

## Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 8 - Eighteenth Birthday

Two days later.

Olivia's POV

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear Olivia... happy birthday to you."

2

My mother's soft singing pulled me from my sleep. Slowly, I forced my heavy eyelids open, meeting her warm gaze as she sat beside me on the bed. A bright smile lit up her face as she held a tiny cupcake with a single candle on top.

A matching smile spread across my face as I sat up.

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"Happy eighteenth birthday, my love," she said cheerfully. "Now, make a wish and blow out the candle."

Sucking in a deep breath, I hesitated. It wasn't that I didn't know what to wish for—I had too many wishes. I wished for my father's release, for him to be proven innocent because I knew in my heart he was. I wished for our old life to be restored, for the respect we had lost to return. And maybe, just maybe, I wished to find a mate who would love me.

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So many wishes, but in the end, I summed them up into one.

Closing my eyes, I whispered, "I wish to be happy again," before blowing out the candle.

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When I opened my eyes, my mother's warm smile remained.

"Are you ready for the mating ceremony?" she asked.

I already had my wolf since I turned fourteen, although my wolf has not been very active because I wasn't eighteen yet. But time to time I feel her presence, her anger, her moods and sometimes her soft whispers.

The mating ceremony was a tradition for every wolf who turned eighteen. It was a grand event where one's wolf would fully emerge, and if their mate was present and of age, they would find each other.

But there would be no ceremony for me.

The only mating ceremony happening today was Anita's. She was convinced that at least one of the triplets—Levi, Louis, or Lennox—would turn out to be her mate.

"Mother, I don't feel like going. Besides, the ceremony is for Anita," I murmured.

She sighed and placed a comforting hand on my shoulder. "Just attend, darling. Who knows? You might meet your mate."

I scoffed. "A mate who will probably reject me? Or worse, an omega like me?"

Mom offered me a reassuring smile. "The Moon Goddess has something planned for you. Just trust in her."

She leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to my forehead before standing. "Get dressed and meet me in the kitchen. We have a lot to do."

After she left, I remained on the bed, staring at the ceiling of my room. Years ago, I had fantasized about this day—how I would get my wolf, how a ceremony would be held for me. For once, I used to have the silly thought of being mated to one of the triplets. I adored them so much, but that was four years ago, before my life took a drastic turn.

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Sighing heavily, I pushed myself out of bed, murmured a short prayer, and made my bed. After a quick shower, I pulled out the dress my mother had bought for me. It wasn't luxurious, but it was a gift from her, and that made it precious.

Once dressed, I tied my black hair into a ponytail and studied my reflection in the cracked mirror on the wall.

3

Today was my birthday—wasn't it okay to look nice, just this once?

Applying a bit of lipstick, I slipped on my sandals and headed for the main mansion.

Arriving at the mansion, I could see how busy everyone was. Today was Anita's birthday—she might turn out to be a future Luna.

The entire mansion buzzed with excitement. Servants rushed about, arranging decorations, preparing food, and ensuring everything was perfect for Anita's big day. The scent of fresh flowers and baked goods filled the air, but instead of making me feel excited, it only reminded me of how different things had become.

No one even acknowledged that today was my birthday too.

I kept my head low as I walked toward the kitchen, where I knew my mother would be. She was probably busy helping with the preparations.

Stepping inside, I found her kneading dough, her brows slightly furrowed in concentration. She looked up as she sensed my presence and smiled warmly.

"You look beautiful, my love," she said, wiping her hands on her apron before reaching out to cup my cheek.

I forced a small smile. "Thank you, Mom."

She studied me for a moment before sighing. "I know this isn't how you imagined your eighteenth birthday, but don't let it ruin your day. Who knows what fate has in store for you?"

Fate.

I had stopped believing in fate the day our lives fell apart. The only thing that excites me today is that I will get my wolf tonight. My better half will be given to me tonight.

Instead of answering, I grabbed an apron and began helping her prepare the pastries for the ceremony. As much as I hated being here, I didn't want to leave my mother to do all the work alone.

As I focused on kneading the dough, trying to push aside the bitter feelings stirring inside me, the kitchen door swung open. A young maid stepped inside, her eyes scanning the room until they landed on me.

"Olivia," she called, hesitating slightly before stepping closer. "Anita wants to see you in her room. She said it's urgent."

I exchanged a glance with my mother, who only sighed and gave me a small nod. "Go on, darling. I'll handle things here."

Wiping my hands on my apron, I removed it and walked out of the kitchen, making my way toward Anita's room. The closer I got, the louder the excitement in the air became. The halls were filled with pack members chatting about the upcoming ceremony, and though no one spared me a glance, I could feel the weight of their judgment like a heavy cloak draped over me.

Reaching Anita's door, I took a deep breath and knocked.

"Come in," her voice rang out.

I stepped inside, and my eyes immediately spotted what was displayed on the bed.

Laid out across her massive bed was an array of luxurious items: an exquisite red beaded gown, a pair of elegant heels made with crystals, and a velvet-lined box filled with dazzling jewelry. The sight of them alone was overwhelming, but what made it worse was Anita herself, standing beside the bed with a smug smile, her arms crossed as she eyed me.

"You're finally here," she said, her voice dripping with satisfaction. She gestured grandly toward the lavish gifts. "Aren't they beautiful? Each piece was personally picked out for me by the triplets."

She stepped forward and pointed at the dress first. "Levi got me this," she said, her fingers trailing over the delicate beading. "He said it would make me look like a queen tonight."

Then she moved to the shoes, her lips curling in amusement. "And these? Louis picked them out. He has such good taste, don't you think? He said they were meant for someone who would be standing beside a future Alpha."

I remained silent, my frown deepening.

She knew.

She knew how much I had once admired the triplets.

And she was rubbing it in my face.

Finally, she reached for the jewelry box, opening it to reveal a sparkling diamond necklace and matching earrings.

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"And this," she purred, lifting the necklace, "is from Lennox. He said a Luna should only wear the finest things."

She turned to me then, tilting her head slightly as if studying my expression.

"What do you think, Olivia?"

I swallowed the lump in my throat, forcing my face into a neutral expression.

"They're... beautiful," I murmured, though my voice lacked any true enthusiasm.

Anita's smirk deepened.

"Of course they are. I'll be the most stunning wolf at the ceremony tonight. And who knows? Maybe I'll finally find out which one of the triplets is truly meant to be mine—if not all three."

She let out a soft laugh before turning back to admire her gifts, as if she had already won.

I wanted to turn and leave.

I should leave.

But then, I decided to ask the question that had been on my mind for the past five years.

"Anita," I called.

She turned, raising a perfectly arched brow.

"What? What is it?"

For a moment, I hesitated, then finally spoke.

"What happened, Anita? What did I do wrong?"

She scoffed, but I didn't stop.

"We were best friends. We grew up together. We did everything together. We had each other's backs. And then, four years ago, after my father was accused of stealing, you changed.

"You turned your back on me. You hated me. The mere sight of me disgusted you.

"Every single day, I ask myself—what did I do to make you hate me this much? Today is our eighteenth birthday. I deserve to know.

I took a step closer to her.

"Tell me, Anita, what did I do wrong?"