

Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 1 - omega

Olivia's POV

"Wake up, Olivia," Mom's voice echoed in my sleep.

I groaned, pulling the blanket over my head. "Five more minutes, Mom."

"We don't have any more minutes," she snapped, shaking my leg with a force that made it impossible to ignore. "Get up now, or we'll be late."

"Mom," I groaned in frustration, slowly forcing my eyes open.

"Don't tell me you still want to sleep," she said, standing at the foot of my bed, her hands placed firmly on her hips as she tapped her foot impatiently on the tiled floor.

"Other servants are already up doing their duties, but you are still sleeping? Do you want us relieved of our duties?" Mother snapped angrily at me.

I sighed heavily, tossing the blanket aside as I dragged myself out of bed. "I'm up, I'm up," I muttered, rubbing the sleep from my eyes.

"Anita is staying in the pack house for the weekend, and she has asked that you be the one to attend to her until she leaves," Mother announced, and my frown deepened.

"Why me? Out of all the servants, why do I have to be her personal maid?"

"Don't start," Mom said firmly, shoving me toward the bathroom. "Get moving. There's no time for complaining."

I stomped to the bathroom, muttering under my breath as I turned on the tap.

The thought of spending the day attending to Anita made my stomach churn.

Anita and I were born on the same day, which was why we were close in the first place. Once, she had been my best friend. We'd grown up together, running through the forest, sharing secrets, and dreaming of our future.

That was before everything fell apart.

My father was one of the pack's strongest warriors, and my mother worked in the pack hospital. Our family may not have been the wealthiest, but we had respect.

But everything changed the night of the setup.

I stared into the mirror as the memories replayed in my head. My father had been framed for stealing from the Alpha, a crime punishable by death. Despite his pleas of innocence, no one believed him. The evidence gotten was all pointed at him, planted

carefully by someone who wanted to see him fall. We were stripped of everything. My father was imprisoned for life, my mother was demoted to an omega, and I was forced to share her fate.

Anita was there that night. She hadn't comforted me, hadn't spoken up for the family she once called her own. Instead, she stayed silent, her gaze avoiding mine as we were being mocked.

Now, years later, our former Beta had died from an incurable illness, and her father was appointed the new Beta. Anita was now the Beta's daughter. And I? I was nothing more than a servant. An omega.

What made it worse was how effortlessly she fit into her new role. The triplets, our Alpha's sons, Louis, Levi, and Lennox, loved her. Their attention, their admiration, it all belonged to her now. They literally worshiped the ground she walked on, and everyone believed she would turn out to be their mate once she turned eighteen, which was only a few days away. The brothers were actually competing among themselves for her attention and love, and it was so annoying to watch. Or perhaps I was just jealous of her life.

I finished washing up, dressed quickly into the maid's uniform, and stepped into the kitchen, where my mother was preparing breakfast.

"Olivia," my mother called, "I know this isn't easy, but... we've already lost so much. Don't give them a reason to take more."

I nodded, biting back the urge to argue. She didn't understand. How could she? I was once the daughter of a respected Gamma, but now? I was a mere Omega.

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"Here," my mother said, handing me a tray with a steaming cup of coffee. "She asked for this."

I frowned but took the tray and headed toward the guest room where she was staying.

"I'll find my mate, and all this will be over," I whispered, trying to comfort myself.

But I let out a dry laugh. Yeah, right. The only mate I would get was another omega, another nobody just like me. This life? It wasn't ending.

Reaching Anita's room, I sighed heavily and knocked on her door, bracing myself for another day of being reminded of how far I'd fallen, and how far she'd risen.

I sucked a deep breath before knocking again.

"Come in," Anita's voice called.

I pushed the door open carefully, keeping my head down. "Your coffee," I said quietly, stepping inside the room.

The first thing I noticed was the sound. A soft giggle, followed by the low murmur of a man's voice. My eyes moved up for just a second, and what I saw stopped me in my tracks.

There they were, Anita and Louis. She was tangled in his arms on the bed, her silky robe slipping off one shoulder. His shirt was open, his muscular chest on full display as he leaned into her, his lips brushing her neck.

I swallowed hard. My eyes darted back to the floor, and I placed the coffee on the table. Without another word, I turned, desperate to leave.

"Wait," Anita said sharply.

I froze, turning back to her reluctantly.

She kissed Louis deeply and even moaned in between the kisses before pulling away.

My wolf growled in spite, but I put on a blank expression. Anita stepped out of the bed in just in her matching set of red underwear. I watched her sway her hips seductively at Louis, and I noticed how he hungrily gawked at her. Anita has a sexy body, and I have to give her credit for that.

She picked up the cup of coffee, her lips curling into a smug smile as she swirled the liquid inside. Her eyes scanned me from head to toe. Louis remained silent on the bed, leaning back against the headboard.

She took a slow sip, her nose wrinkling in exaggerated displeasure. "What is this?" she asked, her voice sharp and filled with annoyance.

"It's the coffee you requested," I replied respectfully, keeping my tone polite despite the way my wolf growled in the back of my mind.

"This?" she scoffed, holding the cup out as if it were something filthy. "You call this coffee?"

My jaw clenched, but I forced myself to remain calm. "It was made in the way you like it," I said.

Anita's eyes narrowed in anger, and suddenly, she threw the hot coffee over my chest and arms, soaking through my dress. The sharp sting of the heat made me gasp, but I bit my lip to keep from crying out.

"Next time you serve me garbage like this, I swear I'll dump it on your face."

Behind her, Louis remained silent, not wanting to interfere.

I stood frozen, my frown deepening as the coffee dripped down my skin. My wolf stirred, angry. I could almost hear her urging me to act. But what could I do?

"I'm sorry if the coffee wasn't to your liking," I said quietly, forcing the words out despite the lump in my throat. "I'll remake it."

Anita laughed, a light, annoying sound that grated on my nerves. "Don't bother," she said, waving a dismissive hand. "Just try to be less useless next time."

Turning her back to me, She turned away, moving toward Louis. She slid onto his lap like I wasn't even in the room. He pulled her close, barely sparing me a glance before his lips found her neck.

"You're dismissed," he said, though his voice lacked the sharpness it usually carried.

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I swallowed hard, nodded, and turned to leave, my heart racing in my chest.

As I stepped out of the room, I let out a shaky breath. The humiliation burned as much as the coffee had, but I sucked in a deep breath and gathered my emotions.

Making my way back to the kitchen, I met with Bala, Lennox's personal guard. "There you are. Lennox calls for you,"

I frowned. "Did he say why?" I asked, my stomach tightening. Lennox, the eldest of the triplets, rarely summoned me unless it was important. And rarely for anything good.

Bala shrugged. "Not exactly, but he seemed really furious."

A lump formed in my throat, but I forced myself to stay composed. Without another word, I turned and made my way to Lennox's room.

When I reached his door, I hesitated for a moment before knocking. Instantly, His authoritative voice ordered me in.