

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 531: Sons? - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 531: Sons?

Chapter 531: Sons?

Lennox's POV

I didn't move.

I didn't blink.

I just stared at the three little boys standing in front of me...

My heart beat so loudly it drowned out every sound around me.

Then—

One of them took a small step forward.

Just one.

His voice was soft... confused... unsure... but full of excitement.

"F-Father Lennox...?" he asked. "Is... is that you?"

My breath left me.

Like someone punched the air out of my chest.

Father.

Father.

He called me father.

My hands shook on the wheels. My throat closed. I couldn't even breathe.

I turned to Olivia sharply.

Her eyes filled with tears.

She nodded slowly... painfully... lovingly.

"Yes," she whispered. "Lennox... when you were unconscious... I realized I was pregnant."

She swallowed hard. "These... these are our sons."

The words hit me harder than any blade ever did.

Our sons.

My sons.

My blood.

My children.

I looked back at the three little boys, struggling to keep myself together.

Then the first one moved again—faster this time—and before I could react, he wrapped his arms around me.

Tiny arms.

Warm little body.

Small heartbeat pounding fast against me.

I froze.

Completely.

He hugged me like he'd been waiting for me his whole life.

"It's nice to finally meet you," he said softly against my chest. "I'm Liam."

Liam.

His name was Liam.

My throat burned. My hands twitched at my sides—not knowing if I should hold him or push him or cry.

Then the second boy moved.

He came close and placed his hand on my knee gently.

"I'm Leon," he said with a shy smile.

And before I could even breathe—

The third boy rushed forward and hugged my arm tightly.

"I'm Leo!" he said happily. "Daddy Levi said you were sleeping for a long, long time."

My head snapped up.

Daddy Levi?

My stomach twisted painfully... but the boys hugged me again before I could think too hard.

Three little bodies.

Three warm hearts.

Three children wrapping themselves around me like they had known me forever—even though I didn't even know how to hold them.

For the first time since I woke up...

I felt something other than anger.

Other than betrayal.

Other than pain.

I felt...

Peace.

Pure, warm, soft peace.

The kind I had forgotten even existed.

I closed my eyes as one of them—Liam—rested his cheek against my chest.

"I always wanted to meet you," he whispered. "Mom says you are the bravest person she has ever met."

Brave.

Me.

I swallowed hard, my voice stuck in my throat.

I didn't ask whose child belonged to whom.

I didn't ask if they were mine or Levi's or Louis'.

I didn't ask for proof.

Because right now—

All I knew was that these boys were hugging me like I was their whole world.

And I...

I didn't want that feeling to go away.

I finally lifted a shaky hand... and placed it gently on Liam's back.

The boy melted into me instantly—like he had been waiting for that touch.

Olivia placed a hand over her mouth, crying silently.

Then she whispered,

"Lennox... what happened to your legs?"

Her voice cut through everything.

The happiness.

The peace.

The moment.

Gone

And all the darkness came flooding back.

My jaw clenched.

My eyes shifted from the boys to her... slowly... painfully... like every movement drained me.

I looked down at my legs... and for the first time since I came back, the truth hit me so hard I felt dizzy.

My legs weren't moving.

My legs weren't reacting.

My legs... were dead.

My breath hitched. My chest tightened. My lungs squeezed painfully, refusing to take air.

I didn't answer.

I couldn't.

My pride, my strength, my identity as a warrior—everything shattered in one second.

I gripped the wheels tightly, forcing my face to stay cold, hard, unreadable.

I refused to break in front of them.

I turned sharply to the nearest guard. "You. Get me the pack healer. Now."

The guard stiffened. "Y-yes, Alpha Lennox."

Alpha.

The word felt strange—like it no longer belonged to me.

I turned the chair toward the hallway, ignoring the boys' small hands on me, ignoring Olivia's shaky breath, ignoring Levi and Louis watching me like they expected me to explode.

I pushed the wheels harder, rolling forward toward the staircase.

Until I reached it.

And froze.

The steps stretched upward like a mountain—tall, steep, unreachable.

Something cold sank in my stomach.

"How," I whispered, "am I supposed to climb this...?"

The realization slammed through me again:

I couldn't walk.

I couldn't stand.

I couldn't even drag myself up one damn step.

Humiliation burned in my chest like fire.

Me—Lennox—who had fought rogues, alphas, monsters... unable to climb stairs.

My fingers tightened on the wheels until my knuckles hurt.

Behind me, I heard soft footsteps. The little boys.

"Daddy Lennox?" Leo called gently.

Daddy.

The word tore something inside me.

I couldn't turn around. I couldn't let them see the look on my face.

I kept my eyes on the stairs, my throat burning, my pride bleeding.

I tried lifting myself from the chair. Nothing.

I tried to move my foot—just one inch. Nothing.

My leg dropped limply against the footrest.

Dead weight.

I bit down hard on my cheek to stop myself from breaking down.

"Lennox..." Olivia's soft voice came from behind me.

I shut my eyes tightly. "Please don't," I said, my voice cracking even though I tried to hide it. "Don't come near me."

The room went silent.

I swallowed the lump in my throat, lifted my chin as if I still had control, as if I still had strength, as if I wasn't falling apart inside.

But the truth drummed in my chest:

I was crippled.

Broken.

Trapped in a body that no longer obeyed me.

And the stairs in front of me were the first cruel proof that everything had changed.

Everything.

Olivia stepped forward. "Do you want the guards to..."

"Olivia..." I snapped... but forced myself not to explode... the kids were here, and I didn't want them to see me shouting at their mom... that was an impression I didn't want to give.

I turned to the maid standing nearby. "Prepare a room for me downstairs... I'll be staying there."

Chapter 532: Hates Us

Olivia's POV

I stood there, frozen, watching Lennox stare at the stairs like they were a mountain he could never climb again. His back was straight, his jaw tight, his hands gripped the wheels of the chair so hard his veins stood out. He was trying so hard not to show pain. Trying so hard not to break before everyone... I knew Lennox; he hates showing vulnerability, and even until now that trait was still in him. And while he was in such pain, I just stood there—feeling like the most useless person alive.

Because everything about the way he looked at those stairs told me one thing: he hated it. And he hated us.

And the sad truth?

He had every right to.

My chest tightened so painfully I almost couldn't breathe. I wanted to walk to him. I wanted to hold his shoulders, bury my face in his neck, whisper "I'm sorry" a thousand times until the words lost their meaning. I wanted to hug him. I wanted to kiss him. I wanted to tell him everything I kept in my heart for four years.

But I couldn't.

I had lost that right.

He no longer looked at me like I was his mate. He looked at me like I was one of the people who betrayed him. And that hurt more than I could ever explain.

"Prepare a room for me downstairs," he said to the maid without even glancing at us. "I'll be staying there."

His voice wasn't angry. It wasn't loud.

But it cut something inside me.

The maid bowed quickly and hurried off.

I stood frozen, my hands shaking so badly I had to fold them together. Leon and Leo moved closer to him, tiny hands touching his arm, looking worried. Liam stood near me, staring up at Lennox with big sad eyes.

And Lennox... he did his best.

He forced a small smile at them.

Not a real smile. Not a happy smile. A painful one.

A tired one.

A smile he made only because they were children.

Because they were innocent.

My boys climbed onto his lap and hugged him again. He didn't hug them back fully... but he didn't push them away either. His hand rested weakly on Liam's back, his fingers trembling like even that small touch hurt.

I watched everything, but my eyes kept staring at his legs.

The legs that used to walk with confidence. The legs that used to carry him through war. The legs that used to pace restlessly whenever he was upset. The legs that used to wrap around me... hold me... protect me...

Now they just lay there on the footrest. Still. Lifeless. Dead.

Was this permanent? Or temporary?

Or was it because he had been in a coma for more than four years?

I didn't know.

I wanted to ask him a hundred questions, but my voice refused to come out.

Because looking at him now...

His face was pale. His eyes were sharp with pain. His shoulders shaking slightly from trying to stay strong.

I realized something horrible:

I had no right to ask him anything.

Not after what I did.

Not after four years of leaving him alone in a house far away—without me.

My guilt squeezed my chest so tightly I had to hold the wall to steady myself.

The maid returned. "Alpha Lennox... the room is ready."

He nodded stiffly.

The young woman who came with him began rolling his wheelchair toward the guest room.

We followed silently, the boys walking beside him happily, their tiny hands touching him as if they wanted to make sure he didn't disappear again.

I watched him look around as we arrived at the room.

A simple guest room.

Small. Not fancy.

Nothing like the huge, bright, beautiful room he used to have upstairs.

His old room had sunlight, tall windows, big wardrobes, a balcony, carvings on the walls, warm blankets... everything that showed he was an Alpha.

But this room had plain walls. Plain curtains. A small bed. A wooden chair. A desk.

Lennox stared around slowly.

His eyes were empty. Tired. A little broken.

Then he scoffed and said quietly,

"At least this room is better than the shit-hole you abandoned me in."

His words sliced through the air.

I gasped softly. Louis flinched. Levi's eyes dropped to the floor.

My heart twisted painfully.

The secret house Levi kept him in... that lonely place... that isolated building far from the pack house...

Lennox called it a shithole.

How horrible could that place be?

The lady he came with helped adjust his chair near the bed. Lennox turned to the maid and said calmly,

"Move my things here. Everything."

She bowed. "Yes, Alpha."

Then the pack healer entered the room.

The moment she saw him, her eyes widened and her hand flew to her mouth.

"A-Alpha Lennox..." she whispered, bending her knee quickly in respect. "By the Moon Goddess... you're awake..."

But before she could continue, Lennox's tone softened slightly—only slightly—as he turned to the boys.

"Boys," he said gently, "please give me a moment, okay? I need to speak with the healer."

Liam nodded immediately. "Okay, Father Lennox."

Leon followed. "We will visit you later."

Leo grabbed his hand. "Come on! Let's go see if our nanny has snacks!"

They ran out.

The moment the door clicked shut—Lennox's entire aura changed.

His eyes turned cold.

His jaw tightened.

His finger twitched once against the armrest.

Then he glared at all of us.

"All of you," he said slowly,

"get out."

The words were quiet.

But the hate behind them was loud.

Even the healer froze.

Levi swallowed. Louis stared at the ground. Sir Damon clenched his fists.

I opened my mouth—

But Lennox cut his eyes sharply to me.

"Don't speak," he warned.

And my voice died instantly.

I lowered my head and walked out first, biting my lips so hard I tasted blood, tears falling silently down my face.

Sir Damon, Levi, and Louis stepped out next, their heads lowered in shame.

Only his mother remained frozen in the doorway.

Her hands trembled against her chest, her eyes red, her lips shaking.

"M-my son... Lennox, please—just let me stay. I just want to—"

He snapped his eyes to her so sharply she flinched like he slapped her.

"You too," he said coldly.

"Get. Out."

Her breath caught.

"M-Me?" she whispered, stunned. "Lennox... I am your mother—"

"You abandoned me right along with them," Lennox spat. "So yes. You too. Get out."

Her shoulders fell as if something inside her cracked.

She covered her mouth quickly, trying to hide the pain on her face...

...but Lennox didn't look at her again.

He stared straight at the healer and the lady assisting him.

"Everyone leaves," he repeated, cold and firm.

"Except Annabella and the healer."

Chapter 533: Hurt Him

Olivia's POV

I walked out of Lennox's room, and the moment the door closed behind us, I felt like all the air left my chest. My heart hurt. My eyes were burning. Every second Lennox looked at me with hate replayed in my mind again and again. We all went to the living room. No one talked. No one even breathed loudly. Then I turned to Levi. I didn't shout. I didn't scream. My voice came out soft... weak... but full of pain.

"Do you see what you caused?" I whispered. "Lennox hates us. He hates me. Because of what we did."

Levi looked away, his jaw tight. "Olivia... I did what I thought was right."

"What you thought was right?" I repeated, my voice breaking. "You hid him. You kept him far away. You let him suffer alone. And now—now look at him. He can't even walk. He doesn't trust anyone."

Louis stepped closer. "Olivia—"

I shook my head quickly.

"I don't want excuses," I cried. "I just want to know why this happened. Why we let it happen..."

My legs felt weak, so I sat on the couch and put my face in my hands. I cried quietly, my shoulders trembling. Levi and Louis stood in front of me, but they didn't move. They didn't try to touch me. Maybe they knew I didn't want it.

I wiped my eyes and looked at the floor as a scary thought hit me.

"Lennox doesn't know..." I whispered.

Louis frowned. "Know what?"

"That we... we are not mates anymore."

Both men froze.

Levi walked closer. "Olivia... don't think about that now—"

"No," I said quickly, shaking my head. "This is important. Why hasn't his wolf told him yet? Why doesn't he feel it? Why doesn't he know?"

My voice kept shaking.

"If Lennox finds out I'm no longer his mate..."

I paused, my throat closing up.

"How will he feel?"

The room went silent.

Even the air felt still.

I stared at my hands and whispered:

"He already feels abandoned. He already feels forgotten. When he learns I'm not his mate anymore... it will destroy him."

And the truth hit me so hard I pressed a hand against my chest.

"He might hate me even more."

I closed my eyes and whispered to myself:

"How am I going to fix this...?"

My wolf whimpered inside me—broken, unable to comfort me this time.

Suddenly, the healer stepped out of the hallway.

Her face was pale, her hands trembling.

Levi rushed forward first. "What is wrong with him? Why isn't he using his legs?"

The healer bowed her head. "Alpha Levi... I—I am sorry, but Alpha Lennox ordered me not to give any report about his condition."

Levi's eyes widened with anger. "I am Alpha here too. You will disobey me because of him?"

The healer flinched. "Alpha, I... I cannot break his order."

Louis quickly stepped between them. "Levi. Stop. You're scaring her."

Levi clenched his fists, breathing hard. "He is doing this on purpose. He wants to shut us out."

Louis put a hand on Levi's shoulder. "Calm down. Let her go."

Levi looked like he wanted to yell—but instead he exhaled sharply and stepped back.

Louis nodded at the healer. "You may leave."

The healer bowed again and hurried away.

Before any of us could speak, soft footsteps echoed down the hallway.

The young woman who had been pushing Lennox's wheelchair appeared. She bowed to us politely, then turned to me.

"Lady Olivia," she said quietly, "Alpha Lennox wants to see you. Alone."

My breath caught.

Levi took a step forward immediately. "No. Absolutely not."

But Louis grabbed his arm. "Levi. Let her go."

Levi glared at him. "She is in pain. Lennox is angry. This is not the time—"

Louis spoke firmly. "He asked for her. Not you. Let her go."

Levi opened his mouth again, but I shook my head softly.

"It's okay," I whispered. "I'll go."

Levi looked worried, but he didn't stop me this time.

My legs felt weak as I walked to Lennox's door. I pushed it open slowly and stepped inside.

The room was quiet.

Lennox sat on the bed, his back straight, his hands resting on his useless legs under the blanket. His eyes were fixed on the window as he stared outside.

I swallowed hard. "Lennox... are you okay?"

He didn't answer.

He didn't even blink.

Slowly... painfully... he turned his head toward me.

But his eyes didn't meet mine.

They dropped to my neck.

My heart froze.

He wasn't looking at my face.

He was looking at the marks.

Levi's mark on one side.

Louis' mark on the other.

His eyes darkened—anger, pain, betrayal, and confusion all mixing together.

When he finally spoke, his voice was low and sharp.

"You have their marks."

My breath hitched.

He stared at my neck as if the sight poisoned him.

"Congratulations." He spat.

