

# **Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 661: Worked - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 661: Worked**

## **Chapter 661: Worked**

Olivia's POV

Two days later...

This was the sixth time today I had tried using my abilities on Lennox. Each time, I felt like I was slamming my soul against a brick wall. The healers whispered behind my back, telling me I was wasting my life force, that "locked-in" syndrome wasn't something you could simply wish away. But I didn't care. I believed in miracles. I had to.

"Lennox, I want to try again," I whispered, leaning over him.

I could see the look of deep worry in his eyes. It wasn't for himself; it was for me. He watched the way my hands trembled and how pale my skin had become from the constant drain of energy. I could tell he wanted to scream at me to stop, to protect myself, but for the first time in our lives, he couldn't push me away. His body was a silent, numb anchor.

"Don't look at me like that," I murmured, brushing a thumb over his brow. "I'm not giving up on you."

I took a deep breath, centering every ounce of power I possessed. I placed my hands firmly on his chest, right over his heart, and closed my eyes. I didn't just send a spark this time; I poured out every inch of my ability. I envisioned the light traveling through his dormant nerves, knitting back the connections the cancer had tried to sever, forcing life into the places that had gone cold.

My head throbbed, and a faint whistle started in my ears. I felt myself slipping, my knees buckling as the exhaustion threatened to pull me under. I sighed, my breath hitching in my throat, ready to collapse—

And then, I felt it.

A warmth. A slow, tentative pressure.

I felt a hand—solid and real—caressing my arm, sliding up from my wrist to my elbow.

My eyes snapped open. I gasped, my heart nearly leaping out of my chest. Lennox's hand was moving. It wasn't a twitch or a spasm. His fingers were curled against my skin, his touch gentle but certain.

He looked up at me, the terror and the "locked" look gone from his eyes. He took a shaky, raspy breath, and then, the impossible happened.

"I think..." he croaked, his voice raw from disuse but unmistakably his. "I think I got back my movement."

A sob of pure, hysterical joy broke from my throat. "Lennox!"

I screamed his name and threw myself onto him, burying my face in the crook of his neck. I hugged him with everything I had, and to my utter disbelief, he hugged me back. His arms were weak, shaking with the effort of the motion, but they were around me. He was holding me.

"You're moving," I wailed into his shoulder, my tears flowing freely. "You're moving, Lennox!"

I felt him nuzzle his head against mine, his breath warm against my ear.

"Thank you," he whispered, his voice trembling with emotion as he tightened his grip as much as his fading strength would allow. "Thank you for not giving up... thank you, Olivia."

The machines were still beeping, and the cancer was still there, but in this moment, I was happy.

The doctors and healers rushed into the room, their faces etched with pure shock. They moved toward the bed with stethoscopes and scanners, but Lennox held up a shaky hand, stopping them.

"I am fine," he rasped, his voice gaining a bit more strength with every breath. "I just... I want to speak to my mate."

My heart fluttered... he called me his mate.

The specialist looked at the monitors, then at the man who was supposed to be a vegetable, and simply nodded in disbelief. They filed out, closing the door behind them, leaving us in a heavy, beautiful silence.

Lennox reached out, his fingers trembling as he took my hand. He pulled it to his lips, pressing a lingering, soft kiss against my knuckles. His eyes were bright with tears.

"Olivia... I am so sorry," he whispered. "For putting you through all of this. For the lies. The pain I caused you while I was trying to be a hero. I've been a fool."

"No," I said, leaning down until our foreheads rested against each other. "Don't apologize. Not anymore." I took a shaky breath, finally sharing what the healers had

whispered to me in the dark hours of the night. "The healers... they told me the truth, Lennox. They told me the real reason for your illness. It started four years ago... when you stepped into that forbidden circle to save my life. You traded your health for mine. You've been carrying this weight ever since, haven't you?"

Lennox didn't deny it. He just closed his eyes, a single tear escaping.

"Lennox, you are my life," I whispered, showering his face with kisses—his forehead, his cheeks, the bridge of his nose. "I don't care about the past. I only care that you are here."

Suddenly, the door burst open. Louis and Levi practically fell into the room, their faces frantic. They had heard the commotion from the hallway. When they saw Lennox sitting up, his arm wrapped around my waist, they froze.

"Lex?" Levi choked out, his voice cracking.

"I'm back," Lennox said with a weak, tired smile.

They didn't wait. Both of them rushed to the bedside, nearly knocking me over. Levi grabbed Lennox's shoulder, sobbing openly, while Louis buried his face in the blankets near Lennox's hand.

Lennox reached out, pulling his brothers into a fierce, albeit shaky, embrace. The three of them held onto each other—the three Alphas, the three brothers who had been through hell and back.

"I thought we lost you," Louis muffled into the sheets. "I thought you were gone for good."

"Not yet," Lennox promised, his gaze drifting back to me over his brothers' shoulders. "Not while I still have so much to live for."

Levi finally pulled back, his eyes red but burning with a new, frantic energy. He looked at Lennox, then at me, as if he were making a silent vow to the Moon Goddess herself.

"Yes," Levi said, his voice regaining its command. "You have so much to live for, Lex. And we are going to make damn sure of it. We aren't just waiting for the end anymore."

He leaned in closer to the bed, his expression intense.

"I didn't tell you before because I didn't want to give us false hope, but I've been reaching out across every border. Another specialist is flying in from India as we speak. He is a pioneer in regenerative cellular therapy for our kind. He'll be here by tomorrow morning."

Lennox tried to speak, his brow furrowing as if he were worried about the effort, the hope, the potential for another letdown. But Levi placed a firm hand on his shoulder, cutting him off before he could even start.

"Brother, this time you are not leaving us," Levi said firmly, his voice echoing in the quiet room. "You did your part. You fought your way back into this body. Now, it's our turn to fight to keep you here. We aren't letting go."

Lennox looked at Levi, then at Louis, and finally, his gaze settled on me. The heavy, dark resignation that had lived in his eyes for months was finally starting to crack. He reached out and squeezed my hand, his grip slightly stronger than before.

"I believe him," I whispered, leaning in to brush my lips against his cheek. "We're going to do this, Lennox. All of us."

## **Chapter 662: The Bathroom**

Olivia's POV

"I want to shower, Olivia," he said, his voice stronger than before. He moved to stand, and though his legs were a little shaky, he managed to get up on his own.

"Let me help you," I insisted, moving to his side. I wasn't going to let him out of my sight, and I certainly wasn't going to let him fall.

We made our way to the bathroom slowly. As he began to undress, my heart squeezed. He had lost quite a bit of weight—his ribs were more prominent now, and the muscular frame that once felt like a mountain was leaner. But as I looked at him, he was still my sexy Lennox. The strength of his spirit radiated off him, more powerful than any muscle.

Finally, he reached up and pulled off the head warmer. His bald head was fully on display now, the smooth skin reflecting the warm bathroom light. He looked at himself in the mirror for a second, a flicker of vulnerability crossing his face.

"I'm not lying to you, Lennox," I whispered, stepping close and running my hand over his shoulder. "You still look incredibly good. Even bald."

Lennox let out a genuine, low chuckle—a sound I had missed so much it made my toes curl. "You're biased, Luna," he teased.

He stepped into the large, steaming tub and sat down with a sigh of relief. I knelt beside the tub, picking up the sponge and the soap. I started to wash him, my movements slow and tender. I wanted to touch every inch of him, to reassure myself that he was truly back, truly alive, and truly mine.

As I was rinsing the soap from his shoulders, he suddenly reached out. His grip was surprisingly firm as he hooked his arms around my waist and pulled me in unexpectedly.

"Lennox!" I laughed, a startled yelp escaping me as I splashed into the warm water, clothes and all.

I didn't mind the ruined silk of my dress. I laughed again, settling onto his lap, my legs wrapping around his waist. The water was warm, but the heat coming from his body was better. He looked at me with an intensity that made my breath hitch, his hands resting on my hips.

"I've missed this," he whispered, his forehead leaning against mine. "I've missed you."

"I'm right here," I replied, tracing the line of his jaw. "And I'm not going anywhere."

He pulled me closer, his lips finding mine in a kiss so passionate that it made my toes curl.

I deepened the kiss, my tongue tangling with his as the steam from the tub rose around us. Lennox let out a low, guttural groan, his hands sliding from my hips to my back, pulling me so flush against him that I could feel the thrum of his heart against my own. He broke the kiss to trail his lips down my neck, his stubble grazing my skin, before planting hot, wet kisses all over my shoulders.

Damn.

The sensation sent a jolt of pure electricity straight to my core. I felt my pussy grow heavy and soaking wet, the heat of the water mixing with the slick heat between my legs. I wanted him—I wanted the man I thought I'd lost—but a flicker of fear remained.

"Lennox," I breathed, my voice trembling. "Your heart... your condition..."

He didn't answer with words. Instead, he ground his hips upward, and I felt his cock hardening into a thick, solid iron bar against my thigh. He was alive, he was reacting, and his desire was as fierce as it had ever been. He kissed me again, deeper this time, his hands cupping my face.

"I'm right here, Olivia," he rasped against my lips. "I'm not made of glass."

"I want you," I whispered into the kiss, the need finally overriding the fear.

"I want you more," he groaned.

I pulled back just enough to reach for the zipper of my dress. I peeled the wet, ruined silk down, tossing the blouse and skirt aside until they hit the bathroom tiles with a wet thud. I stepped out of my panties, standing before him completely naked in the hazy

steam. I saw his eyes darken, a hunger in his gaze that made me feel like the only woman in the world.

I stepped back into the tub, straddling him again. I felt his hard cock pressing firmly against my entrance, hot and demanding. We kissed hungrily, our teeth clashing, our hands roaming over wet skin. I couldn't wait anymore. I needed to feel him inside me to know this wasn't a dream.

I reached down into the water, my fingers wrapping around the thick length of his cock. He gasped, his head falling back against the rim of the tub as I guided him to my opening. I lifted my hips slightly, hovering for a heartbeat, and then slowly sank down.

I let out a long, shaky moan as I took him all in. He was so big, so filling, stretching me out until every nerve ending was screaming with pleasure. I sat there for a second, buried deep, feeling the rhythmic pulse of him inside my pussy.

Lennox's hands gripped my waist, his knuckles white. "Olivia..." he choked out, his eyes squeezed shut in bliss.

I started to move, my hips rolling in a slow, agonizing rhythm that had us both gasping for air. The water splashed over the sides of the tub, but neither of us cared.

I didn't just move; I rode him with a desperate, primal hunger. I braced my hands against his shoulders, leaning back as I began to bounce on him. My pussy was clamped tight around his thick, throbbing cock, and with every downward thrust, the water splashed violently against the sides of the tub. The sound of my wet ass slapping against the water and his thighs echoed in the large, steamy bathroom.

Lennox groaned, a sound that started deep in his chest and tore through his throat. He reached up, his hands cupping my breasts, squeezing them until I cried out in pleasure. He leaned forward, taking one of my nipples into his mouth, sucking and swirling his tongue around the sensitive peak until I was seeing stars.

"Lennox... fuck," I whimpered, my head tossing back.

He didn't slow down. If anything, the animal in him was waking up. His hands moved from my chest to my ass, his fingers digging into my cheeks as he took control of the rhythm. He started thrusting upward, meeting every one of my descents with a powerful, bone-deep shove that sent him buried so deep I felt him hitting my womb.

"You're so tight, Olivia," he rasped, his eyes flashing with that old Alpha fire. "So fucking wet."

He grabbed my ass and pulled me down hard just as he lunged up, the friction of his cock sliding against my walls making my vision blur. I was losing my mind. The fear of

his "condition" was gone, replaced by the raw reality of his body working, his muscles tensing, and his heat burning through me.

I increased the pace, my bouncing becoming frantic. I wanted to drain him, to fill myself with him until there was no room for sickness or death. My pussy pulsed around him, milking him, and I could feel the tension building in his frame, his breath coming in jagged, desperate hitches.

"Don't stop," he hissed, his grip on my ass tightening until it was almost bruising. "Fuck, Olivia... I'm going to—"

He didn't finish the sentence. He let out a roar, his body jerking as he delivered three massive, final thrusts. I felt the hot, thick surge of his cum flooding my insides, filling my pussy to the brim. The sheer sensation of his release triggered my own, and my walls clutched him in a series of violent, toe-curling spasms that left me sobbing for air.

I collapsed against him, my slippery, sweat-slicked skin clinging to his. We sat there in the cooling water, our hearts hammering against each other in a frantic, identical rhythm. He held me tight, his face buried in my neck, his hands still trembling against my back.

Worried, I looked up at him, my eyes searching his face for any sign of danger. "Are you okay?" I asked, worried that we went too far.

A big smile spread across Lennox's face. "I've never been this okay in my entire life." Then he pulled me in for a kiss.

## **Chapter 663: Lucky**

Olivia's POV

Fluttering my eyes open, I stared at the bed and realized Lennox was no longer lying beside me. The sheets were cold where his body should have been. My heart hammered against my ribs—that familiar, sickening panic rising in my throat. I bolted upright, my mind screaming that he had collapsed, or worse.

"Lennox!" I called out, my voice thin and frantic.

I sprinted toward the bathroom, throwing the door open so hard it hit against the wall. Empty. Just the lingering scent of sandalwood and damp towels.

I stood in the hallway, closing my eyes and drawing in a deep, shaking breath. I pushed past the scent of antiseptic that always clung to this wing and focused. There it was. His

scent—stronger, cleaner, and full of that pine-and-earth musk that belonged only to him. It led me away from the medical suite and toward the family wing.

I followed it to the boys' room.

I stopped in the doorway, my breath catching in my throat. The nannies were standing by the wall, looking worried and hovering with their hands out as if they expected the world to collapse at any moment. But in the center of the room stood Lennox.

He was pale, and his movements were a little slower than they used to be, but he was upright. He was dressed in a simple shirt and sweats, leaning over Liam to help him tug on his school boots while Leon and Leo were already dressed, watching their father with wide, disbelieving eyes. He was prepping them for school all by himself.

"There," Lennox rasped, patting Liam's knee. "Tied tight. You can't lead a hunt with loose laces."

The boys looked at me, then back at him. "Daddy, are you really okay?" Liam whispered.

Lennox smiled—a real, tired, beautiful smile. "I'm getting there. And I promise you, when you get home from school today, it's game time. We'll sit in the garden. No doctors. Just us."

The boys let out a cheer, hugging his waist carefully before the nannies finally led them out. As the door clicked shut, the silence of the room felt different—lighter.

I stepped forward, my eyes searching his face. "Good morning," he said softly, watching me.

"You should have woken me," I said, my voice thick with a mix of relief and lingering fear. "You shouldn't be up doing all this alone. What if you'd fallen?"

"I needed to do it, Olivia," he said, reaching out to tuck a stray hair behind my ear. His hand was steady. "I needed them to see me as their father again. And you... you looked so peaceful. So exhausted. I couldn't bring myself to disturb you after the night you gave me."

I felt a flush creep up my neck at the memory of us in the tub, of the way we had reclaimed each other. I reached out, taking his arm and guiding him back toward his suite. He didn't fight me, but he didn't lean as heavily as he had two days ago.

When we got back to his room, he sat down on the edge of the large bed, and I sat right beside him, our shoulders touching. He took my hand, his thumb tracing circles over my knuckles.

"The specialist will be here in an hour," I whispered, resting my head on his shoulder. "Are you ready?"

