

# **Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 621: No Ring**

## **- Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 621: No Ring**

### **Chapter 621: No Ring**

She hesitated, then laughed under her breath, a faint blush rising to her cheeks.

"There's a party tonight," she admitted. "Calvin and I are going. Just something small—music, people, laughter. A chance to breathe again."

I stared at her.

"A party?"

"Yes," she said gently. "You've been drowning in pain for too long, Olivia. You need one night where you don't think about your mates... or the bond... or the break. Just one night where you feel like yourself again."

I looked down at my hands.

"I don't know if I'm in the mood to smile."

"You don't have to," she said softly. "Just come. Let the noise and the lights and the people remind you that the world is bigger than heartbreak."

Her eyes met mine.

"Come with us."

For the first time since I arrived, something inside me shifted.

Maybe... just maybe... one night away from the pain wouldn't hurt.

"Okay," I whispered.

Nora smiled wider.

"Good. I'll help you get ready."

Nora clapped her hands softly. "Alright. Let's get you ready."

She pulled me to my feet, led me to her room, and opened the wardrobe. Dresses, shoes, and jewelry filled the space. For a moment, I just stood there, staring.

"I don't even know what to wear," I murmured.

Nora laughed gently. "That's why I'm here."

She chose a simple but elegant dress that hugged me just right—not too bold, not too dull. She helped me fix my hair, added a little makeup, and when she was done, she stepped back and smiled.

"There," she said softly. "You still look like you."

I looked at my reflection.

Tired eyes.

A sad heart.

But still... me.

Calvin knocked softly and peeked into the room.

"You ladies ready?"

Nora grabbed her purse from the table, smiling as she turned to me.

"We are."

We stepped out together, and as we walked toward the door, something in my chest shifted.

For the first time in hours—maybe even days—I felt a tiny bit lighter. Not healed. Not okay. But... not drowning either.

Calvin slipped his arm around Nora's waist, pulling her close as they walked. He whispered something to her that made her laugh, and she playfully nudged him with her elbow. Their easy warmth, their quiet teasing, their natural closeness—it all felt so real.

They didn't look broken.

They didn't look afraid of losing each other.

They looked like two people who knew exactly where they belonged.

I watched them from a step behind, my heart tightening.

I missed that.

I missed waking up beside someone who felt like home.

I missed laughing without forcing it.

I missed feeling safe in love instead of scared of it.

For a moment, I imagined the triplets walking beside me, their hands in mine, the way it used to be. The way it was supposed to be.

The thought hurt.

So I looked away and kept walking, telling myself this night wasn't about what I lost...

It was about remembering how to breathe.

When we arrived, the villa was huge and glowing with lights. Music drifted through the warm night air, and laughter filled the garden. People were everywhere—dressed well, smiling, dancing.

The moment I stepped inside, heads turned.

Whispers followed.

"Is that her?"

"Luna Olivia..."

I blinked. I hadn't realized so many people knew me.

Some smiled. Some bowed their heads slightly. Others just stared.

It felt strange... but not in a bad way.

The music was soft and slow, and I let myself enjoy it. I talked a little. I laughed a little. For a short while, the pain in my chest faded.

Then someone stepped in front of me.

"May I?" he asked, holding out his hand. "Would you like to dance?"

He was tall, with calm eyes and a warm smile. Not too bold. Not too shy.

I hesitated... then slowly took his hand.

As we moved onto the dance floor, he led me gently, not pushing, not pulling—just letting me follow the rhythm.

"You're marked," he said quietly, looking at my neck. "Not just one mark... but two."

My breath caught.

I swallowed hard. "I don't want to talk about it."

He nodded right away. "That's okay."

Something about that made me relax.

We kept dancing. His presence was calm. Easy. No pressure. No questions.

When the song ended, he smiled.

"I'm Adrian," he said. "Alpha King of the Westlands."

My eyes widened slightly. "Oh."

He chuckled softly. "I'm also a widower. I have a daughter. She's six."

"That's... nice," I said.

He looked at my hand, then back at me. "I think I might have a chance with you."

I blinked. "What?"

He smiled gently. "You're not wearing a ring. That means you are still single."

My wolf growled inside me, sharp and protective, angry at his words.

I let out a small, uneasy laugh and slowly pulled my hand back from his.

"I'm not available," I said gently but firmly.

Adrian's lips curved into a slow smile. "Until you wear a ring," he replied, "I won't back off."

I scoffed softly. "You're bold."

"I'm honest," he corrected.

"I'm Luna Olivia," I said, lifting my chin. "I carry a Luna title. That means I belong to a pack. I'm not free the way you think."

He studied me for a moment, then shook his head.

"So long as you're not married," he said calmly, "I still have a chance."

I blinked at him. "You like me already?"

"Yes," he answered without hesitation. "I do."

That made my wolf snarl again, low and unhappy.

I rolled my eyes and stepped away from him. "You're unbelievable."

I walked straight back to Nora, who was sipping a drink and watching the dance floor.

"What's wrong?" she asked when she saw my face.

"Nothing," I muttered. "He's just... trying his luck."

Nora smiled faintly. "Adrian?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

She nodded. "Everyone does. He lost his mate in a private jet crash three years ago. It was tragic. He has never chosen another woman since."

I frowned. "Never?"

"Never," she repeated. "That's why it's shocking he's suddenly interested in you."

My heart skipped for reasons I didn't want to understand.

Slowly, my eyes lifted.

Across the room, Adrian was watching me.

Not staring in a rude way.

Not possessive.

Just... watching.

Our eyes met.

And for a moment, the noise of the party faded.

Something about the way he looked at me felt different.

Calm. Steady. Curious.

My wolf shifted uneasily inside me.

I turned back to Nora, pretending not to notice the strange warmth in my chest.

"I don't have the energy for this," I whispered.

Nora squeezed my hand. "Then don't think about it. Just enjoy the night."

I nodded, but my gaze drifted back to Adrian once more.

And somehow... he was still looking at me, like a predator measuring his prey.

## **Chapter 622: Suicide?**

Levi's POV

I felt like I was no longer a real person.

Just a shadow lying on the bed, staring at the ceiling, not even sure why I was still breathing.

I didn't know what to do with my life anymore.

Guilt was eating me alive from the inside.

No matter what Lennox said—that I could change, that I could make things right—it didn't matter.

It didn't take the pain away.

Every time I closed my eyes, I wished I wouldn't open them again.

I just wanted everything to stop.

I hated myself so much that I couldn't even stand my own presence.

My wolf tried to comfort me sometimes, whispering that it wasn't too late, that I could still be better.

But his voice felt far away.

All I could hear was Olivia.

Her words kept playing in my head over and over.

You're the reason we're broken.

And she was right.

Everything that went wrong...

Every lie.

Every fight.

Every tear.

It all started with me.

If it wasn't for my jealousy...

If it wasn't for my selfishness...

If it wasn't for the terrible choices I made...

We would still be together.

Lennox would never have been pushed away.

Olivia would never have been hurt like that.

Louis would never have been dragged into this mess.

But now?

We were shattered.

And it was my fault.

I turned my face into the pillow, my chest tight, my eyes burning.

I couldn't breathe.

It felt like the walls were closing in on me.

Like the room was shrinking.

Like all the air was being pulled out and I was being left behind to suffocate in my own guilt.

I pushed myself up suddenly, gasping.

"No... I can't stay here," I whispered.

Every corner of this room reminded me of everything I had destroyed.

I stumbled to my feet and walked out.