A tear escaped down my cheek. I took a slow step toward him, but he raised a hand, stopping me.

"Don't come any further," he muttered.

I swallowed hard and stopped moving.

I stood still, only a few steps away from him... but it felt like miles.

My eyes finally focused fully on him—really looked at him.

And the pain inside me grew even worse.

Because even now...

even after four years...

even after everything we did to him...

Lennox was still the most handsome man I had ever seen.

His face was a little thinner, yes.

His cheeks sharper.

His jaw more hollow.

But it didn't take away his beauty.

His dark hair was longer and messy, falling over his forehead like he hadn't touched it in weeks. His beard was rugged, unkempt, like he didn't care how he looked anymore—but even that made him look so painfully handsome it hurt my chest.

His skin looked paler than before, like he had not seen sunlight for too long.

But his features—those strong cheekbones... the sharp jaw... the straight nose... the full lips...

Nothing could hide how perfect he still was.

He had lost weight, I could see it in his neck, his shoulders, and his arms.

But even that didn't make him look weak.

His eyes—those deep, stormy eyes I used to drown in—were now darker than I had ever seen.

They held so much anger... so much pain... so much betrayal...

But underneath all that, I could still see a little of the old Lennox—the one who loved me.

The one who would have died for me.

His hands rested on his legs under the blanket.

His fingers were still long and strong, but they trembled slightly... like he was fighting feelings he couldn't control.

My voice came out small.

"Lennox..."

He didn't respond.

He just kept staring at the marks on my neck.

Like each mark was a knife stabbed into him.

His jaw tightened.

His eyes lifted slowly... painfully... until they met mine.

And the look he gave me...

It made my knees shake.

It was the look of a man who lost everything.

A man who was hurt by the last person he trusted.

A man who didn't know how to forgive.

And still...

still...

somewhere deep in his eyes...

There was a tiny spark of the old love.

A spark he was trying hard to kill.

He spoke again, his voice low and exhausted.

"You moved on."

His eyes drifted to the marks.

"With both of them."

Chapter 534: Pleading

Lennox's POV

Olivia shook her head so fast it looked like she was trying to shake the pain out of her body. Then she suddenly dropped to her knees.

"No," she cried, her voice trembling. "No, Lennox... I didn't move on..."

Her hands pressed against her chest as tears poured down her cheeks.

"The marks... they were because I had a complicated delivery," she whispered shakily. "The healers said I needed the father's mark to stay alive... and to keep the babies alive. I didn't move on. I never moved on from you."

My chest tightened. Complicated delivery? She almost died—and I wasn't there. I wasn't beside her. I wasn't holding her hand. I wasn't protecting her. I wasn't comforting her. Pain hit my heart so fast I didn't know how to breathe.

I stared down at her—this woman kneeling in front of me, shaking, crying, trying to explain something she should never have had to explain this way—and something inside me cracked.

I was supposed to hate her. I wanted to hate her. I had every reason to hate her. But even with all my anger... even with all my pain... even after four years of hell... I couldn't.

Because the truth punched me straight in the chest: I was doomed. I was doomed to love Olivia from the very first day I met her. Even without my wolf... even without my strength... even with broken legs... even with the betrayal choking me... my love for this woman never reduced. Not one bit. It stayed inside me like a fire I could never put out.

Seeing her now—crying, shaking, begging—hurt me more than anything I'd felt in years.

I hadn't seen her in four years, and those years changed her. She wasn't the young, stubborn girl I remembered. She was a woman now. Her face was a little slimmer, but still so beautiful it made my chest ache. Her hair was longer and fell over her shoulders in soft waves that made me want to touch it. Her eyes... God... her eyes looked older. Not aged, but filled with stories and pain and love and fear. So much fear.

Her body had changed too—softer in some places, stronger in others. She looked richer, fuller, more mature, more womanly. She was a mother now. And somehow that made her even more beautiful.

Her lips trembled in a way that used to drive me crazy, and it still did.

She whispered again, her voice breaking, "I didn't move on, Lennox. I didn't... I couldn't."

I swallowed hard. My heart pounded painfully in my chest.

Why did this hurt? Why did I feel sick? Why did I feel like dragging her into my arms? Why did I still miss her? Why, after everything, did I still crave her?

I closed my eyes for a moment, trying to shut the feeling down, but it only grew stronger.

I missed her. I missed her voice. I missed her scent. I missed her touch. I missed her stubborn mouth and her angry eyes. I missed her laugh. I missed her tease. I missed her warmth beside me at night. I missed every damn thing.

Four years had passed.

But my love for this woman?

Still there.

And that scared me. I was broken. I couldn't walk. I couldn't trust her. I didn't know how to forgive. But a bigger part of me—a part I didn't want to admit—wanted to grab her, pull her into my chest, bury my face in her neck, and confess everything I had held inside.

God, I had missed her. Everything about her.

Olivia slowly moved closer on her knees.

Not standing.

Not walking.

Just dragging herself toward me like she was afraid I would push her again.

Her face was wet with tears.

Her breath shaky.

Her hands trembling.

She reached out... very slowly... her fingers only inches from my knee.

And I glared at her.

A hard, sharp glare.

Her hand froze.

Her lips parted.

Her eyes widened with fear and pain.

Then she whispered, "I'm sorry... I'm so sorry, Lennox. I abandoned you. I know. I know I did. I should have done more. I should have fought harder. I should have found you."

Her voice broke.

"I should never have stopped trying."

My frown deepened as I glared at her.

"Levi refused to tell me where you were," she cried. "He kept saying you were in a place where I couldn't disturb your healing. He kept making excuses, and I believed him. I was weak. I should have searched for you myself. I should have tried. I should have—"

I cut her off sharply.

"And for four years," I growled, "you couldn't search for me?"

She stopped breathing.

Her lips trembled.

My voice dropped lower, harsher, dripping with every wound inside me.

"Look for another lie to tell me."

Her eyes widened like I slapped her.

Her hand dropped from the air to the floor.

Her shoulders shook.

"No..." she whispered. "It's not a lie. Lennox, I swear—"

I leaned forward slightly in the bed, my anger-filled eyes fixed on her.

"You didn't come," I said coldly. "You didn't look. You didn't fight. You didn't tear the world apart for me."

She flinched with guilt.

"You accepted it," I spat. "You accepted my disappearance. You accepted not seeing me. You accepted being kept away."

Her tears fell faster.

"That's not true," she cried softly. "I thought about you every day—"

"And did that help me?" I demanded. "Did your thoughts pull me out of that hell?"

She sobbed, covering her mouth.

"What did your thinking do for me?" I asked again, louder. "Tell me. What did it save? What did it fix? What did it change?"

She froze.

Silent.

Unable to speak.

My breath shook with anger and pain I had held for too long.

"You left me," I whispered. "Just like everyone else."

Olivia shook her head violently. "No—no, Lennox, please—"

"You left me," I repeated, slower this time, like the truth itself was heavy on my tongue. "And you are only here now because I woke up."

Her face collapsed completely.

She fell forward, her forehead touching the floor, her shoulders shaking so hard she could barely breathe.

"I'm sorry..." she whispered into the floor. "I'm so, so sorry..."

Her apology stabbed into me again.

I wanted to lift her.

I wanted to tell her to stop crying.

I wanted to pull her into my lap.

I wanted to wipe her tears with my thumb the way I used to.

But I stayed still.

My fists were tight under the blanket. My heart was beating too fast. My stomach twisted with guilt and anger and everything I didn't want to deal with.

Why did she still affect me like this?

Why did her tears feel like knives?

Why, after everything, did I still love her?

She whispered again, her voice tiny. "I'm sorry..."

My throat tightened. I hated that sound. I hated that she was on the floor. I hated that I wanted to comfort her. I hated myself for wanting her so much after everything.

Before I could say anything—

The door burst open.

Levi stormed in, his face full of anger and shock.

"What the hell are you doing, Lennox?" he snapped. "You're making her cry? You're making her kneel to you?!"

Olivia gasped and quickly wiped her face, embarrassed, trying to sit up straight. She covered her swollen eyes with her hands.

I slowly turned my head toward Levi.

Slowly.

Coldly.

Angrily.

"Get out," I ordered.

Chapter 535: Only Two Mates

Levi's POV

The moment I walked into that room, my heart dropped.

Olivia was on the floor.

On her knees.

Crying.

Shaking.

And Lennox was just sitting there, staring at her like her tears meant nothing.

Something inside me snapped.

"What the hell are you doing, Lennox?" I shouted before I could stop myself. "You're making her cry? You're making her kneel to you?!"

But Lennox turned his head toward me with the coldest eyes I had ever seen on my own brother.

"Get out," he said quietly.

I frowned. "What?"

His voice sharpened. "Get out. This is between me and Olivia. Not you."

I stepped forward, furious. "She's crying. You're hurting her."

Lennox's glare hit me so hard I almost stopped breathing.

"You," he growled, "kept me tied to a bed for four years. You don't get to lecture me about hurting someone."

I froze—because that cut deep.

But I didn't step back.

"You hid me. You isolated me. You lied to everyone. You kept me in a place you knew none of them could find."

I clenched my fists. Guilt hit me, sharp and heavy, but I refused to show it.

"And now," Lennox continued, his voice shaking with anger, "you think you can stand here and act like the hero?"

"Lennox, I—"

"I SAID GET OUT!"

His voice thundered through the room.

But I didn't move.

I couldn't.

Because Olivia was still on the floor, wiping her tears like she was ashamed anyone saw her cry. She looked so small, so broken, and something in my chest twisted painfully. My wolf howled in discomfort.

I crouched beside her and reached for her shoulder, wanting to comfort her... but she flinched away and pulled her arm back.

That... hurt.

More than I expected.

I stared at her for a moment—how she was crying, but still staring straight at Lennox like he was the only one in the room who mattered.

Even in her pain...

Even while she was hurt...

Her eyes were locked on him.

Not me.

Lennox watched it all, silent, almost satisfied.

Then his voice came again—quiet, sharp, final.

"Olivia and I are not finished."

I snapped my eyes up at him. "You're not talking to her alone while she's crying like this—"

"Levi." His voice sliced through my words like a knife. "If you don't leave this room right now, I swear on every god above, I will drag myself out of this bed and finish what I should have done years ago."

I scoffed.

I couldn't help it.

"With which legs?" I shot back.

The room froze.

Olivia gasped softly.

Louis appeared behind me in the doorway, his eyes wide with warning. "Levi... stop. Let's go."

I swallowed hard.

Lennox didn't say anything else, but the look he gave me made my wolf shiver. He wasn't bluffing. Even without his legs working, he looked ready to tear the whole world apart.

But before I could say anything—

A sharp sound echoed across the room.

It was a SLAP from Olivia.

My head jerked to the side.

Olivia's palm was still in the air.

My cheek burned instantly.

"What the hell—?" I whispered, shocked.

"How dare you?" Olivia cried, her voice shaking with anger and tears. "How dare you talk about his legs like that?"

I froze.

And something inside me just... broke.

Because she didn't hesitate. She didn't think. She didn't even look at me first.

The moment she thought I insulted Lennox, she slapped me.

Her loyalty was instant.

Her anger was instant.

All for him.

My throat tightened painfully. My wolf whimpered inside me, curling back in hurt.

She stepped closer, her chest rising and falling. "Levi, how could you? He just woke up. He can't walk. He's in pain—"

"And I'm not?" I snapped before I could stop myself. "I'm not in pain, Olivia? I'm not hurting too, am I?"

She blinked, confused. "Why would you be hurting?"

I laughed. A bitter, sharp laugh that didn't even sound like me. "Because no matter what I do, no matter how much I try, no matter how much I give... I am always the villain in your eyes."

Olivia's eyes widened. "That's not—"

"Oh, but it is," I cut in, stepping back from her touch. "Lennox just came back—just a few minutes ago—and already your whole world is spinning around him again."

"That's not true—"

"It is!" I snapped, my voice trembling.

Her mouth trembled.

I kept going—because everything I had buried for years finally burst.

"You live for him... your breath for only him... in your heart you wished it was me in Lennox's place... you wish it was me in a coma and not your beloved Lennox." My voice cracked. "It was always him."

Olivia swallowed hard. "Levi, I never said—"

"You didn't have to." I stepped back, breathing shakily. "I feel it every day. I feel it every time you look at me. Every time you talk to me. Every time you say my name with that cold, distant tone."

She shook her head. "Levi, stop—"

"Why?" I whispered. "You think Louis doesn't feel it too? You think he doesn't notice how your eyes soften only when his name is mentioned? You think we are blind?"

Her lips parted, stunned.

I pressed a hand against my chest, feeling the ache spreading everywhere.

"Lennox is back, right? So what happens now? Louis and I get pushed to the side again? Back to being shadows?"

My voice fell to a whisper. "Back to being the mates you accept, not the men you love?"

Olivia gasped. "Levi... that's not—"

"What are you talking about?" I asked quietly. "You know exactly what I mean."

Tears rolled down her cheeks.

She opened her mouth to speak, but her voice came out soft, weak.

"None of that is true. It's just your imagination. I love all three of you. You're my mates."

I stared at her.

Then I scoffed.

"Three?" I asked quietly. "Three mates?"

She blinked slowly.

Like she forgot something.

Like she remembered slowly, painfully.

Then her breath stumbled.

"Yeah," I said, my voice raw. "Have you forgotten, Olivia? You have only two mates now."

Her eyes widened.

"I and Louis," I continued bitterly. "Lennox is no longer your mate."

Chapter 536: The bomb

Lennox's POV

For a moment, the world stopped.

I couldn't hear anything.

Not the wind.

Not my heartbeat.

Not even my own breathing.

I just stared at Levi... waiting... praying... begging silently for him to take back what he said.

But he didn't.

It felt like I had just heard something wrong, but the next words from Levi proved I didn't hear wrong.

"LENNOX, you're supposed to know... your wolf must have felt it."

My eyes widened as my heart raced while I stared at Levi...

My wolf?

Should have felt it?

What the hell was he saying?

"Levi!" Louis yelled at him, his eyes widening in shock... it was as if Levi had just exposed a secret that was never meant to be told.

My lips trembled.

I wanted to speak... to yell... to ask him what he meant, but I realized my throat was sealed shut.

Confused, I looked at Olivia, whose eyes were filled with fresh tears and guilt... and just staring at her, something told me I was about to receive the biggest shock of my life.

Levi continued, "I will save you the stress by going straight to the point, brother."

Brother.

He said it, but it didn't feel like a brother speaking to me.

Louis shouted, "Levi! Stop talking!" His voice cracked with fear, like Levi had thrown a bomb into the room.

But Levi ignored him.

He kept staring at me with eyes that didn't look like my brother anymore.

It felt like I was looking at a stranger wearing Levi's face.

"You and Olivia being mates was dangerous for her. Too dangerous. So I rejected her for you."

Rejected.

That word hit me like a knife.

Rejected.

Rejected.

Rejected.

My ears rang.

My vision blurred.

My head felt too light and too heavy at the same time.

My voice finally came out, but it was so weak... so broken... I barely recognized it.

"W—What did you say?"

Levi didn't blink.

He didn't look away.

"I rejected her," he repeated. "You and her being mates were too risky. So I acted in your place. I broke the bond."

The room felt like it spun.

"No..." I whispered. "No... you can't... you can't reject someone for me..."

But Levi didn't flinch.

He just stood there like he didn't do something that destroyed my whole life.

My whole soul.

I looked back at Olivia, and she cried harder—like the sight of me hurting was killing her.

My heart squeezed painfully.

My mate bond... gone?

My chest tightened again.

"You mean..."