Lennox looked at our joined hands, his jaw setting with that old Alpha iron. "I've died twice, Olivia. A doctor from India doesn't scare me. If there's a chance to stay here with you... I'll take it. Whatever the cost."

I leaned my head against Lennox's shoulder, breathing in his scent, trying to memorize the solid feel of him. We sat in that rare, quiet peace until the door creaked open.

Louis walked in, looking more rested than he had in weeks. He made a beeline for us, a bright smile breaking across his face when he saw Lennox sitting up and alert. He leaned over, pressing a warm kiss to my forehead.

"Good morning, love," he said softly, his voice full of affection. He then turned to Lennox, clapping him gently on the arm. "And good morning to you, Lazarus. I see you've already been up causing trouble in the boys' wing. The nannies look like they've seen a ghost, but the kids? They're walking on air."

Lennox gave a small, dry chuckle. "They needed to see their father on his feet, Louis. Not just a body in a bed."

Louis pulled up a chair, sitting across from us. "Well, you certainly gave them that. But now, it's time for the heavy lifting." He checked his watch, his expression turning serious. "The jet touched down thirty minutes ago. Dr. Kapoor is being driven up to the pack house as we speak. He's brought a specialized team and equipment we've never seen in the West."

I felt Lennox's hand tighten around mine. The air in the room shifted from the warmth of the morning to the cold reality of the battle ahead.

"Levi is meeting them at the entrance," Louis continued, looking at me. "He's already cleared out the West lab for them. They want to start the preliminary scans immediately. No rest for the weary, Lex."

"I don't want rest," Lennox rasped, his eyes flashing with a spark of his old Alpha authority. "I want a cure. I want to be able to pick up my sons without my lungs burning. I want to be the man my mate deserves."

My heart fluttered... he still calls me his mate.

I looked at him, my heart swelling. "You already are that man, Lennox. But we're going to make sure you stay that way."

Lennox didn't look away. He reached up, his hand cupping the side of my face, his thumb grazing my lower lip. The intensity in his gaze was enough to make my knees

weak, even sitting down. Ignoring Louis being right there in the room, he leaned in and kissed me—a deep, lingering kiss that tasted of love and a desperate promise to fight.

"I'm the lucky one, Olivia," he whispered against my lips as he pulled back just an inch. "I'm the luckiest man in this world to have you. Most would have walked away from a ghost, but you... you chased me into the dark and dragged me back out."

He kissed me again, softer this time. "I don't deserve your loyalty after everything, but I'm going to spend every day I have left trying to be worthy of it."

"You're already worthy," I choked out, leaning my forehead against his.

Louis cleared his throat, a small flushed smile on his face. "As much as I love the romance, Dr. Kapoor is officially at the gates. Levi just messaged. They're bringing the equipment up."

## **Chapter 664: The Treatment**

Dr. Kapoor entered the room, followed by a team of technicians carrying cases of humming equipment. He didn't waste time with pleasantries. After a grueling hour of scans that left Lennox looking gray and exhausted, the doctor finally pulled us into the small consultation area.

"Luna, Alphas," Dr. Kapoor began, his voice grave as he looked at the data on his tablet. "I have found the core of the issue. This is not a standard malignancy. It is a regenerative cellular decay—likely triggered by that ancient ritual years ago. It's eating him from the inside out."

He looked at me with a piercing gaze. "However, the reason he is sitting upright today, the reason he survived the flatline, is sitting right here. Alpha Lennox is alive solely because of your healing abilities, Olivia. You have been acting as a secondary heart for him. But there is a catch."

I felt my breath hitch. "What catch?"

"This treatment is highly experimental," Kapoor said, his face shadowed. "We can attempt to stabilize his cells, but it requires a direct blood-link from a relative—Levi or Louis—to act as a physical anchor. But even then... while we can save his human body, the aggressive nature of this cure might burn out his wolf. You must prepare yourselves; he may be cured of the cancer, but his wolf might be lost forever."

The room went cold.

"I no longer have a wolf," Lennox said.

The doctor furrowed his brow and shook his head. "You are mistaken, Alpha Lennox. You still have your wolf; he is just subdued."

Our eyes widened. I stared at Lennox, who looked as shocked as I was.

"Are you sure?" Levi asked.

"Yes, absolutely sure," Dr. Kapoor said.

Lennox, who had been listening intently, reached for my hand. "If it means I stay with her," he rasped, his eyes fixed on mine, "take the wolf. I've been living as a man."

Dr. Kapoor nodded solemnly and handed Lennox a set of small, blue sleeping pills. "You need to rest for the first phase. Your body cannot be awake for the cellular realignment."

Lennox swallowed the pills without hesitation, and within minutes, his eyes grew heavy. I helped him lean back into the pillows, my heart aching as I watched him drift into a deep, drug-induced slumber.

"We will continue the treatment," Dr. Kapoor warned, "but you should not put your hope up too high. The decay is aggressive. Even with the blood-link, his system is incredibly fragile."

"I'm not stopping," I said, my voice vibrating with a power I didn't know I still had. I moved to the bedside, placing my hands over Lennox's heart, feeling the faint, rhythmic pulse that I was keeping alive. "I will continue to release my healing abilities into him every day."

"He is lucky to have a mate like you, Luna," Dr. Kapoor said, his voice softening for a brief second before his professional mask returned. "But for now, I must ask you to excuse us. The blood-link is a delicate process, and the room must be sterile. We need to begin the anchoring immediately."

He looked at the two brothers. "Which of you will be the anchor?"

"I'll do it," Levi said, stepping forward without a second of hesitation. His jaw was set, his eyes flashing with a protective fire.

Louis and I were ushered out of the room. The heavy click of the medical suite door sounded like a gavel, sealing them inside. I felt a sudden, cold void in my chest the moment I lost physical contact with Lennox, my hands still tingling from the residual gold of my power.

We walked back to my room in a daze. I collapsed onto the couch, my legs finally giving out from the emotional and physical drain. Louis sat beside me, pulling me into his side.

He didn't say anything at first; he just wrapped a strong arm around my shoulders and began to stroke my back in slow, rhythmic circles.

"Everything will be fine, Olivia," he murmured, his voice a low rumble meant to soothe. "Lennox is the most stubborn man I've ever known. He won't let go, especially not after everything you've been through."

"He has a wolf, Louis," I whispered, staring blankly at the wall. "He's been suffering all this time, thinking he was half a man, and his wolf was just... buried. Waiting."

"And we'll get them both back," Louis promised. "One way or another."

For hours, we waited. The sun moved across the sky, casting long, amber shadows across the floor of my room. Every minute felt like an eternity, a slow torture of what-ifs.

Finally, there was a sharp knock at the door. One of the technicians stood there, looking exhausted. "The doctor is ready for you."

We didn't wait. We ran.

When we entered the room, the air smelled of ozone and copper. Levi was sitting in a chair beside the bed, his arm connected to a complex series of tubes that ran into a whirring machine before filtering into Lennox's IV line. Levi looked pale, his eyes hooded with fatigue, but he gave us a weak thumbs-up.

Lennox was still deep in his drug-induced sleep, his chest rising and falling in a slow, mechanical rhythm.

Dr. Kapoor stepped away from a monitor, wiping his brow. He looked at me with a heavy expression.

"The anchor is holding," Kapoor said, gesturing to the machines. "The cellular decay has slowed, and the realignment has begun. But we hit a snag during the deep scan."

My heart plummeted. "What kind of snag?"

"The wolf," Kapoor said, pointing to a screen showing a jagged, pulsing light. "As we suspected, the treatment is attacking the source of the decay, but because the decay is tied to the wolf's suppressed energy, the wolf is fighting back. He doesn't understand we are trying to help. He thinks he's being hunted."

He looked at me urgently. "He's in a state of spiritual cardiac arrest. If he doesn't calm down, he will burn out Lennox's heart from the inside before the medicine can even work. I need you to go in, Olivia."

"Go in?" I asked, my voice trembling.

"Through the bond," Kapoor commanded. "You need to reach his mind. You need to find that wolf in the dark and tell him to stand down. If you can't soothe the beast, the man will die."

## **Chapter 665: Bond**

Olivia's POV

"Do it," I whispered.

I didn't wait for anyone to stop me. I rushed to Lennox's side and grabbed his cold hand in both of mine. "How do I reach him?"

"Close your eyes," Dr. Kapoor said gently. "Follow the bond. Don't look for the man. Look for the wolf."

I shut my eyes tight.

Inside my chest, the bond pulled at me. It was usually warm and steady, but now it felt sharp and painful, like a wire crackling with lightning. I held onto it and let the sounds of machines fade away.

Everything went dark.

When I opened my eyes again, I wasn't in the hospital. I was standing in a forest.

But it wasn't the green forest of our pack lands. This place was frozen and dead. Black trees stretched toward a dark sky. Frost covered the ground, thick and heavy. The air tasted like sadness.

"Lennox?" I called.

My voice didn't echo. A deep growl came from the mist.

I turned slowly.

A huge wolf stepped out of the shadows. He was bigger than any wolf I had ever seen. His fur was matted with blood and gray like ash. His eyes glowed red—wild and angry.

It was Lennox's wolf. But it was broken.

"It's me," I said softly. "Olivia."

The wolf snarled and lowered his body. He didn't know me; he only saw danger.

"You're hurting him," I cried. "The doctors are trying to help! You're killing his heart!"

The wolf lunged.

He knocked me to the frozen ground and pinned me down. His breath was hot and foul. His teeth were inches from my face. He was lost.

"Please," I sobbed. "I'm your mate. I'm the woman you chose. I'm the mother of your sons."

I reached up with shaking hands and touched his head.

"Don't leave me," I begged. "Don't leave our boys."

For a moment, the red in his eyes flickered. Then, light burst from my hand.

Golden light spread across the frost. The cold began to melt. The red faded from his eyes, turning into the warm brown I knew so well.

The wolf whimpered. His body shrank beneath my hands. Suddenly, I was holding a man.

Lennox.

He was naked, shaking, and covered in dark lines that spread across his skin like cracks. He looked so tired.

"Olivia?" he whispered. "I'm scared. The cold won't stop."

"I'm here," I said, pulling him close. "The cold is the sickness. But help is coming. You have to stop fighting."

"It feels like dying," he said.

"I won't let you die," I said firmly. "Follow my voice. Follow the light."

I began to glow. Ahead of us, a thin line of red and gold light cut through the dark sky.

"That's Levi," I said. "That's the medicine. Walk with me."

He leaned on me as we walked. Every step was hard, but the dark lines on his skin slowly faded. The air grew warmer.

Then, everything shattered.

I gasped and sat up. I was back in the hospital. My hands were still holding Lennox's.

The heart monitor was steady now. His skin looked better; color was coming back.

"He's stable," Dr. Kapoor said in awe. "The wolf accepted the bond."

I collapsed back into the chair, shaking.

"You did it," Levi whispered weakly, smiling. "You saved him."

I held Lennox's hand tighter. And for the first time in a long while, I believed he might live.

Hours passed in a blurred haze of relief and exhaustion. Levi had finally been disconnected from the blood-link and taken to a nearby room to sleep off the fatigue, leaving the suite quiet. I refused to leave. I sat in the chair pulled flush against Lennox's bed, a book resting forgotten in my lap as I watched the steady rise and fall of his chest.

The monitor gave a soft, rhythmic chirp—a heartbeat that finally sounded like it belonged to a living man instead of a machine.

Suddenly, Lennox's fingers twitched against the sheets. His eyes flickered, his lashes dark against his pale skin, before he slowly groaned and opened them. He looked around the room, his gaze hazy and confused, resting on the IV drips and the specialized monitors before finally landing on me.

"Olivia?" His voice was a mere rasp, but it was steady.

"I'm right here," I whispered, leaning forward and brushing a cool hand over his forehead. "You're okay. You're safe. It's over now," I said, a tear of joy escaping and trailing down my cheek. "The new treatment is working, Lennox. Dr. Kapoor and Levi... they anchored you. The decay is slowing down. I truly believe you're going to be cancer-free soon. We're finally winning."

He took a deep, tentative breath, his eyes widening slightly as if he expected pain that never came. He moved his arm, then his legs, under the blanket. "I feel... different," he whispered, a look of wonder crossing his face. "Light. Like the weight of the world was lifted off my chest."

I squeezed his hand. "Do you feel him? Your wolf?"

Lennox went still, closing his eyes for a long moment, searching the internal silence he had lived with for years. A small, stunned smile broke across his lips. "Yes... just a little. He's quiet, and he's tired, but he's there. He's resting in the sun."

I leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to his temple. "I don't care if he ever shifts again, Lennox. With or without your wolf, I love you. You are the man who fought for me, and I am the woman who will always fight for you."

I looked deep into his eyes, my voice turning into a solemn vow. "Once you are fully recovered—once you have your strength back—I want to be your mate again. Truly. I want you to mark me, Lennox. I want the world to know I belong to you, and you to me, forever."

Lennox's eyes shone with unshed tears. He reached up, his hand slightly shaky but determined, and cupped my neck. He pulled me down until our lips were inches apart.

"I will mark you so deep the Moon Goddess herself will see it," he promised, his voice thick with emotion. "I'm not letting you go again, Olivia. Not in this life or the next."

## **Chapter 666: Still Want You**

Olivia's POV

After making sure Lennox was resting soundly, I made my way to the room next door. I needed to see Levi. I found him sprawled on the bed, looking utterly drained. His skin was pale, and there were dark circles under his eyes that made my chest ache.

"Levi?" I whispered, walking to his bedside.

He opened his eyes slowly, a weary smile touching his lips. "How is he?"

"Sleeping," I said, sitting on the edge of the mattress. "And he's better. Truly better. How are you?"

"I'm fine, Olivia. Just... empty." He sighed, staring up at the ceiling. After a long silence, his voice dropped, turning heavy with guilt. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry for keeping his illness from you. I'm sorry for the man I became—the coldness, the secrets. I've made so many mistakes."

He turned his head to look at me, his eyes full of a painful honesty. "I understand if you want to break this bond between us. If you want to just be with Lennox and walk away from me... I won't fight you. I've caused you enough grief."

I frowned, a spark of anger mixing with my love for him. "So that's it? You're just going to let me go that easily? You think I'm that fragile, Levi?"

"Olivia, I just want you to be happy—" love you, you idiot," I cut him off, my voice cracking. "I love Louis, and I love Lennox. I love all three of you differently, and I can't let go of any of you. You think I can't forgive? We are humans, Levi. We break, we make mistakes, but we heal. I love you so much, and I want our family united. All of us."

Levi's breath hitched, and before he could say another word, I leaned down and captured his lips with mine. I wanted to show him that he was forgiven. I wanted him to feel that he was still mine.

The kiss deepened instantly, fueled by the raw, desperate energy of the day. Levi groaned into my mouth, his hands coming up to grip my waist, pulling me firmly against his body. The guilt seemed to melt away, replaced by a primal, burning need.

"Olivia," he rasped against my skin as I moved to straddle him.

I didn't want to talk. I reached for the hem of my shirt and pulled it over my head, tossing it aside. Levi's eyes darkened, his hands sliding up my ribs to cup my breasts. I let out a shaky breath, my pussy already throbbing and soaking wet at the feel of his rough palms.

I made quick work of my skirt and panties, throwing them onto the floor. Levi was already hard, his cock straining against his trousers. I reached down, unzipping him and freeing his thick, pulsing length. It was hot and heavy in my hand, and the sight of it made my head spin.

