almost touching.

"Say it one more time," I murmured, my voice barely a breath. "So I know you're not afraid."

Her lips trembled lightly against mine as she whispered, "Mark me, Damien. Please. I want to be yours."

Every last bit of control I had left broke.

I pulled her onto my lap, holding her as if my life depended on it. She gasped softly as her arms wrapped around my neck.

Her scent—sweet, warm, familiar—wrapped around me like a spell.

I pressed my forehead to hers and let my wolf rise, let him breathe through me, let him speak through the growl in my chest.

"You will be mine," I whispered.

"I am already yours," she breathed.

I lowered my lips to her neck—the spot just above her shoulder where the mark belonged. The spot where her scent was strongest. The place my wolf had dreamed of for months.

I kissed it softly.

Once.

Twice.

Her breath shuddered. Her fingers slid into my hair, pulling me closer, whispering my name in a way that made every part of me tremble.

I kissed the spot again—slow and reverent—feeling her pulse race beneath my lips.

Then I pulled back just enough to meet her eyes.

"Last chance," I whispered, my voice almost shaking. "If I mark you, you are mine forever."

Her eyes glowed with certainty.

"I want forever with you."

That was all I needed.

I lowered my mouth toward her neck—my wolf surging forward, ready to complete what fate started the day we met.

And I marked her.

Chapter 525: See Him

Olivia's POV

After we finally put the boys to bed in their room, I went to the room I shared with Levi and Louis.

I lay between Levi and Louis, staring at the ceiling. Sleep didn't come easily anymore. Not when Lennox haunted the corners of my mind. Not when the feeling of something missing grew stronger every day.

Louis draped an arm around my waist from behind while Levi pulled my hand into his chest. Their warmth should have comforted me, but instead... it made my heart ache.

Because no matter how loved I was... a part of me still belonged somewhere else.

Levi and Louis didn't notice my mood because they were so exhausted from their Alpha duties and just went to bed.

For hours I lay between them, my eyes staring at the ceiling as I thought of Lennox... What has become of him?

At some point, exhaustion dragged my eyes shut.

And then—I wasn't in bed anymore.

I was standing in a dark forest.

My feet moved on their own, crunching leaves beneath me as I walked deeper into the darkness.

"Lennox?" I called softly.

No answer.

"Lennox... please."

My voice echoed through the woods like it wasn't mine.

Then suddenly—

A figure stepped out from the shadows.

Tall. Broad. Familiar.

My breath caught.

"L-Lennox...?"

He stepped closer, the darkness peeling away just enough for me to see his face.

His eyes—once warm and wild—were hollow now. Sunken. Haunted.

He looked like someone who had been trapped between life and death for years.

My chest tightened painfully. "Oh Goddess..."

I took a step toward him.

He didn't move.

His chest rose and fell sharply, like breathing hurt.

I reached for him. "Lennox... it's me. I'm here."

He flinched.

Then he snapped forward, gripping my neck—not choking me, but holding me in place, his fingers trembling.

His voice was raw and broken.

"You too...?"

I froze.

His eyes stared into mine—hurt, wild, and pained.

"Y—you too?" he repeated, his voice cracking. "You abandoned me too?"

Pain stabbed through me so hard I couldn't breathe.

"No," I whispered, shaking my head as tears fell. "No, Lennox—I never abandoned you. Never."

His grip tightened slightly, his jaw clenched as if fighting something inside him.

A growl rumbled in his chest—deep, agonizing.

"You left me alone," he whispered harshly. "You never came to check up on me."

"I—" my voice broke, "I didn't know where you were—Levi said—Louis said—"

His eyes darkened, full of sorrow and rage.

"You never looked for me."

My heart shattered.

"I'm sorry," I cried. "I'm so sorry—I didn't know what to do—"

Suddenly he pulled me closer, his forehead pressing painfully against mine.

His breath was shaky. "I waited, Olivia."

My tears dripped onto his hands.

"Every. Single. Day."

I sobbed, "I'm here now—please, Lennox—I'm here—"

He shut his eyes, a tear rolling down his cheek.

Then he whispered in a voice so broken it tore me apart:

"I hate you, Olivia."

I sobbed... shaking my head—

And then I jerked awake.

My whole body jerked violently as I gasped, sitting up in bed so fast the blankets flew off me.

"Olivia?" Louis' voice was the first I heard, thick with sleep and worry.

Levi sat up too, grabbing my shoulders carefully. "Liv, breathe. What happened?"

I couldn't speak.

My chest was rising and falling too fast, my hands shaking uncontrollably.

Tears spilled down my face without control.

Levi cupped my cheek. "Baby, what's wrong? You're shaking."

I swallowed hard, leaning forward as if the dream was dragging me back in.

"I saw him..." I whispered, barely able to form the words.

Levi stiffened. "Saw who?"

My lip trembled.

"Lennox."

Both of them froze instantly.

Louis' hand stopped on my cheek.

Levi's grip on my arm tightened slightly.

"He..." I whispered, voice cracking, "He grabbed me... he was crying... he said... he said I abandoned him..."

Levi inhaled sharply, his eyes darkening in worry.

Louis' brows drew together. "Olivia..."

"He said he hates me," I choked out.