I didn't tell anyone where I was going.

I didn't want to see anyone.

I didn't want to hear anyone.

I just needed to get away from myself.

I walked past the guards.

Out of the mansion.

Into the cold night.

My feet carried me toward the forest without me even thinking about it. The trees swallowed me whole as I walked deeper and deeper, branches brushing against my skin, leaves crunching under my boots.

The air was sharp and quiet out here.

But it didn't help.

My head was still loud.

I kept walking until the trees thinned and the land opened up.

A cliff.

The ground dropped away into nothing but darkness below.

I stepped closer and looked down.

It was far.

Too far.

One step.

That was all it would take.

For a moment, I just stood there, staring at the edge, feeling small. Empty. Tired.

"Is this what peace feels like?" I whispered.

Suddenly, a hand grabbed my arm.

"Hey!" a woman's voice said sharply. "What are you doing?!"

I stumbled back as she pulled me away from the edge.

I turned to look at her.

One glance and I knew she was a stranger.

Not from this pack.

I had never seen her before.

Her eyes were wide with panic as she looked at me.

"Are you trying to jump?" she asked. "Are you trying to kill yourself?"

I frowned, caught off guard.

"What?" I muttered.

"Oh no," she said quickly, stepping in front of me like she was shielding me from the cliff. "No, no, don't do that. You can't do that. Life is hard, yes, but it's not worth dying over."

I just stared at her.

She kept talking.

"I know what heartbreak feels like," she said, waving her hands. "I know what it's like to feel unwanted, to feel like you messed everything up. But you can't let it win. You can't give up like this."

I didn't say anything.

She didn't seem to care.

"Life is messy," she went on. "But it also heals. You just have to survive the bad part."

I watched her quietly.

She didn't know who I was.

Didn't know I was an Alpha.

To her, I was just some broken man standing too close to a cliff.

She kept talking, her voice soft and full of concern.

"Whatever you're going through," she said, "it won't last forever. Pain lies to you. It makes you think this is the end. But it's not."

Something about her voice...

It reminded me of a younger Olivia.

She used to talk like this.

I swallowed hard.

And for the first time since I left the mansion...

The noise in my head began to fade just a little.

The young lady finished talking and frowned, staring at me. "Where do you live? I'll take you home."

I scoffed inside but kept a blank face. "Are you from this pack?"

She shook her head. "No... My friend is from this pack, and I just came to spend a few weeks with her...."

That explained why she didn't know me.

I let out a tired breath.

"I'm not trying to kill myself," I said quietly. "You can relax."

She didn't look convinced.

Her eyes stayed on me, sharp and worried. Like she was trying to read something behind my face.

"People who say that are usually the ones who need help the most," she replied.

I turned away from her and took a step back toward the forest. "You don't know me. You don't know what I'm dealing with."

I started to walk past her.

She grabbed my arm.

"Hey," she said firmly. "Don't."

I froze.

She wasn't strong, but her grip was tight because she was scared.

"I don't believe you," she said. "Not after how you were standing at that cliff. You don't just look at death like that if you're okay."

I pulled my arm a little, but she didn't let go.

"Let me go," I muttered.

"No," she said stubbornly. "You're not going back home alone."

I stared at her, shocked by how serious she was.

"You don't even know me," I repeated.

She shook her head. "I don't have to. I know pain. I know when someone is breaking."

She stepped closer, her voice softer now.

"I've been where you are," she said. "That empty place where everything feels pointless. Where you just want it to stop."

My throat tightened.

"I'm not letting you go back home alone," she said. "I'm coming with you."

## **Chapter 623: The Talk**

Levi's POV

She didn't let go of my arm.

Not even when I stopped pulling.

Not even when I glared.

"Come on," she said softly. "If you're not trying to die, then don't stand here pretending you are."

Her words were simple. Not cruel. Not dramatic.

Just honest.

I didn't answer.

But I didn't pull away either.

We walked in silence for a while. The forest swallowed us again. My thoughts were loud, but her presence kept them from crushing me completely.

After a few minutes, she spoke again.

"You don't talk much, do you?"

"No," I muttered.

She nodded like that made sense. "That's okay. People who are hurting usually don't."

That hit something inside me.

We reached a fallen log, and she sat on it without asking, patting the space beside her.

"Sit," she said.

I hesitated... then slowly did.

The cliff was far behind us now. But the weight in my chest was still there.

She looked at me, really looked at me. Not like a stranger. Not like an Alpha.

Like a broken man.

"What hurts the most?" she asked quietly.

I swallowed.

I didn't want to answer.

But something about the way she said it... like she wasn't afraid of the truth... made the words slip out.

"I destroyed everything," I whispered.

She didn't interrupt.

"I hurt the woman I love," I said. "I lied. I controlled. I chose myself over her... and now everything is gone."

Her eyes softened.

"That's not nothing," she said gently. "That's grief."

I shook my head. "No. It's guilt."

We sat there for a while, the night closing in around us.

"Do you think you deserve to disappear?" she asked.

I laughed bitterly. "Every day."

She frowned. "I don't think so."

"You don't even know me."

"I know pain," she replied. "And pain doesn't mean you deserve to die."

That sounded exactly like something Olivia would have said years ago.

I closed my eyes.

"I don't know how to live with what I've done," I admitted.

"That doesn't mean you stop living," she said. "It means you learn how to carry it."

Silence fell again.

Not heavy.

Just... comforting.

"Why are you being nice to me?" I asked.

She shrugged. "Because I saw you standing at the edge. And no one should stand there alone."

My throat tightened.

For the first time in days...

I felt seen.

Not as an Alpha.

Not as a villain.

Just as a man who didn't deserve to die.

She flashed me a comforting smile before getting to her feet. "Come on, let me take you home."

I nodded and got up.

She walked beside me as we left the forest.

Not in front. Not behind. Right beside me, like she was afraid that if she looked away, I might vanish into the dark again.

"So," she said quietly, breaking the silence, "where do you live?"

I hesitated.

If I told her the truth, she would run. If I lied, I would still have to take her somewhere.

"The pack house," I said finally.

She blinked. "Like... the Alpha pack house?"

"Yes."

"Oh."

She laughed awkwardly. "So you're either a guard or a warrior."

I didn't respond.

We walked for several minutes until the towering iron gates appeared ahead. Guards stood on either side.

They stiffened when they saw me.

"Alpha Levi," one of them said quickly, bowing his head.

Her footsteps stopped.

"Alpha... what?"

I felt her eyes on me.

Slowly, I turned.

Her face had gone pale.

"You're an Alpha?" she whispered.

I nodded once.

"And you were about to jump off a cliff—"

I scoffed. "I'm not trying to kill myself," I said quietly. "You can relax."

She didn't move.

Didn't step back.

Didn't let go of my arm.

Her eyes stayed on me, sharp and worried, like she was trying to read something written inside my chest.

"People who say that are usually the ones who are lying to themselves," she replied softly.

I frowned. "I wasn't lying."

"You were standing at the edge of a cliff staring into nothing," she said. "That's not something happy people do."

I pulled my arm slightly. "I just needed air."

"And the edge of death was where you went to get it?" she shot back.

I didn't answer.

She shook her head. "You think I don't know what that looks like? I've seen it before. People don't go that close unless they're breaking."

"I wasn't going to jump," I said more firmly now. "I swear."

"Maybe," she said. "But you were thinking about it."

That hit too close.

Before she could speak again, another presence washed over us.

Heavy. Powerful.

