

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 571: Regrets

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Chapter 571: Regrets

Levi's POV

We watched in silence as Liam slept on the bed. His tiny chest moved up and down slowly.

His brothers sat close to him, one on each side, their eyes still full of tears.

They looked scared. They looked lost and terrified, like Liam would disappear too.

The healers had checked Liam again and again. Then one of them stood at the end of the bed, her hands folded.

"He will be fine," she said softly. "He is only shocked by everything that happened. His mind shut down to protect him. That is why he fainted."

Olivia covered her mouth.

A sob escaped, but she tried to stay quiet because she did not want to scare the boys more.

Leo cried into her side.

Leon hugged her waist tightly, hiding his face.

I looked away for a moment.

My jaw clenched hard.

I felt something heavy in my chest... something that hurt so much I could barely breathe.

The healer added, "Liam will wake up soon, but we must keep a close eye on him. Make sure he feels safe."

I nodded.

Louis also nodded beside me.

The healer bowed and walked out of the room quietly.

When she left, the room felt too silent.

Too heavy.

Too painful.

I looked at my family.

Olivia sat on the bed with the boys, her arms wrapped around them like she was afraid they would vanish if she let go.

Her eyes were red and swollen.

Her hair was messy.

Her hands shook as she stroked the boys' backs.

She was trying to be strong...

but she looked like she was breaking inside.

Louis stood near the window, wiping his face again and again, even though he tried to pretend he was not crying.

And me...

I just stood there.

Watching them.

My chest tight.

My throat hard.

I blinked fast, holding back the tears burning in my eyes.

I wanted to scream.

I wanted to hit something.

I wanted to turn back time.

But all I could do was stand there and act strong.

I stared at Liam's small hand resting on the blanket. He was too young to feel this kind of pain. They all were.

I took a slow breath and stepped closer.

Louis looked at me and whispered, "We need to be strong for them."

I nodded.

But inside...

I was not strong at all.

I felt broken.

Lost.

Empty.

And I couldn't control it anymore.

"I will be back... I need to check on something." I lied as I excused myself.

I walked out of the room quietly, closing the door before anyone saw the look on my face.

The moment the door clicked shut, all the strength left my body.

I walked to my room.

I did not even reach the bed.

I fell straight to the floor.

My knees hit the ground hard, but I did not care.

I pressed my hands to my face, and the tears I had been holding in for the past twenty-four hours rushed out all at once.

I cried.

Not small tears.

Not quiet tears.

I cried like a child.

I cried like someone who had lost half of his soul.

My voice broke as I covered my mouth, shaking from head to toe.

"Lennox... please forgive me," I choked. "Please... please forgive me..."

More tears poured down my face.

"I didn't mean it," I said softly. "I didn't mean it when I told you that you should never have come back. I didn't mean any of those things. I was angry. I was jealous. I was stupid."

My voice cracked so hard it hurt to breathe.

"I thought we would have time," I whispered. "Time to fix everything. Time to talk. Time to say sorry."

I wiped my face, but the tears kept coming.

"But you came back and still chose to protect us. You saved all of us. You saved the boys. You saved Olivia. You saved the pack. And you still died."

My breath shook as I bent forward, holding my head.

"I should have apologized. I should have told you I didn't hate you. I should have told you I only said those things because I was hurting too."

I wiped my eyes again, but the tears did not stop.

My chest burned when more memories hit me.

The three of us as boys.

Running through the woods.

Laughing.

Training.

Fighting and then apologizing after.

Sleeping in the same bed when thunderstorms scared us.

Lennox pulling me and Louis away from danger even when he was scared too.

He was always the brave one.

And now he was gone.

My voice broke again. "Lennox... I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry for everything I said. I'm sorry I didn't fix things. I'm sorry I failed you."

I cried again.

I thought of every mistake I made.

Every harsh word.

Every time I blamed him.

Every time I pushed him away.

He came back from the dead.

He came back to his family.

And I made things worse.

"I should have apologized," I whispered. "I should have told you I was happy you came back. I should have hugged you. I should have been your brother..."

My tears hit the floor.

"I am so sorry, Lennox... I am so sorry..."

But I knew it was already too late.

I was a monster to Lennox.

In his last days on earth... he thought I hated him.

The thought crushed me.

I pressed my forehead to the floor and cried harder.

The pain in my chest felt like a knife twisting again and again.

"I'm sorry... I'm so sorry..."

My voice was broken.

My heart was broken.

I don't know how long I stayed there.

Minutes... hours... maybe more.

At some point, my tears stopped.

My body felt empty and weak.

I reached for the bottle on my table with shaking hands.

I didn't even think.

I just opened it and drank.

One gulp.

Then another.

Then another.

I wanted the pain to stop.

I wanted the memory of Lennox lying dead to stop burning in my head.

I wanted to forget that I let my brother die thinking I hated him.

I drank until the bottle was empty.

Then I dropped it.

It rolled across the floor.

The room spun slowly.

My eyes got heavy.

My body felt numb.

I whispered one last time, "Lennox... please forgive me..."

Then I fell asleep on the floor.

Someone tapped my shoulder.

Once.

Twice.

Soft... but firm.

"Levi. Wake up."

My eyes opened slowly.

And when I looked up—

my heart stopped.

Lennox was standing right in front of me.

Not pale.

Not weak.

Not crippled... he was on his feet.

He looked like his old self.

Strong.

Tall.

Warm eyes staring at me.

I gasped. "Lennox?"

He smiled a little. "Who else would it be?"

My whole body froze.

I couldn't breathe.

I couldn't blink.

He folded his arms, smirking. "You can't get rid of me so easily."

My lips trembled. "But... you're... you're dead."

He stepped closer and touched my shoulder.

His hand felt real.

Warm.

"Don't look so scared," he said. "I'm not here to haunt you."

I felt tears filling my eyes again. "I'm sorry... I'm so sorry—"

He cut me off with a soft laugh. "Levi... relax. It's okay."

Then he stepped back.

"I'll see you soon, brother, but until then don't drink yourself to death."

He gave that boyish signature smirk.

And right before my eyes—he disappeared.

Just vanished into thin air.

Chapter 572: The living among the dead

Olivia's POV

The boys finally slept around seven in the morning after crying all night until their little bodies had no more strength. I sat on the edge of Liam's bed, just watching them breathe slowly. Leo's face was pressed into his pillow. Leon kept his hand on Liam's chest, like he wanted to make sure his brother was still alive. And Liam... my sweet Liam... his lashes were still wet, his lips still shaking even in sleep. He looked the most hurt. The most broken. The most scared.

I brushed his hair softly. My heart twisted.

"Liam..." I whispered. "My sweet boy... how am I going to help you heal from this?"

He was the most attached to Lennox. He loved him the most. Seeing his small body collapse yesterday replayed in my head again, and I felt sick.

"How am I supposed to be strong for you three?" I whispered. "How am I supposed to do this alone?"

I kissed each of their foreheads and stood up slowly.

I walked out of their room and closed the door behind me. The hallway was silent. Too silent. The whole mansion felt wrong... empty... hollow. Even the walls felt like they were mourning. No footsteps. No maids. No guards. No sounds. Nothing.

Every step I took down the stairs made my chest hurt more. Every breath felt heavy.

When I reached the living room, I froze.

The floor where his blood spilled had been washed... but I could still see it. I could still feel his cold skin under my hands.

A tear slid down my cheek before I even noticed. I wiped it fast. "No. I can't break again. Not right now. The boys need me."

But my voice was weak.

