

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 101: Jealousy_Part 1[1,757 words]

Chapter 101: Jealousy_Part 1

Standing right there in the kitchen, in front of the cooker, was none other than the Alpha. He was shirtless, his broad back facing her as he whistled softly while turning something that sizzled richly in the pan. The apron strings were tied securely at the small of his narrow waist, and he wore gray jogger pants that hung low on his hips, low enough to reveal the waistband of his briefs with the name "Kade" boldly printed across it.

Really, he wore his own brand of briefs? Viola thought in disbelief, her brows lifting slightly.

His back was tanned and powerfully toned, and the ominous snake tattoo she had always glimpsed on his chest extended all the way around to cover half of his back and trail down his sculpted, corded left arm, where veins bulged faintly beneath his bronze, sweat-sheened skin.

Viola's throat went dry immediately and she gulped down her saliva. Was it even legal for a man to look this perfect, this eye-catching, that not even she could force herself to look away?

Gorgeous, tantalizingly charming.

He was so captivating that Viola knew she was mentally drooling over his perfection. She had never seen a man look this good without even trying.

His whistling gradually stopped, and his deep, husky voice, tinged with that distinct accent she always noticed among the pack members but most strongly in him, drifted toward her.

"Good morning, sleepyhead."

His words snapped her back to her senses. She blinked as she watched him turn to face her with a small smile. He held the sizzling pan in one hand and a spatula in the other, and somehow the domestic sight only enhanced his attractiveness rather than diminish it. She had never actually been around a man who cooked before; none of the men in Moonwillow believed it was their duty to cook, especially not an Alpha.

But this one cooks.

"Good morning, Alpha," Viola replied politely.

She immediately noticed his smile fall, his sexy lips pressing into a thin line. She knew exactly why, she had addressed him formally again. But could anyone blame her? She still couldn't bring herself being informal with him.

Before he could comment on it, she deliberately shifted her gaze away from him and toward the kitchen counter, where an impressive spread of breakfast dishes had been prepared and carefully arranged.

There were pancakes stacked neatly, golden waffles, crisp toast, fluffy omelets, sizzling steaks, and several other varieties of breakfast meals laid out like a feast. Had he truly made all of this? Viola wondered in astonishment, unable to believe it.

As if reading her thoughts, Sebastian spoke again.

"I couldn't figure out which one would be the perfect breakfast or which one you might like, so I made everything."

He watched as her eyes widened slightly, clearly surprised that he had prepared such an array. Was it really that unbelievable? To him, cooking was nothing extraordinary. In fact, it had once been his hobby when his parents were still alive. He used to compete with Matt, and his mother would judge who cooked the better dish.

Once upon a time in Silver, when his parents were ruling, they did not depend on omegas to cook their meals but instead prepared the food themselves. Even his father cooked.

When Viola remained silent, Sebastian's gaze took in her disheveled morning appearance, from her frizzy hair to her bare face, before his eyes drifted downward to her feet, where he noticed what she was wearing.

He nearly laughed at the sight of his oversized slippers swallowing her small feet, but he bit back the sound so as not to offend her. Were his feet truly that large, or were hers simply that small? Whatever the case, he found it unexpectedly adorable that she was wearing something of his. That had to mean some progress, at least. She would not borrow his things if she still completely hated him.

"Alpha, she's not in the room—"

The female voice cut off abruptly when its owner's eyes landed on Viola.

Viola's gaze instantly shifted toward the speaker as well. She saw a young woman who looked to be around her age, dressed in the uniform she had noticed the working omegas wore yesterday. However, this particular omega was strikingly beautiful, with a stylish hairstyle that seemed far too elaborate for simple household duties. She wore full makeup and delicate jewelry that subtly caught the light.

Viola could not help thinking that she looked far too refined and attractive to be merely an omega working in the main quarter. Then again, she expected nothing less from the Silver Pack, where even the weakest omegas were treated with some dignity, unlike in Moonwillow.

"She's here already. She came down herself," Sebastian remarked calmly to the omega he had sent to wake Viola and help her freshen up for breakfast, but it seemed they missed each other as there were many ways to reach his bedroom in the house.

The omega turned her brown eyes toward Viola, a strange look briefly crossing her face before she shifted her gaze back to the Alpha with a gentle smile, one that did not go unnoticed by Viola.

The Alpha's own gaze softened ever so slightly when he looked at the young woman.

"I can see that," the girl replied lightly. "Perhaps I should take her to freshen up, then?"

Sebastian nodded thoughtfully. "Hmm."

Then he turned back to Viola. "Go with Angela. By the time you come back down, I will be done here."

However, Viola did not move. She simply stared at him with blank, unreadable eyes that made Sebastian's chest tighten faintly with concern.

What was wrong? Didn't she want to freshen up? he wondered as he began to walk toward her.

But the moment he stepped closer, she stepped back, creating distance between them. His eyes dimmed in quiet displeasure.

Had he done something to offend her? Why did it seem like she'd always step away from him whenever he came near? Did she still hate him that much?

Had they not been somewhat fine yesterday, fine enough that she had allowed him to rest his weight against her shoulder like a pillow? Not to mention, she was even wearing his slippers now. He had thought they might at least have reached some fragile truce, perhaps even stepped tentatively into something resembling a cautious friendship.

"Is something wrong?" Sebastian asked, unable to fully understand her. She was so different from the women he was used to, women whose moods he could read effortlessly with a single glance. Most women would be high over the moon for the set of jewelry he got for her but she hadn't even worn it.

Viola shook her head lightly. "Nothing. I will go and freshen up."

With that, she turned away from him and followed the omega, Angela, out of the kitchen.

She did not understand why she had found it unsettling to see how familiar and relaxed he seemed with Angela. Viola had not missed the way the girl had looked at her for a brief moment, a dark, possessive glint flashing in her eyes before it disappeared. It had been subtle, almost hidden, but unmistakably there in her eyes.

It was almost as if Angela had been displeased that Viola had stepped into territory she silently claimed as her own.

Viola recognized that look all too well because she had worn it herself many times in the past. Whenever random women tried to linger around Evan, she had fixed them with that very same stare, wanting to scare them off without uttering a single word.

Now, as she walked behind Angela, watching her straight back and the confident sway of her steps, Viola noticed how the omega's dress was cut just a little too short, revealing long, fair legs accentuated by heels. Her hairstyle, a neatly styled bun, looked far too fashionable and deliberate for a simple household worker.

Viola did not need anyone to tell her that Angela was the type who harbored big dreams, dreams of catching the Alpha's attention and rising far above her current position.

Viola did not necessarily have a problem with ambition. After all, she herself had used the Alpha as a stepping stone to rise above her own miserable circumstances. The difference, however, was that she did not appreciate the familiar possessive look Angela had directed at her. Moreover, considering that she would soon be marrying the Alpha, Angela should not be carrying herself with such territorial air around him.

Angela, on the other hand, was furious, though she concealed it well. How dare this nobody appear from nowhere and suddenly position herself as their future Luna? She clenched her teeth subtly, suppressing the anger bubbling within her.

She had worked in this house for years, ever since she was a little pup. Her mother had served the Alpha's mother faithfully, and the two women had been close, almost like sisters. Because of that history, Sebastian had always treated Angela more kindly than the other omega maids.

Somewhere deep in Angela's heart, she had nurtured a foolish hope that a fairytale might unfold in her life, that one day Sebastian would finally notice all her subtle attempts to draw his attention, her careful gestures meant to seduce and charm him into seeing her not as a working omega in his quarters, but as a woman.

Angela would not have been particularly angry if he had simply brought a woman home to use in bed and then discard. She was well aware that the Alpha had several mates over the years who he took to his bed. But he had never truly wanted any of them. After the death of his first Luna, no other woman except Miss Zoe had ever stepped foot into his main quarters, let alone shared his bedroom here.

He always took them to his penthouse or some hotel in the pack.

But he didn't only bring this one here. And the worst part? He had cooked for this woman.

Angela had never once seen him cook for his first wife, Natalia. The only other time she remembered him cooking was when his younger sister had been ill, and even then it had been out of necessity because Miss Zoe had said she wanted his cooking and no one else.

Yet now he had woken up early in the morning to prepare an entire feast for this wolfless woman.

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Chapter 102: Jealousy_Part 2[1,877 words]

Chapter 102: Jealousy_Part 2

In Angela's mind, she was superior to this wolfless outsider. She firmly believed that if a moment ever came when Sebastian had to choose between the two of them, he would choose her without hesitation. She had known him since childhood, had grown up in his home, had been near him for years.

This wolfless woman, on the other hand, was someone he would marry only because she had won a competition, not because he had chosen her from his heart.

