

# **Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 551: The Poison - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 551: The Poison**

## **Chapter 551: The Poison**

Lennox's POV

This was it. This was finally happening.

The end I had been begging for.

I stared at the small bottle in my hand. Something so tiny... yet strong enough to end everything in seconds.

One drink.

One swallow.

One minute.

And Lennox Luciano would be gone forever.

I lifted it slowly... my fingers trembling.

My chest tightened as thoughts rushed into my head one after another like arrows.

My life.

My failures.

My shame.

When I take this poison... in the next minute, I will be dead.

Dead by my own hand.

What would people say?

The great Alpha Lennox... the man who couldn't stand his own problems... killed himself like a coward.

My pack—would they mourn me?

Or would they mock me?

Would they say, "He wasn't strong after all"?

"He couldn't handle life without a wolf"?

"He couldn't handle being crippled"?

My parents—how will they cope burying one of their children... no parent should go through such.

I thought of my brothers...

Louis... Levi...

Would they blame themselves?

Would they say if they had done more, I wouldn't have chosen death?

And Olivia...

My heart squeezed painfully at the thought of her face.

How would she cope knowing I poisoned myself?

Knowing the last words I said to her were filled with hate?

Knowing the last thing I ever did was slap her?

Would she cry?

Would she break?

Or would she finally breathe in peace because she didn't have to choose between us anymore? She didn't have to see my pitiful face anymore.

Then... the last thought hit me harder than all the rest.

The boys.

Our sons.

They're so small.

They barely know me.

They saw me once.

Just once.

And when they grow up... what will they hear?

What will the world tell them?

"That was your father."

"The Alpha who killed himself."

"The man who chose death instead of fighting."

"The weak one."

My fingers tightened around the bottle while my eyes burned.

Golden watched me like his soul was dying with mine. His chest rose and fell heavily, his eyes begging me without saying a word.

I lifted the bottle.

My hand shook.

My head bent slowly.

I opened my mouth.

Just one drop.

One.

And everything ends.

My breath trembled.

My heart thudded painfully.

I closed my eyes and whispered inside my head,

This is the only way...

Suddenly —I felt something deep in my chest.

A small voice... tiny... but loud enough.

Not like this.

My hand stopped mid-air.

My teeth clenched.

Tears burned down my face.

Then with a harsh breath, I jerked my hand back and THREW the bottle to the floor.

It smashed instantly.

Glass scattered everywhere.

The poison spilled like black water on the tiles.

Golden flinched hard, letting out a shaky exhale like he had been holding his breath for years.

I stared at the broken pieces, my chest heaving, my heart pounding like a drum.

I couldn't speak.

I couldn't breathe.

I couldn't even understand why I did it.

All I knew was this:

Something inside me—something very small and very strange—was still fighting.

Still refusing to die.

Golden dropped to his knees, his voice cracking, "Alpha..."

He stared at the shattered bottle like he couldn't believe what just happened. His chest was rising hard, his eyes shaking.

I wiped my face roughly, dragging my palm over my tears.

"I'm a Luciano," I said quietly at first. My voice was rough, broken, but firm. "We are not cowards. We are not weaklings. We don't die because life hit us too hard."

Golden's eyes lifted slowly, watching me.

"Yes... my wolf is gone," I said, my chest burning, "yes... my legs are useless... yes... I am not the Alpha I used to be..." I swallowed the lump in my throat. "But I'm alive. I'm still breathing. And as long as I'm breathing... I'm STILL a Luciano."

Golden's lips slowly pulled into a shaky smile as he stood up.

I continued, my voice gaining its strength, "I may be broken, Golden... but I'm not done. They tried to kill me. Life tried to kill me. Pain tried to kill me. But look at me. I'm still here. And that is all that matters."

Golden nodded, pride glistening in his eyes. "That... that is the Alpha I know. That is the Lennox who trained me. The Lennox who made me a warrior. The Lennox who never bowed to anything."

A small breath left me. Not a laugh. Not a smile. Just relief.

I looked at him. "You... you're truly loyal. To agree to my request even when it was insane."

Golden rubbed the back of his neck and gave a tiny smirk. "Yes, Alpha... but..." He eyed the shattered bottle on the floor.

I frowned. "But what?"

Golden hesitated... then his lips twitched. "That wasn't poison."

My eyes widened. "What?"

He shrugged. "It was water with black herb dye. It looked dangerous enough, but it was actually just an herbal medication for sleep. If you had taken it, you could have just fallen asleep... nothing more."

A long moment passed. But I didn't say a word. Deep inside I was grateful for his action.

"You are smart... I am proud of you."

Golden smiled fully now. "I'm loyal, Alpha... but not stupid. I'll die for you, yes. But I won't help you die."

I lowered my head, breathing deeply.

"Smart man."

Golden bowed slightly. "I learned from the best."

I didn't respond. But inside... for the first time since opening my eyes in that damn hut...

I didn't feel dead. I felt encouraged, and it's all thanks to Golden.

Golden let out a long breath, like the weight of the world had finally dropped from his shoulders. He glanced at the shattered bottle again, then back at me.

"So..." he said softly, "what next, Alpha?"

His voice wasn't pushing. Just... waiting. Waiting for me to choose life on my own.

I leaned back against the wheelchair, closing my eyes for a moment. My entire body felt tired—tired from anger, tired from pain, tired from fighting everyone... tired from fighting myself.

When I opened my eyes again, Golden was still watching me.

"Nothing," I said quietly. "Not today."

Golden nodded once, not questioning it.

"I just want to sleep," I murmured. "Sleep... and think. Think about how I'm supposed to live like this. How I'm supposed to move forward in this state."

My fingers tapped the armrest slowly. "I need to figure out what my life means now."

Golden stepped closer, placing one hand gently on the back of my wheelchair. "Then that's what you'll do, Alpha. You'll rest. And tomorrow... you start again."

I exhaled slowly.

He turned toward the bed, arranging the sheets, clearing the broken pieces, making the room quiet again—like nothing had almost ended here.

"Call me when you need me," Golden said.

I gave a faint nod. "Golden..."

"Yes, Alpha?"

"Thank you."

His smile was small but proud. "Always."

He dimmed the lights, stepped outside, and closed the door gently behind him.

And for the first time since waking up in hell...

I didn't think about dying.

I thought about living.

## **Chapter 552: Fix What YOU Did**

Olivia's POV

Louis dragged me into the study room and slammed the door shut behind us. He was fuming... his jaw clenched so tightly I thought his teeth would crack. He paced like a caged wolf, chest rising and falling in harsh, furious waves. His anger filled the entire room, pressing against my skin like scorching heat.

I was angry too—but not the same kind of anger burning through him.

I turned to him sharply. "You shouldn't have said those words to him, Louis."

He snapped back instantly, "And he shouldn't have SLAPPED you."

I sighed, rubbing my forehead. "I said hurtful things to him. You KNOW Lennox's temper. I pushed him. I triggered him."

Louis threw his hands up. "That doesn't give him the right to touch you," Louis growled. His wolf flickered right under his skin, ready to break out. "I don't care what you said—he doesn't get to raise a hand on you."

His wolf was pushing forward so strongly it filled the whole room. I could feel the heat... the rage rolling off him.

Before I could speak again, the door opened and Levi walked in.

"What's going on?" he asked, looking between us.

Louis didn't waste time. "Your brother fucking slapped her."

Levi froze.

Just froze.

Then his eyes darkened. "What? Why?"

I lifted my hands, trying to calm him. "Levi, listen—"

"No," he snapped. "Why did he hit you?"

"I provoked him—" I started.

Levi didn't let me finish. "Provoked or not, he HIT you?"

"He didn't mean—"

"I don't care if he meant it or not!" Levi snapped, stepping closer. "We've been angry at you before, many times... but did we ever lay a hand on you? EVER?"

Louis folded his arms. "Exactly."

I looked away. They weren't listening.

Louis added, "He needs to be checked. We need to talk to him. Put him in place. He can be angry, fine, but raising a hand on you? We're not tolerating that."

I frowned, my chest tightening. "Louis, what you said to him was cruel. You're going back there to apologize."

Louis barked out a bitter laugh. "Hell no. Over my dead body."

Levi nodded slowly. "Louis is right. Lennox crossed a line today."

My patience snapped.

"Enough!" I yelled.

Both their heads jerked toward me.

"You two aren't listening to me!" I shouted. "If Lennox slapped me, then it's between ME and HIM."

"No," Levi said immediately. "You are OUR mate. Our Luna. We've protected you all these years. You think we're going to stand here while someone hits you? Even if it's him?"

Louis added, "Even if you refuse to marry us because Lennox was in a coma, we are still your mates. And we WILL protect you."

Louis added, "And protecting you means making sure NO man ever lays a hand on you again. Especially not our own brother."

I stared at them both, feeling my anger boil over.

They weren't listening. They weren't thinking. They were just reacting.

"So that's it? You'll storm into his room and fight him? A man who can't even stand on his own legs?" I asked, my voice shaking with disbelief.

Louis clenched his fists. "If that's what it takes."

"You don't get to make this about pride!" I yelled. "You hurt him too!"

"He hurt YOU first!" Louis shot back.

"We don't care," Levi added coldly. "You're our mate. We will ALWAYS choose you."

I stared at them both, finally understanding that talking was pointless. They were too blinded by rage... too protective... too stubborn.

So I took a deep breath, stepped closer, and said the only sentence that could stop them both instantly:

"If you don't apologize to Lennox... if you go in there and make this worse... then neither of you will ever touch me again. I will never share a bed with either of you."

Silence.

Total silence.

Louis blinked like I slapped him. "W...what?"

Levi stepped back, his eyes widening. "Olivia—"

"I mean it," I said firmly. "If you both want to act like children instead of Alphas—fine. But you won't be laying a finger on me. Not in the bed. Not anywhere."

Louis opened his mouth, closed it, then opened it again—completely stunned.

Levi's wolf retreated instantly, like someone poured cold water over him.

"You're serious?" Levi whispered.

Dead serious.

I crossed my arms. "Dead serious," I said. "Don't come near me. Don't hold me. Don't kiss me. Don't come to my bed. Nothing."

They stared at me like I had slapped them both.

"You choose," I said. "Your pride... or me."

Louis grabbed my wrist as I turned to leave, his grip tight with frustration. "So that's it?" he said sharply. "You're forcing me to apologize for protecting you?"

I pulled my arm free, glaring up at him. "No. I'm forcing you to apologize for being cruel."

His jaw clenched, but I didn't stop. I turned to Levi next.

"And YOU," I said, pointing at him, "will apologize to Lennox for what happened at the training ground. For the humiliation he suffered today. For letting him fall in front of everyone."

Levi swallowed, but his eyes still burned with anger.

I stepped closer, my voice cold and authoritative. "You two are Alphas. Act like it. Protecting me doesn't mean attacking a man who can't even stand. It means using your brain."

Neither of them spoke.

So I continued.

"And Louis..." I turned back to him, "you will apologize to Lennox for the words you threw at him. Every single one. Because you didn't just yell. You tore him apart."

Louis stiffened, guilt flickering across his eyes for the first time.

"You said he should have stayed dead," I said. "Do you know what that can do to someone already broken? Already fighting to stay alive?"

Louis's nostrils flared, his wolf pushing again, but I raised my hand.

"I'm not done."

They both froze.

"If you two don't do it... if you go in there with pride instead of sense... then hear me clearly." I met both their eyes, one by one. "You will have to pick a concubine. Or ten. I don't care."

Levi's mouth opened in shock.

Louis blinked like he misheard.

"Because neither of you," I continued, my voice ice-cold, "will touch me again. Not in my bed. Not in yours. Not even hold my hand. For the rest of your lives."

Silence swallowed the whole room.

Their faces went pale.

Louis took a small step toward me, his voice low. "Olivia... you can't be serious—"

"I am." I looked him dead in the eyes. "I'm not your prize. I'm not your property. I'm your mate. And if you cannot respect what I'm telling you... then you don't deserve to lay a finger on me."

Levi looked like someone stabbed him. "Olivia... please..."

"You want me?" I asked quietly. "Then fix this. Fix what YOU did today."

I didn't give them the chance to argue again. I turned around, opened the door, and walked out—leaving both of them standing there speechless, stunned, and finally... finally thinking.

## **Chapter 553: Reflecting**

Levi's POV

After Olivia walked out, the whole room fell silent.

Louis and I just stared at each other like two idiots who didn't know what to do next.

Then Louis scoffed first. "She must be fucking kidding."

I sighed. "She's not. You know Olivia. When she says she'll do something... she will do it."

Louis groaned loudly, dragging a hand down his face before dropping onto the couch like someone snatched the bones out of him. His shoulders were stiff, his wolf pacing under his skin, restless and angry.

I walked to the mini bar at the corner of the study and pulled out a bottle of whisky. My hands were shaking slightly—not from alcohol, but from the way everything inside me felt heavy.

The weight of four years.

The weight of guilt.

The weight of Olivia standing in front of us, begging for peace we're not giving.

I poured the drink and my chest tightened.

"We're stressing her," I finally said, my voice low. "She's hurting... and we're making it worse."

Louis didn't respond.

So I turned to him. "Louis... did you really say it would've been better if Lennox stayed dead?"

Louis stiffened. His eyes dropped to the floor. "I was angry. I didn't mean it."

"You shouldn't have said it," I murmured. "Especially not to him. Not when he's like this. Those words..." I shook my head. "Those words cut deep."

Louis didn't argue. He couldn't.

I handed him a glass of whisky and sat across from him. For a long moment, there was nothing but heavy and suffocating silence between us.

Then, finally, I exhaled. "We have to apologize to Lennox."

Louis looked up sharply. "Because Olivia told us to?"

"Yes," I said honestly. "Because Olivia comes first. And because she's right."

Louis stared into his whisky like it might magically give him courage. "...I don't want to."

"I don't want to either," I admitted. "But she gave us no choice."

Louis scoffed. "You mean YOU gave us no choice. If you didn't keep everyone away from visiting him for four years—"

My jaw tightened. "Louis, please. Don't do this now."

"No, let's face the truth," Louis said, his voice rough. "You created this mess. You kept him locked away. We listened to you. We followed you. This whole situation... it started with YOU."

His words stabbed hard.

And the worst part was... he wasn't wrong.

I exhaled, accepting the blow. "I know. I know it's my fault. I know I should've let her see him. I know I should've allowed more than just healers to visit. I know."

Louis didn't soften. Not even a little.

"You're damn right it's your fault," he muttered. "But whatever. We can fight later. Let's go fix things before she actually bans us from touching her."

I sighed. "Yeah. Let's go."

We both stood, but there was no energy in our steps. No Alpha confidence. No pride.

Just two men going to face a brother they loved... and broke.

As we walked through the halls toward Lennox's room, my heart pounded harder. I wasn't even sure what I feared—his anger, his tears, or the reality of what we did to him.

The closer we got, the heavier the air felt.

By the time we reached the hallway outside his room, my hands were sweating. Louis looked tense too, but he tried to hide it.

But the moment we turned the corner, we froze.

Two warriors were standing guard at Lennox's door.

Louis frowned. "Did you assign them?"

"No," I murmured.

Then the guards bowed. "Alpha Louis. Alpha Levi."

I nodded. "Who placed you here?"

"Sir Golden," one said. "For Alpha Lennox's protection."

Louis and I exchanged a look.

Golden was loyal to Lennox. Too loyal.

And now that Lennox was wolfless and crippled, Golden wanted guards for him.