I walked deeper into the living room. The quiet felt loud. Painful. Like the whole house was waiting for Lennox to walk in. But he never would. Not again. My heart squeezed so tight I had to hold the wall to stop myself from falling.

"I have to be strong," I told myself. "For them."

But even as I said the words, another tear fell. Then another. And another.

I covered my mouth so I wouldn't make a sound.

"I will be strong," I whispered. "I have to."

The sound of footsteps approaching made me turn my head.

When I looked up, I saw Annabella... Lennox's caretaker... standing near the doorway. My heart tightened. I still remembered what she told me in the kitchen—that she loved him.

She held a small bag in her hand. Her eyes were red, like she had been crying too. She walked closer, but her face was cold, full of anger.

"I'm leaving," she said quietly. Her voice was sharp. "I hope you are happy now. You and your mates finally pushed him to his grave."

I stared at her. My chest burned. "What did you just say?"

She stepped closer. "All of you hurt him. All of you broke him. And even after everything, he still put you first. He still protected you. He still loved your children. He still risked his life for you."

My hand shook. "Annabella... don't."

She ignored me. "And now he is dead. Gone. Because of you three. Because none of you treated him the way he deserved."

Her words hit me like knives. "Shut up," I whispered.

She didn't stop.

"No. You shut up. He is gone forever. And deep down... that is what you wanted, right? Now you can be free. Now you can be happy. He is finally out of your way."

Something snapped inside me. Before I knew it, my hand lifted, and I hit her.

The sound filled the whole room.

Annabella's head turned to the side. She touched her cheek slowly, shocked.

"Get out," I said through my teeth. My voice shook with anger and pain. "GET OUT of my house."

She looked at me one last time—hurt, angry, bitter—then picked up her bag.

"Have a great life," she said softly. "He is finally gone." And she walked out, closing the door behind her.

I stood there trembling, my hand shaking, my heart breaking all over again. The silence returned. Heavy. Cold. Full of pain.

I sank onto the couch, covering my face as new tears fell. "Lennox..." I whispered. "I am so sorry."

I choked on my tears.

"I wish I could see you," I whispered to the empty room. "I wish I could talk to you... even just one more time. I wish I could turn back time..."

My voice broke again.

I did not even know when I slid down onto the ground and curled into myself.

My body was so tired. My eyes were burning. My heart felt too heavy.

Slowly... without knowing...

I fell asleep.

When I opened my eyes, I was no longer in the mansion.

I was standing in a bright field full of white flowers. The wind was soft, warm, quiet.

And standing right in front of me...

Was Great-Grandmother Hailee.

Her long silver hair blew gently behind her.

Her eyes were full of compassion and concern for me.

It had been years since I last saw her in a dream.

"Great-Grandmother...?" I whispered.

She walked closer and put her warm hands on my cheeks.

"Stop crying, Olivia," she said softly.

But hearing her voice only made my tears fall harder.

"I lost Lennox," I cried. "He's gone. He's dead. I don't know what to do. I don't know how to live without him. Is he here? Please, I want to see him... let me see him."

She shook her head gently.

"My child... why are you looking for the living among the dead?"

I froze.

"What?" I whispered, confused. "What do you mean? He's gone—Lennox is gone—"

But she only smiled softly.

Then the field began to fade.

Her voice echoed as everything turned white—

"Remember my words, Olivia... The living... not the dead..."

My eyes snapped open.

I sat up straight on the couch, breathing fast.

"What... what does that mean?" I whispered to myself.

My heart pounded in my chest.

"Why... why would she say that?"

Chapter 573: Suspect

Lennox's POV

A heavy pain hit my head first.

A sharp, deep pounding... like someone was hitting the inside of my skull with a hammer.

I groaned softly and moved my fingers.

They twitched.

Slowly... very slowly... I opened my eyes.

Everything was blurry at first.

Dark shapes. Faint light. A strange, cold smell.

My heartbeat felt slow but strong.

I blinked again until the room became clear.

And then I heard it.

"Alpha Lennox... you are awake..."

The voice shook... like the person speaking was holding back tears.

I turned my head a little and saw Golden kneeling beside me.

His eyes were wide. His face was wet. His hands were shaking. I have never seen one of my bravest warriors in such a state.

"I thought... I thought we lost you," he whispered.

I frowned. My mind was foggy. My body hurt everywhere.

Memories rushed into me fast.

The knife.

The blood.

Olivia screaming.

The fire.

The boys crying.

Darkness grabbing me.

I pushed myself up slowly, confused.

"What happened?" I asked. My voice was rough and weak.

Golden wiped his face and took a deep breath.

"You died... Alpha. The healers checked you. They said you were gone. They said there was nothing they could do."

I froze.

Dead?

Me?

My heart beat faster. I shook my head slowly.

"No... that can't be..."

But Golden nodded fast.

"It was confirmed. They took you to the morgue. Everyone thought you were gone."

I stared at him, shocked.

My hands were shaking.

I whispered, "Everyone thought I was dead...?"

Golden swallowed hard.

"Yes."

My chest twisted painfully as I remembered my last memories.

I remembered tears on Olivia's face before everything went dark. I remembered her telling me to hold on.

I closed my eyes, feeling something heavy move through my chest.

"What... what happened next?" I asked.

Golden looked down.

"You were buried, Alpha."

My eyes opened wide.

"What?"

He nodded again. His voice shook.

"They buried you a few hours ago. Tonight. At the heroes' ground. The whole pack was there. Your funeral was done."

My breath felt stuck in my throat.

I was buried?

In the ground?

My voice came out soft, almost scared.

"Then... why am I here?"

Golden took a shaky breath.

"I went to see you... to pay my last respects. Then I felt... something strange. My wolf felt a heartbeat. At first, I thought I was imagining things. But then it grew stronger."

My own heartbeat grew louder in my ears.

Golden continued.

"So I dug. I dug fast. I dug with my hands. I pulled the dirt away until I reached the coffin. When I opened it... you gasped for air. Your heart started beating harder."

Golden placed his hand over his face and cried quietly.

"You were alive. You were breathing again. I pulled you out and carried you back here. I have not left your side since."

I stared at him... shocked... confused... overwhelmed.

I was declared dead.

Buried.

Covered with earth.

Left under the ground.

Yet I came back.

How?

Why?

What was the moon goddess doing?

I looked around and noticed this wasn't the pack house.

"Where... where is this place?"

Golden wiped his face and looked at me carefully. His eyes were still red.

"Alpha... there is something I must tell you," he said slowly.

I frowned. "What is it?"

Golden looked around the small room like he was afraid someone would hear us. Then he leaned closer.

"During your funeral... I heard something."

My chest tightened. "What did you hear?"

He swallowed hard.

"I was walking behind the hall, near the trees. Two people were talking. A maid... and a warrior."

My brow furrowed.

Golden continued softly.

"The warrior said... 'Alpha Lennox is dead now. There is no need to carry out the plan of killing him.'"

I froze.

Golden's jaw clenched.

"Then the maid answered... she said she was happy she was not the one who killed you. She said ever since she was asked to poison your meals... she has not been herself."

My blood turned cold.

Poison my meals?

Golden kept talking.

"And the warrior... he said he was relieved he didn't have to stab you in your sleep. He said he has not been able to rest ever since the order was given to him."

I gripped the blanket tightly.

Orders?

Someone ordered them to kill me?

Golden looked me in the eyes.

"Alpha Lennox... those two servants were not acting alone."

I swallowed hard, my mouth dry. "What exactly are you trying to say?"

Golden took a deep breath.