"Fuck," Levi hissed as I wrapped my fingers around him, giving him a firm squeeze.

I didn't wait. I lifted my hips and guided his cock to my entrance. I was so slick, so ready for him. I sank down slowly, taking every inch of him into my tight, aching pussy. I let out a long, loud moan as he filled me completely, his girth stretching my walls to the limit.

Levi's hands dug into my ass, his knuckles white as he began to thrust upward. I started to bounce on him, my movements frantic and hungry. The sound of our bodies colliding—the wet, rhythmic slapping of my ass against his thighs—filled the quiet room.

"You're mine," Levi growled, his Alpha dominance surging back as he flipped us over. He pinned my wrists above my head, his chest heaving as he hammered into me with brutal, honest force. "Tell me you're mine."

"I'm yours," I screamed, my back arching as he hit my sweet spot over and over. "Always yours, Levi!"

I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him deeper, wanting to feel him in my very soul. My pussy clutched at him, milking his thick cock until I felt the pressure behind my eyes reach a breaking point. Levi let out a primal roar, his body tensing as he surged inside me, his hot cum flooding my womb in thick, pulsing waves.

The air in the room was thick with the scent of our climax, the sheets damp and tangled around our legs. Levi was still pulsing deep inside me, his head buried in the crook of my neck as we both fought to catch our breath.

Then, the door clicked open.

I didn't even have the strength to pull the covers up. I looked up to see Louis standing there. He didn't look shocked; his eyes were dark, roaming over my flushed, naked body and Levi's sweat-slicked back. A slow, predatory smirk spread across his lips as he kicked the door shut behind him.

"Well," Louis murmured, his voice a low, vibrating growl as he started unbuttoning his shirt. "It seems you two are having quite a bit of fun without me."

Levi lifted his head, a smirk of his own playing on his lips despite his exhaustion. "There's plenty of her to go around, Brother."

Louis didn't need to be told twice. He stripped with frantic speed, his clothes hitting the floor in a heap. He walked toward the bed, his own thick, heavy cock already standing at full attention, throbbing with every step he took. He looked at me, his gaze full of an unholy hunger.

"My turn," he rasped.

He climbed onto the bed, his presence immediately making the space feel smaller, more electric. Levi didn't go far. He shifted back against the headboard, pulling me into his lap so that I was sitting upright, my back against his chest. As Louis crawled toward us, Levi reached around and grabbed my breasts, his rough thumbs flicking over my sensitive, swollen nipples.

"I've been waiting all day for this," Louis hissed. He grabbed my thighs, spreading them wide so he could see exactly what his brother had done to me. I was soaking wet, my folds glistening and pink.

Louis didn't hesitate. He guided his massive cock to my entrance and pushed in with one long, deliberate shove. I let out a sharp cry, my head falling back against Levi's shoulder as Louis filled me to the brim. He was even thicker than Levi, stretching me out until I felt like I might break.

"God, Olivia," Louis groaned, his eyes rolling back in pleasure. "You're so fucking warm."

Levi leaned forward, capturing my earlobe in his teeth and biting down gently while his hands continued to work my breasts. The double stimulation was dizzying. As Louis began to fuck me, his thrusts powerful and rhythmic, Levi stayed busy above, sucking and licking at my skin, his hands never leaving my body. The sound of our bodies meeting was raw and wet, a frantic slapping of skin that echoed in the quiet room.

"RIDE HIM, OLIVIA," Levi growled into my ear, his voice full of Alpha authority.

I gripped Louis's shoulders, my nails digging into his muscles as I met every one of his upward lunges. My pussy clutched at him, milking him, the friction of his cock against my walls sending waves of electricity straight to my core. I was close—so close.

Louis's pace became frantic, his breath coming in jagged gasps. He reached down, his thumb finding my clit and rubbing it with a blunt, heavy pressure that sent me over the edge.

"I'm coming!" I screamed, my body arching and shaking as a violent climax ripped through me.

Louis let out a guttural roar, his body stiffening as he slammed into me one last time, his hot cum flooding my insides, mixing with Levi's. He collapsed forward, burying his face in the crook of my neck, his heart hammering against mine.

We stayed like that for several minutes, the only sound in the room being our jagged, heavy breathing. The weight of both Alphas pressing against me felt like a shield, a raw reminder that I wasn't alone in this fight anymore. But as my heart rate finally began to slow, the image of Lennox's pale face in the next room flashed in my mind.

"I need to see Lennox," I whispered, my voice thick.

Louis groaned, nipping at my shoulder before finally pulling his slick, heavy cock out of me. Levi untangled his arms from around my waist, letting out a long sigh as the cold air hit my wet skin.

"Go," Levi said softly, his voice still rough from the release. "We'll be right behind you."

I scrambled off the bed, my legs feeling like jelly. I didn't care about the mess; I just wanted to be near him. I ducked into the bathroom, quickly washing the scent of the two brothers off my skin and the drying cum from my thighs. I pulled on a fresh, oversized silk robe, tying it tightly around my waist, though I knew my swollen lips and the dark love bites on my neck were dead giveaways of exactly what had just happened.

I walked back into Lennox's suite. The room was dim, lit only by the soft glow of the monitors. I expected him to be asleep, but as I approached the bed, his head turned.

His eyes were clear—clearer than they had been in days. He watched me walk toward him, his gaze tracing the way I moved, the slight flush still on my cheeks, and the way I held my robe closed. His brow furrowed, and a slow, knowing smirk spread across his lips. It was a look of pure, unadulterated Alpha possessiveness.

"Olivia," he rasped, his voice stronger than it had been an hour ago.

"You're awake," I breathed, reaching for his hand.

He didn't take my hand immediately. Instead, he kept staring at me, his eyes dark with a mix of amusement and hunger.

"What have those bastards done to you?" he asked, his smirk widening into a low, predatory grin. He inhaled deeply, his nostrils flaring as he caught the lingering scent of his brothers on me. "I leave you alone for a few hours to catch my breath, and they move in like scavengers."

I felt my face heat up, but I didn't look away. "They were helping me, Lennox. We were... celebrating the fact that you're still here."

Lennox chuckled, a deep, vibrating sound that made the monitors jump. He reached out, wrapping his fingers firmly around my wrist and pulling me down until I was hovering just inches above him.

"Celebrating, hm?" he murmured, his eyes locking onto a dark mark on my collarbone. "They better have saved some of that energy for me. "

## **Chapter 667: Recovery**

Lennox's POV

A knock came softly on my door. Sucking in a deep breath, I asked the person in. The door pushed open and Aurora stepped in. A big, bright smile spread across her face as she closed the door behind her and moved cautiously toward me.

"I came to check up on you, Lennox," she said softly, her eyes scanning me then the monitor. "How are you doing?" she asked, genuinely worried.

"I'm fine. Come sit." I tapped the space beside me.

Aurora moved toward the bed, her expression a mix of relief and lingering sadness. She sat where I indicated, though she kept a respectful distance.

"I'm sorry I haven't come to see you these past weeks, Lennox," she said softly, her fingers tracing a pattern on the edge of the blanket. "I knew you didn't want guests. I knew you didn't want anyone to see you like... well, like that. I wanted to respect your privacy."

"I understand, Aurora," I replied, my voice gaining more grit. "I wasn't exactly in the mood for company. I appreciate you staying away for my sake."

Just then, the door pushed open again. Olivia walked in, carrying a tray of fresh fruit. The moment her eyes landed on Aurora sitting on the edge of my bed, her footsteps faltered. Her brow furrowed into a deep frown, her scent spiking with a sharp, protective edge that I could taste in the air.

Aurora didn't flinch. She stood up slowly, her gaze steady as she looked at Olivia, then back at me. "I'm heading back home tomorrow, Lennox," she said, ignoring the tension radiating from Olivia.

I looked up at her, feeling a pang of guilt for the state I'd been in. "I'm sorry I couldn't be there for you lately, Aurora. When you needed me most, I was useless."

She shook her head, a small, sad smile touching her lips. "Don't apologize. You've done more than enough for me over the years. Just focus on getting your strength back."

She turned, giving Olivia a polite, brief nod of acknowledgement, and walked toward the door. Olivia stood frozen for a second before stepping aside to let her pass. Once the door clicked shut, the silence in the room became heavy.

Olivia walked over and set the tray of fruit down on the bedside table with a bit more force than necessary. She didn't look at me, her movements stiff as she arranged the napkins.

"Is there something wrong with the grapes?" I teased, my voice low and amused.

She finally looked at me, but her eyes were stormy, her lips pressed into a thin line. She wasn't happy. Not one bit.

"Jealousy doesn't look good on you, Olivia," I said, a smirk tugging at the corner of my mouth.

She rolled her eyes so hard I thought she might see the back of her skull. "I'm not jealous. I just think it's interesting who shows up the minute you're able to sit up."

I reached out, snagging her wrist and pulling her closer until she was forced to look at me. "Stop it. Aurora is like a sister to me. She always has been, and she always will be. There is nothing there but history and respect."

I tugged her closer until she was standing between my knees. "I love you."

Olivia stared at me for a beat, her nostrils flaring as she caught the scent of her own arousal mixing with that lingering spike of possessiveness. She didn't stay standing for long. She hiked up the hem of her gown, tossed the tray of fruit further onto the table, and climbed onto the bed. She straddled my lap, her knees digging into the mattress on either side of my hips.

The weight of her, the heat of her pussy pressing against my thighs through the thin fabric, made my blood roar. My hands flew to her waist, my fingers digging into the soft flesh there.

"Lennox," she breathed, her hands resting on my shoulders. "The doctor said you need rest. He said your body is still recovering."

"This is my rest," I rasped, my eyes fixed on her mouth. "Seeing you, touching you... this is the only thing that actually makes me feel like I'm back."

I didn't give her a chance to argue. I reached up, cupping the back of her head, and pulled her down into a kiss that was anything but restful. It was a claim. I tasted her hunger, her relief, and that stubborn streak of jealousy that I secretly loved. My tongue pushed into her mouth, tangling with hers as I groaned deep in my throat.

I moved my hands from her waist, sliding them down to the hem of her gown. I pushed the silk aside, baring her smooth, pale thighs. She wasn't wearing anything underneath. The sight of her—glistening and ready for me—snapped the last thread of my control.

"Fuck," I hissed against her lips.

I reached down, unzipping my sweats and freeing my cock. It was thick, stone-hard, and throbbing with a desperate need to be inside her. I grabbed her hips and lifted her slightly, guiding my head to her soaking wet opening.

"Lennox, wait—" she gasped, but her eyes were already glazing over.

"I've waited four years for this, Olivia," I growled. "I'm not waiting another second."

I pulled her down. She let out a long, shaky moan as I buried myself in her, my cock stretching her walls as I bottomed out in one deep, slow shove. I felt her pussy clench around me, pulsing with heat, welcoming me home. The sensation was so intense I had to close my eyes and grit my teeth to keep from coming right then.

I started to move, my hips thrusting upward in a steady, powerful rhythm. Olivia braced her hands on my chest, her head falling back as she began to bounce on me. The sound of our bodies meeting—that wet, rhythmic slapping—echoed through the quiet medical suite.

"You're so fucking tight," I rasped, my hands moving to her ass, squeezing the cheeks as I drove deeper. "Still so perfect for me."

"More," she whimpered, her nails scratching at my skin. "Don't stop, Lennox."

I didn't stop. I increased the pace, meeting every one of her descents with a brutal, honest thrust that made the bed frame creak. I watched her face—the way her eyes rolled back, the way her lips parted as she fought for air. This was life. This was the reason I had fought that forest in my head.

I felt the tension building in her, her internal walls starting to spasm around my cock. I reached up, my thumb finding her clit through the slickness, and gave it a firm, rhythmic rub.

That was it. Olivia's back arched, her body vibrating as she let out a piercing scream, her climax hitting her so hard she nearly collapsed against me. Her pussy squeezed me in a series of violent, delicious pulses that sent me over the cliff.

I let out a guttural roar, my body jerking as I pumped my hot, thick cum deep into her, filling her until she was overflowing. I held her tight, my face buried in her neck, our hearts hammering against each other in the same frantic rhythm.

We stayed like that for a long time, the only sound being our jagged breathing and the hum of the monitors that were now recording a heart rate that was purely, vibrantly alive.

I must have drifted off into the first real, painless sleep I'd had in years. When I opened my eyes, the room was filled with the soft light of morning and the quiet murmur of voices.

Olivia wasn't sleeping. She was sitting right beside me, her hand locked in mine, her eyes wide and alert as she watched me. Levi and Louis were already there, standing at the foot of the bed like twin sentinels, their faces tight with anticipation.

Dr. Kapoor was staring at the latest printouts from the machines, shaking his head in pure disbelief. He looked up, catching my eye, and for the first time, he didn't look like a man fighting a losing battle.

"Goodness..." I rasped, my voice sounding deeper, fuller. I cleared my throat, feeling the strength in my lungs. "Am I getting better, Doctor? Or is this just the meds talking?"

Kapoor stepped forward, a rare, stunned smile breaking his professional mask. "It is no dream, Alpha. Your cellular markers have stabilized. The decay has not only stopped—it is reversing. The 'Locked-In' state is over. You are healing at a rate I have never seen in a human—or a shifter. You are, for all intents and purposes, returning to your prime."

The silence in the room snapped.

"Lennox!" Levi breathed. He didn't wait for an invitation; he rushed to the bedside and pulled me into a fierce, bone-crushing hug. I could feel him shaking, the weight of the months he spent playing the stoic leader finally falling away. "You bastard. You actually stayed. You're actually here."

"Couldn't let you have all the fun, little brother," I chuckled, my arms wrapping around him with a strength that surprised even me.

Louis was right behind him. He didn't say much—he never did when he was emotional—but he gripped my shoulder with a force that would have bruised anyone else before leaning in to join the embrace. "The pack needs its Alpha," he muttered, his voice thick and rough. "And I need my brother back."

Olivia didn't let go of my hand for a second. She leaned in, her eyes shimmering with tears of pure, unfiltered joy, and wrapped her arms around my neck, burying her face in the crook of my shoulder. I could feel her heart racing against mine, the same heart I had followed through that frozen forest.

"I told you," she whispered into my skin, her voice trembling. "I told you we'd make sure you stayed."

I held them all—my woman, my brothers—feeling the heat of their bodies and the connection of our bonds.

"I'm back," I said, my voice ringing with the old Alpha iron, loud enough for the doctor and my family to hear. "And I'm never leaving again."

## **Chapter 668: Together**

Olivia's POV

Lennox leaned back against the cushions of the sofa, looking better. A mischievous glint appeared in his eyes as he looked over at Levi and Louis.

"Do you two remember," Lennox started, a low chuckle vibrating in his chest, "when Olivia refused to speak to us for a whole day because we made the mistake of smiling at Amanda?" Levi burst out laughing, shaking his head. "How could I forget? She stomped around this house like a tiny hurricane. I think she broke a vase in the hallway just to make a point."

Louis joined in, a rare, genuine grin on his face. "She was so jealous. We weren't even flirting; we were just being polite."

I rolled my eyes, though a smile tugged at my lips as I rested my head on Lennox's shoulder. "Back then, anyone was a threat," I defended myself, though I was laughing too. "I was young and territorial. Can you blame me?"

It had been two weeks since the news of his improvement, and day by day, he had been getting better. My Lennox was coming back. The way he moved, the way he spoke—the Alpha iron was returning to his spirit. We were so lucky. Every time I looked at him, I felt a surge of gratitude so strong it nearly brought me to tears. We were very lucky to have him here.

