

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 691: Wedding Night - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 691: Wedding Night

Chapter 691: Wedding Night

Olivia's POV

The wedding party lasted late into the night. We danced under the stars, and the children fell asleep. But even with the music and the laughter, I could feel the tension coming from the three men beside me. They were smiling for the guests, but their eyes were cold. They weren't thinking about the cake or the dancing. They were thinking about the blood on the grass.

When we finally made it back to our large bedroom, the silence was heavy.

Lennox paced back and forth near the window. His hands were clenched into fists. Levi sat on the edge of a chair, staring at the floor with a dark scowl. Louis was quiet, but I could see the way his jaw was tight with anger.

They weren't happy grooms. They were Alphas who felt like their home had been poked by a predator.

"Fifteen of them," Lennox growled, stopping his pacing. "Right in the middle of our vows. I need to go back down to the guard house. I need to tighten the security at the south border tonight."

"I'm going with you," Levi said, standing up quickly. "If they used the tunnels, we need to check every inch of the stone walls. Now."

My heart sank. This was our wedding night. We had waited four years for this moment, and the shadow of the rogues was already trying to steal it away.

"No," I said. My voice was soft but firm.

They all stopped and looked at me.

I walked over to Lennox and took his large, rough hands in mine. I pulled him toward the bed where the others were. "Today was supposed to be special," I whispered. "And it was. We stood before our people. We said our vows. We became a family."

"They tried to kill us, Olivia," Louis said, his voice pained. "On the day you were supposed to feel the safest."

"I know," I said, reaching out to touch Levi's cheek. "I know you are angry. I am angry too. But if you walk out that door to hunt rogues right now, they win. They steal our first night together as husband and wife."

I looked at all three of them, making sure they saw the love in my eyes. "The prisoner isn't going anywhere. The tunnels are guarded now. Please... let it slide until the sun comes up. Tomorrow, you can be the Alphas. Tomorrow, you can interrogate the survivors and fix the borders."

I stepped closer, resting my hands on my pregnant stomach. "But tonight? Tonight, I just need my husbands."

Lennox looked at my hands on my stomach, and I felt the anger slowly leave his body. He let out a long, tired sigh and leaned his forehead against mine.

"You're right," he murmured. "I'm sorry, Olivia. I just hate that they touched this day."

"We aren't going anywhere," Levi promised, his voice softening as he sat back down.

Louis walked over and wrapped his arms around me from behind, burying his face in my neck. "Tonight is ours," he whispered.

I leaned back against Louis's chest, feeling the heat of all three men surrounding me. The room was quiet now, the anger replaced by a thick, sweet tension.

"We are married now," I whispered, looking from one to the other. "Really married. And I know I haven't always been perfect. But I promise you both—all three of you—that I will learn to love you equally. I will show you every day that you are all my mates."

Lennox reached out, brushing a stray hair from my face. "Olivia, it doesn't matter," he said, his voice deep and rough. "We don't need you to keep score. We have learned to love you as one. When one of us holds you, we all feel it. When you love one of us, you love the Trinity."

Levi nodded, his eyes soft. "We are one soul now, Olivia. That is the power of the bond."

We shared a long, slow kiss that tasted like a promise kept. My heart felt full, and the flutter in my stomach reminded me of the family we were building. I pulled back with a small, mischievous smile and stood up, letting my silk robe slip just a little.

"I'm dusty and tired," I said, my voice dropping to a playful purr. "I want to take a shower. Do my husbands care to join me?"

Lennox let out a low growl, his eyes darkening instantly. "Hell yes," he rasped.

I chuckled and walked into the large, marble bathroom. I could hear their heavy footsteps right behind me. I didn't rush. I reached back and unzipped my dress, letting it pool at my feet. I stood there naked, feeling their hungry eyes roaming over my skin, tracing the soft curve of my two-month pregnancy. I walked into the glass shower and turned the water on high.

The steam began to rise as they stripped off their shirts. One by one, they stepped into the spray with me.

Lennox stood directly in front of me, his massive frame blocking out the rest of the world. Levi moved behind me, his chest pressing against my back, while Louis stayed at my side, his hand resting gently on my hip.

Lennox tilted my head up and crashed his lips onto mine. It was a deep, possessive kiss. At the same time, Levi leaned down, his mouth hot and wet as he kissed the sensitive skin of my neck, his stubble grazing me in just the right way. I gasped when Louis bent down, his hand supporting the weight of my breast before he took the heavy peak into his mouth.

I was on cloud nine. The sensation of all three of them touching me at once was overwhelming. I threw my head back and moaned, the sound echoing against the tiles.

"You are ours," Levi whispered against my skin.

I parted my legs instinctively, seeking more. As Levi continued to kiss the back of my neck, I felt his hand slide down. He slipped a long, thick finger into my wetness, finding a rhythm that matched the movement of Lennox's tongue in my mouth.

I moaned loudly into Lennox's mouth, my body arching for more.

Chapter 692: Refused To Talk

Olivia's POV

Lennox reached out with his massive hands and lifted me up like I weighed nothing. He sat me on the cold marble counter. I gasped at the chill, but it didn't last long. He stepped between my knees and pushed them wide apart. He didn't say a word; he just leaned in and buried his face in my wetness. His tongue was rough, warm, and fast. I moaned out, my head hitting the mirror behind me.

While Lennox ate me, Levi leaned down to claim my mouth. His kiss was desperate, tasting like all the years he had missed. On my other side, Louis used his hand to cup my heavy breast, bringing it to his lips. He sucked on the tip, his teeth grazing me just

enough to make me shiver. I was trapped between them, drowning in the best kind of pleasure.

When my body was shaking too hard to stay on the counter, Levi growled deep in his chest. He scooped me up and carried me to the bed. He laid me in the center of the silk sheets and stood between my legs. He looked at me with so much hunger it made my skin burn.

"I've waited so long for this," he whispered.

He slowly pushed his thick cock inside me. I had missed him so much. I missed the way he filled me up. He began to fuck me with slow, deep strokes that reached my soul. He took his time, making sure I felt every inch of him. As he drove into me, Lennox leaned over and took over my breasts, his large hands kneading my skin. Louis stayed by my head, his fingers tangled in my hair, kissing my forehead and whispering sweet things. Levi didn't stop. He fucked me for a long time, his rhythm getting faster and harder until the bed was creaking and I was sobbing his name.

Then, Louis moved in. He helped me turn over until I was on my hands and knees. He stood behind me, his strong hands grabbing my hips and pulling my ass up high. He slid into me from behind in one smooth move. I felt him hit deep, making my vision go blurry. He began to fuck me with a raw, powerful pace. He reached around and squeezed my nipples hard, making me arch my back. While he claimed me from behind, I leaned forward. Lennox knelt in front of me, and I took his cock into my mouth, sucking him deep. Levi stood right there, watching us with dark, hungry eyes as he stroked himself. The room was hot, filled with the smell of us and the sound of skin hitting skin.

Finally, it was Lennox's turn. He laid me on my side and lay down right against my back. He lifted my leg, and then he pushed into me, his cock feeling massive and hot. He fucked me with slow, heavy grinds that made my whole body vibrate. He was so strong, so steady. As he moved inside me, Levi sat down in front of me. He reached out and used his thumb to rub my clitoris in a fast, steady circle.

The pleasure was a pressure I couldn't escape. Between Lennox's deep thrusts and Levi's fingers, I broke. I screamed into the quiet room, my body clamping down on Lennox as I felt the wave wash over me. One by one, my husbands groaned, their bodies tensing as they finally came with me.

We stayed like that for a long time, tangled together in the dark. We were sweaty and exhausted. Lennox shifted, his massive arm pulling me closer. He didn't say anything, but I felt his hand move. His large, rough palm rested over my stomach. He was so careful, his touch turning from raw and hungry to soft and protective.

"He's quiet tonight," Lennox whispered, his voice vibrating against my spine. He always called the baby a "he," even though we didn't know yet.