The lady slowly turned her head.

A man was standing a few steps away from us.

Tall. Broad. His eyes sharp and cold. His aura pressed against the air like a storm waiting to break.

She swallowed hard.

I didn't need to look to know who it was.

Lennox.

He didn't even have to say anything. His presence alone made the guards stiffen, made the night itself feel smaller.

His gaze flicked to me.

Then to the girl holding my arm.

"I believe what I overheard wasn't true," Lennox said calmly. Angrily. "Levi, you weren't trying to kill yourself."

I met his eyes.

"No," I said quietly.

"She misunderstood," he added.

The girl shook her head slowly. "I don't believe that."

Lennox's eyes snapped back to her.

Sharp.

Cold.

"You should," he said.

Something about the way he spoke made her fingers tighten around my arm.

I stepped slightly in front of her. "You're scaring her."

Lennox didn't look at me.

He looked at her.

"You helped my brother," he said. "For that, you have my thanks. You may leave now."

She hesitated.

"And remember," he added softly, "do not speak of this to anyone. Not a soul. Or you will regret it."

Fear flickered in her eyes.

She bowed quickly, her grip finally loosening from my arm.

Then she turned and hurried away, disappearing.

Something inside me twisted. I didn't get to say thank you.

Lennox turned to me then.

"Levi," he said. "We need to talk."

## **Chapter 624: The Whispers**

Levi's POV

Lennox's gaze followed the girl until she disappeared into the night.

Then he looked back at me.

And the anger in his eyes faded.

What replaced it was worry.

"I hope what she said isn't true," he said quietly. "Levi... tell me you weren't trying to kill yourself."

The words hit harder than any punch.

I scoffed lightly, forcing a shrug. "She got it wrong. I just needed air. That's all."

His eyes didn't leave my face. He was searching. Reading me.

"You swear?" he asked.

"I swear."

For a long moment, he said nothing. Then he nodded slowly.

"Good," he said. "Because if I even think you're a danger to yourself, I won't let you wander off alone again."

I huffed. "Yes, big brother."

He frowned. "I'm not your big brother. I'm literally five minutes older than you."

I smirked faintly. "Still makes you big bro."

For a split second, something soft touched his face.

A smile.

God.

I had missed that smile more than I knew how to admit.

Seeing it again made my chest ache.

I swallowed hard.

"I'm sorry," I said suddenly.

He blinked. "For what?"

"For being a terrible brother," I whispered. "For pushing you away. For letting jealousy turn me into someone ugly. For choosing my pride over you."

My throat burned.

"You have always loved me," I said. "You always protected me. You would've died for me without thinking twice."

My eyes filled.

"And what did I do?" I whispered. "I doubted you. I competed with you. I treated you like an enemy when all you ever did was love me."

My voice broke.

Tears slid down my face before I could stop them.

"You came back from death, Lennox... and I still kept hurting you."

I dropped my gaze, ashamed.

"I don't deserve you," I said quietly.

Before I could say anything else, Lennox stepped forward and pulled me into his arms.

Just like that.

No hesitation.

No anger.

Just his arms around me, strong and warm.

"You're my brother," he said quietly against my shoulder. "You don't have to deserve me."

I gripped his shirt, my shoulders shaking.

"I'm so sorry," I whispered.

"I know," he said softly. "I know, and I forgive you."

The moment he said it—

I forgive you—

something inside me finally broke.

I started crying.

Not the quiet kind.

The ugly, shaking kind that came from too much pain being held in for too long.

Lennox let me.

He didn't pull away.

Didn't tell me to stop.

After a few moments, he sighed softly.

"Hey," he murmured. "Stop crying. You're an Alpha."

I laughed through my tears, my voice cracking.

"Fuck it," I muttered. "I'm still human."

That actually made him laugh.

A real laugh.

Warm. Soft. Familiar.

God, I had missed that sound.

I pulled back slowly, wiping my face, embarrassed but also lighter somehow. Lennox placed both his hands on my shoulders.

"Look at me," he said.

I did.

"We're in this together," he said quietly. "You're not alone anymore. Do you understand that?"

I swallowed.

"Yes."

"You don't have to keep punishing yourself forever," he went on. "I want you to live. I want you to find yourself again. Not as my shadow. Not as the man who hates himself. But as Levi."

My chest tightened.

"Can you do that?" he asked gently. "For me?"

I hesitated... then nodded.

"I'll try."

"For me," he repeated softly.

"I will," I said, my voice steadier now.

He gave me a small nod, then I stepped forward and hugged him again, holding him tighter this time.

Thank you, I wanted to say.

For not giving up on me.

After a moment, I pulled away and turned toward the pack house.

I stepped inside, and the quietness wrapped around me. The mansion was too quiet. Olivia used to fill these halls with her presence. Her laughter. Her anger. Her warmth. Now everything felt hollow.

I went to my room and shut the door behind me.

For a moment, I just stood there, staring at the wall, breathing slowly.

I wasn't okay. But I felt better now.

"What's next?" my wolf asked.

I sighed and fell back on the bed as I stared at the chandeliers on my ceiling. "I don't know, but I'll try to be a better version of myself and one day be worthy of being with Olivia again."

At dawn the next day, I sat up slowly.

My chest still felt heavy, but not as crushing as last night.

You're still Alpha, my wolf murmured quietly.

"Yeah," I whispered back. "And I need to act like it."

I swung my legs off the bed and stood. I was an Alpha. No matter how broken I felt inside, the pack was still mine to protect.

I showered, dressed in training clothes, and tied my hair back. I stared at my reflection for a moment.

I didn't like the man looking back at me.

But I was going to try to change him.

The training grounds were already alive when I arrived.

Warriors were sparring. Some were running drills. Others were sharpening their blades. The air smelled of sweat and metal.

The moment they noticed me, everything shifted.

One by one, they stopped what they were doing.

They bowed.

"Alpha Levi," a few said.

Their words were respectful.

Their eyes were not.

I could feel it.

Resentment.

Anger.

Judgment.

I nodded once and walked toward the open training ring. I pulled off my shirt, tossing it aside, ready to train.

Then I heard it.

Low voices.

Whispers that weren't meant to be heard—but through my sensitive hearing, I heard them.

"It's better to be alone than have a brother like him," one warrior muttered.

Another snorted. "Right? Imagine being so jealous you want your own brother dead."

My jaw tightened, but I didn't stop moving.

A third voice joined in. "He didn't just betray Lennox. He betrayed the whole pack."

"I heard Luna left. She wouldn't have left if not for him."

"Yeah. He broke everything."

They weren't even whispering anymore.

They knew I could hear them.

They just didn't care.

"I heard he tried to take everything Alpha Lennox had," someone said. "The pack. Their mate. The power."

"Pathetic."

"Who needs an enemy when you have a brother like him."

My hands curled slowly into fists.

Every word cut deep, but I forced myself to keep walking. I forced myself to stand in the center of the ring.

They weren't wrong.

That was the worst part.

## **Chapter 625: Spoke Up For Me**

Levi's POV

I didn't turn around.

I didn't shout.

I didn't defend myself.

I just stood there in the middle of the ring, letting every ugly word sink into my skin like poison.

They were right.

That was the part that hurt the most.

Then—

A voice thundered across the training grounds.

"Enough."

The air itself seemed to freeze.

My head snapped up.

Lennox.

He stood at the edge of the field, his posture straight, his presence heavy and commanding. His eyes were dark with fury, burning as they swept over the warriors who had been whispering.