Silence filled the room.

Heavy. Cold. Terrifying.

Louis pulled me into his chest, rubbing my back as I gasped through sobs.

Levi moved closer, wrapping his arms around both of us, pressing gentle kisses to the top of my head.

"It was just a dream," Levi whispered.

"No," I shook my head, pulling back, my voice trembling. "No, Levi... it felt real. I felt him. His pain. His breath. His hands. His tears. It wasn't just a dream—something is wrong."

They exchanged a look over my head.

A look filled with guilt.

Levi reached out, brushing a tear off my cheek.

"Oli... you've been thinking about him too much. That's why you had that dream."

I shook my head immediately. "Levi, no. No. It wasn't just because I was thinking. I felt him. I felt his pain—his breath—his hands—everything. Levi, that wasn't a dream. Something is wrong."

They exchanged another guilty look.

A heavy, silent one.

A look that made my stomach twist.

I wiped my face roughly. "Tell me where he is."

Louis's eyes widened. "Olivia—"

"No!" My voice cracked, but I didn't care. "Tell me where Lennox is. This is unfair. This is—this is wicked."

My breath trembled as I pushed their hands away.

"I haven't visited him. Not once. I haven't even tried. I haven't even... checked if he was alive or breathing on his own. What kind of person does that? What kind of mate does that?"

Louis tried to pull me back into his arms, but I pushed him again.

"I'm wicked," I whispered, my voice breaking. "We are wicked. How could we leave him alone for this long?"

Levi swallowed hard. "Olivia... even if you go now, it will make no difference. Lennox is unconscious. He won't even know you came or not."

I stared at him, stunned.

Then anger—hot and sharp—rushed through me.

"I don't care," I said firmly.

Both of them froze.

"I want to see him," I continued, tears spilling again. "I want to see him now. I want to be near him. I want to hold his hand. I want to talk to him. I don't care if he can't hear me."

"Olivia, calm down—" Levi tried.

"No!" I shouted, slamming my fist on the bed. "Why should I calm down?! Why?! What if Lennox wakes up and realizes no one—not even me—has been visiting him? How do you think he will feel?!"

Levi clenched his jaw, his voice low. "He won't know. Who will tell him?"

I looked him dead in the eyes.

"I don't care who knows," I whispered painfully. "Lennox is my mate too. I need to see him."

Louis closed his eyes, pained.

Levi stared at me... something dark passing through his gaze.

Then he whispered, almost too soft to hear:

"You seem to forget something, Olivia..."

He leaned closer, his voice barely a breath—

"...you and Lennox aren't mates."

Chapter 526: In His Room

Olivia's POV

I stared at Levi, my breath catching in my throat.

His words replayed in my head.

"...you and Lennox aren't mates."

I felt something inside me snap.

Not anger.

Not even sadness.

Pain.

A deep, raw, tearing pain that felt like someone was ripping open my chest with their bare hands.

My wolf let out a low, wounded growl inside me—one that shook my entire body.

She remembered.

She always remembered.

Louis shot up from the bed instantly.

"What the hell is wrong with you?!" Louis barked at Levi, his voice shaking with rage. "Why would you say that to her?! Why would you throw that at her now?!"

Levi didn't answer. His jaw clenched. His eyes hardened. But a flicker of guilt flashed across his face.

My wolf growled again—louder this time—her grief and fury echoing through me.

Louis turned back to me, reaching out gently. "Liv... listen to me, don't—"

"Don't touch me."

My voice echoed in the room.

Louis froze, hurt flashing across his eyes.

Levi stood as well. "Olivia—"

"I said DON'T touch me," I snapped.

My voice trembled, but I held their gaze—both of them.

Pain.

Fear.

Confusion.

Guilt.

Everything swirled together until I felt like I couldn't breathe.

I stood up slowly, dragging in a shaky breath.

Then I whispered, "I'm going out for some fresh air."

Louis stepped toward me. "Olivia, wait—"

"Don't follow me."

The warning in my tone made his wolf flinch.

Levi opened his mouth to speak, but I cut him off.

"You just reopened a wound I tried so hard to forget," I whispered, my voice breaking.
"The least you can do is let me breathe."

Neither of them moved.

Neither of them spoke.

Good.

Because if they tried to stop me, I didn't know what I would do to them.

I turned and walked out of the room, my feet moving faster than my thoughts. My heart thudded painfully against my ribs. My hands shook. My wolf paced and snarled inside me, pushing me forward.

Through the hallway.

Down the stairs.

Past the guards who bowed but looked confused at the tears on my face.

I didn't stop.

I didn't breathe.

I just moved.

Until I reached the long, silent corridor.

The door at the end stood slightly open.

Cold air seeped out from the room inside.

Lennox's room.

The room I'd avoided.

The room they never let me near.

The room that held the part of my soul I'd been missing.

My hand hovered over the door.

My heart hammered.

My wolf whimpered softly.

Then—slowly, trembling—I pushed the door open.

And stepped inside.

The room was dim, lit only by a small lamp in the corner.

My heart squeezed painfully as I stepped inside.

Nothing had changed.

The same heavy curtains.

The same large bed.

The same faint scent of cedarwood, forest rain... and Lennox.

My breath hitched.