I swallowed hard.

"...she is not my mate?"

Olivia sobbed and covered her mouth.

Her silence was my answer.

I felt something inside me tear... rip... fall apart piece by piece.

"You took her from me..." I whispered, my eyes never leaving Levi. "You took my mate..."

Levi swallowed but said nothing.

Tears burned my eyes, but I refused to let them fall.

Olivia crawled closer, crying. "Lennox, please—listen—"

I looked at her.

Really looked at her.

The woman I loved.

The woman I died for.

The woman who was supposed to be mine forever.

Not anymore.

"Lennox... I swear I didn't know... he did it without my consent."

But that didn't matter.

With or without her consent... the truth stayed the same.

Olivia and I... were no longer mates.

And nothing in the world could prepare me for how that felt.

My heart didn't just break—

it collapsed.

The bond that once tied our souls together...

The bond that made me breathe, made me fight, made me live...

was gone.

My lips parted, but no sound came out.

My throat burned like someone was choking me from the inside.

"You..." I breathed shakily, "You're not mine anymore."

Olivia sobbed louder, shaking her head. "Lennox—no—please—listen—"

"LISTEN TO WHAT?" I exploded, my voice breaking. "THAT I LOST YOU?! THAT YOU'RE NO LONGER MINE?!"

Olivia slapped her hand over her mouth to stop herself from screaming as she cried.

Louis took a step toward us but stopped—his eyes shining with guilt and fear.

Levi didn't move.

He just stood there with that same empty expression...

As if he accepted the monster he had created.

I stared at him—really stared at him.

"You broke my bond," I whispered. "You broke the ONLY thing that mattered to me."

Levi swallowed hard. "Lennox, you don't understand—"

"I DON'T WANT TO UNDERSTAND!" I roared.

"You took away the one thing that kept me alive. You took her. YOU TOOK HER!"

Olivia cried harder, crawling forward again. "Lennox, please—don't say it like that... please..." she cried, "you didn't lose me. You didn't. Mates or not—I still love you... I'm yours. I never stopped loving you, and I will never stop."

I looked at her.

Her tear-stained face.

Her trembling lips.

Her broken voice.

Everything about her screamed guilt and pain and love all mixed together.

"You're not mine anymore..." I repeated, my heart breaking.

"I woke up from a coma," I roared, my voice cracking into pieces. "CRIPPLED. WOLFLESS. ALONE!"

My hand slammed against my dead leg.

My whole body shook.

"I woke up to find out my family abandoned me. My parents. My brothers. Everyone!"

My voice echoed all over the room.

"And now Olivia is not my mate?! The ONLY thing that kept me alive—GONE!"

Olivia sobbed harder, crawling closer but too scared to touch me.

Louis covered his mouth, his face pale.

Levi looked like he'd been stabbed.

I pressed my palm against my chest because it felt like my heart was being ripped out of my flesh.

"What am I living for?" I choked.

My breath hitched.

My lungs squeezed painfully.

Darkness edged my vision.

"What is left for me?!" I screamed.

"WHY DID I EVEN WAKE UP?!"

My breathing went wild.

And that was when I saw it—the small silver tray on the table beside me, where a maid had left fruit and a jug of water.

And on the tray... a knife.

I didn't think.

I didn't pause.

I grabbed the knife, and before anyone could react, I lifted it to my throat and dragged a deep slice across my skin.

Chapter 537: Attention Seeker

Olivia's POV

For a second, my entire world stopped.

It felt like life was dragged out of my chest with a hook.

My heart stopped beating.

My breath froze in my lungs.

"No!" I screamed from the deepest part of my lungs as I watched blood gush out from his neck.

I tried to run to him, but he pointed the knife at me.

"Don't you dare come any closer," he ordered.

My feet froze instantly.

I stood there like a statue, staring at the blood trickling down his neck.

All I saw was red.

All I saw was pain.

All I saw was him hurting himself because of me.

Tears rushed down my face as my whole body shook.

"Lennox... please... please let me help..."

My voice cracked so hard I barely recognized it.

"Don't do this. Don't hurt yourself. Please, I'm begging you."

His eyes burned into mine—full of agony and betrayal.

"I lost everything," he whispered.

"My wolf. My legs. My family. And now my mate..."

He choked on the last word.

"I have nothing left to live for."

My breath seized in my chest.

His head slumped.

His grip on the knife loosened.

His body swayed—

"LENNOX!" I screamed.

The knife clattered to the floor as his body collapsed sideways as he lost consciousness.

I ran forward, not caring if he had forbidden it, and caught him before he hit the floor, my hands shaking violently as I held his limp body.

"No, no, no—Lennox, stay with me," I sobbed. "Please stay with me—please—please—"

His eyes didn't open.

His breathing was weak.

"Lennox! Lennox—please—OPEN YOUR EYES!"

My voice cracked hard.

His eyes fluttered once... then rolled back.

His neck was gushing out a great amount of blood.

"No—no—no," I whispered desperately. "Lennox, stay with me. Stay... stay..."

Levi rushed forward, panic written all over his face.

Louis dropped to his knees beside us, trembling.

But I blocked them both out.

I tore the hem of my dress, pressing it against his neck to stop the bleeding. Then I placed my glowing hands over his skin.

My wolf surged forward so fast it felt like a punch to my chest.

"He's resisting the healing," my wolf whispered, voice shaking.

"What?" I choked. "Why?!"

"His heart... doesn't want to fight."

My tears fell harder.

"No... NO!"

I pressed both hands to his skin, letting the white-gold glow expand.

"Lennox," I whispered through sobs, "don't do this. Don't leave me. Don't leave your sons. Don't leave us."

His body tensed—

fighting me,

pushing away the healing,

rejecting the life force I was pouring into him.

"Please," I cried louder, leaning over him, my forehead touching his. "Please don't resist me. Please let me heal you."

My voice cracked.

"You said I left you. You said I abandoned you. You said I didn't fight."

I gripped his face, shaking.

"But I'm fighting now. I'm not letting you die. Not this time. NOT EVER."

His fingers twitched.

Barely.

"Lennox..."

My tears dropped onto his cheek.

"If you die, I'm going with you."

Louis gasped.

Levi's eyes widened.

But I didn't care.

I meant it.

I pressed my glowing hands harder into his skin, forcing my healing energy in even as he rejected it.

"Please..." I whispered, my voice breaking open. "Please, Lennox... please don't leave me again. I can't survive that twice."

Suddenly—

His chest jerked.

A violent, painful inhale tore through him.

His back arched.

His fingers clawed at the blanket.

His eyes snapped open—wild, unfocused, and pained.

"L-Le...nnox?" I whispered.

His gaze met mine—

And his body finally relaxed into my arms.

The healing light spread through him...

Slowly...

Softly...

His heartbeat steadying beneath my palms.

He was alive.

He was breathing and responding to my healing ability.

I let out a broken sob and pulled him against my chest, shaking uncontrollably.

"Thank you," I whispered into his hair. "Thank you."

I let out a shaky breath of relief and held him tighter.

But the relief didn't last.

Not even for two seconds.

Because suddenly—

He pushed me away.

Hard.

"Stop touching me," he whispered, his voice weak... but filled with a pain that cut deeper than the knife he used on himself.

I fell back onto my hands, staring at him with trembling lips.

He shifted slightly on the bed, eyes cold and tired.

"Get out," he muttered.

My heart dropped.

"L-Lennox—"

"I said get OUT."

Louis rushed forward. "Lennox, stop. Please. She—"

"GET OUT!" Lennox snapped, his voice shaking with anger and pain. "All of you. Leave!"

Louis froze, hurt filling his eyes.

"I just want to talk—"

But Lennox's expression turned darker.

"LEAVE!" he shouted again. "I don't want to see any of you—"

And that was when Levi exploded.

Not slowly.

Not carefully.

He burst open like a dam that had been holding in a storm for years.

His voice echoed through the room like thunder.

"ENOUGH!"

We all turned to him.

His chest was rising and falling fast.

His fists were balled.

His eyes were red—not from tears... but from anger he could no longer hide.

"Oh, so you're back with your attention-seeking attitude," Levi snapped, pointing a shaking finger at Lennox. "Good! GREAT! You did it. You got her attention."

Lennox stared at him with cold, wounded eyes.

"You wanted her to scream? You wanted her to cry? You wanted her to panic and run to you? Well, congratulations, big brother. You got it."

"Levi—" Louis whispered.

"No!" Levi yelled, voice cracking. "No more soft talking! No more pretending! I'm DONE!"

He pushed his hair back, nearly ripping it out in frustration.

"Do you think it was EASY for us?!" he shouted. "Do you think we didn't suffer?! Do you think we didn't break inside every single day you were gone?!"

Lennox looked away, jaw tight.

Levi stepped closer.

"You think all the pain in the world belongs to YOU alone?! You think you're the only one who lost something?!"

His voice broke.

"You think we didn't lose you too?"

Lennox inhaled sharply, but Levi didn't stop.

"No, because everything always has to be about Lennox," Levi said bitterly. "Your pain. Your hurt. Your loneliness. Your anger. Everybody must suffer with you or for you!"

Louis whispered, "Levi, calm down—"

"I will NOT calm down!" Levi shouted, shaking with fury. "Do you want to know something? While you were in coma, I WOKE UP every day wondering if you would die! I wondered if today would be the day they tell me you're gone."

His voice dropped into a soft, broken whisper.

"And yet... I still had to live. I still had to breathe. I still had to wake up. I still had to lead."

Levi pointed to his own chest.

"I was hurting too, Lennox. Every day. But I didn't try to kill myself. I didn't scare everyone. I didn't make Olivia fall apart."

Lennox clenched his teeth, breathing hard.

"Everything doesn't have to be about YOU," Levi whispered harshly. "We were in pain too. And we had to move on. Even when we didn't want to."

He swallowed, voice trembling.

"We didn't forget you. We didn't stop loving you. But we had to survive. We had to keep living."

Levi's eyes glistened.

"And you? You wake up one time... one single day... and the first thing you do is try to die."

His voice cracked again.

"You think that's fair to us?"

Silence filled the room.

Painful.

Heavy.

Thick.

Lennox looked down at the bed...

Then looked at me...

Then back at Levi...

His expression hollow.

His voice barely a whisper.

"... Get out."

And the room froze again.

Chapter 538: Out Of Control

Olivia's POV

"Now... all of you get out," Lennox yelled again.

His voice wasn't just loud.

It was broken.

Shaking.

Full of pain, I could feel like a slap to my chest.

But still—he yelled at us like we were strangers.

My heart squeezed so tight I couldn't breathe.

Louis stepped forward slowly. "Lennox... please... don't push us away. You just—"

"I SAID GET OUT!" Lennox shouted, his voice trembling with rage.

His eyes were wild and full of tears he didn't want anyone to see.

Louis froze.

Levi clenched his jaw, anger and pain written all over him, but even he didn't dare move.

Lennox pointed at the door with a trembling hand.

"Out," he whispered this time. "Before I lose whatever control I have left."

I watched him with my heart in my throat.

I saw everything in that moment:

His fear.

His heartbreak.

His anger.

And that deep, deep sadness that made him want to die minutes ago.

I wiped my tears and tried to speak softly.

"Lennox... I—"

"And why did you save me?? I didn't ask," he snapped, glaring at me. "I didn't ask you to save me. I didn't ask you to touch me. I didn't ask you to come close to me."

Each word stabbed me like knives.

Louis whispered my name, but I shook my head.

"I'm not leaving you," I whispered.

He looked at me with eyes that were shattered, tired, and empty.

"All of you get out."

My breath caught.

Levi stepped forward, angry again. "Lennox—"

Lennox's head snapped toward him. "KEEP QUIET, LEVI."

Levi froze.

Lennox turned back to me... slower... softer... but still hurting.

"I can't... look at you," he whispered. "Not now."

That made something inside me crack loudly—so loud I heard it in my chest.

"I love you," I whispered before I could stop myself.

His eyes closed.

A tear fell down his cheek.

But when he opened his eyes again—

He hid the pain.

He hid the love.

He put the wall back up.

"Get out," he repeated. "All of you."

His voice was cold.

But his eyes were begging.

Begging us to leave before he broke again.

Levi exhaled sharply and turned away first.

Louis looked at Lennox one last time, pain in his eyes, before he followed Levi.

I stayed back.

I couldn't move.

My legs felt like stones.

My heart felt like it was bleeding.

Lennox looked at me.

Just me.

His voice was weak... tired... defeated.

"Olivia... please."

That "please" destroyed me.

My throat closed as I whispered, "Okay... I'll go."

I stood up slowly, my knees shaking so much I almost fell.

My hand touched the door frame...

Just as a tear slid down Lennox's cheek.

He wiped it fast, like he didn't want me to see.

Then he turned his face away from me.

"... Close the door behind you."

My heart shattered fully.

I closed the door gently.

I leaned on it outside and let out a silent cry into my hands, my whole body shaking.

I wiped my face with shaking hands as I walked down the hall.

My tears wouldn't stop.

My chest felt like someone stabbed a knife inside and twisted it.

When I reached the living room, Levi and Louis were sitting there.

Louis looked worried.

But Levi...

Levi looked angry.

Annoyed.

Like he was the victim.

Something inside me snapped.

Before he could even stand—

SMACK!

My hand hit his cheek so hard his head snapped to the side.

He stared at me, shocked.

"Olivia—"

SMACK!

Louis gasped.

Levi's hand flew to his cheek.

"Olivia! What—"

SMACK!

I grabbed his shirt front, crying and shaking.

"You had NO RIGHT!" I yelled, my voice trembling with rage. "You had NO RIGHT to tell Lennox that I'm not his mate! That was for me to say! ME! In my time—my way—not YOU!"

Levi opened his mouth, but I slapped him again—harder this time.

Louis rushed forward. "Olivia, please—calm down—"

I glared at Louis so sharply he froze in his tracks.

Then I turned back to Levi, my whole body trembling with rage.

"I don't know what has gotten over you," I spat. "I don't know why you're acting like this. I don't even recognize you!"

That's when Levi snapped.

His chest rose and fell fast.

His eyes turned red with tears.

"What has gotten over me?" he yelled back. "LOVE! MY LOVE FOR YOU!"

I froze.

Louis froze.

Levi stepped back, breathing shakily, tears sliding down his face.

"You want to know why I said it?" he shouted. "Because I am tired, Olivia! TIRED! It is ALWAYS Lennox! Lennox this, Lennox that—EVERYTHING IS ABOUT HIM!"

I shook my head, crying harder. "Levi, stop—"

"No!" he yelled louder. "You think I don't see it? You think Louis doesn't see it? Even when you look at us—your eyes are searching for HIM!"

His voice cracked badly.

"It doesn't matter what we do, Olivia. It doesn't matter how we try. He will ALWAYS be first in your heart."

I frowned at him. "That is not true," I cried.

"Oh, really?" Levi stepped closer, tears running down his face. "I bet—even when we are making love—you imagine it is Lennox touching you, not me!"

My eyes widened in shock.

Before he could blink, I slapped him again.

SMACK!

This time something burst from inside me—

FIRE exploded from my palm.

A bright, burning flame rushed out of my hand and hit the floor beside Levi's feet, making him jump back in fear.

Louis grabbed me. "Olivia! Stop!"

But my eyes were glowing.

My hands were burning with fire.

My wolf was howling inside me.

I was about to lose control when a voice boomed from behind us.

A small, familiar voice.

"Mom..."

I froze... Without looking, I knew it was one of my sons, though I can't differentiate them because they speak alike.