"Someone... someone close to you... someone inside your family... wanted you dead."

My heart stopped for a moment.

Family?

Golden nodded.

"I don't know who yet. I don't know how high this plan reaches. But it is someone with power. Someone who can command servants and warriors."

Silence filled the room for a long moment.

My head pounded harder.

Someone in my family...

Wanted me dead.

Golden lowered his voice even more.

"That is why I told no one that you are alive. No one. Not even Louis. Not even Levi. Not Olivia. No one."

My breath caught.

"You didn't tell them?"

He shook his head.

"No, Alpha. I covered your grave again after I took you out. If your enemies find out you are alive... they will try again. I had to keep you safe first."

I stared at him, my mind spinning.

Buried alive. Came back to life. Someone in my own bloodline trying to kill me.

My head was about to explode.

"Golden... who would want me dead?"

Golden shook his head. "I don't know, Alpha, but I suspect one of your brothers..."

My eyes widened. "Levi? Louis?" I whispered.

Golden nodded slowly. "Alpha... they are the only ones with enough power to command a maid and a warrior without anyone questioning it. They are the only ones the servants would obey without fear. And they are the only ones bold enough to speak without worrying the truth will leak."

A sharp pain shot through my chest.

My brothers?

The boys I grew up with?

The boys I protected all my life?

"No..." I whispered. "They would never... they are my brothers. They... they love me."

Golden looked down. "I know, Alpha. And I pray I am wrong. Truly. But the truth is... only people from inside your home... inside your bloodline... can order servants to poison you. Only someone with authority can order a warrior to stab you in your sleep."

Chapter 574: A Miracle

Lennox's POV

I shook my head, anger, and confusion mixing inside me. "Louis and Levi would never do that. They are my brothers. We fight. We say ugly things. We hurt each other with words. But kill me? Order my murder? No."

Golden stayed quiet, but his eyes said he was not so sure.

I thought of Louis.

His soft eyes.

His guilty face when he looked at me.

The way he always tried to be in the middle.

I thought of Levi.

His sharp tongue.

His anger.

His jealousy.

His last words to me before the attack.

His rage when he saw me and Olivia together.

My heart squeezed.

"Louis would never do it..." I whispered. I wanted to believe that with all my soul. "And Levi... he is angry... but he is not a traitor. He is not a coward hiding behind servants."

Golden spoke carefully. "I am not saying they did it, Alpha. I am saying the order came from someone like them. Someone with that same power. Someone inside."

The room felt smaller. My head pounded again.

"I will not believe my brothers killed me," I said slowly. "Not until I see proof with my own eyes."

Golden nodded once. "Then we will find proof."

I tried to sit up straighter. A sharp pain shot through my neck and arm, where the blades had cut me. My body still felt weak, like I had not eaten or moved in days.

"How long have I been here?" I asked.

Golden thought for a moment. "They buried you a few hours after sunset. I dug you out not long after that and brought you here. You have been out for some hours. It is still night... or very early morning."

I let out a slow breath. At least it had not been days.

I glanced around again and took in the small room properly this time. The walls were made of stone. The ceiling was low. There was a single lamp on the wall. No windows. It smelled faintly of herbs and metal.

"Where is this place," I muttered.

Golden shook his head. "This is an old safe room. A hidden place near the border. Only a few of us know about it. We used it during the last war with the Shadow Fangs."

Good. That meant whoever wanted me dead had no idea I was here.

I tried to adjust my position on the bed and shifted my weight by mistake.

My leg moved.

I froze.

Slowly... very slowly... I tried again.

My right leg twitched under the blanket.

My heart jumped into my throat. I stared down at my legs like they were ghosts.

"Golden," I whispered. "Did you see that?"

He frowned. "See what?"

I did it again. I focused hard... and my left leg shifted. Just a little. But it moved. It actually moved.

This time Golden saw it. His eyes widened. "Alpha... your leg..."

My chest was pounding now. I licked my lips, feeling sweat on my forehead.

"Help me sit up," I said quickly. "More. Properly."

Golden moved behind me, his big hands lifting my shoulders, adjusting the pillow, supporting my back. I grabbed the side of the bed with one hand and the edge of the blanket with the other.

"Let go," I said.

"Alpha, you are still weak..."

"Let. Go."

He hesitated, then obeyed.

I stared at my legs like they were strangers. Then I clenched my jaw and did something I had not done in a long time.

I told them to move.

My muscles trembled. My thighs shook. Pain shot through my lower back. But my legs... my legs listened.

My right foot slid forward.

My left foot followed.

It was not smooth. It was slow. It was shaky. But it was real.

Golden gasped. "Moon above..."

I swung one leg over the side of the bed. Then the other. My feet touched the cold floor.

I swallowed thickly.

"Alpha... maybe you should not..."

"Golden," I said quietly. "If I fall, you can pick me up. If I stand... we both see a miracle."

I put weight on my feet. My knees almost collapsed. For a second, the room spun. But I grabbed Golden's arm and held tight.

Then, shaking, breathless, heart racing...

I stood.

On my own two feet.

I was standing.

Not sitting in a wheelchair.

Not being held up.

Not dreaming.

Standing.

Golden's eyes filled with tears again. "You are... you are standing, Alpha."

I let out a breath that felt like it came from deep in my soul.

I looked down at my legs. At my feet. At the floor. At the scars that should have kept me locked away forever.

"Moon Goddess..." I whispered. "What are you doing now? What game are you playing?"

My body was still weak. My balance was not perfect. If Golden let go too fast, I would probably fall. But my legs were alive. They answered me. They belonged to me again.

I closed my eyes and tried something else.

I reached inward. Toward the place where my wolf used to be.

"Are you there?" I whispered in my mind. "Can you hear me?"

Silence.

Nothing.

No growl.

No voice.

No heat.

I opened my eyes again, a mix of joy and sadness burning in my chest.

"My legs work," I said slowly, "but my wolf is still gone."

Golden nodded sadly. "Maybe he will come later. One gift at a time."

I snorted softly. "She always did like her drama."

He blinked. "Who?"

"The Moon Goddess," I muttered. "First she takes my legs, then gives them back after I die and come out of a grave. Of course."

Golden let out a weak laugh, wiping his face. "At least you are making jokes again."

I took a few careful steps. One. Two. Three. My legs shook like a newborn pup learning to walk, but they held. Golden stayed near, ready to catch me.

I turned slowly and sat back on the bed before I pushed my luck too far. My breath was heavy, but my heart felt strange. Lighter and heavier at the same time.

Golden watched me with concern. "What do you want to do now, Alpha?"

Good question.

Chapter 575: Meet Up

Lennox's POV

I thought about it. If I walked into the pack house right now, people would scream. Some would call it a miracle. Some would fall on their knees. Some would ask questions.

And if the one who wanted me dead was in that house... they would panic Or try to finish the job.

No. That was not the way.

I needed answers first. Proof. A plan.

"Golden," I said calmly. "Give me your phone."

He frowned. "My phone?"

"Yes."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small device. He placed it in my hand carefully, like it was something fragile.

The screen lit up. I stared at it for a moment, then pressed in a number I remembered very well. A number I had not called in a long time.

It rang once.

Twice.

Three times.

Come on.

On the fourth ring, someone picked up.

A deep voice answered, sharp but sleepy. "Who is this?"

My throat tightened. "Uncle Damien... it is me. Lennox. Please do not shout. Do not react. Do not let anyone know it is me."

There was silence on the other end.

Then a sharp inhale. "Lennox?" he whispered. "Lennox... as in... my nephew who was buried last night?"