I moved slowly, almost afraid the room wasn't real—afraid this was still part of my dream.

I walked to the wardrobe... my fingers trembling as I pulled it open.

His clothes were still there.

Folded neatly.

A broken sob escaped me.

I reached in and grabbed one of his favorite shirts.

I pressed it to my face.

And the scent hit me so hard my knees nearly gave out.

Him.

His warmth.

His strength.

His everything.

I clutched the shirt tighter as tears poured down my cheeks.

"Lennox..." I whispered into the fabric. "I'm so sorry. I should have come. I should have been there. I should have never left you alone..."

My tears soaked into the cloth.

My wolf whimpered, rubbing herself against the memory of him.

I sank to the floor, hugging the shirt like it was the last piece of him I had left.

"Please," I cried softly, "wake up... please don't hate me... please..."

My chest hurt so badly I could barely breathe.

Then—

Click.

The door opened behind me.

My heart jumped. Rage and pain mixed in my throat.

"GO AWAY!" I screamed without turning.

"Leave me alone! Just—just go!"

Silence.

Then a small voice said:

"...mommy?"

My breath stopped.

I turned slowly, tears still running down my face—

And there he was.

Liam.

My sweet, gentle Liam.

His small hand was on the doorknob, his tiny eyebrows scrunched with confusion and worry.

His little sea-blue eyes—my eyes—looked straight at me.

"Mommy?" he said again, stepping inside. "Why are you crying?"

My heart completely shattered.

I dropped the shirt and rushed to him, scooping him into my arms.

He wrapped his small arms around my neck tightly, patting my back in that innocent, clumsy way toddlers do when they want to comfort you.

"It's okay, Mommy," he whispered. "Don't cry. I'm here."

I held him tighter, sobbing into his hair.

"You shouldn't be here, baby," I choked. "Mommy didn't want you to see me like this..."

He pulled back and looked at me with serious little eyes.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"No," I whispered, kissing his forehead. "No, baby. I'm just... sad."

"Why?"

Such a small word.

Such a big question.

I swallowed hard.

Because how could I explain this?

How could I tell a four-year-old that I was breaking apart over a man they don't even know.

I brushed his hair back gently. "Mommy just... misses someone."

He blinked slowly, thinking. "You miss Daddy Lennox?"

A broken sob escaped me. "Yes."

He nodded, satisfied with his logic.

Then his eyes drifted to the bed... the wardrobe... the shirt on the floor.

"Mommy," he whispered. "This room feels sad."

I froze.

My wolf stilled inside me.

Liam wasn't wrong.

This room did feel sad.

Heavy.

Haunted.

Like the walls remembered cries no one else heard.

I pulled him close again.

"It does," I whispered. "It really does."

He rested his head on my shoulder. "Can we go? Daddy Levi says not to come here."

My throat tightened.

Of course Levi had told them that.

I kissed his cheek softly. "Don't you want to know more about Father Lennox... do you wanna see him."

He looked up at me carefully, like he was afraid of getting into trouble.

"But... Father Levi said..." he whispered.

My breath paused. "Said what."

"Mommy..." he whispered carefully, "can I say something?"

My breath caught. "Yes, baby. Anything."

He swallowed, gathering courage. Then—

"Father Levi said we shouldn't mention Father Lennox again."

My mind went blank Completely.

"W-What?" I managed to whisper.

Liam didn't look confused.

He didn't look unsure.

He looked... hurt.

"Every time I ask where Father Lennox is," he said slowly, choosing each word with painful clarity, "Father Levi tells me, 'Don't talk about that.'"

My wolf snarled inside me.

"What else did he say?" I asked, my hands tightening around Liam before I could stop myself.

Liam blinked innocently, speaking with that frightening child-honesty:

"He also said... 'Your mother doesn't need to hear that name anymore.'"

A sharp, painful gasp left my lips.

My knees nearly buckled.

"He said... he said you get sad when you hear Father Lennox's name. So we should keep quiet."

"And when Leo asked why we don't visit him, Father Louis said, 'It's better this way.'"

My heart squeezed so hard I nearly gasped.

Liam wasn't finished.

"And one night," he whispered, "I heard Father Levi tell Father Louis... 'If the boys forget, Olivia will forget too.'"

My entire body went cold.

Ice cold.

Liam lowered his head, his little brows drawing together.

"But Mommy..." he said with a quiet firmness, "I don't want to forget him."

A tear struck my cheek.

Liam reached up again, wiping it quickly—like he hated seeing me cry.

Then he said something that broke whatever was left of my heart:

"Sometimes, when I'm alone... I feel like someone is sad. Far away. Like someone misses me. I think it's Father Lennox."

My breath shook.

My vision blurred.

I held him tighter.

He leaned in and whispered, almost like a secret:

"I don't think he knows we care."

My knees weakened.

"I think he thinks... we all left him," Liam said, his small voice trembling. "That's why he feels so sad all the time."

Tears slipped down my face uncontrollably.

Liam held my face in his tiny hands—gently, wisely, heartbreakingly.

"I don't care if Father Levi says we should forget him," he whispered. "You shouldn't forget someone if your heart still remembers."

I choked on a sob.

