

Fated To Not Just One, But Three #Chapter 701: Not Your Father - Read Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 701: Not Your Father

Chapter 701: Not Your Father

"Father," Lennox spat, his voice trembling with a mix of hatred and disbelief.

A cackling, jagged laugh filled the room.

"Father?" the voice mocked. "I am not your father, you prick. I just wore his face and his scent to get close enough to ruin you."

The three brothers froze. Levi and Louis exchanged a look of pure confusion.

"What are you talking about?" Levi demanded, stepping toward the phone.

"Damon is dead, boy," the man sneered. "I am Neon. Your pathetic father died ten years ago. I was the one who cut his throat while he slept."

Lennox's eyes went wide, his irises flickering wildly. "So... all the things we thought our father did? The abuse? The traps? The war against the rogues?"

"All me," Neon laughed. "I enjoyed pretending to be him. It made breaking you so much sweeter. Your real father was a 'hero'—a weak, soft-hearted King. I wanted to see if I could turn his 'Trinity' into monsters. And look at you... you've grown up so full of rage."

"You're lying," Louis growled, his claws extending.

"Am I? Ask your mother," Neon said, his voice filled with amusement. "She knows the truth."

Before any of them could speak, Neon continued.

"Get ready," he said, the sound of a blade sharpening audible in the background. "I am not done with you all. I didn't just want to kill you. I wanted to erase everything your father built. I'm coming for the mansion, I'm coming for your heirs, and I'm coming for that crown."

The line went dead.

Lennox slammed his fist onto the desk, completely shattering the wood this time. He looked at his brothers, his chest heaving. "If he's telling the truth... our father was murdered. And we've been hating a ghost for a decade."

"We need to find Mom," Levi said, his voice urgent. "She's the only one who can tell us who we actually are."

"Then we should teleport to her," Olivia suggested.

"No... it is risky," Louis refused.

Olivia frowned. "We can't just stay here... we need to know the truth."

She stretched her hands out, and they hesitated for a moment before giving her their hands.

Olivia closed her eyes and teleported, transporting them to a cottage. The air in the small, quaint cottage was thick with the smell of herbs. Olivia stood between them, her hands still tingling from the massive energy pull required to teleport four adults across the continent.

Their mother, frozen with a fork halfway to her mouth, looked aged. The regal Luna they remembered was gone, replaced by a woman who looked like she was hiding from the world.

Lennox didn't wait. He immediately pushed his alpha instincts outward, his eyes scanning every shadow of the room to ensure they weren't walking into another of "their father's" traps. "It's just her," he muttered, his voice dropping into an angry growl.

Selene scrambled backward, her chair screeching against the floor. "Lennox? How... how did you find me?"

"Don't 'sons' us," Lennox growled, his eyes burning with a predatory light. He didn't even hug her; the betrayal felt like a physical wall. "We just got a call. From a man who claims he's been wearing our father's skin for ten years. Start talking, Mother. Is it true? Was the man who tortured us for a decade... an impostor?"

Selene's face collapsed. She didn't try to deny it. She fell to her knees.

"His name is Neon," she sobbed, burying her face in her hands. "He was my mate. My true mate."

The three brothers recoiled as if they had been struck. The sacred bond of a mate was something they respected above all else—but this was perverted.

"Forgive me," she wailed, looking up at them with tear-streaked eyes. "I never loved your father, Damon. He was a good man, a kind King, but he wasn't mine. I married him for the crown, for the wealth. But then I found Neon. He was a rogue, a nobody... but he was my soul's match."

"So you killed your husband for a rogue?" Louis hissed, his claws digging into the palms of his hands.

"We planned it together," Selene confessed, her voice shaking. "I couldn't stand Damon touching me when I craved Neon. I drugged your father's wine that night ten years ago. He was so peaceful... he didn't even wake up when Neon slid the blade across his throat."

Olivia gasped, clutching her stomach. She felt the unborn baby kick, as if reacting to the horror of the story.