"Yes," I said. "It is really me."

He cursed softly under his breath. "How is that possible? Where are you? Are you safe? Who is with you?"

I looked around the small room again. I did not even know the exact name of this place. I turned to Golden. "Where are we?"

Golden answered. "The old border safe house. Near the east ridge."

I repeated it to Damien softly. "I am at the old border safe house, near the east ridge. Only Golden is with me."

Damien remained silent as he contemplated if this was really me.

"I need to talk to you... just you... someone... someone wanted me dead."

Damien was quiet for a few seconds. Then his voice turned firm. "Listen to me. Do not move. Do not go anywhere. Do not call anyone else. I am taking my jet and coming to you right now. No one will know. We speak when I arrive."

"Please hurry," I said, my voice low. "And Uncle... do not tell anyone I am alive. Not yet."

"I am not a fool, boy," he muttered. "Stay hidden. I am on my way."

The call ended.

I stared at the phone for a moment, then handed it back to Golden.

He looked at me with curiosity. "What are you planning, Alpha?"

I leaned back slowly against the pillow, feeling my neck wound twinge, my body still weak but my brain actively at work.

"You will see," I said quietly. "For now, we wait for Damien. I trust him more than anyone else outside that house."

Golden nodded and sat down near the bed, still watching me like he was afraid I would vanish if he blinked.

I looked down at my hands. At my legs. At the small scars on my wrists from the wheelchair.

Whoever wanted me dead thought their problem was solved.

They were wrong.

Very wrong.

I lifted my eyes to the ceiling and whispered so softly only the Goddess could hear me.

"You brought me back for a reason. I will find out why. And I will find out who did this."

Then I closed my eyes for a moment, letting my body rest while my mind stayed awake.

It took almost five hours before Golden finally opened the door again.

I was sitting on the small bed, waiting... thinking... preparing myself.

When the door swung wider, I looked up.

Uncle Damien stepped inside.

The moment his eyes landed on me, he froze. His lips parted. His whole face crumpled.

Then he rushed toward me and pulled me into a tight hug.

"Lennox..." His voice broke. "I thought you were gone. I thought—Moon Goddess—I thought I lost you."

His voice carried pain I had never heard from him before.

He held me tighter, and for the first time since I woke up... I felt something in my chest loosen.

When he pulled away, his eyes were wet. The great Alpha Damien was tearing up.

"I could not attend the funeral," he said. "I could not watch them bury you. It would have broken me."

I nodded slowly, understanding completely.

I sat him down on the chair opposite the bed. He stared at me for a long moment, then his eyes moved down to my legs.

"You're... standing again?" he asked quietly. "Your legs... they're working?"

I looked down at them.

Then I nodded.

"Yes. They're back."

Damien exhaled shakily, a small smile pulling at his lips. "That is good news. Great news."

I nodded again, though my mind was too clouded to enjoy it.

Then I told him everything.

Every single thing Golden overheard.

Everything about the maid.

Everything about the warrior.

Everything about the orders given.

Everything about the plan to kill me.

I told him about the grave.

About waking up.

About Golden saving me.

Damien listened without interrupting. His face grew darker with every word.

When I finished, he leaned forward, elbows on his knees.

"And these two servants," he said slowly, "you trust that they were telling the truth?"

"Yes," I replied. "The fear in their voices was real, according to Golden. They were relieved I died so they wouldn't have to carry out the order."

Damien nodded slowly, thinking deeply.

Then he asked the question I had been avoiding.

"Who do you suspect, Lennox?" he said in a low voice. "Who in your family would want you dead?"

My chest tightened.

I shook my head immediately.

"I have no idea," I whispered. "And I don't want to believe any of my brothers would do something like this. Louis and Levi may fight with me... we may clash... but murder? No."

Damien looked at me for a long moment.

His eyes were sharp. Studying me.

Then he asked softly, "So what is your plan now?"

I took a deep breath.

"I need your help," I said.

His brow lifted. "My help? How?"

I looked him straight in the eyes and inhaled deeply...

Chapter 576: The Plan

Lennox's POV

I looked him straight in the eyes.

"I really want to know who tried to kill me. But I cannot find out by walking into the pack house as myself."

Damien nodded for me to continue.

"I remember how you changed Olivia's face once," I said softly. "I want you to do the same for me."

Damien's eyes widened. "You want your face changed?"

"Yes," I said. "I do not have my wolf yet, so no one will know it is me. I want to enter the mansion as a warrior. Golden will pretend to recruit me. From there, I will start my plan."

I paused.

"I want to see how my family really felt about my death. I want to see how they acted when I was gone. I want to watch them from the shadows... and discover the one who wanted me dead."

Golden looked at me with respect. Damien stared at me for a long time, thinking.

After a moment he asked quietly, "Are you sure this is what you want?"

I nodded without looking away.

"I have made my decision," I said. "I cannot walk in there as Lennox yet. Not until I know the truth."

Damien sighed deeply.

"Very well," he said. "I will take you to my witch. She can change your face. But it will only last for three months. After three months, your appearance will return to normal."

"That is enough," I said. "Three months is all I need."

Damien shook his head. "I still can't believe anyone from your family will want to kill you... why don't we get the warrior and the maid and question them."

I scoffed and shook my head. "Uncle, you know how this works. Those people would rather die than speak the truth. They will deny ever saying such, and they will never expose who instructed them."

Damien nodded as if finally understanding.

"Also... I want to watch my family from the shadows," I said quietly. "I feel like I am no longer wanted. I feel..."

My voice trailed off.

I didn't even know how to finish that sentence.

Damien watched me closely.

I took a slow breath and finally spoke the truth sitting like a stone on my chest.

"I feel like they were happier without me."

Golden's eyes widened. "Alpha, that is not true—"

I raised my hand slightly, stopping him.

"I am not saying it to fish for pity. I am saying it because that is how it felt. The distance. The coldness. The looks."

Damien nodded slowly, guilt touching his eyes.

"You think one of them truly wants you gone?"

I shook my head immediately.

"No. That is what I cannot believe. Louis? Levi? They are hotheaded... impulsive... emotional. But killers? They are not."

Damien said softly, "Then who?"

I clenched my jaw.

"I don't know. And until I do... I cannot trust anyone."

Damien sighed deeply, folding his arms.

Golden, who stood in the corner, shifted uncomfortably.

"Alpha... are you sure you want to watch your family grieve you?"

I looked down and sucked in a deep breath. "Yes. I would like to see if they truly loved me... or if they are relieved to see me out of their lives."

No one spoke for a while.

The silence felt heavy... until Damien finally stood straighter.

"Alright. If this is what you want, then we will do it. The witch can disguise you—but remember, three months only."

"I understand."

"One more thing," he added. "The change will only affect your face. Your scent will be intact. Your aura will be intact."

"That is okay."

Damien searched my face, like giving me a moment to think about it, then he nodded. "Let's go."

Golden straightened immediately. His back pulled tight like a soldier receiving an order.

I turned to him. "Golden... prepare everything. Once I return, we begin the plan."

He nodded without hesitation. "Yes, Alpha."

He went to one of the small drawers in the corner and pulled out a simple black face cap and a mask. He handed them to me with steady hands, though his eyes still carried fear—fear of losing me again.

"You should cover your face," he said quietly. "We don't know who may be watching."

I took them from him. I wore the face cap around my head, covering the lower half of my face, then slipped the mask on. Only my eyes were visible now.

Golden stepped back and bowed slightly. "I will be here when you return."

