

## Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 14 - like A Common Whore

### Chapter 14: like A Common Whore

Olivia's POV

The maids led me down a long corridor, their eyes studying me with barely concealed judgment. To them, I was nothing more than an unwanted mate, a pawn in a political game, a Luna in name only.

Finally, we arrived at a chamber that would apparently be mine. The door creaked open, revealing a lavishly decorated room with dark mahogany furniture, deep red silk curtains, and a massive bed draped in the finest sheets. A faint scent of lavender lingered in the air, but it did nothing to soothe me.

"Your bath is ready," Nala announced with a fake smile, gesturing to a large tub filled with warm water and rose petals. "We'll help you undress."

My frown deepened. The idea of them touching me, of them treating me like some fragile doll meant to be delivered to their Alphas, made my skin crawl.

"I can do it myself," I snapped, feeling annoyed.

Cynthia and Nala exchanged glances, their smirks growing wider. "Suit yourself, Luna," Nala taunted, drawing out the title mockingly before stepping aside.

I ignored them and made my way toward the bath. I slipped off my gown, feeling the weight of the day pressing down on me. The water was warm against my skin, but it did little to wash away the ache in my chest. I sat there for a long moment, trying to gather my thoughts, to suppress the pain threatening to consume me.

When I finally came out, the maids had already laid out what I was expected to wear. My stomach twisted as I took in the sight—a sheer, lacy lingerie set, delicate yet undeniably seductive, with a matching silk robe placed beside it.

"Put this on," Cynthia ordered, barely hiding her mockery. "The Alphas will be expecting you soon."

A bitter laugh bubbled in my throat. Expecting me? They could barely stand to kiss me at the altar. What made anyone think they would want me in their bed?

I stared at the lingerie and swallowed hard. This was my first time. I have never been touched, so what if the triplets decided to have sex with me? Not just sex—maybe a

punishing one. What do I do about it then? I can't refuse them tonight because tonight, we were to consummate our marriage.

Fear and panic gripped me. This was not how I imagined my first time was going to be. I had fantasized about it, thought about it—how I would be in the arms of a man who loves me, how he would adore and worship my body, whisper sweet words of love as we made love—slow, passionate love.

But tonight... tonight with the triplets was never going to be like that. I bet they wouldn't want to touch me, and even if they did, it would be more like an obligation—a punishment. And the three of them at once?

"Olivia, are you okay?" My mother's voice suddenly pulled me from my thoughts.

Wordlessly, I slipped into the lingerie. I tied the robe tightly around my waist, taking one last deep breath before turning to the maids.

"I'm ready," I said, trying to hide my unease.

"Excuse us. I'd like to speak to my daughter," my mother said firmly.

Nala and Cynthia looked like they wanted to argue, but one look from my mother silenced them.

"Five minutes," Nala muttered before leaving with Cynthia.

As soon as they were gone, I inhaled deeply and sat on the bed. Tears gathered in my eyes, and this time, I let them fall.

"Mother, I feel like I'm being dressed up and delivered like some common whore," I choked out between sobs.

"No, my dear," my mother said softly, shaking her head as she sat beside me. "You are not a whore, Olivia. You are their mate, their wife. They are your husbands."

I scoffed bitterly. "Husbands? Husbands who can't even bear to look at me, who can't stand my presence or even kiss me? Did you see the disgust on their faces?" I sobbed.

My mother gently pulled me into her arms, holding me close. "Everything will be okay, darling. Trust me," she whispered soothingly, patting my back.

I sobbed, wishing her words were true.

For a few moments, I stayed in my mother's embrace, finding solace in her warmth.

Then the door creaked open again.

Nala and Cynthia stepped inside.

"Time's up," Nala announced, her frown deepening.

I wiped my tears quickly, forcing myself to stand. I couldn't let them see me like this—weak, vulnerable, breaking apart. If I were to survive this night, I had to keep my walls up, no matter how much it hurt.

Cynthia took one look at my swollen eyes and scoffed. "No need for the dramatics, Luna. The Alphas don't care if you cry."

I frowned, biting my tongue to keep from snapping back. Fighting them wouldn't change anything.

Without another word, they turned and led me down another corridor. My heart pounded with each step. My legs felt heavy, my stomach twisted in knots.

We stopped before a set of large, ornately carved double doors. This wasn't any of the triplets' rooms.

Nala placed her hand on the handle, pausing to look at me with a glint of mockery in her eyes. "Try to make a good impression, Luna. Wouldn't want to disappoint your husbands on your first night."

Cynthia chuckled. "Not that it matters. They already seem disappointed."

My nails dug into my palm, but I said nothing. What was there to say? They weren't wrong.

With a sickeningly sweet smile, Nala pushed the doors open.

I stepped inside, my body stiff with anxiety.

Then I saw it.

The air was sucked from my lungs.

On the massive bed, tangled in the silk sheets, were my husbands—the triplets.

But they weren't alone.

Anita was with them.

My stomach dropped.

She was sprawled between them, naked, her body intimately entangled with theirs. One of the triplets had his arm draped over her waist, another had his lips ghosting over her neck, and the third had his fingers tracing idle patterns on her thigh.

My wolf whimpered.

Anita lazily turned her head, meeting my gaze with a slow, satisfied smirk. "Oh," she purred, stretching like a cat. "You're finally here."

The triplets turned their heads as well, their expressions blank. Not a hint of guilt. Not a flicker of surprise. Just blank.

I felt my knees tremble, my entire being going numb.

"You took your time," Levi murmured.

My breath hitched.

I didn't know what hurt more—the sight before me or the fact that they knew I was coming.

And yet... they still did this.

Nala and Cynthia, still standing at the door, exchanged delighted glances before shutting the door with a soft click.