

# Mated To My Sister's Alpha Fiance

by Veliciah

## Chapter 1

Daisy

I never thought my first kiss would be with a stranger on a plane. The man whose lips are locked on mine is possibly the most beautiful man alive. Think McSteamy from Grey's Anatomy, but without the big beard. His hotness is a physical assault on my virgin senses. He has muscles, a chiseled face, proper clothing, and an air of smoldering sexiness.

Even though I hate him, I don't want him to stop kissing me. This guy is a walking daydream but he is forbidden territory. Did I mention he is the billionaire my evil sister is supposed to marry? This is her fiancé, Alpha Xavier Reeves—my sister is his future Luna.

...what am I doing?

Kissing Xavier is foolish. It could lead to my death, but I can't deny the pull between us. I was born without an inner wolf, yet my heart is set on this man. Could he really be my mate?

Well, let's start at the beginning, shall we?

\*\*\* Earlier the same day \*\*\*

“Uh, hello?” my stepsister Isabella snaps her fingers. “Can you hurry with my bags? We are supposed to be checking in today, not tomorrow.”

I drag her heavy bag behind me, lifting it when needed. It weighs a ton, and I’m drenched in sweat. The escalator was broken so I had to take the stairs. We are at the airport, about to fly halfway across the world so Isabella, my beautiful sister, can get married.

It’s no wonder she is getting married young. Isabella is perfect. Her face is chiseled, her lips are plump, and although we both have long, glossy hair, she looks more like a model due to her impressive height.

Me?

At 5’0, I’m shorter than most kids.

“Could you hurry?” Lina, my other sister, complains.

I glare at her but quickly look away when her eyes meet mine. I know better than to show attitude. Unlike me, my sisters were born with their wolves. They are stronger than me, and to avoid getting beaten, or worse, getting thrown out on the street, I do what they ask.

My best friend, Victoria, constantly asks me why I don’t just run away, but becoming a rogue isn’t wise. And that’s my only

option since my mother never let me have a normal education. She wasn't interested in spending money on the failed child.

"Anyway, I'm tired of this," Isabella looks around. "Just check in the bags, okay? Surely, your small brain can handle that."

I glance at the line ahead. Many people are ahead of me, but it shouldn't take too long.

"Can't you wait for me?" I ask. "I'm hungry too and could go for a sandwich or something."

Isabella gives me an antagonizing smile. "I'm sorry, Daisy, but you're not on the same plane as us. Yours will board in about eight hours? It was cheaper that way. You're in economy and have all the time in the world to eat, but we don't."

My jaw slacks to the ground. "In eight hours? But what am I supposed to do until then?!"

"I don't know," Lina shrugs. "It's not our problem."

"You shouldn't eat anyway," Isabella says. "You're starting to get fat."

What? I'm not fat!

Before I can say anything to defend my pride, my mother shouts from the other side of the security line, "You made it!"

Lina and Isabella waves at her. "Hey, mom! Be with you soon!"

My mother gives my two sisters a thumbs up but won't even look in my direction. It stings. I'm the child she wished she

never had. Even our Alpha, Jack, sent his condolences on my eighteenth birthday. He thought I would awaken, but I didn't.

I'm twenty-one years old and still a weakling without a wolf. My sisters, however, are both warrior wolves and extremely powerful. That's why Alpha Xavier Reeves requested to marry Isabella. She will be the perfect future Luna for his pack.

While I know I should be happy for my sisters, I can't help but feel a bit jealous. I wish I were normal like my sisters, but I'm not. I'm a nobody, which must be why my mother bought me an economy ticket—you know, to remember my place.

But don't get me wrong. Traveling in the economic class isn't the worst thing in the world. It just sucks that my plane is in eight hours and that I can't remember if I bought my phone charger with me. I'm going to be so bored if my phone dies...

"NEXT!"

I wince at the loud voice and step forward. My sisters are long gone, and I'm left with their bags...wait, I didn't bring up Lina's bag! Panic seizes my lungs, and I look around—only for an older man to put Lina's bag in front of me.

"This is your bag, yes?"

"Yes," I blush a little. The man wears expensive clothing; I can tell he comes from money. "Thank you for carrying it for me."

"No problem."

I bring the bags to the lady working behind the counter, who checks them in. I'm a bit surprised at how heavy Lina's bag is. How did the old man carry it up the stairs that easily?

Well, never mind that. I'm hungry and set my eyes on the security check, but the man places a hand on my shoulder to stop me.

I whip around. "Can I help you?"

He smiles. "I apologize for being so direct. I normally wouldn't intervene, but I overheard your conversation with your sisters earlier. They were incredibly disrespectful to you, so I upgraded your ticket to first class. Your flight is scheduled to depart in less than one hour."

Is this a joke?

Why would a stranger go out of his way to... My gaze falls to his bag, and I am taken aback when I see the name embroidered on it, "Reeves."

"Holy moon goddess..." I mumble in a blind panic. "You're Christian Reeves—the former Alpha of the Bloodmoon pack. Alpha Xavier's father!"

