

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 601: Accused

- Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 601: Accused

Chapter 601: Accused

Olivia POV

Only the sound of our heavy, panting breaths filled the room. Our sweaty bodies were pressed together as I rested my head on his chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat. God... I had missed this. I had missed him so fucking much.

An awkward silence settled in the air as none of us said a word... the atmosphere was tense, and I wondered what he was thinking... I would pay anything just to know what was going on in his head.

I felt him inhale deeply beneath me. Then, slowly, carefully, he shifted me away.

I felt bad, but I held back my emotions and went for the blindfold. I untied the blindfold and saw that he did the same... Our eyes met, and he stared at me with those brown eyes that were so different from Lennox's, and somehow now it made me feel like I had just fucked a stranger.

But I shook my head inwardly... I didn't sleep with a stranger. I slept with Lennox.

He didn't say a word. He stood up, picked his boxers off the floor, and pulled them on. I wrapped the blanket tightly around myself and watched him walk toward the small window. He stopped there, standing with his back to me, shoulders tense.

"Will you tell him the truth?" my wolf asked softly.

I stayed silent. Right now, all I wanted was to know what he was thinking.

Another stretch of silence passed before he finally spoke.

"You called me Lennox," he said quietly. "Why?"

I swallowed, my throat suddenly dry. The room felt tense. I sat up slowly, pulling the blanket tighter around myself, my fingers knotting in the fabric as if it could keep me steady.

I could lie.

I had lied so many times already.

I exhaled shakily. "Because... that's who you felt like."

He turned then. Slowly. Cautiously. His eyes searched my face, confused.

"What do you mean?"

I swallowed hard... should I tell him the truth... should I tell him I know he is Lennox?

"Yes..." my wolf urged. "Tell him."

I swallowed hard... I should have taken the advice of my wolf, but you know me—I never take my wolf's advice.

"With you, I feel like you are Lennox... I can't explain it... but I see my Lennox in you."

Lennox's eyes widened, and quickly he looked away so I wouldn't see the unease, but it was already too late—I had seen the unease.

"So you let me fuck you because I remind you of your lost mate," he said with gritted teeth, sounding furious about it.

I frowned. I wanted to spit, to tell him of course that was never the reason... I let him fuck me because I know it was him, but of course I can't tell him that.

"This was a mistake," he said, his voice tight. "It shouldn't have happened. And it can never happen again."

I stared at him, my chest aching.

He turned his back to me again, shoulders stiff. "We keep this between us," he continued. "No one can know. Please... leave before anyone starts to suspect something."

Leave?

That word hurt more than his anger.

I swallowed hard, fighting the lump in my throat. I wanted to scream at him. I wanted to ask how he planned to keep wearing another man's face while standing right in front of me. I wanted to ask how he could watch me hurt and still hide.

But I didn't say any of it.

I forced myself to nod.

"Fine," I said quietly.

I slipped out of bed and got dressed, my hands shaking as I pulled on my clothes. He didn't turn around. He didn't stop me.

I paused at the door, hoping—stupidly—that he would call my name.

He didn't.

So I opened the door and walked out.

The hallway felt cold. Empty.

As I walked away, my chest burned and my eyes stung, but I didn't cry. I just continued forcing my legs to move until I got to my room. Reaching my room, I collapsed on the floor, sat with my back against the wall, my knees pulled close to my chest. The room was quiet, but my head was loud. Too loud.

Everything felt wrong.

For a moment, doubt crept in.

Was Kaine really Lennox?

I knew he was. I felt it. My wolf knew it. My heart knew it. But his words... his distance... the way he pushed me away like I was nothing more than a mistake—it hurt in ways I couldn't explain.

The Lennox I knew would never look at me like that.

The Lennox I knew would never call what we shared a mistake.

Tears finally slipped down my cheeks, slow and silent. I wiped them away angrily.

"No," I whispered to myself. "You're not imagining this."

I stood up and paced the room, my arms wrapped around myself. Every memory replayed in my head—the way he moved, the way his scent calmed me, the way my wolf went quiet around him. The empty grave. The way he took the lashes without fighting back. The way he looked at me when he thought I wasn't watching.

He was Lennox.

But he was scared.

Scared of something. Scared of someone.

And that scared me.

I stopped pacing and looked at my reflection in the mirror. I barely recognized the woman staring back. She looked tired. Hurt. Angry. Confused.

"If you think pushing me away will protect me," I said softly, "you don't know me at all."

My wolf stirred inside me.

He's hiding for a reason, she said. And whatever it is... it's dangerous.

I nodded slowly.

"Then I'll find out," I whispered.

I didn't sleep until past midnight.

I turned and turned in bed, my mind refusing to rest. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw him—the way he looked at me, the way he pushed me away, the way he said it was a mistake.

By morning, my head hurt and my body felt heavy.

After I bathed and dressed, I went down to the dining hall for breakfast. The long table was already set. Levi and Louis were there, sitting across from each other.

The boys were not around.

They had left early for class.

The moment I sat down, I felt it.

The tension.

It hung in the air like something sharp. No one spoke. Forks scraped softly against plates. Cups were lifted and set down again.

Then the door opened.

Kaine walked in.

He didn't sit.

He didn't speak.

He only bowed and stood quietly in the corner, like always. My personal guard. Head lowered. Hands behind his back.

My chest tightened.

I felt uneasy the moment I saw him. My fingers curled slightly on the table. I tried to look away—but I couldn't stop myself from noticing him.

Levi noticed.

So did Louis.

Their eyes followed my gaze.

Levi's jaw tightened.

Louis frowned.

"Guard," Louis said sharply. "Leave."

Kaine didn't hesitate. He bowed his head.

"Yes, Alpha."

He turned and walked out.

The door closed behind him.

Silence slammed down on the table.

I hadn't even touched my food.

Levi pushed his plate away and leaned back in his chair, his eyes burning as he stared at me.

"Olivia," he said slowly, his voice tight with anger, "you must be fucking kidding me."

Chapter 602: Off

Olivia's POV

I looked up at him. "What are you talking about?"

Louis crossed his arms. "You couldn't even sit straight with him in the room."

"That's not true," I said, too quickly.

Levi let out a short, bitter laugh. "You flinched when he walked in. You went stiff. And don't tell me we imagined it."

I stood up, my chair scraping loudly against the floor. "You're both looking for problems where there are none."

Levi stood too. "You defended him in the yard. You healed him in private. And now you can't even breathe when he's near you."

My heart started pounding.

"This is not about Kaine," I snapped. "This is about you losing control yesterday."

Louis shook his head. "You're lying to yourself."

I clenched my fists. "Enough."

Levi took a step closer, his voice low. "If that guard is becoming a problem, Olivia—"

"He is not," I said firmly.

The room went quiet again.

Levi stared at me for a long moment, then looked away, shaking his head. "You're hiding something."

I didn't answer.

Because if I spoke, I might scream. Scream and tell them that man was their brother, Lennox—the one we were all mourning.

Sucking in a deep breath, I turned and walked out of the dining hall, my chest tight, my thoughts spinning.

Behind me, I heard Levi say quietly to Louis,

"I have to take care of him."

A normal person wouldn't have heard it by how hushed his voice was, but my senses did.

Immediately, I stopped and spun around so fast my head hurt.

"What do you mean by that?" I demanded, staring straight at Levi.

He didn't answer me.

He just looked at Louis, like I hadn't spoken at all.

My chest burned.

"Answer me," I said, my voice shaking now. "What do you mean you'll take care of him?"

Still nothing.

Something ugly rose inside me—fear, anger, old pain that never healed.

"Wow," I said bitterly. "So what now? Are you planning to make him disappear too?"

My voice cracked. "Just like you did to Lennox?"

That got his attention.

Levi frowned deeply. "What?" he asked. "What are you talking about?"

Before I could answer, footsteps echoed behind us.

I felt it before I saw him.

Kaine.

He stood a few steps away, frozen in place. His face was calm, but his eyes were sharp—too sharp. He had heard something. I knew he had.

Louis turned on him at once. "Were you listening?" he snapped. "Are you spying now?"

Kaine shook his head immediately. "No, Alpha," he said evenly. "I just came to inform the Luna that she has a visitor."

My heart dropped.

I didn't look at Levi.

I didn't look at Louis.

I turned and walked away.

I could feel Kaine following me, his steps quiet but steady behind mine. The hallway felt too long. Too silent.

I knew he had heard what I said.

Disappear... Lennox...

I hadn't meant it like that.

I hadn't even thought before the words came out.

But now they were out there.

And I wondered—

what was he thinking?

Did he think I knew?

Did he think I was accusing Levi?

We reached the corridor near my office. I stopped suddenly, forcing him to stop too.

The air between us felt heavy.

He didn't speak.

Neither did I.

But I could feel it—

the tension, the question he was itching to ask but couldn't.

"You can stay here," I said quietly.

Kaine nodded once. He didn't argue. He didn't ask questions. He just stood by the door like he was told, calm and controlled, as if nothing had happened.

I turned and walked into my office.

The meeting dragged on longer than I expected. Council members talked about borders, supplies, patrol shifts, and things that suddenly felt small compared to the storm in my head. I answered when needed, nodded when expected, and kept my face calm even though my chest felt tight the whole time.

My thoughts kept drifting back to the hallway.

To my words.

Disappear... just like Lennox.

I hadn't meant to say it. Not like that. But once spoken, words couldn't be taken back.

When the meeting finally ended, I dismissed everyone and stood up slowly. My body felt heavy, like I had been carrying too much for too long. I straightened my clothes, took a deep breath, and opened the door.

The hallway was empty.

I frowned.

Kaine wasn't there.

That strange, steady presence I had started to notice was gone, and it made my stomach twist in a way I didn't like. He was supposed to be standing right outside my door. I had told him to stay.

I stepped out fully and looked around. Nothing. No guard. No movement.

"Where is Kaine?" I asked sharply, stopping the nearest guard.

The guard stiffened and bowed. "Alpha Levi and Alpha Louis summoned him, Luna."

My heart dropped.

"Summoned him?" I repeated slowly.

"Yes, Luna," the guard said. "They left for hunting together a few minutes ago."

My heart started racing the moment the guard said it.

"Hunting?" I repeated.

"Yes, Luna," he said again. "They already left."

The words felt wrong. Heavy. Hunting was never sudden. Never without notice. And never with my personal guard.

Something was wrong.

I didn't wait. I closed my eyes and pushed into the mind link, my voice sharp and urgent.

Levi, why did you take my personal guard?

Silence.

I tried again, stronger this time.

Levi. Answer me. Why is Kaine with you?

Nothing.

But I knew he heard me.

The bond hummed faintly—tight, tense—like a door slammed shut in my face.

My chest tightened. I pressed a hand against it, trying to calm my breathing. Levi always responded. Even when he was angry. Even when we fought.

This time, he didn't.

I didn't like it.

I really didn't like it.

Hunting.

The word echoed in my head. Images rushed through my mind—blood, blades, accidents that were never really accidents. Levi's anger earlier. The way he looked at Kaine in the yard. The way he said, I'll take care of him.

My stomach twisted.

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

I turned sharply and walked down the hallway, my steps hurried. Servants moved out of my way, sensing my mood, but I barely noticed them.

Something felt off.

Really off.

Chapter 603: Jealousy

Olivia's POV

Without a second thought, I closed my eyes.

I was ready to teleport.

All I had to do was focus—on Levi, on Louis, on Kaine—and my power would take me straight to them. My heart was racing, fear pounding in my chest.

But just as I was about to move, something stopped me.

I felt them.

Their presence.

They were already back in the mansion.

My eyes flew open.

Panic hit me hard.

I turned and ran.

I didn't stop. I didn't slow down. I pushed past servants and guards, my dress brushing the floor as I ran toward the entrance gate. My heart was beating so loud it hurt my ears.

And then I saw them.

Kaine was being supported by two guards.

Blood stained his clothes.

My breath caught in my throat.

For a second, my mind went blank.

Then I rushed forward.

"What happened?" I shouted, my voice trembling as I reached him. "What did you do to him? Why is he bleeding?"

I couldn't hide it.

I didn't even try.

Fear spilled out of me as I grabbed his arm, my eyes scanning him quickly. There was blood on his side, dark and fresh. My hands started shaking.

"Kaine—"

"I'm fine, Luna," he said quickly, trying to stand on his own. "It's nothing serious."

Nothing serious?

I stared at him like he had lost his mind.

"You're bleeding," I snapped. "This is not fine."

Then I turned slowly.

My eyes locked on Levi.

"What happened?" I asked, my voice low but full of anger.

For a moment, dark thoughts ran through my head. My chest felt tight, and my wolf stirred, uneasy and angry.

Levi raised his hands slightly. "Calm down," he said. "It wasn't what you're thinking."

I didn't answer.

I just waited.

He sighed and continued, "We went hunting. There was an animal trap left behind near the old woods. Kaine didn't see it in time. It caught him."

My eyes flicked back to Kaine.

He looked away.

That told me everything. Something was wrong.

"You shouldn't have taken him hunting," I said coldly.

Louis scoffed. "He's a guard, Olivia. We can take him anywhere. He's under us."

Something snapped inside me.

"No," I said sharply. "He is under me. He is my personal guard."

The words came out more possessive than I meant them to. The moment they left my mouth, the courtyard went quiet. Even the guards helping Kaine froze.

Louis turned to me, anger flashing in his eyes.

Levi stepped between us slightly. "Enough," he said, his voice firm. "This is getting out of hand."

I wanted to say more.

So much more.

My chest was burning, my heart pounding, but I could feel the eyes on us. Guards. Servants. Too many people watching. Whispering. Judging.

So I stopped myself.

I turned back to Kaine and reached for him, my hands already glowing faintly. "Sit," I said softly. "Let me heal you."

Before I could touch him, Louis stepped forward.

"No," he said firmly. "We have healers. Let them handle it."

I looked at him, shocked. "Louis—"

"We need to talk," he cut in. "Now."

I didn't argue. I couldn't. Not here.

I let the guards take Kaine away, even though every part of me screamed to stay with him. My eyes followed him until he disappeared down the hall.

Then I turned and followed Levi and Louis.

Their study door slammed shut behind us.

The silence was heavy.

Louis was the first to explode. "What the hell is going on here, Olivia? Don't tell me you don't see it."

"I see you both overreacting," I snapped.

"No," he shot back. "I see you losing control."

Levi's voice was low. "You defend him. You panic over him. You claim him as your personal guard."

"So?" I asked. "That's my right."

Levi looked straight at me. "Are you into him?"

The question hit hard.

I froze for half a second.

Then I laughed. Quietly. Bitterly.

"If I was," I said, "wouldn't you even know?"

Inside, my heart was racing.

You have no idea, I thought. You have no idea what I already did.

Louis stared at me like I had slapped him. "Are we not enough for you?" he demanded. "Is that it? You want something new? Something fresh?"

"That's not fair," I snapped.

"Then explain it!" he shouted.

"I don't owe you explanations for every breath I take," I yelled back.

Levi slammed his hand on the table. "Enough!"

The room fell silent.

We stood there, breathing hard, anger thick in the air.