It made sense.

Still... it hit me harder than I expected.

Golden was doing what WE should've done.

I moved forward, reaching for the door, but one guard stepped slightly in front of it.

"I apologize, Alphas," he said politely but firmly. "But Alpha Lennox is resting and instructed not to be disturbed."

My heart sank.

Louis's jaw tightened. "Are you saying we can't enter our own brother's room?"

The guard swallowed. "Alpha Lennox was clear. No visitors. Not until he wakes up."

Louis scoffed. "This is ridiculous."

But for once... I understood.

I touched Louis's arm. "Leave it. If he's asleep... let him sleep."

Louis clenched his fists, angry... but he didn't argue.

I looked at the door—feeling pain, regret, guilt, fear... all mixing inside me.

Lennox was right behind this door... hurting... believing he shouldn't have returned...

Because of us.

Because of me.

I swallowed hard.

"We'll come back in the evening." I said quietly.

Louis's shoulders slumped. "Yeah."

We turned away slowly, walking back down the hall in silence.

For the first time in years...

I was scared.

Scared of losing Olivia.

Scared of losing Lennox.

Scared that maybe... this rift between us might never heal.

And the worst part?

I caused it.

We were debating what to do when we saw Golden a few meters away, giving instructions to a warrior. The moment he noticed us, he dismissed the warrior and walked over, bowing deeply.

"Alphas."

Louis folded his arms. "How are things at the border?"

"Calm and secure," Golden replied. "We strengthened patrol lines."

I nodded once. "Good. Now tell me... do you have any updates about Lennox? Anything we should know?"

Golden's face didn't change. "I'm sorry, Alphas. My conversations with Alpha Lennox are strictly confidential."

Louis's jaw tensed. "You will tell us what he said."

Golden's eyes flickered—but only with respect, nothing else. "With all due respect, Alpha Lennox is also Alpha. And he instructed me not to disclose our conversation."

I stepped forward, my irritation rising. "Golden, why are you speaking like we're Lennox's enemies? Like we don't care about him. Like we want him dead."

Golden slowly lifted his eyes and met mine head-on.

Then he said it.

The words that hit harder than a punch.

The truth we deserved.

"Because you two act like it."

## **Chapter 554: Will Be Your Legs**

Louis's POV

The moment Golden's words left his mouth, something inside me snapped.

My vision blurred red.

I grabbed him by the collar instantly and yanked him toward me. "What the hell did you just say?"

Golden didn't flinch. He didn't back down. He just stared at me with those loyal eyes that used to look at Lennox the same way a child looked at a hero.

Before I could say another word—

"WHAT is going on here?"

Olivia's voice sliced through the tension like a blade.

I groaned and released Golden immediately, stepping back like a guilty dog caught misbehaving. Olivia's footsteps approached, sharp and quick.

She looked at Golden first. "Golden, talk."

Golden bowed respectfully. "The Alphas wanted information about Lennox, but he instructed me not to share anything."

Olivia sighed, turning to me and Levi. "If Lennox doesn't want to talk, then you two need to respect his wishes."

I clenched my jaw. "He's our brother—"

"And he is hurting," Olivia snapped. "You should both know when to step back."

Levi lowered his eyes. I looked away, annoyed, and embarrassed, before storming off without another word.

When I reached my room, I slammed the door and kicked the nearest stool so hard it flew across the room and crashed into the wall. My breath came out fast, hot, angry.

Why does everything feel like it's slipping out of my hands?

I paced for a moment, then stopped. Closed my eyes. Forced myself to breathe.

And suddenly... an image flashed in my mind.

If I were Lennox.

If I woke up one day... crippled. If I reached for my wolf and found nothing. If I realized the pack I loved moved on without me. If I watched Olivia abandon me and raise kids with Levi and me... If I felt forgotten... replaced...

My throat tightened.

A tear slipped down my cheek before I could stop it. The pain hit me so hard I had to sit down.

"Oh God..." I whispered. "If that was me... I would've broken. I would've gone mad. I... I might've killed myself too."

And that was the truth.

I realized that even I wouldn't have survived what Lennox went through.

My wolf whispered inside me, calm but sharp: "You have to make things right."

I nodded slowly. "I know. I know..."

I sat there the whole afternoon, just thinking. Really thinking.

And for the first time... I understood Lennox's pain.

Not the surface pain.

Not the anger.

The deep one.

The one that kills a man slowly.

By evening, when it was time for dinner, I washed my face and went downstairs. The dining hall was warm and filled with chatter. The boys were talking excitedly to Olivia and Levi about their day.

I managed a small smile and took my seat beside them.

But then—

The air shifted.

A cold silence spread across the room like a shadow.

Every head turned toward the door.

And there he was.

Lennox.

Being wheeled in by a guard.

Lennox's face was blank when the guard wheeled him into the dining hall. No emotion. No anger. No sadness. Just... still. Like he had locked everything inside.

But the air around him—

It wasn't the same as before.

It wasn't weak.

It wasn't fragile.

It wasn't the broken energy he carried the last few days.

This one felt... stronger. Heavy. Controlled. Like he had made a decision inside himself and didn't care who noticed.

The guard removed a chair and positioned Lennox's wheelchair neatly at the table. Lennox didn't look at me. Didn't look at Levi. Didn't look at Olivia either.

He only looked at the boys.

And instantly—the boys jumped in excitement.

"Father! You're joining us for dinner!" Liam burst out, practically bouncing in his seat.

For the first time since he came back... Lennox smiled.

A real smile. Wide. Genuine. Not forced. Not pained. Not tired.

"Yes," Lennox said softly. "I am."

That smile hit both me and Levi like a punch. We stared at him, shocked. Olivia hadn't blinked; relief washed over her face so fast she had to place a hand on her chest.

Leon leaned forward with his usual soft voice. "Are you feeling better now?"

"Yes," Lennox answered, still smiling at them. "Much better."

My jaw tightened. Levi looked at me. We both felt it.

Something was different.

This wasn't the Lennox who broke today.

This wasn't the Lennox who cried.

This wasn't the Lennox who wanted to die.

This was something else. Stronger in a strange way. Scarier in another.

We all began to eat. Lennox filled his plate quickly. And as usual, he pushed the crab legs aside.

Liam noticed immediately. "Father, you don't eat crabs?"

Lennox glanced at his plate. "Yes. They—"

He didn't finish.

Because Liam spoke at the exact same time, the exact same words:

"—they give me swollen eyes."

Silence.

They both froze, staring at each other.

Same allergy.

Same reaction.

Same tone.

Lennox blinked, surprised. Then a slow smile spread across his face—bigger than the first one.

"You have my allergy," he said quietly.

Liam smiled just as wide. "I guess I do."

Leon's eyes went wide, and Leo leaned closer, studying Lennox like he was made of something rare.

I swallowed hard.

Because in that moment—

In that tiny moment—I wasn't looking at a shattered man.

I wasn't looking at a crippled Alpha.

I was looking at a father.

Meeting pieces of himself he never knew he had.

And for the first time... he didn't look broken.

He looked alive.

He looked like Lennox Luciano.

The real one.

Even I felt my throat tighten.

Levi kept staring too, like he didn't know whether to breathe or cry. Olivia wiped her eyes quickly, probably hoping he didn't notice.

But Lennox didn't look at us.

Not once.

His whole focus was on the boys—their laughter, their excitement, and their questions.

Leo was the one who broke the quiet moment.

He leaned forward, his small hands on the table, his voice soft but full of innocence.

"Father... will you walk again?"

The entire room froze.

Olivia's fork slipped.

Levi stiffened beside her.

My chest tightened painfully.

I expected Lennox to flinch.

I expected him to look away, to shut down, to show even a flicker of that pain we all knew was inside him.

But he didn't.

He looked at Leo... and smiled. A calm, steady smile that didn't shake or crack.

"No idea," he said simply. "Maybe. Maybe not."

He shrugged lightly. "But even if this is forever... I'll learn to live like this. I'm not dead, Leo. It's just my legs."

My eyes widened.

Even Olivia's breath caught.

Because those weren't the words of a broken man.

Those were the words of someone who had made peace with something, even if only for a moment.

Leo blinked, confused for a second.

Then Liam suddenly stood up so fast his chair slid back and hit the floor.

He marched straight to Lennox, his little feet loud against the tiles.

Before the guard or anyone could react, Liam wrapped his arms tightly around Lennox's torso.

Everyone froze.

"Don't worry, Dad," Liam said, his voice muffled against Lennox's chest. "I'll be your legs."

Lennox inhaled sharply.

For a moment, I swear I saw his throat move like he was holding back a sob.

His hand shook slightly before he placed it on Liam's back.

"That's a big responsibility," Lennox whispered.

"I can do it," Liam said firmly. "I'm strong. And fast. And smart."

Lennox chuckled softly—SOFTLY, like a real laugh struggling to find its way out.

"You are," he agreed. "Indeed strong."

Leon got up next and went to hug his brother from behind, wrapping both arms around Liam's waist.

"I'll help too," Leon said shyly. "You won't be alone."

And then Leo ran over and grabbed Lennox's hand, squeezing it.

"I'll help too! We will all be your legs!"

I swallowed hard.

My vision blurred a little.

I had to blink fast.

Because this—this moment—was the first time I'd seen Lennox look almost whole since he came back.

He smiled at them—soft, warm, real.

"Then I guess I'm in good hands," he murmured.

The boys nodded eagerly, proud of themselves.

## **Chapter 555: No greater Love**

Lennox's POV

They say there is no greater love than the love between a father and his children. Tonight... I understood it. I felt it in my bones. I felt it in the way Liam hugged me without thinking twice. I felt it in Leon's shy smile. I felt it in little Leo squeezing my hand like he was holding onto something precious.

It hit me harder than any pain I have felt these past days.

It was pure. It was real. It was unconditional.

For a moment at that dinner table, I forgot the wheelchair. I forgot the wolf I lost. I forgot the shame. I forgot every damn thing that broke me.

All I saw... all I felt... was them.

I almost cried, God, I almost cried right there at the table, but I forced myself to breathe steadily, to hold it in. I did not want the boys thinking their father was weak.

So I focused on them alone. I ignored everyone else. Levi's stare. Louis's guilt. Olivia's teary eyes.

They did not exist to me. Only my boys did.

After dinner, I hugged each one close, whispering goodnight. Liam hugged me twice. Leon kissed my cheek. Leo climbed onto my lap for a second before the guard gently lifted him down.

When the guard asked where I wanted to go next, I did not even think.

"The fountain," I said.

I needed air. I needed silence. I needed space to breathe.

He wheeled me through the halls. Servants bowed quickly, too quickly. Their eyes dropped just a little too fast. Golden must have given them a warning. But I would deal with them later.

The night air at the fountain was cool. Soft. The sound of running water calmed me, soothed the part of my heart that had been burning all day. I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply, letting the calm sink into my bones.

Then I heard footsteps.

Light ones.

Annabella.

She walked closer and stopped beside me. "Alpha, are you cold? Should I bring a blanket?"

I kept my eyes closed. "No. I am fine."

She hesitated. "Should I call for warm tea?"

"I said I am fine," I replied more firmly.

She nodded and took a step back. I heard her turn to leave, but something in me stopped her.

"Annabella," I said quietly.

She paused instantly.

I opened my eyes slowly and turned my head just enough to see her.

Her hands were clasped nervously in front of her. She did not look me in the eye.

"What happened today with Olivia," I said, my voice low but sharp. "Do not ever let that happen again."

She swallowed hard.

"I do not care if I am angry at her. I do not care if she provoked me. I do not care what you think you know. You do not speak to her like that. Not in my presence. Not even behind my back."

Annabella's shoulders tensed. She lowered her head even more. "I understand, Alpha, it will not happen again."

I nodded once. "Good."

She bowed deeply before turning and walking away, her steps small and silent. Something told me she was embarrassed. Maybe ashamed. She cared for me too much, and it clouded her judgement.

The moment she disappeared around the corner...

Olivia walked out from behind the stone pillar and stopped beside my wheelchair.

I stiffened instantly.

I did not look at her. I did not acknowledge her. I did not even breathe properly.

She folded her hands in front of her, staring at the fountain with me. "I am glad you joined us for dinner," she said softly. "The boys were really happy."

I did not respond.

She waited.

Then she tried again. "And you seemed better. More relaxed. It made me feel relieved."

Still nothing.

She turned a little toward me, her voice barely above a whisper. "Lennox..."

I kept my eyes on the water.

Ignoring her was not easy. Not when my heart still knew her scent. Not when her voice still did things to me.

But I stayed silent.

Because right now... she did not deserve my words.

Not after everything.

And she knew it.

She exhaled shakily, her hands tightening in front of her as she stared down at the ground.

"I know you are ignoring me," she whispered. "And I know I deserve it."

I kept staring at the fountain, letting the silence stretch. Olivia stayed there beside me, small, quiet, unsure. I could feel her eyes on me, feel her breath rise and fall, feel her waiting for me.

But I did not look at her.

She whispered, "I know you are ignoring me, and I know I deserve it."

I still did not move.

Did not blink.

Did not turn.

But the words moved somewhere deep inside me, somewhere I did not want touched.

A long minute passed before I finally spoke, my voice low, rough, and controlled.

"I should not have slapped you."

Olivia's breath caught.

I did not look at her. I kept watching the water as I continued, "I lost control. I snapped. And it was not right."

She turned fully toward me, her eyes soft. "Lennox, I provoked you. I should not have said".

"No."

My voice cut softly but firmly.

I still did not face her.

"I am the man. I am the Alpha. I am supposed to have control. No matter what you said, no matter how angry I was, I should not have touched you. It will not happen again."

There was a silence, a heavy, emotional silence that wrapped itself around both of us.

But before she could speak again, I shook my head slowly.

"Olivia, listen to me."

She froze.

My voice cracked slightly, not with weakness but exhaustion. "I really want you to stay away from me."

She flinched like I stabbed her.

I whispered, "Please, stay away. Do not come near me. Do not talk to me. Do not check on me. Do not try to fix anything. Just let me be."

"Lennox," she breathed.

"I am begging you."

The words tasted bitter, humiliating, but true.

"Just stay away from me."

She stood there trembling, her lips parting like she wanted to say something, apologize, or explain, but nothing came out.

I could not hold her gaze even if I wanted to.

Because if I looked at her, even for one second, I knew I would break.

I lifted my hand slightly and signaled to the guards.

Two of them hurried toward us.

Olivia wiped her eyes quickly, pretending she was not crying, but I saw. I saw everything.

"Take me to my room," I said quietly.

"Yes, Alpha," the guards answered.

They positioned themselves behind my wheelchair and wheeled me away.

## **Chapter 556: What Are Your Intentions**

Olivia's POV

I didn't even remember how I reached my room.

The moment the guards wheeled Lennox away, something inside me broke.

I walked into my room, closed the door slowly... and then I just collapsed on the bed.

I buried my face in the pillow and cried.

Not soft tears.

Not quiet ones.

Real crying. The kind that shakes your whole body, the kind that empties your chest and makes you feel hollow.

He told me to stay away.

Stay away from him.

Don't talk to him.

Don't come near him.

Don't comfort him.

Hearing it, it felt like my heart was being ripped apart.

I cried until my eyes burned.

Until my throat hurt.

Until exhaustion finally pulled me into a heavy, painful sleep.

In the morning when I woke up, my pillow was still damp.

I sat up slowly, wiped my eyes, and whispered my morning prayers.