I hadn't even sensed him arrive.

But it was obvious he had heard everything.

"How dare you?" he said, his voice low but shaking with controlled rage. "How dare you stand here and speak about my brother like that."

The warriors stiffened.

"Those are family matters," Lennox went on. "Blood matters. And you think it's your place to gossip about them like idle fools?"

No one dared to reply.

"You think you know what happened?" he continued. "You think you understand what went on behind closed doors? You don't. Not one of you."

His gaze found me.

"And while I was gone—it was Levi and Louis who kept this pack standing."

My breath caught.

"They led. They fought. They protected every single one of you while I was not here to do it."

His voice sharpened.

"So who do you think you are to stand here and call him a traitor?"

Silence.

Thick. Heavy.

Lennox took a step forward.

"Every single one of you," he said coldly, "get on your knees."

Gasps rippled through the field.

"Now."

Almost four hundred warriors dropped at once, knees hitting the ground.

The sound echoed.

"I want you to apologize," Lennox said. "To Alpha Levi."

No one hesitated.

"We're sorry, Alpha Levi," they said in unison.

The sound of it made my chest tighten.

Lennox wasn't done.

"If I hear anyone," he said quietly, dangerously, "speak badly about my brother again... or discuss our family matters like entertainment... I will personally make sure you never use your tongue again."

Some of them swallowed hard.

"Training is over," he added. "You will remain on your knees until I decide otherwise."

Then he turned.

And walked away.

Leaving them kneeling.

The warriors stayed on their knees, heads bowed, afraid to even breathe too loudly.

And me?

I stood there, frozen.

My heart was beating so hard it hurt.

I didn't know what to feel.

Gratitude.

Shame.

Pain.

Something warm and terrible all at once.

Lennox had just defended me in front of the whole pack.

After everything I had done to him.

After all the damage I caused.

I swallowed hard, my throat burning.

I slowly turned and looked at the warriors.

None of them dared to meet my eyes now.

Not one.

The anger I expected to feel wasn't there.

Just exhaustion.

"Get up," I said quietly.

Some of them looked confused.

"I said get up."

They stood, stiff and uneasy.

"Go," I added. "All of you. Get back to your duties."

They didn't need to be told twice.

One by one, they rushed away, leaving the training ground empty again.

I stood there alone in the ring, the echoes of their voices still ringing in my head.

He was so jealous he wanted his own brother dead.

I clenched my jaw.

Lennox was right.

They didn't know.

They didn't know what it felt like to be eaten alive by jealousy.

To feel small beside a brother everyone loved.

To watch the woman you love choose someone else over you again and again.

To make mistake after mistake until you no longer recognize yourself.

But still...

That didn't excuse what I did.

I turned slowly and stared in the direction Lennox had gone.

He shouldn't have protected me.

Not after everything.

Yet he did.

Because he loved me.

The realization hit me harder than any insult.

"I don't deserve you," I whispered to the empty air.

But maybe...

Just maybe...

I could still become someone who did.

I picked up my shirt from the ground, threw it back over my shoulder, and started walking back inside the mansion. I pushed through the doors into the living area.

The smell of food hit me first.

Warm bread. Eggs. Something sweet.

For a split second, it almost felt normal.

Then I saw her.

Olivia was sitting at the long dining table.

With the boys.

Leo.

Liam.

Leon.

They were laughing softly, bowls in front of them, crumbs on their fingers, like nothing in the world was broken.

My heart stopped.

Louis and Lennox were standing a few steps away from the table, both of them stiff, uneasy, like they didn't know whether to move closer or stay far away.

Neither of them looked ready for this.

Neither did I.

Olivia lifted her head when she sensed us.

Her eyes met mine for just a single second.

Just one.

But in that second, everything inside me went still.

There was no warmth in her gaze. No softness. No trace of the woman who used to look at me like I was part of her world.

Only distance.

Cold. Sharp. Final.

Then she looked away.

Just like that.

She turned back to the boys, smiling gently as if we were nothing more than shadows standing in the room. As if we didn't exist at all.

That hurt more than any insult. More than every cruel whisper I had heard on the training grounds. More than being called a traitor.

Because at least words still meant I mattered.

This... this felt like I had been erased.

Leon looked up then, his little face lighting up when he saw us.

"Fathers," he said brightly, pointing at the chairs. "Have your seats. Mom is here to have breakfast with us."

Olivia didn't look at us.

Not even when Louis slowly pulled out a chair.

Not even when Lennox took a hesitant step forward.

She just kept her attention on the boys, smiling softly as she poured juice into Liam's cup.

"I missed you," Liam said quietly, leaning toward her.

"I missed you too, sweetheart," she replied, brushing his hair back.

It was like she had built an invisible wall.

One that didn't include us.

I stood there, not sure if I was even allowed to sit.

Not sure if I was welcome in the same space as her anymore.

## **Chapter 626: The Unexpected Visitor**

Olivia's POV

They all took their seats, and even though every part of me wanted to look at them, I forced myself not to. I focused only on the boys, pretending the others weren't there.

"Mom, will you have breakfast with us tomorrow?" Leo asked softly.

I nodded without hesitation. "Yes, darling. I will have breakfast with you every morning. I won't miss it for anything."

A big, bright smile spread across Leo's face as he returned to his food.

But it didn't end there.

"When will this break be over?" Liam suddenly asked.

The room went quiet.

I swallowed hard.

Louis stopped moving.

Levi froze.

Even Lennox's breathing seemed to slow.

I looked at Liam. Really looked at him.

Those innocent eyes didn't understand bonds, pain, or betrayal. He just knew his family felt broken.

"Soon," I said softly. "Not too long."

"How long is soon?" Leon asked.

My chest tightened.

"Long enough for everyone to feel better," I replied gently. "Sometimes grown-ups need time to fix what's hurting inside."

Liam frowned. "But Daddy is here now. So why are you still leaving?"

The question hit straight into my heart.

I reached across the table and took his small hand. "Because sometimes love hurts before it heals."

None of them understood that.

But they nodded anyway.

"Are you going to stop loving us?" Leo asked suddenly, fear trembling in his voice.

I sucked in a sharp breath. "Never," I said quickly. "Never, ever. You are my heart. You are my life."

"Mom," Liam whispered. "Do you still love Daddies?"

The table went so quiet I could hear my own heartbeat.

"Mom," Liam whispered, his little fingers tightening around his spoon, "do you still love Daddies?" he asked again.

My breath caught.

I looked at them.

All three of them.

Their wide, scared eyes. Their small faces filled with worry.

"Yes," I said softly. "I do. I love your daddies. I always will."

Relief rushed through them so much it was so obvious.

Leo smiled.

Leon relaxed.

Liam let out a small breath, like he had been holding it in for too long.

"Okay," he said quietly, and went back to his food.

And just like that, the tension lifted.

We ate.

We talked about school.

About what Leo wanted to draw.

About what Leon wanted for lunch.

About how Liam wanted to race his friends.

For a few minutes, it almost felt normal.

When breakfast was done, I walked them out to the car myself. I fixed their jackets. Straightened their hair. Kissed their cheeks one by one.

"I'll see you later," I told them softly.

"We love you, Mom," Leon said.

"I love you too," I whispered.

The door closed.

The car pulled away.

And just like that... the boys were gone to school.

I stood there for a moment, watching the road until the car disappeared.

Then I felt it—a familiar presence.

I turned.

Lennox was standing a few steps away, like he wasn't sure if he was allowed to come any closer.