I placed a hand on his shoulder. "Golden... thank you. For everything. For my life."

He swallowed hard. "I will always protect you, Alpha. Even from death."

Damien motioned toward the door. "Let's move."

I followed him out of the safe house. The night air hit my face like a cold slap. It smelled like dirt... pine trees.

Freedom.

I kept my head down, walking beside Damien as he led me toward a waiting car parked near the trees. Its windows were tinted. The engine was already running.

He opened the back door for me. "Get in."

I slid inside, and Damien followed.

The driver—one of Damien's men—did not speak. He started the car and pulled away from the safe house, driving fast through the dark roads.

I stared out the window as the trees blurred past.

Nobody would ever guess that the Alpha they buried last night was sitting in a dark car.

Damien watched me carefully.

"You know," he said quietly, "most people only get one life. You... just got your second."

I scoffed. "You could say third."

Damien smiled and only shook his head.

After twenty minutes, the forest opened up into a long stretch of road. Ahead of us, bright lights stood in the distance—an airstrip.

And there... waiting for us... was Damien's private jet.

The stairs were already lowered. Guards stood around the runway.

The car stopped beside it.

Damien opened the door and stepped out. "Come."

I followed him out. The cold air blew against my mask, making my skin sting. He led me quickly toward the jet. The guards bowed to him, not even glancing twice at me.

Good.

Nobody suspected anything.

We climbed into the jet, and the door closed behind us. The engines rumbled softly as the aircraft began to prepare for takeoff.

Damien sat in the seat across from me, leaning forward.

"This will take about an hour," he said. "Rest your mind. Once we reach her, the witch will handle everything."

I leaned back in my seat.

Rest?

My mind was burning with questions.

Damien must have sensed the storm inside me. He didn't speak again. He simply watched me with quiet understanding.

As the jet lifted off the ground, I closed my eyes for a moment.

Not to sleep.

But to prepare.

To become someone new.

To bury Lennox the Alpha...

...and become Lennox, the ordinary warrior.

Three months.

Three months to uncover everything.

Three months to watch the people I loved from the shadows.

Three months to find the one who wanted me dead.

And when I do...

The Moon Goddess will decide their fate.

Chapter 577: New Identity

Lennox's POV

The jet landed quietly on a private strip surrounded by thick woods. Damien stood up first and motioned for me to follow him.

"This way," he said.

I walked behind him, keeping my mask and face cap low. The night air was cold. The forest was dark. The only light came from a small cabin sitting alone in the middle of the trees.

A witch's home.

Damien knocked once.

The door opened by itself.

Warm yellow light poured out, and a woman stepped forward. She looked to be in her late thirties with long black hair and silver eyes that glowed faintly.

"A visitor who should be dead," she said calmly while looking straight at me.

I stiffened.

Damien sighed. "Zira, please. He needs your help."

The witch named Zira studied me from head to toe.

"You have returned from the grave," she said. "Interesting. Very few ever do."

I swallowed. "Can you help me change my face?"

She nodded slowly. "Yes... but only for three months. After three months, your real face will return. I cannot change that."

"That is perfect," I said. "Three months is all I need."

Zira stepped aside. "Come in."

The inside of her cabin smelled like herbs and smoke. Strange items hung from the walls—feathers, stones, jars filled with glowing liquid. There was a long wooden bed in the middle of the room.

"Lie down," she instructed.

I removed my mask and face cap, then lay down slowly on the bed. Damien stood beside me quietly, one hand on my shoulder, steadying me.

Zira brought a small bowl filled with dark blue paste. She dipped her fingers into it and rubbed it over my entire face—my forehead, my jaw, my cheeks, my nose.

The paste was cold.

Then she began chanting softly under her breath. The room darkened. The air thickened.

Suddenly—

My skin started burning.

Not painfully... but like it was peeling from inside.

I grit my teeth as my face felt like it was shifting, stretching, tightening. My bones moved under my skin. My jawline changed. My nose reshaped. My eyes burned.

Damien kept his hand on my arm. "It is almost done," he murmured.

Zira finished her chant and stepped back.

"It is done," she said. "Open your eyes."

I opened them slowly.

The room looked the same... but when I sat up, she pointed to a tall mirror at the corner.

"Come," she said.

My heart pounded as I stood and walked toward it, imagining what kind of face I would be wearing for the next three months.

When I reached the mirror...

I froze.

The man staring back at me was not Lennox.

He had brown hair instead of black. His jawline was sharper. His skin was slightly tanner. His eyes were a deep stone-gray instead of my usual forest green.

His nose was different. His cheeks were different. His eyebrows were different.

I lifted my hand slowly.

The man in the mirror lifted his hand too.

It was me... but not me.

My body was the same—tall, broad shoulders, strong chest—but the face...

A stranger's face.

Damien stepped beside me and whispered, "No one will know you now. Not even your own mother."

Zira nodded. "This face does not belong to anyone in this world. It is a new creation. A random blend. No one alive carries this look."

I touched my cheeks, still shocked.

"It feels real," I whispered.

"It is real," Zira said. "But only for three months. After that, everything will fade... and your true face will return."

I nodded slowly.

Three months.

Three months to walk into my pack unseen. Three months to watch my family. Three months to hunt the one who tried to kill me.

Damien placed a hand on my shoulder.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

I stared at the stranger in the mirror.

I took a slow breath.

"Yes," I said. "I am ready."

Damien gave one last thankful nod to the witch, and she bowed her head slightly before turning away to clean her tools.

"Let's go," Damien said quietly.

We stepped out of the cabin into the cold night. The wind blew gently, rustling the trees, and for a moment... I felt like a ghost walking in someone else's body. Damien walked beside me, not speaking, just thinking.

We reached the jet again, and the pilot stepped out when he saw Damien.

"The jet will take you back," Damien said, turning to me. "Straight to the old border strip where Golden is waiting."

I nodded.

It felt strange... leaving this place with a new face. Leaving as someone who wasn't Lennox. Someone who was supposed to be dead.

Damien placed his hand on my shoulder.

"If anything happens... if anyone suspects you... call me immediately," he said. His voice was firm, protective. "Do not take risks with this second life. Please."

I swallowed and nodded. "Thank you."

He raised a brow. "For the witch?"

I shook my head.

"No. Not just for this," I said quietly. "I was told... that all the years I was unconscious... you were the only one in the family who visited me. Every week."

Damien's face softened. He looked away for a moment as if hiding something.

"You are my nephew," he said simply. "You are my blood. And I knew—one day—you would return. I just did not know the Goddess would make it happen twice."

I lowered my eyes.

Damien stepped closer, lowering his voice.

"Listen... do not be too hard on Olivia or your brothers," he said. "They were wrong, yes. But they were hurting too."

I clenched my jaw.

Damien continued, "Levi believed he was doing the right thing by keeping people away from you. He thought protecting you meant isolating you. It was foolish—but he was scared."

I looked towards the ground, emotions pulling at me painfully.

"And Olivia..." Damien added. "She was broken, Lennox. Broken in ways you may not fully understand. What happened the first time you died... it destroyed her."

My throat tightened.

Damien put both hands on my shoulders.

"I am not defending everything they did," he said. "But I am telling you—they did not stop loving you. They never stopped."

I took a slow breath. "Whether they loved me or not... someone tried to kill me. Someone close."

"Then find them," Damien said softly. "Find the truth. And when you do... I will be here."

The jet's engines started warming up behind us.

We both stepped closer, and for the first time in years... Damien pulled me into a hug.

A real hug.