Turning around, I noticed the look of questions in his eyes... he wasn't surprised or scared of the flames in my hands. He knew I have the gift of flames.

I swallowed hard.

My whole body shook.

"Baby..." I whispered, wiping my eyes quickly. "Why are you awake? Where is your nanny?"

He blinked. "We were about to sleep. But I... we heard shouting. And crying."

He looked around at all of us.

Then his eyes landed on Levi—his cheek red from my slap, tears in his eyes.

Then Louis—standing there stiff and pale.

Then me—shaking, broken, my hands still warm from the flames.

Then slowly...

Slowly...

He looked toward Lennox's closed door.

"Is Father Lennox okay?" he asked quietly. "I have a bad feeling."

My throat tightened.

I kneeled down in front of him, holding his small shoulders gently.

"Yes," I whispered. "He's... he's okay. He's resting."

Liam frowned.

His small eyebrows pulled together the same way Lennox's used to when he was confused.

Then he did something that broke me—

He stepped forward and wrapped his arms around my neck.

A soft, warm, and comforting hug.

"Mom," he whispered, "you are lying... you still don't know how to lie."

Chapter 539: Tell Me The Truth

Olivia's POV

I froze.

He pulled back just a little so he could look at my face properly. His small eyes were too serious... too focused for a child his age.

"Mom," he said softly, "I can feel things."

My brow furrowed.

"What do you mean, baby?" I asked carefully.

Liam touched his little chest. "I can feel people's hearts. Their feelings. Their pain. Even when they try to hide it."

I stared at him, stunned.

He continued, his voice small. "I felt Father Lennox from upstairs."

My heart thumped.

"You did?" I whispered.

He nodded slowly. "Yes. And... Mom..."

His lips trembled a little. "He was hurting so much."

I swallowed hard.

"Can you... tell me what you felt?" I asked gently.

Liam looked down at his hands.

"I felt... sadness. A very deep sadness. And loneliness. And..."

He hesitated.

"...shame."

My chest tightened painfully.

He looked up again, his eyes shining with worry.

"Mom... why does Father Lennox feel like he's broken?"

I blinked fast, tears rushing back.

"Baby... he's been through a lot. He's trying to heal."

Liam reached out and touched my cheek gently.

His touch was warm... comforting... almost magical.

Then he said the words that shook me: "And you are hurt too, Mom."

A tear slipped down my face instantly.

Liam's eyes moved toward the corridor... toward Lennox's door.

"And Mom..."

He paused.

"...he still loves you. He is just angry now. Give him time."

My lips parted shakily. "Liam..."

I covered my mouth as tears fell helplessly.

I pulled him into my arms and hugged him tightly.

After a moment, I lifted him gently and carried him to his room.

Leon and Leo were asleep on their bed, their faces peaceful.

I tucked Liam in.

"Sleep now," I whispered. "Don't worry about grown-up problems."

But Liam held my hand again.

"Mom... will Father Lennox walk again?"

My throat closed.

"I don't know yet," I whispered honestly. "But we will try everything. We won't give up."

Liam nodded slowly, then whispered:

"Tell him I'm here too. Tell him he is not alone."

My heart broke in two.

"I will," I said softly.

I kissed his forehead as he finally closed his eyes.

Leaving his room, I closed the door to the boys' room gently and stood there for a moment, breathing in and out, trying to calm my shaking chest.

I wiped my tears with the back of my hand and turned to walk down the hall.

The mansion was quiet again.

Too quiet.

I started walking toward my personal room. I didn't want to be close to Louis and Levi now.

But When I reached the door, I stopped and frowned. Louis was standing right there.

Right in front of my door.

As if he had been waiting for me.

His back was against the wall, his arms crossed, his eyes lowered like he had been standing there for a long while. Like he knew I would come.

"Louis..." I whispered, surprised. "What are you doing here?"

He lifted his eyes slowly.

And the moment he looked at me—

My breath caught.

Because Louis didn't look angry.

He didn't look jealous.

He didn't look annoyed.

He looked... broken... sad and worried. Like seeing me cry hurt him too.

His voice came out low, gentle, and concerned.

"I knew you would end up here," he said. "So I waited."

My throat tightened. "Why?"

Louis stepped closer slowly, not touching me, just studying my face.

"Because you shouldn't be alone right now," he said quietly. "Not after everything that happened today."

Something in me cracked again.

I lowered my eyes, but he lifted a hand and gently touched my chin, making me look up at him.

"Olivia..." he whispered, "you look like you're about to fall apart."

I looked away. "Of course I am falling apart... everything is falling apart..." My voice trembled as I poured out the pain. When I looked back, Louis still had that quiet, worried expression—like he was absorbing every bit of my hurt.

His brows pulled together, full of sympathy, as though he wanted to take the pain from my chest and carry it himself.

"Olivia..." he whispered again.

I swallowed hard.

My throat felt tight—too tight.

Tears burned behind my eyes.

I stepped back from him a little, needing space to breathe.

"Louis..." I whispered shakily.

His body tensed.

Just hearing me say his name like that made him worry more.

I looked down at my trembling hands.

Then I looked back into his eyes.

"Louis... what Levi said..." my voice trembled, "...is it true?"

Louis froze.

His eyes widened just a little—but it was enough.

He knew exactly what I meant.

I took a shaky breath.

"Do I..."

My voice cracked so badly I had to close my eyes.

"...do I make it seem like I love Lennox more than you and Levi?"

Louis's jaw tightened.

His eyes dropped to the floor for a second... like the question stabbed him.

I stepped closer and grabbed his arm, desperate.

"Please," I whispered. "Tell me the truth. I don't want lies. I don't want comfort. I want the truth. Does it look like I love Lennox more than you?"

Louis lifted his eyes slowly.

There was pain in them.

Real pain.

Deep pain.

But he didn't look angry.

He didn't look hurt by me.

He just looked... honest.

He took a breath—slow, long, heavy.

Then he spoke softly, almost afraid of his own words.

"...Olivia," he whispered, "you love us. All of us. I know that."

My heart squeezed.

"But..."

His voice trembled just a little.

"... Lennox is different for you."

A tear slid down my cheek.

Louis looked at me with so much gentleness it almost broke me again.

"You don't mean to make us feel second," he said quietly. "You don't try to hurt us. I know that. But yes..."

He swallowed hard.

"...sometimes, it feels like he gets a part of your heart that we can't reach."

I covered my mouth as a sob escaped me.

Louis stepped closer, but he didn't touch me.

"You don't even notice it," he continued softly. "It's not your fault. It's just... the way your soul reacts to him."

His voice lowered.

"You look at him differently, Olivia. You always have. Even when you try not to."

I cried harder.

My shoulders shook violently.

"Louis..." I whispered. "I didn't—I never meant—"

"I know," he said quickly, stepping close at last. "I know. We never blamed you. We never hated you for it. We ... we just wanted to feel that same intensity from you sometimes."

His hand lifted to my cheek, trembling just a little.

"And today..."

He blinked rapidly.

"...when we almost lost him, and when you healed him... Olivia, I saw it in your face..."

My breath caught.

"The fear in your eyes, the way you screamed, the way you held him... it told me everything."

He wiped my tears softly.

"You weren't afraid of losing a mate..."

He paused.

"You were afraid of losing your half."

A sob tore from my chest as I covered my face with both hands.

Louis gently pulled them down and held them.

"You love me," he whispered. "You love Levi. I know that. But Lennox..."

His voice softened painfully.

"... Lennox is the one your heart beats for first."

Chapter 540: Feeling His Emotions

Olivia's POV

I shook my head, crying harder.

"I don't want anyone to feel unloved," I sobbed. "I don't—I don't want to hurt you. I just... I don't know how to stop my heart..."

Louis smiled sadly.

"You don't have to stop it," he said gently. "Just... let us find our place in it too."

I looked up at him with watery eyes.

"Have I been failing you?" I whispered.

Louis let out a shaky breath, brushing my hair back gently.

"No," he said.

"You are just human."

My knees weakened.

He caught me before I could fall, his arms wrapping around me softly—carefully—like I was something fragile.

"Come here," he whispered. "Let it out."

And I did.

I cried into his chest again.

This time, not just from pain

—but from guilt.

From fear.

From love I didn't know how to divide. To me, I love them equally... in my heart I love them equally, but it seems I didn't know how to show them. Maybe that's my fault... my fault was not being able to show Levi and Louis that I love them just as much as I love Lennox.

Louis held me like he'd hold something precious.

Like he had been waiting to hold me for a long time.

Sucking a deep breath, I pulled away from Louis's grip.

"Louis..." I whispered, wiping my face weakly. "I just... I want to rest. I want to lie down. I want to sleep."

Louis's gentle expression shifted immediately.

Worried. Protective. Alert.

He shook his head before I even finished speaking.

"No," he said firmly. "You're not sleeping alone tonight."

I frowned through my tears. "Louis, I'll be fine—"

"No," he repeated, stepping closer, his eyes soft but stubborn. "Olivia, you broke down twice today. Your emotions are everywhere. You almost burned the room earlier. You're exhausted. And you're not sleeping alone."

I opened my mouth to argue again, but he dropped his voice—deep, gentle, serious.

"I'm not leaving you to cry by yourself. Not tonight."

Something in my chest melted.

I swallowed and looked down, my voice small. "But Louis... I don't want to burden you."

He stepped forward and touched my chin, lifting my face.

"You're not a burden," he whispered. "You're my mate."

My eyes stung again.

I sighed softly and nodded because I knew I couldn't win this argument—not with Louis looking at me like that.

"Fine..." I whispered.

Louis let out a breath of relief. "Thank you."

I walked past him and stepped into my bathroom.

The moment the warm water hit my skin, Louis's words replayed in my head:

"Just... let us find our place in your heart too."

I pressed a hand to my chest and closed my eyes.

I did love them. All three. Equally. Deeply.

I just didn't know how to show it.

Maybe that was my fault.

Maybe I had been holding onto the guilt of losing Lennox for so long that I forgot Louis and Levi needed reassurance too.

The shower washed some of the heaviness off my skin, but not off my heart.

When I stepped out, I wrapped myself in a towel and slipped into clean clothes—something simple, something comfortable.

I opened the bathroom door quietly.

Louis was already sitting on the bed.

Not lying down. Not relaxed.

Like he wanted to be sure I didn't faint. Or cry again. Or disappear.

His eyes softened when he saw me.

"Come," he said gently, patting the space beside him.

I walked over slowly and climbed into the bed.

He lay back against the pillows, and without thinking, I moved closer—resting my head on his chest.

His heartbeat was strong. Steady. Warm.

His arm slid around me instantly, pulling me close but softly... tenderly... as if he didn't want to overwhelm me.

"Is this okay?" he whispered.

I nodded against him. "Yes."

I closed my eyes, listening to his heartbeat.

Louis stayed still as he gently stroked my hair.

For the first time tonight, my body started to relax. My breathing steadied. My tears dried. My chest loosened.

Louis whispered into my hair, "I've got you."

I nodded, not able to trust my words.

I closed my eyes and thought of Levi... Yes, I was angry at him... really angry at him for what he had done... and for what he did, but he was my mate. I carried his mark, and that means I can feel his pain... his emotions, and right now I was feeling it...

Louis felt it immediately because his arm tightened around me protectively.

"Olivia?" he whispered. "Are you okay?"

I didn't answer at first.

I couldn't.

Because Levi's emotions were overwhelming me.

I could feel his pain. Anger. Guilt. Fear.

And beneath everything I felt a deep, deep heartbreak.

My own chest tightened so hard I had to grip Louis's shirt.

Louis stroked my hair again. "Hey... talk to me."

A tear slipped from my eye before I could stop it.

"I'm feeling him..." I whispered. "Levi. I'm feeling Levi's emotions."

Louis's hand froze for a moment.

Then he sighed—soft but heavy—as if he expected this.

I pressed my face into his chest, shaking slightly.

"He's hurting so much," I breathed. "He's angry and sad and broken... and I can feel all of it. It's... it's too much."

Louis didn't get irritated.

He didn't get jealous.

He didn't even tense.

Instead, he held me tighter.

"Of course he is hurting," Louis whispered gently. "He said too much today. He let his feelings explode. And he feels guilty for it. Levi loves you too hard... sometimes more than he knows how to handle."

I shook my head, wiping my tears.

"But Louis... he thinks I don't love him. He thinks I only want Lennox."

Louis hesitated.

Then, very softly, he said, "He is scared, Olivia. He's scared he will lose you now that Lennox is back. Scared he will be forgotten. Scared he is not enough."

His voice cracked a little.

"And... he's not the only one who feels that way."

That made my heart twist again.

I rested my hand on Louis's chest, breathing shakily.

"I don't want any of you to feel that," I whispered. "I don't want to lose any of you."

Louis kissed the top of my head gently.

"You won't lose me," he whispered. "Not ever."

My tears soaked his shirt again.

But in the middle of all that—

Levi's emotions hit me even harder.

A sudden spike of regret.

Then self-hatred.

Then a heavy, painful feeling that made my stomach drop.

"Louis..." I whispered shakily. "I think he's crying."

Louis stiffened.

His jaw clenched.

He didn't need to ask who I meant.

He closed his eyes and whispered, "He needs time. He said things he shouldn't have said."

"Yes," I whispered. "But he's still my mate... and he's hurting alone."

Louis opened his eyes and looked down at me.

His expression wasn't angry or jealous.

It was soft.

Understanding.

"He will be okay," Louis murmured, brushing my hair behind my ear. "But right now... you need to rest. You need to breathe. You need to calm your heart."

He pulled me closer against his chest again.

My body relaxed into him, even with the storm of emotions I felt from Levi echoing inside me.

Louis continued in a soothing voice, "You can check on Levi in the morning. I'll go with you. For tonight... just let me hold you."

My eyes drifted closed, tears still slipping out slowly.

Louis's heartbeat was steady beneath my cheek.

Warm.

Safe.

Comforting.

Eventually...

my breathing matched his.

And even though Levi's pain kept brushing against my heart, Louis's warmth slowly pulled me into sleep.

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 541: Guilt - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 541: Guilt

Chapter 541: Guilt

Levi's POV

I sat on the edge of my bed, my hands buried in my hair, staring at the floor that looked more and more blurry the longer I stared.

I wasn't crying loudly.

No sobs.

No sounds.

Just silent tears running down my face like they were tired of staying inside.

The night felt cold. Too cold. Even for a wolf.

And for the first time in my entire life, I felt like the villain.

Not because someone called me one...

but because everything I did today proved it.

I dragged my hands down my face and let out a shaky breath.

I hurt Olivia.

I hurt Lennox.

I hurt Louis.

And the worst part?

I didn't mean any of it.

Not a single word came from hate...

They all came from love—twisted, choking, desperate love that I had been holding inside for years.

I leaned back against the wall and closed my eyes.

Inside my chest, something felt like it was collapsing.

Like the weight I had been carrying secretly finally smashed me down.

"Why am I like this...?" I whispered into the darkness.

I wasn't born jealous.

I wasn't born angry.

I wasn't born to be the shadow in my own family.

But today...

I felt like every ugly part of me came out at once.

My mind replayed everything... painfully clear.

When I yelled at Lennox...

I wasn't angry that he was alive.

I wasn't angry that Olivia ran to him.

I was angry at myself.

Because a part of me...

a selfish, scared part...

wished I didn't have to share her heart again.

That made me feel sick.

Wrong.

Ashamed.

How could I think that?

How could I even let that feeling exist?

Lennox suffered.

He lost everything.

He came back broken.

And my first reaction was jealousy?

I really was a monster today.