I prayed for guidance, for strength, and for peace.

And then I prayed for Lennox.

I asked Goddess to calm his heart.

To heal the pain inside him.

To protect him, because even if he didn't want me close, I still wanted him safe.

After praying, I took a shower, letting the warm water wash away whatever sadness I could carry out of my body. Then I got dressed in something simple, just a soft top and light pants.

I opened my door and walked into the hallway.

Servants passed by, greeting me with their heads bowed.

"Good morning, Luna."

I forced a small smile and nodded politely. "Good morning."

My heart still felt heavy, but I pushed forward.

Every morning, I went to the kitchen to check what the cooks were preparing for breakfast. It was my little routine.

So I walked toward the kitchen, trying to take steady breaths.

But the moment I stepped inside...

My smile died.

Completely.

Because standing at the counter, stirring a bowl, looking comfortable, looking like she owned the kitchen was Annabella.

She turned slightly, noticed me, and her eyes widened just a little.

The entire kitchen went silent.

My fingers curled slowly beside me.

Why was she here?

Why was she cooking?

A slow, heavy annoyance rose in my chest that made my wolf growl in rage.

The cook bowed to me nervously. "Luna, good morning."

I didn't take my eyes off Annabella.

Not for a second.

For a long second, nobody moved.

Annabella stood there with a wooden spoon in her hand like she owned the whole damn kitchen. The cooks kept glancing between us, terrified. The smell of breakfast, eggs, butter, herbs, suddenly made my stomach twist instead of hungry.

I took one step forward.

My voice came out low and sharp.

"What the hell are you doing here?"

Annabella didn't flinch.

She didn't bow.

She didn't even look nervous.

She just said calmly, "I'm making breakfast for Alpha Lennox."

Something inside me burned.

Not anger.

Not irritation.

Jealousy. Hot, ugly, deep jealousy.

It hit me so hard I almost gasped.

This, this was supposed to be my duty.

I was the Luna.

I was the mother of his children.

I was the one who should be checking his meals, making sure he ate, making sure he got the right meals, not her.

I stepped closer, my chest rising and falling too fast.

"The cook is making breakfast," I snapped. "So get out before I shove your face into that pot."

The room froze.

Annabella lifted her chin slightly. "Alpha Lennox asked me to prepare his breakfast myself and serve it in his room."

My breath stopped.

Jealousy shot through me like fire spreading too fast.

He asked her?

Not a warrior.

Not a servant.

Not the cook.

Her.

Pain hit me next..

Because it made sense.

He told me to stay away.

He didn't want to see me.

He didn't want my voice, my presence, my help...

But he allowed her into his space.

Allowed her to cook for him.

Allowed her to serve him.

I swallowed hard, then turned to the staff. My voice was low but authoritative.

"Everybody out."

They hurried away like frightened birds, leaving only me and Annabella in the silence of the kitchen.

I faced her fully now.

"What are your intentions?" I asked quietly but angrily. I was on the verge of losing it.  
"Tell me."

Annabella blinked once. Just once.

Then her face softened, not with fear, but with something that made my chest tighten.

Sadness.

"I don't want trouble, Luna Olivia," she said. "Alpha Lennox already told me to stay away from you, so that's what I'm doing."

That stung.

He told her that?

I stepped closer. "Then why are you even here? Why are you cooking for him? What is your deal? What are you to him? What is he to you? Who the fuck are you?"

Annabella took a slow breath.

A shaky one.

"With all due respect," she said quietly, "while you were having a comfortable life with your perfect family, I cared for Alpha Lennox."

My heart thudded painfully.

She continued, her voice trembling but firm:

"Do you know what that means? I was the one who cleaned him. I was the one who stayed awake all night, using my healing abilities to keep him alive when his body was shutting down."

Tears gathered in her eyes, but she kept going.

"There were nights he almost gave up. Nights he stopped breathing. Nights we almost lost him. I stayed every single time. I almost lost my life sustaining him."

I felt my throat tighten.

She swallowed and whispered, "There are things I did for him that you will never know. Things I did because he mattered to me."

She looked away for a second, like confessing this hurt.

Then she raised her eyes again and said the words that sliced straight into my chest:

"So yes, you want to know what Lennox is to me?"

A tear rolled down her cheek.

"He's the man I have been in love with for the past four years."

My breath left my body.

She stepped back, wiped her face, and whispered, "That is it. I believe you got your answers."

## Chapter 557: If It Was Him

Olivia's POV

I stood there... absolutely frozen.

My breath was not moving. My lips parted, but no sound came out.

Annabella was not done.

She wiped her cheek with her thumb, took a deep, shaky breath, and continued, her voice soft... but full of painful honesty.

"I have been in love with him, even in his unconscious state," she whispered. "For four years, Olivia. Four years of watching him suffer. Four years of talking to him even when he could not hear me."

My stomach twisted painfully.

She shook her head slowly. "But he does not know. He never knew. And even now, even if he finds out, he will never accept me."

She swallowed hard, staring at the bowl she was mixing.

"Because of you."

My heart thudded painfully in my chest.

Annabella laughed quietly, a broken, sad laugh. "Lennox loves you. He always has. Even when he was unconscious, even when he was half-dead, even when he woke up and you were not there, he still loved you."

Her fingers brushed under her eyes again.

"He loves you despite how much you have hurt him."

The words cut deep.

"I am not your enemy, Olivia," she said softly. "I am not some villain in your story like you want to paint me. I am not trying to steal him from you. I am just..." she exhaled shakily. "...a girl who fell in love with a man who did not even know I existed."

My throat tightened so badly it hurt.

Annabella turned away from me and continued stirring the pot, her shoulders trembling slightly.

The kitchen was painfully quiet, nothing but the sound of a wooden spoon touching the metal pot.

I stood there... unmoving... shocked... hurt... jealous... guilty... angry... all at the same time.

I did not even know what to say.

She did not look back at me once.

She just kept cooking.

As if confessing all that did not shatter something deep inside me.

I stood there... rooted to the floor... staring at her back... feeling the world tilt under my feet.

I did not know how long I stood there in that kitchen... staring at Annabella's back while she stirred that pot like nothing had cracked open in the room.

Her words echoed over and over in my head.

"I cared for him."

"I sustained him."

"He almost died, and I stayed."

"I fell in love with him."

"He loves you despite everything."

Each sentence hit a part of me I did not even know still hurt.

My throat felt tight... my chest heavy... my stomach twisting like I had swallowed fire.

I could not stand there anymore.

I turned around slowly... walked out of the kitchen with shaky steps... and the moment I reached the hallway, a tear escaped.

Hot. Quiet. Painful.

I wiped it quickly and hurried outside to the garden before anyone saw me.

The morning air was cool... but my chest felt hot... burning.

I sat on the stone bench near the flowers and let out a long breath that trembled all the way through my ribs.

Another tear rolled down.

Then another.

She said he almost died.

My fingers curled against my knees.

She said she stayed with him... while I did not.

My heart twisted painfully.

I did not know. I did not know any of it.

I was here living a normal life... while Annabella was fighting beside him... keeping him alive... watching over him in ways I should have.

I claimed to love him.

But I was not the one by his side.

She was.

A fresh wave of guilt washed through me so strong I bent my head.

And then the worst thought hit me.

What if the roles were reversed?

What if I was the one in that coma?

Would Lennox have abandoned me?

Would Levi and Louis have chased him away?

Would he have let four years pass without seeing me?

No.

Never.

He would have torn the world apart looking for me.

He would have sat next to me every night.

He would have fought anyone who tried to stop him.

The realization tore something inside me.

"I failed us..." I whispered to myself.

My voice cracked.

"I failed him."

I heard soft footsteps and quickly wiped my cheeks.

A maid approached gently.

"Luna, breakfast is ready."

I nodded and forced a small smile. "Thank you."

As soon as she left, I inhaled deeply, wiped my face properly, and headed to the dining room.

The boys were already seated, bright and cheerful.

"Good morning, Mommy!" they chorused.

I smiled, big and warm, because they did not deserve to see my sadness.

Levi and Louis stood the moment they saw me.

"Morning, sweetheart," Louis said, kissing my cheek.

"Good morning," Levi added, kissing the other side.

We all sat down.

But their eyes lingered on me.

They knew.

They could smell the sadness.

They could sense the confusion.

They could hear my wolf pacing inside me.

But the kids were present, so they said nothing.

Louis's voice slid into my mind through the link.

"Are you okay?"

I kept smiling at the boys and lied silently.

"I am fine."

He did not believe it.

Levi did not either.

I could feel it.

Halfway through breakfast, Liam looked around suddenly.

"Is Father Lennox not coming?"

I froze.

Louis stilled.

Levi looked down.

I forced a soft voice. "No, baby, he is busy right now."

Liam's face fell.

He poked his food quietly.

Then, in a tiny voice that stabbed me in the chest, he asked:

"Is Father Lennox angry with us... because we abandoned him?"

My heart stopped.

The fork slipped from my hand.

Before I could speak, Levi's voice came out rough and rushed.

"No. No, Liam. We did not abandon him. He was sick. Very sick. And he needed... no distractions."

I frowned at Levi sharply, because even I knew that explanation was weak.

Liam stared at him, confused. "But sick people can have visitors. When I was sick, you visited me, and Mommy did too."

Louis swallowed hard. "Lennox's case was different."

Liam tilted his head. "Different how? He was not suffering from a contagious disease... he was not dangerous... he was not." His voice cracked.

"Even if he was, we still could have visited him if we really wanted to."

The room went silent.

Liam looked all three of us in the eyes: me, Levi, and Louis.

"Why didn't we?"

None of us answered.

Louis opened his mouth, closed it, rubbed his forehead.

I felt guilt slice through my chest like a blade.

Liam was not done.

"Father Lennox was alone, right?" he whispered. "All those years?"

Levi's jaw tightened.

And Liam, sweet, innocent, honest Liam, kept going, voice trembling.

"We were here... eating... laughing... playing... sleeping in warm beds... having Mommy and you and Father Louis... and Father Lennox was somewhere else alone... hurting... and none of us were with him."

Leon looked at him with wide eyes.

Liam sniffed once and wiped his face. "What we did was wrong, Father. Very wrong."

Levi slammed his palm on the table, hard.

"Enough, Liam!"

## **Chapter 558: Do Something**

Olivia's POV

Levi's eyes went red instantly... like he was one second away from losing control.

But when our eyes met... when I gave him that tiny warning look... he forced himself to stop.

He shut his eyes tightly, his chest rising and falling hard as he tried to drag his wolf back inside.

Liam, on the other hand... didn't even blink.

He just stared at Levi calmly, almost bored... like nothing about Levi's fury scared him.

Then he lowered his gaze, picked up his spoon, and continued eating like he hadn't just detonated a bomb in the middle of the table.

The chair scraped loudly across the floor as Levi stood up so fast the table shook.

He didn't say a word.

He didn't look at any of us.

He just walked out of the dining room with long, angry steps... disappearing into the hallway.

I swallowed hard and rubbed my forehead.

My head was already pounding.

The guilt... the sadness... the argument... the truth Liam said... everything was mixing together until I felt like I couldn't breathe properly.

Louis sighed deeply beside me, rubbing the back of his neck.

The boys kept eating, but quietly now... and I could tell they were thinking.

Thinking too much for children.

I forced myself to smile at them as I picked up my fork again... even though my chest felt so tight it hurt.

Breakfast was... horrible.

No one spoke. No one laughed. Not even the kids tried to start a conversation again.

We all just sat there in this heavy silence... eating food that suddenly tasted like nothing.

When we were done, I forced a small smile and leaned close to the boys.

"Have a good day, babies," I whispered, kissing each of their cheeks.

They hugged me tightly before leaving with their guards.

And then it was just me and Louis.

I exhaled shakily. "Louis... we need to talk. This is getting out of hand. You can see the impression we're leaving on the kids. This isn't normal. This isn't—"

But Louis didn't let me finish.

He ran a hand over his face, looking exhausted. "Baby... not tonight. Please. I'm not feeling too well. Let's talk tomorrow."

I stared at him.

"Louis—"

But he was already walking away.

He didn't look back. He just left the room like he couldn't take one more second of anything.

I frowned and slowly lowered myself back into my seat, staring at the empty plates... the messy napkins... the space where my family sat minutes ago.

Then it hit me.

My family was falling apart.

Lennox didn't want me near him. Levi stormed out, unable to face Liam's words. Louis walked away from me like talking was too heavy. The boys were confused and hurt.

And I...

I was just sitting here like a fool doing nothing about it.

"I need to do something," I whispered to myself. "But then what can I do? What can I do to bring back my family back together? I want a complete family. I want Lennox, Levi, and Louis to love themselves like they did years ago... God... years ago they were inseparable."

They used to laugh together.

Train together.

Fight the whole world for each other.

They could die for each other without thinking twice.

So what happened?

What happened to that bond?

What happened to us?

My chest tightened. I blinked fast as tears rushed to my eyes again.

How did I sit here... and watch them drift apart... and do nothing?

I failed my duty.

As their mate... I was supposed to hold this family together. I was supposed to protect them emotionally, mentally, spiritually. I was supposed to remind them of who they are, what they share, what they mean to each other.

Instead... look at us.

Broken.

Scattered.

Each person hurting on their own.

Levi drowning in guilt.

Louis acting strong but breaking inside.

The boys confused and asking questions they shouldn't even understand.

Lennox suffering alone... feeling unwanted... feeling abandoned... feeling unloved.

And me...

Sitting here like a helpless idiot.

A tear slipped down my cheek. I wiped it quickly.

"No," I whispered softly. "No more."

"I have to fix this," I breathed out. "I don't know how... but I will. I will fix it. I don't care how long it takes."

I wiped my face again and stood up from the dining table, feeling so drained it was like my bones were tired.

I walked back to my room slowly... my steps heavy... my mind running in a hundred directions.

The moment I closed my door behind me, I leaned against it and exhaled shakily.

How do I begin?

I rubbed my forehead and sat on the edge of my bed, trying to think of a plan.

Then—a knock.

I straightened a little. "Come in."

My assistant stepped inside holding a brown file.

"Luna... these are the names of the she-wolves who passed the combat training," she said gently.

I nodded and forced a small smile. "Thank you. Just leave it on the table."

But she didn't leave.

She stood there... shifting from one foot to another... like something was eating her inside.

I frowned slightly. "Is there something else?"

She hesitated for a few seconds, biting her lip, then finally whispered, "Yes, Luna."

I sat up straighter. "What is it?"

Her fingers tightened around her clipboard. "There have been... rumors. Since yesterday."

My stomach dropped.

Rumors?

I kept my voice calm, hiding my concern. "What rumors?"

She looked even more nervous. "No one knows who started it... but it's spreading around the pack."

I stared at her, waiting.

She swallowed. "Luna... people are saying that you, Alpha Levi, and Alpha Louis abandoned Alpha Lennox during the four years he was unconscious."

My heart stopped for a moment.

She quickly added, "I'm sure it's a lie, Luna, but that's not all... another rumor is that... that you are no longer Alpha Lennox's mate."

My breath caught.

She continued quietly, "Please... you have to come out and clear the air before people start believing it."

I just stared at her.

She had no idea.

No idea that everything she said...

Was actually true.

I felt my throat tighten painfully.

My assistant mistook my silence for anger and rushed to speak. "Luna—please don't misunderstand. I didn't say I believe any of it, I just thought you should know so you can address it—"

I lifted my hand slowly to stop her.