But then, the laughter died down. Lennox's posture shifted, and the air in the room grew heavy with a sudden, intentional weight. He looked at Levi and Louis, and I could tell from the silent communication passing between them that they had already discussed what was coming next.

"I have something to say," Lennox began, his voice dropping into a serious, steady tone. He looked down at me, his gaze searching mine. "Olivia... do you really want us to work? All of us?"

I didn't hesitate. I sat up straighter, looking at each of them in turn. "Yes. I love you three. I've said it before, and I'll say it until I have no breath left. Furthermore, I want this family."

Lennox took a deep breath. "Then it starts with this. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for the walls I built and for the way I let my pride nearly destroy what we have."

"I'm sorry too," Levi added, his voice thick with emotion. "For the secrets. For thinking I knew what was best for you without ever asking what you needed."

"And I'm sorry," Louis muttered. Actually, he had nothing to apologize for.

Lennox continued. "I want us to start all over again, Olivia. I know you've heard this so many times before, but this is for real. No more shadows. No more 'Locked-In' secrets. Just us. Do you want that?"

Tears blurred my vision as I looked at them—my three Alphas, finally standing together instead of apart. "Yes," I whispered, a sob of relief catching in my throat. "I would love that more than anything."

Levi reached out, taking my other hand, while Louis placed a grounding hand on my shoulder.

"We're going to love you this time as you deserve," Levi promised, his eyes burning with a new kind of vow. "No more half-measures. No more mistakes."

I smiled. "I hope so."

**TWO WEEKS LATER!**

I was on a private date with just Levi.

He looked incredible in a dark button-down, his sleeves rolled up to reveal his powerful forearms. But it was his eyes that held me; the haunted look was gone, replaced by a deep, calm affection.

I reached across the table, taking his hand. "I hope you know," I started softly, "that even with Lennox back and stronger every day, I don't love you any less. I know it's hard for the three of you sometimes, and it's hard for me to show it equally... but I am trying, Levi. I need you to know that."

Levi squeezed my hand, his thumb stroking my knuckles. "I know, Olivia. Just being here with you... it's enough."

"I was thinking about us earlier," I said, a small smile playing on my lips. "About how we grew up. You were always my 'yes' man. Do you remember? Whenever I wanted something—something ridiculous or a stupid demand—I was always a little afraid to go to Lennox. He was the strict one, even then. I was scared he'd say no or tell me to be sensible."

Levi let out a low, melodic chuckle, his eyes crinkling at the corners.

"But you," I continued, my voice warming. "You loved me too much to ever say no. Even when I was being impossible, you'd just sigh and make it happen. You've always been my steady ground, Levi. You gave me a softness that I didn't get anywhere else. That's why I love you. Not because of a bond, but because of who you've always been to me."

Levi's smile widened, but his gaze grew intense. "I couldn't help it," he whispered. "Seeing you happy was the only thing that made sense to me back then. It's still the only thing that makes sense."

He leaned in closer, the candlelight dancing in his dark eyes. "I don't need to be the only one, Olivia. I just need to be yours. As long as I have these moments—this version of you that belongs just to me—I can handle anything."

I felt a lump form in my throat. I stood up slowly, walking around the table to stand beside him. Levi immediately pulled his chair back, drawing me into the space between his knees. I wrapped my arms around his neck, breathing in his scent of rain and spice.

I went still, watching the way his jaw tightened.

"I am so sorry," he whispered. "For the lies, for the way I manipulated the situation while Lennox was sick, for the coldness I showed you. There were nights when I looked at myself in the mirror and didn't recognize the man staring back. I was cruel to you, the one person who deserved only my protection."

He looked down at his hands, his grip on my wrists trembling slightly. "Sometimes... I feel like I was let off the hook too easily. I see you smiling at me, I see Lennox recovering, and I feel like I don't deserve this grace. I hurt you, Olivia. I broke your trust over and over again. A part of me feels like I should have been cast out, not brought back into your arms."

My heart ached at the weight of his self-loathing. I reached up, forcing him to look at me, cupping his face in my hands.

"Levi, look at me," I commanded softly. "You weren't let off the hook. You lived in a hell of your own making for months. I saw you wasting away; I saw the light leave your eyes. That was your punishment."

I brushed a thumb over his cheekbone. "Forgiveness isn't about forgetting what you did. It's about deciding that the man you are now is worth fighting for. You've earned your place back. Don't punish yourself anymore, Levi. I need you whole."

A single, heavy breath escaped him, as if he were finally letting go of a stone he'd been carrying in his chest. The tension bled out of his shoulders, and he finally pulled me flush against him, burying his face in the crook of my neck.

"I'll spend the rest of my life making it up to you," he vowed into my skin. "I promise."

"I know you will," I whispered. "I love you, Levi," I murmured against his ear. "Thank you for loving me."

He pulled back just enough to look at me, his hand cupping my cheek. "And I love you. More than I have words for."

Then, he leaned in and kissed me—a deep, slow, and lingering kiss filled with passion. In that moment, the rest of the world faded away. There was no pack, no brothers, no past trauma. Just two people in love.

When we arrived back at the mansion, it was already 9 PM. I kissed Levi goodnight and made my way to the boys' room to check up on them before retiring for bed.

Pushing the door and stepping into their room, I didn't expect to see Lennox there, lying on their beds. Seeing Lennox there, in the middle of the boys' joined beds, made my heart swell. He had literally pushed all three beds together to make one giant bed. Liam was sprawled across Lennox's chest, his small hand clutching his father's shirt as if making sure he wouldn't disappear again. Leon and Leo were tucked into his sides, their breathing deep and rhythmic.

As if sensing my presence, Lennox's eyes fluttered open. The moonlight caught the sharp, healthy line of his jaw. He didn't move abruptly—he didn't want to wake them—but a soft, beautiful smile spread across his face. He carefully disentangled himself, kissing each of their foreheads before sliding out of the bed with a grace that proved his strength was truly back.

We stepped out into the hallway, the door clicking softly behind us.

"How was your date with Levi?" he asked, his voice a low, warm hum in the quiet corridor. He pulled me into his arms, his scent wrapping around me.

"It was fine," I whispered, leaning my head against his chest. "It was... necessary. We talked through a lot of things."

Lennox nodded, kissing the top of my head. He didn't ask for details; he trusted the bond now.

"Good," he murmured.

He gave me one last lingering kiss goodnight before heading toward his own suite. I watched him walk away before turning toward Levi's room.

When I stepped inside, the room was dimly lit. Levi was already under the covers, propped up against the pillows. He looked up as I entered, and the hopeful look in his eyes made me realize how much he still needed the reassurance of my presence.

I didn't say a word. I simply changed into one of his oversized t-shirts and crawled into the bed beside him. Levi immediately opened his arms, pulling me into the crook of his shoulder. I rested my hand on his chest, feeling the steady thrum of his heart.

We didn't have sex. We didn't even talk. The passion of the restaurant had settled into something deeper—a quiet, comfortable intimacy. Levi pulled the duvet up over us, his chin resting on the top of my head, his legs tangling with mine.

For the first time in four years, the mansion was silent—not because of grief, but because everyone was finally at rest.

## **Chapter 669: Extra**

Olivia's POV

A few days later, it was finally Louis's turn. I knew he had been stewing in his own head. While Lennox was the king and Levi was the "yes" man, Louis was the soldier, the enforcer—and sometimes, the man who felt like he was standing just outside the circle of our hearts.

We were at the private lake house, the water as still as glass under the moonlight. Louis was standing on the deck, his large back to me, his shoulders tight enough to snap. When I approached and wrapped my arms around his waist, he didn't lean back. He stayed rigid.

"You've been quiet all evening, Louis," I murmured, pressing my cheek against his spine.

"I'm used to the quiet, Olivia," he rasped, finally turning in my arms. His eyes were dark, filled with a familiar, brooding pain. "Lennox is the heart of this pack. Levi is the charm. They've always had this... connection with you. Sometimes I feel invisible. Like I'm just the 'extra' person in this bond. The one who's there to guard the door while the three of you are a trio."

"Louis, no," I breathed, my heart aching. I reached up, cupping his jaw, forcing him to look at me. "Don't you ever say that."

"It's hard not to feel it," he said, his voice dropping. "I'm the one who stayed angry when they were soft. I'm the one who's hard to love. Do you even know why you're here with me tonight, or is it just because it's 'my turn' on the calendar?"

I pulled his head down until our foreheads clashed. "You aren't the extra, Louis," I whispered, my fingers tracing the hard line of his jaw. "You are the one who loves me so deeply it scares you. I know you find it hard to hurt me, even when you're angry. You carry the weight of being the enforcer, the one who has to be strong for everyone else, but with me... I see the man who would tear the world apart just to keep me safe."

I stepped even closer, my body flushing against his. "Lennox and Levi have their places, but you are my foundation. I've been so caught up in the chaos of Lennox's recovery and Levi's guilt that I haven't shown you how much you mean to me. But I'm going to make sure you see it now. Every single day. You are the anchor that keeps my soul from drifting, Louis."

A low, guttural growl vibrated in his chest—a sound of pure, possessive relief. The wall he'd built around his heart didn't just crack; it shattered.

"I need to know you're mine, Olivia," he rasped, his eyes turning a dark, predatory shade. "I need to feel it."

"I am yours," I promised, my voice fierce. "Completely."

I leaned up, capturing his lips in a kiss that was raw, commanding, and filled with years of unspoken longing. It was a claim, deep and punishing, and as he lifted me off my feet, I felt the sheer power of his need. He carried me toward the bedroom of the lake house, his movements heavy and slow.

He set me down on the edge of the large, dark bed, but before he could move away to strip, I reached out and caught his hand. I looked up at him through my lashes, seeing the Alpha, the dominant force that always made my blood sing with a different kind of fire.

I leaned in close to his ear, my breath hot against his skin, and whispered the one word that I knew would bridge the gap between us.

"Master."

The word hit him like a physical blow. His entire body went rigid, and the growl that ripped from his throat was primal. He grabbed my wrists, pinning them over my head as he pushed me back onto the mattress, his massive frame hovering over mine with a terrifying, beautiful intensity.

"Say it again," he commanded, his voice a low, vibrating warning.

"Master," I repeated, my voice steady as I licked my lips, watching his eyes turn pitch black with a hunger that made my skin tingle.

Louis didn't waste another second. He stripped off his clothes with a brutal, fast energy, tossing his shirt to the floor. When he stood over me, naked and pulsing, he looked massive—a wall of hard muscle and raw power. He reached into the nightstand and pulled out two soft leather cuffs.

"Do you want this?" he asked, wanting to obtain my consent.

"Yes," I breathed, my heart thudding against my ribs. "Take it all."

He clicked the leather around my wrists, pinning them to the heavy wooden headboard. Being trapped and unable to move sent a jolt of heat straight to my pussy. He then moved to my ankles, spreading my legs wide and tying them down too. I was completely open, a gift laid out just for him.

Louis didn't go for a soft kiss. He leaned down and bit the skin where my neck met my shoulder, marking me before he even touched me. "You're so fucking beautiful when you're helpless for me," he hissed.

He reached for a small leather flogger in the drawer. The first sting across my inner thigh was light, just a taste. I gasped, my back arching off the bed. The next one was harder—a sharp thwack that made my skin sting and my toes curl.

"Who do you belong to?" he commanded, his large hand coming up to grip my throat—not to hurt, but to show me who was in charge.

"To you," I sobbed, the feeling of the sting and his hand on me pushing me to the edge. "I'm yours, Master."

He dropped the leather and shoved his fingers deep into my soaking wet heat. He was rough, his movements fast and demanding as he stretched me out. He found my clit and pinned it down with a heavy, blunt pressure that made my vision blur.

"You're dripping for me," he growled.

He moved between my legs, his massive, stone-hard cock pressing against my entrance. He didn't tease me. He didn't go slow. He lunged, burying his entire thick length inside me in one devastating, powerful shove.

I let out a loud, sharp scream as my head slammed back against the pillow. He was so thick, filling every inch of me until I felt like I might break. It was exactly what I needed.

"Look at me," he roared.

I forced my eyes open, meeting his burning stare. He began to fuck me with a relentless, punishing rhythm. Every thrust was deep and hard, his balls slapping against my ass with a wet, rhythmic sound that echoed in the quiet room. The bed frame groaned under the force of his body.

"You aren't going anywhere," he rasped, his hands grabbing my face, his thumbs bruising my cheeks. "I've got you. I've always had you."

The friction was incredible. The lack of control, the sting on my skin, and the sheer power of his cock hammering into me drove me over the cliff. I felt my walls clench around him, milking him as a violent climax ripped through my body.

"Master! Master, please!" I screamed as I broke, wave after wave of pleasure shattering my senses.

Louis let out a guttural, animal roar, his body tensing like a bowstring as he drove into me one last, final time. He stayed deep inside, his hot, heavy cum pulsing into me in thick waves as he collapsed his weight onto my chest.

He stayed there for a long time, his breathing loud and jagged in the silence. He reached up, his fingers trembling slightly as he unclipped the cuffs from my wrists, immediately pulling my hands down to wrap around his neck.

## **Chapter 670: The Verdict**

Olivia's POV

One month later.

Everything was finally okay. Life had moved from a nightmare into a dream so fast. Lennox was recovering at a rate that baffled the doctors; his strength was back, his hair had grown in thick and dark again, and he was already back to performing his duties as Alpha.

The boys were at school, and for the first time in weeks, the mansion was quiet. Too quiet. I decided to head to the study, knowing the three of them were in there "working," which usually meant a mix of pack business and bickering over who got to take me out next.

But the moment I pushed the door open, the playful mood I'd carried died instantly.

The air was thick and heavy, charged with a tension so sharp I could taste it. Lennox, Levi, and Louis were all seated on the couches, but none of them were looking at each other. Lennox was rubbing his face with both hands, looking frustrated. Levi had his eyes closed tight, leaning his head back against the leather, and Louis let out a long, shaky sigh that sounded like a growl.

"What is going on?" I asked, closing the door behind me and leaning against it. "I could smell the stress from the hallway."

Louis was the first to look up, his eyes pained. Lennox dropped his hands, his face weary.

"The Council reached a verdict today, Olivia," Lennox said, his voice gratingly low. "They've found our father guilty of treason. For the plot to kill me and for trying to seize the bloodline power... they've sentenced him to death."

I felt the blood drain from my face.

"So, what do you want to do?" I asked softly, walking into the center of the room.

Louis stood up, pacing like a caged animal. "He's a monster. We know that. He wanted Lennox dead so he could rule through us. But..." He stopped, looking at his brothers. "He is our father. Still our father. How are we supposed to be the ones to spill his blood?"

Levi opened his eyes, looking hollow. "If we let him live, the Council sees us as weak. If we kill him, we carry the weight of being kinslayers for the rest of our lives. It's a trap."

I looked at the three of them—men who had just fought so hard to find peace. I couldn't let them start this new era with their father's blood on their hands. It would rot the foundation of everything we just rebuilt.

"No," I said firmly, drawing all three of their gazes. "No matter what he is, he is the reason you three exist. He should not go unpunished—not after what he did to Lennox, and what he put us through—but death? No. We aren't doing that."

"The Council won't accept a slap on the wrist, Olivia," Lennox warned. "They want justice."

"Then we give them a different kind of justice," I replied, my mind racing. "A punishment worse than death for a man who craved power more than his own children."