And when Olivia slapped me...

the pain on my cheek was nothing.

What truly hurt was knowing I deserved it.

I crossed a line.

I said something I should NEVER have said.

The moment the words left my mouth.

"Even when we are making love... you imagine it's Lennox."

I hated myself instantly.

That wasn't fair.

That wasn't true.

That wasn't love speaking.

That was fear.

Fear of losing her.

Fear of being replaced.

Fear that now that Lennox was back...

I was no longer needed.

I wiped my face quickly, but more tears came.

And the rejection thing... that was the worst.

I shouldn't have told Lennox.

Not like that.

Not when he had just woken from a coma.

Not when he was already broken.

But seeing him look at her—

seeing the pain in his eyes—

the guilt inside me exploded.

I wasn't trying to hurt him.

I wasn't trying to ruin his heart.

I was trying to protect Olivia.

To protect all of us.

To protect the family.

But I did it the wrong way.

I did everything the wrong way.

And now...

Olivia hates me.

Louis is disappointed in me.

Lennox probably wants to kill me.

And I—

I just feel empty.

Completely empty.

Like no matter how much I try...

I will always be the one doing things wrong.

Always the one saying the wrong words.

Always the one who loves too loudly.

Always the one who feels too deeply.

I wiped another tear roughly.

"I didn't want to be the villain," I whispered.

But today... I truly became one.

Not because I wanted to.

Not because I enjoyed it.

But because I loved too fiercely...

and I didn't know how to hold that love properly.

"I'm sorry, Olivia..." I whispered into the quiet room.

"I'm sorry, brother..."

I hugged my knees and lowered my head.

I didn't know how to fix any of this.

But for the first time...

I wanted to try.

I wanted to be better.

I wanted to stop being the villain in the eyes of the woman I loved.

My chest tightened again, and I had to stand up because sitting felt suffocating. The walls felt too close. The room felt too small. My emotions were too loud.

I walked out of my room without thinking.

The hallway was quiet. Everyone was asleep. Everyone except me—the only one drowning in emotions I couldn't control.

I stepped outside and walked into the forest. The moment the cold air hit my skin, I shifted. Bones cracked, fur grew, and my wolf took over instantly.

We ran.

We didn't think.

We didn't plan.

We just ran.

Through branches, through mud, through darkness. My paws burned. My breath burned. My chest burned. But none of it hurt as much as Olivia's tears. None of it hurt as much as seeing Lennox dying on the floor. None of it hurt as much as knowing Louis looked at me with disappointment.

I ran until my legs gave out.

I slipped on the wet ground and crashed into the dirt. My body shook violently. My wolf whimpered—a broken, painful sound that echoed through the forest.

I lowered my head and let the tears fall.

I wasn't an Alpha tonight.

I wasn't a warrior.

I wasn't even a brother.

I was just a man who loved too hard... and ended up breaking everything he loved.

I curled into the dirt and closed my eyes.

For the first time in my life...

I felt truly alone. And it was all my fault.

I don't know how long I stayed curled up in that cold dirt. Minutes... hours... it all felt the same. My wolf cried until he was too weak to even whimper. And when I finally shifted back, I just knelt there—naked, exhausted, and feeling like pieces of myself were scattered all over the forest floor.

I wiped the mud from my face and forced myself to stand.

My legs felt heavy.

My chest hurt.

My heart felt numb, still I walked back home.

When I reached the mansion door, I hesitated.

I didn't want to walk inside.

I didn't want to see anyone.

I didn't want anyone to ask me what was wrong—because I already knew the answer.

Everything was wrong.

And I caused most of it.

I slipped inside quietly, careful not to wake anyone. The halls were dark and silent. Even the air felt heavy.

I walked straight to my room.

When I closed the door behind me, the weight of the whole day pressed down on my shoulders all over again.

I headed to the bathroom and turned on the shower.

The water came down warm, but it didn't warm me.

Didn't soothe me.

Didn't wash away the guilt.

It just reminded me how dirty I felt inside.

I pressed both hands against the shower wall and let the water run down my back.

My eyes closed.

My jaw clenched.

My chest kept tightening like it wanted to collapse again.

"Get it together," I whispered to myself. "Just... get it together."

After the shower, I wrapped a towel around my waist and walked back into the room. My bed looked cold and empty. Somehow, tonight, it felt too big—way too big for one person. Usually I spend the night with Olivia.

I slid into it anyway, lying on my back, staring at the ceiling.

Tomorrow would come.

Whether I wanted it or not.

Whether I was ready or not.

Olivia would wake up.

Louis would wake up.

Lennox would still be broken.

And I would still be the idiot who made everything worse.

I let out a shaky breath and closed my eyes.

"I'll face it," I whispered into the quiet room. "Whatever tomorrow brings... I'll face it."

Chapter 542: Try To Be Better

Olivia's POV

I woke up to the soft stroking of my hair.

Louis's fingers moved gently from the top of my head down to my cheek, slow and careful, like he was touching something fragile.

"Good morning, sunshine," he whispered, his voice warm and sleepy.

He leaned down and placed a soft kiss on the top of my head just as I yawned.

I blinked my eyes open and slowly pulled out of his arm, turning to look at him.

And gods... he looked handsome.

His hair was messy.

His eyes were half-closed.

His jaw looked sharper in the soft morning light.

There was a tiny sleepy smile on his lips that made my heart melt a little.

"Thank you," I whispered, smiling weakly.

He frowned a little. "For what?"

"For staying... for holding me... for everything."

He didn't say anything. He just touched my cheek with his thumb.

And inside me, something tightened. I need to do better. I need to show them I love them equally. I need to stop making anyone feel less. I don't want any of them to feel like second place.

Louis studied my face. "Are you okay?"

I nodded. "Yes."

But I wasn't. And he knew it... but he didn't push.

I sat up slowly. "I want to go check on breakfast. The staff should be cooking already."

Louis raised a brow. "Breakfast?"

I nodded, trying not to show the worry already building in my chest.

"I'm thinking of Lennox... he hasn't eaten since he came."

Louis's expression softened, but there was worry there too. "Olivia... let me come with you."

"Just give me one minute," I said. "I'll be fine."

He looked as if he wanted to argue but held himself back. "Okay. Don't take long."

I stood up and walked toward the door. My feet felt heavy, and my chest squeezed tight from unease.

I walked down the hallway and headed straight toward the kitchen. The moment I stepped inside, the warm smell of food hit me—eggs, bread, oats, fruit. The staff turned immediately.

"Good morning, Luna," they greeted.

I forced a small smile even though my heart wasn't in it. "Good morning."

I moved closer to the counter and checked the breakfast arranged for the kids first. "There is too much sugar in this one," I said quietly, pointing at the bowl. "Reduce it. Liam reacts to too much sweetness."

"Yes, Luna," the cook nodded quickly.

I checked the fruits, the boiled eggs, the porridge. Everything looked fine. My mind was somewhere else, but I still tried to focus.

Then I walked to the adult meal—toast, fried yam, vegetables, grilled fish, tea. I stared at the food for a moment... then one face popped into my head.

Lennox.

He hadn't eaten since he fell unconscious... and even after he returned, he barely touched food. My chest tightened.

I turned to the cook. "Please prepare another meal—"

Before I finished, the cook nodded. "For Alpha Lennox, yes, Luna. I can make—"

"No," I cut in gently but firmly.

He blinked. "Luna?"

"I'll cook it myself."

There was a small silence.

"Luna, you don't have to. I can—"

"I want to," I said quietly. "I need to."

He understood immediately and moved aside. I washed my hands and started cooking.

I peeled the potatoes the way Lennox always liked them. I fried the eggs lightly with just a little salt because he hated too much seasoning. I made his ginger tea just how he used to ask for it—warm, not too hot, not too sweet.

The whole kitchen smelled like memories.

Like him.

Like the mornings we used to eat together.

My chest squeezed harder, but I kept cooking. When I finished, I arranged everything neatly on a tray. I stared at it for a few seconds... my hands shaking a little.

Would he even eat this?

Would he push it away?

Would he yell again?

I swallowed the fear and walked upstairs.

I went straight to my room and took a quick shower. The warm water hit my skin but didn't calm my heart. After changing into clean casual clothes, I went to check on the boys.

When I opened their door, the room was empty.

Their beds were already made.

They were gone with their caretakers.

I sighed softly and closed the door.

My feet led me automatically toward Lennox's room. I needed to ask if he wanted to eat in the dining room or his room—whatever made him comfortable.

When I reached his door, I stopped and took a slow breath. The hallway was quiet. Everything felt too quiet.

I lifted my hand...

And knocked softly.

Once.

Twice.

My voice came out weak, almost scared.

"Lennox...?"

"Lennox...?" I whispered again.

The door opened—not wide, just a crack.

And Anabella stepped out.

Her face was calm, polite... but her eyes told me she didn't want trouble.

"Good morning, Lady Olivia," she greeted softly, bowing her head.

I blinked in confusion. "Where is Lennox? I made breakfast for him."

Anabella swallowed. "Alpha Lennox... does not want to see anyone this morning."

My chest tightened. "Not even me?"

She hesitated. "Especially not you."

Those words hit like a slap.

I took a small step forward, frowning. "Please... I just want to check on him."

She gently but firmly blocked the doorway with her body.

"He asked for privacy. He said no one should enter. Please... respect his wish."

My frown deepened.

"He hasn't eaten," I whispered. "He's still weak. Let me—"

Suddenly a loud crash sounded from inside the room.

Metal hitting the floor. Water splashing.

My heart dropped.

"Lennox?!" I pushed forward instinctively.

Anabella tried to hold me back. "Ma'am, please—"

I shoved her aside and forced my way in.

My breath caught immediately.

A bowl of water was on the floor, spilled everywhere. The towel nearby was soaked.
And Lennox—

Lennox was still in his wheelchair, his body shaking, his hand gripping the edge of the bed like he was trying to pull himself up but failed.

"Lennox!" I frowned and rushed toward him.

He raised his head sharply, his eyes red, his breath ragged, pain etched across his face.

"STEP BACK!" he shouted.

Chapter 543: His Room

Olivia's POV

"I said, step back." Lennox yelled again. This time his rage-filled voice echoed through the hall of the room.

I faltered hard but didn't take a step away; instead, my gaze stayed locked on Lennox, who was already halfway out of his wheelchair. My heart sank, and all I wanted to do was run to him and help him up.

Annabella came up to me and frowned. "With all due respect. Please, you have to leave."

I glared at her, but before I could speak, she continued. "This is not good for the patient... for his health's sake, you must leave." She wasn't pleading; her words were orders.

My wolf howled angrily inside me, but I knew she was right; right now I had to respect Lennox's wish.

Glancing at him one more time, my heart twisted, and I forced myself to turn away and leave.

Outside Lennox's door I leaned against it, and a tear rolled down, but I quickly wiped it off.. Now wasn't the time to cry... now was the time for action.

Gathering myself and my emotions, I made my way to the dining table, and on getting there I saw everyone was there. Everyone was there except Levi.

Leo smiled at me. "Good morning, Mom." He greeted.

His brothers Liam and Leo joined. "Good morning, Mom."

I smiled as I responded to their greetings with kisses on their cheeks.

Liam started. "Is Father Lennox not going for breakfast?" He asked while his curious eyes stayed fixed on me.

I weakly responded while putting on the best composure I could. "He is still resting; let's let him be."

The look Louis gave me told me he knew I was lying.

Leon joined. "Father Levi isn't down yet for breakfast."

I nodded. "I'll go call him... he must be so busy. Just eat your meal... don't wait for us."

I said, and with that I turned and took the direction to Levi's room.

Reaching his room.

I knocked softly.

"Levi...?"

No answer.

I waited a few seconds and knocked again, a little louder.

"Levi, it's me... open the door."

Still nothing.

My chest tightened. Something didn't feel right. The silence... the stillness... it wasn't normal. After everything that happened yesterday, he should've been awake. Or pacing. Or growling. Not silent like this.

I tried the handle.

Locked.

Of course.

Levi always locked his door when he wanted to block the world out... and today... today he had every reason to.

I leaned my forehead on the door.

"Levi... please," I whispered.

Nothing.

No footsteps. No movement. No sound.

Just silence.

Fear crawled slowly into my chest.

I took a step back, placed my palm on the door, and pressed my energy into the lock. The door clicked open instantly.

I pushed it gently and walked inside.

The smell hit me first.

Alcohol.

Strong. Heavy. Bitter.

My heart sank.

The room was dim. The curtains were still drawn. The clothes he wore last night were on the floor. His shoes were scattered. A chair was knocked over.

And Levi...

Levi was lying on the bed.

Still fully dressed. One arm dangling off the side. His shirt wrinkled. His hair messy. His breathing soft but uneven... like he had cried himself to sleep.

My chest twisted painfully.

"Levi..." I whispered and stepped closer.

He didn't move.

Empty bottles were on the floor—two, maybe three. My eyes burned.

He drank. He actually drank.

Levi never drank unless he was drowning inside.

I walked closer and sat gently on the edge of the bed. His face was turned toward the pillow... eyes swollen... eyelashes wet. He had cried until he passed out.

My heart cracked.

"Levi... why did you do this to yourself..." I whispered, brushing a strand of hair off his forehead.

He stirred slightly but didn't wake up.

I placed a soft hand on his cheek. His skin was a little cold.

"Why are you hurting alone..." I whispered.

His brows twitched, like he was fighting something in a dream.

I sighed and wiped his cheek softly. "Levi... you don't have to hurt yourself because you feel guilty."

I looked around the messy room... then at his sleeping, exhausted face... and a heavy ache filled me.

Everything was falling apart.

Lennox pushing me away.

Levi drowning in shame and regret.

Louis trying to hold everyone together.

And me... stuck in the middle of loving all of them and still hurting each one without meaning to.

I leaned down and whispered near Levi's ear.

"I'm going to make this work."

His breathing hitched softly.

Just a little.

My heart squeezed.

I placed his blanket over him gently and stood up slowly.

I was about to leave the room when I heard the soft rustling of sheets behind me.

I turned slowly.

Levi's fingers twitched first... then his head moved... and finally his eyes opened, red and swollen as if they had fought a war all night.

He blinked weakly.

When his gaze landed on me—really landed—his whole body tensed. His eyes widened a little, pain rushing into them so fast it almost sucked all the air from the room.

"Olivia..." His voice cracked. "You're... here?"

I nodded slowly. "Yes."

He swallowed hard and sat up a little, but winced like his head was pounding. His eyes never left my face.

"Please..." he whispered, "don't hate me."

My heart sank.

He rubbed his face with both hands, shaking. "I can handle anything. Anything. Pain. Anger. Punishment. But not..." He sucked in a shaky breath, "not you hating me. I won't survive that."

I stepped a little closer. "Levi..."

He shook his head, tears already gathering in his eyes again. "I thought... I thought what I did was right. I thought keeping you away from Lennox would protect you. I thought rejecting him for you would save your life. I thought pushing you away from him would stop you from hurting."

His voice got smaller. "I thought I was doing the right thing."

I felt my chest tighten painfully.

"You hurt me, Levi," I whispered.

His face crumpled instantly. His lips shook. His eyes dropped.

"I know," he whispered. "And I hate myself for it."

I stepped closer, reaching out and brushing my thumb along his jaw.

"But you're not the only one at fault," I said softly. "I should have tried harder. If I really wanted to see Lennox... I should have pushed more. I should have fought more. It wasn't only you."

He looked up sharply, shocked. "Olivia..."

I sighed. "We both made mistakes. Big ones. And it hurt all of us."