Louis leaned over and placed his hand on top of Lennox's. Then Levi reached out, his fingers trembling slightly as he added his hand to the pile. All three of them were connected to me, and through me, they were connected to the new life we had made.

"He knows his fathers are here," Louis murmured.

The raw intensity of the sex was still humming in my blood, but this was better. This was the part that had been missing for four years. Levi leaned forward and kissed the back of my neck, his scent filling my lungs.

"I'm never leaving this bed again," Levi joked, though his voice was thick with emotion.

"You'll have to," I teased softly, turning in their arms to look at them. "You have a prisoner to talk to in the morning."

The mood shifted for a second. I felt the growl of their wolves through the bond.

"Tomorrow," Lennox said, his eyes glowing gold in the dark. "Tomorrow, we find out who let them in."

He kissed me then, a slow, deep kiss that tasted like a vow. One by one, they held me, marking me with their scent and their love. We finally fell asleep, a tangle of four hearts beating as one.

I woke up to a bed that felt too big and too cold. The sun was streaming through the windows, hitting the tangled sheets, but I was alone. I reached out, my hand searching for the warmth of Lennox, Levi, or Louis, but the space beside me was empty. They were already out. My body felt heavy and a bit sore from the night before.

Just as I was about to sit up, my phone buzzed on the nightstand. I reached for it, seeing Alpha Adrian's name on the screen.

I cleared my throat and picked up. "Adrian?"

"Olivia," his voice came through, deep and calm. "I wanted to call and apologize again for not being there yesterday. Something came up with the pack borders that I couldn't leave."

"I understand, Adrian," I said, leaning back against the pillows. "It was a crazy day anyway. We had some... uninvited guests."

"I heard," he said, his tone turning serious for a second before softening. "But today isn't for talk of war. Someone here really wanted to speak with you."

I heard the phone being handed over, and then a high, cheerful voice filled my ear. "Aunt Olivia! Happy wedding!"

It was Elera. I couldn't help but smile. She was always so full of life. "Thank you, Elera. I missed seeing you here."

"I know, but guess what?" she chirped, sounding more excited than I had ever heard her. "My Daddy is getting married too! He found a mate, and she's so nice."

"That's amazing news, Elera," I said, feeling a genuine wave of happiness for Adrian. He had been alone for a long time. "You're going to be the most beautiful flower girl in the world."

She babbled a bit more about her new mom before handing the phone back to her father.

"Congratulations, Adrian," I told him. "You deserve that kind of happiness."

"Thank you, Olivia. It feels... right," he admitted.

I was about to ask him more when I heard a door slam downstairs. It was so loud it echoed through the vents. Then, I heard it—Lennox's voice. He wasn't just talking; he was roaring. He sounded absolutely furious, his Alpha tone vibrating through the floorboards.

"I don't care what he says! Lock the gates and get the truth out of him now!"

My heart began to race. The peace of the morning was gone in an instant. The Alphas were in "war mode," and it sounded like the interrogation in the cells was going badly.

"Adrian, I have to go," I said quickly into the phone. "Things are getting loud here. I'll call you back."

I hung up without waiting for an answer. I threw the covers off and scrambled out of bed, grabbing my robe. I needed to get downstairs before Lennox's anger tore the house apart.

I hurried down the stairs, my robe fluttering behind me. The air in the hallway felt thick with Alpha aggression. I followed the sound of the shouting deep into the lower levels of the mansion, near the heavy steel doors that led to the holding cells.

Lennox was standing there, his chest heaving, his face dark red with rage. Levi and Louis were flanking him, looking just as angry. A guard stood nearby, trembling under the weight of their combined rage.

"He won't speak!" Lennox roared, slamming his fist against the stone wall. "Every time we ask who opened the tunnels, he just spits at us. He is ready to die for whoever sent them."

"Let me try," I said, my voice steady despite the chaos.

Lennox turned to me, his eyes glowing gold. "No. Absolutely not, Olivia. You're pregnant, and it's disgusting down there. It's no place for you or the baby."

"I am the Luna," I reminded him, stepping closer so I was right in his space. "And I am the one they tried to kill at the altar. I'm going in."

He started to argue, but Louis put a hand on his shoulder and shook his head. Lennox let out a frustrated growl but stepped aside. "Fine. But I'm right behind you."

We stepped into the cold, damp cell. The rogue was chained to a chair in the center of the room. He was a mess—half dead, covered in blood and dirt from the fight. He looked up at me with a hollow, hateful stare.

"You can kill me," the rogue croaked, coughing up blood. "I don't care about my life. I'll never tell you who paid us."

I looked at him and realized he was telling the truth. Physical pain didn't scare him. He had already accepted his death. To get the truth, I had to find what he actually cared about.

I raised my hand, and a bright, hot flame ignited in my palm. The orange light danced in the dark cell. "I could burn you alive right now," I said coldly. "I could make your last moments feel like an eternity of fire."

He just laughed, a wet, rattling sound. "Do it, bitch. I'm already in hell."

Lennox tried to strike him, but I stopped him.

I extinguished the fire and tilted my head, watching the prisoner closely. I decided to play a trick. Every man has a weakness, and for many, it's the family they left behind.

"You don't care about yourself," I whispered, leaning in close so he could hear me. "But I know about her. I know you have a little girl."

I saw the smallest flicker in his eyes—a tiny spark of fear. I knew I had him. I was guessing, but his reaction told me I was right.

"I can teleport," I continued, my voice turning into a sharp, icy blade. "I can be at her bedside in seconds. If you don't speak, I will go get her. I will bring her here and let her watch what happens to you before I end her, too. Is your secret worth her life?"

The man's bravado shattered. His bottom lip trembled, and the hateful look in his eyes turned into pure, raw terror.

"No," he sobbed, the chains rattling as he shook. "Not her. Please... she has nothing to do with this. I'll tell you. I'll tell you everything."

Behind me, I felt Lennox go still. He hadn't expected me to go that dark, but it worked.

"Start talking," I commanded. "Who opened the tunnels, and who sent you?"

Chapter 693: Who?

Olivia's POV

The prisoner was trembling now, the threat of me finding his daughter having broken the last of his iron will. He looked up at us, his eyes wet with tears and blood.

"Start talking," I commanded, my voice cold and sharp. "Who sent you?"

The man swallowed hard, a rattling sound in his throat. "The leader... the Rogue King. He sent us for revenge. He wanted the heads of the Trinity because of what you did to his mate."

I frowned, looking back at my husbands. "His mate?"

Lennox stepped forward, his shadow swallowing the prisoner. "We haven't killed a high-ranking rogue female in years. Who are you talking about?"

"The one you beheaded," the man whispered. "Four years ago. Annabella."

The name hit the room like a physical blow.

"Annabella?" Lennox growled, his eyes flashing with rage. "She was the only one. She was a traitor to the pack. We executed her for trying to kill Olivia and shooting Levi."

The prisoner let out a weak, bitter laugh. "You thought she was just a jealous girl, didn't you? You never knew. Annabella was the mate of our King. The plan was simple from the start. She was supposed to lure you in, Alpha Lennox. She was supposed to make you date her, get close to you, and then kill you and your brothers from the inside."

I felt a chill run down my spine. We had always thought Annabella was just a woman who had gone crazy with obsession.

"But she failed," the rogue continued. "She actually fell in love with you, Lennox. She couldn't do it. Our leader called her back, furious, and gave her one last task: kill the woman who had stolen your heart. Kill Olivia. He told her that once the Luna was dead, the Trinity would be weak and easy to destroy."

I remembered that day. The silver flash of the gun. The way Levi had stepped in front of the bullet for me. I remembered the cold look on Annabella's face before the axe fell.

"She missed," the rogue coughed. "She shot the wrong brother and then she died. Our King has been waiting for four years to make you pay. This wedding was his chance to take back the blood you owe him."

I was shocked. When we interrogated Annabella before her death, she had cried and screamed that she did it because she loved Lennox. She said she wanted me gone so she could have him. We never knew there was a Rogue King pulling her strings from the shadows.