Liam continued, sounding like a child far beyond his age:

"And Mommy... if Father Lennox wakes up and sees nobody came for him..."

His lip trembled.

"...he will think he wasn't loved."

I broke.

I absolutely shattered.

"No," I whispered fiercely. "No, baby. He was loved. He is loved."

Liam nodded once, relieved.

Then he asked with heartbreaking honesty:

"Then why didn't we visit him?"

Chapter 527: No one knows

Olivia's POV

I opened my mouth...

But no words came out.

How could I answer him?

How could I explain something I couldn't even explain to myself?

I could not give a four-year-old boy a good reason.

I could not give anyone a good reason.

What excuse existed for abandoning Lennox for four years?

What reason would make sense?

If Lennox were here—standing in front of me the way Liam was—the same question burning in his eyes...

"Why didn't you come for me?"

What would I say?

"I was scared?"

"I was confused."

"Louis and Levi said to wait?"

"I didn't know what to do?"

All of them sounded weak.

Stupid.

Cruel.

What ridiculous reason could justify not visiting a man who almost died because of me?

What excuse could I offer a man who would have torn the whole world apart just to save me?

None.

There was no excuse.

Fresh tears rushed down my cheeks—hot, sharp, unforgiving tears.

My throat burned as I tried to speak, but my voice broke every time.

Liam's small frown deepened as he reached up and gently brushed my tears with his tiny fingers.

One by one.

Soft. Careful. Loving.

"Stop crying, Mom," he whispered.

The softness in his voice made the guilt worse.

I shook my head weakly, taking his little hand in mine. "I-I can't... I don't know what to say, Liam. I don't know how to explain..."

He tilted his head, serious—far too serious for someone his age.

"It's okay if you don't know," he whispered. "But... we can fix it now, right?"

My heart twisted painfully.

He kept wiping my tears, his small brow pulled together in concentration like he was trying to erase my guilt with his touch.

"Don't cry anymore, Mom," he whispered again. "You're not bad. You just... forgot your heart for a while."

His words stabbed deep—right into the wound I'd been hiding for years.

I started shaking as a fresh sob escaped. "Baby... Mommy didn't forget. I just... I didn't know how to face him."

Liam blinked up at me with those impossibly wise eyes.

"You can face him with me," he said simply.

Four words.

Four small, innocent words.

And I broke all over again.

I hugged him tightly, burying my face in his hair.

"Oh, Liam... I'm so sorry," I whispered over and over. "I'm so, so sorry..."

He wrapped his arms around my neck, holding me with surprising strength.

"It's okay, Mom," he murmured. "Let's just go see him."

A small gasp escaped my lips.

Because he was right.

No excuses left.

This time I am looking for Lennox myself... Suddenly the door opened behind us.

Two familiar scents hit my nose.

Levi.

Louis.

They stopped in the doorway when they saw me on the floor hugging Liam, tears all over my face, Lennox's shirt beside me.

Louis' breath hitched.

Levi's eyes widened in alarm. He never expected to see Liam here with me.

Louis was the first to move.

His eyes softened when he saw Liam wiping my tears with his tiny fingers.

He swallowed hard, guilt and worry mixing on his face.

He crouched down slowly.

"Hey, little man... come with Daddy Louis, okay? Mommy needs a moment."

Liam hesitated.

He looked at me.

Then at Lennox's shirt on the floor.

Then at Louis.

"But I want to stay with Mommy..."

My heart squeezed.

I kissed his forehead. "It's okay, baby. Go with Daddy. I'll come soon."

Liam pouted, then nodded slowly. Louis lifted him into his arms and carried him out of the room.

Louis paused at the doorway, looking back at me—not with anger, not with confusion, but with a deep, worried sadness.

"Liv..." he whispered.

I looked away.

I couldn't handle his softness right now.

Not when my heart felt like it was being cut open again.

Louis left, closing the door gently behind him.

I wiped my face with the back of my hand, took Lennox's shirt from the floor, placed it carefully back in the wardrobe... and walked out.

I didn't go to the room I shared with Levi and Louis.

I went to my old room.

My personal room.

Luckily, neither of them followed me.

Maybe Levi was smart for once.

Maybe he finally understood that if he came near me right now...

I would explode.

I lay in bed but didn't sleep.

Not even for a second.

My heart kept replaying Lennox's dream-face.

His hollow eyes.

His broken voice.

"You abandoned me."

I couldn't breathe.

By the time the sun began to rise, I was already on my feet.

I took a quick bath, tied my hair, put on a light sweater, and stepped into the hall.

Today... I wasn't waiting anymore.

I wasn't asking Levi.

I wasn't asking Louis.

I was finding Lennox myself.

And there was only one man who might know the truth—Sir Damon.

Lennox is his son.

He would never lie to protect Levi.

My steps were fast as I headed toward the east wing—Sir Damon's quarters.

I reached his door and knocked firmly.

A moment later, it opened.

Sir Damon stood there in his robe, eyes widening when he saw me.

"Olivia? At this hour? Are you alright?"

"No," I whispered.

He stepped aside immediately. "Come in."

I walked in.

Didn't sit.

Didn't breathe.

I faced him directly.

"Where is Lennox?"

He blinked. "What?"

