

## Fated To Not Just One, But Three Chapter 9 - Mating Ceremony

Olivia POV

Anita stared at me for a moment. Then, with a slow shake of her head, she let out a soft chuckle.

"You really don't get it, do you, Olivia?" she scoffed. "You didn't do anything wrong. You were just... too perfect."

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My brows furrowed in confusion. "What?"

Anita sighed dramatically, crossing her arms over her chest. "You were the golden girl, Olivia. The pack adored you. The triplets—Levi, Louis, and Lennox—practically worshiped the ground you walked on. You were the daughter of the best and most respected Gamma."

She took a step closer, her eyes filled with hate. "And then there was me. Just Anita. The daughter of a common warrior. Your shadow. Always 'Olivia's best friend.' Never just Anita."

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Her voice hardened as she continued. "Then four years ago, when your father was accused of stealing, everything changed. He fell, and with him, so did you. And for the first time, I wasn't standing behind you anymore." She let out a breathy laugh, shaking her head. "My father became Beta, and suddenly, the pack saw me for whom I really was. Not just 'Olivia's friend' but Anita, the future Luna. How ironic."

She gestured around the room, her manicured fingers adorned with rings that sparkled under the light. "Look at us now. Your father is a traitor, your family is nothing, and I have everything. The admiration, the respect, and soon, one of the triplets will be my mate. Maybe all three." She smirked, watching me closely for a reaction.

1

The realization suddenly hit me. I had spent years wondering what I had done to deserve her cruelty, questioning if I had wronged her in some way. But the truth was simple: I hadn't.

Anita had never been my friend. She had only been waiting for the moment I would fall so she could rise in my place.

I swallowed back the lump in my throat, forcing myself to keep my expression blank. "So that's it?" I said quietly. "You were jealous of me?"

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She scoffed. "Jealousy is an ugly word, Olivia. I prefer to call it justice. The pack finally sees me, finally respects me, and I'll never let you take that away."

A slow, bitter smile curled my lips. "I don't want anything from you, Anita," I said truthfully.

For the first time in years, I met Anita's gaze and smiled—not a forced, bitter smile, but one of relief.

"Thank you, Anita," I said softly.

She blinked, momentarily caught off guard. "For what?"

"For finally telling me the truth," I murmured before turning on my heel and walking out of the room.

3

Getting back to the kitchen, my mother noticed my mood and asked if everything was alright, and I simply told her yes with a smile and continued working. I felt relieved to know I didn't hurt her. I felt relieved to know the reason why she hated me. And soon, I will get to find out why the triplets hated me too. Surely, it wasn't just because my father was accused of stealing. Just like Anita, they will surely have their reasons.

2

For hours, I helped Mother in the kitchen until it was dark. Soon, pack members began arriving at the pack hall where the ceremony would be held. I checked the time and realized it was 6 p.m., and the ceremony would begin soon.

"Olivia, we are done. Let's leave for the pack hall. You have to be there so you can get your wolf," she said, and I nodded.

2

We arrived at the pack hall, and the place was packed. The air buzzed with excitement, voices blending together in a low hum as pack members took their seats. The grand hall was decorated with golden lights and banners, making the atmosphere feel almost magical.

2

Anita sat beside her parents, dressed elegantly, big smiles plastered all over her face.

The triplets sat on the podium beside their parents, wearing outfits so formal it looked like they were attending a wedding rather than a ceremony. They exuded authority, their presence commanding the room without effort.

I could see their eyes moving around the hall until they finally settled on me. A chill ran down my spine at the intensity of their stares, but I quickly looked away, feeling a strange sensation in my chest.

"Come, Olivia," my mother whispered beside me, gently guiding me forward.

1

I took a deep breath and followed her toward the front, where the ceremony would soon begin.

"Attention, everyone," Alpha Damon's voice boomed over the crowd. "The mating ceremony is about to begin."

My stomach twisted with anxiety as I stood frozen in place.

"Anita, come forward," he said softly, smiles on his face.

Anita stood up proudly from her seat, the trail of her red beaded gown trailing behind her as she moved forward. I swallowed hard. I was supposed to be standing there with her. Today was also my birthday!

As if sensing my pain, my mother gave me a soft squeeze on the shoulder. "Don't worry. You will get your wolf even if you stay here," she assured me, and I nodded.

The priest stepped forward, his long robe trailing behind him. He raised his hands, eyes lifted to the sky, his voice calm but commanding. "With the blessing of the Moon Goddess, Anita's wolf will be released, and her fated mate will be revealed tonight. A magical cord will bind those destined for each other, linking their hearts and souls forever. If your mate is here, the cord will appear on your wrist, guiding you to them."

Suddenly, he began chanting some incantation. The air felt thick, like it was buzzing with energy, and everyone was waiting, eyes glued to Anita's wrist. My heart raced. I tried to ignore the panic bubbling inside me. What if nothing happened? What if I didn't have a mate or a wolf?

Then suddenly, I felt a strange sensation, like a different energy was being put inside of me, and that made me gasp.

"Hi, Olivia."

My wolf, which sounded exactly like me, whispered in my ear. But before I could respond, out of nowhere, I felt it—a tingling sensation on my wrist. I looked down, and there it was, a thin, silver thread.

My breath caught in my throat as the cord stretched out in front of me, pulling me gently.

I froze, unsure of what to do, but my wolf nudged me.

"Go, Olivia. Follow it."

Following my wolf's direction, I left where I stood with my mother and started moving forward. I could hear gasps around me and feel eyes on me, but I didn't care. All my attention was on the cord on my wrist, which was leading me to my mate.

"Keep going," she voice urged.

My legs trembled as I moved, following the silver cord as it snaked through the crowd. Each step I took made my heart pound harder.

But suddenly, I stopped, my breath catching in my throat.

The cord led me straight to... the triplets.

My eyes widened in shock, my breath hitched as my gaze fell on the glowing threads extending not to just one, but to all three of them, wrapping securely around each of their wrists.

7

"Mates!" my wolf howled loudly in my head.

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