"I thought you were gone," he whispered. "Truly gone. My heart could not bear it."

I closed my eyes and hugged him back.

After a moment, he pulled away and pointed toward the stairs.

"Go. Your new life begins now."

I nodded, adjusted my mask again, and walked toward the jet stairs.

Before stepping in, I looked back at him.

"Uncle."

He raised a brow.

"Thank you."

He smiled slightly. "Not me... thank the Goddess she brought you back."

I nodded and stepped into the jet, then the door closed behind me.

The jet touched down on the old border strip just as the sun was rising. The sky was light blue, and the trees around the field were quiet. Golden was already waiting near the edge of the runway. His eyes widened when he saw me step out.

He bowed his head quickly. "Alpha... is that you."

"Golden," I said as I walked toward him. "It is really me."

He stared at the new face I now wore. "If I did not know, I would never believe it. No one can tell who you are now."

"That is the point," I said.

The jet took off behind us, leaving us alone in the cold morning air. Golden led me back into the trees toward the safe house. The ground was still damp from the night, and the air smelled like wet soil.

Once we were inside, Golden closed the door tight and checked the windows.

I removed the mask and face cap, showing him the full new face.

Golden looked shocked again. "This... this is amazing, Alpha. No one will ever guess."

I nodded and sat down slowly. "Good. Now we plan."

Golden pulled a chair and sat across from me. "Tell me what to do."

I took a breath and thought carefully. "First... you will return to the pack like normal. You will tell them you are still searching rogue camps and clearing the area. No one should wonder why you are out."

Golden nodded. "Yes, Alpha."

"Second," I continued, "you will bring me in as a new warrior. A stranger. Someone you found during training at the border."

Golden frowned. "Should I say you are from another pack?"

"No," I said. "Keep it simple. Say I am a stray wolf who wants a new home. Say you tested my strength and liked what you saw."

Golden tapped his chin. "That will work."

"Good," I said. "When you bring me inside, do not let me anywhere near Louis or Levi on the first day. They know warriors better than anyone. If they get too close, they might sense something."

Golden nodded. "I understand."

Golden leaned forward. "What is next?"

I rubbed my forehead slowly. "Next... I watch. I listen. I study everyone. I study their actions. Their moods. How they talk about my death. Who is grieving. Who is pretending. Who is too calm. Who seemed happy."

Golden swallowed. "And if someone slips?"

"I will be ready," I said. "But I will not confront anyone yet. Not until I know the entire truth."

Golden sat back in his chair and let out a long breath. "This is dangerous, Alpha."

"Yes," I said. "But living in that house with someone who wants me dead is even more dangerous."

Chapter 578: Back As A Stranger

Lennox's POV

Golden lowered his head. "You are right."

I stood up and walked to the small mirror. My new face stared back at me. Brown hair. Gray eyes. Sharper features.

A stranger.

"From today," I said softly, "Lennox is dead."

Golden looked up at me slowly.

"And who are you now, Alpha?"

I let the question hang in the air for a moment.

Then I answered quietly, "A ghost inside my own home."

Golden nodded slowly, understanding.

"Then, Alpha... tell me your new name."

I turned from the mirror with a firm look in my new eyes.

"My name will be Kaine."

Golden bowed. "Yes, Alpha Kaine."

"Prepare everything. We enter the mansion tonight."

Golden stood up quickly. "I will get the papers ready. Your warrior clothes. A new background story. When you return tonight... it begins."

I nodded once.

Golden left the room to prepare everything, leaving me alone with the mirror and the stranger inside it.

I stared at my new face for a long time.

Brown hair.

Gray eyes.

Sharper jaw.

A man I did not know.

A man no one in my pack would ever recognize.

A man who would walk into the home I used to rule... and pretend he was an ordinary new warrior.

A man who would watch his family from the shadows.

A ghost.

I touched the short brown hair, still not used to it. I loved my black sticky hair. This was just it.

"How am I going to do this...?" I muttered.

I imagined it—

Walking into the mansion.

Seeing my sons and having to pretend I did not know them.

My throat tightened.

What would I do if I see Liam again?

What would I do if Leo stared at me with those wide, innocent eyes that always softened me?

I would have to stand there.

Unmoving.

Pretending they were strangers.

My sons.

My blood.

My world.

And Olivia...

I inhaled sharply at the thought of her.

Seeing her face and acting like she was just another Luna.

Not my mate.

Not the woman whose tears soaked my shirt as I died in her arms.

Not the woman whose voice dragged me back from death twice.

I closed my eyes.

Could I stand in front of her and call her "Luna" like she was nothing special?

Could I watch someone else comfort her?

Could I watch her break and act as if I felt nothing?

This plan was going to hurt more than dying.

Much more.

I opened my eyes again and stared at the mirror.

"You can do this," I whispered to myself. "You must."

If I failed, the person who wanted me dead might strike again—

No.

I would bury myself a hundred times before letting that happen.

Just then, Golden returned—breathing lightly, holding a stack of folded warrior clothes, leather boots, and identity papers.

"Alpha Kaine," he said softly. "It is time."

My new name still felt strange.

Like wearing someone else's skin.

But I nodded. "Let's go."

Golden hesitated at the door.

"They are recruiting new warriors today," he said quietly. "If everything goes well... they will accept you tonight."

I breathed in slowly. "Good."

He studied me for a moment. "Are you ready?"

No.

But I said, "Yes."

We stepped outside into the fading evening light.

The sky burned orange.

The wind carried distant sounds of drums and cheers.

Golden glanced back at me. "Tonight they are holding a combat feast... in your honour."

My heart squeezed painfully.

A feast for the Alpha they thought was dead.

For me.

We reached the mansion grounds, and the sound became clearer—

Warriors shouting.

Crowds cheering.

Swords clashing.

They were sparring.

Celebrating.

Honouring Lennox.

Golden led me toward the small field behind the warrior block. Groups of new recruits gathered there—young men, some nervous, some excited.

Golden whispered, "Stand with them. Do not draw attention to yourself."

I stepped carefully into the group, lowering my head slightly.

No one recognized me.

Not even close.

A few recruits glanced at me, frowning—curious about the tall stranger with the intense eyes—but they said nothing.

I kept my breathing steady.

Suddenly a loud voice called from the platform.

"ALPHAS APPROACHING!"

Everything went silent.

Every warrior instantly bowed their head.

Except me.

I wasn't used to doing that for my own brothers.

My body froze for a second.

Someone elbowed me hard. "Bow, idiot!"

I lowered my head fast.

I could sense them.

Louis.

Levi.

My brothers walked past, their scents brushing my senses.

I kept my head down, fists tight.

They sat on the high seats—two chairs instead of three.

I felt my chest tighten painfully at the empty space between them.

My chair.

My place.

Gone.

Louis rose and stepped forward.

His voice shook slightly as he spoke.

"This combat feast is held in honour of Alpha Lennox," he said. "He loved the battlefield. He loved pushing his warriors. So tonight, we fight... for him."

The crowd cheered loudly.

I blinked hard.

I never knew warriors loved me this much.

I always thought I was too hard on them... too strict... too demanding.

But some wiped tears quietly.

A new recruit beside me whispered, "I heard he was so strong... I wish I trained under him once."

Another said softly, "Alpha Lennox always fought beside us. Not above us."

I swallowed the tight ache in my throat.

For a moment, I forgot I wasn't supposed to be him.

But then Louis continued speaking, his voice thick with sorrow.

"Our brother, our Alpha, died saving this pack. Tonight, we honour him with strength, not tears."

There were tears anyway.