I didn't waste time. "Sir Damon... please. I know you care for him. I know you know what Levi doesn't tell me. So please—tell me. Where is Lennox?"

He looked genuinely shocked. "Olivia... I don't—"

I stepped closer, voice breaking. "Don't lie to me! Please. I am begging you—if you know where he is, tell me. I need to see him. I need—" My voice cracked.

His brows pulled together in confusion and sadness.

Then slowly—painfully—he shook his head.

"Olivia... I swear on my life... I do not know where Lennox is."

I shook my head hard. "No... no, Sir Damon, please... don't do this. Don't protect Levi. Don't protect anyone. Just tell me where Lennox... your son... is!"

He placed a gentle, heavy hand on my shoulder.

"I am not lying to you."

I stared into his eyes, searching for even a flicker of deception.

There was none.

He sighed heavily. "Levi did not tell me. He did not tell Louis. He did not tell the council. He hid Lennox far away—somewhere he believes Lennox's treatment won't be disturbed."

I swallowed hard.

"He hid him away from us..." I whispered.

Sir Damon nodded sadly. "Yes. Levi believes it is for Lennox's safety and treatment... according to him he didn't want Lennox's enemies to find him."

Chapter 528: Twenty four hours

Olivia's POV

My whole body stiffened.

A stupid excuse.

A ridiculous excuse.

A shameful excuse.

I frowned so hard my forehead hurt, and I glared straight at Sir Damon.

"How," I whispered at first...

Then my voice rose, sharper, angrier—

"How could you not know where your own son is?"

Sir Damon's jaw tightened. "Olivia—"

"No!" I snapped, stepping closer. "Don't Olivia me. Don't act like you're helpless. Lennox is your son. Your son. And you're telling me Levi hid him, HID him, and you just accepted it?"

His face fell, guilt flooding his features.

I wasn't done.

"How could you let Levi stop you from seeing your own child?!"

I spat the words, my voice cracking in anger and disbelief.

"Levi is your Alpha son, not your father. How did he control you up to this extent?!"

Sir Damon looked down, shame spreading across his expression.

My hands shook.

I couldn't understand any of this.

Not one damn thing.

What kind of world was this?

What kind of madness had I woken up into?

"How could Levi hide Lennox from us?" I pushed, tears returning. "How could he hide him from you? From me? From everyone? What kind of man does that?"

Sir Damon tried to reach for me, but I stepped back.

"No. Don't touch me," I whispered.

I felt like the walls were closing in.

"How long has this been happening?" I demanded. "How long have you not seen your own son? How long have you allowed Levi to do this?"

Sir Damon's eyes glistened.

"Four years," he said quietly.

Everything inside me froze.

Four years.

I felt like I had been punched in the chest.

"So for four years," I breathed, my voice trembling, "you haven't seen Lennox because your own son told you not to?"

His silence was the answer.

All this while I thought it was just me that Levi refused to see Lennox because of how I would be reacting, but now I realize I was wrong. It wasn't just me he kept away from seeing Lennox, it was basically everyone.

Rage burned hot in my stomach.

Rage and heartbreak tangled together until I could hardly breathe.

"Sir Damon," I whispered, "Levi had no right. No right at all. Lennox is not a prisoner. He is a man, a son, a mate, a father."

My voice broke.

"And we just left him there."

Sir Damon closed his eyes, guilt weighing on him like a mountain. "I trusted Levi. He said Lennox's wolf was unstable. He said the healers couldn't work with outside emotions disturbing him. He said—"

"He said. He said. He said," I interrupted bitterly.

My frown deepened.

"And you believed him."

Sir Damon did not deny it.

I shook my head, tears rolling freely now.

"My dream wasn't a dream," I whispered. "Lennox is hurting. He's calling me. He's suffering. And Levi hid him from me. From us."

Sir Damon swallowed hard. "Olivia, I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" I laughed painfully. "Sorry won't fix four years of abandonment."

His gaze softened, pleading. "Please understand—"

"I understand one thing," I cut in coldly. "Levi will answer to me."

Sir Damon's eyes widened. "Olivi..."

I didn't give him the chance to speak. Instead, I returned to my room.

I closed the door quietly, but the moment it clicked shut, my legs gave out, and I slid down the wall, covering my face with my hands. I shut my eyes, breathing shakily, trying to steady myself.

I couldn't trust Levi now.

I couldn't trust Louis.

I couldn't trust Sir Damon.

But there was one person,

one Alpha,

one man who never lied to me,

never hid anything from me,

never sugarcoated the truth.

Alpha Damien.

Even though we lived on opposite sides of the world, even though his time zone was completely different...

I didn't care.

He was my only chance.

With shaking hands, I grabbed my phone and dialed his number.

It rang once.

Twice.

Three times.

My heart dropped—

Then—

"Olivia?"

His deep voice filled my ear.

I exhaled sharply, a sob catching in my throat. "Alpha Damien, I'm sorry for calling so late. I don't know what time it is there—"

"It's fine," he said calmly. "Tell me what's wrong."

My voice trembled. "It's Lennox. I had a dream about him. A horrible one. I swear it felt real. Damien, I think he's suffering. I think something is wrong. I need your help. Please..."

He didn't answer immediately.

The silence made my stomach twist.