Lennox's hands were clenched into fists so tight his knuckles were white. But his face was full of a new, darker question.

"The tunnels," Lennox barked, grabbing the man by his shirt and lifting him half out of the chair. "Annabella didn't know about the southern tunnels. They were sealed before she was even born. Who told you how to get in?"

The man went silent. He looked at the floor, his body shaking. He looked like he was more afraid of the answer than he was of us.

"Tell me!" Lennox roared, his Alpha voice shaking the very walls of the cell.

"Your father..." the man whispered, his voice breaking. "We found your father. He's with the King. He's the one who told us everything."

The silence that followed was deafening. Lennox let go of the man's shirt, stepping back as if he had been burned. Levi and Louis looked like they had seen a ghost.

"My father is dead," Lennox said, his voice a low, hollow growl. "I stripped him of his wolf, threw him out of this pack years ago. He was a monster, and he died in the wilderness."

"He didn't die," the rogue sobbed. "The King found him. He was broken and starving, hiding in the mountains. He wanted revenge on the sons who betrayed him. He gave the King the maps. He told us exactly where the guards wouldn't be looking. He's the one who knew the old ways into the mansion. He's the one who mapped out the tunnels for us."

I looked at Lennox. His face was a mask of pure horror and fury. Levi and Louis looked just as stunned. Their own father had sold them out. He had sent killers to their wedding to murder their wife and their unborn child.

"Where is he?" Levi stepped forward, his eyes flashing with rage. "Where is the Rogue King hiding him?"

"The Dark Forest," the man gasped. "There is a camp near the Black River. They are gathering more men. This was just the beginning. The King... he doesn't just want the Trinity dead. He wants to watch the pack burn so he can build his own kingdom on the ashes."

I reached out and grabbed Lennox's arm. His muscles were like granite under my touch. Through our bond, I could feel his world shattering. The man who raised him—the man who had already caused so much pain—was back to finish the job.

"Lennox," I whispered, trying to pull him back to me. "Lennox, look at me."

He didn't look at me. He was staring at the rogue, but he wasn't seeing him. He was seeing the face of his father.

"Louis, get the guards," Lennox said, his voice eerily calm. "Double the patrols on the Black River. Levi, get the armory ready. If he's alive, I'm going to be the one to put him in the ground this time. For good."

"Wait," I said, stepping between them. "We can't just rush out there. It's a trap. If your father knows the tunnels, he knows our tactics. He knows how we think."

"We are going to prove him wrong."

I looked at my three husbands. The wedding glow was completely gone. In its place was a cold, hard hunger for war. We were finally married, but our honeymoon was going to be fought in the dirt and blood of the Dark Forest.

"We do this together," I said, my voice hardening. "If we are family, we fight like one."

Lennox finally looked at me. He reached out, his large hand cupping the side of my face. His thumb brushed over my cheekbone, and for a second, I saw the man I loved instead of the Alpha.

"As you wish," he said.

Chapter 694: Arrangements

Lennox's POV

I stepped out of the cell, my brothers following close behind. I signaled for Golden, my lead commander, to step forward.

"Golden," I said, my voice sounding like grinding stones. "Make sure no one knows a rogue survived. If the word gets out that we have a prisoner, the King might move his camp. Keep the cells locked down. Total silence."

"Yes, Alpha," Golden said, bowing his head.

"Tonight, we attack," I continued. I looked toward the window, where the sun was already starting to dip. "We go to the Black River. We burn the Rogue King's camp to the ground. Every fighter, every rogue who picked up a weapon—kill them. But listen to me: do not touch the children. Do not touch the weak women or the old ones. We are not monsters."

"Understood, Alpha. I will gather the men," Golden replied.

I turned my head and saw Olivia in the corner of the hallway. She was talking to the children, kneeling down so she was at their level. She looked so calm, so beautiful. But I saw the way her eyes flashed. I knew that underneath that silk robe, she was a warrior.

I felt a sharp pang of worry in my chest. She was pregnant. The new life inside her was only two months old, and yet, I knew I couldn't leave her behind. The last time Olivia truly unleashed her power was when the boys were kidnapped. She had been like a goddess of fire and wind. We were unstoppable when we fought as a Trinity plus one, but the risk to the baby made my heart hammer against my ribs.

"Golden," I called out before he could leave. "The men you put in charge of guarding the children... are they the best? Do they have special abilities?"

"Yes, Alpha," Golden promised. "I chose the ones with the strongest shields and the fastest reflexes. No one will get near the heirs while you are in the forest."

I nodded, but the weight in my stomach didn't go away. I walked over to Olivia. She looked up at me, and I could see the fire in her eyes. She knew what I was thinking. She knew I wanted to tell her to stay home.

"Don't say it, Lennox," she whispered, standing up. "I'm going. Our enemies are out there. I won't sit in a room while you three finish this."

I reached out and grabbed her waist, pulling her flush against my chest. I rested my hand on her stomach, right where our child was growing.

"I'm terrified for the baby, Olivia," I growled softly into her hair. "But I'm more terrified of what happens if we aren't all together."

I held Olivia close for a moment longer, breathing in her scent. It was the only thing that kept me grounded while my wolf screamed for blood.

The sound of heavy boots echoed down the hall. Levi appeared, his face tight and his eyes glowing with a dark, restless light. He looked like he was ready to tear the world apart.

"The warriors are outside," Levi said, his voice hard. "They are armed and waiting for the signal."

Olivia stepped back from my chest, her expression serious. "How many, Levi?"

"One thousand," Levi answered. "A thousand of our best."

Olivia nodded slowly. "That is a good number. They won't know what hit them."

I looked at my brothers. Louis joined us, his calm nature replaced by a sharp, quiet focus. We stood in a circle, the four of us. The Trinity and the woman who held our souls together.

"We can do this," I said, looking each of them in the eye. "We are going to that camp. We are going to find the Rogue King. We finish this tonight so our children never have to look over their shoulders again."

Levi nodded, his jaw set. Louis tightened his grip on the dagger at his side. Olivia reached out, her hands finding ours, connecting us all through the bond.

"I trust us," she said firmly.

Hours later, the sun had fully set. The mansion was quiet, but it was the kind of quiet that felt like a held breath. Outside, a thousand warriors were moving like shadows, but I had one last thing to do before we left for the Black River.

I walked toward the back of the library, my boots silent on the carpet. I stopped in front of a plain stone wall. To anyone else, it looked like part of the house. We had built this safe room two years ago, and it was our greatest secret. No one—not even the high-ranking guards—knew it existed until now.

Only the fingerprints of my brothers, myself, or the children could open it.

I pressed my hand against a specific stone. I felt the vibration as it scanned my skin. The wall pushed back smoothly, and a heavy, reinforced door appeared. I punched in a long code, and with a soft hiss, the door opened.

I stepped inside. The room was large and comfortable, filled with enough food and water to last a month. The children were sitting on the large bed with their nannies, while six of our most elite guards stood at the corners.

The kids jumped up the moment they saw me. "Daddy!" they cried, rushing over to wrap their arms around my legs.

I knelt down and hugged the girls first, kissing their heads and telling them to be brave. Then, I turned my focus to the boys. I took their small hands in mine, my heart aching with how much they looked like us.

"Listen to me closely," I said, my voice low and serious. "If things go wrong—and I mean really wrong—the guards will lead you to the back stairs. Those stairs lead deep underground and out past the pack borders. They will take you straight to my uncle's territory. You stay there until we come for you."

The girls started to cry, and even the boys' eyes went wide with fear.

"Shh," I hushed them, pulling them into a big huddle. "We will be fine. It will not come to that. Your mother and your fathers are the strongest people in this world. We are just being extra careful because we love you."

I looked up at the guards. "Step out for a moment. I need a word with my children alone."

The guards bowed and walked out into the hallway. Once the door was shut, I reached into my tactical vest and pulled out five small, silver spray canisters. I handed one to each of the kids.