Angela did not bother to hide the anger and bitter hatred on her face. She believed the useless woman could not see it, but she had completely forgotten about the reflective glass panels lining this particular hallway, which allowed Viola to catch every single expression mirrored clearly behind her.

Viola nearly rolled her eyes at the sight of Angela's twisted expression. The girl truly did not need to exhaust herself over the Alpha. Viola was not stealing him from her. The marriage was nothing more than a means to secure her revenge and protect her sister, nothing sentimental, nothing romantic. Moreover, it was not as though she planned to set foot in this mansion again.

She had only entered because Sebastian had been unconscious. Once she left, she doubted she would ever return here, even after their marriage. She was well aware that Sebastian had not housed his Luna here since his first wife. This was not her home, and Angela was certainly not working under her authority.

Whatever feelings Angela harbored for the Alpha, Viola had no intention of interfering, as long as Angela did not attempt to scheme against her the way Viola herself had once schemed against women who dared to approach someone she considered hers.

She had once been a morally ruthless woman, willing to take any path necessary to remove rivals from her man's side. And she had recognized that same dangerous glint in Angela's eyes.

But she no longer possessed the energy, or the cruelty, of her former self to battle another woman over a man.

Still, something inside Viola was unsettled by Angela's possessiveness toward the Alpha. The feeling was disturbingly familiar; it was the same instinct she used to experience whenever she sensed a threat to someone she claimed. What she did not understand was why she would feel even a flicker of that toward this infuriating Alpha.

She quickly shook the thought away as Angela led her into a bedroom and then into an adjoining bathroom.

Unlike earlier, when Angela had concealed her dislike in Sebastian's presence, she made no effort to hide it now. She scoffed openly before storming out of the bathroom, returning moments later with a dress in her hand. Without ceremony, she tossed it over Viola's head.

"Open the wall cabinet. There are soaps and lotion inside," Angela said curtly. "You will find a new set of toothpaste and a brush to use. And whatever you use," she added in a tone befitting a mistress addressing a servant, "make certain you dispose of it. The Alpha hates sharing his things with people, especially those beneath him. He does not like seeing such items left where he can notice them. Throw everything away."

After speaking, she fixed Viola with a challenging look as if daring her to protest the rude treatment.

Viola merely watched her with a detached, unreadable expression, as though neither the insult nor the tone had touched her. That only infuriated Angela further. She had hoped to provoke Viola into reacting, perhaps into acting arrogantly, like someone already claiming the title of Luna, scolding or even striking an omega for her insolence.

Angela wanted her to lash out. Even a slap would suffice. Then she could cry before the Alpha, who disliked women prematurely assuming the authority of Luna before being formally crowned. She had seen it done before where one of the women he took mistreated an omega because she already thought herself his future Luna, but in the end, Sebastian had banished her from his pack.

Though Angela did not relish the thought of bruising her carefully maintained face, she was willing to endure it if it meant positioning herself above this outsider. No matter how Viola had won the competition, she did not belong among those Sebastian kept close, like Angela herself.

Viola, however, was fully aware of what Angela was attempting. She simply did not have the energy for such games.

"I will dispose of everything I use," Viola replied calmly. "If you will excuse me, I would like to remove my clothes."

Angela's fingers curled into tight fists. She opened her mouth as though to retort, then closed it again. Finally, she turned sharply and left, silently vowing to deal with Viola later.

After all, she had already acted, by handing her the late Alpha mother's dress, which Sebastian had forbidden anyone to touch in his room. He would be furious if he saw someone else wearing it.

A smirk curved across Angela's lips as she walked away, pleased with her plan.

Inside the bathroom, Viola brushed her teeth in the sink and put her hair up in a shower cap before stepping into the shower. Unfortunately, every product in the cabinet was distinctly masculine.

There was not a single feminine item in sight. She hoped the Alpha would not object to her using his body wash and lotions.

Just as Angela had instructed, she discarded the toothbrush and any disposable items she had used. It would indeed be inappropriate to leave her personal things in his private space.

From the towel to the lotion, everything carried his signature scent. By the time she finished, her own natural fragrance had been completely masked by his. She bit the inside of her cheek thoughtfully.

Would he be displeased?

Regardless, he had given her permission to freshen up here. And since there were no feminine products available, only expensive, high-end men's brands, she had little choice.

She did not wash her hair, so dressing did not take long. She was already eager to return downstairs for breakfast.

When she slipped into the simple yellow gown, which appeared designed to fall just above or below the knees, it hung much lower on her frame and reached all the way to her ankle.

It looked loose and ill-fitted to her petite body. The sleeves were wide and gathered at the wrists, and the neckline dipped into a V with small buttons down the front. A thin tie at the waist pulled it in slightly, while the rest of the dress flowed freely down to her ankles.

Standing before his mirror, she examined herself critically. The dress did nothing to flatter her shape. Instead, it made her look like a child playing dress-up in her mother's wardrobe. She assumed it must belong to Zoe or some other tall woman. Zoe, after all, possessed the kind of striking figure that seemed to run in the Kade lineage as every single one of them were a walking beauty.

Viola considered changing back into her original dress, but its fabric had been uncomfortable and tended to cling awkwardly after meals, emphasizing her stomach. With a small sigh, she decided to leave the yellow dress on and exited the room.

Angela was nowhere in sight by the time she stepped into the hallway again, and Viola felt a quiet wave of relief. The girl was exhausting and annoying, and she would not mind if they never crossed paths again.

Sebastian had taken off his apron and changed into a dark blue tank top with a basketball print on the front. He was placing the final touches on the breakfast table when he sensed Viola's presence approaching from behind.

He turned around, but his breath caught in his throat the moment he saw what she was wearing.

His eyes narrowed on the dress for a brief second before the tension slowly eased. Had it been anyone else, he would have been furious, perhaps even ready to kill, for daring to touch that dress,

let alone wear it. But she was not just anyone. There was no way she could have known that he had forbidden anyone from touching his late mother's belongings.

He had never told her.

Strangely, she looked good in it. The soft yellow fabric swayed gently with every step she took, and the sight made his eyes softened. It reminded him of his mother, of how she had always looked radiant even in the simplest outfits. The dress, though slightly loose on Viola's smaller frame, didn't take away her beauty in it.

When she drew closer, he noticed something else.

She smelled just like him!

His scent clung to her body, layered over the faint sweetness of her daisy fragrance hidden beneath. The mixture was intoxicating. It reminded him faintly of the way mates carried each other's scent after heated sex.

The thought of such intimacy with her made his lower belly clench, and his briefs tightened around his hardened length in uncomfortable arousal. How a simple thought of her could arouse him so fast?

He had never brought any woman here before, so he had never bothered to purchase female products. Unless she stayed long enough to explore the mansion thoroughly, she would not know that Zoe's belongings were stored away carefully in one of the unused rooms, preserved along with her dresses for the rare occasions she visited.

Still, he was oddly glad Viola had used his things.

The more she used what belonged to him, the more satisfied he felt. The persistent ache of the mate bond inside his chest when he hurt her, seemed to quiet slightly. Even his mood, which had been soured earlier when she distanced herself from him, brightened again.

"What... are you looking at?" Viola asked, her voice slightly self-conscious as she adjusted her glasses and smoothed down the dress. She could feel his gaze fixed on her. He stood there holding two plates in his hands, his eyes glued to her.

Yeah, she knew she looked bad but he didn't have to stare.

Sebastian bit back a smile and shook his head lightly. "Nothing. Yellow suits you, like a blooming sunflower," he said casually. "I like sunflowers. They're beautiful, so beautiful."

He watched as a faint blush rose to her cheeks. She quickly looked away, clearly flustered by the compliment. The chandelier lights above reflected off her ebony-black hair and glossy skin, making her look even prettier in that moment. A satisfied grin tugged at his lips.

At least she reacted like other women when complimented. She was not completely indifferent to him. That was a good sign.

'You have been grinning way too much lately, don't tell me you have fallen for her? She's mine because you said you don't want her, and until you eat my shit, I don't think you should look at her for me,' Muffin, who had been buried at the back of Sebastian's mind by the venom of the black howler, stirred awake now.

Sebastian immediately pushed him back into the depths of his consciousness, preferring the silence. He liked it better without his wolf talking and distracting him from quietly admiring his mate.

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Chapter 103: Laughing together_Part 1

Viola didn't know whether she should take his words as a compliment or not, because she did not feel that she looked good in a dress that swallowed her up. But what she hated even more was that her blush was uncontrollable and inevitable under the way he was looking at her.

She composed herself and walked closer to the table and was stunned by everything laid out upon it. There were all kinds of meals, arranged as though they belonged in a five-star restaurant and was prepared by a top-chef. Just looking at the display made her stomach release a very embarrassing loud growl.