"Neon wanted the wealth," Selene continued. "With the help of a dark witch, he stole Damon's face and his scent. He became the King, and I became his accomplice. I thought he just wanted the wealth," Selene continued, her voice hitching as she looked at the three powerful men who were once her little boys. "I thought we could just take the money and live our lives in secret. But along the line, I realized he didn't just want the money—he wanted the throne. He wanted to be Alpha. And then... then I realized he wanted to kill you guys."

The brothers stood like statues, still not able to believe what they were hearing.

"I never supported it!" she cried out, reaching a trembling hand toward Levi, though she didn't dare touch him. "The moment he spoke of 'clearing the bloodline,' I tried to stop him. But he threatened me. He told me if I spoke a word of the truth, he would make your deaths slow and painful right in front of my eyes."

She collapsed further into herself, looking small and broken on the floor. "We are no longer mates. The bond... I rejected him, but I couldn't tell you the truth. I was so scared, and I was so ashamed. I watched you grow up hating a dead man while a demon wore his skin, and every time I tried to speak, my throat would seize with the memory of the witch's curse."

Lennox stepped back, a look of pure loathing on his face. "So you let us live in a house with our father's murderer. You let him sit in our father's chair, sleep in our father's bed, all because you were scared?"

Chapter 702: Sacrifice

"I'm so, so sorry..." she kept apologizing.

But Lennox wasn't listening to her anymore. His ears twitched, his eyes snapping toward the entrance door. "Something is wrong," Lennox growled, his muscles bunching to shift. "The air... it's heavy."

The front door didn't just open; it was shoved off its hinges with a violent, magical force. Stepping over the threshold was a man who looked nothing like their father. His face was sharp, scarred, and framed by matted dark hair. This was Neon's real face.

Lennox roared and attacked, but halfway through the air, he hit an invisible wall. He crashed to the floor, his limbs hurting. Behind him, Levi and Louis tried to shift, but their bones groaned as if pinned by a mountain.

"I can't... I can't move my light!" Olivia gasped, her hands trembling as she tried to spark a teleportation circle. A shimmering, oily barrier was absorbing her power before it could even manifest.

Neon let out a low, mocking whistle. "Did you really think the 'Special' girl could just pop in and out of my traps? I've waited ten years to get the Trinity in one room without their army." He looked at Selene with pure disgust. "You were the perfect bait, my love. I knew they'd run straight to the only person who knew the truth."

"Neon, please!" Selene screamed, crawling toward him. "This is enough! Just let them go!"

"Shut up!" Neon barked, kicking her hand away. "I tried to give us a kingdom, a life where we weren't scavenging like rats in the dirt, but you didn't want it. You grew soft. You grew 'guilty.' If you won't reign with me, you'll die with them."

Neon pulled out something that looked like a charm wrapped in red cloth. He opened the cork and poured a liquid out of it, and suddenly, fire erupted. This wasn't normal fire; it was alchemist's flame, green and hungry, licking up the walls in seconds. The smoke began to fill the room, but the brothers and Olivia were still frozen, pinned by Neon's dampening spell. Neon stood in the center of the chaos, a transparent, shimmering wall protecting him from the heat.

"You're going to watch your family burn, Lennox," Neon sneered. "And when you're ash, I'm going back for your sons."

"No!" Selene's voice shifted. The cowardice was gone, replaced by a mother's final, desperate act to save her sons. She looked at her three sons—the boys she had failed for a decade—and then at Olivia's pregnant belly.

I know this spell. Neon learned it from the Outlands. It requires blood to hold the seal." Selene whispered, her eyes meeting Lennox's.

"Mother, don't!" Louis choked out, struggling against the invisible weight.

"I loved you," she lied, or perhaps finally told the truth, as she lunged out from behind the barrier and threw herself directly into the heart of the green fire.

The moment her body hit the flames, a high-pitched, glass-shattering sound echoed through the cottage. The invisible weight vanished. The dampening field evaporated.

"Now!" Lennox screamed, grabbing Olivia. Olivia grabbed the brothers. Just as the roof began to collapse onto Neon's protective shield, the space where they stood folded in on itself.

In a flash of blinding light, they were gone, leaving the cottage—and their mother—to the fire.