I sat down between Lennox and Levi, taking their hands. "We strip him. We use the bond and the healers to sever his connection to his wolf. We take his title, his land, and his pride. We exile him to the northern wastes—to live out his days as a human, alone, watching from afar as the sons he tried to break become the greatest Alphas this pack has ever seen."

The room went silent. To a shifter, losing your wolf was a fate more painful than a blade to the throat. It was the ultimate shame.

Louis's eyes cleared, a dark sort of satisfaction settling in his features. "To live as a man... with nothing but the memory of the power he threw away."

Lennox looked at me, a flicker of pride in his amber eyes.

"It's settled then," I said, feeling the tension in the room finally begin to ease.

Lennox stared at me for a long moment, the heavy weight of leadership in his eyes slowly softening into pure admiration. He reached out, pulling me into his lap and burying his face in my neck. His arms wrapped around me so tightly I could feel the steady, powerful thrum of his heart.

"You really are a lifesaver, Olivia," he whispered against my skin, his voice thick with relief. "I was sitting here picturing his blood on my hands, wondering how I'd ever look our sons in the eye again. You just saved this family from a ghost that would have haunted us forever."

Levi leaned forward, finally letting out the breath he'd been holding. "The Council will fight us on it, but Lennox is right. Stripping his wolf is a more brutal message than an execution. It shows we have the power to unmake a monster, not just kill one."

Louis stopped his pacing, a grim but satisfied nod following. "Exile in the north. He'll be cold, alone, and human. It's exactly what he deserves for trying to freeze the life out of his own blood."

I felt the dark cloud that had been hovering over the room finally lift. They had a plan now—one that didn't involve becoming the very thing they hated.

I pulled back slightly, cupping Lennox's face and brushing a thumb over his cheekbone. "Then it's settled. No more talk of death today." I gave him a small, playful smile to break the last bit of tension. "Are you still ready for our date tonight? Or are you too busy being a King?"

Lennox chuckled, the sound deep and vibrant, vibrating through my chest. The tired lines around his eyes vanished as he looked at me with that raw, golden heat I had missed so much.

"I am never too busy for you," he rasped, his hands sliding down to my hips. "The pack can wait. The Council can wait. Tonight, I'm just a man who wants to spend every second reminding his mate why he fought so hard to come back to her."

Levi stood up, heading for the door with a smirk. "We'll handle the paperwork for the exile. Go. Take her out. Just make sure she's back by midnight—it's my morning for the school run."

Louis grunted in agreement as he followed Levi out. "Don't tire her out too much, Lennox. We still have a long week ahead."

Once the door clicked shut, Lennox stood up, still holding me in his arms as if I weighed nothing. He looked better than he had in years—strong, healthy, and completely mine.

"Where are we going?" I asked, wrapping my arms around his neck.

"Somewhere quiet," he promised, his eyes darkening as he leaned in for a kiss. "Somewhere I can have you all to myself."

## **Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 671: Discovery - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 671: Discovery**

### **Chapter 671: Discovery**

Olivia's POV

Lennox didn't take me to a restaurant or a crowded ballroom. He knew that after weeks of being surrounded by doctors, pack elders, and crying children, all I wanted was him and the silence of the trees.

He drove us deep into the heart of the northern territory, to a secluded glass-walled cottage perched right on the edge of a cliff. The moment we stepped inside, the scent of cedar and expensive wine hit me. Lennox didn't even turn on the lights; he just let the moonlight do the work.

"Lennox, it's beautiful," I whispered, walking to the edge of the glass.

"I bought this place when I was still recovering," he said, walking up behind me. His chest pressed against my back, his body heat radiating through my silk dress. "I told myself that if I ever found the way out, I'd bring you here. I wanted a place where the world couldn't reach us."

He turned me around in his arms, his hands sliding slowly up my waist to my ribs. The recovery had done more than just heal him; he felt broader, more solid, and his scent—that intoxicating musk—was more potent than ever.

Lennox led me to a small, circular table where two glasses of deep red wine were already waiting. As we sat, the only sounds were the distant wind howling against the glass walls and the soft crackle of a small fire he'd started.

"I'm going to be a better man, Olivia," he said, his voice dropping into a low, earnest register. "A better man. Being stuck in that darkness gave me a lot of time to think about what I took for granted. I won't let anything come between us ever again."

I reached across the table, my fingers trembling slightly as I took his hand. "I'm sorry too, Lennox. I'm sorry I didn't fight harder to see you four years ago. When they told me I couldn't come in, when Levi blocked me... I should have burned down everything to get to you. I let them keep us apart for too long."

Lennox squeezed my hand, his thumb tracing a slow, soothing circle over my knuckles. He didn't look at me with reproach; he looked at me with soul-deep understanding. He brought my hand to his lips, pressing a lingering kiss to my skin.

"It's in the past, my love," he murmured against my hand. "Don't carry that weight. Let's just both promise to do better. To listen. To be present. No more secrets, and no more walls."

I nodded, a tear finally escaping and rolling down my cheek. "I promise."

The moment felt perfect, a final bridge built over years of pain. But just as Lennox leaned in to kiss me, a sharp, white-hot blade of agony sliced through my chest. I gasped, clutching my heart, my wine glass shattering on the floor.

Lennox flinched, his face contorting in pain. Even without his wolf fully active, the soul-bond we shared screamed. Something was wrong. Something was terribly wrong with our blood.

Levi! I screamed into the mind-link, my mental voice trembling. Levi, what's happening?

His response came back jagged and panicked. Olivia! Get back here. Now. The boys—all three of them—they just collapsed. They were playing and then... they just fainted. The healers are checking them, but their heart rates are dropping.

The drive back was a blur of high speeds and suffocating silence. When we burst into the packhouse infirmary, my heart shattered. Liam, Leon, and Leo were lined up on three small beds, their faces pale and their small bodies eerily still.

"What happened?" Lennox roared, his Alpha presence filling the room despite his recovery.

Dr. Kapoor, who was still around, looked up, his brow furrowed in deep confusion. "It's a rare genetic collapse, Alpha. Their systems are rejecting their own marrow. It's like their bodies have forgotten how to produce blood. They need an immediate bone marrow transfusion to jumpstart their systems, or their organs will begin to fail by morning."

"Take mine," Levi said instantly, stepping forward and rolling up his sleeve. "I'm the father. I should be a match for at least one of them."

"Check me too," Louis added, his voice low and urgent. "I'm a father too."

Lennox moved to step forward, but Levi placed a firm hand on his chest. "No, Lennox. You're still recovering. Your marrow is still weak from the toxins. Let us do this."

I watched, holding my breath, as the doctor took samples from Levi and Louis. We waited in a tense, agonizing silence. Ten minutes later, Dr. Kapoor returned, shaking his head and looking more baffled than before.

"It's impossible," the doctor whispered, staring at the charts. "Neither Levi nor Louis are compatible matches. Not for the boys they claim, and not for any of the others."

My heart stopped. "What do you mean? That's not possible. They are their fathers. At the very least, they should be compatible with their own sons!"

A heavy, strange silence fell over the room. Levi looked at his hands as if they belonged to a stranger. Louis went deathly still. Because they were triplets, their DNA was nearly identical, yet the marrow markers should have aligned with their biological offspring.

"Check me," Lennox said. His voice was a cold, hard command that brooked no argument.

"Alpha, your health... we have to be careful.."

"Check. Me. Now," Lennox hissed.

We stood there as the doctor drew Lennox's blood. The minutes felt like hours. When the doctor came back, he wasn't just confused; he looked like he had seen a ghost.

"Alpha... the results are in. You are a perfect, 100% match for all three of them: Liam, Leon, and Leo." He looked at me, then at the shocked faces of Levi and Louis.  
"Biologically speaking, Lennox is the father of all three boys."

I gasped, my hand flying to my mouth. I looked at Levi and Louis, who were staring at Lennox in total shock.

## **Chapter 672: Who is The Father**

Olivia's POV

I stood in the center of the sterile room, my heart hammering against my ribs as I watched the doctors lead Lennox away. He didn't hesitate; he didn't even look back to celebrate the news. His only focus was the survival of our sons.

I turned to Levi and Louis. They looked like they had been struck by lightning. Levi was staring at the floor, his face pale, while Louis had slumped into a chair, his hands trembling on his knees. The pride they had carried for years—the belief that they had each sired a piece of our future—had been stripped away in a single breath.

I walked over and squatted before them, taking one of each of their hands in mine.

"Hey," I whispered, forcing them to look at me. "Look at me."

Levi's eyes were watery, filled with a sudden, sharp grief. "Olivia... I thought... for four years, I looked at Leon and saw myself. I did everything for him because I thought he was my blood."

"He is your blood," I said firmly, squeezing his hand. "You are triplets. Lennox's DNA is your DNA. But more than that, you were the one who held him when he had nightmares. You were the one who taught Leon to walk. Louis, you were the one who protected Leo when Lennox wasn't there. Biology is just a map, but you two... you are the ones who walked the path with them."

Louis let out a shaky breath, his jaw tight. "We feel like usurpers, Olivia. Like we stole a title that belonged to our brother."

"You stole nothing," I insisted. "You stepped up when the world went dark. Those boys love you. To them, you aren't 'Uncles' or 'Stand-ins.' You are their fathers. That doesn't change because of a lab result."

They both nodded slowly, though the heartbreak still lingered in their scents. I felt a pang of guilt myself; a part of me had always cherished the idea that I had given a son

to each of the men I loved. It felt like a perfect balance. But the Moon Goddess had other plans.

Hours crawled by. I paced the hallway until my feet ached. Finally, the heavy double doors opened, and Lennox emerged. He looked exhausted, his skin a shade paler from the massive donation, but his eyes were bright with a fierce, triumphant light.

"It's done," he rasped. "The marrow is taking. Their levels are already stabilizing."

We all let out a collective breath of relief that felt like a physical weight lifting off the house. Lennox walked over to his brothers. He didn't look down on them. He didn't gloat. Instead, he reached out and gripped their shoulders, pulling them into a tight circle.

"Listen to me," Lennox said, his voice low and commanding. "We are never going to tell the boys about this. Never. As far as the world is concerned, as far as those children are concerned, nothing has changed."

"Lennox, you don't have to do that," Levi started, but Lennox cut him off.

"I do. Because I wouldn't be standing here if it wasn't for you two. You kept them alive. You kept her alive. A father isn't just the man who provides the seed; it's the man who stays. We are three Alphas, but we are one father to those boys. What is mine is yours. My blood is your blood. We are a Trinity. Understood?"

Louis looked up, his eyes meeting Lennox's. The tension between them snapped, replaced by a bond so strong it made the air hum. "Understood," Louis grunted.

Levi nodded, a small, grateful smile finally breaking through his sadness. "Understood. Thank you, brother."

Lennox pulled them into a brief, rough hug before turning to me. He pulled back from his brothers and wrapped his arms around me, pulling me into a chest that felt like a mountain of safety. He tucked his head into the crook of my neck, his breath warm and shaky.

"Thank you," he whispered, so low only I could hear. "Thank you for staying. For keeping our family together so I had something to come back to."

I held him tight, feeling the exhaustion finally settling into his bones. The crisis was over. The truth was out, but it hadn't broken us—it had fused us into something indestructible.

One week later...

The house was finally alive again. The silence that had haunted these halls for years was buried under the sound of chaos and laughter. As I walked down the stairs, I heard loud, deep voices competing with high-pitched giggles coming from the kitchen.

I pushed the door open and stopped, leaning against the frame with a wide smile.

Lennox, Levi, and Louis were all crowded around the center island, sleeves rolled up, looking like a disaster zone of flour and spices. They were trying to make a massive traditional breakfast—spicy chorizo and scrambled eggs with toasted sourdough. Liam was "helping" Lennox crack eggs, Leon was stirring a bowl with Levi, and Leo was perched on the counter next to Louis, taste-testing the cheese.

"You know we have world-class chefs on staff for a reason, right?" I teased, crossing my arms.

Lennox looked up, a smudge of flour on his cheek, his eyes bright with life. "The chefs don't put as much love into it as we do, Luna."

"Or as much mess," I laughed, walking over to them.

The kitchen smelled like rich, sizzling meat and sharp spices. It should have been delicious. I reached out to grab a piece of the toasted sourdough that had been dipped in the spicy chorizo oil, but the second the heavy, greasy scent reached my nose, my stomach didn't growl. It flipped.

A sudden, violent wave of nausea hit me so hard my knees buckled slightly. I clutched the edge of the counter, my face turning pale.

Levi was the first to notice. He dropped his whisk and was at my side in a heartbeat. "Olivia? What's wrong? You look like you've seen a ghost."

"I... I feel like I'm going to throw up," I choked out, covering my mouth. The smell of the spicy meat, which I usually loved, now felt like a physical assault on my senses. "I feel so sick."

Lennox moved toward me, his brow furrowed with worry. "Is it the bond? Are you feeling a lingering echo from the boys' recovery?"

"I don't know," I whispered, leaning my head against Levi's shoulder. "I just need to lie down. The smell... it's too much."

"Go rest," Lennox said, his voice soft but firm. "I'll bring the boys up later. Go heal yourself, Olivia."

I nodded weakly and hurried out of the kitchen, taking deep breaths of the hallway air to clear the grease from my lungs. I made it to our room, shut the door, and sank onto the edge of the bed. My head was spinning, and my stomach was still doing somersaults.

I closed my eyes, trying to tap into my inner healing light to settle my nerves. What is wrong with me? I thought. Am I coming down with a human flu?

'You are not sick,' my wolf whispered, her voice filled with joy. 'The family is growing. You are pregnant.'

My heart stopped. My hand instinctively dropped to my still-flat stomach. Pregnant. A new life was growing inside me?

But the real question hit me immediately: with all three of them back in my life, and having slept with them in such close range... who was the father this time?

## **Chapter 673: Another Baby**

Olivia's POV

I stood there, my heart thumping against my ribs like a trapped bird. I had spent all morning preparing this. I hadn't told the boys yet; I wanted my three Alphas to have this moment first. They deserved to feel the joy of a new beginning after so many years of looking at death.

As I walked into the study, the three of them looked up from a mountain of pack maps and legal documents. The air in the room was usually so serious, but their faces softened the second they saw me.

"Olivia," Louis said, his voice deep and instantly concerned. He stood up to help me with the tray. "You shouldn't be on your feet cooking. You were still pale this morning. You're supposed to be resting."

"I'm fine, Louis. Better than fine," I said, a mischievous spark in my eyes. I set the tray down on the massive oak desk, covering their paperwork. I had placed three identical plates on the tray, each covered with a silver dome.

Lennox leaned back, a curious smile tugging at his lips. "What's this? A midday bribe to get us to stop working?"

"Something like that," I whispered. I moved behind them, my hands trembling just a little. "I told you I made your favorites. Go ahead. Open them together."

Levi grinned, always the most eager. "If it's those steak sliders you make, I'm going to be a very happy man."

"On three," Lennox commanded, his Alpha tone playful. "One... two... three."

They lifted the silver covers in perfect unison. But there was no steak. There were no spicy eggs.

Inside each plate, resting on a bed of soft white silk, was a tiny, hand-knitted baby bootie. Lennox's plate had a gold one, Levi's had a silver one, and Louis's had a dark charcoal one. Next to each bootie was a small, white strip of paper—the ultrasound photo I had secretly gotten from Dr. Kapoor that morning.

The silence that followed was deafening.

