

Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 11 - Wedding Day

Olivia's POV

It was my wedding day, yet I felt nothing but misery as I sat in front of the mirror, staring at my reflection. The mansion's seamstress had crafted a stunning white gown for me, one that fit me perfectly. My hair was styled into a neat bun, adorned with delicate white pins, and a maid had applied light makeup to my face. I looked breathtaking, more beautiful than I had ever seen myself before. But inside, I felt hollow.

I tilted my head, my gaze drifting to the left crook of my neck, where the marks of the triplets were imprinted on my skin. Two days had passed since I had received the most shocking news of my life, and yet, I still couldn't come to terms with it. I couldn't believe it, I was mated to the triplets—all three of them. I was yet to believe that I was their mate, and now in a few minutes, I would be walking down that aisle to say "I do" to all three of them.

Panic tightened around my throat as I swallowed hard. I wished I could stop this. I wished I could stop this marriage. I couldn't marry men who despised me, men who had never looked at me with anything but hatred. But I had no choice. Just like the triplets were obligated to accept this bond, so was I.

5

I let out a shaky breath, my eyes meeting my reflection once more. I made a beautiful bride. Under different circumstances, this could have been one of the happiest days of my life.

The door creaked open. Expecting my mother, I turned, only to feel a wave of unease when I saw Anita instead. The moment I realized it was her, I stood to my feet and turned around to face her. I didn't feel comfortable with her presence.

1

She wore a soft lavender gown, her hair styled to perfection. She looked every bit the Luna she believed herself to be, or desperately wanted to be.

"You look beautiful," she said, though her tone lacked warmth.

I didn't respond. My hands curled into fists at my sides as I braced myself for whatever she had come to say. I had heard that Anita had been crying for the past two days, devastated by the realization that she was not the one fated to the triplets. And now, with the wedding moments away, I doubted she had suddenly accepted it.

She stepped closer, her lips curving into a smirk. "I wanted to see you before the ceremony," she began, her voice sickly sweet. "You must be feeling so lucky, Olivia,

getting to marry the triplets. But I thought you should know the truth before you walk down that aisle."

I narrowed my eyes. "What truth?"

She let out a soft laugh, shaking her head as if she pitied me. "You think you have them, don't you?" she taunted. "You think that because of some forced bond, they are yours. But you're wrong, Olivia. They are mine."

My breath hitched.

"Doubting me?" she mused, tilting her head. "Then why did they come to me last night? Why did they promise me that the moment they become Alphas, they'll get rid of you and make me their Luna?"

2

I swallowed hard, my heart hammering in my chest. I wanted to believe she was lying, but deep down, I feared she wasn't. The triplets had never hidden their hatred for me. What if everything Anita was saying was true?

"They told me themselves," she continued, stepping even closer. "That this marriage means nothing. That you mean nothing. The moment they have the power to do so, they'll divorce you and make me their queen."

I felt like I couldn't breathe. The walls of the room seemed to close in on me, the beautiful white dress I wore suddenly feeling suffocating.

1

Anita must have noticed my distress because she smiled in satisfaction. "Enjoy your wedding, dear friend," she whispered. "It'll be the happiest day of your life—for now."

With that, she turned and walked out, leaving me standing there, trembling.

I had known this marriage was a nightmare, but now, it felt like a death sentence.

As Anita walked out, my mother walked in. She instantly noticed my mood and knew Anita was the cause of it.

"Don't let what she says get to you," Mother tried comforting me, but it wasn't helping. What Anita had said was true. The moment the triplets became Alphas, they would find a way to reject me. And if rejection wasn't an option, they might even kill me.

5

At a point, I was scared.

My mother sighed, gently guiding me to sit beside her on the bed. She took my hands in hers, her touch warm yet trembling slightly.

"I wish I could stop this marriage," she admitted softly, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. "I wish I had the power to change things for you, my love. But what can I do? We are omegas. We have no voice in this."

Her words should have made me feel even more hopeless, but there was a quiet strength in them. She wasn't saying this to make me feel powerless—she was acknowledging the truth of our reality.

"But, Olivia," she continued, squeezing my hands, "don't lose hope. The triplets... they may seem cold now, but do you remember how they used to be? When you were just a little girl, they adored you. They never left your side. They protected you. That kind of love does not just disappear."

2

I swallowed the lump in my throat, shaking my head. "That was a long time ago, Mother. They don't love me anymore. They hate me."

2

She sighed. "Hatred is a strong thing, but so is fate. The Moon Goddess does not make mistakes. If she has chosen them for you, there is a reason. You just have to be patient, my child. Be a good wife. Show them who you truly are. Leave the rest to the Goddess."

4

I wanted to believe her. I wanted to hold on to the hope that things would change. But Anita's words echoed in my mind like a cruel reminder of the reality I was walking into.

1

The triplets did not want me.

And soon, I would be bound to them forever.

"It's time to walk you to the aisle. I wish your father was here. He would have been so happy to see his precious little girl getting married," Mother said with more tears gathering in her eyes.

I swallowed my pain as I thought of Father. He was probably in the dark cell, locked away, or perhaps doing some labor while his daughter was about to get married.

"Come on, let's go," my mother said, her hand squeezing mine. "Don't keep the pack waiting."

2