



Chapter 16

As I stood there, trapped between Alexander and Allen, I could feel the tension crackling between them like electricity. Their eyes locked in a deadly stare, neither willing to back down.

Suddenly, Victor's voice cut through the silence like a knife. "Allen, you need to take your wife to your room," he said firmly, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Allen hesitated for a moment, his jaw clenched tight. But after Victor gave him a stern look, he finally nodded. But before Allen could take another step, Alexander

Lunged forward, his hand outstretched to grab me. Victor quickly stepped in between us, blocking his path.

"Enough, Alpha Alexander," Victor said sharply. "I think it's time for you to leave."

Alexander's eyes narrowed as he glared at Victor, but he backed down. As he turned to leave, I felt myself start to relax.

But just as I thought it was all over, a sudden force knocked me to the ground.

Before I could even process what was happening, I found myself struggling against someone as they tried to rip my mask off my face.

I fought back with all my strength, getting on top of them. As I looked down at them, I saw that it was Rebecca. A flicker of recognition ran through her eyes as she stared back at me.

Memories flooded back to me - the night I escaped, Rebecca's voice taunting me. The anger bubbled up inside me, my wolf taking over. I struck Rebecca across the face. The sound of flesh meeting flesh echoed in the air as Allen pulled me off her.

"Stop!" Victor's voice boomed through the room, silencing everyone. "Enough! Alpha Alexander, take your lady friend and leave before I lock you both up for attacking the princess."

Alexander's eyes shifted from Victor to me. "She is not with me," he said coldly. "

And she means nothing to me. Do as you wish with her." With that, Alexander turned on his heel and left without a second glance.

Rebecca stood up, taking one last look at me, a smirk coming to her face as I glared back at her. Two guards grabbed her, dragging her from the room. I no longer feared Rebecca; I knew that I could take her, but what did worry me was that she would stop at nothing to get what she wanted.

Victor approached me, his hand reaching out to gently touch my arm, making me look at him. "Are you alright, Fay?" he asked softly.

I nodded, trying to steady myself. "I'm fine,"

Victor nodded at Allen, telling him to take me to my room. Allen nodded, taking me from the room. I tried to calm myself as we walked down the hall, but my wolf still stirred with rage inside of me. As soon as we got to my room and Allen closed the door behind us, I let out an angry growl, picked up a book that was sitting on the dress

next to the door and threw it across the room.

"Olivia, calm down," Allen's voice broke through my chaotic thoughts as he gently guided me over to the bed and sat me down. "Victor and I won't let anything happen to you or your children."

I took a deep breath, trying to calm my wolf. I looking up at Allen, his eyes filled with concern. I couldn't help but be reminded of the day he had agreed to marry me. It

It was a desperate plea for safety not long after I arrived here.

I could hide, but my coming babies couldn't. They needed care, contact with people outside, and growth and learning. But they have no father, and the children of single female wolves are highly discriminated against. If the children grow up in an environment of oppression and ridicule, it will undoubtedly have a very bad impact on their mental health.

Victor had called him into his office to talk and asked him if he would marry me to keep me and my unborn child safe. I remember the way Allen's eyes softened at the request, his brows furrowing in concern as he looked at me.

What we were asking of him was huge, and any other normal person would have said no. Although Victor told me that Allen's a widower and lost his fated mate.

But without hesitation, Allen looked into my eyes and said, "I lost my mate and never got a chance to have a child. I am glad to be your children's father and your husband, Olivia."



His words echoed in my mind as I stared into his eyes, filled with unwavering loyalty. At that moment, I knew that Allen was not just a friend or a protector - he was my saviour.

As I looked into his eyes now, filled with that same loyalty and care, I couldn't help but feel grateful for his presence in my life. He had kept his word, playing the part of a looking husband and father perfectly.

"Thank you, Allen," I whispered, reaching out to grasp his hand tightly. "I don't know what I would do without you."

Allen squeezed my hand in return, a small smile tugging at the corners of his lips. "You'll never have to find out, Olivia. I promise."

As the memory faded away and I returned to the present moment, I let out a shaky breath. My worries were still there but no longer suffocating me. Allen stood up, his hand still holding mine, and leaned down to press a gentle kiss on my forehead.

"I'll go check on the children while you have a shower and relax," Allen said softly, giving me a reassuring smile before heading out of the room.



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