Levi nodded slowly, tears sliding down his cheek. "So... what happens now?" His voice was quiet... scared... almost like a child. "What will happen to us?"

I didn't hesitate.

"Nothing is happening," I said and took his hands gently. "We are mates. We will figure this out together."

His breath shook. Relief washed over his face so strongly that it almost broke my heart.

He squeezed my hands softly, holding them like they were the only thing keeping him alive.

"Thank you," he whispered. "Thank you for not giving up on me."

I shook my head. "We will fix it... everything... step by step."

Levi looked at me with so much love, pain, and fear mixed together that it made my chest ache. He lifted one trembling hand and placed it against my cheek.

"I'll do better," he whispered. "I swear it."

I nodded softly. "We all will."

His shoulders dropped in relief, and he exhaled like he had been holding his breath all night.

"Come downstairs after you shower," I said softly. "The kids are asking about you."

He nodded. "I will."

As I turned to leave, I heard his voice again... quiet, shaky, raw.

"Olivia... thank you."

I closed my eyes for a moment, then whispered, "Always."

And stepped out of his room.

Chapter 544: Acting Like A Spoiled kid

Louis's POV

Everything was upside down.

Our home, which used to be peaceful at least at some hours of the day, now felt like a storm lived inside the walls. And even the boys could sense something was wrong. They didn't ask questions—that was one thing I loved about them. They observed. They felt things. But they didn't push. They were smart that way.

"Can I go see Father Lennox after breakfast?" Liam asked quietly.

I swallowed hard. "I'll go check on Alpha Lennox first and see if he is ready to receive anyone."

Liam looked like he wanted to say more, but he held it in and returned to his meal.

A moment later, Olivia walked back into the dining room and sat down beside me. One look at her and my stomach dropped. She wasn't herself. Her eyes were tired, her shoulders pulled tight, her thoughts clearly far away. I wanted to reach for her hand but the boys were still at the table, watching.

We finished breakfast slowly. The boys said their goodbyes and were taken to school by their caregivers. Once they were gone, the house went quiet again—too quiet.

I turned to Olivia immediately. "How's Levi?"

She exhaled. "He's fine. Just... drunk. But he's awake."

I nodded. "Everything will be fine."

She looked at me for a moment, like she wanted to believe that. Then she sighed. "Louis... can you please go check on Lennox? He hasn't eaten. He didn't even touch anything yesterday..."

"Okay," I said softly.

"I have a meeting with the she-wolves," she added. "I need to leave."

I leaned forward, kissed her lips gently, and whispered, "Be safe."

She gave me a small, weak smile, and walked out.

The moment the door closed, I headed straight to Lennox's room.

When I entered, he was halfway out of his wheelchair again, wiping his upper body with a towel. He was struggling, but he didn't ask for help. He refused to.

"You should let a male servant assist you," I said quietly.

He didn't respond.

Not a nod. Not a sound. Not even a glance in my direction.

My jaw tightened.

"Lennox, I'm talking to you," I tried again.

He continued cleaning himself like I wasn't even in the room.

Annabella hovered beside him, holding a bowl of warm water and another towel. I could see the way she looked at him—too focused, too attached. It bothered me.

I stepped closer. "Annabella, leave us."

She blinked, stunned. "Alpha Louis, with all due respect, Alpha Lennox needs proper care. I cannot leave—"

"You can," I cut in sharply. "And you will. I am an Alpha too. I don't repeat myself."

She stiffened, her lips tightening, but she bowed slightly. "Yes, Alpha Louis."

I watched her walk out.

I didn't like her. Not one bit. Something in her eyes felt wrong.

Once the door closed, I turned back to Lennox.

He still ignored me.

Still wiping himself like his strength wasn't fading. Still acting like he didn't need anyone—especially me.

My patience snapped just a little.

"Lennox," I said, stepping closer, "you can hate me. You can ignore me. But you can't shut everyone out. Not like this."

Nothing.

No reaction.

It was like speaking to a ghost.

I exhaled slowly, trying to calm my rising anger.

"You have a family," I continued. "Three sons who care about you. A mate who almost died saving you. And brothers who—"

"Stop talking," he muttered finally, his voice low and cold.

I stared at him, my jaw clenching.

At least he said something.

"You're pushing everyone away," I said quietly. "You think you're protecting yourself, but you're only hurting the people who want to help you."

He didn't turn his head, but his fist tightened on the towel.

Good. He heard me.

"You haven't eaten," I added. "Olivia cooked something for you."

His shoulders stiffened.

"You should—"

"Get out," he said, still not looking at me.

I felt heat rise in my chest. "No. I'm not leaving you like this."

He dropped the towel and snapped, "I SAID GET OUT!"

And still—my feet didn't move.

Because I was his brother.

Because I wasn't letting him drown alone.

Because Olivia asked me to try.

I took a slow breath and finally said, "I'll get the food. Whether you eat or not... that's your choice."

Before I could say another word, the door opened again.

Not by Annabella.

But by Levi.

He walked in holding the tray of food Olivia made—his face still tired, still swollen from crying, but calmer than before.

"I brought it," he muttered quietly.

I stiffened. Lennox stiffened. The tension in the room shot straight up.

Levi walked slowly toward the bedside table, but before he could even set the tray down properly—

Lennox slapped his arm away.

The plate flew off the tray and crashed onto the floor.

Food splattered everywhere. Tea spilled across the tiles. The plate shattered loudly.

Levi froze.

I froze.

For a moment, the whole room went silent.

Lennox's chest was rising and falling hard, his jaw clenched, his eyes burning with rage and pain.

"I don't want your food," he growled. "Who knows, you might have poisoned it."

Levi swallowed, his throat working, his fingers trembling slightly.

"I'm... not here to—"

"I SAID I DON'T WANT IT!" Lennox roared, eyes flashing with fury.

Something snapped inside me.

I stepped forward.

"STOP IT."

Both of them looked at me.

"Just stop," I said again, louder. "Stop acting like this."

Lennox glared at me. "Get out, Louis."

"No," I snapped. "Not until you listen."

He narrowed his eyes, but I didn't back down.

"You're acting like a spoiled kid," I said, my voice sharp, shaking with frustration. "Yes, we messed up. Fine. We messed up badly. But you're not the only one hurting."

His breath hitched, but I continued.

"You think you're the only one who lost something? You think you're the only one who suffered? Levi drank himself unconscious last night. Olivia cried until she could barely breathe. The boys feel something is wrong. And I—"

My voice cracked for a second. I clenched my jaw.

"I'm here trying to hold this family together while you're tearing yourself apart and pushing everyone away."

Lennox looked like he was about to snap again, but I stepped closer.

"You almost died yesterday," I said quietly. "And we watched it with our own eyes."

I swallowed. "We thought you were gone. Again."

Levi lowered his head. My eyes burned.

"And now the first thing you do is shove us out? Break plates? Throw food? Pretend you're alone?"

I shook my head.

"You're not alone, Lennox. Stop acting like you are."

He looked away, jaw tight, breath uneven. "I'm alone... because if you care, you would have come to visit. So stop pretending you all care. Because you don't."

Levi finally whispered, "Please, Lennox... we're trying, Lennox... even if we're doing it wrong."

Lennox didn't respond.

He just stared at the floor where the food had scattered—his expression dark, torn, broken.

I took a slow breath and stepped back.

"Eat or don't eat," I muttered. "But stop pushing the people who love you."

Lennox's fingers tightened on the arm of his wheelchair.

His voice came out low, barely above a whisper.

"...Get out."

I didn't argue this time.

I grabbed Levi by the arm gently and pulled him toward the door.

As we walked out, I glanced back...

Lennox wasn't looking at us.

He was staring at the broken plate.

And for a second—just a second—I saw something behind that anger.

Not hatred.

Not rage.

Not pride.

Just pain.

Raw, deep, silent pain.

Chapter 545: Death Was Better

Lennox's POV

The moment the door closed, the room fell silent.

Too silent.

I kept my eyes on the broken plate on the floor. The food Olivia made. The food she cooked with her own hands... for me. And I threw it.

My chest tightened so hard I couldn't breathe.

I gripped the arms of the wheelchair. My whole body trembled. My heart was pounding too fast from pain and anger.

"Stupid..." I whispered to myself. "You're so stupid..."

My vision blurred. Not from anger.

From tears.

I blinked hard, trying to force them back, but they came anyway. Hot. Sharp. Angry.

I hated this. I hated being weak. I hated being watched. I hated needing help. I hated the pity in their eyes. I hated how broken I looked. How useless I felt. How trapped I was inside a body that refused to stand.

"I'm alone..." I whispered again. "I've always been alone..."

My breath hitched. I slammed my fist on the armrest. The pain shot through my wrist, but I welcomed it. I needed to feel something—anything other than this emptiness swallowing me whole.

"Why..." My voice shook uncontrollably. "Why didn't the Moon Goddess just let me die...?"

The words slipped out before I could stop them.

I covered my face with both hands and let the tears fall.

My shoulders shook. My chest heaved. I tried to breathe, but it felt like the air refused to enter my lungs.

"I can't do this..." I whispered. "I can't..."

My gaze shifted to the floor again—to the food. Olivia's food. Her effort. Her care. Her love.

Guilt crashed into me so hard my whole body curled in on itself. I should have at least eaten it...

I shouldn't have wasted her effort.

Frowning, I gripped the wheelchair again and forced myself to sit upright, but my hands were shaking too much.

Another tear fell. Then another. And another.

I felt everything breaking inside me—every piece I had worked so hard to hold together.

My shoulders dropped. My head fell forward. My eyes closed tightly as more tears slipped down.

"I don't know how to live like this," I whispered. "I don't know how to be this version of me..."

My hands fell limp on my lap.

For the first time since I woke up...

I admitted it.

"I'm scared..."

The word felt heavy and foreign.

"I'm scared... and I don't know what to do..."

I wondered how I would live being crippled and WOLFLESS. I believe the pack has heard of it, and I wondered what they must be thinking... a wolfless and crippled man can't be their Alpha... how can I lead them in such a vegetable state? Death was better than this!

Another hot tear fell down my cheek, but I quickly wiped it off when I noticed the door opening and Annabella walking in.

Her eyes settled on me, and I knew she noticed I was crying, but she did not say anything about it. Rather, she bent down and began picking up the broken pieces of the plate.

I sucked in a deep breath and wheeled myself towards the window and stood before it as I stared at the trees far away. I wondered, will I ever go to the woods... will I ever shift to my wolf... what will become of me...

As if sensing my thoughts, Annabella walked over and stood beside me.

"You can begin a physical therapy," she suggested.

But I scoffed. "You are sounding as if this was an accident? This isn't an accident. This is from the Moon Goddess, and there is nothing that can be done about it," I spat.

Annabella was silent, as if she was thinking deeply, before she finally spoke.

"Alpha Lennox... even if this came from the Moon Goddess, it doesn't mean you stop fighting."

I scoffed louder. "Fight? Fight with what? With legs that don't move? With a wolf that's DEAD?" My voice broke on the last word, but I quickly clenched my jaw. "Tell me, Annabella... how do I fight when half of me is gone?"

She didn't flinch. She didn't look away.

"By starting with the half that is still alive."

I turned my head sharply at her, anger burning in my chest.

"Alive? Look at me." My voice shook. "Look at what I've become. A crippled man in a chair. A wolfless Alpha. A burden."

"You are not a burden," she said firmly.

"Yes, I am." My voice cracked again, and I hated it. "The pack already knows, don't they? They know their Alpha can't shift. They know I can't stand. They know I can't lead." I swallowed hard. "They must be laughing... or pitying me..."

"No one is laughing," she answered quietly. "And no one dares pity an Alpha like you."

I shook my head. "You don't understand."

She stepped closer. "Then make me understand."

My chest tightened. I didn't want to say it, but the words forced their way out anyway.

"A crippled Alpha is no Alpha. A wolfless man cannot lead. My life is over. My purpose is gone."

"You can still lead," she whispered. "Just... differently."

"I don't want different," I snapped. "I want my life back. I want my legs. I want my wolf. I want the man I used to be!"

My voice broke again, and I bit down hard to stop another cry from escaping. I hated crying in front of people. It made me feel weak. Unworthy.

Annabella placed the bowl on a nearby table and stepped closer, not too close, but within reach.

"Alpha... you're grieving. You lost a part of yourself. That pain is real. But don't let it swallow you."

I clenched my fists. "You think this is grief? I WISH it was grief. This is torture. Every second I sit in this chair... every time I look at my legs... every time I reach for my wolf and feel NOTHING—" My voice trembled. "I want to tear something apart. I want to scream until my throat bleeds."

"Then scream," she said softly. "But don't give up."

I looked away from her, my jaw clenched. My chest hurt. My eyes burned again, but I refused to let another tear fall in front of her.

"Alpha Lennox," she continued gently, "you need... air. Just a little. You've been locked in this room since you woke up. Let me wheel you out. Just to breathe."

"No," I snapped quickly. "I don't want to be seen like this."

She didn't argue. She only turned her head and looked around the room... as if searching for something that would convince me.

"You miss this place," she said quietly.

I froze.

"You miss seeing your home. Your halls. Your people. You miss what you fought for."

I looked at the window again. The trees. The sunlight. The pack I used to lead.

She was right.

I did miss it.

A lot more than I wanted to admit.

Annabella took a slow step behind me. "Just one round. If you hate it, I'll bring you back immediately."

I wanted to say no again... but my heart betrayed me.

I nodded once. Just once.

She didn't smile. She didn't celebrate. She simply placed her hands on the handles of the wheelchair with quiet respect and pushed.

Chapter 546: Removed

Lennox's POV

The hallway felt unfamiliar the moment we stepped out.

The air felt colder.

The walls too wide.

The silence too loud.

Annabella pushed me slowly toward the living room.

The moment we entered, the servants froze.

Their eyes widened.

One maid gasped and dropped her towels.

Another covered her mouth.

Someone whispered my name like they'd seen a ghost.

"Alpha Lenn—"

They never finished.

Then they bowed.

Not the way they used to—sharp, and respectful.

No.

Their heads dropped slowly... uncertain... with pity softening their eyes.

My stomach twisted.

These were the same people who used to tremble when I walked.

Who never met my eyes.

Who would rather die than disrespect me.

Now they looked at me like I might break apart if they breathed wrong.

Annabella kept wheeling me forward, but I barely felt the movement.

I was staring at them.

At what I had become to them.

At the far end of the room, two warriors entered.

They froze too.

Their eyes widened for a moment—shock—then quickly lowered.

Not in respect.

In discomfort.

They didn't know whether to look at me or pretend they hadn't seen me.

I hated it.

Every second of it.

We moved down the hallway and passed two servants carrying folded sheets.

I cleared my throat and said quietly, "Tell me what has been happening in the pack these last years."

The servants stiffened.

Daniel—one of the older ones—shifted nervously. "I... I'm sorry, Alpha Lennox."

"Then start talking."

He lowered his gaze. "I-I can't, sir. Alpha Louis said only he handles pack updates. And Alpha Levi."

For a moment, my heart stopped.

"Bring me the spring reports," I said, my voice tightening. "All of them."

Daniel swallowed. "I'm... sorry, sir. I don't have permission. Reports go only to the acting Alphas."

Sir.

Not Alpha.

My fingers dug into the side of my wheelchair.

"Daniel, that wasn't a request."

He shook his head. "I-I'm sorry... but I have to follow orders."

Orders.

Not mine.

He bowed quickly and hurried away.

My chest tightened so painfully I had to breathe twice before I could speak.

Annabella, noticing my discomfort, wheeled me immediately toward the east wing.