Her cheeks heated instantly, and she quickly turned her head away to avoid looking at Sebastian when she felt his eyes drop toward her stomach.

Sebastian bit down on his bottom lip to suppress the amused laughter rising in his throat when he caught her sneaking a secretive glance at him, like a rabbit peeking its head out of a hole to see whether the predator had left.

Viola instantly froze when her eyes locked with his silver ones, and she immediately regretted looking. His eyes were lit with mischief, and the way he was biting down on his lower lip made him look so ridiculously handsome that she found herself staring longer than she should have, until he cleared his throat.

She fought the urge to slap herself awake and internally scolded, Stop looking at him like you've never seen a handsome man before. The psycho is being nice now; the next moment he'll become arrogant again.

She turned her back to him, standing stiffly beside the table and staring at the food with silent, hungry eyes, her pride and years of discipline under the Hollow system refusing to allow her to sit

down and begin eating. After all, he had not given her the go-ahead to eat or touch anything on the table, and she did not want to act without permission.

Noticing how she remained standing, Sebastian let out a quiet sigh. "Have a seat. The food will get cold," he said casually, his silver eyes reflecting the chandelier light and twinkling with mirth as he found her reactions oddly adorable.

One moment she acted as if he were her enemy. The next, she completely ignored him. And then there were these rare moments when color rose to her cheeks, warming them, and tickling a corner of his heart he hadn't known was still there.

The blush on her face had yet to fully subside as she carefully sat on the chair he pulled out for her. He had expected her to ignore the gesture, but the fact that she did not pleased him more than he cared to admit, because that was progress.

Instead of sitting down himself, Sebastian moved around the table, bringing forward the dishes he believed she needed most to maintain good health and a healthy weight, placing them in front of her.

If she was going to be the mother of his heir in the future, she would need more nourishment and more flesh. With the fact that she did not have her wolf, a matter he planned to investigate further once she became more used to him, once she warmed up to him, just as Muffin had said.

He carefully served the food onto her plate like one would for a special someone, because to him, she was beginning to seem like someone he needed to constantly take care of in order to have peace with the mate bond and his wolf.

Viola sat there silently, watching the Alpha serve her. She wanted to tell him she could serve herself perfectly, but she knew it would be useless. He would not allow it and would end in an unnecessary argument.

She waited patiently as he filled her plate and poured her a cup of hot, steaming coffee. When he finally stepped back, he fixed her with an intense gaze, as if he intended to watch her eat without joining her.

"Won't you have breakfast too?" she asked, looking up at him.

It wasn't because she cared whether he ate or not, but because he had worked hard to prepare this meal. More importantly, his intense stare was beginning to make her want to squirm. Did he really plan to watch her like that? At this rate, she might accidentally put the food in her nose instead of her mouth.

When she lowered her eyes back to the table, she sincerely hoped she was not drooling onto her plate. Perhaps it was because she had not eaten anything since yesterday morning, but every single dish looked unbelievably delicious and professionally arranged she wanted to wolf them down.

She doubted this was his first time doing something like this. She could not help wondering if it was simply routine for him to cook for each of his mates.

She knew this was not special treatment meant only for her. Nobody had ever done anything especially for her, not even Evan. On the rare occasions her adoptive parents treated her differently, it was only because they had noticed how close she and Evan were becoming and how strong the possibility of her becoming their Luna seemed.

She refused to lie to herself and pretend this was something special for her alone. Everything always came with a price and she would wait for the price of his recent niceness towards her, but until then, she needed to be on high alert.

Still, a tiny prick pierced her chest at the thought that many other women might have sat exactly where she was sitting now, enjoying the same carefully prepared meal.

She blinked the absurd emotion away. It had no reason to exist. There was no way she was jealous over a man she did not even like bringing other women here to share breakfast with him. That would be completely outrageous. She quickly convinced herself that the uncomfortable feeling was simply because she had been thinking about Evan and how he had never done anything special for her, like cooking her breakfast.

"Are you going to keep standing there? The food is getting cold," Viola said when she felt his eyes still fixed on her. Didn't he know it was uncomfortable to be stared at like that?

Sebastian, who had indeed been watching her, blinked before a smirk slowly formed on his lips. "Why does it seem like you want me to eat with you? I made everything for you, but if you want me to sit and eat with you, I will gladly do so," he teased.

Although he truly had made everything for her, since he rarely enjoyed his own cooking, he would not have minded sitting down beside her. He was simply skilled at hiding the eagerness that made him feel embarrassingly like a dog wagging its tail for attention.

However, she completely shattered that quiet, puppy-like anticipation when she parted her lips and replied flatly, "I don't want you to sit with me."

Sebastian felt his heart knot at the rejection that slipped so easily from her pretty mouth, and it twisted like a vine tightening painfully around his chest. This woman was ruthless in her own quiet way, for she knew that every rejection she gave him would wound him, whether she meant it or not. Couldn't she see that he was genuinely trying to make amends before their marriage?

Perhaps it was time he conducted a more personal assessment of her, to understand what she truly wanted in order to finally put their hostility behind them. Maybe he should speak with his sister and gain some insight. Women understood women better, after all... or so he hoped.

Viola noticed the dark look that crossed his face after her words and could not help but sigh as she rubbed her forehead lightly.

She had not meant her comment literally; she had only been sarcastic. But it seemed he had taken it seriously, and now the atmosphere in the room was turning frigid under the weight of his Alpha

aura. If she wanted to enjoy her meal without choking on that oppressive energy, she needed to soothe him.

"You can join me if it makes you happy. Have a seat," she remarked.

However, her face was so straight and unreadable when she said it that Sebastian interpreted her tone as forced politeness rather than sincerity.

His expression only worsened in intensity, and Viola nearly rolled her eyes at what she perceived as childish behavior. Was he seriously throwing a silent tantrum now? She only wanted to eat in peace without feeling his mood darkening the entire dining hall.

Instead of speaking again and possibly making it worse, she reached out and grabbed his wrist, tugging him forward to sit down beside her.

Viola barely felt anything when she touched him, perhaps just the warmth of skin against skin, but for Sebastian, it was entirely different.

Because of the mate bond, a sudden spark rushed through his body, a tingling and strangely pleasing sensation that traveled along his nerves. He looked down at her fair fingers wrapped around his wrist, momentarily captivated by the contrast in the size of their hands and the difference in their coloring.

"I wasn't being serious about not wanting you to join me. You made all this, so it's only fair you eat with me. Now have your seat," she added with a light chuckle, unable to suppress the faint amusement she felt at the sight of the Alpha behaving so moodily.

Sebastian felt another subtle tickle in his heart at the sound of her soft laughter. He was genuinely taken aback. This was the very first time he had ever heard her chuckle. Even if it was small and fleeting, it still felt like progress in their strained relationship. Laughter meant she did not completely despise him anymore... right?

"Well, if you're insisting, I will eat with you," Sebastian replied, his mood lifting considerably. He decided to simply enjoy this meal with her and allow her to grow more comfortable around him before bringing up the serious conversation he had been meaning to have.

Viola snorted inwardly. Yeah, right. I didn't insist. You were being moody, and it was disturbing the entire atmosphere.

She kept the thought to herself and allowed him to believe whatever he preferred. Just as he had served her earlier, Viola now served him in return. She did it not out of affection but because she disliked feeling indebted to anyone in anyway.

However, Sebastian's grin widened noticeably as he watched her serve him, and he began eating his own cooking for what felt like the very first time, savoring it simply because he was sharing it with her.

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Chapter 104: Laughing together_Part 2[

1,369 words]

Chapter 104: Laughing together_Part 2

"I will set our wedding and your crowing ceremony for a week from now," Sebastian announced after they had both emptied their plates in front of them. He watched her put her cup of coffee down on the saucer and gave him a small nod.

"Is that time all right with you?" he asked, and she nodded again without speaking. Sebastian was not satisfied. He wanted to hear her voice. He needed words from her. They had eaten in silence, and he didn't like it.

'Patience, man. Don't rush her, she's still getting accustomed to you,' Muffin said.

'For how long? I am willing to do anything to make her feel free around me.'

'Rome wasn't built in a day, you know. Just because she ate your food doesn't mean she is suddenly free and okay with you. Go gently; any pace is enough as long as there is progress.'

However, Sebastian wasn't a patient man; in fact, he had never been one since he was a pup. When he wanted something, he would do anything to make it happen in a day. But with this certain mate of his, who was so different from all the others, it seemed he would be forced to practice patience, something he really didn't have in him to endure.

He wanted them to talk properly, to each other, like friends instead of reluctant allies. He had thought a breakfast together would be a way to achieve that, and telling her about her crowning of Luna, something she had seemed so desperate for, that she had risked her life to participate in the competition for the position, would help. But even that announcement didn't change the natural, blank expression on her face; it was almost as if he had just announced the weather rather than the ceremony.