His eyes looked tired. Not just from lack of sleep... but from holding too much inside for too long.

"How are you doing?" he asked hoarsely.

I swallowed. "I'm fine."

The lie sat between us, heavy and obvious.

He nodded slowly, like he knew I wasn't telling the truth but wouldn't push me.

"The house..." he said, glancing back toward the pack house, "it doesn't feel the same without you."

I looked away. I couldn't trust myself to look at him and still stand there.

"I just wanted you to know something," he continued softly. "I don't want you to ever forget this. Even if things are broken between us... even if we're hurting... I still love you."

My chest tightened painfully.

"In case you ever doubt it," he went on, his voice barely above a whisper, "or you ever start to think I stopped... I didn't. I never will."

The air felt thick. Every word felt like it was pressing against my heart.

"I hope," he said gently, "that after all of this... after the pain and the distance... we find our way back to each other."

I opened my mouth to speak.

Nothing came out.

Before I could gather myself, Lennox stepped closer. Slowly. Carefully. Like he was afraid I might disappear if he moved too fast. He leaned down and pressed a soft, warm kiss to my forehead.

Then he stepped back and walked away.

I stood there, frozen, my eyes burning.

I almost cried.

But then I got a mind link from Calvin.

"Olivia... Alpha Adrian is here to see you."

A small frown spread across my face.

"What did he say is the purpose of his visit?" I asked, already getting irritated.

"I have no idea," Calvin said.

I let out a slow breath.

Of all people...

Without wasting any more time, I closed my eyes and teleported.

The familiar pull of magic wrapped around me, and a second later, I was standing in Calvin's living room.

Adrian was already there.

He was seated on the couch, calm and composed, dressed in a simple but expensive-looking suit. When he saw me appear, he rose to his feet and offered a polite smile.

"Luna Olivia," he said, inclining his head slightly.

I didn't return the smile.

"What is the purpose of this unexpected visit?" I asked, walking past him and sitting down across from him.

He hesitated for a moment before sitting back down.

"I wanted to see you," he said simply.

I crossed my arms. "Let me stop you right there."

He looked up, surprised by my tone.

"I know what you want," I said, my voice firm. "And I'm not interested. I'm a mother of three. I have my mates. Our relationship is struggling, yes, but that doesn't mean I stopped loving them or that I'm looking for someone else."

My tone was rude as I spoke, but I didn't back down.

"I'm not available," I continued. "Not emotionally. Not mentally. Not in any way."

Adrian didn't interrupt me.

He just listened.

When I was done, he nodded slowly.

"I understand," he said calmly. "And for the record, I didn't come here to ask you to date me."

That caught me off guard.

I frowned slightly. "Then why are you here?"

"My daughter," he replied quietly.

I blinked. "Your... daughter?"

"Yes," he said. "She's six. And she hasn't spoken since her mother died."

My heart skipped.

"What does that have to do with me?" I asked carefully, confused.

Adrian leaned forward, his eyes serious now.

"She saw you last night at the villa," he said. "And for the first time in three years... she spoke."

## **Chapter 627: My Help**

Olivia's POV

I stared at him.

"She... spoke?" I whispered.

Adrian nodded slowly. "Yes."

My curiosity peaked. "What did she say?"

"She was at the gala last night," he explained softly. "I brought her with me. I didn't think much of it. She usually keeps to herself, doesn't talk, doesn't react to anyone."

He swallowed.

"But when the music started... and you stepped onto the dance floor..."

My breath caught.

"She was the little girl," he continued, "the one standing near the stage. The one who kept staring at you."

I suddenly remembered.

A small girl with dark curls and wide eyes, clutching a stuffed toy, watching me the whole time.

"She tugged on my sleeve," Adrian said. "I thought she wanted to leave. But instead..."

His voice softened.

"She pointed at you."

My brows furrowed.

"And for the first time since her mother died," he said quietly, "she spoke."

I leaned forward without realizing it. "What did she say?"

Adrian's lips parted, his eyes shining with emotion.

"She said, 'Daddy... dance with her.'"

The words hit me like a wave.

"She pointed straight at you, Olivia," he went on. "Straight at you."

My chest tightened.

"She hasn't said a single word in three years," he whispered. "Not to me. Not to doctors. Not to the healers. Not to anyone."

I swallowed hard. "And she spoke... because of me?"

"I don't know why," Adrian said. "But something about you reached her. Something gentle. Something safe."

Silence fell between us.

"My daughter thinks you're special," Adrian continued softly. "Ever since the gala... she hasn't spoken again. It was like whatever opened inside her closed right back up."

A tight knot formed in my chest.

"The healers," he went on, "and the doctors... they don't understand it. But they all said the same thing."

I lifted my eyes to him. "What?"

"That you are our only hope."

The words settled heavily between us.

"They believe whatever made her speak that night was connected to you," Adrian said quietly. "Your presence. Your voice. Your energy. Something about you made her feel safe enough to come back to the world, even if it was just for one moment."

I swallowed hard.

"That's why I'm here," he said, finally letting the truth spill out. "Not because of romance. Not because of bonds or politics. I'm here because my daughter needs you."

He stood up slowly, then did something that shocked me.

He bowed his head.

An Alpha King... bowing to me.

"Please, Olivia," he said, his voice rough with emotion. "Meet her. Talk to her. Sit with her. Even if it's only once. Even if it's only twice. The healers will watch. They'll study how she reacts when she's around you."

I rose to my feet without realizing it. "Adrian—"

"She is my life," he cut in softly. "She is all I have left of my wife. When she stopped speaking, it was like I lost them both."

His eyes were wet now.

"I don't care what you want in return," he said. "Money. Land. Protection. A favor from a king. Whatever you ask, it's yours. Just... give me my daughter back."

The room felt too small.

My hands trembled at my sides.

"I don't know if I can do this," I whispered.

"You don't have to fix her," Adrian said gently. "Just be yourself. That's what reached her."

The thought of a broken little girl, silent for three years, pointing at me in a crowded room and asking her father to dance with me...

It made my chest ache.

I closed my eyes. My life was a mess, and I didn't need any more distractions, but then I thought of that little girl. If I could help, then I had to.

"Let me meet her," I said quietly.

Adrian's eyes widened the moment I agreed.

For a second, he looked like he couldn't believe what he had just heard.

"Thank you," he said quickly, his voice thick with emotion. "Thank you, Olivia. You have no idea what this means to me."

I lifted my chin slightly, meeting his gaze. "Before you get too relieved... I need to say something."

He stilled.

"I hope you're telling me the truth," I said calmly. "I hope you're not playing with me or using your daughter to get close to me. Because if you are..." my eyes darkened, "I believe you know what I'm capable of."

Adrian didn't flinch.

He gave a small, serious nod. "I would never lie about my child," he said. "I'm not playing any tricks. Not with something this important."

I studied him for a long moment, searching for even a hint of deceit.

I didn't see any.

"Okay," I said quietly.

A breath he had clearly been holding slipped from his chest.

"When will you be free?" he asked gently.

"Tomorrow afternoon," I replied.

"I'll have my men come pick you up," he said. "I'll make sure everything is ready."

I nodded. "Fine."

He stood up, gratitude all over his face. "Thank you again, Olivia. Truly. You have no idea what you just did."

I shrugged. "Hopefully this works."

"It will. I believe in my heart," he said without hesitation.

A moment of silence hung in the air before I suddenly spoke.

"Do you need water?" I asked quietly. "Or anything at all?"