"Listen," I whispered, leaning in so the nannies couldn't hear. "I don't trust anyone today. Not even the shadows. If you notice the guards acting suspicious, or if someone you don't know tries to take you, you spray this in their face. It will make them lose consciousness instantly."

The boys looked at the cans, their faces turning serious.

"Don't worry," I added, seeing their worried looks. "This spray won't hurt you. It is made from our own genes, so it only works on people who aren't part of our bloodline. It's your secret weapon. Keep it hidden."

Liam, the oldest, tucked his canister into his pocket and nodded firmly. "I'll protect them, Dad. I promise."

I felt a surge of pride so strong it almost choked me. I hugged them one last time, stood up, and walked out. When the wall closed behind me, my face turned back into a mask of stone.

Chapter 695: Tricked

Olivia's POV

The massive rogue camp was twice as large as the prisoner had described. Hundreds of tents stretched into the trees, and the air stank of unwashed bodies and blood. The Rogue King stepped out from the largest tent, a cruel smile stretching across his face. He didn't look surprised; he looked as though he had been waiting for us to arrive.

"The Trinity and their fire-breathing Luna," he called out, his voice dripping with venom. "I knew you couldn't resist coming for me."

Lennox stepped forward, his wolf glowing in his eyes. "How dare you cross our borders," he roared, his voice echoing through the trees. "How dare you touch our home. You will not leave this forest alive."

"You killed my mate!" the King screamed back, his laughter vanishing into raw, ugly anger. "You didn't just imprison Annabella; you beheaded her like a common criminal! You took my soul, so I will take everything from you. I will wipe every last one of your bloodline off this earth."

"Over my dead body," I snapped. I felt the heat rising in my chest. I raised my hand, and a white-hot flame began to dance across my fingertips, ready to turn this camp into an inferno.

"I wouldn't be so sure about that, little girl," the King said, pulling a small black device from his belt. "My spies weren't just there to kill you at the altar. While you were busy dancing, they were planting bombs in every corner of your mansion. And I believe your precious children are currently inside, tucked away in their 'safe' room."

My blood turned to ice. My flame flickered and died as my heart stopped.

"You're lying," Lennox hissed, but I could feel his hands shaking through the bond.

The Rogue King sneered and pressed a small red button on the side of the device.

BOOM.

The ground beneath us vibrated. Even from miles away, the sound of a massive explosion ripped through the air. A plume of black smoke began to rise in the distance, coming from the direction of our territory.

"No!" I screamed. I braced myself, my power surging to teleport back to the mansion, but the King pointed the device at me.

"Don't," he warned. "That was just the combat training grounds. The next button blows the East Wing. The one after that? The library and the safe room beneath it. If you teleport, if you move, if you even blink wrong, I'll turn that mansion into a graveyard before you can touch the door."

I froze. I could feel the truth in his words. Through the bond, I felt Lennox's mind frantically reaching out to Golden and the guards back at the mansion.

Golden, report! Lennox's mental voice was a scream. Search the foundations! There are explosives in the house! Get the kids out!

Levi stepped up beside me, his teeth bared and his eyes fixed on the King's hand. "Drop that device," Levi growled, his body coiled like a spring. "If you hurt those kids, there won't be enough of you left for the crows to eat."

"Then I suggest you tell your warriors to stand down," the Rogue King mocked, holding the detonator high. "Because right now, I'm the only one who decides if your heirs wake up tomorrow."

I looked at Lennox. His face was pale, his Alpha pride warring with his terror as a father. We were trapped. I looked at the black smoke rising from our home and felt something snap inside me. The fear for my children was there, but it was being drowned out by a white-hot, tectonic rage.

"I don't care," I snarled, my voice echoing with a power that shook the trees. "If you touch them, I will burn the very air out of your lungs before you can blink."

I gathered every ounce of my magic, my fingers igniting into blinding white pillars of flame. I was ready to strike, ready to end him—but the Rogue King just smirked.

"Now," he whispered.

The ground beneath us didn't just shake; it vanished.

A massive, magically reinforced sinkhole opened up directly under our feet. Before I could launch my fire, the earth swallowed us whole. I fell into a dark, suffocating pit. As I tried to scramble up, strange, glowing vines shot out from the dirt walls, wrapping around my arms and legs. They weren't just vines—they were laced with wolfsbane and silver. They burned my skin and, worse, they acted like a power dampener.

I tried to teleport. I squeezed my eyes shut, reaching for that familiar tug of space, but it felt like hitting a brick wall. My magic was being sucked out by the ground itself.

Beside me, I heard a grunt of pain. Louis was pinned next to me, the vines tightening around his throat as he struggled to shift. Half of our vanguard warriors were trapped in the same trench, their wolves howling in agony as the enchanted earth suppressed their spirits.

But Lennox and Levi had been a second faster. They had lunged forward as the ground gave way, their Alpha reflexes allowing them to catch the edge and roll onto the solid grass.

Lennox stood up, his clothes shredded, his fangs fully extended and dripping with saliva. He looked like a demon birthed from the forest floor. His growl was so loud it made the rogue warriors step back in fear. Levi was right beside him, his claws extended, his body a blur of lethal tension.

The Rogue King looked down into the pit at Louis and me, then turned his gaze back to the two Alphas who were still free. He threw his head back and laughed, a sound of pure triumph.

"Did you really think I'd fight fair?" the King said, looking at Lennox. "You always were the arrogant one, just like your father said. You're so focused on the bombs and the battlefield that you forgot to look at where you were standing."

He stepped toward the edge of the pit, dangling the detonator over us.

"Now I have the Luna and one brother in a cage," he sneered. "And I have the detonator for your children's lives in my hand. So, Lennox... Levi... tell me. Are you going to fight me and watch your family die, or are you going to show me just how much an Alpha is willing to crawl to save his blood?"

Lennox's eyes were pure gold, his pupils blown wide with a killing intent so strong I could feel it through the bond, even through the dampening vines.

"I am going to tear your heart out through your back," Lennox promised.

The Rogue King's smile widened. He didn't just look like a warrior anymore; his eyes began to swirl with a dark, sickly violet light. He slowly rotated his wrist, his fingers contorting in a strange, rhythmic motion.

Suddenly, a pain like a thousand jagged knives ripped through my nerves. It wasn't the vines; it was coming from the inside out. My blood felt like it was boiling, and my bones felt like they were being crushed by an invisible vice. I gasped, my back arching against the dirt wall of the pit as a strangled scream escaped my throat.

"Olivia!" Lennox's roar was filled with such raw agony it vibrated in my soul. He took a predatory step forward, but the King merely flicked a finger toward Louis.

Louis let out a choked cry, his hands clawing at his chest as he collapsed into the mud beside me. The binding vines glowed brighter, feeding off the King's dark energy.

"Stop! Stop it!" Lennox yelled, his voice cracking. He halted mid-stride, his massive hands trembling and his claws digging into his own palms until they bled.

The Rogue King let out a low, chilling laugh. "I am not just any King, Lennox. I am a sorcerer. A King of the shadows. I spent four years learning the arts that would make your Alpha strength look like child's play."

He twisted his hand again, and the pressure on my lungs tightened. I couldn't breathe. My vision began to spot with black. Through the bond, I felt Lennox's absolute terror.

"I can kill your mate and your brother with just a twist of my hand," the King said, his voice smooth and terrifyingly calm. "I don't even need the bombs to end your legacy, but they are a nice touch, aren't they? One little 'click' and your pups are stardust. One little 'twist' and your Luna is a corpse."

Lennox stood frozen, his chest heaving. He was a beast capable of killing hundreds, a warrior who had never backed down, but right now, he was a man staring at the death of his entire world. He looked at me, his golden eyes pleading and filled with a helpless rage. He knew that if he lunged, or if he even breathed in the King's direction, I wouldn't survive the next second.

"Get on your knees," the King commanded, the violet light in his eyes flaring. "Both of you. Now. Or I'll let you watch her heart stop before I blow the house."