Levi looked tired. "Something is wrong," he said slowly. "And whether you admit it or not, Kaine is at the center of it."

Louis turned away from the table, his hands shaking.

"That guard has to go," he said harshly. "Kaine has to leave. Today."

My heart dropped. I can't let that happen.... I have to do something.

"No," I said quickly.

Levi looked at me sharply. His eyes filled with anger he was trying to control. "If you truly have nothing to do with him," he said, his voice rising, "then you should have no problem relieving him of his duty."

I didn't even think.

"No," I said again.

The word echoed in the room.

Levi snapped.

"What?" he shouted. "Oh my fucking God, Olivia—listen to yourself! You like him. You like Kaine." His eyes were wild. "You're in love with him."

The room went dead silent.

My throat closed. I couldn't breathe for a moment.

I wished—so badly—that I could tell them the truth. That the man they were talking about was Lennox. Their brother. The one we buried. The one we cried for. The one who stood right in front of us wearing another face.

But I couldn't.

I didn't know why Lennox was hiding.

I didn't know what would happen if I exposed him.

And I didn't know if he was ready.

So I said nothing. I have to protect Lennox's secret.

Louis lost it.

He stepped toward me, anger pouring off him. "So that's it?" he yelled. "After everything? After all we lost? You move on with a guard?"

"I did not say that!" I shouted back.

"You don't have to," he snapped. "Your actions are loud enough."

Levi ran a hand through his hair, pacing. "This is madness," he said. "Kaine is tearing us apart."

"No," I said quietly. "You are."

Both of them froze.

"I am grieving," I continued, my voice shaking with pain. "We all are. And instead of healing, you're turning on each other. On me."

Louis laughed bitterly. "You're choosing him over us."

"You're misunderstanding everything," I said, my voice shaking as I looked between them. "Both of you. You're turning jealousy into something ugly."

Louis scoffed. "Jealousy?" he snapped. "You're defending a guard like he's more important than us."

"That's not what this is," I said. "You're making it that way."

Levi stopped pacing. His face hardened. "Enough," he said. "This ends now. Kaine is leaving. He's relieved of duty."

My heart slammed against my chest.

"No," I said.

Levi stared at me. "What?"

"No," I repeated, louder this time. "You don't get to decide that."

Louis laughed, sharp and bitter. "Listen to her. She can't even hide it."

"I can't hide what?" I demanded.

Louis stepped closer, his eyes dark. "You care too much. You panic over him. You protect him. You look at him like—" He stopped, jaw tight. "Like he belongs to you."

"That's not fair," I said.

"Then say it's not true," he shot back.

I opened my mouth.

Nothing came out.

Levi's voice rose. "Olivia, this is out of control. Kaine is leaving, whether you like it or not."

"No," I said again.

The room went quiet.

Louis snapped. "You see?" he said to Levi. "She won't let him go. She's really into Kaine."

Something broke inside me.

All the fear. All the pain. All the lies I had been carrying alone.

"Yes," I said.

Both of them froze.

"Yes," I repeated, my voice shaking but clear. "What if I am into Kaine?"

The words hung in the air like thunder.

Louis stared at me, shocked. "You—what?"

"I said what I said," I went on, anger burning now. "I can have a lover if I want to. I am allowed to feel something. After all"—my voice cracked—"you both had Anita before."

Dead silence filled the room.

Levi turned slowly to face me, his eyes wide. "What did you just say?"

I swallowed, my heart racing, but I didn't look away. "I said what I said."

Louis shook his head like he couldn't believe it. "You're serious."

"Yes," I said. "I'm serious."

Levi ran a hand down his face. "You're saying you want a guard," he said slowly. "After everything we've been through."

I swallowed hard.

My chest hurt so much it felt like I couldn't breathe. The room felt too small. Their eyes were on me—angry, hurt, confused. I could see it now. I was breaking their hearts.

I never wanted this.

I didn't want to choose sides. I didn't want to fight. I didn't want to lose them.

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

I turned away from them. I just wanted to leave. I needed air. I needed space before I said something else that couldn't be taken back.

But I didn't make it far.

Levi grabbed my wrist.

His grip wasn't rough, but it was firm enough to stop me. Strong enough to remind me who he was.

"We're not done talking," he said.

Chapter 604: What We Are Doing Wrong

Olivia's POV

His grip on my wrist was tight—too tight.

Pain shot up my arm, sharp and sudden, and I hissed softly. He didn't notice. Or maybe he didn't care. His eyes were filled with rage, wild and burning.

"What are we doing wrong, Olivia?" Levi snapped. "What do you fucking want?"

His fingers tightened even more around my wrist.

I frowned, pain flashing across my face. "You're hurting me," I said, my voice strained.

He didn't let go.

"Answer the damn question," he demanded, his voice loud and angry.

Something inside me snapped.

"I said you're hurting me," I shouted.

I twisted my wrist hard and yanked myself free from his grip. The sudden movement made me stumble back a step, but I caught myself. My heart was racing. My arm throbbed where he had held me.

The room went silent.

Louis stared at Levi, shocked. Levi looked down at his hand like he couldn't believe what he had just done.

I held my wrist close to my chest, breathing hard.

"Don't touch me like that again," I said, my voice shaking—not with fear, but with anger.

Levi opened his mouth, then closed it again. His face changed. The rage faded, replaced by something else. Guilt. Confusion. Pain.

"I—" he started, then stopped.

Louis ran a hand through his hair. "This has gone too far," he said quietly.

"Yes," I said. "It has."

I looked at both of them, my chest tight.

"You keep asking what I want," I continued. "But you never stop to listen. You decide things for me. You grab. You shout. You accuse."

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

Levi's shoulders slumped. "We're losing you," he said, his voice low.

I swallowed hard. "No," I whispered. "You're pushing me away."

Silence filled the room again.

I took a step back toward the door. My legs felt weak, but I forced myself to stand tall.

"I can't do this right now," I said. "I need space."

Levi looked like he wanted to stop me again—but this time, he didn't move.

I turned and walked out of the study.

The hallway felt cold. Empty. My steps echoed as I walked away, my wrist still aching, my heart hurting even more.

When I got to my room, I couldn't sit. Instead, I continued pacing around the room... My wolf kept growling inside my head, but I paid no attention to her.

I kept pacing the room, back and forth, back and forth.

My wrist still hurts. My chest hurt even more.

My wolf wouldn't stop growling now.

Danger, she warned.

Move. Now.

I froze.

Something was wrong. Very wrong.

I closed my eyes, reaching out through the bond, through the air, through the pack itself. I felt Levi—angry, shaking, not thinking clearly. I felt Louis nearby, tense but unsure.

And then I felt Kaine. It was strange... Lennox and I were no longer mates, but why was I feeling his emotions? I had no time to dwell on that because fear shot through me.

He wasn't in his room.

He wasn't in the healer's wing.

He was moving.

Being moved.

My heart slammed hard against my ribs.

"No," I whispered.

I didn't think. I didn't plan.

I teleported.

The world twisted, snapped—and then I was there.

The holding corridor.

Torchlight flickered against stone walls. The air smelled of dirt and iron.

And there he was.

Kaine.

Two guards had his arms locked behind his back. Another stood in front of him with restraints. His face was calm—too calm—but his eyes met mine instantly.

Relief flashed there.

And guilt.

"What is this?" I demanded.

My voice echoed—deep, sharp, not fully mine.

The guards froze.

One swallowed hard. "Luna... we were ordered—"

"By who?" I asked.

I already knew.

Levi stepped out of the shadows.

His eyes were wild. His jaw tight.

"He needs to be removed," Levi said harshly. "He's causing division. This is for the pack."

Removed.

My wolf howled.

"Removed where?" I asked quietly.

Levi hesitated. Just a second.

"That's not your concern."

That was it.

Something inside me broke open.

Power rushed through my veins—hot, strange, ancient. The floor beneath my feet cracked slightly as my aura burst free, rolling through the corridor like a storm.

The guards cried out, dropping to their knees.

Chains shattered.

The torches flared.

"Kaine," I said, my voice layered, echoing. "Step back."

He did. Immediately.

The guards were thrown away from him like leaves in the wind. They hit the walls hard but were fortunately still alive.

I turned slowly to Levi.

"You do not touch what is mine," I said.

The words shook the stones.

Everyone stared.

They had not seen this side of me in a long time—since my boys were kidnapped.

Levi stumbled back, his eyes wide now—not angry anymore.

Terrified.

"Olivia..." he whispered. "I didn't—"

"You gave a secret order," I said. "After I asked for space. After you hurt me."

My power pressed down harder.

"You were going to lock him away. Or send him where I would never find him."

Silence.

Louis appeared behind Levi, pale.

"Levi," he said quietly. "What did you do?"

Levi looked at his hands. They were shaking.

"I thought..." His voice broke. "I was doing what was right... Olivia, we are losing you to this man."

I stepped between Levi and Kaine without thinking.

"This man stays," I said clearly. "Under my protection. Under my command."

The power slowly pulled back, but the message stayed.

Louis moved forward and stood before me. "Are you really serious... is this a joke?" Louis said, sounding so panicked and heartbroken.

I stared at him and felt his pain... his heartbreak... to him, it felt like he was losing me to a stranger. But he had no idea that was his brother they thought was dead.

Louis slowly took both my hands, his eyes slowly gathering tears. "Tell us what we are doing wrong, and I promise you we will do better... please."

Chapter 605: If only He Was Here

Levi's POV

The way Louis looked at her.

He wasn't angry anymore. He wasn't shouting. He looked... broken. Like someone had ripped something important out of his chest and left a hole there.

And it hit me hard.

We were losing Olivia.

Losing her to a stranger.

To a guard.

And it was driving me insane.

I didn't know what to do anymore. Every move I made felt wrong. Every word I said pushed her further away. I wanted to protect her. I wanted this relationship to work... I wanted to keep our pack together. But somehow, I was the one tearing everything apart.

Louis stepped closer to her, his voice shaking, his hands reaching for hers. I could see the tears in his eyes. Louis was trying his best not to cry.

"Tell us what we're doing wrong," he said softly. "Please. We'll fix it. I promise."

That should have made her stop.

But it didn't.

Olivia looked at him with pain in her eyes. Real pain. The kind that means there are no easy answers.

"It's hard to explain," she said quietly.

That was all.

Then she turned.

She walked away.

With Kaine.

I stood there, frozen, watching her leave with that man at her side. Watching Louis break in front of me. Watching everything slip through my fingers.

I didn't follow them.

I couldn't.

I turned and walked back to my room instead.

I shut the door hard behind me and sat on the edge of my bed. My hands were shaking. My chest felt tight. My head wouldn't stop spinning.

This wasn't Olivia.

She would never do this. She would never look at another man like that. She barely knew him. How could she be choosing him over us?

Something was very wrong.

Very wrong.

I leaned back and stared at the ceiling.

And then I thought of him.

Lennox.

My brother.

If he was here, he would know what to do. He always did. Lennox had answers when things fell apart. He knew how to talk to Olivia. He knew how to calm situations. He knew how to think clearly when emotions got messy.

If Lennox was here, this wouldn't be happening.

I closed my eyes, my throat burning.

"I miss you, brother," I whispered into the empty room. "I wish you were here."

For a second, I wished I could talk to him.

Really talk to him.

Lennox would know what to say.

He would tell me what I was doing wrong. He would tell me how to fix this before it broke completely. He always had a way of seeing things clearly, even when emotions were high.

Right now, I didn't even recognize myself.

I used to be calm. I used to think before acting. Now all I felt was anger, fear, and this deep panic that I was losing control—of the pack, of Olivia, of myself.

"I don't know who I've become," I muttered, rubbing my face. "This isn't me."

The door creaked open.

Louis walked in slowly and closed it behind him. He looked tired. His eyes were red, like he had been holding back tears for too long.

"I'm scared," he said quietly.

I looked up at him.

"Scared of what?" I asked, though I already had a feeling.

He swallowed. "What if Olivia is being charmed by that guard? What if he's doing something to her?"

I shook my head immediately. "No. That's not possible."

Louis frowned. "How can you be so sure?"

"Because she's Luna," I said firmly. "Olivia can't be spelled. She can't be controlled like that. You know that."

He exhaled slowly, but the worry didn't leave his face.

"Then why does this feel so wrong?" he asked. "Why does she look at him like that?"

I stood up and started pacing the room, my hands clenched.

"That's the part I don't understand," I admitted. "There's something about that guard... Kaine. I can't explain it. Every time he's around, things go wrong. Olivia changes. I change."

I stopped and looked at Louis. "Something about him doesn't feel normal."

Before Louis could respond, the door opened again.

"WHAT is this nonsense I'm hearing?"

We both froze.

Mother stood in the doorway.

My heart dropped.

She looked angry. No—furious. Her eyes swept over the room, then landed on me.

"Mother?" I said in shock. "You're back?"

She hadn't been around since Lennox was buried. She had left the pack, saying she needed time. I didn't expect to see her now.

"I was forced to come back," she snapped. "Rumors reached my ears. Ugly rumors."

Louis straightened. "What rumors?"

She crossed her arms. "That the Luna is having an affair with a guard."

My chest tightened.

"What the hell is going on in this pack?" she demanded. "Have you both lost your minds?"

I opened my mouth, then closed it again. I didn't know how to explain any of this.

Mother stepped fully into the room, her gaze sharp. "You let things get this bad? Lennox is gone, and everything falls apart?"

That name hit me hard.

I clenched my fists.

"I'm trying," I said quietly. "I really am."

She studied my face for a long moment, then her expression softened just a little.

"Then you better start thinking clearly and put things in order."

Mother's words hung in the air like a warning.

"Or should I handle this myself?" she asked coldly.

My chest tightened immediately.

"No," I said quickly. "Mother, we're fine. We can handle it."

She turned to me slowly, one brow lifting. "Fine?" she repeated. "Because nothing about what I'm hearing sounds fine."

Before I could answer, there was a knock on the door.

Three sharp knocks.

Louis glanced at me, then walked over and opened it.

Kaine stood there.

The moment I saw him, my wolf growled low in my chest. Anger. Instinct. Something deep and ugly twisted inside me. I didn't know why—but every part of me reacted to his presence.

Mother stiffened.

Her eyes locked on him the second he stepped inside.

"Who is that?" she asked slowly.

Kaine bowed his head slightly. "Kaine, ma'am. I'm a guard."

Her frown deepened.

"That's strange," she murmured, stepping closer to him. "Very strange."

Kaine didn't move. He stood still, respectful, but I saw his shoulders tense.

Mother circled him slowly, her sharp eyes studying his face. His posture. His scent.

"Why do I feel like I know you?" she asked.

The room went silent.

Louis looked between them, confused. "Mother?"

She stopped right in front of Kaine now. Very close. Too close.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "Not your name. You."

Kaine swallowed. "I don't understand."

Mother lifted her hand slightly, then paused. Her eyes widened just a fraction.

"No..." she whispered. "That's not possible."

My heart skipped.

"What?" I asked. "Mother, what do you mean?"

She shook her head slowly, like she was arguing with herself. "You smell familiar," she said to Kaine. "Too familiar."

My blood ran cold.

Kaine's jaw tightened, but he said nothing.

