

## Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 13 - Unwanted Mistress

Olivia's POV

"Can we bypass that?" Louis said immediately, sounding irritated by the thought.

"Yes, I see no need for that," Levi added.

"It's not mandatory, so why do it?" Lennox groaned.

Standing beside them, I wished the ground would open up and swallow me whole. The disgrace was unbearable. Right in front of hundreds of people, the triplets—my mates—were refusing to kiss me. Me. They were making it painfully obvious that they never wanted this marriage.

Suddenly, their father spoke. "Alphas, it is mandatory. Get on with it," he declared, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Where I stood, I could feel their anger seething. And it suffocated me. I wished I could reject this, wished I could ask not to be kissed, but I had no right to.

"Alphas, you may kiss your bride," the elder announced once more.

Whispers rose from the hall, and I looked around to see people whispering something into each other's ears. I felt their eyes on me—judging, pitying, or perhaps even mocking. My cheeks burned with humiliation, and my hands clenched at my sides as I forced myself to remain still. This was supposed to be a passionate moment—a lovely moment—but instead, it felt like a punishment.

Lennox, standing to my left, let out a frustrated sigh before finally stepping forward. His jaw was tight, his entire body rigid, as if the very thought of touching me disgusted him.

Louis and Levi exchanged glances before following suit, both clearly reluctant. I swallowed hard, my heart aching at their rejection. This wasn't how I had imagined my first kiss to be.

Lennox was the first to lean in, his lips brushing against mine so briefly that it could barely be called a kiss. There was no warmth, no tenderness—just cold obligation.

This was the same man who, when I was younger, would kiss my cheeks and tell me he couldn't wait for me to come of age so he could give me a proper kiss.

Louis was next, pressing his lips to mine for the barest second before pulling away, his expression blank.

Then Levi. He hesitated, his eyes boring into mine, filled with something like hate. For a moment, I thought he might refuse altogether. But then, with an exasperated sigh, he leaned in, his lips ghosting over mine before he drew back just as quickly.

The hall remained silent for a moment before whispers surged once more. I could hear the murmurs, the speculation, the hushed voices questioning the Alphas' behavior.

My hands trembled slightly as I lowered them to my sides, my lips tingling from the sensation of their kisses. I wanted to scream, to run, to demand why they despised me so much. But I did nothing. Instead, I lifted my chin, forcing myself to look unaffected.

The ceremony continued, but I no longer felt present. I felt like a spectator in my own life, watching as I was bound to men who clearly didn't want me.

The celebration began. Drinking and dancing filled the grand hall, but as I sat beside the triplets, I felt miserable. My wolf was silent, unable to find the right words to comfort me.

Guests came forward to offer their congratulations, but I noticed the change in their expressions. They bowed deeply to the triplets, full of respect and admiration. But when they turned to me, most of them frowned, clearly forced to acknowledge me.

More guests came and went, their fake smiles barely concealing their true feelings.

Then she walked up to us.

Anita.

She held a glass of wine in her hand, a sly smirk curling on her lips.

"Congratulations on your coronation, Alphas," she purred, her voice slurred slightly.

Lennox was the first to respond.

"I love your dress, baby. It looks so good on you." His voice was filled with warmth—warmth that had been absent when he kissed me.

I turned to him in disbelief.

Did he just say that?

Anita smirked. "Of course, it suits me. You got it for me, remember?" she said smugly.

I felt disgusted.

I couldn't sit there and watch any longer.

Frustrated, I pushed my chair back and rose to my feet, ignoring the slight tremble in my knees. "If you'll excuse me," I said, my voice controlled despite the anger and pain burning inside me. "I should greet the rest of our guests."

I turned before they could respond, walking away with my head held high.

I made my way to my mother, who stood among the other servants, and without a word, I wrapped my arms around her. She held me tightly, her embrace the only warmth I had felt all evening.

"Don't cry. Please don't. Don't let them see you broken," she whispered.

It was as if she knew I was on the verge of breaking down in front of everyone.

Swallowing my pain, I pulled away and looked at her. There was sympathy in her eyes, an understanding that no one else seemed to have.

She opened her mouth to say something, but before she could, two maids approached us—Cynthia and Nala.

"Olivia, it's time to get you prepared for your wedding night," Nala said.

Before I could respond, my mother cut her off sharply...

"You do not call her by her name. Add her title," she cautioned.

The two maids frowned. It was clear they were struggling to accept me as their Luna. Just hours ago, I was nothing more than a maid, an omega, even lower in rank than them.

Nala scoffed, shaking her head. "Luna, my foot. A Luna who is neither loved nor wanted by her Alphas is nothing more than an unwanted mistress." She sneered. "You are no Luna, Olivia. That crown on your head doesn't suit you. Now, if you may, please follow us. We are to prepare you to fulfill your duties to the Alphas. That is your only purpose, after all—to be their fuck toy and nothing else."

Rage burned through me.

I took a step forward, ready to strike, but my mother's firm grip held me back.

"Control your temper, Olivia," she whispered. "You'll deal with them, but not here. People are watching."

I looked around and noticed, indeed, a few eyes were on us.

Controlling my anger, I sucked in a deep breath.

My mother smiled at my obedience. "Come now. Let's get you ready," she said, leading me away from the hall.

As we walked out, I glanced back at the triplets. They were still seated, still engaged in conversation with Anita.

It hurt.

But I pushed the emotion down, lifted my chin and kept walking.