In the blink of an eye, they arrived at the master suite in the mansion. Lennox hit the ground first. His knees gave out, and he fell hard. He did not even try to stand up. He stayed on the floor, breathing fast and staring at his shaking hands. The smell of burned hair still clung to his clothes. It reminded him of the woman they had just left behind.

Across the room, the bond between the three brothers pulsed with a heavy pain. Their mother was gone. Even after her betrayal and all the lies she had told for ten years, she was still the woman who gave birth to them. And she had just burned alive so they could escape.

"She's gone," Lennox whispered. His voice cracked.

He didn't have to say her name. They all knew who he meant. The room felt empty, like something important had been torn away.

Olivia hurried toward them. Her strength was almost gone from forcing the teleport. She dropped to her knees beside Lennox and wrapped her arms around his shoulders. She pulled his head gently to her chest. At the same time, she reached out her other hand toward Levi and Louis.

The three Alpha brothers looked like broken boys sitting on the bedroom floor.

"She chose you in the end," Olivia said softly, her voice full of emotion. "She broke the spell. She gave her life so you could live."

For a few minutes, no one spoke. The only sound in the room was their heavy breathing. But the quiet did not last long. The Alpha inside Lennox would not allow it. He slowly pulled away from Olivia and wiped a tear from his dirty cheek. His face grew hard, and his eyes filled with anger.

"How?" Lennox demanded, looking at his brothers. "How did Neon get power like that? He doesn't even have a wolf. He's a rogue with nothing. No wolf. No pack. No land. So who is helping him? Which sorcerer is behind this?"

Levi leaned against the bedpost. His face looked pale. "He must have made a deal with someone from the Outlands," Levi said slowly. "No pack witch would ever dare to betray us by working with him."

Louis stood up and began pacing across the room like a restless beast. He walked to the window and stared out at the forest far away. "And we can't believe the fire killed him," Louis said in a low voice. "He had that clear shield around him. It was still holding even when the roof started falling. I don't think Neon is dead, Lennox. A man who plans something for ten years doesn't get trapped in his own plan."

"He's not dead," Lennox agreed. His eyes flashed with anger. "We have to find him."

Levi shook his head, looking at his hands. "I can't believe our father died ten years ago and we didn't feel it. We are his sons. We should have felt his soul leave this world."

Lennox looked at him with a dark expression. "Neon must have done something. He used that dark witch to hide the truth. They used magic to mask his death so the bond wouldn't snap. We trusted what we saw, not what we felt."

Lennox stood up, his body straight and his voice strong again. The grief was still there, but his duty to the pack came first.

"Levi, go now," Lennox commanded. "Pass the message to everyone in the pack. Every warrior, every staff member, and every family needs to know the truth. Tell them the man they thought was our father—the man we banished—was an impostor. Our real father, King Damon, was murdered ten years ago."

Just then, someone knocked on the door.

A female staff member's voice came from outside.

"Luna... please, you need to see this."

Chapter 703: Poisoned

Olivia opened the door and followed the maid down the hallway. But the moment she looked ahead, her heart sank at the terrible sight before her.

Dozens of warriors were leaning against the walls, groaning in pain. Their skin had turned grey, and their bodies trembled violently.

Lennox, Levi, and Louis followed her, their faces filled with worry. "What is going on?" Lennox asked, his voice booming through the hall.

Just then, Zane came running toward them. He looked tired and dirty. "It's the water," Zane said quickly. "The main well at the combat ground has been poisoned. Anyone

who drank from it in the last hour has fallen sick. It's not a normal sickness, Alphas. It feels like magic."

Olivia knelt beside a fallen warrior. She placed her hand on his forehead and felt that same oily, dark heat she had felt on Scarlett. "It's the same toxin Neon used before," she whispered. "But how was he able to poison the well... and who inside the pack is working for him?"

Slowly, all eyes turned toward Zane... and he knew instantly that he was the first suspect. "It is not me... believe me..." he said, trying to defend himself.

Olivia didn't say a word; rather, she looked down the long corridor and saw nearly a hundred warriors on the floor. Without their warriors standing guard, the mansion was completely exposed to an attack. Neon had planned this perfectly. He had weakened the army before even showing his face.