Mother reached out suddenly and grabbed his wrist.

I stepped forward at once. "Mother—"

She ignored me completely.

Her eyes locked onto his. Searching. Digging.

Then her breath caught.

"Oh Moon..." she whispered.

The color drained from her face.

She stumbled back a step.

"Mother?" Louis said sharply, rushing to her side.

She stared at Kaine like she was seeing a ghost.

"That's not possible," she said again, louder now. "I buried my son."

The room spun.

My heart slammed so hard I thought it would break my ribs.

"What are you saying?" I demanded. "Mother, stop talking in riddles."

Her eyes never left Kaine.

"Kaine," she said slowly. "Look at me."

He hesitated.

Then he lifted his head fully.

My mother's breath caught painfully.

"No," she whispered. "That's not—"

Her voice broke.

"Lennox?"

Chapter 606: killed?

Lennox's POV

Shit.

Mother recognized me.

How was that even possible?

I didn't have time to think about it. I couldn't. The moment was heavy and tense. I knew I had to do something, and I had to do it really well.

I couldn't let them find out my identity now.

I still hadn't figured out who wanted me dead.

It could be anyone.

It could even be one of the people in this room.

And if I let myself be exposed now, I would never find out who tried to kill me.

So I acted.

"Excuse me, ma'am?" I asked, putting on my most confused voice. "I don't understand."

Mother didn't believe me.

She stepped closer and lifted her hand, touching my face. Her fingers trembled as they traced my cheek, her eyes searching me deeply, like she was trying to peel off the face I was wearing and find her son underneath.

My chest tightened.

I had to stop this.

Slowly, carefully, I took her hand and lowered it, keeping my movements calm and respectful. I made sure my face stayed steady. No fear. No shock. Just quiet confusion.

"Ma," I said gently, "I think you're mistaken."

Her eyes filled with tears. "No," she whispered. "I know my son."

That hurt more than any blade ever had.

Levi took a step forward. "Mother—"

She lifted her hand, stopping him. Her gaze never left me.

"You look at me the way Lennox used to," she said. "You stand like him. You feel like him."

Louis shook his head, confused and shaken. "Mother, this is impossible. We buried Lennox."

I swallowed and bowed my head slightly. "I'm sorry for your loss," I said quietly. "Truly. But I am not him."

The room went silent.

I could feel Levi's eyes burning into me. Suspicion. Anger. Pain. All mixed together.

Mother stepped back slowly, her hand covering her mouth. "Then why does my heart say otherwise?" she asked, almost to herself.

I kept my voice calm. "Grief can do that," I said. "It makes us see what we want to see."

Levi's jaw tightened. "Why are you here?" he demanded. "Why do you keep showing up at the center of everything?"

I held Levi's gaze and forced myself to breathe.

"I need you to understand something," I said quietly. "I have no intention toward Luna Olivia. None. I am not here to take her. I am not here to replace anyone. I am not here to stand between you."

My chest ached as I spoke, but I didn't let it show.

"I didn't choose to be close to her," I continued. "I was assigned. And I stayed because it was my duty. That's all."

Levi's jaw tightened. "Then explain her," he said. "Explain why everything falls apart when you're around."

I swallowed hard.

"Because she is hurting," I said softly. "And you're all too close to see it."

The words hung in the air.

"You think she's choosing," I went on. "You think she's turning away. But she's not running toward anyone. She's drowning."

Louis's breath hitched.

"You question her. You pull at her. You demand answers when she barely has the strength to breathe," I said. "You ask her what she wants, but you never give her the space to figure it out."

Mother's sharp inhale cut through the silence.

"You are breaking her," I said, my voice low. "Not because you don't love her—but because you love her loudly, painfully, all at once."

I looked down at my hands.

"I once had a mate," I said. "She was strong. Fierce. Like Luna Olivia." My throat burned. "And when she started slipping away, it wasn't because she stopped loving. It was because she was tired of being pulled apart."

Levi's anger faltered. Just a little.

"If you want to save her," I said, lifting my head, "then stop cornering her. Stop deciding for her. Stop turning her grief into a crime."

Silence filled the room like a weight.

"She doesn't need control," I continued. "She needs safety. Quiet. Time. She needs to know she can fall apart without being punished for it."

I paused, then added the words that hurt the most.

"If you keep pushing her like this, you won't lose her to another man," I said. "You'll lose her to herself."

I sucked in a deep breath and continued. "She is confused, just like you all. She feels I am the late Alpha Lennox. Grief is doing her no good, and right now she is not thinking clearly. Just give her some time. She will come around."

No one spoke.

They stared at me like I had reached into their chests and laid something bare.

I bowed my head slightly, the way a guard should. The way I had learned to hide everything I was.

"I'll leave," I said. "In a month."

Levi looked up sharply. "What?"

"A month," I repeated. "I am searching for a job somewhere else, and I believe within a month I will get a good job." My voice softened. "After that, I'll be gone."

Mother stared at me like she was watching a ghost fade right in front of her.

I turned toward the door, and with a breaking heart, I turned around and left.

I clenched my fists as I walked down the corridor.

I need to hurry. I have been too slow. I have no time on my side.

If I stayed any longer, I would lose control. And control was the only thing keeping me alive.

I rounded a corner and slowed when I heard voices ahead. Guards. Whispering. Low and tense.

As a guard, I didn't stand out. I lowered my head slightly and walked closer, like I belonged there—because I did.

"...such a tragic death," one of them murmured.

"Poison," another said quietly. "They said he collapsed before anyone could help."

My steps faltered.

"What death?" I asked calmly, joining them like I had just arrived.

They turned to me, surprised but not suspicious.

"You didn't hear?" one guard said. "That guard from the lower wing. One of the packhouse guards."

My stomach dropped.

"The one who talked too much," another added. "They say he drank poison. By mistake, maybe. Or on purpose."

My blood ran cold.

I knew exactly who they meant.

The guard who Golden told me about... the guard who Golden said he caught talking to a maid about my planned death.

I forced my face to stay blank. "Poison?" I repeated. "Are you sure?"

They nodded. "That's what the healers said. He was dead before they could do anything."

The world seemed to tilt.

So they silenced him.

Not because he was careless. Not because it was an accident.

Because he knew.

And now he was dead.

I thanked them quietly and walked away, my mind racing.

That confirmed it.

The person who tried to kill me hadn't given up. They were still here. Still cleaning up loose ends.

Chapter 607: Suspect

Lennox's POV

I knew it then.

There was no more doubt.

I had to find that maid.

If the guard was dead, then she was next. And if I didn't act fast, I would lose the only person who knew the truth.

I left the corridor and headed for the yard.

The sun was low, the air quiet, but something felt wrong. Too quiet. My eyes searched until I saw her.

She was by the clothesline.

The maid.

Her hands were shaking as she hung clothes. She kept looking over her shoulder, like she expected someone to grab her at any moment. Her face was pale. Her eyes were red.

Fear.

Real fear.

I slowed my steps and walked toward her carefully.

She saw me and stiffened.

"It's okay," I said softly. "It's just me."

She swallowed hard. "K-Kaine..."

Her hands trembled so badly she dropped a cloth.

I picked it up and handed it back to her. Our fingers brushed, and she flinched.

That told me everything.

She knew about the guard's death.

And she was terrified.

"What's wrong?" I asked gently. "You look scared."

She tried to smile, but it broke halfway. Suddenly, she stepped forward and hugged me tightly, like she had been holding everything in for too long.

"I'm scared," she whispered, her voice shaking. "I'm so scared."

I wrapped my arms around her and held her close, playing the part I needed to play.

"Hey," I murmured. "You're safe. I'm here."

She shook her head against my chest. "No... no one is safe."

I pulled back just enough to look at her face. "Talk to me," I said softly. "You can trust me. I'll protect you."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"I won't let anything happen to you," I added quietly. "I promise. I care about you."

I hated lying like this.

But I needed the truth.

She sniffed and wiped her face. "I don't believe he died by mistake," she whispered.

My heart tightened.

"Who?" I asked calmly, even though my chest was pounding.

"The guard," she said. "The one who died. He didn't poison himself. Someone did this to him."

I nodded slowly. "Why would someone kill him?"

She looked around quickly, panic flashing across her face. "Because he talked," she whispered. "Because he knows something he shouldn't have."

My breath caught.

"He told me," she continued, shaking. "He told me someone wanted a guard dead. Someone important. Someone powerful."

My blood ran cold.

"Who?" I asked again, my voice low. "Tell me who it is."

Her lips trembled. She opened her mouth—

Then she froze.

Her eyes widened like she had seen something behind me.

She pulled away suddenly, stepping back fast.

"I can't," she said, backing away. "I can't say it."

"It's okay," I said quickly. "You're safe with me. I swear I'll protect you."

She shook her head, tears streaming down her face. "You don't understand. They're watching. They killed him. They'll kill me too."

"Why?" I asked urgently. "What did you do?"

She didn't answer.

Instead, she turned and ran.

"Hey—!" I called after her.

But she was already gone, disappearing between the buildings.

I stood there, my fists clenched, my heart racing.

Damn it.

She knew.

And whoever it was had scared her so badly that she chose to run instead of speak.

I stood there for a long moment after she ran.

My heart was still pounding. My mind was racing.

She knew.

She knew who did it.

And whoever it was had scared her so badly that silence felt safer than the truth.

I clenched my fists and forced myself to breathe.

I couldn't chase her. Not now. That would only make things worse.

So I turned and started walking away.

That was when I saw them.

Levi.

And the maid.

They were standing a short distance away, half hidden by the trees near the back path. The maid stood stiffly in front of him, her hands clasped tight in front of her. Her face was pale. Her eyes were wide with fear.

The same fear I had just seen.

My steps slowed.

What was Levi doing with her?

I frowned, confusion twisting in my chest.

Then Levi looked up.

His eyes met mine.

For half a second, something flashed across his face—surprise. Then his expression hardened.

He said something low to the maid. I couldn't hear the words, but I saw her nod quickly, almost desperately. She didn't look at me as she hurried past, her head down, her shoulders shaking.

She ran.

Levi watched her go.

Then he turned back to me.

"Kaine," he said calmly. "Come here."

Every instinct in me screamed that something was wrong.

But I kept my face neutral and walked toward him.

"Yes, Alpha?" I said respectfully.

He studied me for a moment, his eyes sharp, searching. "Walk with me."

I nodded. "As you wish."

We walked in silence, moving away from the main yard, away from the packhouse, toward an old path that led behind the storage buildings. The trees grew thicker here. The noise faded. The air felt heavy.

Too private.

Too quiet.

We stopped near a large stone wall, hidden from view.

Levi turned to face me.

Up close, I could see it clearly now.

He wasn't calm.

He was tense. His jaw was tight. His fists were clenched at his sides.

"You were talking to that maid," he said slowly.

So that's what this was.

"Yes, Alpha," I replied evenly. "She seemed distressed."

Levi's eyes narrowed. "She always seems distressed lately."

I didn't answer.

He stepped closer. "Tell me, Kaine," he said quietly. "What exactly were you talking about?"

I met his gaze and chose my words carefully.

"She was scared," I said. "About the guard who died."

Levi's expression didn't change—but something dark flickered in his eyes.

"And?" he pressed.

"And I tried to calm her," I said. "That's all."

He stared at me for a long moment, like he was trying to read my soul.

"I have a job for you."

Chapter 608: The Job

Lennox's POV

"A job for me?" I asked, confused.

Levi nodded and turned away, already walking. He didn't explain. He didn't slow down. He just lifted a hand slightly, signaling for me to follow.

Every instinct in me went alert.

I followed him anyway.

We walked through the halls in silence, past guards and servants, until we reached his office. He opened the door and stepped inside. I followed, my shoulders tense.

"Have a seat," he said, pointing to the chair in front of his desk.

That only made my confusion worse.

I sat, keeping my back straight, my face calm. "Alpha," I said carefully, "what job do you have for me?"

Levi didn't answer right away.

He walked behind his desk, then stopped. He didn't sit. He just stood there, staring at the wall like he was fighting something inside himself.

Then he spoke.

"I love Olivia."

The words hit hard—not because I didn't know, but because of how he said them.

"I love her with my life," he continued, his voice low. "She is my everything. I would do anything for her. Anything. Even if it destroys me."

I stayed silent.

"I've loved her for years," Levi went on. "I fought for her. I tried to be enough. I tried to love her harder, better, louder." His jaw tightened. "But it never worked."

He finally looked at me.

"She loves me," he said. "I know she does. But not the way she loved my brother."

My chest tightened.

"Lennox was always ahead of me," Levi said bitterly. "In strength. In loyalty. In her heart." His hands curled into fists. "No matter what I did, I was always second."

I swallowed.

"Then we lost him," Levi continued. "And I thought... I thought maybe now things would change. Maybe now she would choose me fully."

His eyes darkened.

"But instead, she's slipping away."

He laughed once, dry and hollow. "And now there's you."

I frowned. "What about me?"

Levi stared at me for a long moment. Then he said, "Olivia confessed something today."

My heart skipped.

"She said she's into you," he continued. "She said you make her feel safe. Loved. Protected." His lips twitched. "Things she said Louis and I no longer give her."

Shock slammed into me.

I opened my mouth to speak—but Levi lifted a hand sharply.

"Don't," he said. "Don't interrupt."

I closed my mouth, my pulse racing.

"This is not normal," Levi went on. "She was supposed to be mourning Lennox. She was supposed to be broken. Instead, she's opening her heart to you."

He leaned forward, his palms pressing into the desk.

"You are replacing him," he said quietly. "Whether you want to or not."

My throat felt dry.

He kept talking. Talking too much. Circling. Digging.

He continued like if he stopped, everything inside him would crash all at once.

"You don't understand," he said, pacing the room now. "I've loved her since before she even knew what love was. I watched her grow into herself. I watched her choose my brother again and again, and I swallowed it. I told myself it was fine. That being second was still something."

He laughed under his breath. It sounded broken.

"I tried to be patient. I tried to be strong. I told myself one day she would see me the way she saw Lennox." His voice cracked. "But she never did. Not fully."

He ran a hand through his hair.

"Do you know what it feels like," he continued, "to love someone with your whole soul and still feel like a replacement? Like a backup plan in case the real one disappears?"

My chest tightened.

"I stepped up when Lennox died," Levi went on. "I took responsibility. I carried the pack. I carried her grief. I carried everything." He turned sharply toward me. "But she looks at you and breathes again."

He scoffed. "You walk into a room and she softens. You speak and she listens. She trusts you."

His voice dropped. "She never looks at me like that anymore."

He stopped pacing and leaned both hands on the desk.

"She flinches when I raise my voice," he said quietly. "She pulls away when I touch her. And yet—" his eyes lifted to mine, sharp and accusing, "—she runs toward you."

Silence filled the room, but Levi wasn't done.

"So don't stand there pretending this is shocking," he snapped. "You know it too. You feel it. You feel how she clings to you."

For a moment, an awkward silence hung in the air, but me... my heart was bleeding for so many reasons, yet I couldn't let it show.

Finally, I said calmly, "Alpha Levi, please. Just get to the point."

That made him smile.