After a moment he spoke, his voice low and serious.

"Olivia, I won't lie to you."

My breath stopped.

Damien never said that unless something important was coming.

He exhaled quietly.

"I know where Lennox is."

My eyes widened, my fingers tightening around the phone.

"You, you what?"

"I know where he is," Damien repeated. "I've seen him. From time to time."

My heart slammed against my ribs.

Tears filled my eyes instantly.

"How? How, Damien? Did Levi tell you?"

"No." His voice was firm. "Levi never told me a thing. I didn't need him to tell me."

My breath came in sharp gasps.

Damien continued, "I have resources. Good ones. People who owe me favors. People who specialize in tracking. So I asked them to look."

"And?" I whispered.

"And they found him."

A sob escaped my lips.

Damien hesitated before adding quietly,

"I actually saw him last month."

A sharp pain stabbed my chest.

Last month.

Damien saw him last month...

but I, his mate, his Olivia, didn't even know if he was alive.

"Damien," my voice cracked, "please, please tell me where he is. I'm begging you. I haven't seen him in four years. I didn't even know where he was. I didn't even try to find him because Levi kept lying—"

"Olivia," Damien said more softly. "Calm down. Breathe."

"I can't," I cried. "Not until you tell me."

Another pause.

A heavy one.

Like he was preparing himself for my reaction.

Then—

"Give me a moment to think about it. I will call you back, okay?"

Alpha Damien's words sliced straight into my chest.

"No, Damien, please—"

But the line clicked.

He ended the call.

Just like that.

The room fell silent.

I squeezed my phone hard.

He knew where Lennox was.

He saw him.

He had answers.

And now he needed a moment to think.

I couldn't.

I couldn't wait.

Not after four years.

Not after that dream.

My chest tightened, painful and suffocating, when suddenly—

Knock. Knock.

I froze.

The last person I wanted to see right now...

Levi.

His scent seeped through the cracks of the door before I even opened my mouth.

"Olivia," he called softly. "Can we talk?"

Talk?

Talk?

The laugh that escaped me was bitter and cold.

"Levi," I said without moving from the floor, "if you open that door, I will say things you won't recover from."

Silence.

He didn't open the door, but he didn't leave either.

"Olivia, please." His voice held guilt, fear, desperation. "Just let me explain."

Explain?

I slowly stood up, wiped my face, and walked to the door.

I opened it just enough to look him dead in the eyes.

The moment he saw my tear-streaked face, his shoulders dropped.

"Liv—"

"You have until the end of today," I whispered coldly.

Levi blinked. "What?"

"You heard me."

He opened his mouth, but I lifted my hand, shutting him up with a single gesture.

"You have until the end of today to tell me where Lennox is."

His heart skipped. I heard it. Felt it.

"Olivia, it's not that simple—"

"Shut up."

He flinched.

I stepped closer, my voice low and trembling with rage I could barely control.

"Levi, you know me."

His lips parted slightly, confused and scared.

"You know the Olivia from four years ago. You know the things I can do when I am pushed too far. You know the kind of drastic decisions I can take."

He swallowed hard.

"So don't test me," I whispered. "Don't force me into a place you won't like."

His wolf whimpered.

Good.

"Twenty-four hours," I continued, dead serious. "If by the end of the day you don't tell me Lennox's location..."

I stepped even closer, staring straight into his soul.

"...the action I will take, Levi, you won't like it."

The threat lingered in the air like a storm cloud.

Levi opened his mouth to beg, but I didn't let him.

I turned around.

And without another word, I walked away.

Chapter 529: The Dinner

Olivia's POV

Eight hours.

Eight long, choking, torturous hours since I looked Levi in the eyes and gave him a deadline.

Eight hours since I told him the words that made his wolf tremble:

"Twenty-four hours. Tell me where Lennox is... or you won't like what I do next."

And still...

Nothing.

Not a single message.

Not a single knock.

Not a single attempt to explain.

He was avoiding me, hiding in corners, shifting between rooms like a guilty coward.

He thought I was bluffing.

He thought I was emotional, overwhelmed, that the old Olivia, the one who forgave, who trusted too easily, was still here.

He thought I would cool off eventually.

Maybe cry.

Maybe calm down.

And forget.

Levi Luciano...

Should know better.

He grew up with me.

He knew the kind of person I was before all the heartbreak, before the tears, before the four years of forced silence.

He should know that when Olivia Parker says something...

She means it.

And if she is angry?

She means it twice.

But Levi seemed determined to pretend my threat was nothing.

He seemed to believe I would cry a little, calm down, and let it go.

He truly thought I was the girl from four years ago.

But I wasn't.

Not anymore.

And by the time the sun began to set, the fire inside me was so strong I could barely sit still.

Only one person could calm me.

Only one Alpha who never lied to me.

Alpha Damien.

My phone was still silent.

He hadn't called back.

Not once.

And I understood.

Damien and Levi had an unusual relationship.

They respected each other.

They stayed out of each other's business.

Maybe Damien didn't want to stir trouble.

Maybe he was trying to decide the safest way to tell me what I already feared:

Where Lennox was...

was somewhere secretive.

Or worse...

Somewhere Levi never expected me to reach.