Lennox growled, feeling helpless.

"We need to flush the wells," Louis said, looking at Zane. "And we need to get the healers to move the sick to the basement where they can be protected."

Olivia stood up, her face pale and full of worry. "The healers won't be enough. This poison is designed to drain a wolf's spirit. We have to find the source of the magic and break it, or they won't survive the night."

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through the Alphas' minds. It was Golden, using the mind link. "Alphas! Vampires! There are vampires attacking the border!" Golden shouted.

The brothers looked at each other in shock. Vampires rarely crossed into werewolf land unless they were hired as mercenaries. They knew immediately that Neon had used his stolen wealth to hire the most dangerous killers in the Outlands.

"We have to go," Olivia said, her voice shaking but firm. "If the vampires break through the border, then our people won't be safe."

Lennox looked at her with worry. "You've already used so much magic today, Olivia."

"I have enough for one more jump," she promised. She reached out, and the three brothers grabbed her hands.

With a final, desperate surge of white light, the hallway vanished. They arrived at the pack's north border. The air was cold and smelled like old blood. They saw Neon standing at the front of a massive army. Behind him were more than a hundred vampires, their eyes glowing red. They moved with terrifying speed, clashing violently with the border guards.

When Neon noticed the Alphas and Olivia had arrived, he raised his hand. The fighting stopped instantly. The vampires pulled back, hissing and baring their fangs.

Neon looked at Olivia and laughed. It was a cold, cruel sound. He held up a black stone that was pulsing with a dark, purple light.

"You look tired, Olivia," Neon said with a smirk. "Did you think I wouldn't prepare for your little tricks? This stone is a Soul-Blocker. Your light cannot touch it, and your teleportation won't work within miles of it. Your magic won't work this time. Give up."

"Over my dead body will that happen!" Lennox roared.

The battlefield exploded into chaos. Lennox, Levi, and Louis shifted in a blur of fur and muscle, their massive paws hitting the ground with a thud that shook the earth. They charged into the sea of red-eyed vampires. Olivia tried to raise her hands, her fingers sparking with white light, but the light kept flickering and dying before it could fully form. The black Soul-Blocker stone in Neon's hand was working, eating her magic before it could form.

Louis stayed close to her side, his claws slashing through any vampire that got too close. His job was to be her shield while she was vulnerable. The fight was bloody, but it didn't even last a minute before a booming voice stopped everyone in their tracks.

"ENOUGH!"

The word hit the battlefield like a physical blow. Everyone on the battlefield—wolves and vampires alike—froze instantly.

Standing at the edge of the clearing was Lord Frederick. He walked forward slowly, his face etched with a deep frown. His presence was so cold and ancient that the air seemed to turn to ice.

Olivia's eyes widened. She had never expected to see him here, especially not in the middle of a war zone.

The vampires recognized him instantly. Their hissing stopped. Their glowing red eyes widened with pure terror. One by one, the hundred vampires dropped to their knees, bowing their heads so low they touched the dirt.

Lord Frederick glared at them, his voice filled with a deadly rage. "You have the guts to attack the Full Moon Pack? Do you not know that these people are like family to me?"

The vampires trembled. Neon stood frozen, his face turning a sickly white. He knew exactly who Frederick was; he was the King of the Vampires.

"Lord Frederick..." Neon stammered, his grip tightening on the pulsing black stone. "... I paid them. We have a contract!"

Frederick didn't even look at him. He simply raised a hand and gave a cold command. "Arrest him."

In a flash of movement too fast for the human eye to see, the vampires obeyed. They turned on Neon like a pack of starving wolves. Four of them slammed Neon into the ground, pinning his arms behind his back and pressing his face into the mud.

The black Soul-Blocker stone flew from Neon's hand and rolled across the grass, its purple light fading until it was nothing but a dull rock.

With the stone gone, Olivia felt her magic rush back into her body. She gasped, her skin glowing with a steady, warm light as she leaned against Louis.