A slow, unsettling smile.

"I want you to be with her," he said.

I blinked. "Excuse me?"

"My mate," he clarified. "Olivia."

The room felt like it tilted.

"Be with her," Levi continued, his voice flat. "Love her. Touch her. Sleep with her. If that's what she wants."

My stomach dropped.

"You can fuck her," he added bluntly. "If that's what keeps her here."

I stared at him, completely stunned.

For a moment, I couldn't even breathe.

This wasn't grief.

This wasn't love.

This was desperation.

And something far more dangerous.

I slowly stood from the chair. "Alpha... I don't understand."

Levi's eyes burned into mine. "I'm giving you permission," he said. "Do what we no longer can."

Pain hit me like a blade to the chest.

Not just mine—his too.

I could feel it rolling off Levi in heavy waves. Years of jealousy. Years of being second. Years of swallowing his feelings until there was nothing left but fear and desperation.

For a moment, I almost understood him.

Almost.

But understanding didn't make this right.

I shook my head slowly. "No," I said. "I can't."

Levi's eyes darkened. "You can."

"I won't," I said, firmer now. "This is wrong."

His jaw tightened. "It's not a request," he snapped. "It's an order."

That did it.

Anger flared hot and sharp in my chest.

"So this is it?" I said, my voice low but shaking. "This is what you've become? You're willing to hand over your mate to any man just because she feels something for him?"

He flinched, but I didn't stop.

"What is wrong with you?" I demanded. "You're supposed to be fighting for her. Both of you. You're supposed to be fixing what's broken, not throwing her away like she's some problem you're tired of dealing with."

Chapter 609: The Plan

Lennox's POV

My fists clenched at my sides.

I wanted to hit him.

God, I wanted to.

But I couldn't.

I wasn't Lennox anymore.

I was Kaine.

A guard. A shadow. A lie.

So I swallowed the rage instead.

"She is your mate," I said, my voice tight. "You don't give your mate away. You fight. You listen. You change. You don't hand her to another man like she's nothing."

Levi's shoulders sagged.

Just like that, the fire drained out of him.

"I'm tired," he said quietly.

The word sounded small. Broken.

"I fight," he went on, his voice cracking. "Every day I fight. And the more I do, the more she pulls away. The more I try to hold on, the more she slips through my fingers."

He dragged a hand down his face.

"I don't know what I'm doing anymore," he admitted. "I don't know how to love her without hurting her. And I don't know how to let go without losing her forever."

His voice broke then.

"I'm tired of failing," he whispered. "I'm tired of being second. I'm tired of watching her look past me like I'm already gone."

He sank into the chair behind the desk, his head dropping into his hands.

For the first time, Levi didn't look like an Alpha.

He looked like a man who had lost everything and didn't know how to survive it.

My chest ached.

This was my brother.

Broken. Lost.

And the cruelest part?

I could stop this now...

Reveal myself and amend my family, but I can't... I can't reveal myself.

Slowly, I took a slow breath, forcing my voice to stay steady.

"I won't do this," I said quietly.

Levi lifted his head slowly. His eyes were red, wild, but empty all the same.

"You can help us," he said hoarsely. "Maybe after you've... been with her once or twice, she'll get tired of you. Maybe it's what she needs—to get it out of her system."

I froze.

My stomach turned so violently I thought I might throw up.

He actually meant it.

"Are you even hearing yourself?" I said through clenched teeth. "You're asking me to sleep with your mate—your Luna—to fix your relationship?"

Levi rubbed his temples. "Maybe that's what it takes," he muttered. "Maybe she just wants something different for a while... someone different. When she's done, she'll come back."

I felt disgust burn through me. "You're insane," I whispered.

Before I could say more, the office door flew open.

Louis stood there, looking between us. His expression shifted from confusion to alarm. "What's going on?"

Levi didn't even hesitate. "I was telling Kaine what he can do to help," he said flatly.

Louis's brows furrowed. "Help with what?"

Levi looked straight at him. "With Olivia. He's going to take care of her needs. All of them."

Louis's face went pale. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Levi leaned back in his chair, tired, cold. "She's already slipping away. She confessed she feels something for him. If this is what keeps her around, then fine. Let him have her for a while."

Louis's eyes widened. "You've lost your mind!" he yelled. "Do you even hear yourself? That's your mate!"

Levi stood suddenly, his voice rising. "I know she's my mate! But I'm done fighting a losing war, Louis! I'm tired!"

Louis stepped closer, fury flashing in his eyes. "You're not tired—you're giving up! You think letting another man touch her will fix anything? You think that's love?"

Levi slammed his hand on the desk. "I think it's survival!" he roared. "She wants him. Maybe if she gets what she wants, she'll finally stop looking at me like I'm a stranger!"

The room went silent for a heartbeat.

Then Louis whispered, "You're insane."

"I'm not insane," Levi snapped. His voice was shaking now, but he forced a bitter smile. "I have a plan. Maybe Olivia just wants to taste something... someone different. Once she does, maybe she'll come back."

Louis stared at him in disbelief. "You're disgusting."

Levi's shoulders heaved as he fought for breath. "You don't understand—"

"No," Louis cut in sharply. "I understand perfectly. You've lost control."

I stood there, silent, my blood boiling.

Watching them—my brothers—tear into each other broke something deep inside me.

This wasn't them.

This wasn't who they used to be.

And it was killing me that I couldn't scream the truth—

That I couldn't say, I'm right here.

That I couldn't stop any of this without revealing myself.

So I stood still, fists clenched, jaw locked, while the two continued fighting each other with words.

"I need to leave," I said finally.

I turned toward the door. I couldn't breathe in that room anymore. The walls felt like they were closing in on me.

"Sit down," Levi snapped.

I stopped. Slowly, I turned back to him.

"I'm not done," he added, his tone sharp, almost desperate.

Louis stepped between us. "Let him go, Levi," he said. "This has gone far enough."

"No," Levi shot back. "He stays."

Louis laughed bitterly. "You don't get to order him around like this. Look at yourself. You're spiraling."

"I'm doing what I have to do!" Levi shouted. "I'm trying to save my mate!"

"By offering her to another man?" Louis yelled back. "That's not saving her. That's destroying her!"

Levi's eyes flashed. "You think you're any better? You stand there judging me, but you don't have a solution either!"

"At least I'm not handing Olivia over like she's some problem to be fixed!" Louis snapped.

"She already chose him!" Levi roared, pointing at me. "She said it herself!"

"And you think this will bring her back?" Louis shouted. "You think she'll ever forgive you for this?"

Levi's voice cracked. "I don't know what else to do!"

The room filled with shouting. Accusations. Old wounds tearing open.

"You're acting like Lennox dying gave you the right to lose your mind!" Louis yelled.

Levi flinched like he'd been struck. "Don't say his name like that!"

"You keep hiding behind his death!" Louis fired back. "But this—this is on you!"

"Enough!" Levi screamed. "You don't understand the pressure I'm under!"

"I understand perfectly!" Louis shouted. "You're breaking everything he worked to protect!"

That was it.

Something inside me snapped.

"ENOUGH!"

My voice thundered through the room, louder than I meant it to be. It echoed off the walls, raw and furious.

Both of them froze.

Chapter 610: Messed Up

Lennox's POV

I stood there, breathing hard, my hands shaking at my sides.

God, I wanted to hit them.

Both of them.

How dare they even think of giving Olivia away like that.

Like she was something to be passed around.

Like she wasn't their mate. Their Luna.

I clenched my fists tighter and forced myself to breathe.

Slow. Deep. Controlled.

"If you really love her," I said, my voice low but burning, "how can you even say those words?"

They both stared at me.

"How can you claim you love your mate," I went on, "and then talk about handing her to another man?" My chest ached as the words poured out. "How do you think your late brother would feel if he heard this?"

The room went still.

"How do you think Lennox would feel," I pressed, my voice shaking now, "knowing the people he trusted most were ready to give up on the woman he loved?"

Levi flinched.

Louis looked away.

"You think this is love?" I asked. "This isn't love. This is fear. This is desperation. And you're letting it turn you into men you're not."

I took another breath and steadied myself.

"Olivia is confused," I said more quietly. "Just like both of you are."

They looked back at me.

"You feel something when you look at me," I continued. "You feel your brother. His presence. His memory. And that's exactly what's happening to her."

Levi's eyes narrowed.

"She doesn't like me because I'm special," I said. "She likes me because I remind her of Lennox. The way I stand. The way I speak. The way I act."

My throat tightened.

"She's holding onto the feelings Lennox left behind," I said softly. "Not because she wants someone new—but because she hasn't healed yet."

Silence filled the room.

"I'll help," I said at last.

Levi looked up sharply. "You will?"

"Yes," I said. "But not like this. Not the way you're asking."

I shook my head.

"I won't touch her. I won't use her confusion to make things easier for you." My voice hardened. "I'll help you fix what's broken. I'll help you win her back—the right way."

Levi swallowed.

"You need to give her time," I said. "Space. Safety. You need to stop pulling and start listening."

Louis finally spoke. "Why should we trust you?" he asked quietly. "Why should we believe you won't take advantage of this?"

I met his gaze.

"Because you don't have a choice," I said simply. "And because if you keep going the way you are, you will lose her."

The truth hung heavy between us.

Louis stared at me for a long moment. Then he shook his head, ran a hand through his hair, and turned toward the door.

"I can't do this right now," he muttered.

He walked out, leaving the door closing softly behind him.

That left me alone with Levi.

Levi sank back into his chair, staring at the floor, looking smaller than I'd ever seen him.

For a moment, tense silence hung in the room.

Neither of us spoke.

The air felt thick, heavy with things left unsaid.

Slowly, I moved to the chair across from him and sat down.

I knew Levi.

If he kept all this inside, it would eat him alive.

And yet... how did I help him when I was only a guard in his eyes?

A stranger wearing another man's shadow.

I looked at him carefully.

"Is there something," I asked gently, "you need to get off your chest?"

He didn't answer.

Instead, he reached for a cigarette.

Lit it.

Took a long drag.

Then another.

He poured himself a drink.

Drank it in one go.

Poured another.

Smoke filled the room.

The silence stretched.

I waited.

Finally, his voice came out low and rough.

"I miss him."

My heart clenched.

"I miss Lennox," Levi said. His hand shook as he held the glass. "Every damn day."

He laughed bitterly.

"You know what the sick part is?" he asked. "Sometimes I wish it was me who died. Not him."

The words hit like a blow.

"I don't even recognize myself anymore," he went on, staring into his drink. "The things I've done these past four years... the choices I made... I can't believe I became this person."

He swallowed hard.

"I don't deserve forgiveness."

My pulse raced.

Slowly, carefully, I asked, "What did you do?"

My heart was pounding.

Was he the one who wanted me dead?

He laughed again, hollow and broken.

"I lied," he said. "So many times."

He took another drink.

"When Olivia was unconscious... when Lennox was dying... I told her he wanted her to reject him."

His jaw clenched.

"That was a lie. Lennox never said that. It was my idea. Mine."

My chest tightened.

"I rejected her on his behalf," Levi continued. "I broke her heart and told myself it was for her own good."

He dragged a hand through his hair.

"And when Lennox was unconscious... I stopped anyone from seeing him for years. Olivia. Everyone."

I frowned. "Why?"

"Because I didn't want Olivia to see him like that," he said. "I didn't want her heart broken. That's what I told myself."

His voice cracked.

"But the truth? It was for my own selfish reason."

He shook his head slowly.

"I turned into a monster."

My breath caught.

"When Lennox came back," Levi said, his voice dropping, "instead of protecting him... I fought him. I made him feel useless. Like he didn't belong."

Tears filled his eyes now.

"And then he died."

He laughed softly, but it sounded like pain.

"Now that he's really gone, I finally see how terrible I've become."

He drank again.

More.

Too much.

"I can't even look at myself in the mirror," he whispered. "I don't know who that man is anymore."

Silence fell.

Then he spoke again, quieter.

"I wish he was here. I have so much to say to him. So many things I should have said before."

My chest felt like it was splitting open.

I leaned forward slightly.

"You can," I said softly.

He looked up at me, confused.

"For now," I continued, keeping my voice steady, "you can imagine I'm Lennox."

His breath hitched.

"Say it," I told him gently. "Whatever you need to say. Let it out."

Levi stared at me for a long moment.

Then his shoulders began to shake.

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 611: Talk To Me - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 611: Talk To Me
Chapter 611: Talk To Me

Lennox's POV

Levi's shoulders shook harder now.

The glass slipped from his fingers and hit the floor, spilling its contents, but he didn't notice.

"I'm sorry," he whispered.

The words came out broken. Barely there.

"I'm so fucking sorry, Lennox."

My heart stopped.

"I was jealous," he went on, his voice cracking. "I was jealous of you. Of how easy it was for you to love her. Of how she looked at you like the world made sense when you were around."

He pressed his palms into his eyes like he could push the memories away.

"I told myself I was protecting her," he said. "I told myself I was doing the right thing. But I was lying. I was protecting myself."

He sucked in a shaky breath.

"I didn't want to watch her choose you again," he confessed. "I didn't want to stand there and smile while my heart broke over and over."

My chest burned.

"So I made choices for her," he continued. "I decided what she should hear. What she should know. Who she should see." His voice dropped to a whisper. "I stole her right to choose."

Tears slid down his face freely now.

"And when you came back," he said, his voice full of pain, "I panicked. I saw everything slipping out of my control. And instead of being happy that my brother was alive... I fought you."

He shook his head, disgust clear on his face.

"I treated you like a threat," he said. "Like you didn't belong anymore. Like you were in my way."

His voice broke completely.

"You died thinking I hated you," he whispered. "You died thinking you were unwanted."

That nearly destroyed me.

"I failed you," Levi sobbed. "I failed Olivia. I failed the pack. I failed myself."

He looked up at me then, eyes red, filled with shame.

"I don't know how to fix this," he said. "I don't know how to live with what I've done."

The room felt too small.

Too heavy.

Levi's lips trembled.

Then his voice broke completely.

"I miss you, Lennox," he whispered.

The words sounded raw. Bare.

"I miss you every day."

My throat closed.

"I wake up and wish I could trade my life for yours," he went on, tears spilling freely now. "I wish it was me in that grave instead of you."

He shook his head, crying openly.

"You were the perfect one," he said. "You always wanted everyone happy—even when you weren't. You carried us. You carried me."

His shoulders shook harder.

"I don't know how to be that person. I never did."

My chest cracked open.

"I miss you so much," he sobbed. "I don't know how to live without you."

That was it.

I couldn't hold back anymore.

I stood up and pulled him into my arms.

Levi froze for a second—then he broke.

He clutched my shirt like a child, crying hard against my chest. Years of pain poured out of him. Guilt. Regret. Fear. Everything he had buried came crashing down at once.

I held him tightly.

It felt wrong.

And right.

My heart shattered all over again.

After a while, his crying slowed. His breathing evened out. I gently pulled back, keeping my hands on his shoulders so he could see me.

"You can still be better," I said softly. "You're not beyond saving."

He looked at me with red, swollen eyes.

"You really think so?" he asked quietly.

I nodded. "Yes."