Sebastian decided to try to make her talk in another way. He put his own coffee cup down.

"Now that you have won, it means you have earned your three wishes. Have you thought about what you want me to grant you?" he questioned, almost eagerly, waiting for her answer.

From what he knew of her, she would not ask for money, so he could not help his curiosity about what she intended to request.

Viola felt her heart leap at his words.

Her three wishes. She almost laughed at the thought because he made it seem like he was a genie who could grant her every desire, but then, he was in some ways. Only he could grant the wishes she truly wanted, being the most powerful man in the entire werewolf world. Those wishes had been part of the driving force that pushed her to fight with everything she had, even risking her life.

She had already calculated everything she wanted and memorized it clearly in her mind since the moment he signed the contract. She knew exactly what she wanted him to grant, and every single request aligned perfectly with her plans to fixing the things that had broken her and made her live every moment of her life with regret.

However, she hesitated when it came to voicing the first one, uncertain whether he would truly be willing to grant it. But then he had signed the agreement that he would grant her everything and anything no matter how absurd it may sound or be.

She gave him a nod before wiping her mouth and lifting her gaze to meet his.

"What is it?" Sebastian asked.

"I want to see Evan and the North Pack princess, Ember. I wish for you to invite them to our wedding and my crowning ceremony. That is my first wish," she said calmly, watching carefully as his eyes slowly lost their earlier glimmer and dimmed like a dying candle.

"I have blacklisted both packs. Any pack that is blacklisted no longer has access to enter Silver Pack territory. Couldn't you ask for something else?" Sebastian inquired, hoping she would change her request.

He was not the type to forgive easily or go back on his words, and those two packs had directly offended him. He should have known she would not wish for something simple. And why did she want to see her ex? Did she still have feelings for him that made her want him invited into Silver Pack territory?

That thought darkened Sebastian's eyes for a moment, but her next words softened it again.

"No, that is what I want. And you have to grant it as per our agreement. I am not asking you to remove the blacklist entirely, just send them an invitation to come here without revealing the identity of who won the competition. The only way I can get back at them is if I get to see them again, and I can no longer step foot into either of their packs."

So that was the reason, Sebastian thought, feeling a sense of relief.

Viola had not forgotten what they had done to her.

Evan had not only ruined her life; he had broken her heart and let her suffer for four long years, even though she had been the one to make it at least remotely possible for him to be crowned Alpha instead of his brother. She had given him all her teenage years instead of using them to

gather her own wealth and power. She had spent every cent on him, invested not only her time but her heart in him, only for him to break it.

Leni and Evan had tortured her in ways that left scars she could never fully overcome. And Ember, Viola's fist clenched tightly as she remembered how close she had come to death in that forest that night in the North Pack.

How could she possibly let them off that easily?

"Hm. If that is your wish, then they will be special guests at our wedding," Sebastian promised firmly. The look in her blue eyes told him she was doing this to exact revenge, and who was he to stop her? He, too, held a grudge against Moonwillow, especially that foolish Evan.

"Anything else you want to ask for?" Sebastian asked, sipping his tea and privately satisfied that she did not seem to harbor lingering feelings for Evan.

"I will tell you the other two wishes when the time comes. Right now, though, I have a question, if you do not mind me asking," Viola stated, turning sideways on her chair so she was facing him, her elbow resting on the table beside her plate.

"That depends on the question, mi amor. What is it?" he teased lazily, holding her gaze and enjoying that she was now fully facing him, her knees only an inch from grazing his.

A faint blush crept up her cheeks at the endearment, spoken so thickly, but then she knew it meant nothing, Nick used that with her all the time.

Viola quickly suppressed the strange effect he seemed to have on her and the embarrassing ease with which she grew flustered around him, especially after what he had done in the resting room to save her life. The shameless pervert!

"What caused the feud between you and Moonwillow?" she asked.

She had been curious about this for a long time, but she hadn't been in any position to ask anyone. When the hostility between his pack and Moonwillow began, she had not yet been adopted and was still living in the orphanage within the Nightshade Pack, far away from both Moonwillow and Silver Pack territory, where she barely heard any of their news.

She hadn't even known about the feud until Moonwillow stopped receiving any new, modern items from the Silver Pack. She had noticed it when they visited another pack and saw that they had everything new. When she asked why Moonwillow didn't have the same, her adoptive father had said it was because they had been blacklisted over a petty feud, adding that Sebastian was a very petty Alpha to hold such a grudge over something that should have been easily forgiven.

Nonetheless, he never told her exactly what that 'petty' incident had been and quickly changed the topic.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 105: Laughing together_Part 3[

1,309 words]

Chapter 105: Laughing together_Part 3

Sebastian's expression barely shifted at her question. Only the corner of his lips tilted slightly upward.

"Curious, are we?" he chuckled softly.

"Yes, I am curious. I was too young when everything happened, and no one ever told me the full story. And now I believe I am entitled to the details since I will be your Luna," she said seriously, not mincing words. It wasn't every day that she would find this Alpha in such a mood. It was better to take advantage of it and hear the details.

"Hm. You are aware that curiosity kills the cat, aren't you?" he teased, his silver eyes glimmering with dark amusement. It was not a secret others didn't already know. It was simply that speaking about it stirred irritation within him and the past pain he had buried behind carefully built walls. Talking about it brought back memories, bitter, angry memories that made his insides churn.

"Yes, but a cat has nine lives. So one life down, which means I still have eight more to go. Let's use one more to hear the story behind your enmity with my former pack," Viola mused, leaning back in her chair and crossing her arms, a small but confident smile playing on her lips as she looked at him expectantly.

"Are you considering yourself the cat and me the killer?" Sebastian teased, tilting his head sideways, straying from the topic.

Viola pursed her lips. "You said curiosity kills the cat. If considering myself the cat will make you tell me, then so be it. I am a cat. And please don't stray from the topic."

"I am not straying," he lied, and then his silver eyes sparked. "If you can repeat every word you just said in Spanish, I will tell you everything about it without leaving anything out. I saw that you are learning Spanish; let's see how much progress you have made, because you will be taking an oath in my native language during your ceremony," he mused, not telling her that he had seen it on her phone, that she was learning Spanish, lest she get reminded that he had invaded her privacy and get angry again.

Viola felt her throat go slightly dry at his words. He wanted her to repeat those words in Spanish? She backtracked and tried to remember the exact words, realizing how long the sentence was and that she didn't know every word of it in Spanish yet. She hadn't even been aware that she would give an oath in his native language.

Viola's lips pressed together. If she weren't so damn curious about what caused the feud between him and her former pack, she wouldn't be attempting to embarrass herself by speaking in a language she hadn't yet mastered in front of him. And worst of all, she hadn't brought the wristband Nick had given her because the system talked way too much, almost like it could read her emotions and thoughts. It was creepy in a way.

"You are being unfair right now," Viola muttered, glaring at him. But the Alpha only smiled and shrugged.

"Think of it as anything. You will thank me later for helping you practice my native tongue before your crowning ceremony. Let's hear it, *nifita*. Repeat every single word," Sebastian said, propping his elbow on the table and resting his cheek against his palm in a nonchalant way, watching her patiently.

He looked like a perfect Greek Adonis painting sitting in that position, and his intense eyes made her feel not only a thread of nervousness in her stomach but also an unnerving tension that made her fight the strong urge to tell him she was no longer interested in playing his game. But then again, she needed to practice her Spanish.

Viola could remember certain words, but for the life of her, she couldn't recall what a cat was called in Spanish. She had learned it, but she had forgotten, especially with the Alpha looking at her like that. Most of the words had slipped out of her mind. Was *perro* a cat? It should be, right?

Taking a deep breath, she began to speak what she believed were the correct words.

"Dijiste curiosa mata el perro, si contando me mismo el perro hará tú decir, entonces sea así. Yo soy un perro. Y por favor no desvies del topico."

Viola's words in English: (curious kills the dog, if counting myself the dog will do you say, then so be it. I am a dog. And please don't stray from the topic.)

She looked at him, and the expression in his clear silver eyes made her immediately realize she had gotten it somewhat wrong. He looked like he was fighting down his amusement.

"Isn't it right?" she asked with a small chuckle.

Sebastian suddenly burst into laughter.

The maids around the dining hall turned in shock to look at them at the sound he let out.

They had never seen their Alpha smile so openly, let alone laugh. Was he truly enjoying himself enough with this wolfless woman to laugh at her words? That was unheard of. Ever since he lost his parents, he had stopped allowing himself any lightness in life, until he married his first Luna.