Chapter 696: Sneak peak

Dear Readers,

This is a sneak peek of Liam, Leon, and Leo's story.

Yes... the triplets are coming. And trust me, their story is going to be intense, emotional, and completely different from anything I've written before.

As Fated is slowly coming to an end, I know some of you might be feeling emotional or even worried. But please don't panic. This is not goodbye. It's just the beginning of something even bigger.

Title: The Triplet Alphas' Secret Mate

Scarlett's POV

A light tap-tap-tap against the glass made me bolt upright.

I didn't scream; I knew that rhythm. It was the secret beat we had used since we were toddlers. I scrambled out of bed, my heart already racing, and pushed the window open. Three tall, dark silhouettes were perched on the roof ledge like oversized crows.

"You guys are going to get caught," I whispered, though a smile was already tugging at my lips. "The guards just finished their rounds."

Liam, the oldest and most serious, climbed in first with a grace that shouldn't belong to someone so big. He was followed by Leon and Leo. At twenty, the triplets were already massive—broad-shouldered and smelling of fresh mint and the biting cold of the night air. They crowded into my small room, making the walls feel like they were closing in, but in a way that made me feel completely safe.

"Like we'd let you turn eighteen without us being the first to say it," Leon grinned. He leaned against my desk, looking at me with a playful glint in his eyes. He reached out and ruffled my hair, intentionally messing up the neat braids my mother had finished only hours ago.

"Stop it, Leon!" I swatted his hand away, laughing softly so I wouldn't wake my parents downstairs.

"Happy Birthday, Little Fox," Leo said. His voice was softer, more tender. He stepped closer and handed me a small, leather-bound journal. The leather was soft and smelled of cedar. "For all the secrets you're going to tell your wolf once you shift today. Don't let these two idiots read it."

I ran my thumb over the cover, looking up at them. These were my protectors, my best friends, the boys I'd trailed behind since I could barely walk. To the pack, they were the powerful heirs to the three Alphas—Lennox, Levi, and Louis. They were royalty. But to me, they were just them.

I loved them like brothers, but as I looked at Liam, who was watching me with an intensity that made my breath hitch, I knew I felt something more.

Liam stepped forward, the gravity of his future Alpha aura always hanging around him. He didn't joke like Leon or tease like Leo. He reached out, his hand resting on my shoulder. His touch was warm, even through the thin fabric of my nightgown, and I felt a spark of electricity where his skin met mine.

"Go to sleep, Scarlett," he murmured, his voice deep and vibrating in his chest. He leaned in closer, his gaze dropping to my lips for a split second before meeting my eyes again. "You'll need your strength for the shift. We have a surprise for you at the ceremony."

My heart did a somersault... a surprise.

One by one, they leaned down to say goodbye. Leo kissed my forehead gently, lingering for a second. Then Leon gave my shoulder a playful squeeze before kissing my temple.

When it was Liam's turn, the air in the room seemed to vanish. He didn't just brush my skin; he stepped into my personal space, his chest almost touching mine. He leaned down, and his lips stayed against my forehead for a second, then two, then three. It felt

like a seal—a silent promise that no matter what happened in the world, he would be there to guard me.

"See you at the party," Liam whispered against my skin, his breath warm.

Then, as quickly as they had arrived, they vanished back into the night, leaping from the ledge into the shadows below. I stood by the window for a long time, the cool air hitting my face, but my forehead still tingling where his lips had lingered.

I crawled back into bed, hugging my new journal to my chest, a silly, happy smile plastered on my face.

I woke up with a lingering smile, my skin still warm from where Liam, Leon, and Leo had kissed me. Today, I was eighteen. Today, I would get my wolf. I spent an hour in front of the mirror, carefully braiding my hair and smoothing out the skirt of the pale blue dress my mother had surprised me with. I looked like a girl on the brink of a new life.

But as I reached for the door handle to head downstairs, a sound shattered the morning peace. It wasn't the sound of celebration. It was the heavy, rhythmic thud of combat boots and the sound of wood splintering.

"Get off me!" my father's voice boomed—a Beta's roar that shook the very foundations of our home.

I raced down the stairs, my heart hammering against my ribs. In our dining room, the birthday breakfast my mother had prepared was scattered on the table. Instead of my parents waiting to hug me, I found them pinned against the wall. Four pack warriors—men I had known my entire life—were forcing my father into silver-laced shackles.

"Dad? Mom?" My voice came out small, trembling.

"Scarlett, stay back!" my mother cried. Her hair was disheveled, her eyes wide with a terror I had never seen. Two guards held her arms so tightly I could see her skin bruising.

"Golden, what is this?" my father snarled, his eyes flashing amber as his wolf struggled to be let free. "I am your Beta. Release my mate this instant!"

Golden, the lead warrior, didn't look him in the eye. "By order of Alphas Lennox, Levi, and Louis, you are under arrest for high treason and the murder of Luna Olivia."

Chapter 697: Mysterious Helper

Lennox's knees hit the dirt with a heavy thud. It was the sound of a heart breaking. Beside him, Levi fell too, pressing his hands into the grass and bowing his head.

They were Alphas, leaders of thousands, but they had never felt so weak. In this moment, they were just two men forced to watch their mate, Olivia, struggle to breathe.

"That's it," the Rogue King cooed. He stepped toward the edge of the pit and looked down at Olivia. Her face was pale and her eyes were rolling back. "See how the mighty fall? Your father told me you were soft. He said you would always choose a woman over a kingdom."

"Stop the magic," Lennox choked out. His pride tasted like ash. "We are on our knees. Just stop hurting her."

The King laughed—a sharp, crazy sound. "I think I'll do both. I'll kill her slowly, and I'll blow up the house anyway. I want you to feel the exact moment your bloodline ends."

A cruel smile twisted the King's face as he moved his thumb over the red button. Levi and Louis closed their eyes, a scream building in their throats. They waited for the roar of the mansion exploding.

the King pressed it.

Click.

Nothing. Only silence.

The Rogue King frantically slammed his thumb onto the detonator, his face twisting into a mask of confusion and panic. "Why isn't it blowing?! Blow, damn you!"

"It won't work," a gravelly voice rang out from the shadows behind him. "I've cut the frequencies. The signal is dead."

A man stepped into the torchlight of the camp, dressed in the tattered furs of a rogue. His face was partially hidden by a hood, but his eyes were sharp and focused. He held a small, glowing device—a jammer. Before the King could react, the man pressed a final sequence on his remote.

With a heavy metallic clack, the enchanted vines in the pit snapped. The ground vibrated as the magical binding holding Olivia and Louis vanished.

"Attack!" the stranger yelled, his voice a commanding roar that sliced through the chaos. "Kill them all!"

Lennox didn't need to be told twice. The moment the pressure on the bond lifted and he felt Olivia's breath return, the beast inside him took complete control. He didn't just shift; he exploded into his wolf form, a mass of obsidian fur and pure, unadulterated rage.

The Rogue King tried to drop the useless detonator and shift, but Lennox was faster. His massive paws slammed into the King's chest before fur could even sprout. They tumbled into the dirt in a whirlwind of teeth and claws. The King finally managed to shift into a mangy, grey-furred beast, but he was no match for a Trinity Alpha fueled by the terror of nearly losing his family.

Around them, the forest became a slaughterhouse. Levi was a blur of silver-grey, intercepting the King's guard. He caught rogues mid-air, snapping spines and throwing them aside like rats.

Olivia didn't stay in the pit for a second longer. With the dampening spell broken, she teleported in a flash of white light, reappearing on the edge of the clearing. Louis jumped out beside her, claws extended, joining the vanguard warriors who were being freed by the mysterious stranger.

As the hooded man moved from cage to cage, Olivia stared at him for a heartbeat. He smelled like a rogue, he looked like a rogue, but he was fighting with them; he was releasing the warriors.