He swallowed hard. "Then I'll start by telling Olivia the truth."

My heart skipped.

"The truth?" I asked carefully.

Before he could answer—

The door opened.

Olivia stood there.

Her eyes moved between us, confused. Worried.

"The truth about what?" she asked.

The room went completely silent.

I swallowed hard and exchanged glances with Levi, who looked panicked because of what he was about to do.

Olivia's frown deepened. "What truth are you talking about, Levi? What is going on here?"

Levi slowly got to his feet and made his way toward her. He stopped where she stood by the door and stared at her with pain-filled eyes. I could see the fear in his gaze. He knew what this meant—telling Olivia that he had lied was going to be a bomb, and heaven knows how Olivia was going to take it.

Levi stood in front of Olivia for a long moment without speaking.

His mouth opened... then closed again.

He looked like a man about to step off a cliff.

"I know," he said finally, his voice low and rough, "I know I'm not the man you thought I was."

Olivia's brows pulled together. "Levi... what are you talking about?"

He swallowed hard. His hands were shaking at his sides.

"I've changed," he said. "I've changed so much that sometimes I don't even recognize myself anymore."

He shook his head slowly. "And none of those changes were good."

Olivia glanced at me again, confused now. "Levi, you're scaring me. What is going on?"

Levi's chest rose sharply. He looked like he was fighting himself.

"I need to tell you something," he said. "Something I should have told you a long time ago."

Silence fell.

"When Lennox was dying," he began, his voice cracking, "when you were unconscious... I told you something."

Olivia went still.

"I told you that Lennox wanted you to reject him," Levi continued. "I told you those were his wishes."

Her lips parted slightly.

"That was a lie," he whispered.

The words hung in the air.

"Lennox never said that," Levi went on, tears spilling freely now. "He never asked for that. He never wanted that."

My heart felt like it stopped.

"It was my idea," Levi said, his voice breaking. "Mine. The healer suggested it might be easier for you. Said it would protect your heart if he didn't survive."

He let out a broken laugh. "And I agreed."

Olivia's face drained of color.

"I told myself I was doing the right thing," Levi said desperately. "I told myself I was saving you from pain."

His voice dropped to a whisper.

"But the truth is... I was scared."

He looked at her, eyes full of regret.

"I didn't want to lose you," he said. "Not to death. Not to grief. Not to him."

Tears ran down his face unchecked.

"So I chose for you," he continued. "I made the decision for you. I took away your right to choose."

Olivia stared at him.

Her face didn't show anger.

It didn't show tears.

That scared me more than anything.

Then she turned.

She walked past Levi without a word.

Past me.

Straight out of the room.

Chapter 612: The Talk

Olivia's POV

I didn't know what to feel.

I didn't know what to say.

So I walked away.

Of course, I already knew Levi had rejected Lennox on my behalf. I wasn't stupid. I felt it. I always had.

But hearing him say that he lied—that he made me believe those were Lennox's wishes—that was something I couldn't carry.

That broke something inside me.

I kept walking until I reached my room. I closed the door and leaned my back against it, pressing my lips together so no sound would escape. My chest hurt. My head hurt. Everything hurt.

How did Levi become this man?

The Levi I knew was gentle. Kind. Protective in the right way.

The Levi I loved was the sweetest person I had ever known.

So what went wrong?

How did he turn into someone I couldn't even stand to look at anymore?

A soft knock landed on my door.

I didn't need to ask who it was.

I already knew.

Levi.

I didn't want to see him. Not yet. Not like this.

But I also knew we couldn't avoid this forever.

We had too much to talk about.

"Come in," I said softly.

The door opened slowly.

Levi stepped inside, then stopped. He didn't come closer. He just stood there, like he was afraid I might explode if he moved the wrong way.

He looked terrible.

His eyes were red. His face was pale. His shoulders were slumped, like the weight of everything had finally crushed him. He looked like a man watching his whole world fall apart.

I was angry.

So angry.

But I forced myself to breathe. Slow. Deep. Controlled breaths.

"What do you want?" I asked calmly.

Levi swallowed hard.

"I..." His voice cracked immediately. He cleared his throat and tried again. "I don't even know where to start."

He kept his eyes on the floor.

"I don't know what to say that can fix this," he continued. "But I need to say something anyway."

I didn't answer.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly. "I know I've done things I had no right to do. I crossed lines I should never have crossed."

Still, I said nothing.

"I'm sorry for the man I became," Levi went on. "For the lies. For the control. For thinking I knew what was best for you without ever asking you."

His hands trembled at his sides.

"I'm sorry for taking your choices away," he whispered. "For hurting you in ways I can never undo."

The room was silent except for his breathing.

"I hate myself for it," he said. "Every day. I don't recognize who I am anymore."

I stayed quiet.

He finally lifted his head and looked at me. His eyes were full of fear.

"If you want to punish me," he said slowly, "do it."

"Anything," he added. "Any punishment. I deserve it."

He took a step forward, then stopped himself.

"I won't fight it," he said. "I won't argue. I won't make excuses."

His voice broke.

"I'll accept whatever you give me. I just... I need you to know I'm truly sorry."

I looked at him.

Really looked at him.

He was waiting for anger.

For shouting.

For punishment.

But all I felt was tired.

"Levi," I said quietly, "do you know what hurts the most?"

He lifted his head slowly, like he was afraid of the answer.

"It's not that you lied," I continued. "It's that you decided for me."

His lips parted, but I raised my hand slightly.

"Don't," I said. "Let me finish."

I took a slow breath.

"You took away my right to feel. My right to choose. My right to grieve the way I needed to," I said. "You thought you were protecting me, but you weren't."

My chest tightened, but I didn't cry.

"You were protecting yourself."

Levi flinched.

"You didn't just lie about Lennox," I went on. "You stole my chance to visit him for the four years he was unconscious."

Silence filled the room.

"I don't hate you," I said softly. "If I did, this would be easier."

His eyes filled with tears.

"But I can't forgive you," I continued. "Not right now. Maybe not for a long time."

He took a step toward me.

I stepped back.

That small movement said everything.

"I need you to leave," I said.

Levi froze.

"Not the pack," I added. "Not your position."

"Just this room. This space. Me."

His breathing broke.

"I can't heal with you standing this close," I said. "And I won't pretend I'm fine just to make you feel better."

His voice trembled. "Olivia... please—"

"Please respect this," I said.

Tears slid down his face.

"I need quiet," I whispered. "I need time. And right now... I need you to walk away."

For a long moment, he didn't move.

Then slowly, like each step weighed a thousand pounds, Levi nodded.

"I understand," he said hoarsely.

He turned toward the door.

Halfway there, he stopped.

"I really did love you," he said, his back to me.

I swallowed hard.

"I know," I replied. "And I love you too."

He opened the door and left.

The door closed softly behind him.

I stood there for a long time, staring at it, my chest tight. My hands shook slightly as I pressed them against my stomach.

What do I do now? I asked quietly.

My wolf stirred inside me, restless. Confused. Hurt.

Everything is broken, I told her. Levi is lost. Louis is hurting. Lennox is hiding behind another face. And I... I don't even know what to do.

She growled softly, not in anger—just pain.

How did we get here? I whispered. How did love turn into this mess?

No answer came.

Only silence.

Then—

A knock.

My heart jumped.

I didn't need to ask who it was.

"Kaine," I said quietly.

The door opened.

He stepped inside, tall and calm, his face carefully blank. But his eyes... his eyes were still the same.

Lennox's eyes.

For a second, I almost told him the truth.

I know it's you.

I've always known.

The words burned on my tongue.

But I swallowed them.

He closed the door behind him and faced me. "Luna," he said gently, "we need to talk."

I crossed my arms over my chest. "About what?"

He took a breath. A slow one. Like he was choosing his words carefully.

"First," he said, "what happened between us earlier should never happen again."

Something inside me snapped.

I wanted to yell.

How can you still pretend?

How can you look at me and act like you're not him?

But I stayed quiet.

He continued, unaware—or pretending to be.

"Your mates," he said softly. "Alpha Levi. And Alpha Louis. They're emotionally drained."

I looked away.

"They're breaking," he went on. "They don't know how to fix what's wrong, and they're making mistakes because of it."

I let out a quiet laugh. "Mistakes?" I whispered.

He stepped closer. "Olivia, please listen."

I did.

"They love you," he said firmly. "More than anything in this world. They've loved you for years. They just... lost their way."

My chest tightened.

"They're not perfect," he continued. "They did things they shouldn't have. Things they can't take back. But none of it came from hate."

He looked at me, his eyes full of something deep and steady.

"It came from fear," he said. "From losing you. From losing Lennox. From not knowing how to hold everything together."

That name hit me like a punch.

"You are their mate," he went on. "Their Luna. And right now, they need you more than ever."

I turned back to him sharply. "So what are you saying?"

"I'm saying," he replied calmly, "that you should talk to them. Try to fix this. Try to settle what's broken."

My hands clenched.

"They are your mates," he said. "And they love you. Even when they fail, even when they hurt you... they love you."

He kept talking, steady and earnest, just like Lennox always did.

"Walking away won't heal anyone," he said. "Not you. Not them. Not the pack."

I stared at him.

Lennox will always be Lennox, I thought bitterly.

Even wearing another face, he was still trying to fix everyone else.

Still putting himself last.

I felt something sharp rise in me.

Annoyance.

Pain.

And something else.

I wanted to tease him.

I stepped toward him.

He frowned slightly. "Luna—"

I didn't let him finish.

I wrapped my arms around him.

His body went stiff instantly.

"It's you I want," I said softly, pressing close. "It's always been you."

His breath hitched. "Olivia, stop—"

I smiled against his chest. "Why are you still pretending?" I teased quietly. "Why are you still lying to me?"

He grabbed my arms gently, trying to pull me back. "Don't do this."

I tightened my hold instead. "I want you," I whispered. "Not them. You."

"Enough," he said, his voice strained.

I pushed just a little more.

Suddenly, he shoved me away.

Not hard—but firm.

I stumbled back and landed on the bed with a soft gasp.

He stood there, breathing hard, his face dark.

"Fix your relationship with your mates," he said coldly. "And leave me alone."

My heart slammed painfully against my ribs.

"I don't love you," he went on harshly. "Whatever happened between us—it was a mistake."

The words sliced deep.

"Me fucking you was a mistake," he said flatly.

I froze.

He turned away without looking back and walked out.

The door closed.

Hard.

I lay there on the bed, staring at the ceiling, my heart shattered into pieces.

Tears finally spilled down my cheeks.

Because even when he was pretending not to be Lennox—he still knew exactly how to hurt me.

Chapter 613: Have A Deal

Lennox's POV

I didn't stop walking until the cold air hit my face.

The door slammed behind me, echoing down the hall, but I didn't look back.

If I did, I would turn around.

And if I turned around, I would break out of character.

My steps were fast. Too fast. My chest burned like I couldn't get enough air.

Every word I had said to her replayed in my head.

I don't love you.

It was a mistake.

Lies.

Cruel, ugly lies.

I reached the far end of the corridor and pushed open a door that led to an empty training room. The moment I was alone, everything collapsed.

I slammed my fist into the wall.

Pain shot through my knuckles, sharp and hot, but I welcomed it.

I hit it again. And again.

"Fuck!" I growled.

My breath came out rough. My hands were shaking. My vision blurred.

I slid down the wall and sank to the floor, my back against the stone. My head dropped forward, my elbows resting on my knees.

I had survived death.

I had survived betrayal.

I had survived four years of being unconscious.

But that?

That nearly killed me.

I squeezed my eyes shut, but it didn't help. I could still see her face. The way her eyes looked when I said those words. The way something in her broke.

"I'm sorry," I whispered into the empty room. "I'm so sorry."

My chest felt like it was being crushed from the inside.

I wanted to go back.

I wanted to tell her the truth.

I wanted to pull her into my arms and say her name the way I used to.

Olivia.

But I couldn't.

Not yet.

If I told her now, everything would explode. And the person who tried to kill me would disappear forever.

So I stayed silent.

And silence was killing me.

I pressed my fist to my chest like I could hold my heart together.

"She knows," I muttered. "She's starting to know."

She had looked at me differently tonight. Too closely. Too knowingly.

Soon, I won't be able to pretend anymore. I leaned my head back against the wall and stared at the ceiling, my throat tight. I need to know who wanted to kill me and stop all this pretense.

I needed answers.

I needed the truth.

I needed to end this pretending before it destroyed everything.

That was when I felt it.

A presence.

The door creaked open.

I stiffened instantly and pushed myself to my feet.

He stepped inside.

My father.

For a split second, my heart nearly stopped.

Of course... he didn't recognize me.

The spell was still holding.

But the way he looked at me—

the long stare, the sharp eyes—

it was the same way Mother had looked at me earlier.

Like he felt something he couldn't explain.

"Do I know you?" he asked slowly.

I bowed my head slightly, keeping my voice steady. "No, sir."

He didn't answer right away. He just studied me, his gaze moving over my face, my stance, the way I stood.

Then he said, "Walk with me."

My stomach tightened.

"Yes, sir," I replied, falling into step beside him.

We walked down the corridor in silence. Every step felt heavy. I kept my breathing calm, my face blank.

Please don't see me, I thought.

Please don't feel it.

"The spell has to work," I reminded myself silently.

After a moment, he spoke.

"I've heard you're good," he said. "Strong. Skilled. Especially in combat."

"Yes, sir," I answered. "I've trained most of my life."

He nodded slightly. "I can tell."

We turned down another hall, away from the busy parts of the pack house.

Then his tone changed.

"I've also heard rumors," he said.

My shoulders tensed.

"Rumors?" I asked carefully.

He stopped walking.

I stopped too.

He turned to face me fully. "That you're having an affair with Olivia."

My brows pulled together. "I don't know what you're talking about, sir."

He studied me again. Then, slowly, he smiled.

"You don't have to deny it," he said calmly. "I know when a man is lying about his feelings."

I stayed quiet.

"You like her," he continued. "That much is obvious."

I said nothing, my mind racing.

Where is this going?

He resumed walking, and I followed.

"You're not the first man to fall for her," he said. "And you won't be the last."

My jaw tightened.

"She's powerful," he went on. "Loved. Desired. And dangerous to the wrong people."

That made my skin crawl.

Then he said something that made my blood run cold.

"I can help you have her."

I stopped walking.

He turned back, watching my reaction closely.

"In return," he added calmly, "you'll help me."

My fists clenched at my sides.

"Help you... how?" I asked carefully.

His smile didn't reach his eyes.

He didn't answer me right away.

Instead, he turned and continued walking, lifting his hand slightly for me to follow. I hesitated for only a second before falling into step behind him. My thoughts were spiraling now.

Help me how?

What exactly are you planning?

We moved through quieter corridors, guards stepping aside as he passed. No one spoke. No one questioned him. He led the way like a man who still believed the pack belonged to him.

Finally, we reached his private chambers.

He opened the door, stepped inside, then paused and looked back at me. His eyes flicked over my face one more time, sharp and unreadable.

"Come in," he said.

I did.

The door shut behind us with a soft but final click.