He shook his head. "No. I should go."

I nodded and walked with him out of the living room. His guards were already waiting outside, standing straight and alert beside the black cars.

The morning air was cool against my skin as we stepped outside.

Before getting into the car, Adrian turned back to me. He took both my hands gently in his.

"Thank you," he said again. "I won't forget this."

Then he lifted my hands and pressed a light kiss against my knuckles.

"Goodbye, Olivia."

"Goodbye," I replied.

I watched as he got into the car. The doors closed. The engines started. And slowly, the convoy drove away down the long road until their lights disappeared.

I was still standing there when I heard a voice behind me.

"Sounds like wedding bells coming soon."

I jumped slightly and turned.

Calvin was standing there, a teasing smile on his face.

I frowned. "Don't even start."

He laughed. "Relax. I'm joking. But that Alpha King looks very serious about you."

I crossed my arms. "I'm not interested in him."

"Maybe not," Calvin said lightly. "But he's definitely interested in you, and I can bet you my life."

**Chapter 628: His Daughter**

Olivia's POV

The next day, Adrian's men came for me.

I got into the car without hesitation, settling into the back seat as the doors closed softly behind me. The convoy pulled away smoothly, heading toward his territory. It was a long drive—almost two hours. I could have teleported there in seconds, but I didn't.

This was my first time visiting him.

I wanted to do this the normal way.

The road stretched on, trees blurring past the windows. My thoughts kept drifting back to her. I was nervous about what I was going to do... how I was going to help her.

When we finally arrived, the black SUV rolled through tall gates and into a vast estate.

Adrian's pack house.

As the car slowed to a stop, I noticed him immediately.

Adrian was already waiting outside.

He wasn't dressed like an Alpha King today. No formal coat. No symbols of power. Just black jeans and a fitted black shirt, his sleeves pushed up casually. He looked... human.

Almost nervous.

The door opened, and I stepped out.

He moved toward me at once. "Olivia," he said warmly. "Thank you for coming."

I nodded. "I said I would."

His shoulders relaxed, and a soft smile crossed his face. "She's in her room," he said gently. "Would you like to see her now?"

"Yes," I replied without hesitation.

He led me inside.

The pack house was quiet. Peaceful. Too quiet for a place meant to hold a child.

We stopped in front of a white door.

Adrian hesitated, then knocked lightly. "Sweetheart?"

The door opened.

And there she was.

The moment her eyes landed on me... she smiled.

A real smile.

Small, but bright.

My breath caught.

Even Adrian froze beside me, clearly shocked.

"She..." he whispered, unable to finish the sentence.

The little girl didn't speak. Instead, she stepped aside and tapped the empty space beside her bed, looking straight at me.

It was an invitation for me to sit.

I swallowed and walked in slowly, sitting where she pointed.

She climbed up beside me, then reached for her iPad. Her small fingers moved carefully as she typed something out.

She turned the screen toward me.

My name is Elara.

My chest tightened.

"That's a beautiful name," I said softly. "I'm Olivia."

Her lips curved into a bigger smile. She typed again, faster this time.

I like you.

I felt my eyes burn.

Before I could respond, she added more words.

Can you be my new mommy?

The room went completely still.

Adrian sucked in a sharp breath behind us.

My heart shattered.

I didn't answer right away. I turned fully toward her, meeting her eyes.

"No, my dear."

Her smile faded just a little.

"But," I continued softly, "I can be your friend. I can sit with you. Talk to you. Be here when you need someone."

She stared at me for a long moment.

Then she nodded.

My eyes drifted to the paper beside her bed.

She had been drawing.

I leaned closer without touching it at first, afraid to startle her.

It was beautiful.

"You drew this?" I asked softly.

Elara nodded.

A slow, careful nod.

"You're very talented," I said honestly. "This is really beautiful."

Her shoulders lifted just a little, like she was proud but shy about it.

I smiled at her. "Would you like to try something with me?"

She tilted her head, curious.

"You don't have to," I added quickly. "Only if you want to."

She thought for a moment... then nodded again.

"Okay," I said gently. "Can we try using your voice? Just small words. Simple ones. Like yes or no."

Her fingers tightened slightly around the iPad.

I waited.

"I'll ask you something very easy," I said. "And you can answer any way you like. With your voice... or with your head. Either is fine."

She looked at me closely.

Then she nodded.

"Do you like drawing?" I asked softly.

Her lips parted.

Nothing came out at first.

She swallowed.

Her brows pulled together like she was fighting something inside her.

I didn't rush her.

Didn't look at Adrian.

Didn't breathe too loud.

Then—very softly—barely louder than a breath—"Y"... yes."

The sound was shaky. Broken. But it was there.

A word.

My eyes burned instantly.

"That's perfect," I whispered. "You did so well."

Elara's eyes widened, like she couldn't believe she had done it.

Behind me, I heard Adrian choke back a sob.

She looked at him, then back at me, and smiled boldly.

Behind me, I felt it.

Adrian.

He had turned away.

His shoulders were shaking.

He didn't make a sound, but I could feel his pain and his relief crashing into each other.

Elara looked past me, her eyes landing on her father.

She tilted her head.

"D... Daddy?" she whispered.

The word was faint. Fragile.

But it was real.

Adrian broke.

He covered his mouth, his knees giving out as he dropped to one knee beside the bed.

"Yes," he breathed. "Yes, sweetheart. Daddy is here."

Slowly, she wiped his face with her hands. Her lips parted, and I could see she really wanted to say something but was finding it hard to form the words.

"It's okay," I comforted her. "One word at a time. You don't have to force it. Okay?" I said to her.

She nodded and smiled at me before looking back at her dad and smiling.

I stayed with her a little longer.

We talked in soft voices.

About her drawings.

About her favorite colors.

Sometimes she answered with nods.

Sometimes with small smiles.

And once... just once more... she whispered another quiet "yes."

Each sound felt like a miracle.

After a while, I knew I had to leave.

"I have to go now," I said gently. "But I'll come back."

Her fingers flew over the screen.

Will I see you again?

My chest tightened.

"Yes," I said without hesitation. "Very soon."

She smiled and leaned forward, wrapping her small arms around my neck.

I hugged her carefully, afraid to overwhelm her, breathing in the faint scent of crayons and lavender.

"Goodbye for now, Elara," I whispered.

She pulled back and gave me a small wave.

I stood and followed Adrian out of the room while the healers quietly stepped in to check on her.

The moment the door closed behind us, Adrian let out a shaky breath.

We walked into the living room, and he gestured for me to sit.

"Thank you," he said again, his voice thick. "What you did today... it's more than I ever hoped for."

I shook my head lightly. "She's strong. She did this."

He nodded, then fell silent.

I hesitated before speaking.

"Adrian... what really happened to her?" I asked softly. "How did she lose her voice?"

His jaw tightened.

He sat across from me, elbows on his knees, staring at the floor.

"My wife didn't die in a private jet crash," he said quietly. "I lied to people. That is what I wanted them to believe."

He sucked in a deep breath. "She was there," he continued. "The night my wife died."

My heart sank.

"There was an attack," he went on. "A rival pack. We thought the borders were secure. We were wrong."

His voice broke slightly.

"Elara saw everything. The blood. The shouting. Her mother falling."

I swallowed hard.

"She screamed that night," Adrian said. "She screamed until her voice gave out. And when the healers finally got her to sleep... she never spoke again."

Tears filled his eyes.

"She didn't just lose her mother," he whispered. "She lost her sense of safety. Her trust in the world."