Levi's jaw literally dropped. He picked up the silver bootie as if it were made of glass, his eyes darting from the tiny shoe to the photo. Louis went completely still, his hand hovering over the plate, his breath hitching in his chest.

Lennox was the first to look up at me. His amber eyes were swimming with tears, a raw, powerful emotion breaking through his usual stoic mask.

"Olivia?" he rasped, his voice cracking. "Is this... are you...?"

"I'm pregnant," I whispered, the words finally tumbling out. "We're having another baby."

Levi let out a choked-back sob, half-laughing as he jumped up and pulled me into a fierce hug. "Another one? A little one? After everything?"

Louis stood up slowly, his face filled with a kind of holy awe. He reached out, his hand trembling as he touched my stomach with the lightest pressure, as if he were afraid he'd wake a sleeping cub. "A new life," he breathed. "A fresh start."

Lennox walked around the desk and wrapped his arms around all of us, pulling us into that tight, familiar circle. He pressed his forehead against mine, his scent of pine and strength overwhelming me in the best way.

"I don't care about the DNA," Lennox whispered, his voice vibrating with a vow. "I don't care whose blood it is. This child is a gift to all of us. A sign that the darkness is truly gone."

I cried then—tears of pure, unadulterated happiness.

Lennox held me tighter, his voice a low rumble against my temple. "This time, I'll be there for every second," he vowed. "I'm going to see every kick, hear every heartbeat. I'm going to be the father this baby deserves from day one."

Levi pulled back just enough to look me in the eyes, his silver bootie still clutched in his hand. "And I'm going to be better, too," he whispered, his voice thick with emotion. "No more secrets to 'protect' you. Just honesty. I'll be the steady ground for you and this little one, I promise."

Louis didn't say much—he never did—but he leaned in and pressed a lingering, reverent kiss to my forehead. "I'll be the shield," he muttered, his hand finally resting firmly over my womb. "Nothing touches this child. Nothing touches any of you ever again."

Standing there, encased in their love and their promises, I felt like the luckiest woman in the world. We weren't just fixing what was broken anymore; we were building something brand new.

Later that day...

We waited until the boys were finished with their afternoon lessons. We gathered them in the sun-drenched living room, the four of us sitting together on the large sectional sofa. Liam, Leon, and Leo sensed the shift in energy—their little wolf senses were already sharp. They scrambled onto the cushions, looking at us with wide, curious eyes.

"Is someone in trouble?" Leon asked, his head tilted. "I didn't break the vase this time, I swear."

Lennox chuckled, reaching out to ruffle Leon's hair. "No one is in trouble, buddy. We actually have some very big news."

I leaned forward, holding out the ultrasound photo. "Do you remember how we talked about how special our family is? How you three are the heartbeat of this house?"

The boys nodded solemnly.

"Well," I said, my voice shimmering with excitement, "it seems the Moon Goddess thinks we have enough love for one more. You three are going to be big brothers."

For a heartbeat, there was total silence. Then, the room exploded.

"A baby?" Liam shouted, jumping up and down on the sofa. "Is it a boy? Can I teach him how to write? Can he sleep in our big giant bed?"

"I want it to be a girl!" Leo chirped, scrambling into my lap to press his ear against my stomach. "I want to protect her like Dads protect you, Mommy."

Leon looked at Lennox, his eyes shining. "Does this mean the house is going to be even louder?"

"Much louder," Lennox laughed, pulling all three boys into a massive pile of limbs and fur as they started to play-wrestle in excitement.

Levi and Louis joined in, the sounds of their laughter echoing off the walls. I sat back, watching my three Alphas and my three sons celebrate the news. The trauma of the last four years felt like a lifetime ago.

## **Chapter 674: For Real This Time**

Lennox's POV

I adjusted my collar for the tenth time, my palms damp. I was the Alpha of the most powerful pack in the North, a man who had stared down death and won, yet my heart was hammering against my ribs like a terrified pup's.

Behind me, Levi was pacing a frantic line across the rug, and Louis was standing like a statue, though the way he kept clenching and unclenching his jaw told me he was just as wrecked as I was.

"Come to think of it," Louis said suddenly, his voice raspy, "Olivia is technically still married to us. We never signed divorce papers."

I shook my head, looking at the velvet box in my hand. "That marriage didn't stand, Louis. It was born out of hate and forced onto her. This..." I gestured to the room, "this is a choice."

"He's right," Levi added, stopping his pacing to look at the bed. "This time, we aren't asking her to be a Luna for the pack. We're asking her to be ours because we can't breathe without her."

I clicked the box open. Three rings sat nestled in the silk—different stones, different metals, but each engraved with the same trinity knot on the inside. We all stared at them in silence, the weight of the moment sinking in.

Suddenly, Levi's ears twitched. "She's coming."

These days, Olivia didn't teleport as much. She said she loved the feeling of the earth beneath her feet, the way the world moved slowly when she walked. The soft thud-thud of her footsteps echoed in the hallway, getting closer.

The door swung open.

Olivia stepped in and froze. Her hand went to her mouth, her eyes widening as she took in the transformation of the master bedroom. We had covered every inch of the floor in

white rose petals. Hundreds of candles flickered, casting a warm, golden glow over the walls.

And there, draped across the center of our massive joined bed, was a silk banner with the words that had been burning in our hearts for weeks:

WILL YOU MARRY US AGAIN?

She stood there, her chest rising and falling rapidly, her gaze moving from the flowers to the three of us standing in a semicircle.

I stepped forward first, sinking to one knee. Levi and Louis followed suit instantly, a synchronized movement of three brothers, three Alphas, three men who belonged entirely to the woman standing in the doorway.

"Olivia," I started, my voice thick with emotion. "The first time, we didn't give you a choice. We gave you a burden. We gave you a broken family and a crown made of thorns."

"We want to do it right this time," Levi whispered, his eyes shimmering. "No more secrets. Just love."

Louis looked up at her, his expression raw and vulnerable. "Will you be our wife? For real this time? Forever?"

Olivia's eyes spilled over, tears splashing onto her cheeks as she looked at us. The silence stretched for a heartbeat, agonizingly long, until she finally found her voice.

"Yes," she whispered, her voice trembling but certain. "A thousand times, yes."

The air in the room, which had been tight enough to suffocate us, suddenly snapped into a rush of pure, golden relief. I didn't wait. I moved forward on my knees, the silk petals rustling beneath me, until I was right in front of her.

I reached for her hand, my fingers shaking slightly as I took it. I pulled out the first ring—a deep, royal gold band set with a diamond that caught every flicker of the candlelight. I slid it onto her finger, my heart soaring as I felt the warmth of her skin.

"I am yours, Olivia," I murmured, leaning up to press a firm, lingering kiss to her lips. "In this life and every other."

I stepped back just enough to let Levi move in. He was beaming through his tears, his eyes bright with a joy I hadn't seen in years. He reached into the box and took out the second ring—a shimmering silver band that matched the light in his eyes. He slid it onto the same finger, right next to mine, the metals clinking softly.

"I'll spend every day making sure you never regret this," Levi promised, his voice thick. He cupped her face and kissed her with a passion that made her gasp.

Finally, it was Louis's turn. He moved with a heavy, grounded grace, his massive frame towering over her even on his knees. He took the last ring—a dark, brushed gunmetal band that felt as solid and protective as he was. He slid it home, completing the set. Her finger was now heavy with our promise, a triple-tier of iron and gold.

"My love," Louis growled softly, his large hand wrapping around hers. He didn't just kiss her lips; he kissed her forehead, then her nose, and finally her mouth, a slow and deep claim that said more than words ever could.

Olivia looked down at her hand, the three rings catching the light, and then back at us. She reached out, her fingers tangling in our hair, drawing us all into her space.

"I love you three so much," she sobbed, laughing through the tears. "My Alphas. My husbands."

She looked down at the three rings—gold, silver, and gunmetal—stacking perfectly on her finger. It was a heavy weight, a symbol of the three lives now irrevocably tied to hers.

"This calls for a celebration," she said, wiping a stray tear with her free hand.

"I'll go get the sparkling juice," I said, starting to stand up. I didn't want her drinking wine with the baby growing inside her, and I was eager to get her settled into bed so she could rest.

"No," she said, her voice dropping to a low whisper as she caught my collar, pulling me back down to her level. She smirked, her gaze flickering over to Levi and Louis. "Not that type of celebration."

I immediately understood. My blood began to hum. But then, I hesitated. I looked at her small frame, then back at my brothers, who were both watching her with hungry, dark eyes.

"Olivia," I said, my voice strained. "You're two months pregnant. I don't think you can handle all three of us together right now. We're... we're too much. We don't want to hurt you or the baby."

Levi nodded, though he looked like he was vibrating with the effort to stay still. "Lennox is right, sweet girl. Maybe we should take turns."

Olivia didn't back down. She stepped into the center of our circle, her fingers dancing over the buttons of my shirt. "I'm your mate. I'm a healer. And I'm your wife," she countered, her smirk widening into a challenge. "My body is stronger than you think."

Besides, the baby is tucked away safe. Let's see about how much I can handle then." She leaned in, her mouth crashing against mine.

## **Chapter 675: Guilty**

Olivia's POV

I wasn't the fragile thing they thought I was. The pregnancy had only made my wolf more primal, my body more sensitive to every spark of their power. As my mouth crashed against Lennox's, I felt the shift in the room. The hesitation died, replaced by a thick, heavy heat that made the air feel like honey.

"I want all of you," I whispered against his lips. "Right now."

Lennox didn't argue again. He growled, a deep, animal sound that vibrated through my bones, and stripped his clothes off with a fast, brutal efficiency. Levi and Louis were right behind him, their hard, massive bodies surrounding me until the room felt small, packed with the scent of pine, rain, and arousal.

Lennox guided me to the edge of the bed, and I felt Levi drop to his knees between my legs. His hands gripped my thighs, bruisingly tight, as he buried his face in my pussy. He didn't just lick; he feasted. His tongue was hot and relentless, swirling over my clit while his fingers dove deep inside me—two, then three—stretching my walls out until I was slick and aching. I arched my back, a sharp scream of pleasure escaping me as he sucked on my wet folds, his breath hot against my sensitive skin.

"Slow down, Levi," Lennox rasped, his voice thick with lust as he watched my hips buck. "I need to be inside her."

Lennox stepped behind me, his hands iron grips on my waist. I felt the broad, blunt head of his cock press against my entrance, heavy and slick with my own juices. He didn't just slide in; he lunged. With one slow, devastating shove, he buried his entire length inside me. I gasped, my head falling back against his shoulder as my internal muscles stretched to accommodate him. He felt huge, solid, and completely uncompromising.

While Lennox began to thrust into me from behind—a steady, rhythmic pounding that hit my G-spot with every stroke—Levi moved up to capture my breast. His mouth was a furnace as he sucked my nipple deep into his throat, his tongue flicking the tip. Louis stood in front of me, his dark eyes burning like embers. He leaned down to crush his lips against mine, his tongue invading my mouth, claiming my breath while Lennox's cock continued to hammer into my pussy from behind. I was pinned between them, a sandwich of hard muscle and raw, pulsing heat.

After a few minutes of Lennox's deep, punishing thrusts, he pulled out with a wet snap that echoed in the quiet room. My body felt empty for only a second before Levi pushed me back onto the silk rose petals, my hair spreading out like a halo. He hovered over me, his sea-blue eyes dark with a predatory need.

"My turn," Levi whispered, his voice a low vibration.

He grabbed my legs, throwing them over his broad shoulders and exposing me completely. He lunged forward, his cock sliding into me in one smooth motion, hitting my cervix and making my vision go white. He started to fuck me from the front, his movements fast and frantic. I could hear his balls slapping against my ass with every rhythmic strike.

As Levi filled me, Lennox leaned down, his mouth replacing Levi's on my lips, his hands roaming over my stomach and chest in a possessive mapping of my body. Louis moved to my side, his heavy hands kneading my breasts before he lowered his head to suckle on me. He bit down gently, his teeth grazing the sensitive skin until I was sobbing from the sheer overstimulation of three Alphas worshiping me at once.

"Please," I whimpered, my walls clenching around Levi's thick member.

Levi groaned, his pace becoming a blurred, desperate frenzy before he finally pulled out, his chest heaving as he stared at the way I was left open and dripping. Louis didn't wait. He flipped me over so I was kneeling on the bed, my palms pressed into the cool, crushed rose petals.

Louis stepped up behind me—the biggest and most dominant of the three. I felt the terrifying, beautiful size of him at my entrance, his cock thick and stone-hard. He didn't go easy just because I was carrying their child. He drove into my pussy with a guttural roar, the force of it nearly knocking the breath out of me. He held my waist, his fingers digging into my skin, marking me as his as he used me. His thrusts were deep, primal, and slow, meant to make me feel every inch of him.

As Louis fucked me from behind, Lennox crawled in front of me on the mattress. He cupped my face with his large hands, drawing my breast into his mouth and suckling hard. At the same time, Levi moved in, his hard cock right in front of my face, pulsing with a life of its own.

"Take it, Olivia," Levi commanded, his voice a low, vibrating warning.

I reached out, wrapping my fingers around Levi's thick shaft and sliding it into my mouth. I sucked him deep, my throat tightening around him, the taste of him filling my senses while Louis continued to hammer into me from behind. The sensation was overwhelming: Louis filling me to the point of bursting, Lennox's mouth on my breast, and Levi filling my mouth.

The friction, the heat, and the sheer power of three Alphas claiming me at once pushed me over the cliff. My internal muscles began to spasm, milking Louis's cock as a violent, toe-curling climax ripped through me.

"Master! Master, I'm coming!" I screamed around Levi's length, the word slipping out in my absolute delirium.

Louis roared, his body stiffening like a bowstring as he buried himself as deep as possible, his hot, thick cum pulsing into my womb in wave after wave. Simultaneously, Levi let out a choked sound, his cum hitting the back of my throat as he finished. Lennox pulled me closer, his own hand working his shaft until he joined them, his release painting my skin.

I collapsed onto the petals, my body trembling and completely drained. The three of them immediately crowded around me, their heavy, sweat-slicked bodies forming a protective, warm cocoon.

"You okay?" Lennox whispered, his voice full of a new, raw tenderness as he kissed my sweat-damp forehead.

"Perfect," I breathed, closing my eyes as I felt the triple bond humming with satisfaction. "I'm perfect."

I woke up to the soft, rhythmic sound of heavy breathing. Lennox and Louis were still tangled around me, their skin warm and their scents grounding me in the morning light. But the space where Levi had been was cold.

I sat up slowly, my body aching in the most delicious way, and scanned the room. I found him standing by the floor-to-ceiling window, wearing nothing but his dark silk pants. He was staring out at the mist-covered forest, his shoulders hunched and his hands white-knuckled as they gripped the windowsill. He looked small in the vastness of the room, troubled in a way that made my chest tighten.

I slid out of bed, wrapping a plush towel around my body, and padded softly across the rose petals. I wrapped my arms around his waist from behind, pressing my cheek to his scarred back.

Levi jolted violently, his whole body jumping in surprise. He hadn't even heard me coming. For an Alpha, to be that distracted was dangerous—it meant his mind was miles away.

"What is going on, Levi?" I asked softly, my voice thick with sleep. "Why aren't you in bed with us?"

He didn't turn around. He just looked down at my hands around his waist. "I can't, Olivia. I tried to sleep, but every time I close my eyes, I see the years I stole. I feel the

weight of every lie I told you. I feel... guilty." He let out a shaky breath that sounded like it hurt his chest. "I feel like I haven't been punished. Like I've just been handed a prize I don't deserve."