Lennox stepped forward slowly, his eyes burning with rage as he looked down at the man who had worn his father's face for years. "It's over, Neon," Lennox growled.

Chapter 704: Saved Her

Neon was bound tightly in heavy silver wires that burned into his skin, making him hiss in pain. The vampires, now acting as guards for Lord Frederick, dragged him like a dog across the grass back toward the mansion.

The news traveled fast through the mind link. By the time they reached the courtyard, every member of the pack who could still stand had gathered. They looked at the man with the scarred, unfamiliar face in total shock.

Lennox stepped onto the stone stairs, his voice booming so everyone could hear. "Pack members! Look at this man! For ten years, we believed our father had turned into a monster. But the truth is far worse. This man is Neon. He murdered our father, King Damon, ten years ago. With the help of a witch and our mother, who betrayed us, he stole our father's face and his scent."

A loud gasp went through the crowd. Some people began to cry, while others growled in fury.

"He is the one who poisoned your water! He is the one who brought vampires to our home!" Lennox shouted, his eyes glowing with rage. "He will not be imprisoned... his sentence is happening now."

Olivia stepped forward, her hands glowing with flames. "The warriors are still suffering from his poison. Let me do the honors."

As Olivia walked toward the bound man, Zane stood close by. His eyes never left Neon. While everyone else was celebrating the victory, Zane noticed the way Neon's hand was twitching near his boot.

In a split second, Neon's face twisted into a smirk. "If I go to hell, I'm taking your pup with me!" he screamed. He pulled a small, thin knife from a hidden slot in his shoe and threw it with all his strength directly at Olivia's belly.

"Olivia, move!" Zane yelled.

Zane didn't hesitate. He lunged forward, pushing Olivia out of the way. The silver knife sank deep into Zane's shoulder. Olivia hit the ground unharmed, but her eyes went wide with rage.

Neon's eyes widened. "Shit!" he hissed, realizing he had missed his target.

Olivia didn't waste another second. She stood up, her hair flying back as a massive pillar of fire erupted from her palms.

"You will never hurt my family again!" she roared.

She unleashed the fire directly onto Neon. The silver wires around him melted instantly, but the fire didn't stop. Neon's screams of agony echoed throughout the pack lands, chilling the blood of everyone watching. Olivia didn't turn away. She kept increasing the heat.

Within seconds, the screaming stopped. The smell of charcoal filled the air. When Olivia finally lowered her hands, there was nothing left on the ground but a pile of black coal. Not even his bones could be seen.

Zane collapsed onto the grass, his breath coming in short, ragged gasps. His face was pale, and dark veins began to spread from the wound in his shoulder.

Olivia rushed to his side, her hands still hot from the fire she had just unleashed. She quickly pulled the silver knife from his shoulder and threw it away. The blade was coated in a thick, black liquid.

"It's poisoned," she whispered, her voice shaking.

She placed her hands over the wound. Her palms glowed with a soft, gold light. She could feel the poison fighting against her magic. It was strong, but she pushed her power deep into Zane's shoulder, forcing the darkness out until his skin began to return to its normal color.

Olivia sat back, breathing hard. She looked at her belly and then at Zane. "If that knife had hit me... my pup wouldn't have survived. You saved my child, Zane."

Lennox, Levi, and Louis stepped forward. They looked at Zane not as a rogue, but as a brother. Lennox reached down and placed a hand on Zane's good shoulder.

"You have proven your loyalty today," Lennox said, his voice deep and sincere. "We owe you a debt that can never be fully repaid. Thank you."

Lord Frederick stepped into the circle, looking down at the pile of ash that used to be Neon. He gave a small, respectful nod to the Alphas and Olivia.

"Congratulations," Frederick said smoothly.

He turned to his vampires, who were still standing in perfect formation. "Our work here is done."

With a flick of his wrist, Frederick and his hundred vampires left.

The courtyard was quiet for a moment. The threat was gone. The poison in the warriors' bodies began to fade as Neon's magic died with him.

"It's over," Levi said, looking up at the moon. "Finally."

A week later, the mansion felt full of life again. Scarlett was finally healed, and her healthy glow had returned.