Whatever Damien was thinking, I couldn't depend on him anymore.

I couldn't depend on Sir Damon.

I definitely couldn't depend on Levi.

I only had myself.

And I would burn the entire Pack House to the ground if that is what it took to reach Lennox.

Evening came.

And while Levi stayed silent...

Lady Fiona, his mother, had been the only one knocking on my door.

She came twice.

Once with tea.

Once just to sit silently near me on the floor.

She didn't speak much.

Only whispered small things like:

"Olivia... please calm down."

And...

"Levi does love you. He did everything he did for your good."

I wanted to speak rudely to her, tell her she was a bad mother, which mother will stay away from her son and be this comfortable?—but I held back my tongue. I did not want to spill words out in anger.

But one thing was certain. I didn't trust anyone in this house anymore.

Lady Fiona touched my shoulder before leaving the second time and said:

"Please trust Levi."

I didn't answer.

I knew my words would not be nice if I spoke.

By evening, I felt like the walls were closing in.

Sir Damon knocked gently and asked me to join them for dinner.

I didn't want to go.

But the look on his face, guilt, shame, fear, forced me to follow him.

The dining hall was quiet when I entered.

Lady Fiona sat near Sir Damon, her expression troubled as she watched me.

Louis sat at one side, stiff and nervous.

Levi sat across from Louis, tense, shoulders tight, jaw clenched, guilt dripping from every movement.

He didn't even try to meet my eyes.

Good.

Because I would have ripped him apart with just one look.

I took a seat at the far end of the table, away from everyone, away from their guilt and excuses.

The tension in the room was heavy, thick like someone had stuffed cotton into the air.

Luckily the boys were out for their evening training, so they didn't join. If not, they could have noticed the awkwardness.

No one touched the food.

No one dared to speak first.

I checked my phone under the table.

Nothing from Alpha Damien yet. He was still silent.

Louis cleared his throat gently. "Olivia... are you alright?"

I stared at him.

He flinched.

He should.

"Don't," I said quietly. "Don't pretend you don't know what the hell is going on."

Louis swallowed hard. "Olivia..."

"Don't lie to me."

He shut his mouth instantly.

Sir Damon rubbed his face, exhausted.

Lady Fiona looked between us, worried, as if understanding her family was falling apart one truth at a time.

Levi shifted in his seat.

And a tense silence hung in the air.

Louis spoke again. "Olivia," he tried again softly, "you haven't eaten. You should..."

"Louis," I said, without looking up, "if you speak one more word to me, I swear on every moon goddess alive, I will flip this entire table onto your head."

Louis froze.

Sir Damon covered his mouth to hide a cough.

Levi swallowed hard.

Good.

Let them all feel uncomfortable.

Let them all feel afraid.

Let them all realize I wasn't playing anymore.

I opened my mouth to speak, to remind Levi that the clock was still ticking...

When suddenly...

A scent hit me.

A scent that burned every cell in my body awake.

A scent that made my wolf scream.

A scent I hadn't breathed in four years...

but could never forget.

I shot to my feet so fast the chair screeched backwards and slammed into the wall.

My heart stopped.

My breath caught.

My legs trembled.

Because that scent was... Lennox's.

The doors at the far end of the dining hall opened slowly.

Everyone turned.

Louis gasped.

Sir Damon grabbed the edge of the table.

Lady Fiona exclaimed in shock.

Levi choked on his own breath.

But I...

I stopped breathing entirely.

Because there he was.

My Lennox.

Pale.

Scarred.

Thin.

Hollow-eyed.

Alive.

But not standing.

He was being pushed into the room
in a wheelchair.

Chapter 530: BACK

Lennox's POV

I could see the look in their eyes.

Shock.

Fear.

Disbelief.

It was almost funny, how they stared at me like I was some ghost crawling out of the grave. As if they would do anything to shove that ghost back to wherever he came from.

My fingers tightened on the arm of the wheelchair.

I hated them.

All of them.

Sitting there, eating dinner, laughing, having fun, living their perfect little lives...

While I—

While I rotted in that hut like discarded trash.

How convenient.

The wheels scraped softly on the floor as Anabella pushed me farther into the room.

Silence.

Heavy. Thick. Suffocating.

Then...

"Lennox...?" Olivia breathed, stepping forward.

Her voice cracked like something inside her had shattered.

She ran to me, barefoot, fast, desperate, and dropped to her knees in front of me.

"This... this is not real," she whispered, touching my knee like she expected her hand to go through me. "Lennox... no... this can't be real..."

I scoffed.

"Sorry to disappoint you," I said coldly. "I'm alive."

Her head snapped up, eyes wide, glistening.

She reached out to hug me—

But I pushed her.

Harder than I meant to.

She fell back, landing painfully on her ass.

A sharp gasp left her lips.

My chest twisted, pain, guilt, something else I didn't want to feel, but I looked away immediately.

If I let myself feel anything for her, I would break.

I lifted my chin and looked at Levi.

Then Louis.

Then my parents.

All four of them were staring at me like they had been caught burying a body.

"Don't stop on my account," I said, gripping the wheels and rolling myself forward. "What's for dinner?"

No one moved.

The silence felt like a slap.

I reached the table, grabbed an apple, and took a slow bite.