Levi sat still, staring at the ground, jaw clenched hard.

He had not cried in public.

He couldn't.

He was Alpha.

But his pain radiated like fire.

I looked away before my emotions betrayed me.

Golden leaned closer and whispered, "Keep your eyes down, Kaine."

I nodded slightly.

The first combat match began.

Warriors ran forward, clashing loudly, fists flying, feet pounding the dirt. The crowd shouted with energy.

But I barely saw any of it.

My eyes kept drifting to my brothers.

Chapter 579: Assignment

Lennox's POV

The fights began one after another.

Warriors stepped into the circle, fists raised, bodies tense. Dust lifted with every step they took. The air felt hot and loud with cheers and growls.

I stood among the new recruits, watching quietly, studying everything.

Every punch.

Every kick.

Every mistake.

Louis and Levi sat high on their seats, watching each fight like true Alphas. Their expressions were serious, focused... but behind their eyes, I could see it—

Pain.

Loss.

My death still sat heavy on their hearts.

Every time Louis called the next pair of fighters, his voice shook a little.

Every time Levi crossed his arms, he clenched his jaw hard, like he was trying not to feel anything.

Golden walked to the front and raised his voice.

"These are our new recruits!" he shouted. "We will test their strength tonight. The best will join the front warriors—the warriors who stay inside the mansion and protect the Alpha family!"

The crowd cheered.

My heart tightened.

Front warriors.

My warriors.

The ones I trained myself.

Golden continued, "Each new recruit will face an older warrior. If they do well, they move to the next round."

Warriors stepped forward.

Names were called.

One by one, they fought.

Some lost quickly.

Some held on.

Some impressed the crowd.

But I waited.

Quiet.

Still.

Watching.

My new face did its job—no one looked at me twice.

After a while, Golden glanced at the list in his hand and then lifted his voice again.

"Kaine!" he called.

My new name.

I stepped out from the group, keeping my head slightly down. Golden gave me a careful look, then spoke loudly for everyone to hear:

"This is Kaine. He is my old friend from the east borders. He trained under a tough school—strong, quiet, disciplined."

Whispers spread through the crowd.

"Who is he?"

"Never seen him before."

"He looks serious."

"He's tall..."

I didn't look at anyone.

I kept my breathing slow.

But I felt two strong gazes land on me.

Louis.

Levi.

They both leaned forward slightly, watching me with furrowed brows.

Suspicious.

Curious.

Confused.

They sensed something but couldn't understand it.

When I reached the center of the field, I bowed slightly to them—like a new warrior would.

Levi frowned deeper.

Louis whispered something to him, but I couldn't hear it.

Their eyes stayed on me.

Golden then called my opponent.

"Latino! Step forward!"

Latino jogged out with a big grin on his face. He lifted his fists high and let out a shout to impress the crowd.

I almost laughed.

Latino was strong, yes.

And fast, yes.

But I knew his weak points better than anyone.

Because I trained him myself.

He didn't know he was facing the Alpha who had once taught him how to fight.

He bowed quickly.

I bowed back.

The crowd grew excited.

Golden lifted his arm.

"Begin!"

Latino charged at me instantly, just like he always did.

Fast.

Loud.

Predictable.

He swung at my left side.

His favorite opening move.

But I had seen it thousands of times.

I stepped aside, grabbed his wrist, twisted lightly, and swept his leg from under him.

He hit the ground hard.

Gasps filled the field.

Latino jumped up quickly, embarrassed, and rushed again—this time aiming a punch at my jaw.

I blocked it with one hand and pushed his chest lightly.

He fell again.

More gasps.

Some warriors murmured, "Who is this guy...?"

Louis leaned forward.

Levi narrowed his eyes sharply.

Latino stood again—breathing hard now. His pride hurt. He wiped his sweat and tried to circle around me.

Wrong move.

Before he even finished turning, I stepped in, grabbed his shoulder, twisted him around, and pinned him to the ground with one arm.

He couldn't move.

Not even an inch.

Five seconds.

That was all it took.

The crowd exploded with noise.

"What strength!"

"Who is this Kaine?"

"He defeated Latino like he was nothing!"

"Even some front warriors struggle with Latino!"

I let go and stood up slowly.

Latino looked up at me with wide eyes.

Shock.

Respect.

Fear.

I offered him my hand.

He took it, still confused.

When I straightened, I looked at my brothers again.

Louis's mouth was slightly open.

Levi's eyes were narrowed so sharply it felt like he was trying to see through me.

Then his gaze drifted... and locked on mine.

Just for a second.

My heart jumped.

Did he sense something?

Did he feel something familiar?

I quickly looked away, lowering my head like a respectful new recruit.

Golden stepped forward with a proud smile.

"Kaine wins!"

The crowd cheered again.

The cheers were still loud when I stepped back into the line of recruits.

My fight was over.

My display was enough.

Normally, Golden would excuse the fighter after one victory.

But then—

Levi rose slowly from his seat.

The entire field went silent.

His voice carried across the arena, calm... but too calm.

"Kaine," he said. "One more round."

A ripple of confusion spread through the crowd.

Warriors whispered.

"Why another round?"

"He already beat Latino..."

"What is Alpha Levi doing?"

My stomach tightened.

Levi never made decisions without reason.

If he ordered another round...

It meant he sensed something.

Not recognized me fully—but sensed something familiar in the way I moved.

I kept my head lowered.

Golden looked at Levi, confused himself. "Alpha, he has already proven—"

Levi cut him off sharply.

"I said another round."

Golden stiffened.

"Yes, Alpha."

He turned to me, his eyes flicking with warning—Hide your skill. Hide everything.

"Steve!" Golden called.

Steve stepped into the circle.

He was strong. Fast. A warrior who had grown a lot since I last trained him.

He would normally last at least a minute in a fight.

But today...

I couldn't fight like Lennox.

I couldn't show the technique Lennox used.

I had to be sloppy.

I had to pretend.

But Steve rushed in aggressively, and instinct took over—

I grabbed his wrist, twisted lightly, and swept his leg.

He fell.

Ten seconds.

Too fast.

Too clean.

The crowd gasped again.

Golden closed his eyes briefly like, Moon Goddess, Kaine, please be careful.

Louis leaned forward, studying me with a strange look.

But Levi...

He was not leaning forward anymore.

He was staring straight at me.

Like a hawk that scented prey.

His eyes were sharp.

Suspicious.

Intense.

He turned to Golden slowly.

"Kaine is your friend?" he asked.

Golden bowed respectfully. "Yes, Alpha. We trained in the same fighting school when we were younger."

Levi didn't blink.

"Which school?" he asked.

Golden answered smoothly, "Iron Claw Institute, Alpha."

Levi turned his eyes back to me.

"And you," he said. "Where are you from? Which pack raised you?"

My heartbeat spiked—but I kept my voice steady.

"No pack, Alpha," I said confidently. "I lived among humans most of my life. I only returned a few months ago. I met Golden because I needed work."

Levi watched me for a few seconds too long.

Then he nodded once.

"Very well."

Golden exhaled quietly in relief.

I stayed still.

I did not meet Levi's eyes.

I did not breathe too loud.

But inside, I felt something cold crawl down my spine.

He almost felt me.

After another tense moment, Levi straightened and said calmly,

"Kaine."

"Yes, Alpha," I replied.

He spoke slowly, clearly, like he wanted every warrior to hear this command.

"You will not join the front warriors."

My stomach dropped.

Whispers rushed through the crowd.

"He lost?"

"But he won!"

"What did he do wrong?"