Silence settled between us.

"That's why what you did matters," he went on quietly. "For the first time since that night... she didn't look afraid."

I pressed my hands together, steadying myself.

"She doesn't need fixing," I said gently. "She needs time. And patience. And people who make her feel safe."

He nodded slowly. "And you do that."

I nodded. "I'll try my best."

I stood up to leave but noticed the healers returning.

Their expressions were different now—lighter. Hopeful.

One of them smiled the moment she saw me. "Luna Olivia," she said softly, "your interaction with Elara has already made a difference."

Adrian straightened immediately. "What do you mean?"

The elder healer stepped forward. "Her pulse steadied faster than usual. Her breathing remained calm. And most importantly—she attempted speech more than once."

My heart skipped.

"That hasn't happened in three years," the healer continued. "Not even during therapy sessions."

I swallowed. "So... it helped?"

"Yes," the elder healer said without hesitation. "Very much so."

Adrian ran a hand through his hair, his eyes shining. "What do you suggest?" he asked carefully, like he was afraid to hope too much.

"If possible," the healer replied, "it would be very beneficial if Luna Olivia could visit at least once or twice a week. Familiar presence is important for trauma recovery. Especially one the child already trusts."

I felt the weight of that sink into my chest.

Adrian turned to me quickly. "You don't have to," he said at once. "I don't want to pressure you. I know you have your own life. Your own family."

I looked at him.

Then I thought of Elara.

"I'll help," I said quietly.

Adrian froze. "Olivia—"

"I'll come," I repeated. "Once or twice a week. I can do that."

Relief crashed over his face so hard it almost made him stagger.

"Thank you," he whispered. "Thank you so much."

"This isn't about favors," I said gently. "It's about a little girl who deserves to feel safe again."

He nodded, his voice thick. "Still... thank you."

The healers exchanged looks of appreciation before excusing themselves.

I picked up my bag and turned toward the door.

"I'll see her again soon," I said.

Adrian followed me out.

I paused at the door and turned back to him.

"I can teleport," I said calmly. "There's no need for your men to take me back."

Adrian hesitated for a second, then nodded. "Alright. Thank you again... for everything."

He stepped closer, reaching for my hands.

Before I could stop him, he lifted them gently and pressed a soft kiss to my knuckles.

"Thank you," he said again, his voice low. "I won't forget this."

My wolf stirred.

Calvin was right, she whispered. This man is into you.

My frown deepened.

I slowly pulled my hands away from his grasp, putting a little distance between us.

"This doesn't change anything," I said quietly. "I'm doing this for Elara. Nothing more."

Adrian opened his mouth, like he wanted to say something—maybe to explain, maybe to deny it.

I didn't wait.

I stepped back, closed my eyes, and teleported.

## **Chapter 629: People are watching**

Levi's POV

The council hall was full.

Elders sat in their seats. Warriors stood along the walls. The room felt heavy and serious.

Louis sat on my right.

Lennox sat at the center.

For the first time since Lennox returned, the three of us were seated together on the high chairs meant for leaders.

It felt strange.

Quiet.

Then the head elder slowly stood up.

"Alpha Lennox," he said. "Welcome home."

Soft voices filled the room.

"Welcome back."

"We thought you were gone forever."

"The pack missed you."

Lennox stood up.

"I'm here," he said. "And I'm not leaving again."

Something tight in my chest loosened.

The elder nodded. "Your return brings balance back to the pack."

He turned to look at me and Louis.

"To Alpha Levi and Alpha Louis," he said, "we thank you for leading the pack while Alpha Lennox was gone. You protected us. You kept us standing."

My throat tightened.

I didn't feel like I deserved those words.

But the elders bowed their heads anyway.

"Together," another elder said, "you three are the strength of this pack."

Strength.

The word hurt.

Because someone important was missing.

The meeting continued. They talked about borders, guards, and safety. I answered when needed. Louis spoke about plans. Lennox listened carefully.

He was learning what had changed.

Finally, the elder hit his staff on the floor.

"This meeting is over."

People stood and slowly left.

Soon, the hall was almost empty.

But before we could leave, one of the elders stepped closer.

His face was serious.

"Alpha Lennox," he said carefully, "there is something I feel you should know."

Lennox turned back. "What is it?"

The elder hesitated, then spoke.

"A friend of mine attended a gathering two nights ago. He said he saw Luna Olivia there."

My heart skipped.

"With Alpha Adrian," the elder added quietly. "They were dancing. Very closely."

The room went dead silent.

Lennox's jaw tightened.

"Are you sure?" Lennox asked, his voice low. Dangerous.

"Yes," the elder replied. "He was certain. I didn't want to bring it up during the council meeting, but I felt it was right to inform you."

I felt the tension snap tight.

Lennox's eyes darkened. A low growl rumbled from his chest.

I stepped forward quickly.

"It's nothing," I said calmly. "Olivia was just having a dance. That's all."

The elder frowned. "So the report—"

"Dismiss it," I said firmly. "There's no issue here."

The elder studied my face for a moment, then bowed his head.

"As you say, Alpha Levi."

He turned and walked away.

But the damage was already done.

Lennox didn't say another word.

He turned sharply and walked out of the hall.

Louis and I exchanged a look.

Then we followed.

Lennox's room was dark when we entered.

He was standing by the table, a bottle of whiskey in his hand.

He took a long drink.

"Don't jump to conclusions," I said quietly.

He laughed once. Bitter.

"Jump to conclusions?" he said. "She clearly told us she wouldn't stop us from dating someone else if we wanted."

He took another drink.

"And what if she wants Alpha Adrian?" he continued. "What if she already does?"

"That doesn't mean anything," Louis said. "Dancing doesn't mean—"

"It means many things," Lennox snapped.

I stepped closer. "She said she needed space. Not that she stopped loving us."

Lennox stared at the bottle in his hand.

"Maybe I am just scared," he said quietly.

"Or maybe... my gut is correct."

The room fell silent.

I stepped closer and tapped Lennox's shoulder gently.

"Let it be," I said quietly. "Don't let fear control you."

He didn't look at me.

I waited for him to say something.

He didn't.

So I stepped back.

Louis glanced at me, then at Lennox, but said nothing.

We left him there, standing alone in the dark room, the bottle still in his hand.

Hours later, night had fallen.

The packhouse was quiet again.

I went down for dinner.

The moment I entered the dining room, I stopped.

Olivia was there.

She was seated at the long table with the boys, laughing softly as she helped Leo with his food. Liam was talking excitedly, waving his spoon in the air. Leon leaned close to her side, smiling.

She looked calm.

Peaceful.

Like she belonged there.

My chest tightened.

This was what we had been missing.

Then the door opened.

Lennox walked in.

The room changed instantly.

The boys noticed him first.

"Daddy!" Leon called out happily.

Lennox froze at the door.

Olivia slowly lifted her head.

Their eyes met.

For a second, no one moved.

No one spoke.

Louis stepped in behind Lennox, sensing the tension.

Lennox took a slow step forward.

Olivia didn't smile.

But she didn't look away either.

We ate in silence.

Plates clinked softly. Forks moved. No one really tasted the food.

Olivia focused on the boys, helping Leo cut his food, reminding Liam to slow down, and wiping Leon's mouth when he spilled juice. She didn't look at Lennox again.

After a while, she smiled at the boys.

"Alright," she said gently to the boys. "Finish up. I'll meet you in your room."

The boys nodded.