After her death, whatever warmth had remained in his eyes vanished entirely. He became colder, harsher, and meaner. Even as a child, he had been ruthless, often requiring his mother's gentle

guidance to temper his temperament and follow the calmer example of his twin brother, Alex. But every loss he endured through the years had doubled that ruthlessness.

Fun had no place in the Alpha's life anymore that many became terrified of him. He was surrounded only by aloofness and indifference, and even the smallest mistake from someone could cost them dearly.

Only his sister managed to draw out the faintest remnants of softness within him, and even with her, he did not laugh like this. Actually many of the new workers in the Alpha's quarter had never even thought he was capable of laughter or smiling at all, so they all looked stunned by this sound coming from him.

Viola watched him laugh, utterly baffled by what she had said that was so amusing. Was her mistake really that funny? She hadn't even known this man could laugh, yet here he was, cracking up like she had delivered the joke of the century. He laughed so hard the corners of his eyes glistened with moisture.

Though Viola felt she should be offended that he was laughing at her mistake, she found herself biting back her own laughter. His laugh was ridiculous, he was practically snorting like a pig, even making faint whistling sounds between breaths.

She covered her mouth with her hand to hide her growing amusement.

Unable to hold it in any longer, she glared at him. "Stop that. What did I say that was so funny? Hey!" she exclaimed when he bent forward over the table and the pig-like sounds grew even louder and more ridiculous and so unlike him.

And then she completely forgot how much she disliked him and that she was being laughed at.

She began laughing too.

Was she going insane, or was he the insane one?

What a pig he was.

That thought only made her laugh even harder, and she even ended up falling off her chair onto the floor, which only made the Alpha crack up even more.

The maids watching couldn't help but think that this laughter would never end today, and some of them were even biting back their own amusement, for their Alpha was actually laughing for the first time in years. Meanwhile, a certain omega was fuming with rage, her expression dark as she watched the scene unfold before her.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 106: "Accident"[1,540 words]

Chapter 106: "Accident"

In the end, the Alpha never told Viola the story behind his feud with her former pack. After his laughter had finally subsided, he had pointed out her mistakes in the words she had spoken, telling her that until she reached a stage where she could communicate with him fluently in the language, he would not reveal the story.

Viola had been frustrated, because she didn't see what the big deal was in him telling her, and from what she had learned from her former pack members, it had been a petty incident that caused the feud. If it was so petty, then why was he holding back the information?

But knowing that her curiosity to hear the details from him would become another driving force to make her focus on her language learning before the ceremony, she had given him a curt nod and said, "Fine, I will master it, and you will tell me everything."

"Deal. You will have the detailed history of my feud with them, but for now, focus on your learning," Sebastian had told her. He didn't want her to be talked about or plotted against in a language she couldn't understand, especially not in her own presence. If she wanted to have full control as Luna, she couldn't afford to give anyone a reason to claim she wasn't truly one of them. And as his wife and Luna, it was only natural that she understand his native tongue.

Hence, no matter how much he didn't like talking about his history, he would have to tell her some day to keep this deal.

Viola had once asked Zoe, and Zoe had told her she didn't know the details either, because she had been a little girl when it happened and nobody talked about it anymore, as it upset the Alpha. The only person who could tell her was the Alpha himself, which was why she had asked him. In the end, she hadn't received any satisfactory story, only a stomach ache from laughing so hard that her lungs felt like they might burst.

Viola couldn't recall the last time she had laughed like that. In fact, she wasn't the type to laugh loudly, as she had been taught to be refined like a Luna; even if she found something funny, she was expected to chuckle softly behind her palm. However, the Alpha's laugh had been so contagious that she couldn't help herself. Did he always laugh like that?

Unknown to her this was his first time laughing this hard as well.

Actually, she also noticed that the Alpha was behaving differently here than in the Silver City, where he always carried a very cold expression, as if the world owed him money. But here, his expression was relaxed, to the point that he had even laughed that much.

Now that she knew he would only tell her the story behind him and her former pack after she learned to speak Spanish better, Viola sat in his living room going through her language app as she waited for him to come and take her back to the pack city.

She had wanted to leave by asking the driver to take her back, as his Beta had suggested yesterday, but the Alpha had told her he was also going back to the city, and there was no need for her to take another car when they could go in his.

He had asked her to give him a few minutes to take a shower and change. That was why she was now sitting, legs tucked on the sofa in his beautiful living room, the flat-screen TV showing a news channel on mute as she browsed through her phone and worked on her language app.

She had so much to do once she returned to her penthouse that thinking about it made her anxious. She would be reaching out to the orphanage for her sister, and the thought made her stomach turn, threatening to bring back the breakfast she had eaten and unexpectedly enjoyed more than any meal she'd ever had.

Not wanting to feel sick at the thought of calling the orphanage, she'd choose to distract herself by learning for now. But her brows soon pulled together as she recalled she had left her purse in Sebastian's room. Knowing that once he came down they would be leaving, she decided to go up and get her purse and shoes, as she had been wearing his around the house.

Because he hadn't looked upset nor ordered her to take them off, she hadn't. They might be big, but they were far more comfortable than her high heels.

She slipped her feet back into the large shoes sitting beside the sofa, where she had taken them off to tuck her legs beneath her, and made her way toward his room.

The mansion was so big that one could easily get lost, but she had memorized her path from coming down for breakfast earlier and retraced her steps now.

As she climbed the stairs, dragging the big shoes on her feet, her phone began to ring in her hand. She was looking down at it to see who was calling, not watching where she was going, when she suddenly collided with someone, the force sending the other person falling. Viola quickly reached out and grabbed the person's wrist before they could tumble down the staircase, dropping her phone in the process, where it crashed to the floor face down, its screen shattering.

The sight of her first phone in four years breaking made her heart tighten. She looked up at the person she had collided with, only to see that it was none other than Angela, the bitter omega she had hoped never to see again.

Viola didn't need to be told to know that the girl had crashed into her on purpose. Angela had been descending while Viola was ascending the stairs, and while Viola stood on the step looking down at her phone, Angela had been looking straight ahead, clearly seeing her there.

Nonetheless, Viola pulled the girl back up to steady her so she wouldn't fall. But Angela did something utterly unexpected that made Viola gasped in shock.

Rather than standing back on her feet as Viola had guided her, she purposely threw herself off the rest of the stairs she wasn't standing properly on, making it seem as though Viola had pushed her

as she tumbled and cried out, hitting her elbow and head before finally stopping at the stair landing, bruised and in tears.

"Ahh! I broke my arm. Wh-why did you push me?" Angela cried, looking up at Viola with tears streaming down her beautiful rosy cheeks. "I-i didn't do anything to you..."

Viola watched with a look of mild surprise as it instantly became clear to her what Angela was up to when she began to cry. All the workers in the house started to gather below the stairs, looking horrified and casting accusing glances at Viola, as if she were a witch who had harmed an innocent flower.

Viola's brows twitched upward. She was somewhat familiar with such scenes, because she had done the same many times to gain Evan's attention when she noticed him giving it to another woman. She would hurt herself, sometimes even cutting her own wrist, just to appear pitiful and draw his focus back to her, or to blame it on another victim so she could watch Evan punish them and feel important to him again, just to be assured that he was still hers and no other woman could take him from her.

Viola knew she had committed many terrible deeds in the past. She had been cruel, and karma had caught up with her, punishing her in the worst possible way. She had suffered double the humiliation she had inflicted on others, but she never imagined she would face this again, that she would have to be the victim of a game similar to the one she had played on she-wolves she marked as her rivals.

She almost laughed bitterly as the saying "what goes around comes around" played through her mind. So Angela was indeed exactly what Viola had thought her to be. She had something going on with the Alpha and felt threatened by her.

Viola calmly bent down and picked up her broken phone. Turning it around in her palm and seeing the shattered screen, her expression darkened slightly. It's broken...

The maids, noticing her expression and how unapologetic she appeared for pushing Angela, couldn't help but think of her as the worst kind of person.

Though many of them didn't actually like Angela, as she liked to flaunt how she was the Alpha's favorite in the house, showing off the jewelry he had given her, as well as expensive dresses, makeup kits, and skincare, they still sucked up to her whenever she handed them old things she no longer used, which they considered treasures.

"Are you all right, Angela? Your elbows are bleeding!" several of them rushed to her, cowering as Angela trembled, her body shaking while she looked up at Viola with a fearful expression. "S-she pushed me..."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 107: Heartless[1,457 words]

Chapter 107: Heartless

"I-i am not fine. My arm and legs hurt, I think they're broken and my bones feel damaged. I don't know why she pushed me. I was only passing by her..." Angela sobbed, but internally she was smirking, knowing that this was where she would put this wolfless woman who had dare to make the Alpha laugh in her place.