My east wing, where our private office was located.

The closer we got, the tighter my jaw became.

Then we reached the door.

I froze.

Because above the door—where the plaque ALPHAs OFFICE used to hang—there was a new plaque.

Freshly carved.

Polished.

ALPHA LOUIS & ALPHA LEVI — MAIN OFFICE

Something inside my chest cracked.

Annabella slowed behind me. She didn't need to say anything. She felt the drop in my breathing.

Two warriors stood guard.

When they saw me, they straightened instantly—shock flashing in their eyes—before their expressions shifted to something I never wanted to see.

Nervousness.

Uncertainty.

Pity.

Annabella stopped the wheelchair right in front of them.

I lifted my chin. "Open the door."

Warrior One swallowed. "I'm sorry, Alpha Lennox—"

"Open. The. Door."

My voice dropped even lower.

He winced. "We're not allowed to. We can only open it for Alpha Louis or Alpha Levi."

I stared at him.

He was new... I didn't even know him.

"What did you say?"

He looked down. "Orders, sir."

There it was again.

Sir.

Not Alpha.

Warrior Two added respectfully, "This wing is restricted. Only the acting Alphas can grant entry."

Acting Alphas.

My blood ran cold.

My heart slammed painfully inside my chest.

The world blurred for a second and I grabbed the armrest hard enough to crack it.

"I am also the Alpha of this pack," I said slowly and angrily. "That is also my office. My name is also supposed to be on that door."

Both men kept their heads lowered.

Not from respect.

But discomfort.

Warrior One whispered shakily, "We're following orders. Please... don't make this harder, sir."

Sir.

Not Alpha.

This time, the word didn't stab me.

It carved straight through my chest like a blade.

Annabella touched the chair lightly. "Let's go," she whispered.

I couldn't move.

I couldn't breathe.

My name... gone.

My title... gone.

My authority... gone.

Everything I built with blood and bone... replaced.

My pulse hammered so loud I could barely hear anything else.

Annabella touched the back of the wheelchair lightly again, trying to calm me, but it only made the rage coil tighter inside my chest.

My fingers trembled.

My jaw clenched.

"Take me away from here," I said through my teeth.

"Where do you want to go?" she asked softly.

I didn't hesitate. "The training ground."

She nodded and turned the wheelchair around.

Every push of the wheels felt like someone twisting a knife deeper into my ribs.

The halls seemed longer, the whispers louder, the bows slower.

Not respect—fear mixed with pity.

Pity.

The worst insult anyone could offer an Alpha.

We reached the doors to the training ground.

Annabella pushed them open, and the sounds hit me—shouts, the clash of bodies, the thud of fists hitting sand.

Warriors.

My warriors.

My heart twisted painfully.

I used to be the loudest voice here.

The strongest.

The fastest.

The Alpha they admired.

Now...

Now as I rolled in, the entire field froze.

Just like in the living room.

Shocked faces everywhere.

Training stopped.

Wolves mid-shift halted.

Warriors straightened awkwardly.

No one knew where to look... at my face or at the wheelchair.

I hated it.

Annabella pushed me onto the field, and I scanned the area.

My chest grew colder as my eyes landed on them—Louis and Levi—standing in the center of the training ring, giving orders.

My orders.

My routines.

My schedule.

Louis was correcting a warrior's form.

Levi was demonstrating a technique.

Warriors watched them with respect and trust.

Respect that used to be mine.

My blood boiled.

"WHEEL ME TO THEM," I snapped.

Annabella hesitated for half a second—but she obeyed.

As we approached, Levi was the first to notice the shift in the air.

He turned, confused, then froze when he saw me rolling toward him.

Louis stiffened as well.

I didn't let them speak.

The moment Annabella stopped the chair, I glared directly at Levi.

"Lennox?" he said softly. "What are you doing here—"

I cut him off. "Why is my name gone from my office?!"

The whole training ground went quiet.

All the warriors froze.

All eyes turned to us.

Levi took a slow breath. "Lennox... we were going to tell you—"

"So you removed me as Alpha?" My voice cracked from anger. "Just like that?"

Louis hurried over now. "Lennox, calm down—"

"Don't tell me to calm down!" I yelled.

Everyone stared.

Warriors whispered.

My chest rose and fell too fast.

Fury shook through me.

"This is also MY pack," I said, pointing at the training ground. "I trained these warriors. I led this place for years. And now... now I can't even enter my own office?!"

Levi tried to touch my shoulder. "Lennox, we only did what we had to—"

I slapped his hand away. "Don't touch me!"

His eyes darkened. "Don't push me, Lennox."

"Oh?" I scoffed. "You act like an Alpha now? Acting Alpha Levi? Is that it?"

His jaw clenched.

The warriors started whispering louder.

"Tell me why can't I enter MY office?" I asked, my voice breaking. "Why did they put YOUR names there? Why do warriors say 'sir' instead of Alpha? WHY DO THEY LOOK AT ME LIKE THEY FEEL SORRY FOR ME?"

Levi's jaw tightened. "Because you're hurt, Lennox. You almost died. They're scared. They don't know how to act."

I scoffed. "So now everyone walks on eggshells? Like I'm a child? Like I'm helpless?"

"Stop," Levi said quietly. "You're angry. I understand. But don't take it out on the pack."

"I'll take it out on whoever I want," I snapped. "Starting with you."

Levi's eyes darkened. "Don't do this."

"Oh, I WILL," I spat, and shoved his chest with both hands.

It wasn't a strong push.

My arms were weak.

But Levi still stumbled back one step.

Warriors gasped.

Levi's chest rose sharply. "Lennox, enough."

"Fight me," I growled. "If you're the only Alpha now, fight me."

"I'm not fighting you," he said firmly.

His calm voice only made me angrier.

My breath shook.

My vision blurred.

Everything inside me felt like fire.

"You took everything from me—"

"Lennox, STOP!"

I pushed him again, my wheelchair shaking under me.

But Levi grabbed my wrists gently.

"Enough," he said, trying to calm me.

I yanked my arms away.

"DON'T TOUCH ME!"

I tried to shove him again.

But this time...

Levi snapped.

His eyes darkened.

His wolf pushed forward.

His chest rose fast with anger.

He stepped closer with a sharp breath.

"LENNOX, STOP!" he barked in Alpha-tone.

But I didn't listen.

I shoved him one last time, putting every small bit of strength I had left into my arms.

That was it.

Levi lost control.

He grabbed the handles of my wheelchair.

Not gently.

Not softly.

But in a hot flash of anger.

"ENOUGH!" he growled—and pushed the wheelchair back too hard.

The wheels jerked.

The chair swung.

And then—

I felt the world tilt.

The wheelchair tipped forward.

My hands slipped from the armrests.

My body fell.

My face slammed hard into the dirt.

Chapter 547: His Face hurried to the dirt

Olivia's POV

I stepped onto the training ground, and the first thing I saw made my whole body freeze.

Lennox... was on the floor.

Flat on the sand. Face down. His wheelchair was lying on its side beside him.

My heart jumped straight into my throat.

"Lennox!" I screamed and ran toward him.

Warriors stepped back quickly, confused and scared. Louis was already there, trying to help him, but Lennox shoved his hand away and roughly turned himself so his back was on the ground, staring up at the sky with sand all over his face.

"Oh my God..." I dropped to my knees beside him, not caring if the sand dirtied my clothes. "Lennox, what happened? Who did this?" My hands were shaking as I tried to wipe the sand from his cheek.

But he turned his face away from me, his jaw tight, eyes burning with anger and shame.

"Lennox... talk to me," I said, my voice breaking.

Warriors around us bowed their heads awkwardly—not in respect, but in fear and pity. My wolf growled inside me. Something terrible had happened here.

"Louis, what happened?" I snapped.

Louis opened his mouth to speak, but Levi stepped forward first, his face pale and guilty.

"Olivia... it was an accident."

I turned sharply. "An accident? He's on the ground, Levi! His face is in the sand!"

"I told him to stop," Levi said, his breath shaking. "He kept pushing me. I snapped... I didn't mean to—"

"DON'T go near him!" I shoved Levi back without thinking.

My focus returned to Lennox. His breathing was uneven. His fists were clenched in the sand. His pride... shattered.

I leaned closer. "Lennox... please... let me help you."

Finally, he spoke. His voice was low. Cold. Full of pain.

"Don't touch me."

The words stabbed straight through my chest.

I froze. "Lennox—"

"Don't." he said again, eyes still on the sky. "Just... don't."

My throat tightened. Tears stung my eyes, but I swallowed them down. This wasn't the time to cry.

"Fine," I whispered. "But you are not staying on this floor."

Louis tried again, but Lennox glared at him so sharply that Louis stepped back instantly.

I took a deep breath and spoke softly. "Lennox... please. Let me help you sit."

His jaw twitched. His eyes closed for a second. I knew he was fighting himself. Fighting his pride. Fighting the pain of being seen like this.

I could clearly see the pain on his face.

And it hurt me... deeper than anything.

He didn't cry.

He didn't shout.

He just stared at the sky like he wished he wasn't here at all.

I could clearly understand the pain Lennox was going through... and it hurt. It hurt so much that my chest felt tight. Seeing him on the ground like that... seeing the shame in his eyes... it broke something inside me.

He refused to look at me. Instead, he turned slowly toward Annabella and held out his hand. His fingers were shaking. Annabella grabbed his hand instantly and tried to lift him, but her strength wasn't enough. His body was too heavy... and she struggled badly.

I reached forward to help, but he shoved my hand away again, his voice low and sharp. "I said don't touch me."

That stab hurt more than anything else.

Before any of us could say another word, a loud voice called from behind the warriors.

"Alpha Lennox!"

Golden.

The head warrior.

He had just returned from border patrol, dust still on his boots. Golden was one of the few people Lennox trained himself—strictly, personally, almost like a little brother. When Golden saw Lennox on the floor, his face changed. His eyes hardened with respect, not pity.

He walked toward us fast, his steps strong and heavy. When he reached Lennox, he gave him a small respectful nod.

And Lennox... he actually nodded back.

My heart dropped. That one tiny nod was all Golden needed.

Golden bent down without saying another word, slipped his arms under Lennox, and lifted him like it was nothing. Lennox didn't fight him. Didn't push him. Didn't yell. He just let Golden lift him into the wheelchair.

Golden adjusted the chair carefully and, without waiting for permission, began wheeling Lennox away from the training ground.

The warriors all bowed as he passed—not out of pity this time, but because of Golden’s presence... and because Lennox still held something powerful even in silence.

I stood there frozen for a second, sand still on my hands, my heart full of anger and pain.

Then my eyes snapped to Levi.

His face was pale. His shoulders stiff. Warriors were still watching him, waiting to see his reaction, waiting for his command because he was Alpha now.

I wanted to scream. I wanted to hit him. I wanted to ask him what he was thinking.

But I couldn’t do that here. Not in front of warriors. Not in front of his pack.

He was an Alpha. I had to respect that.

So I swallowed my anger, crossed my arms, and said in a low, controlled voice, "We need to talk."

Then I turned around and walked out of the training ground without looking at him.

Levi followed me immediately, his footsteps quick behind mine.

"Olivia—"

"Not here," I said sharply.

We walked deeper into the hallway until no warrior was near us.

Then I turned around and finally let everything inside me explode.

"WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?!" I shouted, my voice echoing through the corridor.

Levi flinched, but I didn’t stop.

"You pushed him! You pushed him so hard he fell on his face in front of EVERYONE! Levi, do you understand what that did to him? Do you understand what you just destroyed?! His pride—his heart—his dignity—everything!"

He opened his mouth, but I kept going.

"He is already broken! He is already hurting! He is already trying not to fall apart! And you—YOU—his own brother—his own blood—finished what the pain started!"

Levi swallowed hard. His eyes were shining with guilt. "Olivia... I didn’t mean—"

"I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU MEANT!" I screamed. "You snapped. You lost control. You threw a man who cannot walk to the ground! You humiliated him in front of the entire pack!"

Levi's lips trembled. "I tried to hold it in... he kept pushing me... saying I took everything from him... I—"

"And you proved him RIGHT!" I snapped. "That's the worst part. You made him believe he has nothing left."

Levi looked like he couldn't breathe.

I took a shaky breath and lowered my voice, but it was still sharp.

"You hurt him, Levi. So much. And now he will never forgive you. Do you understand that?"

He looked down, tears filling his eyes.

"Olivia..." he whispered. "I didn't want this."

"Then you should have stopped," I said quietly. "Because now... Lennox will never forgive you."

Levi leaned his back against the wall and covered his face with his hands.

Chapter 548: Loyalty

Lennox's POV

Golden pushed my wheelchair back to my room without saying a word.

Every warrior we passed stepped aside quickly, bowing their heads—not in pity this time, but because Golden carried an authority even the others respected.

But me?

They didn't look at me.

They didn't speak to me.

They didn't even breathe too loudly near me.

I was invisible. And it hurt... I, Lennox Luciano... the man who radiated authority all around, was now reduced to a mere vegetable.

When we reached my room, Golden pushed the door open and wheeled me inside. Annabella followed behind, her face full of worry.

"Do you need anything, Alpha Lennox?" Golden asked softly.

I didn't answer.

Not a word.

Not even a breath.

I stared straight at the wall, my fingers digging into the armrests. My whole body was shaking—anger, shame, helplessness—all mixing together until I felt like I would explode.

Then finally...

I snapped.

My hand shot out, and I grabbed the small table beside me, flipping it with one hard jerk. The glass cup smashed on the floor. Annabella gasped and rushed forward, but Golden blocked her with one arm.

"Leave him," he said quietly.

I wasn't done.

The rage inside me had been boiling all morning—when I saw the servants pitying me... when they called me "sir"... when I saw the office with my name removed... when Levi pushed me to the ground...

It all broke loose at once.

I grabbed the lamp and threw it at the wall.

It shattered.

I threw the water bowl.

It shattered.

I grabbed my pillow and hurled it across the room.

It hit the dresser and fell to the floor.

My breaths came out sharp and painful.

"Alpha Lennox—" Annabella tried to speak again.

"GET OUT OF MY ROOM!" I roared.

The lamps flickered from the force of my voice.

Annabella froze... then slowly stepped back. Golden gave her one hard look, and she hurried out quickly.

The moment the door closed, I pushed the wheels hard and rolled toward the mirror across the room.

My reflection stared back at me—weak... broken... dirty... helpless.

I hated that man.

With a loud growl, I grabbed the edge of the mirror and slammed it to the ground. It shattered into dozens of tiny pieces, sparkling across the floor like broken stars.

I stared down at them.

My reflection—shattered everywhere.

Just like me.

"Look at you," I whispered angrily to myself. "A man who can't walk."

My throat closed.

"A man with no wolf."

Tears burned behind my eyes, but I fought them.

"Not an Alpha anymore..."

"Mateless."

"Alone."

My chest twisted so hard it felt like I was dying all over again. I gripped the sides of the wheelchair and tried to stand.

Just once.

Just an inch.

Just enough to remind myself I wasn't a corpse.

My feet trembled. My knees bent slightly.

For one second... I thought I could do it.

Then—

My legs gave out completely.

I fell forward.

Golden rushed and caught me before my face hit the broken glass.

"Alpha—stop!" he said, trying to lift me.

"Let me go!" I barked, shoving weakly. "LET ME GO!"

He held me tightly, refusing to listen.

I finally stopped fighting. My fingers curled into his shirt and I sobbed once—just once. The sound barely left my throat, but it felt like my whole soul cracked open.

Golden lowered me carefully back into the chair. I didn't wipe my face. I let the tears fall.