I squeezed him tighter. "Levi, I love you. I have forgiven you. We are building a future now, not living in the past."

"It's not just about you forgiving me," he said, finally turning in my arms. His sea-blue eyes were red-rimmed and hollow. "I have to forgive myself. And the only way I can do that... the only way I can look Lennox in the eye every day without wanting to rip my own heart out... is to be punished."

I frowned, a chill running down my spine. "What are you talking about?"

"And what the fuck are you talking about?" Lennox's voice boomed from the bed. He was sitting up, his green eyes glowing with a sharp, protective anger.

Louis joined him, his face filled with frustration. "Levi, we told you that is never happening. We settled this."

I looked back and forth between the three of them, my heart beginning to race. "What is going on? What did you tell him, Louis?"

Levi took my hands in his, his fingers trembling. His heart was thudding unevenly; I could feel the slight stutter of his pulse through his palms.

"I have made a decision, Olivia," Levi said, his voice dropping to a whisper.

## **Chapter 676: Shot**

Olivia's POV

"I'm leaving, Olivia," Levi whispered, his voice cracking. "I'm going away for at least a year. I need to be away from the pack, away from the warmth of you... It's the only way I can pay for the time I stole from you and Lennox."

"No!" I cried, grabbing his arms. "Levi, you have been forgiven. Please, why can't you let this guilt go? I know you think you don't deserve this happiness, but you do. We need you here. The babies need you."

But Levi just shook his head, tears streaming down his face. "I can't look at myself in the mirror, Olivia. I—"

Suddenly, the heavy bedroom door was kicked open. I frowned, my heart leaping into my throat. No one ever entered our private rooms without knocking. Before we could even process who it was, Annabel marched in. Her face was twisted with a crazy, terrifying hatred. In the blink of an eye, she raised a gun and pointed it directly at my chest.

"No!" Louis roared.

He lunged forward to push me out of the way, but everything happened too fast. A loud bang echoed through the room, and I saw Levi throw himself in front of me. The silver bullet didn't hit me; it tore right into Levi's chest.

He gasped, a look of shock crossing his face as he stumbled back. Lennox was a blur of motion, rushing toward Annabel and tackling her to the ground, but my entire world narrowed down to Levi.

"No! You were supposed to die! They were supposed to watch you die!" Annabel's screeching faded into the background as the guards swarmed the room.

I caught Levi before he hit the floor, dragging his body into my arms. "Levi! Stay with me!" I yelled, my hands already glowing with a bright, desperate light. I pushed all my healing energy into his chest, trying to stop the bleeding. The blood stopped flowing, but he wasn't waking up. His skin was turning a scary shade of blue.

Levi opened his eyes just a crack. He didn't look scared; he actually looked peaceful. He reached up, touching my face with a cold hand, and whispered, "I love you, Olivia."

"Levi! Don't you dare leave me!" I screamed, unleashing every bit of my power.

Lennox and Louis ran to us, their faces pale with terror. We were all crying, calling his name, but his eyes closed and his body went limp.

The healers rushed in and took over. I stood there, shaking and covered in his blood, as they examined him. One of the healers looked up at us, her expression grim.

"The bullet was coated in a rare snake venom," she said softly. "Annabel knew you were a healer, Olivia. She used a poison that paralyzes the heart. Because of Levi's heart condition, his body has gone into a deep coma to protect itself. The venom is fighting his wolf."

"When will he wake up?" Louis asked, his voice breaking.

The healer looked away. "We don't know. It could be days... weeks... or years."

I sank to the floor, my head in my hands. No. Not again.

## SIX MONTHS LATER!

I pushed open the door to the medical wing slowly, as if I were afraid of what I would see—even though I had seen it every single day for the past six months.

The familiar scent of herbs, antiseptic, and magic drifted into my lungs. It clung to everything now: the walls, my clothes, my memories. The room was quiet. Too quiet. The only sound was the steady beep... beep... beep... of the heart monitor beside Levi's bed.

Each beep reminded me he was alive. Each beep reminded me he wasn't here.

I walked toward him carefully, my body heavy and swollen. My belly was enormous now; I was due any day. Every step felt like I was carrying the weight of the world inside me—because I was. Two little lives. His daughters. Our daughters.

Levi lay there, still and pale against the white sheets. He looked thinner than he used to; his sharp jaw was softer, his lips dry, and his hands cold. Too cold.

I lowered myself into the chair beside him with difficulty, wincing slightly as my back protested. I reached for his hand, wrapping my fingers around his. It didn't squeeze back. It never did. I lifted his hand gently and placed it over the center of my belly.

And almost immediately—a strong, sudden kick. Then another.

I sucked in a sharp breath.

"They're active today," I whispered, tears already gathering in my eyes. "They've been kicking all morning."

Another kick pressed against his palm.

"Levi..." My voice broke. "Your daughters are about to come out. Any day now. They're impatient, just like you." My throat tightened painfully. "Don't you want to see them? Don't you want to hold them? To argue over their names? To scare the boys by being overprotective?"

My voice cracked completely. "I can't do this without you."

A tear slipped down my cheek and landed on his wrist. I leaned forward, pressing my forehead gently against his arm, breathing him in—the faint scent of him was still there beneath the medicine.

"We miss you," I sobbed softly. "All of us. The boys keep asking when you'll wake up. Louis pretends he's fine, but he sits here every night when he thinks no one sees him. And Lennox..." I swallowed hard. "Lennox hasn't slept properly in months."

Another kick. Harder this time.

"See?" I whispered desperately. "They know you're here. They're trying to get your attention." My shoulders shook as I cried. "I can't stand this silence again. First, it was Lennox—four years of him gone. And now you..."

I looked up at him, my chest aching. "I need my Trinity whole. I need my three. I need you."

The door opened softly behind me. I didn't turn at first; I already knew it was Lennox. His scent reached me before his footsteps did. He walked in quietly, but I could feel the exhaustion radiating off him. He looked older, harder. The last six months had carved lines into his face that hadn't been there before.

But when he looked at me, his eyes softened instantly. He crossed the room and sat carefully on the edge of the bed, one hand brushing over Levi's shoulder as if he were grounding himself. Then he reached for me. He pulled me gently into his chest, careful of my stomach, wrapping his arms around me.

I let myself fall into him. Just for a second. Just enough to breathe.

"He's still in there, Olivia," Lennox murmured against my temple, pressing a kiss into my hair. His voice was low, steady, and strong—even though I could hear the strain beneath it. "He's just waiting for the right moment."

His hand moved to my belly, resting beside Levi's.

"Our brother is stubborn," he said softly. "You know that. He won't miss meeting his girls. He's too possessive for that."

A small, broken laugh escaped me. I looked back at Levi's face. Peaceful. Still. Like he was sleeping through something important.

"Levi," Lennox said quietly, his voice dropping lower. "You've rested enough."

Silence answered him. But the monitor continued.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

## **Chapter 677: Labour**

Olivia's POV

Suddenly, without warning, the world shifted.

A white-hot bolt of lightning snapped through my spine. It wasn't a kick. It wasn't the dull ache I'd been feeling for weeks. It was a violent, crushing wave of pressure that made my vision blur. I gasped, my body jerking forward as I gripped Levi's hand with enough force to bruise.

"Olivia?" Lennox was on his feet in a heartbeat, his eyes wide.

"Lennox..." I panted, my breath hitching. "It's... it's happening. Now."

Another wave hit, stronger than the first. A gush of warm fluid soaked into the rose-colored skirts of my dress. My water had broken right there on the edge of Levi's sickbed.

Lennox didn't hesitate. Although I was carrying the weight of twins, he scooped me up into his arms as if I were as light as a feather. He turned toward the door, his voice booming with an Alpha's authority that shook the very walls of the medical wing.

"HEALERS! MIDWIVES! IT'S TIME!"

He carried me into the birthing suite next door, which had been on standby for weeks. Louis appeared out of nowhere, his face pale and full of concern. He helped Lennox lay me onto the bed, his large hands steadying my shoulders as the first real contraction of active labor tore a scream from my throat.

The pain was agonizing. It felt like my hips were being pried apart by iron bars. I reached out, my fingers clawing at the sheets, searching for them. Louis grabbed my left hand, and Lennox took my right.

"Breathe, Olivia," Louis urged, his voice thick with worry. "Just breathe for me, sweetheart."

I was lost in a sea of red agony. Every time I thought it would stop, the next wave crashed over me. I looked at the door, my heart crying out for the one person who wasn't there. Levi. Levi, please.

Suddenly, Lennox's hand went limp in mine.

I heard a heavy thud. I forced my eyes open, gasping through the pain, and saw Lennox collapsed on the floor. He was clutching his chest, his head thrown back as his body began to convulse.

"Lennox!" I screamed, forgetting my own labor for a terrifying second. "What's happening? Louis, help him!"

The healers rushed toward him, but Lennox let out a sound that wasn't human. It was a deep, guttural growl that started in his chest and vibrated through the floorboards. His eyes snapped open—they weren't amber anymore. They were a brilliant, glowing gold.

He pushed himself up, his muscles rippling and snapping. He looked up at me, a wild, ecstatic look on his face.

"I can feel him," Lennox rasped, his voice sounding like two people speaking at once. "Olivia... he's back. My wolf... he's back!"

I froze, a contraction frozen in my gut. Lennox had been wolf-less since his "death." To hear him say it, to see the gold in his eyes... it was a miracle.

"I can hear him speaking to me," Lennox whispered, his breath coming in fast pants. "He's howling... he's calling for you."

In that moment, a phantom sensation washed over me. It was like a veil being lifted. My own wolf, who had been quiet and protective during the pregnancy, suddenly stood tall and let out a deafening howl in the back of my mind.

MATE.

The word echoed through my soul. I looked at Lennox, really looked at him, and the bond that had been frayed and scarred for four years suddenly snapped back into place with the force of a tidal wave. He wasn't just my fiancé. He was my fated mate again.

"Mate," he breathed, looking at me with raw hunger and relief.

Another contraction hit me, so violent that I doubled over, a sob breaking from my lips. I couldn't do this. It was too much pain, too much power.

The lead healer rushed forward. "The babies are crowning, but she's too stressed! Her body is fighting the birth. Lennox, you're her mate—you have to stabilize her!"

"Mark her," the midwife commanded. "It will settle her heart and give her the strength of your wolf for the final push."

Lennox didn't hesitate. He lunged onto the bed, his glowing eyes locked on mine. "I've waited four years for this, Olivia. I'm never letting go again."

He leaned down to the crook of my neck, his breath hot against my skin. As the next contraction ripped through me, his teeth sank deep into my shoulder.

A burst of golden light exploded behind my eyelids. The pain didn't disappear, but it changed. I felt his strength pouring into me—the raw, untamed power of an Alpha wolf. My heart synced with his, steady and strong.

"Now, Olivia!" the healer shouted. "Push!"

With Lennox's mark burning on my neck and his power flowing through my veins, I let out a scream.

"Push, Olivia! One more!" the healer's voice was a distant roar over the sound of my own blood rushing in my ears.

I gripped the headboard until the wood groaned, channeling every bit of the Alpha strength Lennox had just poured into me through the mark. My body felt like it was splitting in two, a raw, primal agony that reached its peak until—slick.

The first cry shattered the tension in the room. It was a high, piercing wail that sounded like a song of victory.

"The first one is here!" Louis shouted, his voice thick with tears.

But I didn't have time to breathe. The second wave was already crashing over me, even more intense than the first. I felt Lennox's hand squeeze mine so hard our bones nearly fused. I let out a low, guttural growl that didn't sound human, and with one final, bone-deep shove, the second pressure vanished.

Silence fell over the room for a heartbeat, followed by a second, identical cry.

I slumped back against the pillows, my chest heaving, my skin drenched in sweat. Lennox was still hovering over me, his golden eyes slowly fading back to their natural green, his forehead pressed against mine. He was shaking.

"You did it, Olivia," he whispered, his voice broken. "You did it."

The midwives moved with practiced speed, cleaning the babies before wrapping them in soft, white linen. When they finally turned toward me, the room went completely still. Louis, who had been reaching for one of them, froze. Lennox went rigid beside me.

"Oh, Goddess," I breathed, my heart stopping as they placed the two bundles into my shaking arms.

I stared down at them, and for a moment, I forgot how to breathe. I expected them to look like me, or perhaps like Lennox or Louis. But as their tiny, wrinkled faces smoothed out and their eyes blinked open for the first time, I felt a sob rip through my chest.

They were identical. Perfectly, hauntingly identical. They didn't have my features. They didn't have Lennox's jaw or Louis's build.

They were the female version of Levi.

Their hair was soft, but it was their eyes that undid me. They weren't the murky grey-blue of most newborns. They were wide, clear, and a striking, brilliant sea-blue. The exact same shade that had haunted my dreams for six months. The eyes of the man currently lying in a coma in the next room.

"Levi..." I sobbed, pulling the girls closer to my chest. They looked so much like him it felt like a ghost was staring back at me. "Lennox, look at them. They're him. They're completely him."

Louis leaned over, his massive hand trembling as he touched a tiny, perfect finger. "It's like looking at a mirror of him twenty years ago," he whispered, his voice cracking. "Even the way the little one is scowling... that's Levi's scowl."

I pressed my face against their soft heads, the scent of new life and the lingering metallic tang of the birth filling my senses. "Levi, your daughters are here," I choked out, looking toward the wall that separated us from his medical room. "They have your face. They have your eyes. Won't you come and see them?"

The girls stirred in my arms, their tiny cries quieting as they felt my heartbeat.

"They're beautiful, Olivia," Lennox murmured, his eyes fixed on the babies with a fierce, protective love. "The pack... they've never seen anything like this."

## **Chapter 678: Awake**

Olivia's POV

Four Years Later

"One week, girls!" I said, leaning over the breakfast table with a playful grin. "Your fourth birthday is seven days away. Have you decided what you want this year?"

The twins, Lyra and Lana, erupted into a chaotic chorus of excitement. They had black hair and those piercing sea-blue eyes that still took my breath away every single morning.

"I want a pony! A white one with a pink tail!" Lyra shouted, jumping up on her chair.

"No, a castle!" Lana countered, waving her spoon. "A giant castle with a moat so Leo can't come inside!"

Lennox let out a deep, booming laugh from the head of the table. "A moat, princess? I think Leo might just jump over it."

Liam, Leo, and Leon—the boys—all started laughing, teasing their little sisters until the dining room was filled with the beautiful, messy noise of a full house. Louis was smiling as he reached for more toast, the sunlight catching the relaxed lines of his face. For a moment, everything felt perfect. It felt like the happiness we had fought so hard for.

But then, my gaze drifted to the empty chair at my side. The chair that remained empty every single meal.

After the plates were cleared and the boys ran off to the training grounds, I turned to the girls. "Alright, my little wolves. Time for our morning routine. Come on, let's go see Daddy Levi."

The excitement vanished from their faces instantly. Lyra's lip curled into a pout, and Lana looked down at her shoes, crossing her arms stubbornly.

"No," Lyra muttered. "I don't want to."

"Me neither," Lana whispered. "It's boring in there. It's too quiet."

My heart sank, a familiar, cold ache settling in my chest. "Girls, please. It's Daddy. He loves you so much."