Lennox turned his full attention back to the King beneath him. The rogue snapped at his throat, but Lennox dodged, his jaws finding the King's shoulder and tearing through muscle and bone. The rogue king whimpered, reduced to a terrified animal. Lennox didn't give him a second chance. He lunged forward, fangs sinking deep into the soft flesh of the King's neck. He felt the pulse thrumming against his teeth before giving one violent, bone-snapping jerk—tearing the head clean from the shoulders.

The King was dead.

Lennox stood over the carcass, blood dripping from his muzzle, and looked toward Olivia. She stood in the center of the camp like a goddess of destruction, her eyes glowing like white stars. She stretched her hands apart, and massive balls of red-hot flame erupted from her fingertips.

They streaked through the air like meteors, seeking out every rogue fighter. Tents ignited in seconds. The rogues screamed as the fire consumed them, but the flames were sentient; they danced around the Trinity's warriors and completely avoided the stranger who was still busy releasing their men.

The fire was like a living thing, fueled by Olivia's anger. The red balls of fire chased the rogue fighters through the trees. No one could escape. The Dark Forest, which was usually very dark, was now filled with a bright light that people could see for miles.

In nearby lands, other Alphas watched the glowing sky. They could feel a strange, powerful energy in the air. They knew it was Olivia, the "Special One," using her full power.

When the fighting stopped, the Trinity's warriors walked through the ruins of the camp. They did exactly what Lennox ordered: they killed the fighters but did not touch the women, children, or old people. The battle was over. The rogue army was gone, and only smoke and ash remained.

Lennox, Levi, and Louis changed back into their human forms. They were covered in blood and very tired. They stood around Olivia as her flames died down. They all looked at the man in the hood—the rogue who had jammed the signal and freed their men.

The silence was thick. Olivia stepped forward, her eyes still shimmering with the remnants of her power. "Who are you?" she asked, her voice steady but demanding. "And why did you help us?"

The man slowly lifted his hands in a gesture of surrender, his expression weary but relieved. "My name is Zane," he said, his voice gravelly. "I am—or was—the Rogue King's cousin."

Lennox's jaw tightened, his Alpha instinct still on high alert. "A cousin of the King? Why betray your own blood?"

"Because blood doesn't make a King, and it certainly doesn't justify a monster," Zane spat, looking at the headless corpse of his kinsman. "My cousin was evil. He didn't just want a kingdom; he wanted to break people. He raped the rogue women, he took what he wanted, and he slaughtered those who showed a shred of mercy. I stayed because I had to protect what was mine, but I knew his reign had to end."

Lennox nodded slowly, the tension in his shoulders finally beginning to bleed away. "You saved my family tonight, Zane. For that, we owe you a debt."

Just as the words left his mouth, a young woman and a girl of about six years old broke away from the group of rogue survivors. They ran through the soot-covered clearing, their faces streaked with tears.

"Father!" the little girl cried, throwing herself at Zane's legs.

Zane's hard expression crumbled instantly. He dropped to his knees, catching the child in a fierce embrace and pulling his wife close to his side. He buried his face in the little girl's hair, his hands shaking.

The girl pulled back slightly, looking into her father's eyes with admiration. "Father, you did the right thing," she whispered.

Zane managed a small, bittersweet smile, his eyes glistening. "Yes, Scarlett... I did what you wanted. We're free now."

Chapter 698: Little Saviour

Zane stood up, lifting little Scarlett into his arms. Olivia noticed the girl looked very pale and weak, her small body trembling. Even though her heart went out to the child, Olivia's soul screamed for her own family. The memory of the explosion she had heard earlier still echoed in her mind.

"I have to check on the boys," Olivia said, her voice tight with worry.

Lennox, Levi, and Louis stepped toward her, wanting to go too, but Olivia didn't wait. She closed her eyes, focused on the image of the mansion's safe room, and pulled on her power. In a flash of white light, she vanished from the smoky forest.

Olivia appeared in the grand hallway of the house. The air was different here—smelling of old books and stone instead of fire and blood. The house was deathly quiet, which terrified her.

"Boys! Babies!" she screamed.

She ran to the library, where the floor was covered in a thin layer of dust. Some windows had shattered from the blast outside, but the house was still standing. She found the secret stone wall and pressed her hand to the scanner. Her hands were shaking so much that the machine didn't recognize her at first. She took a deep breath, steadied her palm, and tried again.

The wall moved. The heavy door opened with a quiet hiss.

Olivia ran inside and stopped. The room was perfectly intact. All the children were sitting together on the large bed. The six guards inside were instantly alert; they didn't recognize Olivia at first because she was covered in blood and soot. They moved in front of the children, growling and ready to attack the "intruder."

"Mommy!"

The children's voices broke the tension. The guards quickly stepped back, bowing their heads in apology as they realized it was their Luna. The boys and girls scrambled off the bed and ran to her as fast as they could. Olivia fell to her knees, pulling them into a tight huddle. Her dirty, blood-stained clothes ruined their clean pajamas, but she didn't care. She just needed to feel their heartbeats. She kissed their cheeks and held them until her own shaking finally stopped.

Leo looked up at her with wide, concerned eyes. "Mother, you're messy. Where are fathers? Did we win the war?"

Olivia wiped a tear from her face, leaving a smudge of dirt behind. She smiled at him, her voice filled with relief. "We won, darling," she whispered, smoothing his hair. "Your fathers are okay. We were in trouble, but God sent an angel to help us. He saved us all."

Back in the forest, the smoke began to clear. The warriors walked through the remains of the camp, counting the survivors. There were only ten rogues left alive, including Zane and his small family.

The victory was massive. Hundreds of rogues lay dead in the ash, yet not a single Trinity warrior had been killed. Only a few had minor injuries. Everyone knew the truth: they were alive because of Olivia's fire.

A head warrior stepped over the rubble and approached the Alphas. He looked worried. "Alpha, your father isn't here. We searched every tent and every body. We didn't find him. It seems he ran away before the fire reached the center of the camp."

Lennox let out a deep, frustrated growl that made the trees tremble. The rogue camp was burnt to ashes, but the man he hated most had escaped again. "Find him!" Lennox ordered. "Search every inch of these woods. He can't have gone far."

He turned away from the destruction and saw Zane. The man was holding his wife's hand, and they were already starting to walk toward the dark tree line.

"Where are you going?" Lennox called out.

Zane stopped and looked back, his face tired. "I have no idea," he admitted. "But we will figure it out. We are used to moving."

Louis stepped forward, looking confused. "You don't belong to a pack? A man with your skills?"

Zane sighed. "It is a long story. I was banished from my birth pack years ago."

"Why?" Lennox asked.

It was Zane's wife who spoke up. She looked at her husband with love and sadness. "Because of me," she said softly. "Zane is the second son of the Alpha of the Nightfall Pack. His father wanted him to marry a high-ranking female to make the pack stronger, but Zane refused. We were true mates. His father was so angry that he banished him."

Lennox felt a sharp pull of sympathy in his chest. He looked at the woman and then back at Zane. He knew that if he were in that position with Olivia, he would have done the exact same thing. He would have chosen his mate over a kingdom every time.

His eyes fell on their little girl, Scarlett. She looked so small in Zane's arms—about the same age as his own triplets—but her skin was pale and her breathing was heavy.

"Is she sick?" Lennox asked, his voice softening.

"Yes," Zane replied, hugging her tighter. "She has been sick for the past month. The Rogue King refused to let a doctor see her. He used her to keep me in line. He told me if I didn't help him with his magic and his traps, he would let her fade away to nothing."

Lennox felt a surge of respect for the man. He knew the agony of being forced to choose between honor and a child's life.

"But," Zane continued, looking at his daughter with awe, "you should know... it wasn't really me who saved you today. It was her."

The three brothers stepped closer, confused. "What do you mean?"

"I was the one with the tools, yes," Zane whispered, stroking Scarlett's hair. "But I was a coward. I was too afraid of what the King would do to her. It was Scarlett who begged me to help you. She told me she had seen a vision of a 'Lady of Fire.' She told me that if we didn't help you, the world would turn to ash. She was the one who asked me to do what I did, even if it meant she might get hurt."