The crunch echoed as they all stared with terrified eyes, staring at me like a ghost.

Levi was the first to break the silence.

"Lennox..." His voice was shaky. "When... when did you wake up?"

I turned my head slowly.

"When I wasn't supposed to," I said flatly. "Or were you planning for me not to wake up at all?"

Levi paled.

Louis swallowed hard.

Mother covered her mouth.

Father lowered his head like a man who had seen the gods abandon him.

Mother stepped closer, her voice trembling. "Lennox... my son... this is a... this is a miracle."

"Cut the pretense," I said without looking at her. "Save your fake tears."

Her hand froze mid-air.

Her face crumpled.

I felt nothing.

Olivia stood slowly, rubbing the spot where she had fallen, her eyes glued to me. She stepped forward again.

"Lennox," she whispered, "please... just let me—"

"Don't talk," I said sharply.

She stopped mid-step.

Her lips quivered.

Her eyes filled with fresh tears again.

But she stayed silent.

Good.

I turned back to the table, the apple forgotten in my hand.

My gaze swept over them one by one.

Olivia,

the woman I loved more than life.

The woman I would have died for.

The woman I risked my life for without even thinking.

Levi,

my brother,

a man I trusted to protect me, to love me.

But instead, he hid me.

Louis,

my other brother.

My closest friend.

But he abandoned me.

And my parents.

They were supposed to love me, never abandon me.

But instead...

They disappointed me.

I took a slow breath.

My voice came out low, filled with pain.

"So," I said, looking each of them in the eye,

"tell me..."

My fingers tightened around the wheels.

"Why did you all abandon me?"

Olivia rushed toward me first.

She dropped to her knees again, so fast I barely blinked.

"Lennox... we—"

"Keep quiet," I ordered.

She froze.

Her mouth opened again, instinct, desperation to speak, but I raised my hand sharply.

"I said keep quiet."

Her lips shut immediately.

Her tears didn't.

They spilled down her cheeks one after another, dripping onto the floor between us.

I didn't look at her.

If I did...

If I let myself feel anything for her...

I would break apart.

I focused instead on Levi, who finally stepped forward.

"Lennox," he said cautiously, hands raised as if approaching a wild animal, "please... calm down. We didn't abandon you. We visited you. All the time. Every month. Every week. We were there—"

He looked back at the others for support.

Nobody backed him.

Good.

I laughed.

A hollow, sharp, humorless sound.

"Lie better," I said coldly. "Try again."

Levi swallowed. "I'm not lying—"

"You didn't visit me for four years."

He went still.

"All of you," I added, turning toward Louis, then my father, then my mother. "You left me there to rot. You abandoned me for death."

Olivia shook her head violently. "No. No, Lennox—stop—please, it's not like that—"

I turned to her slowly.

Her voice faltered.

"Olivia," I said quietly, too quietly, "stop talking."

Her eyes widened.

"I am trying very hard," I continued, "not to say something I can't take back. So please, be quiet."

She burst into fresh tears, covering her mouth with both hands.

Louis stepped forward, his voice tight with panic. "Lennox... just breathe. Just calm down. Please."

I ignored him.

My eyes scanned the room—

Something felt wrong.

Something is missing.

I turned my wheelchair slightly, my gaze sweeping across the walls.

Then my blood went cold.

"Where is it?"

Levi frowned. "Where is what—"

"My portrait."

Silence slammed into the room.

I rolled the chair forward, pushing hard with my arms, moving toward the living room. They scrambled after me, but I didn't slow down.

I reached the far wall—

Empty.

Where my painting used to hang,

where my wolf drawing used to be,

where my place in this house was marked—

There was nothing.

No pictures. No drawings. No memories.

Just blank walls.

My pulse roared in my ears.

"So..." I laughed darkly, "You took out my pictures?"

Louis stepped forward fast. "Lennox, listen, we had to. Seeing your pictures everywhere... it wasn't good for Olivia. It made her sad. It reminded her—"

"What a pathetic excuse."

Louis flinched.

I rolled past them, scanning the walls again—

There were pictures everywhere.

Happy pictures of them.

Pictures of Levi with Olivia, his arm around her shoulders at a festival.

Pictures of Louis carrying Olivia on his back, all of them laughing like the whole world was perfect.

Pictures of Olivia in the middle, smiling between them.

A perfect, complete family.

Without me.

My breath hitched.

My fingers trembled on the wheels.

They didn't remove all the pictures.

They only removed mine.

They erased me and looked like a happy family in every single photo.

And I?

I had been wiped from the walls...

wiped from their home...

wiped from their lives.

Something snapped painfully inside my chest.

But before I could react—

My eyes caught another frame.

A huge framed portrait. Of three little identical boys laughing together in a field.

My fingers tightened painfully around the wheels.

My breath stopped.

My world tilted as I stared at the three identical faces staring back from the portrait.

A harsh beat slammed through my chest.

No.

No.

No...

I was still staring, frozen, when I heard footsteps behind me.

I turned my head slowly—

And there they were.

Three boys.

No older than four or five.

Exactly alike.

Exactly like the portrait.

They stopped in the hallway, wide-eyed, staring at me like they had seen a monster crawl out of their nightmares.