"I'm not an Alpha anymore," I whispered. "Not like this..."

Golden kneeled in front of me instantly. "You are still my Alpha. You always will be until I die."

His voice was strong. His loyalty too obvious.

I stared at him, breathing hard. "Golden... are you loyal to me?"

His eyes didn't waver. "With my life."

Those words made something deep inside me shake.

Loyalty. Real loyalty.

The one thing I still had.

I nodded slowly. "Good. Then I need you."

"Anything," he said.

I looked at Annabella, who had returned to the room and was hovering at the door.
"Leave us."

She opened her mouth to protest. "But Alpha—"

"I SAID LEAVE!"

She flinched and hurried out.

Golden watched the door close, then turned back to me.

"What do you need, Alpha?" he asked.

I leaned forward slowly, my hands gripping the armrests as I whispered, "Come closer."

Golden moved closer, his face serious, waiting for my command.

I whispered into his ear.

"I need you to get me a poison."

Golden froze.

His whole body stiffened.

He leaned back slowly, eyes wide. "Poison...? For what purpose, Alpha?"

I didn't blink.

"To kill myself."

Golden's eyes stretched wider. "No—Alpha, no. You can't say that. You can't—"

"DON'T YOU DARE SAY NO TO ME!" I roared, the sound shaking the room.

Golden moved back a little in shock.

"I said I am not an Alpha anymore," I continued, my voice hard but cracking. "I am useless. I am wolfless. I am crippled. I am nothing. Death is better than this."

Golden shook his head fast. "That's not true—"

"IT IS TRUE!" I yelled. "I can't stand. I can't fight. I can't lead. I can't protect anyone. I can't even look at myself in the mirror without wanting to smash it!"

Golden swallowed hard, looking torn and broken for me.

"I want a poison," I repeated in a low voice. "A strong one. One that kills fast. Within minutes."

"Please, don't ask me to do that..." Golden whispered, shaking.

I grabbed the front of his shirt with both hands. My voice dropped, deep and deadly.

"You said you were loyal to me."

"I am," Golden whispered.

"Then prove it."

He stared at me, breathing hard.

"Bring me the poison."

Golden squeezed his eyes shut, fighting himself.

I didn't give him time.

"Do NOT say no. I am not your Alpha if you refuse me."

Golden's head jerked up, his eyes terrified.

"Alpha... please don't make me do this."

I didn't move.

Didn't blink.

Didn't soften.

"I want the poison, Golden."

Chapter 549: Provoked

Lennox's POV

Golden stood still like a statue. His face had gone pale, almost gray. I could see the fear in his eyes... fear of losing me... fear of losing me... fear of obeying the very order I had given him.

"Golden..." my voice cracked, "this is not life. Not for me."

He shook his head. "Alpha—"

"I said listen to me." I swallowed hard, trying not to cry again. "I have no wolf. My legs are useless. I can't stand. I can't fight. I can't lead. I can't protect anything." I looked down at my shaking hands. "I can't even protect my own pride."

Golden clenched his jaw, but I continued.

"And Olivia..." My heart twisted. "She is not mine anymore. So tell me... what am I living for?"

Golden whispered, barely breathing, "You are not useless."

I let out a bitter laugh—if it could even be called that. It was more like a broken exhale. "Listen. Are you going to help me or not?"

He froze. Completely silent.

My voice hardened. "Golden. Are you helping me... or not?"

Finally, he released a slow, heavy breath. "If... if dying is what you want..." His throat strained around the words. "Then I'll get it."

He turned around and walked toward the door. He reached for the handle—

And the door opened from the other side.

Olivia walked in.

She froze when she saw Golden's face. "Golden? What happened?"

Golden bowed quickly and left without saying a word.

I didn't look at her. I turned my face away, staring at the broken mirror pieces on the floor.

"Lennox..." she whispered.

I didn't answer.

She walked closer... then went down on her knees beside my wheelchair, her voice shaking. "I'm sorry."

Still, I didn't look at her.

"I know... no amount of apology will fix what we did," she said, tears sliding down her cheek. "No amount of sorry will erase your pain."

My fingers tightened on the armrest. I wanted to tell her to leave. To shut up. To stop touching the wound she caused.

But she kept going.

"You don't have to forgive me. You don't have to look at me. You can even yell at me—hit me—curse me—anything. Just..." her voice cracked, "please don't hate me."

I turned slowly, finally looking at her.

"Too late," I said quietly.

Her eyes widened.

I didn't blink. "I already hate you, Olivia."

Her breath hitched like I stabbed her chest. She shook her head fast. "No... Lennox... don't say that—"

"I don't want to see your face," I said, turning away from her. "Not today. Not tomorrow. Not ever again."

She tried to speak, but I called out quietly, "Annabella."

She rushed in almost too quickly. "Yes, Alpha Lennox."

"Get me a glass of water," I said calmly.

"Yes, Alpha." She moved fast toward the table.

I turned my face away again, refusing to look at Olivia. "Leave," I said coldly.

Olivia's voice came out soft but stubborn. "No. I'm not leaving."

Annabella turned to her with a frown. "You should leave. He doesn't want you here."

Her tone was sharp. Rude. Disrespectful.

I opened my mouth to correct her—because no matter how angry I was, nobody talked to Olivia like that in my presence—

But Olivia stood up before I could speak.

She stepped closer to Annabella, her eyes blazing. "Who the hell are you to speak to me like that?" Her voice filled the whole room. "Do you know who I am?"

Annabella didn't even flinch. She lifted her chin. "Of course I know who you are."

Olivia froze for a second.

Then Annabella continued. "You are the woman who abandoned a man that saved your life."

My chest tightened hard.

Annabella stepped closer. "You went ahead and lived your life for four years... sleeping with his brothers... having children... laughing... moving on... while he suffered—alone. You never visited him. You never checked if he was alive." Her voice dropped. "I believe you wanted him dead."

The room went silent.

My breath stopped.

Annabella's words were... too much. Too cruel. Too disrespectful.

My mouth opened to shut her up—

But Olivia moved before I could say anything.

Like lightning.

SLAP!

Her palm landed across Annabella's cheek so fast that even I was stunned.

Annabella gasped, holding her face.

Olivia grabbed her hair instantly, twisting it tightly in her fist.

"LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING," Olivia hissed, her voice trembling with rage. "Don't you EVER speak about me like that again. Ever."

Annabella stumbled, trying to pull away, but Olivia dragged her back with one hand. "You think you know the story? You don't know ANYTHING."

Annabella tried to speak—"I—I was only—"

"Shut up!" Olivia snapped.

The room felt like it was shaking.

Olivia's fist tangled tightly in Annabella's hair. Annabella cried out and grabbed Olivia's wrist, trying to break free, but Olivia only pulled harder. Her eyes were blazing... wild... like she had lost every bit of control.

"Olivia," I said quietly at first.

She didn't hear me.

She yanked Annabella's hair again, and Annabella screamed. Olivia's whole body was shaking with rage. Her wolf was pushing through. If she didn't stop, she would rip the girl's hair out from the root.

"OLIVIA," I said louder.

Still nothing.

Annabella was crying now. "Alpha—please—"

Olivia snapped, "SHUT UP!"

"LET HER GO, OLIVIA," I said sharply. My voice came out as an order, but I could see it—her eyes were no longer normal. Rage was climbing through her veins... the kind that awakened her gift.

"Olivia," I warned again, "let go of her. Now."

She didn't listen.

Her grip on Annabella's hair tightened, pulling harder. Annabella cried out.

"OLIVIA!" I snapped. "STOP!"

She turned slowly... her chest rising and falling fast... her eyes burning straight into me.

"Oh? So now you're defending her?" Olivia hissed. "You defend HER? Really, Lennox?"

I stared at her. "I said let her go."

She gave a small, sharp, bitter, and angry laugh. "Why? Because she's YOUR favorite now? Or maybe—you're fucking her too?"

My jaw tightened. "Olivia—"

"No, tell me!" she shouted, stepping closer to me. "You hate me, fine! But to defend her after what she said? After everything SHE spat at me?! So what is it? Did I interrupt something? Do you like her touching you? Do you want her here instead of me?!"

She kept stepping closer. Her words got uglier. Her anger got hotter. Her power started buzzing in the air.

"You must like it," she spat. "A woman ready to worship a broken Alpha—"

That was it. That was the final blow.

My hand moved on its own.

I slapped her.

Chapter 550: Remain Dead

Lennox's POV

Olivia froze. Annabella gasped. The entire room went silent.

Olivia's head turned slightly from the force, her hair falling forward. She looked at the ground for a second, breath shaking... stunned.

I lowered my voice, "Don't you EVER talk to me like that again."

Her fingers trembled. She slowly lifted her face to look at me.

There were tears in her eyes—slow, painful, furious tears. But behind them was rage...

"You... you slapped me," she whispered.

I didn't answer. I couldn't. I felt terrible for hitting her. I just lost control.

Her jaw clenched. Her eyes glistened. "Of all people... YOU slapped me? Because of this bitch?"

Before I could say anything, the door burst open so hard it slammed against the wall.

Louis stormed in.

His eyes found Olivia first—her red cheek, her trembling lips—then they snapped to me. In one second, his whole face changed. His nostrils flared. His wolf pushed forward.

He crossed the room in three steps.

He didn't even think.

He grabbed the front of my shirt so hard my body jerked in the wheelchair.

"YOU HIT HER?!" he roared in my face. "ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND?!"

I didn't look away. "Let go of me."

"The hell I will!" Louis snarled. "You want to slap someone? Slap ME. You want to hit someone? HIT ME! Not Olivia!"

I clenched my jaw. "She disrespected me and I lost control...."

"AND YOU THINK YOU CAN PUT YOUR HAND ON HER?!" Louis pushed me back again. My wheelchair rolled a little, wheels scraping the floor. "Hit me instead, Lennox! I'm right here! TAKE OUT YOUR ANGER ON ME!"

He raised his fist, ready to swing—

"STOP!" Olivia grabbed his arm quickly. "Louis, stop!"

Her voice cracked. "Please... don't... don't hit him. Just let him go."

Louis stood there breathing hard, his chest rising and falling. His fist was still clenched. His hand still twisted in my shirt.

He looked at her first... then at me... then at her again.

And slowly... he let go.

It was a miracle he let go because the Louis I know would have punched me in the face, and to be sincere, I deserve it.

Olivia placed a hand on his chest and whispered, "Louis... please. Let him be."

Louis stepped back, still glaring at me like he wanted to tear me apart, his breath shaking from restraint.

"You know what?" Louis spat, stepping closer like he was daring me to even breathe.

Olivia touched his arm gently. "Louis, please—"

"NO," he snapped, his eyes still burning into mine. "If this is how you want to behave... then you should never have come back."

His words hit me.

"Louis, stop," Olivia begged, pulling his sleeve.

He ignored her. His voice rose, shaking with anger and something else... hurt.

"You think you're the only one who suffered? You think you're the only one who broke? Olivia has not smiled—TRULY smiled—in years. Not once. No matter how hard Levi and I tried. No matter what we did. She never looked happy."

My chest tightened painfully.

"She missed you," Louis continued, his voice cracking for a second. "She cared about you even when she tried to force herself not to. She carried that pain for FOUR YEARS. And the minute you come back... the minute she sees you alive... This is how you treat her? You hit her?"

"Louis, enough!" Olivia cried, pulling at him.

He grunted, shaking her off gently but firmly. "No. This needs to be said."

His eyes stabbed into mine. "You know what would have been better? If you never came back. If you had stayed dead. At least then we'd have good memories of you. The Lennox who saved her. The Lennox she admired. Not... this version of you."

Those words.

Those damn words felt like fire under my skin. Like someone reached into my chest and twisted my heart with bare hands.

Olivia gasped, "Louis, stop saying that! Don't say that!"

But he wasn't done.

Louis stepped forward again, his shadow falling over me. "Listen to me clearly. Never—EVER—put your hand on Olivia again. I don't care if you're angry. I don't care if you're hurting. Touch her one more time..." He leaned down, his voice dropping to a deadly growl. "And you won't just be crippled. I'll make sure you have no hands left to hurt her with."

"LOUIS!" Olivia shouted, her eyes wide, grabbing his arm with both hands.

Louis exhaled sharply, his chest heaving, but his glare stayed locked on me.

Then he grabbed Olivia's wrist—not rough, but firm—and pulled her toward the door. "We're done here."

"Louis, wait—" she tried to turn back toward me.

But he didn't let her.

He dragged her out of the room, slamming the door behind them.

The sound echoed through my bones.

And for the first time since waking up in this wheelchair... I felt truly, painfully, completely miserable.

Like maybe Louis was right.

Maybe I shouldn't have come back at all.

I stared at the door for a long time, my chest tight, Louis's words echoing in my head.

You should never have come back.

It would have been better if you stayed dead.

Maybe he was right.

Maybe all of this... was a mistake.

"Alpha Lennox..." Annabella's soft voice came from the side.

I had forgotten she was still in the room.

She took a small step toward me. "Are you okay? Do you need—"

"Get out," I said flatly.

She blinked. "Alpha..."

"I said get. Out." My voice came out low and sharp. "I don't want to see your face. Not now."

Her lips pressed together. For a second she looked like she wanted to argue, then she bowed her head and walked out quietly, closing the door behind her.

The moment she left, the whole weight of everything crashed on me at once.

Louis's anger.

Olivia's eyes when I slapped her.

The warriors seeing me fall.

The plaque with my name gone.

My vision blurred.

A tear slipped down my cheek before I could stop it. Then another. I didn't even bother wiping them.

"Maybe I really shouldn't have come back," I whispered to myself. "Maybe Louis is right... maybe it would have been better if I died there."

At least then... they would remember the strong Lennox.

The Alpha Lennox.

Not this one.

I bowed my head, my fingers curling tightly around the armrest.

He shouldn't worry.

None of them should.

I will be gone soon.

The door opened again.

Golden stepped in.

His eyes moved from the broken things on the floor... to my red eyes... to my shaking hands. His jaw tightened.

"What happened?" he asked quietly.

"Nothing," I muttered.

He didn't believe that. I could see it in his face. But he didn't push.

Instead, I looked straight at him. "Where is it?"

He hesitated. "Alpha..."

"The poison," I said, my voice hard. "Where is it?"

Golden swallowed and stepped closer. "Please... have a rethink. You're angry. You're in pain. This is not the time to make this kind of decision."

I clenched my teeth. "Golden. I told you what I want. I gave you an order." My eyes locked on his. "Don't make me repeat myself again."

He looked at me, hurt and torn.

"Give. Me. The. Poison," I said slowly.

Golden sucked in a deep breath, his shoulders dropping in defeat. His hand moved to his pocket. For a moment, he froze there, like his fingers didn't want to obey him.

Then, slowly... he pulled out a small bottle.

Dark glass.

No label.

His hand was shaking as he held it.

He didn't place it in my palm. He held it between us, his eyes begging me silently.

"Last chance, Alpha," he whispered. "Please... don't do this."

I didn't look away.

My hand reached out.

My fingers closed around the bottle.

It was light. Too light for something that could end everything.

Golden let go slowly, his hand falling back to his side. His face looked like someone was ripping his heart out, piece by piece.

I stared at the bottle in my hand.

So small.

So simple.

One move... and all of this would be over.

No more pity.

No more wheelchair.

No more empty title.

No more waking up wishing I hadn't.

Golden's voice came out rough. "Alpha... please..."

I didn't answer.

I just tightened my grip on the bottle...

and slowly, very slowly... I opened it.