And whispered, "Thank you. You may go."

She bowed and turned to leave... but then I heard noises coming from downstairs.

"What is that?" I frowned as I jumped to my feet, making my way out of the room. My wolf was already alert, ready to shift and attack.

Reaching the living room, I froze on seeing our sons' guards.

All three of them on their knees as Levi and Louis grabbed them by their collars.

"Tell me you are joking!" Louis yelled in rage... his angry voice bouncing off the walls.

## Chapter 559: The Best

Olivia POV

The guard's terrified lips trembled, and one spoke. "The boys said they wanted to go to the market... they wanted to do sightseeing... so we took them out for a little walk," the guard stammered. "Everything seemed fine... and—"

"GET TO THE POINT!" Louis roared, shaking the man so hard his teeth clacked.

The guard's whole body trembled. "W-we were ambushed, Alpha."

My heart dropped straight to my stomach.

Ambushed?

Levi's grip tightened on the second guard's shirt. "What do you mean ambushed?!"

The guard's voice cracked. "T-Three cars blocked our path. Black SUVs. They cornered us at Hunter's Bend."

I felt my blood run cold.

Hunter's Bend was isolated... no houses... no warriors stationed... just a small empty curved road by the woods.

A perfect place to strike.

Louis's chest rose sharply. "And you idiots still took MY SONS THERE?!"

"They insisted, Alpha!" the man cried. "They said their mothers always took them to see Hunter's Bend street market—"

"That market closed last year!" Louis thundered.

The guard flinched. "We... we didn't know—"

Levi slammed him against the wall so hard the paintings rattled. "Where are they now?!"

The guard fell to his knees, sobbing. "They took them."

My legs buckled for a second.

"They took Liam, Leon and Leo..." he whispered. "We—we tried, Alpha. We fought. But the men... they weren't normal. They were strong. Too strong."

Louis's voice broke. "What do you mean strong?!"

"Not werewolves," the guard choked. "Something else. Their strength—it wasn't natural. They threw us around like toys."

My heart was beating too fast. Too loud. My wolf pushed so hard inside me I felt my vision blur.

The third guard—who had been silent the whole time—finally looked up with swollen, terrified eyes.

"They knew who the boys were," he whispered. "They called them by their names."

Every single air molecule froze.

"K-Kid... kidnappings in the pack haven't happened in years," he stuttered. "But this... this wasn't a random attack. They came for them."

Levi staggered back a step, like the floor moved under him. Louis's fists clenched so tight his knuckles cracked.

I felt tears sting my eyes as a sharp pain sliced my chest.

My babies.

My boys.

My sons.

Gone.

Kidnapped.

My lungs squeezed painfully, my breath shaking as I forced out, "Did they... leave anything? A message? A note? A sign?"

The guard nodded weakly and pulled something from his pocket with trembling hands.

A small card.

Just a card.

He held it out to me.

I stepped closer... my fingers shaking as I took it.

It was black.

Just black.

And in the middle... drawn in deep red ink...

Was a wolf's head.

Slashed through.

Like someone crossing out a wolf.

Levi's eyes widened instantly. "That symbol—"

Louis growled, "No... it can't be..."

But it was.

I recognized it too.

Everyone did.

My breath left my lungs as fear crawled up my spine.

"Shadow Fangs..." I whispered.

A deadly rogue group that disappeared years ago. The same group that killed thousands. The same group that slaughtered entire families. The same group our pack has been hunting.

They were supposed to be extinct.

But now...

They had our children.

Louis let out a roar so loud the windows shook.

Levi's eyes shifted fully black, his wolf pushing hard.

I clutched the card, my hand trembling violently.

"Oh God..." I whispered. "They took my babies..."

My knees weakened, tears filling my eyes as panic caught my throat.

Louis grabbed my shoulders to stop me from falling. "Hey—Olivia—look at me. Look at me."

I looked.

His eyes were red and terrified.

"We will get them back," he promised, his voice shaking. "I swear it."

Levi's wolf growled behind him. "We'll tear the world apart if we have to."

But through all the noise... through the panic... through the roaring in my ears... I heard the sound of the wheeling of a wheelchair.

My heart stopped.

We all turned slowly toward the hallway.

There he was.

Lennox.

The guard was pushing his wheelchair toward us, his expression tense like he could already smell the disaster in the air. Lennox's brows were drawn together, his jaw tight, his eyes scanning every one of us.

"What's going on?" he asked, voice low... controlled... but dangerous underneath.

No one answered.

Not me. Not Levi. Not Louis.

We just stood there, trembling, scared, unable to speak.

Lennox's voice sharpened. "I asked a question. What. Is. Going. On?"

Still silence.

His eyes narrowed with warning. "Somebody had better talk now before I lose my temper—"

Louis finally turned around, his face pale, his voice shaking.

"The boys... Liam, Leon, Leo... they were kidnapped."

The room went dead silent.

Lennox's face froze. Completely froze. Like the world stopped turning and he couldn't process the words.

"What?" he whispered.

Louis swallowed hard. "Shadow Fangs. They took them."

Something snapped inside Lennox's eyes.

He jerked forward in the wheelchair. "HOW?! How the hell did they get close?! Where were their guards?!"

Levi's voice cracked with anger. "They HAD guards. THESE guards." He shoved the first guard so hard the man hit the wall.

Lennox looked between the guards... the bruises on their faces... the torn clothes... the shame in their eyes.

Then he looked at us.

"You three must be kidding me," Lennox said slowly, disbelieving. "These... THESE are the men you assigned to protect the future alphas of this pack?"

His voice kept rising.

"You mean to tell me—" he pointed angrily at the three trembling guards, "—that you thought THREE ordinary wolves... NORMAL guards with no special training, no abilities, no heightened senses—were enough to protect MY CHILDREN? OUR CHILDREN?!"

Louis frowned.

Levi's jaw locked as he glared at Lennox.

Lennox's voice cracked with rage. "Are you STUPID?! Do you people even USE your brains?!"

His chest was rising and falling too fast. His anger rising.

"You assigned them—these weak, basic guards—to guard three royal-blooded children? The heirs to this pack?! Do you even THINK?!"

Louis lowered his head.

Levi's wolf pushed dangerously under his skin.

But Lennox wasn't done.

"This is negligence!" he roared. "This is pure, unforgivable stupidity! Do you even understand what the Shadow Fangs DO to children?! Do you KNOW what they are planning?!"

Levi snapped.

"SHUT UP!" Levi exploded, his voice cracking with so much rage it shook the air. "Just shut up with this your perfect, know-it-all attitude!"

Lennox growled low in his chest, his eyes narrowing... but Levi didn't stop.

He stepped closer, shaking, pointing at Lennox like years of bottled pain just burst open.

"Why do you ALWAYS act like you're the smartest? Like you're the only one who knows what to do? Like you're better than us—better than me—better than Louis—better than everybody?! You think you're the only one with sense? You think you're the only one who can handle things?! The only one who can FIX things?!"

I held my breath, waiting for Lennox to snap... but instead...

He scoffed.

A dry, cold, painful scoff... and then he shook his head slowly.

"Because I am the best, Levi."

Levi blinked—stunned, furious.

Lennox continued.

"Among the three of us, I've ALWAYS been the brain. ALWAYS been the one thinking ahead. ALWAYS been the one making sure we don't crash this entire pack." His eyes darkened. "And don't even pretend this isn't why your jealousy has been killing you since we were kids."

Levi's eyes widened like Lennox slapped him.

Lennox's voice dropped lower, more challenging.

"You hated it then, and you hate it now. That no matter how hard you train, how strong you get, how much you roar... I will always be one step ahead of you."

Louis swallowed hard beside me.

"And that," Lennox added quietly, "is why you can't stand me. That is why you wanted me dead."

## Chapter 560: Blocked

Olivia's POV

The whole room went still.

Levi's chest was rising so fast it looked like he couldn't breathe. His fists curled, his wolf pushing hard beneath his skin... and then suddenly—he snapped.

He lunged.

Straight for Lennox.

I gasped and jumped forward instantly, blocking his path with both arms spread wide.

"Levi, STOP!"

He tried to push past me, but I shoved him back with all the strength I had. "If you dare lay a hand on him," I snapped, my voice low and shaking with fury, "I swear it will be the last time you ever use your hands. I will burn them both to ashes."

Levi froze.

Like he couldn't believe what he just heard.

His eyes hurt... his jaw clenched... his chest trembled with anger and betrayal.

"Really?" he whispered. "So you're taking his side?"

"No," I snapped back instantly. "I'm not on his side. I'm not on anybody's side." My voice shook harder. "But if Lennox was standing on his own two feet, if he wasn't in a wheelchair, if he wasn't healing—then fine. Fight. Tear each other apart. I won't care."

I stepped closer to him, my eyes burning into his.

"But not like this. Not when he can't even stand. I won't let you fight him in this state. Not today."

Levi scoffed... a sharp, bitter sound. "Stop it, Olivia. Just stop. You can pretend all you want, but we all know the truth."

"What truth?" I asked, breathing hard.

His eyes snapped to mine. "He's your favorite."

The words deepened my frown... this again... why can't he just believe me when I say I have no favorite...

Behind me, Lennox scoffed. "I'm glad you know," he muttered. "And you will always be second to me."

Louis let out a low curse under his breath.

Something inside me snapped at that moment.

I turned around and slapped Lennox across the face.

The sound echoed.

Lennox's head jerked to the side.

Everyone went silent—including the guards.

"Stop provoking your brothers," I said through clenched teeth. "Not now. Not at a time like this. This isn't about who's better or who's smarter. Our children are missing. Focus."

Lennox slowly looked back at me, shock flickering through his eyes.

Before anyone could say another word—

Riiiiing... Riiiiing...

Levi's phone vibrated loudly in his pocket.

All of us turned.

Levi pulled it out with shaking hands... looked at the screen... and his face went pale.

Completely pale.

His fingers trembled as he answered.

"Hello?"

A beat.

Then another.

His eyes widened... his breath hitched... and he whispered,

"Who... who is this?"

Silence.

His throat bobbed.

Then Levi suddenly flinched, stepping back a little like someone punched him in the stomach.

"Oh my God..." he breathed. "No. No—please—wait—!"

Louis rushed toward him. "Levi—what is it? Who's on the phone?"

Levi swallowed hard... tears suddenly building in his eyes.

"It's them," he whispered. "The Shadow Fangs."

My stomach twisted painfully.

Louis froze.

Lennox's fingers gripped his wheelchair handle.

I stepped forward, my voice breaking. "What... what did they say?"

Levi lifted the phone slowly, his hand shaking as he put the phone on loudspeaker.

For a second... nothing.

Just silence.

Then we heard it.

A small voice.

Tiny. Scared.

"Mom... fathers... please save us..."

My heart stopped.

Another little voice came next, shaking.

"We're scared... please come..."

Louis froze beside me.

Levi's jaw tightened so hard I saw the muscle jump.

Even Lennox's hands gripped his wheelchair armrests like he was holding himself back from breaking something.

"Liam?" Louis said, his voice shaking with rage. "Leo? Leon?"

But before the boys could speak again—

A deep, cold voice cut through the phone.

"Shut up."

I felt my whole body turn cold.

"Now that we have your attention... let's make this simple."

The room went dead still.

"Your sons are alive—for now. And they stay alive ONLY if you follow instructions."

Lennox leaned forward slightly. "What do you want?"

A dark chuckle drifted through the phone.

"What we want... is a head."

My heart squeezed painfully, but none of the men flinched.

The voice continued, amused.

"Not just any head. We want the head of one of the great Alphas of the Full Moon Pack."

Levi's eyes narrowed.

Louis's wolf growled low.

Lennox's jaw clenched.

"You're insane," Louis spat.

"Oh no," the voice laughed. "We're very serious. Bring us the head of one of you three... and we return the children alive."

A chill spread through my spine.

"You have forty-eight hours," the man added. "And don't bother looking for us. You won't find us."

Lennox's eyes darkened. "We'll find you."

"We'll see."

Then the phone went dead.

Silence dropped over the whole room like a heavy stone. No one spoke. No one moved. Even the air felt tight and painful.

My head was spinning. My chest hurt. My wolf inside me was pacing, howling, clawing to get out.

My boys.

My babies.

In the hands of monsters.

I felt my knees weaken, so I sat down fast, pressing my hands to my forehead. I tried to breathe, but my breaths came out shaky and broken.

No one said anything.

But I knew... we were all thinking the same horrible thing.

Forty-eight hours.

One Alpha must die.

Or our sons don't come back.

My heart squeezed painfully. I stood up suddenly.

"I can teleport us to them," I said fast. "All I have to do is think about the boys. My teleporting gift will take me straight to their location. I can do it—I can find them!"

Before anyone could argue, I closed my eyes, reaching deep into myself, pulling my power forward. My body warmed. My skin tingled. I pictured Liam... Leon... Leo... their faces... their little voices...

But then—

Something hit me.

A dark push.

A force.

It slammed into my mind like a wall.

I gasped and stumbled back.

"No..." I whispered. "Something... something stopped me."

Levi stepped forward, shaking his head slowly. "I don't think you can teleport to them, Olivia."

I looked at him fast. "Why? Why not?! I've never failed before—"

He held up his hand. "Because the Shadow Fangs are not stupid."

My breath hitched. Louis frowned. Lennox lifted his head slowly.

Levi continued, his voice low and serious. "They know your ability. They planned this. They wanted the children because they knew it would bring all of us to our knees."

My heart pounded hard in my ears. "So... what are you saying?"

Levi sighed, his face tight. "I think they used something... something dark. A black spell. A barrier. Something that blocks your gift from reaching their location."

My stomach twisted.

Black magic.

That was no joke.

"So I can't teleport to them?" I whispered.

Levi shook his head. "Not unless we break the spell. Right now... they're hidden behind something your power can't pass through."

I felt my whole body go cold.

Louis clenched his fists. Lennox's eyes darkened.

A black spell.

Used only by the darkest witches.

The Shadow Fangs were stronger, smarter, and more dangerous than we ever thought.

I pressed a shaking hand to my mouth.

"What do we do now?" I whispered.

## **Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 561: Blocked - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 561: Blocked**

### **Chapter 561: Blocked**

Lennox's POV

For a moment... no one spoke.

We all just stood there thinking... breathing hard... trying not to panic.

And me?

I sat there in that useless wheelchair feeling something I hated more than anything—

Helpless.

My sons were out there... scared... crying for us... and I couldn't even stand. Couldn't shift. Couldn't fight. Couldn't move.

We had forty-eight hours.

Forty-eight hours before something terrible could happen.

No. I refused to think it.

Suddenly Levi turned sharply, his eyes drilling into me.

"You say you're the smart one," he said, his voice low but full of anger. "You're always telling us how you think ahead. How you have all the answers. How you're the brain among us, right?"

Louis shot him a warning look, but Levi didn't stop.

He stepped toward me slowly.

"So go on," he growled. "Use your brain. Use your skills. Do something. Tell us what to do."

I wanted to snap back at him, but now wasn't the time. So I swallowed it.

I ignored him and looked toward Golden, who had just walked in.

"Send for the Seer," I said firmly.

Golden bowed immediately and rushed out.

Levi gave me one more hateful glare, but I ignored him again and turned my eyes to Olivia.

She was shaking. All over. Her hands, her shoulders, even her lips.

Not just from fear.

From rage.

From feeling useless when she had abilities that could save the boys, but something was blocking her.

It killed her. I could see it.