"He doesn't talk," Lyra snapped, her sea-blue eyes—so much like his—flashing with a strange kind of resentment. "He just sleeps. We want to play with Daddy Lennox and Daddy Louis. They're real."

The words felt like a physical blow to my stomach. I looked at Lennox, my eyes pleading for help. He stood up and walked over, rubbing my shoulder. He had spent years trying to bridge this gap, telling the girls stories about the man Levi used to be, but how do you make a child love a shadow?

"Maybe it's just because they've never had a real conversation with him, Liv," Lennox said softly, his voice full of that same weary sadness I felt. "To them, he's just a statue in a bed."

"I don't care," I said, my voice hardening to hide the fact that I was about to cry. "He is their father. He gave his life for them—for all of us. We are not leaving him alone today. Get up, both of you."

I wasn't a strict mother, and the girls knew they were spoiled rotten by Lennox and Louis, but they saw the look in my eyes and knew I wasn't backing down. With heavy sighs and dragged feet, they followed me out of the bright dining room and down the long, silent hallway to the medical wing.

Four years.

Four years since the bullet. Four years since the venom. I had tried everything. I had poured my healing into him until I fainted from exhaustion. We had flown in specialists from every pack in the world. We had tried magic, science, and prayer.

And still, Levi slept.

I pushed open the heavy oak door. The room was filled with the scent of fresh sea-salt candles—I kept them burning so he wouldn't wake up to the smell of medicine. The sun was streaming in, illuminating his face. He hadn't aged a day. He looked like a prince trapped in a spell, his chest rising and falling in that slow, mechanical rhythm that haunted my nightmares.

I walked to the side of the bed, reaching for his hand. It was soft and still.

"We're here, Levi," I whispered, guiding the twins toward the bedside. "The girls are here to tell you about their birthday."

Lyra and Lana stood a few feet back, looking at the bed with a mixture of fear and boredom. They didn't see the hero who took a bullet. They just saw a stranger who wouldn't wake up to play.

"Tell him, Lana," I prompted, my heart breaking at the distance between them. "Tell him about the castle."

Lana sighed, shuffling closer but not touching him. "I want a castle, Daddy," she said, her voice flat and rehearsed.

I looked at Levi's face, searching for a twitch, a flicker, a sign—anything. But there was nothing. Just the steady beep... beep... beep... of the monitor.

"He's never coming back, is he, Mommy?" Lyra asked suddenly, her voice small and sharp. "He's just going to stay like this forever."

I turned to scold her, to tell her that wasn't true, but the words died in my throat. Because after 1,460 days of waiting, I was starting to wonder if she was right.

I sat on the edge of the bed, pulling his hand to my cheek, the tears finally starting to fall. "Please, Levi," I breathed against his palm. "The girls are growing up. They're starting to forget you. Don't let them forget you."

Suddenly, the air in the room grew heavy. The hair on the back of my neck stood up.

In my mind, my wolf let out a sharp, sudden yip.

"Mommy?" Lana whispered, her eyes going wide as she stared at Levi's hand. "His finger... it moved."

I froze, my breath hitching. I didn't dare look down, terrified that if I did, the hope would vanish.

"Mommy, look!" Lyra shouted, her fear vanishing as she pointed.

Slowly, agonizingly, Levi's fingers curled. Not a twitch. A squeeze. He was holding my hand back.

I gasped, my heart hammering against my ribs so hard it was painful. "Levi?" I choked out, staring at his hand as it clamped around mine. His grip was weak, trembling, but it was him. It was real.

But then... nothing else happened.

His hand stayed closed around mine, but his body remained still. His chest continued that same mechanical rise and fall. His face was still a mask of marble. He was holding me, but he wasn't back.

Lyra, the more hot-tempered of the two, stomped her foot. The frustration she had been carrying for years finally boiled over. She didn't see a miracle; she saw the man who made her mother cry every single day.

"Can you just wake up already?!" she yelled, her voice echoing off the sterile walls.

"Lyra, stop!" I tried to reach for her, but she lunged forward, grabbing Levi's shoulder and shaking him with her small, surprisingly strong hands.

"Wake up!" she screamed, her sea-blue eyes flashing with anger. "Stop sleeping! Stop making Mommy cry every morning! We don't even know who you are! If you're an Alpha, then act like one and open your eyes!"

"Lyra, let go of him!" I cried, pulling her back, but it was too late.

The room suddenly felt like it was charged with electricity. The heart monitor began to skip, the beep... beep... turning into a frantic, high-pitched racing. Levi's throat moved. A dry, rasping sound—half-cough, half-groan—broke the silence of four years.

His eyelashes, dark and long against his pale skin, began to flutter violently.

I held my breath, my soul suspended on a thin wire. Slowly, as if the lids weighed a hundred pounds, Levi's eyes opened.

## **Chapter 679: They Don't Know Him**

Olivia's POV

The girls froze. For the first time in their lives, they were looking into eyes that were an exact mirror of their own. Brilliant, piercing sea-blue. But Levi's eyes were clouded with confusion and a deep, ancient pain.

He groaned again, his head rolling slowly to the side until his gaze landed on me. He squinted against the sunlight, his voice sounding like it was being dragged over broken glass.

"O... Olivia?"

"I'm here," I sobbed, leaning over him and cupping his face. "I'm right here, Levi. You're okay. You're home."

I didn't hesitate. "Lennox! Louis!" I screamed, my voice echoing off the walls of the mansion. "He's awake! He's back!"

I didn't have to wait long. The sound of thunderous footsteps echoed in the hall, and within seconds, the door was nearly torn off its hinges. Lennox and Louis burst in, their chests heaving, their eyes wild.

They skidded to a halt at the foot of the bed. For a moment, neither of them moved. They stared at Levi—really looked at him—seeing those sea-blue eyes open and focused for the first time in four years.

"Levi?" Lennox whispered, his voice cracking. He looked like the boy he used to be, stripped of his Alpha mask. "Brother?"

Levi's head turned slowly toward them. A flicker of recognition sparked in his dull eyes, and a single tear escaped, rolling down his temple. "Lennox... Louis..."

Lennox let out a choked sound, half-sob and half-laugh, as he threw himself toward the bed. He didn't care about his strength or his pride; he grabbed Levi's shoulders, his forehead pressing against Levi's. "You bastard," Lennox sobbed, his shoulders shaking violently. "You kept us waiting for four years. Four years, Levi!"

Louis was on the other side, his massive hand trembling as he gripped Levi's arm, his head bowed. "Don't ever do that again," Louis growled, though his voice was thick with tears. "Do you hear me? Never again."

Levi let out a weak, rattling breath, his fingers feebly trying to grip their shirts. "I... I'm so sorry."

"Shut up," Louis breathed, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand. "Just shut up and breathe, Levi."

It was a beautiful, heartbreaking reunion. The Trinity was finally whole again. I stood back, tears streaming down my face, watching the three brothers cling to one another. But then, I saw Levi's gaze drift. He looked past Lennox's shoulder, searching the room.

His gaze shifted, wandering away from us until it landed on the two small girls standing at the foot of his bed. He stared at them, his brow furrowing. He looked at their black hair, then at their faces, and finally, he saw their eyes.

He tried to sit up, but his muscles were too weak, and he fell back against the pillows with a huff. "The... the girls?" he wheezed. "They're... so big."

He reached out a shaky, skeletal hand toward them, a look of pure, heartbreaking longing on his face. "Come... come here."

Lana took a step back, her face going cold. She didn't look happy. She looked at his reaching hand as if it were something strange and unwanted. Lyra just stood her ground, her arms crossed over her chest, her expression hard and unforgiving.

"We don't know you," Lyra said, her voice chillingly flat for a four-year-old.

Levi's hand faltered in mid-air. The light of joy that had started to flicker in his eyes dimmed instantly. He looked at me, his heart breaking right in front of me.

"They... they don't know me?" he whispered.

"They're just shocked, Levi," I said quickly, though the coldness in the girls' scents told me otherwise. "It's been a long time."

Lana grabbed Lyra's hand. "Can we go now, Mommy? He's awake, so you can stop crying. We want to go find brother Liam."

Without waiting for an answer, the twins turned their backs on the man who had died to save them and walked out of the room, leaving a deafening, painful silence behind them.

Levi watched them go, his hand falling limp onto the sheets. Lennox reached out, squeezing Levi's shoulder. "Give them time, Levi," he said softly, though his voice was heavy with regret. "They're four. To them, the world is small and simple. They don't understand the sacrifice... they just see a stranger."

Levi didn't look up.

I stepped forward, wiping my eyes, and took his other hand. It was cold, so cold. "They're stubborn, Levi. Just like you. They've spent four years hearing about you, but they've never felt you. We have to show them."

I looked at Lennox and then at Louis, a small, sad smile touching my lips despite the ache in my chest. "And honestly, Levi... it's partly Lennox's fault. He and Louis have spoiled them rotten. They've been pampered since the second they were born. They aren't used to things being difficult or sad."

Lennox gave a dry, sheepish cough, looking away. "I couldn't help it, Liv. They have his eyes. Every time they looked at me, I saw him. I couldn't say no to them."

"He's right," Louis added, his voice low. "We turned them into little princesses because we were trying to fill the hole you left behind. We gave them everything they wanted because we couldn't give them their father."

Levi's gaze finally moved to his brothers. A flicker of his old, dry wit sparked for a split second before the sadness returned. "So... I wake up to find my brothers have turned my daughters into terrors?"

"Not terrors," I corrected, smiling, sitting on the edge of the bed, and brushing a stray lock of hair from his forehead. "Just... protective. They've seen me cry over you for years. They've seen this room as a place of sadness."

Levi closed his eyes, a single tear leaking out. "I missed it all. The first steps. The first words. I missed their whole lives."

"You're here now," I whispered, leaning down to press a kiss to his temple. "That's all that matters. We will fix this, Levi. I promise."

But as I looked at the closed door, I knew it wouldn't be easy.

## **Chapter 680: Talk To Them**

Olivia's POV

Two Days Later

The healing process was slow. Levi's muscles had wasted away, and the venom had left his heart scarred. But today was the first day the healers allowed him into a wheelchair.

I pushed him out into the garden. He looked stronger, but his eyes were constantly scanning the grounds, searching for the two little girls who had been avoiding him like the plague. We found them by the fountain, playing with their dolls. Lennox was sitting on a nearby bench, watching them.

"Wait," Levi whispered, his hand stopping the wheel of his chair. He took a shaky breath. "Let me try. Just me."

I stepped back, my heart in my throat, as Levi used his arms to slowly roll himself toward his daughters.

"Lyra? Lana?" he called out, his voice still a bit raspy.

The girls froze. They didn't turn around immediately. I saw their small shoulders tense up. Slowly, they looked back, their identical sea-blue eyes narrowing as they took in the sight of the man in the chair.

"Mommy said we have to be nice," Lana whispered to her sister, loud enough for us to hear.

"I don't want to be nice," Lyra muttered back, clutching her doll tighter. "He makes the house feel sad."

Levi flinched, but he didn't stop. He halted the chair a few feet away and held out two beautiful barbie toys.

"I heard it's almost your birthday," Levi said, trying to force a smile. "I... I wanted to give you these."

Lyra and Lana didn't move. They stared at the toys, then up at his face with a coldness that was too big for a child.

"It's not our birthday yet," Lyra said, her voice sharp and flat.

"And we don't receive gifts from strangers," Lana added, stepping behind her sister. She looked at the toys like they were made of stones, not silk and lace.

Levi's smile faltered, then crumbled. The light in his sea-blue eyes—the same eyes currently staring at him with such distance—shook. "I... I'm not a stranger, girls. I'm—"

"He is not a stranger!" I snapped, marching forward, my patience finally snapping. I couldn't stand the way they were breaking him. "He is your father! Lyra, Lana, take those gifts right now and apologize."

"No!" Lyra shouted, her little face turning red. "He's just the man from the quiet room! We only have two daddies. We have Daddy Lennox and Daddy Louis! They were there when we fell. They were there for our parties! He was just sleeping!"

"Stop forcing us, Mom!" Lana cried, her bottom lip trembling. "We don't want him!"

Before I could grab them, they spun around and bolted, their small feet pounding against the garden path as they ran toward the safety of the mansion.

"Lyra! Lana! Get back here this instant!" I screamed, starting to chase after them. My heart was thundering with rage and grief.

"Olivia, stop!" Lennox's voice boomed. He caught me by the waist, pulling me back firmly. "Stop shouting. You're pregnant, for Goddess's sake. You need to stay calm."

The garden went deathly silent.

I froze in Lennox's arms, the anger draining out of me and being replaced by a cold wave of realization. I hadn't told Levi yet.

I slowly turned my head. Levi was still sitting in the wheelchair, the toys having fallen from his weak grip into the grass. His eyes were wide, fixed on my stomach, then moving up to my face.

"Pregnant?" he whispered, his voice barely audible. "You're... you're having another baby?"

I took a deep breath and stepped out of Lennox's hold, walking over to kneel beside Levi's chair. I took his cold hands in mine. "Yes, Levi. I'm two months pregnant."

Levi looked at Lennox, then back at me, his head spinning.

"It's Louis's child," I said softly, searching his face. "Since Lennox has the boys, and you have the girls... we wanted Louis to have his own children."

Levi's breath hitched. He looked like he had been struck. "The girls..." he rasped, his eyes filling with tears as he looked in the direction they had run. "You said... I have the girls? They're mine? Truly mine?"

"Yes, Levi," I said, a tear of my own falling. "We even did a test to confirm it while you were under. They are your blood. Every stubborn, fierce inch of them is yours. That's why they have your eyes. That's why they look like your twin."

Levi let out a broken, jagged sob, covering his face with his scarred hands. "They're mine... and they hate me. My own blood thinks I'm a stranger."

Lennox walked over, placing a heavy, supportive hand on Levi's shoulder. "They don't hate you, brother. They're just protectively spoiled. We gave them too much power because we were mourning you."

Levi looked up, his face wet with tears.

"They will come around, Levi," I promised, squeezing his hands. "They just need to learn that you're not a ghost anymore. You're their father."

Levi didn't answer immediately. He stared at the grass where the rejected toys lay, his jaw tightening. Slowly, he wiped the tears from his face with the back of his hand. Then, he did something that made both me and Lennox gasp.

He gripped the armrests of his wheelchair. His knuckles tightened, and his breath became a series of ragged, determined hitches.

"Levi, what are you doing?" Lennox stepped forward, reaching out to steady him. "The healers said you aren't ready to—"

"I'm done sitting," Levi rasped, his voice vibrating with a sudden, sharp authority.

With a low, guttural growl of effort, he pushed himself up. His legs shook violently, his muscles wasted away from four years of disuse, but he forced them to lock. He stood there, swaying like a leaf in the wind, his face pale with the sheer exertion of defying his own body. He looked like a man standing on a precipice, but he refused to fall.

He took one shuffling, agonizing step. Then another. He didn't look back at us. He kept his eyes on the mansion, on the path where his daughters had disappeared.

Lennox and I stood in silence, watching his slow, painful retreat toward the house.

I turned to Lennox, my expression stern as I crossed my arms over my chest. "Lennox, you are their favorite. They hang on your every word. You've spoiled them until they think they rule this pack."

I stepped closer, poking a finger into his chest. "You need to talk to your daughters. Use that 'favorite daddy' status to make them understand. Tell them that if they keep hurting him, they're hurting you, too."

Lennox nodded solemnly. "I'll talk to them, Olivia. I promise. I'll make them listen."

"You better." I frowned and walked away.