The three brothers looked at the small, fragile girl in a new light. She wasn't just a sick child; she had the gift of sight. She was a little hero.

Lennox's heart softened. He knew that if they went into the woods now, the cold night air would only make her illness worse. The girl might not survive the night. He looked at Levi and Louis. Without a word, his brothers nodded. They were all thinking the same thing.

Lennox reached out and placed a supportive hand on Zane's shoulder. "Then we owe her our lives twice over. We don't leave heroes behind in the dirt, Zane. Let's get her to the mansion. We have the best healers in the territory, and our Luna... she has a way of making miracles happen."

Zane took a shaky breath and nodded. "Thank you, Alpha."

Chapter 699: Back Home

The Alphas and the warriors finally reached the mansion. The grounds were bustling with activity. Staff members were rushing around, but luckily, most were unharmed. Aside from a few scratches on those who had been near the training yard when the explosion went off, the pack had survived. Workers were already clearing the debris from the blast site, their spirits high despite the damage.

As Lennox, Levi, and Louis stepped into the courtyard, a cheer went up. The warriors were welcomed back like the heroes they were. From the safety of her father's arms, Scarlett looked around with wide eyes. Everything here was so different from the rogue camp. The air was clean, the people looked healthy and fed, and there was a sense of happiness she had never known.

The mansion doors flew open, and Olivia stepped out. She looked tired, but when she saw her three Alphas, her face lit up. She rushed to them, and they met her halfway, each taking a turn to hold her and kiss her deeply, thankful to be together again.

Suddenly, the triplets burst out of the house. Even though they were only eight, they walked with a maturity and strength inherited from their fathers. They rushed toward Lennox, Levi, and Louis, shouting, "Welcome back!" as they crashed into their fathers' legs for a massive group hug.

But as the excitement settled, Liam—the oldest of the three—noticed someone new. He looked up and saw the girl in Zane's arms. She looked weak and pale, but her eyes were like stars. She was perhaps two years younger than him, but the moment their eyes met, Liam's heart skipped a beat. He was too young to understand what it meant, but a strange, protective warmth suddenly flooded his chest. He couldn't stop staring.

Leo's attention was drawn next. He froze mid-laugh, his eyes going wide. He felt a weird thud in his chest that made him feel breathless. To him, she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, even with the dirt on her face.

Leon, usually the most stoic and quiet of the brothers, looked up last. He swallowed hard, his hands tightening into small fists at his sides. He felt a pull toward her that he couldn't explain.

Zane noticed the three young princes staring at his daughter. He held her a little tighter, feeling the intense gaze of the future Alphas.

Olivia walked over, sensing the shift in the air. She looked at Scarlett and then at her three sons, who were all standing like statues, unable to look away from the little girl. A soft smile touched Olivia's lips—it was obvious her sons would become great friends with Scarlett. She knew that look; that was the same look the triplets typically gave her when they were younger.

Olivia stepped closer, her eyes softening as they landed on the fragile girl. "I believe this is your family, Zane?" she asked, her voice like a soothing melody.

Zane nodded, his arms tightening slightly around his daughter. "Yes, Luna. My wife, Emma, and my daughter, Scarlett."

Olivia's gaze sharpened as she looked at Scarlett. Being a powerful healer, she didn't need a medical kit to know the girl was in trouble. She could perceive the dimming light in the girl's soul, like a flickering candle in a dark room.

"She's so weak," Olivia whispered, reaching out to brush a stray hair from Scarlett's forehead. "Zane, what happened to her?"

Zane's voice broke as he explained the Rogue King's cruelty—the month of neglect, the lack of medicine, and how the King had used the girl's illness to keep him a prisoner.

As Zane spoke, a strange wave of pain hit the triplets. It was as if they could feel Scarlett's exhaustion in their own bodies. Liam, usually so composed, turned to Olivia with a look of pure desperation.

"Mom," Liam pleaded, his voice cracking. "Could you please heal her? Now? Please?"

Olivia blinked in surprise. She had seen her sons be kind before, but this was different. This was an urgent, primal need to protect. The speed of their attachment was shocking.

Liam didn't wait for an answer. He turned back to Scarlett and gave her a small, reassuring smile. It was the smile of a future King promising safety. Scarlett, despite her pain, blinked back at him, her tiny fingers curling into her father's shirt.

"Don't worry," Leon added, his voice deep and steady for an eight-year-old. "Our mom is the greatest healer in the world. She can fix anything."

"Yeah," Leo chimed in, his usual playful energy replaced by a fierce seriousness. "You're in the Full Moon Pack now. Nobody can hurt you here."

Zane watched the three boys with a growing sense of unease. He knew something strange was happening. These weren't just curious kids; they were three Alphas-in-training staking a claim on his daughter's safety.

Olivia saw the confusion on Zane's face and stepped in to ease the tension. She called for Sarah, one of the head maids. "Sarah, please take Zane and his family to the East Wing guest suite. Make sure it's warm and bring the best broth from the kitchen."

She turned to Zane. "Get her settled. I need to wash the soot from my hands and gather my strength, then I will come and check on her personally."

"Let's follow them!" Liam suddenly announced. "We need to make sure they get to the right room and that they're settled in."

"Yeah, we're coming too," Leo and Leon agreed in unison.

Before Olivia could even protest, the three boys were already walking alongside Zane, acting like a royal escort for the little girl.

Behind them, the four-year-old twins, their sisters, watched their big brothers with confused, furrowed brows. They had never seen their brothers ignore them like this.

"Why are they acting so weird?" Lana whispered, clutching her doll.

"I don't know," Lyra replied, tilting her head. "They're acting like that girl is a treasure."

The twins shared a look and decided to follow the parade, curious to see what was so special about the pale girl.

Olivia watched the long, strange parade of her three sons, her two daughters, and the rogue family head toward the East Wing. It was a sight she never thought she'd see—the future heirs of the Trinity acting like a protective wall around a girl they had just met.

She turned back to Lennox, Levi, and Louis, and a playful giggle escaped her lips. The three Alphas were still standing there, soot-stained and exhausted, but they were also wearing identical expressions of complete bewilderment.

"What was that?" Louis asked, rubbing the back of his neck. "I've never seen Leon move that fast for anyone but you, Olivia."

"It's in the blood, I think," Olivia teased, leaning into Lennox's chest. "Liam is behaving exactly like you, Lennox—all commanding and protective. And Leon? He's got that quiet, intense focus that Louis has. As for Leo, he's got Levi's heart. They aren't just curious; they're already claiming her."

Lennox chuckled, though his face soon turned serious. He reached out, pulling Olivia into a more private space near the fountain. "Olivia, we're sorry," he said softly, his brothers stepping closer to show their support. "We brought rogues into the heart of the mansion without talking to you first. We know how much we've struggled with rogues in the past."

"I saw the way you looked at that child, Lennox," Olivia replied, her voice gentle. "I'm not angry. I felt the pull toward her too."

"There's more," Levi added, his voice dropping to a whisper. "Zane—the father—told us that Scarlett is the reason we're even alive. He was too afraid to act, but she pushed him. She told him she had a vision of a 'Lady of Fire.' She saw the whole fight before it happened."

Olivia's eyes widened, her healer's intuition clicking into place. "So she has the gift of vision. That explains the light I saw in her soul. It's a heavy burden for such a small girl."

"We did the right thing, right?" Louis asked, seeking her approval.

"You did," Olivia confirmed, nodding firmly. "She is special, and she is a hero. We protect our own, and after today, she is one of ours."

Lennox sighed, the weight of the day finally catching up to him. "I've already ordered guards to monitor the other nine rogues we brought back. They'll stay in the secondary barracks until we're sure they can be trusted. Zane and his family are the only ones in the mansion."

Olivia noted the flicker of shadow in Lennox's eyes. "And what about your father, Lennox? Was he in the camp?"