I wanted to hold her... to touch her... to tell her we'd fix this. But I held myself back.

Not now.

Not like this.

Minutes passed. Silent. Heavy. Every second felt like a punch.

Then finally—

Golden returned with the Seer.

She walked in calmly, her long white robe whispering across the floor. Her eyes were already glowing faint gold.

Before I could speak, she bowed her head lightly.

"I know why you called me," she said softly.

I nodded once. "Good. Then tell me—can you break the spell? We need to locate our sons."

She hummed quietly and lifted her hands. "Let me see what I can do."

We all stood still... barely breathing... as she began chanting.

Whispered words. Low incantations. Her fingertips glowing faintly as energy filled the room.

Then—her eyes snapped open.

And she shook her head.

A cold weight dropped in my stomach.

"What is it?" I demanded.

The Seer blew out a long breath. "A strong witch spell covers their tracks. A very strong one. Their location cannot be sensed... not by magic, not by wolf senses, not by any psychic ability."

I grunted loudly, anger boiling inside me. "There must be a way—"

She lifted her hand gently. "Unless the witch holding the spell dies... or drops the barrier herself... they cannot be found."

The room went silent again.

Olivia covered her mouth, her eyes watery. Louis stepped back like he needed air. Levi slammed his fist into the wall.

And me?

I felt cold.

Very cold.

"We'll find another way," I said, my voice low and shaking with controlled rage. "We have to."

Levi didn't waste time.

He wiped his face roughly and turned to the warriors who were already kneeling.

"Send out the scent trackers," he growled. "All of them. The elite ones. I want every trail checked. Every road. Every forest line. MOVE!"

They jumped to their feet and ran out instantly.

But deep inside me... I knew it was useless.

Those men were protected.

They were under a witch's spell.

No scent, no trace, nothing would leak through.

Still... we had to try.

Olivia was pacing now, her breaths fast, her hands shaking so much she had to grip the back of a chair. Her wolf was howling inside her, so loud I could almost FEEL it vibrating through the room.

She looked like she was one second away from exploding.

Louis kept rubbing his forehead, stepping back and forth like he wanted to smash something but was trying not to.

Levi was pacing like a caged animal.

And me...

My thoughts kept going back to the boys.

To their little voices.

To their tiny cries through that phone.

And then my mind landed on Liam.

Liam...

The only one who hugged me when I came back.

The only one who defended me.

The only one who looked at me with real love.

My chest tightened painfully.

What must he be going through right now?

My boy... my little son... trapped with monsters.

My heart squeezed so hard I almost bent forward.

I couldn't take it.

I just couldn't.

Before I even realized what I was doing, I turned to all of them.

My voice came out firm. Calm. Too calm.

"If we can't find them before the time... I will volunteer myself."

The room exploded.

Olivia gasped loudly. "Lennox—what are you saying?!"

"You heard me," I said, meeting her eyes.

"No," she snapped, shaking her head fast. "No—no—you're NOT saying this. You're NOT—"

Louis stepped forward quickly. "Lennox, stop. STOP. No one is dying. Forget that idea. Throw it away."

Levi didn't even give me a chance.

He stepped closer, his eyes burning into mine.

"Wow," he said quietly. "Just wow. Of course. OF COURSE you would say that."

Olivia turned to him sharply. "Levi, this is not the time—"

But Levi lifted his hand slightly to silence her, still staring at me.

"You think sacrificing yourself makes you a hero?" he asked, his voice loud. "You think it makes you the smartest? The bravest? The best Alpha?"

I clenched my jaw but said nothing.

Levi scoffed. "You really are unbelievable."

Olivia's wolf growled. "Levi, enough!"

Louis placed a hand on Levi's shoulder, trying to calm him, but Levi shrugged it off.

He stepped even closer to me.

"Don't you EVER say that again," he said. "Don't you EVER think for one second that we will give you up. If someone is dying, it WON'T be you—"

Olivia spun toward him. "NO ONE is dying!"

## **Chapter 562: Useless**

Olivia's POV

"No one is dying!" I shouted... my angry voice echoing off the wall. My voice shook. My whole body shook. I didn't even know when I moved... but suddenly I was standing between all three of them.

I looked from Louis... to Levi... then to Lennox.

"What is wrong with all of you?" I shouted angrily, my voice breaking. "Our children are out there. Scared. Alone. And instead of thinking... instead of planning... instead of using your heads... you three want to argue about who should die?"

Louis lowered his eyes.

Levi clenched his jaw.

Lennox looked away.

But none of them spoke.

I stepped closer to Lennox first. My hand shook as I pointed at him. "Don't ever say something like that again. Don't ever offer yourself like your life means nothing."

He opened his mouth, but I didn't let him talk.

"You are their father," I said. "Do you know what it will do to the boys? Do you know what it will do to us? To me? Stop talking like you are ready to die. I won't let you."

Lennox looked stunned... almost guilty.

Then I turned to Levi.

"And you," I whispered.

He swallowed hard.

"This is not the time to fight with Lennox. This is not the time to prove anything. Not the time to let old wounds speak."

Levi looked away, like a child being scolded.

"You are angry. I know. You are scared. I know. But focus. Our children need their fathers to THINK, not fight."

Then I faced Louis.

His eyes were already away from me, like he was scared to look me in the eyes.

"You too," I said softly. "Don't ever talk like someone dying is an option. Not you. Not Levi. Not Lennox. Not any of you."

The room went quiet.

Painfully quiet.

I took a shaky breath. "We are parents. Our job is to protect them, not to give up."

For a moment... no one moved.

Then Lennox spoke first... his voice low.

"Then what do we do, Olivia?" he asked. "Forty-eight hours. A witch barrier. No trail. No scent. No vision. No location. Tell me what we do."

I opened my mouth... but nothing came out.

Because I didn't know.

I didn't know what to do.

My wolf paced inside me, wild, angry, ready to break something.

What do we do?

What do we do when magic is blocking us? What do we do when the enemy wants a head? What do we do when time is ticking?

I didn't realize I was shaking again until Louis touched my arm gently.

"Olivia..." he whispered. "Please take a breath."

"No." I shook my head and yanked his hand away from me as I began to pace around. "I feel so useless..." I spat in anger as I continued to pace around like a caged animal. "What is the use of this ability... what is the use of having this ability when I can't use it to save my children... what is the fucking use." I spat and kicked a stool out of my way.

None of the men said a word; rather, Lennox began wheeling himself away.

"I need to speak to someone..." Levi said as he excused himself.

"I need to check on the warriors we sent out." Louis said as he also walked away, leaving me alone, drowning in my pain, fear, and worry.

I focused on my wolf. "What do we do... there has to be something," I said frustratedly...

She sighed and whispered softly... "Maybe we should try again."

I nodded as I closed my eyes and tried again.

Tried to teleport.

I tried to push through the barrier with everything inside me.

I thought of Liam.

I thought of Leon.

I thought of Leo.

My babies.

My boys.

Their scared little voices.

The way they cried on that phone.

"Come on... come on..." I whispered, my whole body shaking as I tried harder.

My energy flared.

My wolf howled.

My veins heated up...

But then—

BAM.

Something slammed into me like a wall.

I gasped and stumbled back, almost falling.

It didn't work.

Again.

I clenched my teeth and tried one more time.

Harder.

Stronger.

With everything in me.

But again...

nothing.

Just that same dark block slamming me backwards.

I let out a deep, angry grunt and punched the air. "What is this?! Why?! Why can't I reach them—why?!"

My wolf whined inside me. She sounded defeated... tired... heartbroken.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I think... I think the Shadow Fangs used a blood-binding spell. A very old one. It blocks teleporters."

My heart dropped.

Blood-binding spell?

That type of magic was done with sacrifice... pain... death.

My vision blurred with fresh tears.

"I can't get to my children..." I whispered, my voice breaking. "I can't reach them... I can't find them..."

My knees shook.

Then suddenly—

I thought of Lennox.

The way he wheeled himself out of the room without a word.

The look in his eyes.

The pain hiding under the anger.

I didn't like it.

Not one bit.

So without thinking twice... I marched down the hallway and went straight to his room.

I didn't knock.

I pushed the door open.

Lennox was there—sitting by the window in his wheelchair, staring at nothing. His jaw was tight, his shoulders stiff, his hands gripping the armrests so hard I could see his veins.

He didn't look at me.

But he knew I was there.

I stepped inside quietly.

"Lennox..." I whispered.

Still no answer.

I moved closer until I was standing right in front of him.

"Look at me."

Slowly—very slowly—he raised his eyes.

And what I saw made my heart drop.

Pain.

Fear.

Guilt.

Anger.

Every terrible emotion a father could feel.

He swallowed hard. "Any news yet?"

I shook my head. "No. I tried. But something is blocking me. Something dark."

His jaw clenched harder.

Silence filled the room. Heavy. Thick.

I sighed and knelt down in front of his wheelchair.

"Lennox... talk to me."

He looked away again, his voice rough. "What do you want me to say, Olivia? That I'm calm? That I'm okay? That I believe we'll find them? I'm not calm. I'm not okay. I don't believe anything right now."

I felt my chest tighten.

He continued, voice low and shaking, "I can't protect them. I can't even walk. I can't run after them. I can't fight. And now the Shadow Fangs have them. My sons... my boys..."

He drew in a sharp breath and whispered, "I am their father... but I can't even save them."

My eyes stung.

I reached forward and took his hand.

"Lennox... don't say that."

He didn't pull away. Not this time.

He looked at me again. His eyes soft but broken.

"Olivia... what if we lose them? I just met them... I can't lose them... I have so many things to know about them."

My whole body froze.

"No," I whispered immediately. "We won't. We won't lose them."

"How do you know?" he asked, his voice cracking. "How? We can't trace them. We can't scry them. You can't teleport them. The guards are useless. The trackers will come back empty. And the Fangs want the head of an Alpha. Tell me—how are we supposed to save them?"

I opened my mouth... but nothing came out.

Because I didn't know.

I really didn't know.

My throat tightened. My chest burned. Everything inside me felt tight and painful. And before I knew it, the words slipped out of my mouth in a broken whisper.

"I feel... so useless."

Lennox lifted his head slowly.

I shook my head over and over, my voice cracking. "I have all these powers... all these gifts... but I can't even find my children. I can't save them. I can't do anything. I'm useless, Lennox. Completely useless."

My voice broke.

"My children are out there... scared... crying for me... and I can't reach them. I can't help them. I can't even break a spell. What kind of mother am I? What kind of Luna am I? What is the use of everything I have if I can't save the people I love?"

My breath trembled.

Tears spilled down my cheeks, hot and painful.

"I'm useless," I whispered again. "Just useless..."

Lennox's eyes softened instantly. His hard expression melted in seconds. Before I could even wipe my face, he moved—quickly—pulling me forward until I fell right onto his lap.

I gasped. "Lennox—"

## **Chapter 563: Wrong**

Olivia's POV

His arm wrapped around my waist, tight, protective, and warm. The other hand came up to my face and wiped my tears with his thumb.

"Don't ever say that again," he muttered, his voice low... deep... almost angry but tender at the same time.

I blinked at him, stunned.

"You are not useless," he said. "You are the strongest woman I know. The most powerful. The bravest. The only one who never gave up on us even when we gave you every reason to walk away."

My throat closed. His voice was soft... but full of emotion I hadn't heard from him in a very long time.

"You fought for this family when we didn't deserve you," he continued. "You stood between us when we were ready to tear each other apart. You tried to teleport even when it hurt you. You love those kids more than your own life."

He touched my cheek again... gently.

"Don't ever say you're useless," he whispered. "Don't ever insult yourself like that. Not in front of me."

His thumb brushed my cheek again. "You're not useless, Olivia. You're everything."

I swallowed hard.

His eyes...

His voice...

His hand on my cheek...

His arm around my waist...

Suddenly everything else faded.

The fear.

The guilt.

The panic.

The pain.

All gone... just for a moment.

And all I saw was him.

All I felt was him.

This man I loved so much.

This man I missed so deeply.

This man I wanted to hold onto forever.

It hit me all at once—I missed him.

I missed this.

I missed being close to him.

His eyes dropped to my lips.

Mine dropped to his.

For a second... I forgot everything.

I forgot the kids.

I forgot the pain.

I forgot the war.

It was just me and him.

Just us.

My heart thudded painfully as I leaned in slowly... his arm tightening around my waist like he wanted me closer—wanted me—

But before our lips could meet—

The door flew open.

We both jerked our heads around.

Levi stood there.

I jumped in shock, my whole body jerking away from Lennox's lap as if someone poured cold water on me.

I stumbled to my feet fast, wiping my face, fixing my hair, and trying to look normal.

But Levi was already standing in the doorway.

Staring.

His eyes moved from me...

to Lennox...

to how close we were.

Then he scoffed.

A deep, bitter scoff.

"You two must be kidding me..." he said, his voice low but sharp. "Even now? Even at a time like this?"

Then he turned sharply and stormed out.

My heart dropped.

I ran after him immediately. "Levi—wait!"

I reached the hallway as he kept walking fast, his shoulders shaking with anger.

"Levi!" I called again, my voice trembling.

He didn't stop.

But I finally caught up... grabbed his arm... and he froze.

Very slowly, he turned his head toward me.

His eyes...

His eyes were filled with pain.

And jealousy.

And betrayal.

He pulled his arm from my grip and spat, "Don't fucking touch me."

"Don't touch me," Levi spat again, jerking his arm out of my hand.

His voice was sharp... bitter... almost trembling with a mix of anger and hurt.

"Levi, it's not what you think," I said quickly, breathless from running after him.

He turned fully now, his eyes burning into mine. "Oh, please," he scoffed. "I'm not a fool, Olivia. I walked in and saw exactly what was happening. You and Lennox were about to kiss—don't insult my intelligence."

My jaw tightened. "Levi—"

"No," he snapped, pointing at me. "Don't lie. Don't pretend. Your mouth was right there on his. You two were practically—"

"I said it's not what you think!" I yelled back, stepping toward him.

He stared at me like my words meant nothing.

I dragged in a shaky breath and said quietly but firmly, "You know things between me and Lennox haven't been good... you know it. That was a moment—a good moment—to mend our relationship. The boys need that. They need all three of you united. Not fighting. Not hating each other."

He laughed.

A cold, painful laugh.

"Oh, wow. Wow." He shook his head. "So that's what matters right now? Mending your relationship? Olivia, are you even hearing yourself?"

"Levi—"

"No, answer me!" he snapped. "What kind of mother are you? Your kids—your babies—are kidnapped. They're crying somewhere, scared, shaking, probably begging for help and thinking of you... and you're here almost making out with a man—maybe even ready to fuck him if I didn't walk in!"

The words hit me like a slap.

My vision blurred with pure, hot anger.

Before I could stop myself—

SLAP!

My palm cracked across his cheek.

Levi's head snapped to the side. His breath caught.

"Don't you EVER," I said, my voice shaking, "question my love for my children. Don't you EVER make it sound like I don't care. I am dying inside! I am losing my mind! I would burn this whole world down for them!"

He blinked, stunned, the anger melting into guilt in seconds.

"I... I don't know what got into me," he whispered. "Olivia... I—"

"Just leave me alone, Levi," I said, my voice breaking. "Please. Just... leave me alone."

I turned and walked away before he could say anything else.

Reaching my room, I leaned on the door...my chest rising and falling too fast... my hand pressed against my heart like I was trying to hold it together before it ripped apart.

The room felt too small. Too quiet. Too heavy.

