

Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 7 - Humiliation

Olivia's POV

"What?" my mother yelled in an outburst. "There are many servants in the pack house! Why must it be Olivia? My daughter just came out of unconsciousness; she almost died!" Mother said angrily to Levi's personal guard, who had just walked into my room, saying Anita and the triplets needed me to get them a bottle of water.

As my mother fumed with anger, I sighed inwardly. I knew this was Anita's doing, But today had already been exhausting, and the last thing I wanted was to create more trouble.

"Mother, let me just go. I will be back soon," I said softly and tried leaving the bed, but my mother stopped me.

"No, Olivia. I will go instead," she requested, but I shook my head against it.

"Please, Mother, I don't want to get them more annoyed. Let me go. I will be back soon," I assured her before pushing myself off the bed.

My whole body racked with pain from the effect of the pepper that had been applied to my skin and kneeling under the sun. I felt like collapsing, but I inhaled deeply and forced my foot to move.

As I left the room, I could see the pain and anger in my mother's eyes, and I knew at this moment she wished she could do something to help. But unfortunately, she couldn't.

I walked into the kitchen, took out four bottles of water, and placed them on a tray before making my way to the triplets' wing.

Taking a deep breath, I knocked on the door.

"Come in," Anita's authoritative voice spoke.

I pushed the door open, only for my stomach to drop at the sight before me.

Lying on bed were the triplets and Anita, who were completely naked. The room reeked of sweat and sex. The air was filled with the aftermath of their pleasure.

Swallowing hard, I shut the door and made my way over to the table, making sure I avoided looking their way. After dropping the water on the nearby table, I turned to them but made sure I looked down.

"Here is the water. Anything else?" I asked softly while ignoring the discomfort in my chest.

It was painful to be tagged as the daughter of a thief, but it was more painful to see the men I had a crush on—my first loves—in bed with my best friend.

Anita sighed and moved herself from the arms of the triplets. She sat up properly and gestured for me to hand her the water, and despite how much I wanted to refuse, I just couldn't. So I picked up the bottle of water from the tray and handed one to her.

I remained where I stood, my eyes fixed on the floor in humiliation while she slowly drank the water. I wished to leave. I wanted to leave. But I knew I couldn't unless I was asked to.

"Anything else? If not, I will take my leave," I said with a grumble.

"Stay," Anita ordered. "We'll need you."

My frown deepened, but I didn't lift my gaze. "Why? If you need me for something, you can just send for me," I spat bitterly.

"Olivia!" Lennox cautioned.

Of course, I knew his voice even without looking.

"Watch your tone when speaking to Anita," he warned. "If she wants you to stay, then that's exactly what you'll do."

5

I clenched my jaw as I forced myself to hold back from talking back at him. In just a week, Lennox and his brothers would become Alphas, and I had no choice but to respect them.

Anita leaned back against the pillows, a smug smile playing on her lips as she took slow sips of the water I had just handed her. The triplets remained silent, their expressions unreadable as they lounged lazily on the bed, completely at comfortable in their nakedness. I bit my lips, forcing myself to remain still, to swallow down the humiliation.

Anita finally set the water bottle down on the nightstand and stretched her arms above her head, her voice dripping with satisfaction.

"Two more days," she mused, her eyes gleaming with excitement. "Two more days until my eighteenth birthday."

I stiffened at her words.

Of course, I hadn't forgotten.

It was my birthday too.

But for Anita, it was more than just a celebration—it was the day she would finally confirm her bond with the triplets. The day she would find out if they were truly her mates.

She let out a dramatic sigh and turned to the triplets, running her fingers along one of their bare chests.

"I can't wait," she purred. "I already feel the connection. It's undeniable. The bond is there—I just know it."

2

My nails dug into my palms, but I said nothing.

I had spent my entire childhood with them, growing up loving them, harboring feelings I never dared to voice.

And Anita?

She was now everything I wasn't. Powerful, loved, and soon-to-be the mate of the men I once foolishly admired.

"Just imagine," Anita continued, as if I wasn't even in the room. "Once I turn eighteen, we won't have to wait anymore. Everything will be official. No more doubts, no more uncertainties. I'll be yours, and you'll be mine."

I bit the inside of my cheek so hard I tasted blood.

One of the triplets—Levi, I think—let out a low hum.

