

Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 12 - Wedding

Olivia's POV

The doors of the pack's ceremonial hall loomed before me, towering and intimidating. My mother's gentle hand rested on mine, offering what little comfort she could as the doors creaked open. A hushed silence fell over the room, hundreds of eyes turning toward me. My heart pounded so violently I feared the whole pack could hear it.

1

The aisle stretched endlessly before me, a pathway paved in white petals, leading straight to the three men who would soon become my husbands. My mates. My tormentors.

1

I forced myself to take a step. Then another.

With every step, Anita's words echoed in my head. "They don't want you. The moment they become Alphas, they'll get rid of you."

My grip tightened around the bouquet in my hands. I didn't dare look up at them yet. Instead, I focused on keeping my breath steady, on reaching the altar without collapsing.

Whispers rippled through the crowd as I passed—some admiring, some pitying. I could feel their judgment, their curiosity, and worst of all—their doubt. No one believed this marriage was happening out of love. Everyone knew this was a duty, a forced bond. They all wanted Anita and not a lowly omega whose father was accused of stealing.

At last, I reached the altar, and only then did I lift my gaze.

The triplets stood before me, each one dressed in ceremonial black robes embroidered with silver. Identical yet distinct in their own ways, they stared at me with hardened glares, not even bothering to hide their hatred.

My eyes first fell on Lennox. His piercing green eyes barely acknowledged me as he stood tall, his hands clasped behind his back.

2

I moved my gaze to Louis. His jaw was clenched so tight I thought it might break. His eyes, filled with resentment, flickered to mine for only a second before looking away as if the sight of me disgusted him.

I swallowed hard and looked at Levi. Perhaps he would have a different expression on his face, but I was wrong. If looks could kill, Levi's glare would have struck me dead.

Not one of them smiled. Not one of them extended a hand toward me.

1

I swallowed hard, my wolf whimpering.

1

The officiant, an elder of the pack, cleared his throat, his voice echoing through the hall. "We are gathered here today to witness the sacred union of these four souls, bound by the will of the Moon Goddess."

Bound. Trapped.

The words felt like chains wrapping around my wrists, shackling me to my fate.

The elder continued, but I barely heard him. My mind was spinning, drowning in the weight of my situation. My hands trembled as I clutched my bouquet, my breath shallow.

Then, the moment came.

"The grooms may now accept their wife."

A tense silence filled the room. The triplets didn't move.

A ripple of unease spread through the crowd. The hesitation was humiliating. A bride should be welcomed by her grooms, embraced with love and devotion. But I was left standing there, exposed, unwanted.

Heat rose to my cheeks, but before I could react, Lennox finally stepped forward.

"I accept." His voice was cold, devoid of any emotion.

Louis followed a second later, his tone clipped. "I accept."

Levi took the longest. He stared at me, his lips twitching as if deciding whether to speak at all. Then, finally, his response came, softer than the others but just as empty.

"I accept."

The words sealed my fate.

5

The elder nodded. "Then, by the laws of our kind and the will of the Moon Goddess, I now pronounce you husbands and wife."

2

A shiver ran down my spine as the final words left his lips.

The crowd erupted into applause, but I barely heard it. All I could feel was the suffocating presence of the three men beside me—their resentment, their unwillingness to be with me.

And in that moment, as I stood between them, I realized something.

Anita was right.

I wasn't their bride. I wasn't their mate.

I was their prisoner.

The wedding was over, but the real nightmare had just begun.

As the officiant stepped aside, the atmosphere in the ceremonial hall shifted. The applause faded into murmurs, anticipation thick in the air. The triplets and I remained standing at the altar, waiting for the second part of the ritual—the coronation.

They were to be crowned Alphas. And I, their Luna.

The thought sent a cold wave through me.

An elder stepped forward, carrying a silver tray lined with black velvet. Upon it lay three identical crowns, each forged from black obsidian and silver, the symbols of power in our pack. A separate, smaller crown rested beside them, meant for me.

I felt Levi's glare burn into the side of my face, but I refused to look at him. I had already seen the disgust in his eyes.

The elder raised his voice, silencing the crowd.

"Tonight, under the witness of our ancestors, our pack recognizes the rightful heirs of the Full Moon Pack—Lennox, Louis, and Levi. By blood and strength, they shall rise as our Alphas, bound not only by lineage but by destiny. Let them step forward."

The triplets moved in unison, stepping toward the elder. Even now, their unity was effortless, natural. Despite their personal hatred for me, they were inseparable in their purpose.

The elder took the first crown, lifting it high before placing it upon Lennox's head. "Lennox Lucianion, do you swear to uphold the laws of this pack, to protect its people, and to lead with honor and strength?"

"I swear," Lennox said, his voice firm.

The crown settled on his head, its dark stones catching the light. He barely reacted.

Next was Louis. The elder repeated the oath, and Louis, still tense, gave the same vow. "I swear."

When the elder reached Levi, he repeated the same line.

He answered, "I swear."

The moment his crown touched his head, the pack erupted into howls of approval. The energy in the room shifted, jubilation filling the space. The Full Moon Pack had their new Alphas.

And now, it was my turn.

The elder turned toward me, his expression blank as he picked up the smaller crown. The whispers in the hall grew louder.

"Olivia Parker," he said, his voice loud. "By the will of the Moon Goddess and the decree of our laws, you are to be named the Luna of the Full Moon Pack. Do you swear to stand beside your Alphas, to guide this pack with wisdom and strength, and to uphold the honor of this position?"

The triplets didn't move. They didn't even look at me.

The weight of their silence pressed against my chest, suffocating.

I swallowed hard. Do I swear?

Did I have a choice?

My father had already been branded a traitor. My family name had already been tarnished. If I refused, if I rebelled in front of the entire pack, I would be condemned as well.

So I did the only thing I could.

"I swear."

The elder placed the crown on my head. It felt heavier than it should have, pressing down on me like an iron chain.

"The bond is sealed," the elder declared. "Full Moon Pack, honor your new Alphas and your Luna."

Another round of howls and applause echoed through the hall, but I felt nothing.

Standing beside the men who hated me, with a crown that felt like a curse, I moved my gaze around the crowd and noticed Anita standing in the front row.

Anger was etched on her face, but there was also a message in her gaze, a message that clearly stated. "You don't know what you've gotten yourself into."

I looked away from her as I searched for my only family present—my mother.

Our eyes connected, and she gave me a comforting smile, but her eyes—those eyes were filled with tears, and I couldn't tell if they were tears of joy or pity.

"Alphas, you may kiss your bride," an elder suddenly said.

My eyes widened. I didn't know this was part of the ceremony.

The triplets would kiss me. In front of the entire pack.

My first kiss.