"Good night, Daddy," Leon said, running to Lennox and hugging his leg, while Liam came to me and Leo went to Louis.

We kissed them good night one by one before they left the dining room, their small footsteps fading down the hallway.

The moment they were gone, the air changed.

Heavy.

Lennox spoke first.

"I heard you went to a party," he said, his voice tight. "And danced with Alpha Adrian."

Olivia frowned and slowly turned to face him.

"Are you monitoring my movements now?" she asked coldly.

Louis shook his head quickly. "No. Someone saw you and told an elder. It wasn't planned."

"So?" Olivia snapped. "I danced. Is that a crime now?"

Lennox's jaw clenched.

"You can dance," he said. "But remember—you're still Luna. People are watching."

She laughed. Not a happy one, but an irritated, bitter one.

"I don't give a fuck," she said flatly. "I'm tired of living my life to please people."

The words hit hard.

She glared at us.

"And besides," she continued, "we are on a break. That means we're not together."

My chest tightened.

"This is an open situation," she said. "I can be with someone if I want. And you can be with anyone you want too."

The room went dead quiet, then suddenly Lennox slammed his hand on the table.

The sound echoed through the dining hall.

He stood up so fast his chair fell backward.

"Enough," he growled.

Without another word, he turned and walked out.

The doors slammed shut behind him.

I stayed frozen in my seat.

So did Louis.

While Olivia stood there, breathing hard, her eyes shining with anger.

### **Chapter 630: Apologise**

Olivia's POV

Levi reached out gently, stopping me before I could walk away.

"Olivia... wait," he said softly.

I turned halfway, not fully facing him.

"You don't have to explain everything," Levi continued. "I know you're upset. I know this whole thing hurts."

His voice dropped lower.

"But please understand something," he said. "Seeing you with another Alpha... hearing people talk... it messes with our heads."

He sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

"We're not trying to control you," he added quickly. "We're just scared."

My chest tightened.

"Scared of losing you," Levi admitted. "Scared that one day you'll wake up and decide you're better off without us."

He looked at me then, really looked at me.

"If you say it's nothing," he said quietly, "I'll believe you. I just... needed to hear it from you."

He stepped back slightly, giving me space.

"We still trust you," he said. "We just don't know how to handle this distance yet."

His voice softened at the end.

"Please don't shut us out completely."

I wished I could just tell them the truth right there.

That it was nothing.

That I wasn't looking for another man.

That I wasn't replacing them.

That I still loved them—deeply.

That the thought of settling for someone else had never crossed my mind. Not even once.

But the words stayed trapped in my chest.

My throat tightened.

My emotions swirled too fast, too loud.

If I opened my mouth, I knew I would either cry...

Or say something I didn't mean.

So I stayed quiet.

Not because I didn't care.

But because I was tired.

Tired of always explaining myself.

Tired of defending my feelings.

Tired of proving that my love was real.

I didn't want to explain myself in anger.

I didn't want my words twisted by hurt and jealousy.

I turned away before my face betrayed me.

Before they saw how much this was affecting me.

"I'm going to the boys," I said quietly.

Neither Levi nor Louis stopped me.

When I reached the boys' room, they were already half asleep.

Leon was hugging his pillow.

Liam was whispering to Leo about school tomorrow.

"Mom," Leo said when he saw me. "Are you sleeping here tonight?"

I smiled softly and walked in.

"I'll always come say goodnight," I told them.

I tucked them in one by one.

Pulled their blankets up.

Turned off the lights.

"Good night, my loves," I whispered.

"We love you, Mom," Leon murmured.

"I love you more," I replied.

I stood there for a moment after they fell asleep.

I didn't want them to ever feel my absence.

Even if I wasn't sleeping in the same house as them,

I would never stop being present for them.

Never.

Alone With My Thoughts

I teleported to my room.

The space was quiet.

Too quiet.

I took a long bath, hoping it would calm my racing thoughts.

But it didn't.

When I lay down, Lennox's face kept coming back to me.

His anger.

His jealousy.

The way he slammed the table.

So I forced myself to imagine it differently.

I imagined them in my place.

I imagined walking into a room and hearing people say they saw Lennox or Levi or Louis dancing closely with another woman.

Just imagining it made my chest burn.

Jealousy curled inside me.

Pain.

Fear.

My wolf stirred.

Understand them, she whispered.

And I did.

For the first time, I truly did.

They weren't angry because they didn't trust me.

They were angry because they were scared.

Scared of losing me.

I exhaled slowly.

I'll talk to them tomorrow, I decided.

I'll explain everything.

They had to learn to trust me again.

Trust was part of healing.

At dawn, I appeared in the boys' room.

Leo groaned.

Liam hid under his blanket.

Leon blinked sleepily at me.

"Morning," I said gently.

"Mom!" Leon smiled.

I helped them brush their teeth.

Pick their clothes.

Fix their hair.

I didn't want them to wake up and feel like I was gone.

Even if things were complicated between the adults...

I would never disappear on them.

We went downstairs together.

Lennox was already there, standing near the table with a cup of coffee in his hand. Levi and Louis were seated, talking quietly. The moment the boys saw them, everything changed.

"Good morning, Daddies!" Leon said happily as he ran forward.

Lennox's face softened instantly. He bent down and opened his arms. "Good morning, my boy."

Leo joined them, while Liam ran to Levi, tugging at his sleeve. "Daddy, I'm going to be late today," he said excitedly. "We have a race at school."

Levi smiled faintly. "Then you better win," he replied, ruffling Liam's hair.

For a moment, the house felt normal again.

We all sat down to eat.

Plates were passed. Chairs scraped softly against the floor. Spoons clinked against bowls.

But the air felt tight.

No one talked much.

Lennox kept his eyes on his food.

Louis watched the boys carefully, like he was afraid to miss something.

Levi glanced at me once... then looked away.

I focused on the boys, smiling when they spoke, nodding when they laughed, hiding the unease inside my chest.

When breakfast was over, the boys grabbed their bags.

"Bye, Mom!" Leo called as he ran toward the door.

"Bye, Daddy!" Liam added, waving at all of them at once.

"Be good," Louis said.

"Listen to your teacher," Lennox added.

The door closed behind them.

Their laughter faded down the hallway.

And just like that...

The house went quiet.

It was just us.

I opened my mouth to speak.

But Lennox spoke first.

"I owe you an apology," he said quietly.

I froze.

Levi and Louis both looked at him in surprise.

"I shouldn't have acted the way I did last night," Lennox continued. "I let my fear speak instead of my trust."

My heart skipped.

"I trust you," he said. "I really do."

That... wasn't the Lennox I expected.

The old Lennox would have argued.

Raised his voice.

Defended his anger.

But this Lennox looked... calmer.

"I shouldn't have questioned you in front of everyone," he added. "I'm sorry."

I swallowed hard.

"Thank you," I said softly.

"I need you all to understand something," I continued.

"I danced. Yes. But that was all."

I looked at each of them.

"I'm not looking for another man. I'm not in love with anyone else."

Louis relaxed slightly.

"I'm tired," I admitted. "Tired of being watched. Judged. Expected to be perfect all the time."

My voice trembled.

"But loving you three?" I said. "That never stopped."

Silence filled the room.

Then Levi spoke. "We should have trusted you more."

Louis nodded. "We should have listened."

Lennox stepped closer.

"We're healing," he said quietly. "All of us."

I nodded.

The tension didn't disappear completely.

But it softened.

And for the first time in a while...

It felt like we were finally walking forward.

Together.