Zane walked into the grand study where Lennox, Levi, Louis, and Olivia were gathered. He looked much better, though he still moved his shoulder carefully. He bowed his head respectfully.

"I came to say thank you for everything," Zane said quietly. "My daughter is healthy, and my family is safe because of you. We will be leaving today. I don't want to be a burden to the pack anymore."

The three brothers looked at each other and smiled. Olivia stood up and walked over to Zane.

"No, Zane," Olivia said kindly. "We don't want you to leave. Our children are very fond of Scarlett, and she is fond of them. They have a bond that we don't want to break. And Scarlett seems to like us, too."

Lennox stepped forward. "We have talked about this. We saw how you fought at the border and how you risked your life to save Olivia and our unborn pup. You are a brave man, Zane. Your skills with a blade and your tactics are things our pack needs."

"What are you saying?" Zane asked, his eyes wide with surprise.

"We want to make you a lead warrior," Lennox announced. "You will train our guards and lead the frontline defense. You and your family will have a permanent home here with the highest honors."

Zane was silent for a moment, his voice trembling when he finally spoke. "Will you... will you really trust me? After everything? I was a rogue."

"We trust you with our lives," Levi said firmly.

"And you are not a rogue, Zane," Louis added with a nod. "We never saw you as one."

Tears filled Zane's eyes. He had spent so many years running and hiding, being treated like trash. Now, he finally had a place to belong. He dropped to one knee and placed his hand over his heart.

"Thank you, Alphas. Thank you, Luna," Zane whispered. "I accept. I will protect this pack and your children until my last breath."

Chapter 705: The End!!!

FOUR MONTHS LATER!!!

The cave was quiet. Cold and still.

Lennox stood at the entrance, his chest tight as his eyes adjusted to the darkness. Levi and Louis were beside him, silent for once. No anger. No tension. Just... something heavy.

"This is it," Levi said quietly.

Together, they stepped inside.

At the center of the cave, covered with worn cloth and surrounded by stone, lay the decayed body of their true father—King Damon.

For a moment, none of them moved.

Lennox's throat tightened.

"That monster kept him here..." he said softly, his voice breaking. Louis's heart broke. "We're taking him home."

Carefully—gently—they lifted him. Not as warriors. Not as Alphas. But as sons.

The journey back to the mansion was silent. The three brothers carried the white casket themselves, refusing help from the guards.

The funeral was held the next day.

The entire pack gathered, dressed in white instead of black. This was not only a farewell—it was a celebration of the king they had lost, and the honor he had been denied.

Flowers covered the ground. Soft music filled the air. The wind moved gently, as if even nature were paying its respects.

Olivia stood beside the triplets, her hand resting on her growing stomach. She watched them—watched the way they stood tall and composed, yet with tears in their eyes.

Lennox stepped forward. "He was our father," he said. "A true king. A good man. And today... we give him the honor he was denied."

As they lowered King Damon into the royal tomb, the hollow ache in their chests—the one they had carried since they discovered his body was hidden—finally began to close.

Days later, peace slowly returned to the pack.

And with it, the Alphas turned their attention to the woman who had saved them.

While Olivia slept, they worked to rebuild the ruined East Wing garden. That evening, they led her out of the room and into the garden. Olivia stood at the entrance, confused.

"What is all this?" she asked softly.

"Just come," Lennox said, holding her hand.

They led her inside, and she froze. The garden had been rebuilt. But not just rebuilt—it had been transformed. Flowers of every color filled the space. Soft lights glowed between the petals. And when night fell, the flowers shimmered, glowing gently like stars upon the ground.

"It's for you," Levi said.

"For everything you've done," Louis added.

Olivia's eyes filled with tears. "You didn't have to—"

"We did," Lennox said gently. He pulled her close, his hand resting on her large, round belly. "You gave us our lives back, Olivia. This is the least we could do."

Suddenly, Olivia gasped. She grabbed Lennox's hand and pressed it against her side. "Oh! They are moving a lot tonight."

Liam, Leo, and Leon ran over. They placed their hands on her stomach and laughed. "I felt a kick!" Leo shouted.