Then Levi continued.

"You will be part of a different team. A team that requires strength and discipline."

I lifted my eyes slightly.

Louis looked at Levi sideways, surprised.

Levi's voice turned firm.

"You will be assigned to protect someone very important."

My breath froze.

He didn't...

He wouldn't...

Levi pointed toward the high seat beside him—the Luna's empty chair.

"From this moment, Kaine..." he said slowly.

"...you will be the personal guard of Luna Olivia."

Everything inside me stopped.

The noise of the arena disappeared.

My heart slammed once, hard.

Protect Olivia.

Stay by her side.

Every day.

Every night.

As a stranger.

Golden's eyes widened slightly in shock.

Louis blinked, surprised but silent.

Levi folded his arms again and said,

"Report to the Luna's quarters tomorrow morning. Do not be late."

Chapter 580: Keep The Act On

Lennox's POV

I was shocked.

Stunned.

Completely unprepared.

For a second, I forgot to breathe.

I stared at Levi. His face was calm, but I could see it in his eyes. Even he looked unsure about the order he had just given. This was not planned. This was not discussed between them before the feast.

Louis sat beside him, clearly surprised. His brows were pulled together as he glanced at Levi, then back at me.

This made no sense.

Olivia did not need a personal guard.

She was powerful. Strong. Dangerous when pushed. She could protect herself better than most warriors in this pack. Assigning a guard to her felt unnecessary.

So why me?

Why Kaine?

Golden suddenly stepped forward.

"Alpha, there is a problem," he said carefully.

Levi lifted a brow, his sharp eyes moving to Golden. "What problem?"

Golden bowed slightly before continuing. "Kaine lost his mate some time ago. The pain was too much. He lost his wolf in the process. He is... wolfless."

The entire field went quiet.

Wolfless.

That single word changed everything.

Murmurs spread among the warriors.

"A wolfless guard?" "How can he protect the Luna?" "That is dangerous..."
"Why would Alpha Levi—"

Louis stiffened in his seat.

Levi's eyes snapped back to me, sharper now. More focused.

"You have no wolf?" he asked.

I kept my face calm, my voice composed. "Yes, Alpha."

That part was not a lie.

I did not have my wolf yet.

Levi studied me again, longer this time. I could almost hear his thoughts working. A wolfless warrior guarding the Luna made no sense. It was risky. It was foolish.

For a moment, I thought he would take the order back.

But then Levi spoke.

"That changes nothing," he said firmly.

Golden blinked. "Alpha?"

Levi stood fully now, his voice carrying authority. "Strength is not only a wolf. Discipline, control, and loyalty matter just as much. Kaine has shown all three tonight."

My chest tightened.

Louis opened his mouth slightly, then closed it again. He did not argue. But his eyes flickered with doubt.

Levi looked straight at me.

"You will not rely on a wolf," he said. "You will rely on skill. On awareness. On obedience."

"Yes, Alpha," I replied.

My voice did not shake, but inside me, everything was screaming.

Guard Olivia.

Without revealing myself.

Without speaking to her as Lennox.

Levi turned to Golden. "You will personally oversee his duties."

Golden bowed. "Yes, Alpha."

Then Levi added something that made my stomach drop.

"And Kaine will stay inside the mansion."

Inside.

Close.

Too close.

Levi's gaze hardened slightly. "If he fails, he answers to me."

"I understand," I said.

Levi nodded once. "You are dismissed. Report to the Luna's quarters at first light."

With that, he sat back down.

The decision was final.

The crowd slowly returned to noise, but it sounded far away to me now. My ears rang. My heart pounded.

Golden stepped closer to me, lowering his voice. "This is dangerous."

"I know," I whispered back.

"But useful," he added.

I nodded, lowered my head, and stepped back into the line of recruits, my heart still pounding hard in my chest. My legs felt steady, but inside, I was shaking.

Guard Olivia.

Stay inside the mansion.

See her every day.

Hear her voice.

Watch her grief.

And pretend I was nothing to her.

A stranger.

The combat feast continued, but I barely saw it. More fights happened. More cheers rose. More warriors clashed.

But my mind was no longer on the field.

Golden leaned closer again. "After this, follow me. Keep your head down. Do not speak unless spoken to."

"Yes," I replied quietly.

The feast finally came to an end. Warriors began to disperse, talking loudly, laughing softly, some still wiping tears when they thought no one was watching.

Louis stood and addressed the crowd briefly, thanking them for honoring me. His voice was steady, but his eyes looked tired.

Levi did not speak again.

When they left the platform, the warriors bowed deeply.

I bowed too.

This time, it came easier.

Golden motioned for me to follow him away from the field. We walked through the side paths of the mansion grounds, away from the noise, away from the lights.

Only when we were far enough did he speak.

"You almost blew it with Steve," he muttered.

"I know," I said honestly.

Leaning too much into skill had been a mistake. Levi noticed. Levi always noticed.

Golden stopped near a small guard building and turned to face me.

"You understand what this means now," he said seriously. "You will see her. Every day. You will hear things you should not hear. You will feel things you must not show."

"I know," I said again.

He searched my face. "Can you do this?"

"I can... you don't have to worry about me," I said.

Golden nodded and handed me a smartphone. "Since you can't communicate through the mind link, reach me through this if anything comes up."

"Thank you," I said and took the phone from him.

Golden exhaled slowly, like he had been holding his breath the whole time.

"For now," he said, "I'll step back. I can't be seen guiding you too closely. From here on, Noah will be your buddy. I have already informed him."

I nodded once. "Alright."

A few moments later, a tall warrior approached us. He had broad shoulders, sandy hair, and a calm expression. His eyes flicked over me once, quick and

curious, but not suspicious. He seemed like a new guard. Maybe he was recruited while I was still unconscious, because I didn't know him.

"This is Noah," Golden said. "He'll take you to your room and explain the rules."

Noah bowed slightly. "Follow me."

Golden looked at me one last time. Then he stepped away, disappearing back into the crowd of warriors.

Noah led me through the mansion grounds. The place felt different at night. Quieter. Heavier. Like the walls themselves remembered what had been lost.

We entered through a side door and walked down a long hallway. We climbed the stairs to the second floor. My footsteps echoed softly against the stone. Noah stopped in front of a simple wooden door and pushed it open.

"This will be your room," he said.

Inside was a clean guest room. A bed. A desk. A small wardrobe. Nothing special. Nothing personal.

Temporary.

Just like Kaine.

Noah stood by the door and began explaining calmly, like this was routine.

"You'll follow mansion rules. No wandering at night. No entering restricted areas without permission. Meals will be provided."

He paused, then added, "Since you're assigned as the Luna's personal guard, you'll eat the same food as the royal family. Lucky you."

I almost laughed inwardly.

He continued, "By seven in the morning, you must be at the Luna's door. Her chambers are on the fifth floor. First door on the left."

My chest tightened, but I gave a short nod. "Understood."

Noah turned to leave, then hesitated at the door. He glanced back at me, his voice lowering slightly.

"For your own good," he said, "don't annoy the Luna."

I lifted my eyes to him.

"She's still mourning Alpha Lennox," he continued quietly. "She hasn't left her room since he was buried. Not even once."

With that, he turned and left, leaving me alone in the room.

I took a deep breath and sat on the bed. I closed my eyes and began to wonder if this was worth it. Should I just stop this charade and tell them who I really was? Olivia was wallowing in pain for me, and the thought of that was killing me.

No.

I shook my head.

Someone wanted me dead. Someone had planned to kill me, and I needed to know who.