"I can't wait," he said lazily, though he didn't sound nearly as enthusiastic as Anita.

She didn't seem to notice. Instead, she giggled and pressed herself closer to them.

"Oh, I know it'll happen. And when it does, I will be made your Luna."

I stood there, invisible.

Humiliated.

Wishing I could disappear.

Wishing I had never loved them in the first place.

"Can I just leave?" I murmured tiredly.

Anita ignored my words and instead placed a slow, lingering kiss on one of the triplets. Lennox.

He responded instantly, his large hand gripping the back of her head as he deepened the kiss.

The wet sound of their lips meeting, the quiet hum of pleasure that escaped her throat—it all made my stomach twist painfully.

I clenched my dress, forcing myself to stay rooted to the spot as Anita shifted, straddling Lennox's waist. She let out a soft moan as he ran his hands down her back, pressing her against him.

I swallowed hard, bile rising in my throat.

The other two brothers weren't idle either. The second triplet, Levi, traced his fingers along Anita's thigh before leaning in to kiss her neck. His lips traveled down, tasting her skin as she sighed in delight.

Louis, the third, merely watched at first, his gaze moving toward me for the briefest second.

Our eyes met, and it was as if he was telling me this was what I would never get, what I would never experience, before he looked away, leaning in to capture her lips when Lennox finally pulled away.

I wanted to run.

I wanted to shut my eyes and block out the sight of them—the men I had spent my childhood adoring, the ones I had secretly dreamed about, now tangled in Anita's arms, touching her, worshiping her.

Anita let out a soft laugh, the sound taunting and full of triumph. She knew what she was doing. She wanted me to see this. She wanted me to hurt.

And I did.

"Olivia," her voice dripped with mock sweetness as she pulled away just enough to glance at me. Her lips were swollen, her body flushed with pleasure.

"Prepare the bathtub. We wanna take a bath," she instructed.

Despite how much I wanted to refuse, I knew I couldn't. So without saying a word, I turned around and made my way toward the large, luxurious bathroom.

I turned on the taps, allowing the warm water to flow into the bathtub. Steam rose, curling in the air, filling the luxurious bathroom with a misty haze. My hands trembled slightly as I reached for the lavender-scented bath oils, pouring a generous amount into the water.

Just as I reached for the towels, I heard the soft click of the door shutting. My breath hitched, and I turned my head slightly, only to see Louis standing there, completely naked.

I swallowed hard and quickly looked away, my heart hammering in my chest. I had seen enough already—more than I ever wanted to. Without a word, I continued my task, focusing on adjusting the water temperature, pretending he wasn't there.

I could feel his eyes on me, watching, assessing. My fingers curled around the edge of the tub, gripping it tightly as I forced myself to breathe steadily. Just a few more minutes, and I would be out of here. I just had to endure this moment.

As I moved to step away, preparing to leave, Louis was suddenly there, his presence overwhelming. Before I could react, he pinned me against the cold marble wall, his body mere inches from mine. I could practically feel his hardness against my thighs.

His hand rested beside my head, caging me in, while his lips hovered just above my ear.

I turned my head away, refusing to meet his gaze. "Let go of me. Anita might come in," I murmured.

His fingers tilted my chin up, forcing me to look at him. His dark eyes searched mine, filled with something unreadable. His thumb brushed against my bottom lip, his touch deceptively gentle. "You've always wanted our attention, haven't you? How does it feel to watch your best friend have it?"

I bit the inside of my cheek, willing myself not to react, not to let him see the pain inside me. "I don't care," I whispered.

Louis smirked, his lips curling with amusement. "Did you really think there was ever a chance for you? You? A daughter of a thief? A common omega?"

1

Pain lanced through me at his words, but I forced myself to remain still. "I don't think anything anymore, Louis. I just want to leave."

For a moment, he said nothing. Then, with a slow exhale, he stepped back, creating just enough space for me to move away. I didn't waste a second. I turned on my heels and rushed out of the bathroom, refusing to look back.

Arriving in the room, I didn't look at the others on the bed; instead, I just left and slammed the door behind me.

Moving away from their door, I leaned against the wall and inhaled deeply. I thought I could endure staying here, but now I realized I was wrong. I have to leave this pack and go somewhere else rather than continue living in this life of ridicule.

And I will leave.

Just after my eighteenth birthday.