She couldn't let her dreams of climbing the social ladder be ruined by some nobody who came from another pack, someone far beneath her in status. She was an omega, while the bitch didn't even have a wolf! How could she give up years of dreams for someone like her? Had it been Laila, Angela would know she had lost to a worthy, important person, but a wolfless bitch?!

Never.

Since she was a little girl, she had harbored dreams of being Sebastian's wife one day, rejoicing with every single death of his Lunas, waiting for her turn when his rumored curse would be broken so she could become his fourth Luna, who would survive.

Angela didn't mind at all that he was marrying this wolfless, because there was no doubt she would eventually die. She was a sacrificial lamb. What she felt threatened by was the fact that the Alpha was behaving differently with her. Angela wanted to be assured that she was still important to him, and she had quickly devised this scheme the moment she saw the wolfless ascending the stairs.

Alpha Sebastian had never liked to see her upset; he would buy her jewelry every time she cried, or pretend to remember the times his mother had treated her like a daughter. He had once hugged her and patted her back. He was kind and loving toward her, which made Angela confident he would choose her over this woman he was forced to marry.

She cried louder so he would hear from his room and come down quickly to deal with the bitch.

"I can't believe she is standing there after pushing Angela," whispered some of the maids, giving Viola disgusted looks. They found her arrogant for someone who had come from the gutters of the North Pack and managed to win the competition. Shouldn't she be apologizing? Was she seeking punishment from their Alpha?

"No doubt she has no idea who Angela is to the Alpha. If I were her, I would apologize immediately," mused another, as they had all believed, just as Angela had told them, that she was the Alpha's bedwarmer and that he gave her gifts for that purpose. Angela was basically the Alpha's woman.

"She cares more about her stupid phone than the Alpha's woman," added a third.

Viola heard every one of their whispered words, and, in truth, they were right. She cared more about her phone than Angela's injuries because it had been a gift from Zoe, something precious to her, while Angela was nothing but a senseless fool who had hurt herself on purpose just to make Viola look bad.

She cherished everything given to her by people she cared about, and she felt the back of her throat burn with anger at the fact that Angela's stupidity had ruined something precious.

Viola's eyes drifted to the omega on the floor, playing the victim. Her fingers clenched at her sides as she said firmly,

"I will give you only one chance to apologize to me, Angela. I will let this go if you drop the act and apologize for breaking my phone."

The other workers gathered around Angela gasped at the wolfless's audacity to tell someone she had heartlessly pushed down to apologize. Just how arrogant could one person be?

Angela pressed more tears to her eyes as she said, "I-i will apologize to you if it will make you feel better, future Supreme Luna. After all, I am just a lowly omega and you are the soon-to-be Luna. I am sorry," she said, bowing her head, and grimacing in pain so everyone would pity her more.

The others couldn't help but think that Angela had humbled herself to apologize, even though she was the one who had clearly been hurt by that vicious woman. They all glared at Viola with resentment, unable to see why they should respect her when she wasn't even their Luna yet and was already being so heartlessly cruel to someone they believed was close to their Alpha.

What would happen to them if such a wicked woman becomes their Luna?!

Viola was aware that Angela's apology was halfhearted and only given to earn more pity. As much as she wanted a sincere apology, it wasn't going to bring back the broken phone and would only waste her time, time she should be using for something far more important than facing unnecessary drama that reminded her of her own past.

Before the Alpha could come down and potentially be misled into believing Angela's act like the other workers, as Evan had once believed hers, Viola decided to leave the house without him.

She had started disliking him less and didn't want any more reason to hate him to a no return level, knowing she would have to live as his wife and that hatred would only make everything unbearable. It was best to leave, especially since she had already seen how he seemed to have some hidden relationship with this particular omega.

Viola didn't speak to Angela again as she began descending the steps to leave. But just as she reached the landing where Angela was sitting, faking serious injuries, the girl grabbed the hem of her yellow dress, stopping her.

"I have apologized to you. Don't you think I also deserve an apology in return for being pushed?" Angela asked innocently, wiping her cheek with her other hand. She couldn't allow the wolfless to leave before the Alpha came out and would do anything to delay her and let her face his wrath for hurting her.

Viola looked down at Angela gripping her dress. Her expression was blank, almost emotionless, as she stared at Angela with piercing blue eyes that made the girl want to cower.

There was a sudden, strange energy radiating from the wolfless, but Angela forced herself to meet her gaze, reminding herself she was nothing but a wolfless. She didn't have a wolf, so there was no way she could possess any suppressing aura, no way she could emit the kind of dominance radiating in the air.

And yet... why was Angela feeling a shiver crawl down her spine, as if she were standing before the Alpha himself?

Her throat went dry. She gulped down a mouthful of saliva, the sound loud in her own ears. Wasn't it said the bitch was wolfless?

Viola crouched down to Angela's level so only the girl could hear her words. "Drop the act right now. I will not warn you again, Angela. You are testing my patience," she said calmly, wanting the girl to understand that she wasn't easily manipulated. Viola had been an expert in games like this before and if she was pushed to her limit, Angela wouldn't like the outcome.

"What do you mean by 'you could kill me'? Why are you threatening me when all I asked for is an apology?" Angela cried, looking up at Viola with terrified brown eyes, making it seem as though Viola had just whispered a threat of death directly into her ear.

Viola looked at the girl and realized she wouldn't drop the act; in fact, she was playing it deep and twisting everything. Viola suddenly sensed the Alpha's presence approaching, and as the other omegas began to bow their heads, her heart gave a heavy thud.

Would he believe what Angela had said and punish her? She had played this kind of scheme before and never paused to consider how the other women felt when she had lied about them, but now, being in that position, Viola realized it was a very unpleasant feeling that made one dreadful.

However, she didn't think she wanted to wait to find out who the Alpha would believe, not when she wanted to teach this Angela a lesson for ruining her phone and her mood.

Viola never wanted to be the person she had been four years ago again, but when it came to protecting the small allies she was building with the Alpha, she knew she had to respond to cheap, underhanded acts.

Angela's ridiculous cries grew louder as she, too, sensed the Alpha coming down the stairs, and before he could reach the landing where they were, Viola did something that took everyone completely by surprise, their eyes widening in utter shock at what unfolded before them.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 108: Cheap tricks[1,459 words]

Chapter 108: Cheap tricks

Viola, who had been crouching beside Angela only a moment ago, suddenly cried out and threw herself off the stairs, making it seem as though Angela had pushed her. Angela was still clutching the hem of Viola's dress, her hand outstretched at the very instant Viola fell, a perfectly framed scene that the Alpha came down just in time to witness.

Viola tumbled, scraping her knees and elbows on the sharp edges of the steps until she fell the rest of the way from the stair landing to the floor. However, unlike Angela, she sustained more bruises and cried out in genuine pain, a sound that immediately made Sebastian's heart tighten, and in an instant, he was racing down the stairs to reach her.

"Viola!" he called as he went down two steps at a time, reaching her side in the blink of an eye.

Angela's eyes rounded in disbelief; she was more than certain she hadn't pushed the bitch and had only held her dress, but Viola's fall made it appear otherwise, and the Alpha had witnessed it.

She watched as the Alpha brushed past her without sparing even a single glance, and Angela's heart broke. Not willing to give up, she also cried out, "My leg hurts..."

If Sebastian heard her, he blocked her out as he pulled Viola into his arms, preparing to carry her to the healing house immediately. However, despite her injuries, she pushed his hands away and groaned, "Don't touch me," there was anger evident in her voice that stopped him short.

Viola was angry because she didn't want to be the kind of woman who had to scheme just to earn attention, and if it hadn't been for his 'woman,' she would never have resorted to such a cheap and undignified act in order not to get accused of something she didn't do.

She couldn't believe he was such a shameless womanizer that he had another woman among his own workers, couldn't he at least have some class and maintain a sense of professionalism? Alphas didn't sleep around with their house helps precisely to avoid future problems of jealousy and possessiveness... not unless that woman was also one of his many mates.

Sebastian's hand froze mid-air as she warned him not to touch her. His expression darkened at the cold look in her eyes as she glared at him. Just a while ago, they had been talking and laughing in the dining hall, but in the matter of minutes it had taken him to shower and change, she had grown distant again.

Viola never intended to fight for his attention by throwing herself off, she had just wanted to make the stupid omega realize that resorting to such cheap tricks was lame, and that she herself had done far worse in the past and could still do it far better than her. As for Sebastian, he could believe whatever he wanted to believe, as long as he didn't punish her for his other woman's injuries. He wouldn't blame her for Angela's injuries now that he had witnessed the girl 'pushing' her off.

Anger boiled inside Sebastian when Viola didn't even bother to look at him and kept her eyes averted, and he let out his Alpha energy, forcing every single person there into submission. Knowing he couldn't take it out on her, he turned his focus on the person who seemed to have been the cause of all of this.