"That's right," he smiles politely. "But forget about me. You need to catch your flight. Go on, shoo!"

Realizing he is right, I go in for a quick hug. "Thank you so much for this!"

He turns tense in response but eventually softens and hugs me back. “You’re welcome.”

I leave the former Alpha behind and get through my security check without a problem. Three seconds later, I’m running past a cafe where my family stands in a line. They stare at me as I race past them, but I don’t care. I’m in too much of a hurry to argue with them.

My heart races as the boarding call for first-class passengers echoes through the bustling terminal. When I finally reach the boarding gate, I’m even sweatier than before.

The airline representative behind the counter takes a moment to assess me. I get the feeling he doesn’t think I belong here. He glances down at my ticket and then back at me with a raised eyebrow.

“Daisy Andersson?”

“That’s me!”

I give him my ticket, and he looks at me again before his expression softens into a welcoming smile.

“Welcome aboard,” he says.

I beam at him and practically dance to my seat. It’s beautiful—all plush, luxurious cream leather. I sit down and immediately feel like royalty until someone’s shadow looms over me.

“What are you doing in my seat?!”

Every little hair on my neck stands up in fright. The man must mean me, but I don't dare to look up. Maybe if I ignore him, he will just go away and bother someone else? This is my seat, and I have every right to sit here.

But when I say nothing, the man growls. "Are you just going to ignore me, you little thief?!"

Thief? I am many things, but a thief is not one of them. I'm not sure why, but hearing that insult makes me boil.

Angrier than ever, I finally look up. "Look, my life is already troublesome, so please, just sit down and enjoy your flight, okay? Christian Reeves gave me this seat, and I intend to enjoy the ride—I don't have time to argue with rich, whiny men!"

The man goes silent, and so do I because I've just realized that I'm so freaking dead that I better start planning my funeral.

Alpha Xavier Reeves is looming above me—my sister's future husband.

Oh my god.

I freeze in my seat, mouth open so wide I must look like a speared fish on a stick. I've heard of Alpha Xavier, but this is my first time seeing him in person, and he is the most gorgeous man I've ever seen. He is the kind of man you wouldn't mind being kidnapped by—I sure as hell wouldn't mind having his babies.

It wouldn't surprise me if model agencies approached Xavier on a daily basis. He might be scowling at me, but his sculpted, pouty lips are the sexiest ones I've ever seen. The longer I stare, the faster my heart pounds—his raw, masculine beauty has officially hit me.

Or wait...is that a freaking mate bond between us?

I almost choke.

Is Alpha Xavier Reeves my fated mate? Holy moly. That's why I feel so attracted to him and ready to throw off my panties!

"Give a girl a break!" I blurt out.

"What?" he snaps, his laser eyes narrowing. "You think this is bad for you? Envision yourself in my position—my mate is the freak without a wolf. You're basically a human!"

His words cut like knives, but I won't cry. My mother taught me from an early age that tears are a sign of weakness. So, I bottled up my emotions through my troublesome childhood and put on a brave face. And believe me, this stuck-up suit isn't harder to handle than the sisters who bullied me through high school.

With newfound courage, I straighten my back and stare at Alpha Xavier's beautiful face. "If that's your opinion, why don't you reject me?"

"Oh, I'm planning on it," he says, sitting beside mine with his eyes still locked on my face like laser beams.

But I'm not scared.

“I take it you already know who I am,” I say dryly.

“Yes, you’re my fiancé’s sister and the failure of her pack.”

“I have a name.”

“Your name doesn’t matter. You’re a nobody and too weak to be accepted as my mate, but since I respect the moon goddess, I will honor the mate bond by kissing you before I reject you.”

“Wh-what?!”

Xavier leans over, and suddenly, it gets harder to breathe. I want to push him away, but I’m paralyzed in my seat, stuck in place thanks to the mate bond as he locks me in. We are nose to nose as he seethes at me.

“This will only happen once,” he growls.

I squirm in my seat, but there is nowhere to go. Xavier’s lips are inches from mine before they descend and then...heaven. It’s a light kiss, but there is so much fire behind it that it feels like we are meant to be.

And now we are all caught up in our story.

Xavier pulls away. His eyes are wide. His big body is tense, but it only lasts a second. Suddenly, he comes at me like a flood. He kisses me harder this time, and my moans get swallowed by his mouth when his tongue presses against mine.

I’m shattering, breaking, and coming back alive—like a butterfly breaking out of its cocoon. This is rebirth. Xavier’s lips taste like they are my destiny, and I hesitantly place my hand on his chest.

His muscles tense under my fingertips, but he doesn't pull away. He is so beautiful, broad-shouldered, and perfect.

But I know this—us—is but an unreachable dream. Xavier plans to reject me on this flight.

He pulls back.

Then, he looks at me. I'm n\*ked in front of him, embarrassed, with flushed cheeks. It's a savage and masculine moment. I stay silent and wait for the verdict when his lips part.

"I, Alpha, Xavier—"

I close my eyes. Here it comes...