Levi's words kept replaying in my head like a sharp echo I couldn't silence.

What kind of mother are you?

Your kids are scared... crying... and you were about to make out with a man... maybe even fuck him...

I squeezed my eyes shut.

"Stop... just stop," I whispered to myself.

But the thoughts didn't stop.

They hit harder.

Because the truth was...

Would I have kissed Lennox?

My throat tightened.

Yes.

Yes... I would have.

I would have kissed him.

I would have let him pull me close.

I would have melted into him... because in that moment I wasn't thinking. In that moment I forgot everything. In that moment... it was just me and him. Like the world was fading and he was the only thing left.

I slid down the wall slowly... my back hitting the floor.

What kind of mother does that?

My sons were kidnapped. My babies were crying for me. Begging.

And I... I had been leaning in to kiss someone.

Tears stung my eyes.

"What is wrong with me..." I whispered.

My wolf whined softly inside me. "Don't be hard on yourself—you were in pain... he comforted you..."

But the guilt clawed deeper.

Was Levi right to be angry?

Should he have shouted at me?

My chest squeezed painfully.

Maybe he had every right.

Because the truth was...

I wasn't thinking like a mother. I wasn't thinking like someone whose children were in danger. I wasn't thinking at all.

I buried my face in my hands.

"I'm a mess..." I whispered. "My kids are out there... scared... and I'm here losing control."

A sob escaped before I could stop it.

"Am I... a terrible mother?" I choked out softly. "Is that what I am?"

## **Chapter 564: Something Not Right**

Lennox's POV

Six hours.

Six fucking hours.

And yet—nothing.

The warriors came back empty.

The elite trackers came back empty.

The seers from the other packs all said the same thing:

"Their location is blocked. The Shadow Fangs have sealed them. We cannot see anything."

Louis and Levi even contacted our allies, asked them to search their borders, their hidden tunnels, every damn corner of their lands.

Still nothing.

"Fuck," I growled and slammed my fist into the wall. The stone cracked, but it didn't make me feel any better. I was so damn useless. So fucking useless.

Six hours... and my boys—my little sons—were out there with monsters.

Six hours... and we still had no clue where they were.

Six hours... and time was burning fast.

I stared at my legs.

My pathetic, lifeless legs.

If only I had them back...

If only I could fucking stand...

If only I could shift...

If only I had my wolf...

I gripped the wheelchair arm so hard my knuckles popped.

"This is pathetic," I muttered. "I'm their father. I should be out there tearing the world apart—not sitting here like a cripple."

Feeling suffocated in my room, I wheeled myself out, down the corridor, then to the living room, where I met Levi and Louis with some men... men I didn't recognize.

The moment they noticed my presence, they all looked my way. Their eyes moved from my face...

to my legs...

to the wheelchair.

And just like that, I felt it—the look I hated more than pity.

Doubt.

Levi cleared his throat. "We... uh... didn't hear you coming."

"Obviously," I muttered, wheeling forward.

The men straightened, lowering their heads respectfully.

Louis stepped toward me. "These are elite trackers from the SilverMount Pack. They offered their help."

I nodded and got closer while Louis continued explaining, "They claim they know where the Shadow Fangs might be hiding. They tracked one of their members weeks ago but lost the trail. But they remember the general direction—toward the North Ridge caves."

I narrowed my eyes. "How did they track him?"

One of the elite trackers stepped forward. "We followed a rogue who carried the same symbol on the card you showed us. He was fast—strong too—but we saw the path he took before he vanished. We believe the hideout is somewhere there."

I nodded slowly. "So what's the plan?"

Levi answered instantly. "Me and Louis are marching there with our best armies. We'll attack them head-on."

I looked at the so-called elite trackers again. Really looked.

Their posture was too stiff. Their breathing too controlled. Their eyes too calm. Their bodies too relaxed for men claiming to have chased a Shadow Fang before.

Something was off.

"Levi. Louis," I said sharply. "Let's have a word. Outside."

Levi rolled his eyes immediately. "Seriously? Now?"

Louis grabbed his arm. "Levi. Move."

We stepped farther down the hallway, out of earshot.

The moment we were alone, I faced them. "There is something wrong with those five men."

Levi scoffed loudly. "Oh, here we go—"

I snapped, "Shut up and let me talk. I may be crippled... useless... stuck in this damn wheelchair... but my instincts? My brain? My observations? They're not gone. And clearly you don't have one."

Levi stepped forward in anger. "I'm not doing this with you. I'm leaving."

Louis grabbed him again. "Levi, stop it. Listen to him."

I exhaled sharply. "Those men might be setting a trap. The Shadow Fangs never allow outsiders to follow them. Never. They kill witnesses immediately. Yet you're telling me these random men chased one and survived?"

Louis froze slightly.

Levi clenched his fists. "They are elite warriors. Their Alpha is loyal to us. They wouldn't dare betray—"

"People change," I cut in coldly. "Take you for example."

Levi stiffened. "What... the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

So many things rose in my throat.

How he changed from the sweet brother I grew up with...

How the anger in him grew...

How I sometimes looked at him and no longer saw the brother I loved, but a stranger...

But I didn't say any of it.

Instead, I forced my voice to be steady. "Levi, those men could be leading you straight into a trap. And I will not let you two fall for it."

He scoffed again, full of disbelief. "Okay then, Lennox. What do you, the all-knowing, all-smart Lennox, suggest? Go on. Enlighten us."

It was mockery. But I ignored it.

"You two will NOT follow the army," I said. "You will stay several miles behind. I will go with the main warriors."

Louis's eyes widened. "Lennox, you can't—"

"I can," I cut in. "And I will. If it's a trap... better me than you."

Levi glared at me, his jaw tight, eyes dark. "You can't even walk, Lennox. How the hell do you think you're going to protect yourself... or anyone?"

I looked him dead in the eyes.

"If I die, you two live. And the boys still have their fathers."

Louis exhaled shakily, torn.

Levi's jaw tightened. "I'm not buying this trap nonsense. Their Alpha is under us. Loyal to us. His men can't betray us. And if they do—" his eyes darkened, "—we'll wipe off his entire pack."

I stared at him. "And if you are DEAD, Levi? Tell me—how exactly will you wipe them out from the grave?"

He froze.

Just for a second.

But I saw it.

Louis said nothing, but his eyes flickered—like he was thinking the same thing I was thinking.

Levi turned sharply to him. "Louis. Don't tell me you're falling for this shit."

Louis didn't answer.

He just looked at me... then at the ground... then back to Levi.

Levi scoffed angrily. "Louis? Seriously? You can't be considering—"

"Levi, stop," Louis finally said, his voice steady but tired. "You can't make that decision by yourself."

"I'm not asking you—" Levi started.

Louis cut him off. "We're three Alphas. Three. Not one. Not two. And majority carries the vote."

Levi's whole body stiffened. "Louis—"

"I trust Lennox's tactics," Louis continued. "You know he's always right about battle patterns. You know he sees things we don't. His instincts have saved our pack countless times... even when we doubted him." He swallowed. "And I'm not doubting him now."

Levi's eyes widened in disbelief. "So you're choosing him?"

"I'm choosing logic," Louis said quietly.

Levi turned to me then—slowly—like he couldn't believe what he was hearing.

His voice cracked. "It's two against one?"

I nodded once. "Majority carries the vote."

### **Chapter 565: The Plan**

Lennox's POV

Levi stared at us both, his lips parting, his chest rising and falling hard with anger and betrayal.

He shook his head and stepped back. "You two are insane. Both of you. Completely insane."

Louis tried to touch his arm, but Levi yanked away like Louis burned him.

"You want to follow Lennox's plan? Fine." Levi hissed, his angry voice echoing around the hall. "But when this goes wrong, when something happens, when—"

"It won't," I cut in quietly.

He glared at me like he wanted to rip the wheelchair apart. "You don't know that."

"I do," I said again.

He looked between us one last time, his jaw trembling, then stormed off down the corridor.

Louis let out a long breath and rubbed the back of his neck. "This is... going to get messy."

"I know," I muttered. "But trust me—this is for the best."

Louis nodded slowly. "So what's the plan?"

"Simple," I said. "I follow those men with the warriors to the place they claim. If it's not a trap, the warriors will ambush them immediately. Once I confirm it's safe—and that we're not walking into a slaughter—I'll send a signal. Then you and Levi come and join the fight."

Louis frowned. "And how are you going to protect yourself until then?"

"I may not walk," I said, gripping the armrest, "but I still have my sword. My arms work just fine."

Louis still didn't look convinced. "And if it is a trap?"

"Then better I fall into it than you two."

His eyes snapped to mine. "Lennox, stop saying shit like that."

"I'm serious," I said calmly. "Let me do this."

He looked away, frustrated, but finally nodded. Then he followed me back to the room where the men were waiting.

Levi was there—fuming, sitting on the couch, glaring at no one and everyone at the same time.

I ignored him and faced the five elite trackers.

"I will lead the fight," I announced.

Their eyes widened. A few exchanged quick glances. They tried to hide their unease—but I saw it.

One finally spoke. "Alpha... with respect... your condition—"

"My condition is none of your concern," I cut him off. "My best warriors will be joining us. We will be fine."

Still, they didn't look happy.

So I tested them.

"Luna Olivia will be coming as well," I lied.

Panic.

Instant panic washed over their faces.

One stepped forward fast. "No! No—Alpha, she cannot come. Her abilities... won't work there. Absolutely not."

They scrambled to cover the slip, stammering excuses.

And that was all the confirmation I needed.

My suspicions were right.

Something about them stank.

They were lying.

Pretending.

Hiding something.

I nodded calmly. "Fine. We leave in an hour. Go prepare."

They bowed and left the hall quickly—too quickly.

The moment the door shut, I turned to Louis.

"Where is Olivia?"

He sighed. "She's been teleporting—from seer to seer. Begging for help. Asking for ways to break the spell."

My chest tightened painfully.

Of course she was.

She'd burn her body to ashes if it meant saving our sons.

"Mind-link her and ask her to come back."

Louis nodded and mind-linked Olivia immediately, but the moment he did, his brows pulled together.

"I can't reach her," he said quietly. "It feels like... she's in the middle of a ritual."

Of course she was.

"Fine," I muttered. "If she comes back, tell her what's happening. Golden will communicate with you both through the mind-link since I... can't."

Louis nodded again.

I wheeled myself back to my room. I needed air... I needed silence... I needed a moment to think without Levi throwing tantrums.

Not two minutes passed before Golden walked in.

"Alpha," he bowed. "The warriors are preparing."

"How many?" I asked.

"Three hundred."

"Good."

Golden nodded. "Two hundred will fight in their wolf forms and the others in human forms."

I held his gaze for a moment. "Good," I muttered.

He cleared his throat. "You'll have to wear armor, Alpha."

I nodded. "Bring it."

He left, then returned with the heavy black armor. He helped me lift each piece, strapping the chest plate, adjusting the shoulder guards, tightening the straps around my arms. I hated needing help—but I stayed silent.

Then the door opened suddenly.

Annabella walked in, her eyes widening instantly.

"Alpha... why are you wearing armor? Where are you going? Please—you can't—your brothers are capable—"

I cut her off coldly.

"Annabella."

She froze.

"You are my healer. My nurse. That is all. Never put your mind into matters that do not concern you. Leave."

Her eyes widened, hurt flickering across her face, but she bowed her head and walked out quickly.

I exhaled slowly and turned to Golden.

"Keep an eye on her. And check her background... and her mother. I want everything."

Golden nodded sharply. "Yes, Alpha."

After he finished dressing me, he stepped back.

"You're ready."

"Good."

I wheeled myself back to the living room.

Levi was still there—still fuming—jaw tight, leg bouncing like he wanted to break something.

Louis looked worried.

Very worried.

I ignored Levi completely and asked, "Where is Olivia now?"

Louis shook his head. "Still no sign. Still no connection."

A sharp pain stabbed my chest.

I pushed it down.

"If she comes," I said, "tell her everything. And tell her to wait. Do NOT let her follow us."

Louis nodded slowly.

I looked between them. "Once we leave, Golden will update you through the mind-link. You two wait at our border until you get the signal."

Levi scoffed loudly. "This is stupid—"

I ignored him.

"Let's go."

We all stepped outside. The night air slapped my face, cold and heavy. Three hundred warriors stood ready, armored, weapons drawn, eyes sharp.

The five elite trackers approached.

"Alpha," their leader said, "the hideout is one hour from your border. Maybe Alpha Louis and Alpha Levi should follow us halfway. From there, you can decide together."

I narrowed my eyes.

Too eager.

Too confident.

Too... planned.

"No," I said calmly. "They will stay where they are. They'll be fine."

The trackers exchanged quick glances.

Fear.

Real fear.

My suspicion sharpened into certainty.

These men were lying.

This was a setup.

A trap.

But I needed to see how far they'd push.

"Let's move," I ordered.

The warriors shifted, waiting for the command.

Louis took a step toward me. "Be careful... please."

I nodded once.

Levi didn't even look at me.

He just muttered, "Let's get this over with."

The trackers turned, gesturing for us to follow the path toward the dark woods.

## **Chapter 566: The Exchange**

Lennox's POV

As we moved deeper into the woods, the air changed almost immediately. It became thicker, colder, and too quiet. Even the wind felt like it was holding its breath.

The five so-called elite trackers walked ahead, whispering to each other in a language they tried to hide. But I heard it. My hearing was sharper than any of them imagined.

Warriors followed behind me, wolf and human, their steps steady but alert for any trap.

Golden walked beside my wheelchair, pushing me with one hand, sword on his back. His eyes were shifting left and right like he expected something to jump out at us.

Good.

He should.

We were walking straight into a nest.

After twenty minutes, the forest grew darker. Too dark. The branches twisted unnaturally, and the scent of blood floated in the air, old blood, rotten blood.

Something was wrong.

Very wrong.

I lifted my hand slightly. Golden understood immediately and stopped pushing.

"Hold," I commanded quietly.

Three hundred warriors froze instantly.

The elite trackers turned around, fake confusion on their faces.

"Alpha? Why are we stopping?" the leader asked.

"Because," I said softly, "this place smells wrong."

"It is the wind," he said too quickly.

"No," I replied. "It is death."

Golden stiffened.

The warriors tensed.

The trackers exchanged panicked glances.

Got you.

I narrowed my eyes. "Tell me something... why do you smell like the Shadow Fangs?"

Their eyes widened.

Too late.

The leader's face twisted into a smirk. "Smart Alpha."

"Always have been," I muttered.

He whistled sharply.

The ground shook.

Suddenly the forest around us exploded with movement, rogues, witches, masked warriors, crawling out from behind trees, bushes, rocks. Dozens, no, hundreds.

They were waiting for us.

A perfect circle of enemies closed around my warriors.

Golden unsheathed his sword. "Alpha... it is an ambush!"

I grunted. "Obviously."

The elite tracker who stood closest leaned forward, grinning. "You walked right into it. Just like we planned."

I smirked back. "Funny. I planned for this too."

His grin faded. "What?"

I raised my hand.

Golden shouted through the link: NOW.

Three hundred warriors shifted instantly, bones cracking, growls erupting, teeth snapping out. The entire ground vibrated with the force of it.

The Shadow Fangs did not expect us to be ready.

Chaos detonated.

Wolves lunged. Blades clashed. Witches screamed spells. Rogues howled.

And I reached into my armor.

Pulled out my sword.

Golden pushed me forward, and I swung at the first rogue who jumped toward us, slicing clean through his chest.

