

Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 3 - Under The Sun

Olivia's POV

"Start talking, Olivia... before I lose my patience," Levi demanded, his voice laced with anger.

I stood frozen, unable to form words as I struggled to process the accusation. Again. I was being accused of stealing—again.

"Olivia!" His voice thundered through the room. "Don't make me lose my patience! Where is the bundle of dollar notes I kept in my drawer? Speak, you thief!"

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My eyes widened in shock. But Before I could respond, the door to Levi's room burst open, and Louis stormed in, seething with rage.

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"Olivia, where is the money I kept in my drawer?" Louis demanded.

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I took a step back, my breath hitching as both Levi and Louis glared at me with fiery rage. My heart pounded in my chest—not out of guilt, but out of sheer disbelief. This wasn't happening. Not again.

"I didn't take anything," I managed to say, my voice trembling.

Levi scoffed, running a frustrated hand through his hair. "Really? Then tell us who else could have taken it. Who else enters our room if not you?"

Louis folded his arms, his frown deepening. "Don't play innocent, Olivia. Just return the money and save us all the drama."

Tears gathered in my eyes, but I refused to let them fall. At least not now.

Swallowing the lump in my throat, I forced myself to speak. "I didn't take your money," I repeated, louder this time, my voice shaking with suppressed emotion. "I would never steal from any of you."

"Liar!"

I flinched at the new voice and turned to see Lennox standing at the doorway. His eyes, filled with cold hatred, locked onto mine.

"The necklace I bought for Anita is missing too," he announced, turning to his brothers.

All three of them—Levi, Louis, and Lennox—looked at me as if I were the worst kind of filth.

Levi was the first to walk toward me, and out of panic, I tried to run away, but it was useless. I was surrounded by the triplets.

Levi pinned me against the wall, lifting my hands above my head while his burning glare was staring right into my eyes.

"This is your last chance to confess and return what you stole, or you'll be dealt with accordingly," he threatened.

A tear slid down my cheek as I met his angry gaze. I knew, regardless of what I said, they would never believe that I didn't steal from them. They would never believe that their precious Anita was the one stealing from them.

"One... two..." Levi began counting, and all I could do was shed more tears.

I sobbed silently, knowing the punishment for stealing in this household was brutal. Some thieves were thrown into the dungeons, like my father. Others had their hands chopped off. Some faced even worse fates.

As Levi counted, my mind raced. Would I end up like my father, rotting in a dungeon? Or worse?

"Ten."

He released my wrists and took a step back.

"She's just like her father—a stubborn thief," Lennox sneered. More tears slipped down my cheeks.

"Guards! Bring some maids!" Louis ordered sharply.

As we waited for the arrival of the maids, my heart raced in my chest. What were these men going to do to me? Why were they sending for maids?

2

My gaze met Lennox's, and he glared at me with so much hate, which made me wonder—did he really hate me just because my father was accused of stealing? Was this all about it, or was there something else involved? How could a man who once cherished me now look at me with such disgust?

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Three maids walked in and bowed their heads to the triplets.

Levi was the one to usher the punishment. "Take her to the mansion rooftop. Strip her and apply pepper to her naked body. Make sure she kneels under the sun."

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A tear slid down my cheek, but I didn't say a word. Compared to what was done to anyone accused of stealing, this was a lesser punishment for me.

"Take her away," Lennox demanded coldly.

The maids took hold of my arms and led me out of the room. I didn't struggle. There was no point. As we walked through the mansion, I saw my mother. She was sobbing, her entire body trembling, but she didn't dare approach me. If she did, she'd share my punishment.

When we reached the rooftop, the maids let go of me.

"Please undress," one of them urged softly.

I hesitated, my entire body trembling, but there was no escape. Swallowing hard, I began removing my clothes, my tears falling freely.

One of the maids picked up a bowl of ground pepper and moved closer. My body tensed.

The moment the first handful of pepper touched my skin, an agonized scream tore from my lips. My body convulsed as the fiery sting spread across my skin. They rubbed it everywhere—every inch of my exposed flesh except for my face. The burning sensation was unbearable. My knees buckled, but I forced myself to stay upright.

"You have to kneel," one of the maids said.

I hesitated, but my body was already giving in. Slowly, I sank to my knees, my sobs wracking my entire being. The scorching sun hit down on me, intensifying the torment. My entire body felt like it was on fire.

How could anyone be so cruel?

I wanted to scream, to beg for the pain to stop, but I knew it would only make things worse.

It was as if the sun was against me because it began to heat even more. My whole body was burning with pain, and it felt like I would pass out soon. The pain was unbearable. I had never imagined I would go through such torture.

With tear-filled eyes, I looked at the maids who stood in a corner, staring at me with pity. Painful tears trickled down my cheeks while my entire body burned. As the excruciating pain enveloped me, my vision blurred, and my head spun.

Painful memories flashed through my mind. The triplets used to adore me. They used to fight over who got to spend more time with me. They used to playfully argue about which one of them would marry me when we grew up.

How did everything change so drastically?

How did men who once cherished me suddenly hate me so much?

I wished my father hadn't been framed. I wished he had been proven innocent. Then, maybe... maybe, the triplets wouldn't hate me this much.

The fiery sting of the pepper intensified, searing every inch of my exposed skin. I struggled to remain upright, my knees weakening beneath me. With each agonizing breath, the world seemed to tilt and sway until, finally, I could no longer fight the overwhelming sensation of nausea and torment.

My body gave way, and I crumpled to the ground. Distant voices called my name, but I was already slipping into darkness, into the past. Into the days when the triplets swore they'd protect me. Back when they fought over who would marry me, not who would break me. But those boys were gone. And so was I.