The room was dim, lit only by a few lamps. Heavy curtains blocked the windows. The air smelled of old wood, smoke, and something bitter. He walked to a small table near the fire, picked up a bottle, and poured himself a drink.

He didn't offer me one.

He lifted the glass, took a slow sip, then finally spoke.

"Before I say anything else," he said calmly, "you will swear to me that whatever is said in this room stays here."

My pulse thudded hard in my ears.

"I swear," I said after a brief pause. "Whatever you say stays between us."

He watched me closely, then nodded.

"Good," he said. "Because if you try to betray me... if you try to tell anyone what I'm about to tell you—no one will believe you."

He took another sip.

"You'll be a guard accusing a once Alpha. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir," I replied evenly.

"I won't betray you."

A slow smile crossed his face.

"That's wise."

He set the glass down and turned to face me fully.

"I want my throne back."

Chapter 614: It Was Him

Lennox's POV

The words hit me like a punch.

"The Alpha throne," he continued, his voice steady, almost casual. "It was never meant to leave me."

My stomach tightened.

"You'll help me reclaim it."

I forced myself to remain calm. "How?"

He studied me again, like he was deciding how much to reveal.

"You're strong," he said. "Skilled. Ruthless when needed. I've seen how you fight."

I said nothing.

"You move without hesitation," he went on. "You don't freeze. You don't second-guess."

He picked up his glass again, swirling the liquid inside.

"Men like that are useful."

My jaw clenched. "Useful for what?"

He smiled.

"At first, you'll stay close," he said. "Listen. Watch. Learn their weaknesses."

Their.

"You'll tell me what Levi and Louis are planning," he continued. "Where they go. Who they trust."

My blood ran cold.

"And when the time is right," he said softly, "you'll remove them."

The room seemed to tilt.

"Remove...?" I asked, even though I already knew.

"Kill them," he said plainly.

For a heartbeat, I couldn't breathe.

"With them gone," he continued calmly, "the pack will need strong leadership. Order. Stability."

He leaned back against the table.

"I'll step in."

My hands curled into fists at my sides.

"And Olivia?" he added, watching me closely. "With them out of the way, she'll be free. Vulnerable. She'll need someone."

His eyes narrowed slightly.

"You," he said. "You'll have her to yourself."

My heart was pounding so hard I was sure he could hear it.

"And I," he finished, lifting his glass in a small toast, "will have my throne."

Silence filled the room.

This was it.

The truth I had been hunting.

The man who wanted me dead.

My own father.

I kept my face blank, my voice composed, even as something dark and furious rose inside me.

"Why?" I asked quietly.

"Why do you want to kill your sons?"

For a moment, he just stared at me.

Then he laughed.

Not loud.

Not wild.

It was a cold, bitter sound.

"Sons?" he repeated slowly. "You call them my sons?"

He shook his head and took another drink.

"Those boys stopped being my sons the day they turned on me," he said. "The day they banished me. The day they stripped me of my title and dragged my name through the dirt like I was nothing."

My jaw tightened.

"They ridiculed me," he went on. "In front of the council. In front of the pack. They chose to shame me instead of standing by their father."

So that was it.

This wasn't about the throne alone.

This was revenge.

"They sent me away," he continued, his voice hard now. "Me. Their father. Their blood. And they sent their mother with me like she was some burden."

I finally understood.

This was anger that had been rotting for years.

"They decided I was no longer worthy to be their father," he said. "So I decided to stop being one."

My hands curled into fists.

I wanted to shout.

To tell him he was wrong.

To tell him he was sick.

But I didn't.

I forced my face to stay calm.

"And if you take them away," I asked slowly, "what about their children?"

He paused.

For the first time, there was no smile.

"My grandchildren?" he said. "No."

He shook his head once.

"They are not threats," he said firmly. "They're too young. Innocent. They'll rule after me one day. In time. Maybe fourteen years from now."

The way he said it chilled me.

Like everything was already planned.

"The only ones in my way," he continued, "are Levi and Louis."

He stepped closer.

"You kill them," he said softly, "and everything falls into place."

My blood burned.

"And you?" he added, watching me closely. "You'll be rewarded."

He spread his hands slightly.

"Olivia," he said. "Money. Land. Power."

His eyes gleamed.

"Anything you want."

He leaned in just enough that I could smell the alcohol on his breath.

"So," he asked quietly, "will you do it?"

"Will you kill them?"

I stared at him.

Really stared.

Not even in my wildest nightmares had I imagined this.

My father.

The man who taught me how to fight.

The man who once told us that blood was sacred.

The man who swore family would always come before anything.

It was him.

All these years... it had been him.

The powerful hand that could whisper one order and make a guard disappear.

The voice that could promise gold, land, protection—and buy silence.

The man who could plan my death and call it strategy.

He hadn't just wanted me gone.

He wanted us gone.

Levi.

Louis.

Me.

The silence in the room grew thick. Heavy. It pressed against my chest until breathing felt like work.

So this was why.

Why the lies never stopped.

Why danger followed me even after death.

Why someone powerful enough to clean up every trace had wanted me erased.

I felt something dark twist inside me.

Not fear.

Betrayal.

You've been angry all this time, I said quietly to myself.

I swallowed.

The room felt smaller. Like the walls were closing in.

I forced myself to breathe slowly. Calmly.

If I reacted now, I wouldn't be able to expose him.

"I need time," I said at last.

He raised a brow slightly. "Time?"

"Yes," I replied. "This isn't a small thing. You're asking me to kill powerful Alphas."

A pause.

Then a thin smile.

"I thought you might say that," he said. "I'm not unreasonable."

He stepped back, giving me space—but it felt like a trap, not mercy.

"Think about it," he continued. "But don't take too long."

His gaze sharpened.

"And remember something, Kaine," he said quietly. "If you try to betray me—no one will believe you."

My jaw tightened.

"It will be your word," he went on calmly, "against mine. A once-before Alpha. A grieving father. And you?"

He glanced me up and down.

"A guard. A nobody."

The words were meant to crush me.

I bowed my head slightly. "I understand."

He studied me for a long moment, searching my face for cracks.

"Be fast," he said. "And be loyal."

I nodded once. "Yes."

I turned toward the door.

Every step away from him felt unreal. Like walking out of a nightmare I couldn't wake from.

Just before I reached the door, his voice came again—soft, almost gentle.

"Remember," he said, "everything you want is on the other side of this."

I didn't answer.

I opened the door and walked out.

The corridor felt colder than before. Empty. Silent.

My hands were shaking now, but I kept moving.

It was him.

My own father.

The man who wanted his sons erased so he could rule again.

I clenched my fists as I walked.

I'll think about it, I had said.

But deep down, I already knew the truth.

I wouldn't kill them.

I would kill him myself.

Chapter 615: Reveal

Lennox's POV

Now that I knew the truth, there was no need to keep hiding behind this face.

No more masks.

No more pretending.

I pulled my phone from my pocket and stared at the screen for a second before dialing.

It rang twice.

"Golden," I said.

"Meet me at the pack house," I said. My voice was steady, even though my heart wasn't.

There was a brief pause. Then, respectful as always, he replied,

"Okay, Alpha."

I ended the call and sucked in a deep breath. My chest felt tight, but my mind was clear for the first time in a long while.

Next, I made another call.

"Uncle Damien," I said the moment he picked up. "I found him. I know who wanted me dead."

Silence. Then his voice hardened.

"I'm coming."

"I need to change my face back," I added. "Bring the witch."

"I will," he said without hesitation. "And Lennox... we'll end this tonight."

"Thank you," I replied quietly and ended the call.

I turned to Golden when he arrived minutes later, his expression sharp and alert.

"I know who it was," I told him.

His eyes widened slightly. "Who?"

"My father."

Golden went still.

"Gather everyone," I ordered. "Now."

He didn't question me. He never did. He bowed his head and moved fast.

The packhouse filled quickly.

Levi.

Louis.

Guards. Warriors. Elders.

Then Olivia walked in.

Her eyes landed on me instantly. Confusion flickered across her face. Suspicion. Pain. Too many emotions at once. She didn't speak. She just kept staring at me, like she was trying to see through my skin.

I ignored them all and walked to the couch.

I sat.

Just like Lennox always did.

Levi's voice snapped through the room. "Are you out of your mind?" he demanded. "You're a guard. Why are you sitting there? And why did you call us all here?"

"Sit down, Levi," I said calmly.

He frowned. "What?"

"I said sit down."

Something in my voice made him hesitate. Slowly, he obeyed, confusion written all over his face.

Louis scoffed. "Who do you think you are giving orders—"

"Sit down too," I said, cutting him off.

Louis stiffened, anger flashing in his eyes, but he sat.

Olivia still hadn't moved. Her gaze never left me.

Then the doors opened again.

My parents walked in.

The moment my father saw me, something shifted in his eyes. Unease. Fear.

Good.

I stood.

"Golden," I said calmly, "tell the warriors to restrain him."

Golden signaled, and chaos erupted instantly as warriors moved fast, grabbing my father's arms before he could react.

"What is this?" he roared. "Have you lost your mind?"

Levi shot to his feet. "Stop! What are you doing?"

"Stay back," I ordered.

He froze.

Louis stepped forward, furious. "How dare you—"

"As your elder brother," I said, my voice sharp now, commanding, "I'm ordering you both to stay calm."

The room went dead silent.

Louis stared at me.

Levi's breath caught.

"Elder... brother?" Levi whispered.

I took a step forward and met their eyes.

"Yes," I said. "I am who you think I am," I said slowly.

The room exploded into noise.

Gasps. Shouts. Chairs scraping back.

Levi took a step back like the ground had shifted under him. Louis shook his head, over and over, like if he did it enough times, the truth would disappear.

"That's not possible," someone whispered.

I turned toward my father.

"It's me," I said calmly. "Your son. Lennox."

The color drained from his face.

Fear flashed in his eyes before he could hide it.

For the first time since I walked into that room, he looked afraid.

"You thought you were talking to a stranger," I continued, my voice resounding all over the room. "You thought you were planning with a nobody. But every word you said... you said it to me."

My father laughed, sharp and desperate. "This is a lie," he snapped. "He's an imposter. A trick. Kill him—now!"

No one moved.

I stepped closer to him.

"You remember the scar on your left arm?" I asked quietly. "The one you got when I was eight, when I pushed you out of the way of a rogue blade?"

His eyes widened.

"You remember the old oak tree behind the south wall," I went on. "Where you trained me at night because you said an Alpha must learn patience before power."

His breathing turned uneven.

"And you remember," I said, my voice dropping, "the promise you made to me the night Mother cried herself to sleep. You said, 'No matter what happens, I will never turn against my sons.'"

The room went completely silent.

My father's mouth opened, but no words came out.

I turned slowly to face everyone else.

"I didn't die," I said. "I was buried while still alive. And when I woke up, I couldn't come back as myself because I realized someone wanted me dead."

I lifted my hand slightly. "I had my face changed. Just like Olivia once did."

Murmurs rippled through the room.

"It was the only way to survive," I said. "The only way to find the truth."

Then I looked at Olivia.

She wasn't shocked.

She wasn't gasping.

She was staring at me—hard, steady, eyes burning with emotion.

That's when it hit me.

She knew.

She had known.

My chest tightened.

"You knew," I said softly, more to myself than to her.

Her jaw tightened, but she didn't deny it.

Levi's head snapped toward her. "Olivia...?"

She didn't look away from me.

"I felt it," she said quietly. "From the beginning."

The room felt like it was holding its breath.

I looked back at my father, who was now shaking in the warriors' grip.

"You wanted us dead," I said, my anger exploding. "Your own sons."

"You wanted us dead," I repeated, my anger finally breaking free. "Your own sons."

My father struggled against the warriors, his face twisted with rage. "You forced my hand!" he shouted. "You humiliated me. You took everything from me!"

"No," I said sharply. "We stopped you."

The room trembled with silence.

"You lied," I continued, my voice steady but loud enough for everyone to hear. "You poisoned your own pack with secrets. You played with lives like they were nothing. And when we stood up to you, you decided we were the problem."

Levi took a slow step forward, his face pale.

"Father... is this true?"

Chapter 616: Angry

Lennox's POV

My father turned his head away.

That was answer enough.

Louis clenched his fists. "You tried to kill Lennox," he said hoarsely. "You tried to kill our brother."

"He was in my way!" my father roared. "All of you were!"

A sound broke from Mother's throat. A soft, shattered sob. She covered her mouth, tears spilling down her face.

"I begged you to stop," she whispered. "I begged you."

My chest tightened, but I didn't look away from him.

"You used guards," I said. "You used maids. You paid them. You promised power and protection." My eyes burned.

Gasps echoed around the room.

Golden's jaw tightened. "So the orders came from you," he said coldly.

"Yes," my father spat. "From me."

The elders began murmuring, anger rising like a storm.

"That's treason."

"That's unforgivable."

"That's blood betrayal."

I lifted my hand, and the room fell silent again.

"Father. Mother," I said, my voice steady even though my chest ached, "you are both under arrest."

My mother's sob broke louder.

"You will be imprisoned," I continued, "until the council and I decide your fate."

My father's jaw tightened, but he said nothing.

"I never believed," I went on, my voice lowering, "that the two people who gave us life would turn out like this." I shook my head slowly. "Never."

Warriors stepped forward at my signal.

They took my parents away, their footsteps echoing through the hall. No one spoke. No one moved.

The warriors looked at me with wide eyes. Awe. Shock. Respect. Fear.

Behind me, I heard hurried footsteps.

Levi and Louis.

They came to stand in front of me, staring like they were looking at a ghost.

"Is it really you?" Levi asked, his voice breaking. "How... how is this possible? We buried you. We saw your body. It was decaying."

Louis's hands trembled. "We stood by your grave, Lennox. We watched them lower you into the ground."

I swallowed hard.

"Golden came to visit my grave," I said quietly. "Something felt wrong to him."

Golden stepped forward and nodded.

"He noticed the soil had shifted," Golden added. "Too much. Too fast."

I continued, my eyes lifting slowly.

"It turns out," I said, "I never truly died."

I turned my head toward Olivia.

She stood there, frozen, anger and pain burning in her eyes.

"Her healing ability worked later," I said softly. "Much later. My body healed... slowly."

Her jaw tightened.

Louis let out a broken sound and pulled me into a tight hug.

"You're alive," he whispered, his voice shaking. "You're really alive."

I hugged him back, my arms firm around him. For a moment, I let myself feel his presence. I had missed this so much.

When I pulled away, tears were running down Louis's face. He didn't care that, as an Alpha, he was supposed not to cry in public.

"I thought I wouldn't see you again," he choked, wiping his tears away with the back of his hand.

Then I turned toward Olivia.

She didn't move.

I took a step closer.

Another.

"Olivia—"

Before I could finish—

Smack.

The sound echoed through the hall.

My head snapped to the side as her palm connected with my cheek.

The room went dead silent.

My face burned, but I didn't move. I didn't react.

She stood there, breathing hard, her eyes shining with unshed tears and rage.

"How dare you," she whispered.

I straightened slowly and faced her, my voice low and steady.

"I deserved that."

"No..." she whispered, shaking her head. "No, you deserve more than a slap."