The elite tracker stared at me in shock. "You bastard, you knew."

"I suspected," I corrected. "Then your stupidity confirmed it."

Golden shouted, "The signal, Alpha!"

Right.

I looked up at the sky.

Three short bursts of red light exploded upward from Golden's device, bright enough for Louis and Levi to see from miles away that it was a trap and send another reinforcements on their way.

I exhaled. "Good. Now we kill as many as we can before the reinforcements arrive."

Golden smirked. "Yes, Alpha."

But then a scream tore through the battlefield.

High.

Sharp.

Powerful enough to shake the trees.

Every warrior froze.

Witches gasped.

Even the rogues stumbled.

Because that voice...

That power...

Was unmistakable.

Another scream exploded, this time full of rage and anger.

Then BOOM.

A wave of blue-white energy blasted across the trees, ripping through the circle of enemies, throwing bodies like toys.

Warriors staggered back.

Golden shielded me with his arm.

I stared ahead, my breath frozen.

Because stepping out of the trees, eyes glowing like burning stars, hair whipping around her face, power crackling around her like lightning, was Olivia.

She was not teleporting anymore.

She was furious.

She was in goddess mode.

And she looked like she was ready to burn the entire world to get her children back.

She lifted her flaming hand toward the enemies.

"WHERE ARE MY BOYS?"

Her voice shook the entire forest.

Every Shadow Fang froze.

Every warrior bowed their head instinctively.

Even I felt my chest tighten.

Golden whispered, "Moon above... we are dead."

I smirked.

"No," I muttered. "They are."

"Where are my sons." Olivia yelled again in rage, the flames in her hands increasing.

But then the rogues stepped forward, three of them, each holding one of my boys.

Knives pressed to their tiny throats.

My heart stopped.

Leo whimpered. Leon whimpered.

But Liam, Liam was not crying.

He just stared straight at me, eyes wide, terrified, but trusting me.

Trusting that I would save him.

My chest broke.

The leader stepped out, smirking. "Any wrong move, and the boys die."

Olivia's whole body flamed with lightning. "Release them!" she screamed. "Before I burn you bastards to ASHES!"

The witches panicked. The rogues trembled.

But the knives stayed right on my children's necks.

Olivia was seconds away from exploding, killing everyone, including the boys by accident.

I could not let that happen.

So I said the only thing I knew would stop this madness.

"The head you want..." I shouted. "...take mine."

Olivia spun to me instantly. "LENNOX, NO!"

I ignored her and wheeled myself forward.

"You want an Alpha's head, right?" I growled at the leader. "Take mine. Release the boys."

The leader grinned slowly. "Finally. Someone with sense."

Olivia's voice cracked. "Lennox, stop! STOP! You are not doing this! Do not you dare."

I did not look at her.

I could not.

Because if I saw her face right now, I would break.

"Release one," I demanded.

The rogues hesitated for a second, and then he shoved Leo forward. Leo ran immediately, straight into Olivia's arms. She dropped to her knees and hugged him tight, sobbing into his hair.

I swallowed hard.

"Release the second."

They pushed Leon next. He stumbled, then Olivia pulled him in too, holding both boys like her life depended on it.

Only Liam remained.

My brave boy.

The leader tightened his grip on Liam. "The last one only goes free when YOU come here."

Olivia screamed, "NO! LENNOX, DO NOT! YOU ARE NOT GOING NEAR THEM!"

Her knees shook. Her powers flared dangerously. The entire forest trembled.

But Liam's little voice cut through everything.

"Daddy..."

God.

I nearly broke right there.

I whispered, "It is okay, Liam. Daddy is coming."

Then I turned to Olivia.

Her face was soaked with tears, her lips trembling, her whole soul breaking in front of me.

"Do not do this," she whispered. "Please. Lennox, please."

I forced a small smile. "It is for the best."

She shook her head violently. "No. NO. Nothing about this is best. NOTHING."

But I wheeled forward anyway.

Golden shouted, "Alpha, STOP."

The rogues raised their blades.

Olivia screamed.

And I whispered in my mind, "Liam must live. All of them must live. Even if I do not."

I kept moving, closer, closer, until I was just a few meters away.

"Let him go," I said quietly.

The leader smirked. "Come closer."

I did.

Olivia screamed again. "LENNOX PLEASE, STOP, STOP."

I did not.

Because this was the only guarantee the boys lived.

When I reached the exact spot the leader wanted, he nodded, and two rogues grabbed my wheelchair. A third pressed a knife to my throat.

### **Chapter 567: Outbust**

Lennox's POV

"Good boy," the leader hissed.

"Let him go," I growled.

He nodded once.

The rogue holding Liam pushed him forward—hard.

"Run," the rogue said mockingly.

Liam stumbled... then bolted straight into Olivia's arms.

She grabbed him so fast the rogue almost fell. All three boys were in her arms now—shaking, crying, burying themselves into her chest. She held them like she wanted to fuse them into her body forever.

I exhaled... relieved.

"Olivia..." I said softly. "Leave with them."

She snapped her head toward me, furious. "No. NEVER happening. I'm not leaving you."

The leader scoffed. "Luna, leave. You and your warriors step back. If you try ANYTHING stupid... he dies."

Olivia's flames dimmed slightly. Not from weakness... but from terror.

My terror-filled, powerful Olivia... terrified of losing me.

But in that moment a realization hit me hard.

Even if she obeyed... even if she left... these bastards would still kill me.

They needed my head.

They wanted my head.

I was not getting out of this alive.

So it was better...

Better Olivia burned this entire place to ash.

Including them.

Even if I died from it.

At least she would be saving a lot of people and even us from being their victims again.

I lifted my eyes to Olivia.

And she lifted hers.

Just like we used to when we were younger—talking without words.

Through our eyes, I told her the message:

Do it.

Burn them.

Kill them all.

End this.

Her eyes widened, tears spilling.

She whispered, "No... because if I unleash it... YOU will die with them."

"I know," I mouthed.

She shook her head violently. "NO. LENNOX, DON'T."

But I tightened my jaw.

This was the only way she and the kids lived in peace. These men may strike again, and I won't give them the chance. I have to protect my family.

I let my hand drop slowly... quietly... to the knife strapped at my armor waist.

Then, without blinking, I sent her the final message with my eyes.

Now.

In one swift motion, I grabbed the knife and drove it into the stomach of the rogue closest to me.

He gasped.

The rogue on my right sliced my throat instantly—hot pain exploding across my neck.

Another rogue slashed my arm open to the bone.

Olivia screamed—a sound that tore the sky.

And then—

**SHE UNLEASHED IT.**

Blue-white fire erupted from her palms, exploding outward like a supernova.

It hit the rogues first.

Then the witches.

Then the trees.

Then everything.

The men around me didn't even have time to scream. They burned into ash instantly—every last one of them—before their blades could strike again.

The entire forest lit up in flames, burning every rogue to ashes.

Slowly I fell. My body hit the ground hard, metal armor clashing against the dirt. Blood poured from my throat, warm and thick, and filled my mouth with the taste of iron. My vision blurred instantly.

But even through the haze... I saw it.

The rogues who tried to run.

Olivia didn't let even one escape.

She raised her hand—fire exploded from her palm like a living creature—and it swallowed them whole. Screams filled the burning forest. Warriors shifted and tore through the remaining Shadow Fangs. Golden swung his sword at anything that moved.

The entire battlefield was chaos—fire, smoke, bodies, blades—but Olivia stood in the center like a goddess of wrath.

Her flames glowed hotter. Brighter. Faster.

She wasn't even breathing normally. She wasn't herself. She was pure fury.

"Alpha!" Golden shouted as he dropped to his knees beside me. His hands grabbed my armor, shaking me. "Stay awake! Lennox, stay awake!"

I tried.

Moon, I tried.

But everything was fading. My pulse slowed. My vision dimmed. The world spun in and out. My hearing went muffled, like someone stuffed cotton into my head.

Golden was talking—but I couldn't hear.

My eyes closed once... twice... darkness creeping in around the edges.

Then—

"LENNOX!!!"

Her voice.

My eyes snapped open weakly.

Olivia came running through the fire, her flames dying out instantly the moment she saw me. The boys were with her—Leo crying, Leon screaming my name, Liam clutching her shirt with shaking fingers.

She dropped to her knees so hard the ground shook.

"NO—NO—LENNOX—stay with me!" She grabbed my face, her hands shaking so badly she could barely hold me. "Don't close your eyes! Don't you dare—don't you dare leave me!"

I tried to speak... but blood choked the words.

Her hands glowed white—pure healing energy radiating.

But the moment she tried to push it into me—

Her power fizzled.

Blocked.

She gasped. "No... no... not now... please not now—"

Golden leaned in. "Luna, we have to move him!"

She shook her head wildly. "I can heal him here—I can—I can—"

But my body wasn't responding. Her power wasn't responding. Nothing was working.

Leo sobbed harder, "Daddy please don't die!"

Leon screamed, "Daddy breathe!"

Liam was shaking uncontrollably, whispering, "Daddy... please stay..."

Olivia clenched her teeth, panic rising in her eyes. Then she made a decision.

"No," she whispered. "I'm not losing him. I'm NOT losing him here."

She grabbed me with one arm. She grabbed all three boys with her other hand. Golden moved back instantly.

She looked at me—her eyes glowing again.

"Hold on," she breathed. "Hold on, Lennox... please..."

And then—

BOOM.

In a blast of blue light—

We appeared on the sitting room floor.

I collapsed against the tiles, my blood pooling everywhere.

Olivia landed on her knees beside me, screaming for help.

"HEALERS! HEALERS NOW! SOMEONE GET ME A FUCKING HEALER!"

The boys cried around me. Olivia's hands shook uncontrollably. She placed her trembling hands on my neck, which was bleeding profusely, but her healing powers weren't working.

Her breath hitched. "No... no... WHY isn't it working?!"

Blood poured through her fingers.

Leo screamed.

Leon cried harder.

Liam kept whispering, "Daddy... don't sleep... don't sleep..."

Olivia looked at the dark wound—and then she froze.

Her face—

changed.

Pure terror.

Pure realization.

Her voice cracked as she screamed:

"WHAT KIND OF POISON DID THEY PUT ON THE BLADE?!"

Her scream echoed through the whole house, bouncing off every wall like thunder. She looked like she was going to lose her mind.

She tried again to heal me—tried pushing power into me—but the wound sizzled black. Her glowing hands dimmed again, blocked by whatever dark magic coated that blade.

"NO—NO—NO!" she sobbed. "LENNOX, STAY WITH ME!"

But my eyes...

They were closing.

I could feel it.

Like something was dragging me underwater, pulling me down, deeper, darker, colder.

My wolf wasn't coming.

My wolf wasn't healing me.

I had nothing.

I was going.

I could feel it in my bones.

I coughed weakly, blood staining my lips. "Olivia... hey... look at me..."

She grabbed my face instantly. "STOP TALKING! STOP—PLEASE—DON'T SAY ANYTHING LIKE THAT!"

The boys clung to her, crying. Their little hands were shaking so hard they could barely hold onto her clothes.

I swallowed painful blood and forced a small smile.

"It's... fine."

"NO IT'S NOT!" she screamed. "DON'T YOU SAY THAT! DON'T YOU DARE!"

I lifted my trembling hand and touched her cheek. My fingers were cold. Too cold.

She froze like someone stabbed her heart.

"Don't cry," I whispered. "It's... it's okay."

She shook her head so fast her hair whipped everywhere. "LENNOX—STOP—STOP—you're not dying—you're NOT—you hear me?!"

Her tears fell on my armor, hot and shaking.

I could barely breathe now.

But I forced the words out—the words I'd been carrying for years.

"Olivia... I'm happy... I got to see you again. Even though things... weren't perfect."

She sobbed harder. "Please—please don't—Lennox, don't say goodbye—don't—"

"And I'm happy..." My voice cracked, fading. "...I met the boys. Our boys..."

I reached up and brushed her cheek one more time.

My hand was slipping.

My strength was slipping.

But I had to say it.

I had to.

"I love you."

She froze.

"I love you... so much..." I breathed. "You were my only love. My first love. My last love. My... everything..."

Olivia broke.

She screamed, "LENNOX NO—NO—DON'T DO THIS—DON'T—DON'T—PLEASE—LENNOX—PLEASE—"

Her voice shattered into raw pain.

And my eyes...

closed.

Darkness swallowed me.

My hand slipped from her cheek.

My head fell to the side.

Everything went silent.

I passed out.

## **Chapter 568: He Didn't Make It**

Olivia's POV

I shook him.

I shook him so hard my own arms hurt.

"LENNOX! LENNOX WAKE UP!" I screamed, my voice tearing in my throat.

His body lay there on the floor... still... too still.

His skin was cold.

So cold.

"No... no, no, no... please—please don't do this to me," I cried as I cupped his face.

Blood kept pouring from his throat, dark and thick, spilling down my fingers. The boys were crying behind me, their little voices breaking the air.

Leon screamed, "Daddy!!"

Leo sobbed, "Mommy fix him!!"

Liam whispered, shaking, "Daddy, wake up... p-please..."

My heart shattered.

Healers rushed into the sitting room—three of them—followed by Levi and Louis. Their faces froze when they saw Lennox on the floor.

"MOVE!" I screamed at them. "HEAL HIM! DO SOMETHING!"

One healer knelt, placed glowing hands on Lennox's neck... then jerked back, eyes wide.

"Luna... there is poison on the blade."

"What kind of poison?!" I yelled, grabbing the healer by the robe. "WHAT DID THEY PUT ON THE BLADE?!"

"It's—" his voice trembled, "—Shadow Fang death venom. Once it enters the blood, it stops the heart in seconds. There is... nothing we can do."

"NO!" I screamed so loud the walls shook. "NO, YOU FIX HIM! YOU FIX HIM RIGHT NOW!"

"Olivia—stop..."

I didn't even know whose voice that was.

Louis? Levi? A healer?

I couldn't hear anything but the sound of my own heart breaking.

I dropped beside Lennox again, touching his face, slapping his cheeks lightly, crying so hard I couldn't breathe.

"Lennox, please open your eyes... please don't leave me... don't leave our boys... don't leave me again..."

But he didn't move.

Didn't blink.

Didn't breathe.

The healer placed two fingers on his neck... swallowed... then whispered the words that stabbed my soul:

"...he's gone."

I screamed.

I screamed so hard Levi ran forward and grabbed me before I threw myself on Lennox's body.

"NO! LET ME GO!" I cried, fighting him with all my strength. "LET ME GO! HE'S NOT DEAD! LEVI LET ME GO!"

Louis held me from the other side, his own eyes red.

"Olivia, stop—Olivia, please—"

"He can't be dead!" I sobbed. "He can't—he can't—"

The boys were crying loudly now. Leon hid behind Levi's leg, shaking. Leo sat on the floor beside Lennox's arm, touching his father's cold hand, crying brokenly. Liam didn't even move... he stood frozen... staring at Lennox's body like his mind couldn't accept what he was seeing.

Levi's voice cracked as he barked an order:

"Guards... take the Alpha away. The boys shouldn't see this."

Two guards stepped forward, lifting Lennox's body gently, but I thrashed again.

"NO! DON'T TOUCH HIM! DON'T TAKE HIM! BRING HIM BACK! LEAVE HIM WITH ME—LEAVE HIM WITH ME!"

Louis and Levi held me tighter as I collapsed to my knees, sobbing into my own hands.