Angela herself sat there with tears in her eyes, looking pitiful, but if there was any sympathy within Sebastian, it was reserved for the frail but stubborn woman next to him.

"What the fuck happened here?" he demanded, his voice cold, his silver eyes hardened.

All the workers bowed down, including Angela, whose palms had turned sweaty upon seeing the soft look in the Alpha's eyes disappear. He had never looked this angry towards her before. Did he believe that bitch?

"I... she, I mean I was walking by when Miss Viola pushed me off the stairs..." Angela stammered, tears streaming down her face. "I even apologized to her, but she wasn't satisfied and threatened to kill me if I told you that she pushed me off, Alpha...everyone here is my witness, they all saw her push me and threaten me."

The omegas who still believed Angela held some special place in their Alpha's favor were quick to nod, murmuring their support for her claims without hesitation. If it were to be weighed who was more important to the Alpha, Angela had been with him the longest, "Yes, we all saw her push Angela and threaten to kill her," they echoed.

Sebastian heard this and turned his eyes to the woman beside him on the floor, whose expression had now gone blank. She didn't even bother defending herself, only staring at the floor, leaving him to believe whatever he wanted to believe, causing his frustration to mount again at the fact that she had closed up to him after he had thought they were making great progress already and that very soon she would warm up to him and trust him.

Why did it seem like the little progress he had made had now been shattered again? He felt his insides burn with a sudden annoyance toward what most had caused his setbacks in a matter of minutes.

Sebastian didn't care what the other omegas and even Angela herself said, what mattered was what he had witnessed: his mate getting pushed off the stairs in a way that made his heart stop for a moment.

He wouldn't tolerate anyone hurting his mate or causing her to distance herself from him again in his own house. Not to mention, he had been kind to Angela because his mother and hers had been close, and anyone close to his parents naturally received his kindness.

He had noticed more than once how Angela gave him subtle signals: sometimes wearing short dresses with no underwear and purposely bending where he could catch a glimpse of her naked butt cheeks, sometimes even wearing transparent shirts without bra, and leaving her erect nipples. Sebastian had seen all of that but had overlooked it because of her sick mother, who no longer worked for him.

He had ignored many of her advances, but now it seemed the time had come to put her in her place; she had just crossed lines she should never have come close to. He had given her too much freedom, to the point she believed she could create false accusations to harm a future Luna without consequence.

"Deltas!" Sebastian called, summoning the werewolf patrol guards in the quarters, and they hurried to answer his command.

Angela was internally rejoicing, certain the Alpha believed her over the bitch, who she thought had tried to scheme against her, but the Alpha's next order made her go pale instantly.

"Take Angela away, and remove every single worker present here. Hand them over to the punishment system house, and after Angela serves her sentence, assign her to work in the pack factory. She is no longer welcome here. Let her sick mother still receive the special benefits, but Angela and all the others here will never set foot inside my quarters again. Burn every single piece of jewelry and every dress she owns!"

Immediately upon hearing this, the workers all fell down, bowing their heads and pressing their foreheads to the floor in apology, as it instantly became clear they had wronged their Alpha.

Angela, who had been pretending to be so hurt she could barely stand, attempted to run to the Alpha to beg as well, forgetting she was playing weak, but the Deltas apprehended her before she could reach him.

"No, please! Don't send me to the factory! I will apologize to the future Luna if it will make you happy! I am sorry!" she cried, knowing the factory was a harsh and dangerous place to work. She had enjoyed the luxury of her position here and couldn't imagine being thrust into the factory!

Silver Pack has many factories within its land, where things were made and the machines and chemicals used there were strong enough to ruin skin and disfigure a person if they were not careful enough. Angela didn't want to go there! Her dreams was here, with the Alpha!

She wanted to beg the Alpha and even the bitch who was the reason she was now being dismantled, but the Deltas holding her didn't allow it. She was dragged away, crying and screaming at the top of her lungs.

"Forgive me! I won't do it again!" she shouted, her voice echoing through the mansion. "Don't do this to me, Alpha!"

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 109: The undeniable attraction[1,827 words]

Chapter 109: The undeniable attraction

After the house was cleared of Angela and the workers who had witnessed and supported Angela's claims, everything fell silent again, with only the faint humming of the mansion's air conditioner and house system audible.

Sebastian stared at Viola, who still refused to look at him, and after a few moments, she pushed herself up to her feet. She limped as she turned away to leave, roughly kicking his shoes off her

feet and grabbing her broken phone in one swift motion, stunning Sebastian, who nearly got smacked in the face by one of the shoes she had flung without warning.

Just how stubborn was this woman? Sebastian thought, watching her limp away, intending to leave without talking or acknowledging him. He didn't know what he had done wrong to make her this angry or what exactly had happened here before his arrival, but he was certain he couldn't allow her to leave his quarters in such a state of fury.

He rose to his feet, where he had been crouching beside her before, and strode after her. He caught her elbow and turned her around, but she yanked her arm back, hissing as if in pain. Sebastian hurriedly loosened his grip, belatedly realizing she must have bruised her elbow, but he didn't let go.

"We need to treat those bruises. Come with me," Sebastian said gently, but she stubbornly turned away from him, scowling at the wall, her brows furrowed tightly and her lips pressed into a grim line, cheeks flushed rosy. Despite her angry expression, Sebastian couldn't help but find her unbelievably gorgeous. What was she, an angry little bird?

"Let go of me. I have to return to the city in time to meet with Zoe for my fitting," she remarked flatly. Zoe had been the one calling her before the phone screen broke, and she didn't need to be told that it must have been about the fitting they had already agreed on.

Furthermore, she didn't want to stay in his main quarters another second, having just realized something: letting herself become attached to him enough to feel even slight displeasure at the fact he had other women wasn't good. It would only risk reverting her to her old self, the woman who schemed and manipulated to get attention.

He might have dismissed Angela and punished her just now for Viola's sake, but he wouldn't do that if the woman turned out to be another mate. Viola knew that would force her to resort to scheming and cheap tricks to earn his favor and avoid punishment.

Every pack had a punishment system where offenders were subjected to hard labor until they were broken. Viola had endured enough tutoring and discipline for a lifetime already and had no desire to face it again.

She knew that, in order to avoid similar situations with his other women in the future, she would need to keep herself distant and protect herself from becoming a target. If she didn't give anyone a reason to treat her as a threat, no one would scheme against her. Angela had been a maid; the others were daughters of powerful werewolves whose schemes could have far-reaching consequences, especially someone like Laila.

She had fought for the position of his Luna and wife not because she wanted to possess him, but because she had her own goals, entirely separate from romance. Her responsibility was to produce an heir, and that didn't require forming any sort of personal relationship with him.

Not to mention, she wasn't fond of men with too many women around them, especially men who couldn't control themselves to the point of having a woman among their household staff. She glared at him grudgingly.

"Let go of me," Viola repeated when he refused to release her elbow, where he held her firmly and yet gently. "You are—" she began, but he let out a sigh, moving in front of her, and before she knew it, he bent down and gathered her into his arms, carrying her in a princess-style hold like she weighed nothing at all.

"You are so light, amor. I should feed you more," Sebastian said with a smile, gently rocking her in his arms as though she were made of soft cotton, clearly enjoying the subtle, delightful spark that came with holding her so close.

She gasped in surprise, not expecting him to carry her, let alone dare to rock her like a baby, and immediately began to wiggle, trying to free herself and get down. "Put me down!" she gritted out furiously, her pride more wounded than her body, but Sebastian's reply remained infuriatingly calm.

"Not a chance. If I put you down, you'll run straight to the doors and disappear from here before I look at your wounds. Just like I said, I need to check the extent of your injuries, so stop struggling."

Viola struggled even more, wanting him to set her down, but the more she struggled, the tighter he held her. She was fuming with rage but forced herself to relax, knowing he wouldn't put her down. She gave him a forced smile and said,

"Okay fine, I won't run away, so can you put me down? My legs are working perfectly, and I can walk."

She reasoned, hoping he would oblige, looking up at his impossibly handsome, perfect jawline. But he looked down at her, returned her fake smile, and murmured huskily,

"No. And don't argue with me, because it won't change my mind and won't make me put you down on your feet, you are clearly limping. Be a very good girl and stay still. You will soon be my wife, and you might want to start getting used to being pampered by me, sweet love."

In spite of herself, heat rose to her cheeks, and she felt the warmth of his words, which only angered her further as it made it clear she had no control over herself and reaction when it came to him. She decided not to speak and simply snorted, looking away to stare at the white walls.

He let out a thick, amused laugh that trickled through her chest in a way that made her heart flutter, and she bit down hard on the inside of her cheek until she drew blood, warning herself to minimize how much she let herself react to him.