Her tone turned sharper—filled with pain. "I do. I deserve this pain. This heartbreak. Because I let myself love you again."

Her hands balled into fists, trembling. "You think that slap was enough?" she cried, tears sliding down her cheeks. "Do you have any idea what it was like for me, Lennox?"

Her voice cracked. "I watched them bury you! I stood there as the ground swallowed the man I—" She stopped, choking on her own words. "The man I loved. And you... you were alive this whole time."

"Olivia—" I tried, but she cut me off with another hit to my face—harder, sharper.

"You don't get to talk!" she shouted, her whole body shaking. "You don't get to stand here and act like the victim when you chose this! You watched from the shadows while I mourned you! While I screamed your name every night like a fool!"

Tears filled her eyes, burning hot and furious. "You didn't even think about the little boys! About how they cried for you! How they kept asking when you'd come home!"

Her words hit deeper than any blow. My throat tightened. "Olivia, I wanted to—"

"Don't!" she snapped. "Don't you dare say you wanted to! Because if you wanted to, you would have!"

Her breathing came fast and uneven. "You were alive, Lennox. Alive. And you let me drown in grief."

The hall was silent except for her voice—broken, raw, and shaking.

"I gave up everything for you," she whispered, her voice dropping lower. "And you gave me nothing but more pain."

"I'm sorry," I said again, my voice quiet, aching.

She laughed bitterly through her tears. "Damn your apology," she said, her voice trembling. "It won't fix what you broke. Not this time."

Her tears kept falling, but her voice turned tired—defeated. "I'm exhausted, Lennox. I'm so tired of this bond... of all of you."

Her words made my chest ache.

"I can't breathe like this anymore," she continued, her voice shaking. "Every day, it's pain. Every night, it's memories. I need... I need space. I need to remember who I am without you—without any of you."

She looked at me one last time, her eyes glistening with pain and love tangled together.

"I'm done fighting," she whispered. "I need a break."

Louis moved forward. "Olivia, a break? What do you mean?"

But before I could say a word—before any of us could stop her—she turned and walked away.

Chapter 617: Away

Olivia's POV

Throughout the day, I stayed in my room.

I didn't know what to feel about everything that had happened.

Part of me was happy.

So happy.

I had been right all along.

Lennox was alive.

He had really come back to me.

But another part of me felt heavy.

Because even though he was back, everything between us was broken.

Not just between me and Lennox—but between all four of us.

So many lies.

So much pain.

So many years lost.

I didn't even know if what we had could be fixed anymore.

I walked to the window and stared outside, my arms wrapped around myself.

How did love turn into this?

We were supposed to have a happy ending, but right now I don't feel there will be any happy ending for us.

Suddenly a soft knock landed on my door.

I froze.

My heart beat faster.

"Who is it?" I asked quietly.

I didn't want to face anyone right now.

"Luna," a maid said gently from outside, "your presence is needed. Everyone is waiting."

My chest tightened.

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

I moved over to the mirror and stared at my reflection... I looked drained... tired and confused... My wolf was silent, already sensing the drastic decision I was about to make... a decision I knew was the best for all of us.

When I stepped into the hall, I felt a different atmosphere.

And then I saw him.

Lennox.

His real face was back.

He was kneeling, holding three little boys in his arms.

Leo.

Liam.

Leon.

They were crying, their small arms wrapped tightly around his neck, like they were afraid he would disappear again.

"I'm here," Lennox kept saying softly, his voice shaking. "I'm here. I won't leave you again. I promise."

The boys were sobbing into his chest.

"We missed you, Daddy," Liam cried.

"I missed you too," Lennox whispered, kissing their hair again and again. "More than you'll ever know."

I stood there, unable to move.

This was what they had lost.

This was what all of us had lost.

After a while, Lennox gently pulled back, holding their faces in his hands.

"Go with the maids now," he said softly. "I'll come see you very soon. The grown-ups need to talk."

The boys didn't want to let go, but slowly, they nodded. They hugged him one last time and were led away.

The room grew quiet.

It was just the four of us now.

Me.

Lennox.

Levi.

Louis.

And Damien. I was surprised to see him... I had an idea he was around.

Damien stepped forward, his eyes full of regret.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly. "On behalf of my brother... and everything he did. I pray you all find a way to heal from this."

He gave Lennox a small nod, then turned and left, closing the door behind him.

Silence fell again.

No one spoke.

It was heavy.

Painful.

Suffocating.

Then Lennox took a breath.

"I'll go first," he said.

We all looked at him.

"I'm sorry," he began. "For making you believe I was dead. I know it destroyed you. I know it broke everything."

His eyes moved from Louis to Levi... then to me.

"But I had to do it," he said softly. "Someone wanted me gone. If I came back as myself, I would have died again. I had to hide."

He swallowed hard.

"Our relationship suffered because of it," he continued. "All of it did. But I don't want us to stay broken. I want us to find our way back—if we all still want the same thing."

I swallowed hard and blinked back tears... I wished it was that easy... I wished everything would go back as they were, but I knew that was impossible... we all need to heal.

Louis took a shaky breath.

"I'm sorry," he said, his voice low. "I was a terrible brother to you, Lennox. I abandoned you when you needed me. I let anger and confusion change me."

He looked at Lennox with wet eyes.

"I hope you can forgive me. I want us to be the way we used to be... inseparable... I want us four to be back... I missed our relationship... I miss us."

I also do... I wished to myself.

Levi stepped forward slowly.

He looked like he was barely holding himself together.

"I don't even know where to start," he whispered. "I deserve whatever punishment you give me."

He turned to Lennox.

"I was a horrible brother. I failed you when you were alive... and when you were gone. I let jealousy turn me into someone I don't even recognize."

His voice broke.

"I don't know what got into me. I don't know how I became this person. But I'm sorry. Truly."

Then he turned to me.

"And Olivia... I'm sorry. For everything. For the lies. For the control. For the pain I caused you."

He bowed his head.

"I don't expect forgiveness. I just needed you to know I regret it and am ready to take whatever punishment."

The room went quiet again.

All eyes slowly turned to me.

It was my turn to speak.

My throat felt tight.

My heart felt heavy.

And I didn't even know where to begin, but I scoffed, glaring at Levi.

"Punishment?" I repeated, a bitter laugh slipping from my lips as I stared at Levi.

"Punishment?"

Something ugly and raw rose inside me.

"You think this is about punishment?" I snapped. "You think saying sorry and offering yourself up will fix what you did?"

Levi opened his mouth, but I lifted my hand.

"No. Don't," I said. "You don't get to interrupt me anymore."

"You are the reason we are here," I said, my voice shaking with anger. "You are the reason everything fell apart. You lied. You controlled. You made decisions for all of us like you were some kind of god."

Levi flinched, his face pale.

"You decided who I could love," I said. "Who I could talk to. What I was allowed to know. You played with all of us like we were pieces on a board."

Tears burned my eyes, but I forced them back.

"You didn't just hurt me," I continued. "You hurt Lennox. You hurt Louis. You hurt the boys. You tore us apart with your fear and jealousy. You are the reason we are standing here like strangers."

Levi lowered his head.

Then I turned to Louis.

"And you," I said, my voice cutting. "You just stood there. Like a lost puppy. Letting Levi pull your strings."

Louis's eyes widened.

"You're an Alpha too," I went on. "You have a voice. You have power. But you let him decide everything while you watched us fall apart."

My hands trembled.

"If you had stood up," I said softly, "if you had said something when things started going wrong... maybe Lennox wouldn't have been so alone. Maybe I wouldn't have been so lost."

Louis looked crushed.

Then I turned to Lennox.

My chest tightened when I met his eyes.

"And you..." my voice softened despite how angry I was. "I don't even know if I should be angry with you for deceiving us... or grateful that you survived."

I swallowed hard.

"I understand why you hid," I said. "I do. But that doesn't mean it didn't hurt."

My voice dropped.

"And I'm not innocent either," I admitted. "I failed you too."

Lennox's eyes widened.

They all stared at me.

"I failed you, Lennox," I whispered. "I should have stood my ground. I should have fought harder. I should have trusted what I felt."

Tears slipped down my cheeks now.

"I abandoned you when you were gone," I said. "I let the lies become my truth. And I'm sorry."

The room was silent.

"We are all broken," I said. "All of us. We're not who we used to be. We're carrying too much pain to pretend everything can just go back to normal."

I took a shaky breath.

Then I said the words that made everything stop.

"I think... we need a break."

Levi's head snapped up.

Louis froze.

Lennox went still.

"This bond," I continued. "This relationship... it's suffocating us. We're bleeding into each other's wounds instead of healing."

My heart was pounding.

"I won't stay here," I said. "I'll go back home. I'll still come to see the boys every day. I know they won't want to leave with me, and besides, they are your heirs, so it is right they stay here."

My voice wavered.

"But we need space. We need to be away from each other so we can remember who we are without all this pain."

No one spoke.

"If along the way," I went on softly, "you meet someone... someone you fall in love with... you should be with her."

Levi's lips parted.

Louis's eyes filled with tears.

"And if I meet a man I love," I said, "I'll be with him too."

Lennox's breath hitched.

"We can break this mate bond," I whispered.

The words felt like knives in my chest, but I kept going.

"If... after all this time apart... after all this healing... we still find our way back to each other," I said quietly, "then maybe... we can try again. If not, then we will break the mate bond."

I wiped my tears.

"But right now, staying together like this will only destroy us."

Chapter 618: Accept So Easily

Olivia's POV

Silence... a tense, uncomfortable silence hung in the air as my words settled in the air... I swallowed hard and looked away, not able to look at any one of them in the face. My heart was hurting... My heart was in pain, but I knew this was the best for the four of us... We needed to find ourselves again... and we can't do that if we continue staying in this relationship.

Lennox was the first to speak.

"You've thought this through?" he asked.

His voice was calm. Too calm. Relaxed. But I knew Lennox. He was good at hiding what he felt.

I bit my lips, my eyes away from them as I nodded, not able to find my voice.. A part of me wanted them to refuse ... I wanted them to tell me we could fix this... we could try, but I was shocked when Lennox responded.

"Okay... if that is what you want... then let's do it."

My heart shattered, and tears began forming in my eyes. This wasn't what I expected from him... This wasn't the Lennox I knew... The Lennox I knew... the Lennox I grew up knowing would never agree to this... he would say let's talk this out.. Let's make this work.

I finally looked at Lennox, my eyes wide, my chest tight like I couldn't breathe.

That wasn't what I wanted.

That wasn't what I hoped for.

I wanted him to fight me.

To argue.

To tell me we could fix this.

To tell me he still wanted us badly enough to hold on.

My vision blurred as tears filled my eyes.

"That's it?" I whispered. "You're just going to say okay?"

Lennox's jaw tightened.

"You asked for space," he said softly. "I'm giving it to you."

"But you don't even care?" I cried. "You don't even want to try?"

His eyes flickered then. Pain slipped through before he hid it again.

"I care," he said. "That's why I'm not stopping you."

That made it worse.

Louis took a step forward. "Olivia, please—"

I shook my head. "No. Don't."

My heart felt like it was breaking into pieces.

I had just told them I needed distance, but I never meant for it to be so easy for them to let me go.

Levi was silent, his face pale, his hands clenched like he was holding himself together.

I wiped my tears angrily.

"So this is it," I whispered. "After everything... we're just letting it end?"

Lennox sighed.. "I think it's for the best.... We are not ending things; we are just giving each other space to find ourselves again."

I stared at Lennox.

Not just at his face...

But at everything behind it.

The calmness in his eyes.

The way his jaw was set.

The way he didn't look like a man who was about to lose the woman he loved.

And that terrified me.

Because for the first time since he came back, I felt something cold and empty inside my chest.

We were no longer mates.

There was no bond pulling at me.

No warmth.

No quiet whisper of his emotions brushing against mine.

I couldn't feel him anymore.

And without that bond, I had no way of knowing what he felt.

Did he still love me?

Or was he already letting go?

The thought made my heart ache.

Is Lennox falling out of love with me... or did he already?

Louis's voice broke through the silence.

"How long?" he asked softly. "How long is this break going to be?"

The pain in his voice cut straight through me.

I swallowed hard.

Regret hit me like a wave.

I wished I had never said any of this.

I wished I had just kept quiet and stayed broken together with them.

But it was too late.

"Half a year," I said softly. "Six months."

All three of them looked at me.

"After that," I continued, forcing the words out, "we'll see if we still want this... if we can still be together... or if we should go our separate ways for good."

The words tasted like poison in my mouth.

Lennox nodded slowly.

"Okay," he said.

Just one word.

But it felt like a door closing.

Levi didn't say anything.

He just stared at the floor, his fists clenched so tight his knuckles were white.

I couldn't stand it anymore.

I couldn't stand the quiet.

I couldn't stand the way everything was breaking so calmly.

I turned away.

"I need to go," I whispered.

And before any of them could stop me, I walked out.

I didn't stop walking until I reached my room.

The door closed behind me with a soft click, but the sound felt loud in my chest. I leaned against it, my hands shaking, my heart racing like I had just run from something I couldn't escape.

What did I just do?

I slid down the door and sat on the floor, hugging my knees to my chest. My mind was spinning.

I asked for space... but I didn't expect them to let me go so easily.

Especially Lennox.

That calm look in his eyes kept replaying in my head.

Like he was already prepared to lose me.

Like he was already stepping away.

Tears burned in my eyes.

"I'm scared," I whispered to the empty room. "I'm so scared."

I needed someone. Someone who wasn't part of this pain.

My hands shook as I made a mind link to Sofia.

She responded instantly. "Olivia? What's wrong? You sound... stressed."

"I need you," I said, my voice breaking. "Please. I need you right now."

"I'm home," she said immediately. "Where are you?"

"I'll come to you."

Before she could say anything else, I closed my eyes and teleported.

The world shifted around me in a rush of air and light.

Then I was standing in Sophia's living room.

She was already there, rushing toward me, worry all over her face.

"Olivia!"

She pulled me into a hug before I could say a word.

"I'm here," she said softly. "Everything will be fine."

That was all it took.

I broke.

Tears poured down my face as I clung to her. My whole body shook.

"I can't do this anymore," I cried. "I can't."

Sophia held me tightly and guided me toward her bedroom. She sat me on the bed, went to get a glass of water, and pressed it into my hands.

"Drink," she said gently. "Slow down."

I took a few shaky sips, my hands still trembling.

"What happened?" she asked quietly, sitting beside me. "Tell me."

And I did.

I told her everything.

About Lennox being alive.

About Levi's lies.

About Louis standing by.

About the bond.

About the break.

"I didn't think they would agree so easily," I whispered, staring at the floor. "I thought Lennox would fight me. I thought he would say we could fix this. But he just... said okay."

My chest hurt.

"I don't even know if he still loves me," I said, my voice cracking. "We're not mates anymore. I can't feel him. I don't know what's in his heart."

Sophia listened without interrupting.

"I'm scared," I admitted. "What if this break just makes us drift apart? What if I lose them forever?"

She was quiet for a moment.

Then she spoke softly.

"Maybe this is what you all need."

I looked at her.