Lennox's jaw tightened, a low growl vibrating in his throat. "He was there. He was the one pulling the strings behind the Rogue King. But the coward escaped before the fire could catch him. He's out there somewhere, Olivia. We've sent trackers, but he's like a ghost."

"He won't stop," Olivia whispered, looking toward the East Wing where her children were.

"Neither will we," Lennox promised, his eyes flashing gold. "But for tonight, the war is outside these walls. Let's get you cleaned up, and then you can go see that girl. Our sons won't let her sleep until they know she's okay."

Chapter 700: History Repeating Itself

The atmosphere in the East Wing guest suite was unlike anything the mansion had ever seen. Zane and Emma had expected to be treated like prisoners or, at best, unwelcome guests. Instead, they found themselves at the center of a royal guard made of children.

Liam stood by the door, his arms crossed over his chest, mimicking his father Lennox's authoritative stance. Leo was busy rearranging the pillows on the large bed to make sure Scarlett was comfortable, while Leon stood at the foot of the bed, his sharp eyes watching the door as if expecting an army to burst through.

"You can put her down now," Liam said to Zane, his voice surprisingly firm. "The bed is warm. Sarah brought the heated blankets."

Zane looked at the young Alpha-in-training, slightly stunned. He slowly laid Scarlett down. The little girl looked tiny against the silk sheets, her breathing still shallow.

The four-year-old twins, Lana and Lyra, hovered by the bedside. They didn't understand the special pull, but they saw how much their brothers cared, so they placed their favorite dolls on the nightstand for Scarlett.

A few minutes later, the door opened. Olivia walked in, now clean and dressed in fresh clothes. Behind her were Lennox, Levi, and Louis. The three Alphas looked at their sons, who hadn't moved an inch from Scarlett's side.

"Alright, boys," Olivia said gently. "I need space to work. You three need to step back."

"We're staying, Mom," Liam said. It wasn't a question.

Olivia looked at Lennox, who simply shrugged with a tired smile. "Let them stay, honey. I don't think you could drag them out."

Olivia sighed affectionately and sat on the edge of the bed. She took Scarlett's small, cold hand in hers. Closing her eyes, Olivia began to hum—a low, melodic sound that seemed to vibrate through the floorboards. Slowly, her hands began to glow with a soft, golden light.

Olivia's brow furrowed as the golden light from her palms flickered. She felt a strange, oily resistance beneath Scarlett's skin. It wasn't just exhaustion or a common fever; it felt like a trap.

She pulled her hands back and looked at Zane. "Did you have healers in the rogue camp?"

Zane nodded quickly, his eyes full of worry. "Yes, we had a few. But they couldn't do anything. My cousin, the King, told me he would look for a more powerful healer, but he never brought one. He just kept telling me to wait and keep working for him."

Olivia shook her head, her expression turning dark. "He wasn't looking for a healer, Zane. He was the one causing this. Your daughter was being poisoned with a very rare, dark toxin. The reason your healers couldn't fix her is because of how this poison works: to heal the person, the healer must physically draw the toxin into their own body and neutralize it there."

Zane and Emma both paled. Zane gripped the bedframe so hard the wood creaked. "So... he was poisoning my little girl just to make sure I stayed loyal? That monster!"

"Mom," Leo whispered, his face turning white as he looked at Scarlett. "What can we do? You have to help her."

Olivia looked at her son, then at her own stomach, where her new baby was growing. A heavy silence filled the room.

"I can take the poison," Olivia said softly, her voice trembling slightly. "My power is strong enough to neutralize it. But... I am pregnant. If I take that toxin into my body, it could harm the baby. It's too dangerous for the little one."

The boys' hearts sank. Liam's fists clenched at his sides, and Leon looked like he wanted to punch the wall. The thought of Scarlett suffering was unbearable, but the thought of their new sibling being hurt was just as bad.

"We can't hurt the baby," Liam said, his voice sounding much older than eight. He looked at Scarlett with a pained expression, his heart torn in two.

Olivia looked at Lennox and his brothers, who all moved closer to her protectively. "We will send for other healers immediately," she promised. "We'll call the High Healers from the Northern Packs. Maybe if three or four of them work together, they can share the poison so it doesn't kill any of them."

But as she spoke, Scarlett's breathing became even more ragged. A dark purple vein appeared on the little girl's neck, spreading toward her heart.

Olivia gently placed her hand on Scarlett's forehead one last time, whispering a small stabilizing spell to keep the girl's heart from slowing further. It wouldn't cure her, but it would buy them a few hours.

"Lennox, please," Olivia said, her voice strained. "Send the fastest message. We need the Circle of Healers from the North. If they arrive by dawn, they can save her together."

Lennox nodded, his face grim. He placed a hand on his sons' shoulders, guiding them toward the door. "Let's give her some quiet, boys. The healers are coming."

The triplets followed reluctantly, their feet dragging as they looked back at the small, pale girl on the bed. Once the room was quiet, with only Zane and Emma whispering prayers by their daughter's side, Olivia stood by the window and watched her sons in the hallway.

She leaned against the doorframe, her hand instinctively resting on her pregnant belly. Her mind was racing. She had seen that look before—the raw, desperate intensity in their eyes. It wasn't just "likeness." It was a primal, magnetic pull.

Is this the mate bond already? she wondered, a knot of anxiety forming in her chest.

She swallowed hard, her heart aching for her boys. History had a strange way of repeating itself. Her three husbands—Lennox, Levi, and Louis—shared her, and while their love was the strongest thing she knew, the journey had been a path of pain and blood. She had spent years proving her love was equal, balancing three powerful Alpha egos, and managing the weight of a triple bond.

Please, not them too, she prayed silently. Don't let Scarlett be their shared mate.

The thought of her three sons fighting over one girl, or having to navigate the complicated, hectic life of a shared bond, made her head spin. It was a beautiful life, but it was a heavy one. She wanted them to have it easier. She wanted them to find three different girls, to have three different lives, so they wouldn't have to face the same constant struggle for balance that she did.

She looked at Scarlett, then back at her sons standing like sentinels in the hall. If the bond was already speaking to them at eight years old, Scarlett was doomed to a life of intense, suffocating protection from three future Alphas.

Maybe it's just because she's 'special' like me, Olivia tried to convince herself. Maybe they just feel her power and want to protect a fellow gift-user. It doesn't have to be the bond.

But deep down, as she saw Liam's jaw set in that familiar "Lennox" way, she feared she already knew the truth.

Hours later, Olivia found the Alphas in the private study. The room was dim, lit only by the glowing embers in the fireplace. Lennox was leaning against the desk, while Levi and Louis were poring over maps. When Olivia walked in, the tension in their shoulders eased slightly. She walked over and sat on Louis's lap, resting her head against his chest.

Lennox looked up, his eyes tired but focused. "All the hidden bombs have been found and removed, Olivia. The rebuilding of the training ground will start tomorrow. The pack is safe for now."

"That's a relief," she whispered, but she could hear the "but" coming.

Levi spoke next, his voice grim. "But we still haven't found our father. He is out there roaming around, and that's a massive problem. He knows our secrets. If he meets another group of rogues, he could lead them right back to our doorstep with a better plan."

Olivia frowned, her fingers tracing the fabric of Louis's shirt. "Maybe I can find him," she suggested. "I can try to think of him, lock onto his energy, and teleport directly to his location."

Lennox immediately shook his head, his jaw tightening. "Not a good idea, Olivia. You're pregnant, and we have no idea where he is. What if he's reached the Kingdom of Rogues? You'd be teleporting into a death trap alone."

"I'm strong enough, Lennox," she countered. "Let me just try to get a glimpse."

"No," Lennox said firmly, his Alpha tone leaving no room for argument. "I won't risk you or the baby on a 'maybe'."

Just as the room fell into a tense silence, the sharp ring of Lennox's private phone cut through the air. He pulled it out and stared at the screen. It was an unsaved number. He put it on speaker, and a cold, familiar voice filled the room.

"I heard you were looking for me, son."

The air in the room seemed to freeze. Lennox's grip on the phone tightened. "Father," he spat.