

Chapter 3 - Unwanted Wolfless Is The True Luna -

Everything changed the moment Ella arrived.

I was sixteen when my father's betrayal was exposed, and I had no choice but to move with him to the Riverland Pack, where he'd begun his new life.

My half-sister Ella arrived not long after with her mother, my new stepmother.

Ella knew just when to lean in, tilt her head, and soften her voice, using her helplessness like a weapon to draw men toward her. Where I was proud and unyielding, Ella made weakness an art form, the kind that could make every male around her feel like they were her knight in shining armor.

When she arrived, Alpha Mike and Mathew, the two people I'd thought would stand by me no matter what, looked out for her at first only out of obligation. She was, after all, my sister.

But once Ella had gained a foothold, she turned everything into a game I never realized I was losing until it was too late.

One evening, I discovered she'd added both of them on WhatsApp, claiming it was to help her manage my needs more easily. But what had been a thread connecting us quickly became a chain tying them to her.

Soon, it was no longer our bond of three—but hers.

It wasn't long before I began noticing the whispers, the glances. My connection with Mike grew strained as Ella found ways to insert herself deeper into his world. She didn't shift yet, but it didn't matter—her human form was enough to pull him under her spell, leaving me out in the cold.

And Mathew, who had once promised to protect me, was swept up in her orbit, too, laughing at her jokes, defending her.

Mike had always been impulsive, drawn to extreme sports like a moth to a flame. I'd warned him countless times, but he'd just chuckle and say, "Oh come on, life is too short! Just let me do what I love!"

Yet now, for Ella's sake, he hadn't touched any extreme sports in six months, all because of a single word from her.

On the other hand, Mathew, usually calm and reserved, had taken a surprising turn as well. He never liked crowds and preferred quiet evenings alone. But now, he was the one who insisted on hosting a big birthday party for Ella at our family villa.

Mike's pov

I've known since I turned sixteen that Alice is my mate, but it feels wrong. She doesn't even have a wolf. "How can someone so weak become a Luna?" I thought bitterly.

"Alice is beautiful, you know," Mathew said, leaning against the wall with a smirk.

"Yeah, beautiful enough to drive me crazy," I snapped, running a hand through my hair. "All the guys in the pack want her—not as a mate, just for fun."

"It infuriates you, huh?" Mathew chuckled. "But she doesn't even have a wolf."

"Exactly! When we turn twelve, we hear our wolves, but she's never heard hers. They say she's cursed," I replied, frustration bubbling. "No one wants a cursed mate."

"So why not just go for Ella?" Mathew suggested, raising an eyebrow. "She's easier to be with."

"Ella? Please. She's not half as captivating as Alice," I shot back. "But yeah, I'm with Ella. It's simpler."

"Right, but you're still pining after Alice," Mathew pointed out. "You want her as your mistress, not your Luna."

"I can't help it!"

Alice's pov

My father's choice for an arranged marriage must have been carefully selected, and honestly, that was fine by me.

My phone buzzed.

"Alice, why haven't you liked my latest post?" Ella's message popped up.

She was in a lavish princess dress, flanked by Mathew and Alpha Mike.

"Look at me, the perfect princess," I muttered under my breath.

I knew she posted it to annoy me. Normally, I might feel upset, but not today.

I quickly tapped the like button.

"There, happy now?"

As for what the three of them thought? That was no longer my concern.