"Take the boys away," Louis said hoarsely. "They've seen enough."

The guards lifted my babies—crying, screaming for their father—but they carried them out before I could even reach them.

Lennox's blood stained the floor, splattered across the tiles, smeared on my hands, my dress, my skin.

My chest squeezed so hard I couldn't breathe. Everything inside me twisted and folded and broke at once.

"I can fix this..." I choked. "Please... let me try again... please..."

But the healers just knelt there in silence.

Louis held my waist tightly, whispering, "Olivia, stop... please... he's gone..."

Levi swallowed hard, his voice trembling. "Oli... don't do this to yourself..."

I shook my head, tears falling endlessly. "He's not gone... he can't be gone... he can't—"

My knees buckled. The room tilted. My breath stopped.

I felt the world slipping away.

Lennox's face blurred in front of me—the last image seared into my mind: his eyes closed, his body still, his blood everywhere.

"Lennox..." I whispered.

Then everything went dark as I collapsed into Louis' arms.

When my eyes opened, I wasn't on the bloody floor of the sitting room anymore.

I wasn't surrounded by healers telling me Lennox was dead.

I wasn't breaking apart.

I was... thirteen.

I blinked confused, staring at my small hands... my tiny legs dangling from the giant training combat arena bench.

"W-What...?" I whispered.

Then I heard it.

A familiar grunt.

The sound of fists hitting flesh.

Feet sliding across sand.

A boy's sharp exhale.

I lifted my head—

And my heart broke all over again.

There he was.

Eighteen-year-old Lennox.

Young. Strong. Bare-chested. Muscles sharp and perfect as he sparred with one of the older warriors. His wolf aura was fierce even back then. His movements were fast, clean, and deadly.

But then—

SWIPE.

The warrior's blade slipped and sliced Lennox's arm.

"Agh—!" he hissed.

I jumped to my feet so fast I nearly fell off the bench.

"LENNOX!" I screamed.

He turned— His eyes widening when he saw me running across the combat ground like a terrified little girl.

"Olivia?" He blinked, confused. Then he chuckled. "It's nothing—"

"Nothing?! You're bleeding!" I cried, grabbing his arm with my shaking hands. "Why weren't you careful?! Why didn't you block?! Why did you let him cut you?!"

He stared at me with those calm, steady eyes.

Those same eyes I saw close forever just minutes ago.

He smiled softly. "Liv... it's a scratch."

"It's NOT a scratch!" I yelled, tears filling my eyes. "Don't lie! I saw blood—your blood—Lennox, you scared me!"

He grew quiet. Then he lowered himself onto one knee—so we were eye level.

His hand rubbed my cheek gently, his thumb brushing my tears.

"You worry too much," he teased softly.

"I don't care!" I shouted back. "I-I can't imagine life without you."

He froze.

And in that moment... my thirteen-year-old heart realized something.

This wasn't brotherly concern.

This wasn't childish attachment.

This was something deeper.

I loved him.

Even then.

He sighed and tapped my forehead lightly. "Hey... don't say things like that. Don't talk about losing me."

"I will die before you."

The words came out of my mouth before I could stop them.

His whole face changed. "Olivia. Don't EVER say that."

"But—"

"No." His tone was hard. Firm. "My duty—my destiny—is to protect you. I will ALWAYS go first before you. NEVER the other way around."

I cried harder. "I don't want to lose you."

"You won't."

He pulled me into a hug—my small arms wrapping around his neck—his heartbeat steady against my ear.

"I'm right here, Olivia. Nothing will ever take me away from you."

My chest squeezed painfully as I held him.

Because he was lying.

He did leave me.

He left me just now.

On that cold floor.

With blood everywhere.

"Lennox..." I whispered into his chest. "Don't go..."

The dream began to shake.

His image flickered.

"Don't go... don't leave me... please..." I cried.

His warm arms tightened one last time—

Then everything disappeared.

My eyes flew open.

A choked gasp ripped out of my throat as I sat up suddenly.

I wasn't thirteen anymore.

I wasn't on the combat ground.

I wasn't hugging the teenage boy who promised never to leave me.

I was back in reality.

On a bed.

Breathing hard.

Tears streaming down my face.

Two figures stood at my bedside.

Louis.

And Levi.

Both pale. Both shaken.

Both looking like they hadn't slept in hours.

I swallowed hard and whispered with a trembling voice, "Please... please tell me it was a dream."

They looked at each other... then back at me.

Louis's eyes softened painfully. Levi's face filled with pain.

Louis stepped closer, voice breaking,

"Olivia... I'm sorry."

My whole body froze.

"No..." I whispered. "No, Louis... tell me he's alive... tell me Lennox is alive... tell me the healers saved him... please... PLEASE tell me—"

Levi whispered, barely audible,

"He didn't make it, Olivia."

**Chapter 569: Goodbye**

Olivia's POV

My heart stopped.

Literally stopped.

"No..." I gasped, shaking my head violently. "NO—NO—this isn't real—this isn't—Lennox can't—he can't—"

Louis reached for my hand, but I jerked away.

"Don't touch me!" I cried. "DON'T—don't tell me he's dead... don't say it—please don't say it..."

Levi swallowed, his voice thick with emotion he was trying to hide.

"He's gone. The healers have checked several times... he is indeed gone."

Fresh hot tears rolled down my cheeks as the word registered in my head... I still didn't want to believe it. I wanted to imagine this was a nightmare I would soon wake up from, but deep down I knew this was real... Lennox is actually gone for real... this time there was no coma... no hope of him returning... he was really dead.

"Olivia..." Louis called me, but I didn't respond... I felt numb... My wolf was silent as she mourned him.

"Where is he? I want to see him."

Levi sighed. "He is in the morgue, but we have to bury him immediately... the attendant said his body is decaying rapidly due to the poison..."

I choked in my tears and looked up at Levi, whose eyes were filled with tears. "I need to see him."

"Olivia... please... don't do this to yourself," he said softly.

I shook my head with force. "Take me to him. Now. I want to see him... I NEED to see him..."

"Olivia—" Levi began.

"TAKE ME TO HIM!" I screamed, my voice cracking in pure agony.

Both brothers flinched at the sound.

Louis nodded slowly. "Okay... okay... we'll take you."

They helped me up gently.

The world felt blurry... distant... unreal... like I was moving inside a dream.

A nightmare.

A pain I didn't know a human—or a wolf—could survive.

Louis and Levi walked on each side of me as we moved down the hallway.

I couldn't breathe.

I couldn't think.

All I saw was his face... on the floor... covered in blood... lifeless...

A sob escaped me, and I covered my mouth. "Why didn't I stop him?" I whispered. "Why did I let him...?"

Levi's steps faltered. "Olivia... he made a choice. He... he wanted to save the boys. Don't blame—"

"DON'T tell me not to blame myself!" I snapped. "If I didn't lose control—if I didn't stop thinking straight—if I didn't let him wheel himself into danger—he would still be here!"

My voice broke completely.

Louis whispered, "No... Olivia... don't say that..."

But I couldn't hear them anymore.

I couldn't hear anything.

My wolf whimpered inside me, mourning Lennox.

I barely noticed we reached the morgue door.

Levi paused.

His hand shook as he touched the handle.

"Olivia... are you sure?"

I wiped my face with shaking hands.

"No," I whispered. "But I need to see him."

Louis opened the door quietly.

Cold air swept out instantly—icy and sharp.

And there...

There on a stone table...

Covered with a white sheet soaked faintly with dried blood...

Was Lennox.

My heart split open.

My knees buckled, but Levi caught me.

"No... no... Lennox..." I whispered as I walked toward him on trembling legs.

I reached him and pulled the sheet down from his face.

And when I saw his still pale face, I broke completely.

My scream echoed through the entire morgue.

"LENNOX!!!"

My hands shook violently as I touched his cheek—it was ice.

My breath shattered. My soul tore.

I leaned over him, sobbing into his chest. "Please... please wake up... you promised me... you promised you'd never leave... please... Lennox..."

But his chest didn't rise.

His eyes didn't open.

His heart didn't beat.

Louis turned away, wiping his tears silently.

Levi covered his mouth, tears falling despite how hard he blinked them back.

I pressed my forehead to Lennox's.

"You can't leave me... you can't... I love you... I love you so much... please come back..."

My tears fell onto his skin, but Lennox didn't move.

"We have to bury him tonight... the funeral preparation is already taking place."

I shook my head so fast my vision blurred.

Louis continued. "If we don't bury him tonight..." Louis swallowed hard. "The poison will keep spreading. His body is... deteriorating fast. Olivia... we have no time..."

My knees hit the floor beside the table as I buried my face into his chest again. My sobs came out rough, shaking my whole body. I felt like I was dying. Like a part of me had been ripped out.

Louis placed a trembling hand on my shoulder. "Olivia... please..."

I didn't lift my head. I couldn't.

I kept crying into Lennox's chest, whispering broken words.

"Come back to me... please baby come back... I can't live without you... don't leave me..."

A very sticky smell was coming out from his body, but I didn't care. I still clung to him.

"Olivia..." Louis called slowly.

I wiped my face with shaking fingers and whispered, "Where... where are the boys?"

Louis and Levi exchanged a look.

It was Levi who finally spoke, his voice sounding exhausted. "They're upstairs... with the maids. They... they won't stop crying."

My lips trembled. "They... they know?"

Levi nodded, his eyes dropping to the floor. "...Yes."

A fresh wave of tears rolled down my face.

"They're only four..." I whispered.

Louis pulled me into his arms, and I hugged him as I cried loudly.

"Olivia, we have to go... we have to go prepare for the funeral..."

I shook my head, refusing to accept it.

He glanced at Lennox's body and swallowed hard.

"...Say goodbye."

My throat closed completely.

I turned back to Lennox and stood over him. My hands shook as I touched his cheek one last time. He was cold. Too cold. The kind of cold that didn't belong to someone alive.

Slowly... painfully... I leaned down and pressed a trembling kiss on his forehead.

"I'll always love you," I whispered. "And I'll protect our boys... I promise."

Another tear slid down my face and fell onto his skin.

I forced myself to take a step back.

Then another.

Then I turned away before my legs gave out again.

But at the door... I stopped.

I looked back at him one last time.

His still body. His peaceful face. The man I loved... the man who loved me...

Gone.

A sharp, stabbing pain ripped through my chest and I gasped, pressing my palm against my heart.

"Come on," Louis whispered, placing a hand on my back.

I nodded slowly, wiping my tears.

Then I whispered toward the cold room... toward him...

"Goodbye... Lennox."

**Chapter 570: Funeral**

Olivia's POV

Night came slowly, like the sky was grieving with us.

The whole backyard was filled with people. Hundreds of pack members—warriors, elders, omegas, mothers, even pups—stood in complete silence. All of them dressed in black. Heads lowered. Faces solemn.

But me, the boys, Louis and Levi wore white.

White meant honor.

White meant respect.

White meant we were saying goodbye to someone important.

I held Leo's hand on my left.

Leon stood close to my right.

Liam held my dress tightly so he would not fall.

All three boys had red eyes from crying.

Louis and Levi stood beside us.

They were trying to look strong for the pack.

They could not cry in front of everyone because they were Alphas.

But I saw it.

Their eyes were dark and heavy.

Their jaws were tight from holding back their pain.

The drums stopped beating.

Everything turned quiet.

Warriors carried Lennox's coffin into the center.

The coffin was made of dark wood.

We could not open it because of the smell.

The poison made his body decay too fast.

My heart twisted just thinking about it.

They placed the coffin on a stone platform.

The moon shone down on it like a spotlight, like the Moon Goddess herself was watching.

People walked around the coffin one by one.

Each person touched the wood and whispered something soft.

Some cried.

Some bowed their heads.

Some prayed.

Lennox's parents were not there.

They were locked in their room.

It was a taboo to bury your own child.

The pain was too heavy for them to face.

Soon it was my turn.

My chest tightened.

My legs felt weak.

But Louis nodded at me gently and I stepped forward.

I placed my hand on the coffin.

The wood felt cold.

Too cold.

Memories rushed into my head.

Lennox laughing at me the first day we trained together.

Lennox shouting at Levi for stealing his money.

Lennox holding me when I cried as a teenager.

Lennox kissing my forehead when our bond was new.

Lennox whispering that he would always protect me.

My knees shook hard.

I almost fell, but Levi caught my arm and held me steady.

"It is alright," he whispered.

But his voice broke at the end.

I kept my hand on the coffin and closed my eyes.

"I love you," I whispered so softly.

"I will take care of our boys. I promise."

The priest stepped forward.

He spoke in a loud, clear voice.

"Alpha Lennox died with honor. He died as a hero. His actions destroyed the Shadow Fangs. His bravery saved many lives. His sacrifice will be remembered in this pack forever."

People bowed their heads.

Some wiped tears.

Even the warriors bit their lips to keep steady.

Then the warriors slowly lifted the coffin again.

I followed behind them with the boys.

Louis and Levi walked beside me.

Pack members walked behind us in a long line.

We moved toward the back of the pack house, where the graves of heroes were kept.

A grave had already been dug.

Fresh soil sat in a pile beside it.

Torches were placed around the grave.

The air was cold and still.

The boys held my hands tighter.

Leo cried quietly.

Leon rubbed his eyes.

Liam kept whispering, "Daddy wake up," even though he knew daddy would not wake up.

The priest stepped forward again.

His voice was low and respectful.

"It is time for the last respect."

Everyone became silent again.

Even the wind stopped moving.

Levi walked forward first.

He held a white rose in his hand.

His fingers were shaking.

He looked at the coffin for a long moment, like he was trying not to cry, then he dropped the rose gently on top of the wooden lid.

Louis went next.

He placed his rose slowly, like he did not want the moment to end.

His eyes looked red, but he kept his head straight.

Then my boys stepped forward.

Leo dropped his rose and whispered, "Goodbye Daddy."

Leon placed his rose and wiped his nose, trying to be strong.

Liam stood there for a long time. He touched the coffin lightly, then put his flower down and said very softly, "I love you, Daddy."

My heart almost broke in half.

Finally it was my turn.

I walked closer.

My whole body felt heavy, like something was pulling me down.

I held my rose tight in my hand.

The white petals shook because my hand kept shaking.

I placed the rose gently on the coffin.

"I love you," I whispered. "Rest now."

The priest nodded to the warriors.

They began to cover the coffin with soil.

Each shovel made a soft, heavy sound.

The dirt fell slowly.

My eyes followed every handful until the coffin disappeared under the earth.

When the last bit of soil covered it completely, I felt something inside me fall apart.

Lennox was gone.

Truly gone.

Forever.

I stood there staring at the grave.

My legs felt frozen.

My heart felt empty.

My mind felt far away.

Levi touched my shoulder.

Louis stood on the other side, looking at me like he wanted to hold me but knew I would break.

The priest stepped back and whispered a blessing.

Then Golden came and bowed his head respectfully.

He spoke softly.

"It is time to return inside, Luna."

I did not answer.

I did not even feel like moving.

But Louis placed a gentle hand on my back and said, "Come. You do not need to face everyone right now."

Levi helped the boys, who were crying again.

We turned away from the grave and walked slowly back toward the pack house.

People stepped aside quietly as we passed.

Some bowed their heads.

Some whispered soft prayers.

But no one tried to talk to me.

They knew I could not take even one more word.

When we reached the house, the guards closed the doors behind us.

Suddenly Liam spoke, "Mother... I don't feel well..."

Before he could finish, he collapsed in Levi's arms.