## The Alpha's Unwanted Mate

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## **END**

PROLOGUE— THE BEGINING AS MUCH AS THE

descends with severity.

Celeste blew out a breath of adoration, eyes trained on the handsome boy standing with a tall

Beware... For happiness does not last for eternity. It comes, but when it goes, sadness

masculinity on the podium. His lips were drawn into a thin line, his expression as blank as a sheet of paper and yet his

beauty outranked every werewolf standing on the meeting grounds; both men and women. Celeste wasn't sure how he did it, but every single thing he did made her heart flutter and her

legs weak. He was the centre of her attention despite the many other people scattered around the vicinity. His eyes...

His lips...

His body...

Certainly not by confessing that she had many times drooled while watching him and

certainly not by hunting him a darn rabbit!

Every single aspect of him called out to her, but in what way could she respond?

But either way she chose to respond, it was no secret that he was out of her league; for one, he was the future alpha of this pack and added to that ball of misfortune, was the fact that he

was her sister's boyfriend. Tonight, twelve o'clock on the dock, would be the day they officially became mates.

You see, tomorrow was his 21st birthday, the day he'd be able to scent his true mate and the celebration was on the brink of starting.

The yard was full of mated and unmated wolves and women from the Forester pack as well as other packs stood in deep anticipation, praying to the heavens that they'd be the one.

Celeste stood in that deep anticipation too. Though her sister was ninety nine percent his mate, she couldn't help but hope to be the remaining one percent.

At least then she'd have a teeny weeny chance to steal him from her b\*tch of a sister.

Her sister... It's a hassle to even call her that. She didn't act like a big sister much less a distant family member.

At school, Celeste was a victim to verbal abuse. The kids there always taunted her and instead of taking her side, her sister would always take theirs.

'Why is Celeste so ugly when Celia is sooo pretty?'

'Aren't they suppose to be twins?'

'Why is one hot and the other is not?'

It was a struggle to go to school everyday. She was the nobody, the odd one out and Celia was the one on top. She got everything she wanted, even mom and dad favoured her, leaving

Celeste with no one, absolutely no one to turn to. Sad isn't it? But Celeste was use to it by now.

With a sigh, she glanced at the woman next to her who kept whispering... "One minute left, one minute left, one minute left."

It was annoying, but it made Celeste's anticipation rise to a higher heights. In one minute, her world would turn upside down and she knew it.

The guy she had a crush on for years was about to fall in the hands of another. She didn't want to see that happen, especially when her sister's palm was stretched right open.

Swallowing the lump that had formed in her throat, she took a shaky step back, eyes glancing at her life long crush one last time before turning her back.

her heart buried in sadness. If not Zillon Macre, then who would be her mate?

Her steps took her down the dark path of the pack lands, her hands buried in her pockets and

Nobody else made her feel the way he did, he was like an angel to her. Everything about him was perfect, even when he was glaring or pouting.

But he wasn't hers and she had to live with tha—

With a certain suddenness, a hand grabbed onto hers, squeezing her wrist in a vice grip. A frightened gasp left Celeste's lips and without much thought, she turned to look at the

His eyes were a blazing orange, signalling that his wolf had completely taken over and his blood red lips were drawn back in a sneer even as he pulled her against his thick and

muscular chest. "Mine." He grunted, arms encasing her in a very tight embrace. "Mate."

It was him, Zillon Macre, her angel.

perpetrator.

not your mate."

Those two words caused both Celeste's heart and body to freeze. Mine...?

Mate...? What was he talking about?

Did he think she was Celia?

Zillon's head tilted to the side, jaws clenching, grip tightening. "Mine...Mate...Mine!" He pulled her back against him, nose latching onto the very crook of her neck where he proceeded to deeply inhale her scent. "Mark mate."

And without her consent, he did just that. His teeth had extracted and into the soft skin of her

Ignoring the denseness of her heart and the pleasurable sparks that seeped out of his touch,

she pushed away from him. "Celia is somewhere in the dispersing crowd, I'm not yours, I'm

A cry of pain and pleasure had descended from her lips and like a dead man, she fell against his chest, lips ajar as she panted to catch her breath.

her nose, her weak knees buckled and against his chest she fell again.

She was just 19, she wasn't at the age to scent out her mate as yet, but now that she carried his mark...his scent was rather strong, comforting and arousing.

She tried to steady herself, but when the strong scent of the man who held her swept across

It calmed her heart and inside her head, her wolf consistently whispered... "Mate...mate..."

Pride from her wolf filled her chest and amongst it was a flourishing happiness. After all, the

She was mated to Zillon Macre, and on her neck was where his mark of eternity laid. Nothing could tear them apart when this mark bonded them together, but only minutes later,

moon goddess had granted her her wish.

Lotus flowers and freshly chopped wood.

neck was where they intrusively sank.

she found that there was indeed something or rather someone who could tear them apart. Not her sister or her parents, but Zillon, her own mate...