"You remember Damien and me," she said gently. "We were broken. Angry. We couldn't breathe around each other anymore. We walked away."

She smiled faintly.

"And when we came back, we finally understood each other. We healed. We grew."

She took my hand.

"Sometimes distance doesn't mean the end," she said. "Sometimes it means a new beginning."

Her words wrapped around my heart like a small, fragile hope.

"Maybe this break," she continued, "is what you four need to remember who you are... and what you really want."

I held onto her hand, my eyes filling with tears again.

"I just don't want to lose them," I whispered. "They are my sons, they are my life."

Sophia squeezed my fingers.

"You won't," she said softly. "Use this time to heal and return back to them."

I swallowed hard, and despite how hard it felt, I knew Sofia was right... this was the best decision.

"Thank you," I said while inhaling deeply.

Sofia smiled warmly. "It's my duty as your big sister, remember." She teased, and I smiled.

Sophia tilted her head, studying me carefully.

"So..." she said gently, "where are you going to stay now?"

I let out a slow breath. "I'm going back home."

Her brows knit together. "Back there?"

I nodded. "I need somewhere that feels like mine again. Somewhere that isn't full of memories of... all of them."

She understood right away.

"And the boys?" she asked softly.

My heart squeezed at their name. "I'll still see them every day," I said quickly. "I can teleport. Distance won't change that."

Sophia smiled a little. "Good."

Then her voice turned more careful. "Have you told them yet?"

The question hit me.

My fingers curled in my lap. "No," I whispered. "I don't even know how."

How do you tell three little boys that their family is breaking apart?

"I don't want to hurt them," I said quietly. "They just got Lennox back. They were crying in his arms like they'd found their whole world again. How do I look at them and say I'm leaving?"

Sophia reached out and pulled me into a soft hug.

"You don't have to tell them everything right now," she said gently. "They're too young to understand adult pain."

I rested my forehead against her shoulder.

"But I can't just disappear," I whispered.

"You won't," she replied. "You'll still be there. Every day. That's what they'll feel."

I nodded slowly, even though my chest still ached.

"I'll talk to them tomorrow," I said. "I'll tell them Mommy just needs some time. That I still love them. That I'm not going anywhere."

Sophia smiled. "That's enough for now."

I closed my eyes for a moment, letting the quiet settle around me.

Somewhere inside me, my wolf shifted—still hurting, still confused... but no longer screaming.

Maybe this wasn't the end.

Maybe it was just the beginning of something different.

Chapter 619: Regrets

Lennox's POV

I stood there, staring at the empty space she had left behind, my chest tight, my fingers slowly curling into fists like I was holding myself together.

The room still smelled like her.

Still felt like her.

And it hurt.

I wanted to run after her.

I wanted to grab her hand before she could get too far and tell her the truth — that I didn't want this break, that I didn't want distance, that I didn't want a single second of life without her.

I wanted to tell her that even though we were broken, I still wanted to fight for us. That I would crawl through hell if it meant keeping her.

But I didn't move.

Because somewhere deep inside, I knew she was right.

We weren't just hurt.

We were shattered.

And shattered people don't know how to love without cutting each other open.

We kept hurting her.

Even when we were trying to protect her.

Even when we were trying to love her.

So I stayed still and let her go, even though it felt like ripping my own heart out.

The silence she left behind was heavy. Thick. Loud.

Louis was the first to break it.

"Are we really going to let this happen?" he asked quietly, his voice rough. "Are we just going to stand here and watch her walk away?"

I turned to him.

"Yes," I said. My voice was low, but it didn't shake. "We are."

Louis stared at me like I'd just said something impossible.

"But—"

"She asked for this," I cut in before he could finish. "And for once, we're going to respect what she wants. Not what we want. Not what makes us feel better. What she needs."

His mouth opened, then closed. His jaw tightened like he was biting back everything he wanted to scream.

I could see it on his face.

The fear.

The panic.

The helplessness.

Because letting her walk away felt like losing her all over again.

Slowly, my gaze shifted past him.

To Levi.

He hadn't said a word since Olivia left. He hadn't even lifted his head. He just stood there, staring at the floor like the weight of everything he had done was finally crushing him.

He looked smaller somehow.

Not like an Alpha.

Not like the man who used to stand tall and fearless.

But like someone who didn't know how to live with his own mistakes.

Guilt was carved into his face.

Shame.

Regret so deep it was eating him alive.

"Levi," I said quietly. "Are you okay?"

He laughed under his breath, bitter and empty. "Okay?" he whispered. "How can I be okay?"

He looked down at his hands like he didn't even recognize them. "Do you even know the things I've done? The lies I told? The choices I made?"

"I do," I said. "I know."

He shook his head slowly. "I don't feel like myself anymore, Lennox. I became someone I hate."

"You can change," I told him. "You're not beyond saving."

He looked at me, his eyes tired and broken. "I don't even know who I am anymore."

Then he turned and walked away.

Just like that.

Louis watched him go and shook his head. "Olivia was right," he said quietly. "I let Levi control everything. I stood there like a lost puppy instead of an Alpha."

I shook my head. "You're not weak, Louis."

"It feels like I am."

"You're hurting," I said. "That doesn't make you weak."

He didn't answer.

I turned and left too.

I went back to my room.

Not the guard room.

My room.

The one that used to be filled with laughter. With love. Now it felt empty.

I walked to the window and stared outside as memories rushed in.

Olivia smiling at me.

Her arms around my neck.

The boys calling me Daddy.

This wasn't how it was supposed to be.

Not like this.

Not with distance.

Not with silence.

I pressed my hand against the glass, my chest aching.

"We were supposed to have a happy ending," I whispered.

But all we had now...

Was pain.

I pressed my palms to my face.

I had survived death.

I had survived betrayal.

I had survived being buried alive.

But this...

This was worse.

"Did I let you go too easily?" I whispered to the empty room.

I replayed the moment in my head again and again.

She asked for space.

I said okay.

Just like that.

No fight.

No argument.

No desperate please don't leave me.

I thought I was being strong.

But now...

It felt like I had abandoned her.

I clenched my fists.

"I should have told you I didn't want this," I muttered. "I should have told you I was terrified of losing you."

But I didn't.

Because I was afraid.

Afraid that if I fought her, I would hurt her again.

Afraid that if I begged, I would make things worse.

Afraid that loving her too hard would break her.

So I let her go.

And now the silence was eating me alive.

I lay back on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

Her side was empty.

Too empty.

"Olivia..." I whispered.

My chest burned, and my eyes stung, but I refused to cry. I had cried enough for one lifetime.

But that didn't stop the ache.

What if this break doesn't bring us back together?

What if this space turns into distance?

What if six months from now... she doesn't come back?

The thought made my heart twist.

I turned my head and stared at the pillow where her head used to rest.

"I don't know if I protected you," I said quietly. "Or pushed you away."

I lay there for a long time, staring at the ceiling, drowning in thoughts that wouldn't let me breathe.

I couldn't stay in that room anymore.

So I got up.

My feet carried me without thinking, down the long halls of the pack house, past guards and servants who bowed their heads when they saw me. None of it mattered. All that mattered was the ache in my chest.

The boys.

I needed to see them.

The moment I stepped near the family wing, I heard voices.

Small voices.

Familiar voices.

I stopped.

Then I heard her.

Olivia.

My heart tightened.

I moved closer and looked inside the sitting room.

She was kneeling in front of the boys.

Leo.

Liam.

Leon.

They were sitting on the couch, their little faces turned up toward her, confused and serious.

"I won't be staying here for a while," Olivia was saying softly. "I need to go somewhere else to heal."

My breath caught.

"That doesn't mean I don't love you," she added quickly. "I love you more than anything in the world. But sometimes grown-ups need space to feel better. Also, you can come with me if you want."

My stomach dropped.

This wasn't the plan.

The plan was for the boys to stay here... where they were safe... where they belonged... and she would teleport to see them.

Not this.

Liam frowned. "Mom... what does that mean?"

Olivia reached out and touched his cheek. "It just means I might not sleep here every night. But you can be with me."

Liam's eyes filled with panic.

He suddenly jumped off the couch and ran straight to me, throwing his arms around my legs.

"No!" he cried. "I don't want to go! I just got Daddy back!"

My heart shattered.

I knelt down and wrapped my arms around him. "Hey... hey, it's okay," I whispered. "I'm here. I'm not going anywhere."

Leo and Leon looked between me and Olivia, their small faces tight with confusion. They didn't know who they were supposed to choose.

It felt cruel and heartbreaking.

I slowly stood and looked at Olivia.

"We need to talk," I said quietly.

She hesitated, then nodded.

We stepped out into the hall, away from the boys.

The moment the door closed behind us, the tension snapped.

"This wasn't the plan," I said. "They were supposed to stay here."

"I know," she replied softly. "But I'm worried about them."

"Worried about what?" I asked. "You can see them anytime. You can teleport. They don't have to leave their home."

"They're already scared," she said. "They've lost you once. Now they see us breaking apart. I don't want them feeling abandoned again."

My chest tightened. "Olivia, taking them away won't fix that."

"You don't understand—"

"I do," I cut in gently but firmly. "And that's why I'm saying no."

She stared at me. "No?"

"You can't take them," I said. "They just got me back. They need stability. They need their home."

Her eyes filled with frustration. "So I'm just supposed to walk away alone?"

"No," I said. "You're supposed to heal without tearing them apart in the process."

Silence stretched between us.

"They're my children too," she whispered.

"And they're mine," I replied softly. "We have to think about them, not just us."

She looked away, biting her lip.

"It's final," I said quietly. "They stay."

Her shoulders fell.

"Fine," she said after a long moment. "I'll go talk to them."

She turned and walked back toward the sitting room.

I stood there, my heart racing.

This break was already hurting them.

And we had only just begun.

Chapter 620: Back Home

Olivia's POV

Tears gathered in my eyes as I slowly packed my things into the traveling bag.

Every shirt I folded felt like another goodbye.

Every dress I placed inside felt like I was cutting another piece of myself away.

My wolf was silent.

Too silent.

But deep down, I could feel her anger.

She hated this.

She hated that I was walking away.

She hated that I was letting them go so easily.

And the worst part?

So did I.

I kept waiting.

Waiting for footsteps outside my door.

Waiting for Lennox to burst in.

Waiting for Levi to shout.

Waiting for Louis to knock.

I wanted them to stop me.

To tell me this was a mistake.

To tell me they wouldn't let me leave.

They were supposed to fight for me.

I squeezed a shirt in my hands until the fabric wrinkled.

"Damn it," I whispered, my voice breaking.

"Why aren't you fighting for me?"

Inside me, my wolf scoffed.

Cowards, she snarled bitterly. All of them.

Then she shut herself away from me completely.

Great.

Now I was alone in my own body.

A tear slipped down my cheek as I zipped up the bag. The sound felt loud in the quiet room, like a door closing on everything I had ever dreamed of.

I wiped my face angrily.

I wasn't supposed to be this weak.

I was the Luna.

I was strong.

I was supposed to be able to walk away without falling apart.

But I was falling apart anyway.

A soft knock came at the door.

My heart jumped so fast it hurt.

"Come in," I whispered, barely able to breathe.

The door opened slowly.

It wasn't Lennox.

It wasn't Levi.

It wasn't Louis.

It was a maid.

"Luna," she said gently, her eyes full of sympathy.

"Alpha Damien requests to see you."

My chest tightened at the sound of his name.

For a second, I almost said no.

I didn't have the strength for another conversation.

But I nodded anyway.

"Tell him I'm coming."

I wiped my face quickly and walked out of the room. Each step down the stairs felt heavier, like I was walking away from something I might never get back.

Damien was waiting in the sitting room.

He looked tired. Everything that had happened had weighed on him too.

When he saw me, he stood.

"I heard," he said gently. "About the break. About you leaving."

I didn't trust my voice, so I just nodded.

"Are you sure about this?" he asked quietly. "You don't have to do it this way, Olivia."

"Yes," I lied.

The word tasted bitter in my mouth, but I forced it out anyway.

"Yes, I'm sure."

He studied my face for a long moment, like he could see the cracks I was trying to hide.

"They need you," he said softly. "All three of them. And the boys too. You're the center of that family."

My throat tightened.

"I know," I whispered. "But we're all hurting. We're all breaking each other."

Damien sighed.

"I won't stop you," he said. "But remember something. Distance can heal... or it can destroy. Be careful which one you let it become."

I nodded again, even though tears burned behind my eyes.

"Thank you," I murmured.

I didn't wait for anything else.

I turned and went back to my room.

I picked up my bag.

And then, without giving myself time to think, I teleported.

The air shifted.

The packhouse disappeared.

And suddenly, I was standing in my family's living room.

Calvin and Nora were on the floor, laughing as they played with their little boy.

Melvin.

My heart twisted at the sight of him.

The moment they saw me, everything stopped.

Calvin jumped to his feet.

Nora's smile faded.

My brother's eyes dropped to the bag in my hand.

"What did those idiots do to you?" Calvin demanded, already moving toward me.

Nora gasped softly. "Darling—your words," she cautioned quickly, bending to scoop Melvin into her arms.

Calvin exhaled slowly, trying to calm himself, but his eyes were still sharp with worry.

I couldn't hold it anymore.

Nora walked to me and pulled me into her arms.

I broke instantly, burying my face against her shoulder.

"I don't know what I'm doing," I whispered.

She held me tight.

"It's okay," she said softly. "You're safe here."

Calvin gently took my bag from my hand.

"Come," he said. "Let's get you settled."

He led me down the hall into a large guest room. It was warm, quiet, and smelled faintly of lavender.

I sat on the edge of the bed, feeling suddenly exhausted.

Calvin leaned against the doorframe, his arms crossed.

"I heard Lennox is alive," he said. "So tell me... what happened?"

I took a shaky breath.

And then I told him everything.

About Lennox.

About Levi.

About Louis.

About the lies.

About the bond.

About the break.

My voice cracked as the words poured out.

"I didn't think it would hurt this much," I whispered. "I just wanted us to stop hurting each other."

Calvin's jaw tightened.

Nora walked in, sat beside me, and rubbed my back slowly.

"You didn't fail," she said gently. "Sometimes loving someone means stepping away before you destroy each other."

But it didn't feel like love.

It felt like I had just made the biggest mistake of my life.

Calvin's voice softened as he looked at me.

"You're home now," he said quietly. "No matter what happens out there, this is still your home. And I'll support you, whatever you decide."

His eyes flicked to my face, serious and protective.

"Mom will be back from her trip next week," he added. "We'll all talk then. Figure things out together."

I nodded, my throat tight.

"For now," he continued gently, "you should rest. You look exhausted. I'll give you girls some space."

He gave Nora a small nod, then walked out, closing the door softly behind him.

The room felt calmer after he left, like the walls themselves were trying to hold me together.

I turned to Nora.

"How are you?" I asked quietly.

She smiled.

"I'm okay. Just... being a mom and a mate," she said softly. "That alone is a full-time job."

I let out a weak breath.

"I feel completely drained. Like there's nothing left in me."

Nora studied me for a moment. Then a slow smile curved her lips.

"I think I have the perfect remedy for that."

I frowned slightly.

"What?"