But the laughter didn't last long. Olivia's face went pale, and she gripped Louis's arm tight. "Lennox... I think the pups are coming. Now."

Olivia was carried back into the mansion and straight to the delivery room already prepared for her. Healers rushed in, immediately getting to work.

"Don't leave me..." she gasped.

"I'm not going anywhere," Lennox said quickly, his voice tight. He stayed close, his hand locked around hers.

The healers moved quickly around them, preparing everything.

"Breathe, Luna," one healer said calmly.

"I am breathing!" Olivia snapped, then cried out as another contraction tore through her.

Levi paced the room like a caged wolf, his hands running through his hair. Louis stood at Olivia's other side, brushing the damp strands of hair away from her face.

"You're strong, Love," Louis said softly. "You can do this."

"I hate all of you..." she groaned, squeezing Lennox's hand painfully.

Lennox almost laughed, even with the fear sitting heavy in his chest. "That's fair."

Another contraction hit harder.

Olivia screamed.

Her grip tightened, her body trembling as the pain overwhelmed her.

"I can't—" she choked. "I can't do this—"

"Yes, you can," Levi said suddenly, stepping forward. His voice was firm, steady. "You've survived worse than this. Don't give up now."

She looked at him, tears streaming down her face.

"Stay with me," Lennox whispered, pressing his forehead to hers. "Stay with us."

Hours passed.

Pain. Sweat. Tears.

The room felt heavy with tension.

Then—

"Push, Luna!" the healer instructed.

Olivia screamed as she pushed with everything she had left.

And then—

A cry.

The room froze.

"It's a girl," the healer said, smiling.

Lennox's breath hitched. His eyes filled with tears instantly.

But before anyone could speak—

"Again!" the healer said.

Olivia let out a broken cry as another contraction hit.

"Just one more," Louis whispered urgently.

"You've got this."

With a final, desperate push—

Another cry filled the room.

"It's a boy."

Lennox's breath left him. Levi covered his face. Louis laughed in disbelief. "A girl... and a boy."

Olivia held them, tears streaming down her face. "They're perfect..."

"What are their names?" Levi asked softly.

Olivia looked at them. "Jane... and Jameson."

The triplets looked at each other, then back at her. And in that moment... everything felt complete.

Two Years Later!!

Peace settled over the Full Moon Pack.

It had become the strongest pack in the land.

Down in the training yard, Zane was commanding the new trainees. He was no longer a rogue; he was one of the Betas and the Lead Sentinel.

His mate sat on the grass nearby, watching him with a proud smile.

High up on the balcony, Lennox, Levi, and Louis stood with Olivia. They looked out at their green lands and the happy people below.

"We did it," Louis said, looking at his brothers. "The pack is at peace."

Lennox turned to Olivia and kissed her forehead. "I love you more than words," he whispered.

"I love you all," Olivia replied, smiling at her three Alphas. They felt satisfied. They felt safe. They felt happy.

For a moment... everything was calm.

Everything was right.

But then, a loud, angry shout came from the yard below. The parents looked down, and their smiles vanished.

Liam, Leo, and Leon were standing in a circle. They were ten years old now, and they looked furious. In the middle of them stood Scarlett, looking worried.

"She's going to the lake with me!" Liam barked, his eyes filled with anger.

"No! She said she wanted to see the horses with me!" Leo shouted back, stepping into Liam's space.

"Both of you shut up!" Leon growled, his claws starting to show. "Scarlett is already exhausted; let her take an afternoon nap with me."

The three brothers, who always did everything together, were now glaring at each other like enemies. They were showing a fierce, possessive anger that was far too strong for boys their age. It was a dark mirror of their parents' bond.

Up on the balcony, the parents watched in silence. They saw the way their sons looked at Scarlett—with the same "fated" possessiveness they had for Olivia. But this was intense...because there was no willingness to share.

Lennox, Levi, and Louis looked at each other. They knew this look. They knew this feeling.

"This isn't a problem." Levi said, his face etched with a frown. "It's a disaster."

Olivia watched her sons argue below, realizing that a new, even more intense story was just beginning.