After all, she was human, a woman like everyone else out there who couldn't be immune to such shameless, flirtatious endearments, even though they were not spoken in terms of anything intimate.

Sebastian, on the other hand, shook his head, biting down on his lips to suppress more of his laughter at the realization that she was throwing a silent tantrum. He hated when women sulked in an attempt to make him appease them; he lost interest immediately and wanted to avoid such women, which was why he had been looking for a Luna who wouldn't pull that on him.

In fact, he had made it known to many of his mates he had encountered that he didn't like women who sulk and that they should act mature. It had always been irritating, so why was he finding this one cute and completely captivating? And why, on earth, was he already thinking about ways to appease her before she would leave his quarters in such a terrible mood?

Sebastian bent down, still carrying her in his arms, and retrieved the shoes she had flung away before beginning to climb the stairs to take her back to his room. Wanting to make her talk, he said,

"If you like the shoes you wore around the house, you can take them back with you."

Actually, he liked that she had worn them all this time; he wanted her to keep them, as the idea alone was strangely satisfying to him. If watching her walk around his house in his shoes made him feel this good, he found himself wondering what it would feel like to see her wearing his shirt instead. Especially if she wore it without a bra, the fabric clinging to the curves of her body and outlining the pointed nipples he had already seen and had his mouth on before.

That dangerous train of thought was enough to stir heat through his veins, turning him on far more quickly than anything else before, and he had to mentally rein himself in before his imagination ran any further.

But she burst his bubble by saying,

"I don't want your damn shoes. All I want is to be put down, right now."

Sebastian's expression soured again, and he told her,

"As you wish,"

and began to drop her, not gently put her down, but drop, forcing Viola, who had crossed her arms over her chest just so she wouldn't touch him, to gasp and quickly wrap her arms around his neck to avoid falling.

Sebastian chuckled as he felt her arms wound around his neck, her face coming close to his, her warm breath fanning his skin and sending goosebumps up the back of his neck.

"Much better. I like it when you hold me, and if you remove your arms from my neck, I will indeed drop you. We are so high on the stairs that if you fall this time, you will break your bones, love. So hold on tight," he teased, his voice laced with open amusement.

Viola could only grit her teeth and hold on, not trusting that he was merely joking and that he wouldn't actually drop her if she dared to let go. To be safe, she kept her arms firmly wrapped around his veiny, corded neck and rested her head against his shoulder, since he was holding her so high in his arms that it was the only comfortable position she could manage.

He didn't even know how to carry a woman properly, Viola thought, glaring at the tattooed column of his neck as if it had personally offended her, when she felt a small thread of satisfaction inside her at the thought that he didn't know how to carry a woman because he probably didn't do it often.

"You are so annoying and infuriating," she muttered, though in spite of herself, she was secretly enjoying being carried, especially since her hip was still throbbing from her dramatic fall down the stairs.

"And you are very stubborn, just like a donkey," he replied without missing a beat.

Viola frowned at being called a donkey, wanting to glare at him properly, but she decided not to reply at all. She didn't have the energy to exchange more words. Instead, she inhaled deeply, only to be invaded by his intoxicating, strangely soothing scent that filled her lungs with every breath. It seemed to wrap around her senses and settle somewhere inside her.

Did he really have to smell this good all the time?

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 110: Whispered words[1,549 words]

Chapter 110: Whispered words

Sebastian was disappointed when she didn't reply; however, he didn't say anything else until he took her back to his room and carefully set her on the sofa. Then he warned, "Don't move an inch from there," before turning away to retrieve a box of first aid supplies from his closet, where he kept it for his sister's sake as she had a slow healing ability that required human treatment to aid it at times.

Viola let out a breath she hadn't realized she was holding when he came back with the first aid box in his hand, relieved that it meant he wouldn't be using his tongue to heal her bruises and injuries, because it would have been completely inappropriate to do such a thing in human form. She wanted to avoid having his tongue on her skin again as much as possible.

She reached out, intending to take the box from him and treat herself, but he moved it away from her reach and swatted gently at her hand. "Let me do it. Sit still."

Viola began to part her lips to tell him that she was perfectly capable of treating herself, and in fact, the injuries were not a big deal, as she had endured worse than this in the past. But he had crouched down in front of her, placing the box on the floor and reaching out to lift the hem of her dress over her knees, bouncing up across her thighs so he could see the extent of her injured knees.

"If you don't sit still and move again, I will be forced to use my tongue. I will naturally assume you'd prefer I lick you rather than use the kit?" he questioned when she attempted to push the dress back down, looking up at her from his crouching position.

Viola instantly stopped, sitting still and allowing him to do whatever he wanted, as long as his tongue wasn't involved in the treatment.

"Good girl," he praised, opening the box and retrieving a cotton pad. They weren't serious injuries, just bruises with light bleeding around them, which made him sigh in relief because he was grateful she hadn't broken her skull from falling down the stairs like that. The thought of her being harmed right inside his house by an insignificant omega he had only been kind to for the sake of his mother made his jaw clench.

Angela should feel lucky that he still respected her mother; otherwise, he would have immediately banished her from his pack for daring to scheme against his mate.

He gently dabbed the cotton pad against her skin to wipe away the slight bleeding from the bruise before reaching for the ointment jar and uncapping it. He blew a soft stream of air over her knees as if trying to soothe any discomfort or lingering pain.

Viola jolted when she felt his warm breath, and her fingers tightened around her dress when he dipped his index and middle fingers into the jar of gel ointment and slowly rubbed it over her bruised knees. The contact sent an electric-like spark through her body, causing her to shiver. She bit down on her lip at the unexpected current, knowing he must have felt it as well, because he suddenly looked up at her, forcing her to quickly avert her gaze and pretend she hadn't felt anything at all.

Sebastian frowned as he resumed rubbing the gel ointment into her skin. He could have sworn he had heard her take a sharp inhale and shiver at his touch, as if she had felt the same delightful spark he had. Had he imagined it? Or had she reacted like that purely from pain?

But as he continued to rub the ointment in slow circles, he couldn't help noticing the goosebumps rising on her fair thighs, just as he felt them rising along his own arms.

Seeing this reaction, he couldn't help but wonder If she had her wolf, would he also be her fated mate just as she was his? Many of his mates had other mates, and the bond always turned out one-sided, but with her not having a wolf, there was no way he would know.

Wanting to test if she was indeed feeling the spark, he rubbed lazy circle around her kneecap, inching away from the bruises.

Viola's throat went dry, and she felt her stomach flip in a way that made warmth settle inside her as his finger inched up toward her thighs where the dress was gathered. When she felt him pushing the dress further up slowly, like a pirate trying to uncover some treasure hidden inside her dress, she became aware that he was doing more than just attending to her injuries and looked down.

Like a thief caught in the act, he quickly withdrew his hand from her thighs. Viola flushed scarlet, but she couldn't say anything about his shameless action, as acknowledging it would do nothing but unnerve her further.

She pursed her lips, clenching her fingers at her sides. When he asked if there were other places where she was hurt, Viola was quick to say,

"That's all. Can I go now?" she asked, her eyes falling on her purse on his bed, which she had come earlier to retrieve but had fallen into Angela's scheme.

"Not yet," Sebastian said as he rose to his feet and retrieved her purse from the bed. He opened it and placed the small jar of ointment inside so she could use it again later if needed. He then moved to hand it back to her, but as though suddenly remembering something important, he paused and asked,

"Do you like my gift?"

He was referring to the set of jewelry he had sent her the previous day.

Viola had completely forgotten about the very expensive set of jewelry sitting in her living room, as she had thought about how to return it but hadn't gotten to it yet. But him bringing it up now reminded her and proved that he hadn't sent it by mistake.

"It's beautiful," she said honestly, and Sebastian almost began to smile. But she continued,

"Unfortunately, I can't keep it. You can take it back when we return to the High Tower. I don't have anything to do with it."

His smile disappeared completely, replaced by a scowl. She didn't like it? All women liked jewelry, and the more expensive, the more they valued it. "Is there something wrong with it? Is it not to your taste?" he asked.

"No, I just don't want to keep it. And please, next time refrain from wasting your money buying me any gifts, because I won't wear them." Saying that, she got up to her feet and began to turn away, but Sebastian was quick to catch her before she could run, as it seemed that was her favorite thing to do: always escape him. Did she like him to keep chasing her? Was she perhaps playing a game of push and pull with him?

"I bought them for you; they belong to you now," he said, reining in his temper as Muffin had advised him. He had been told never to lash out at her, or he would lose his chances of making amends completely. Women don't like getting yelled at, and he knew Viola would run from him more if he ever resorted to yelling, not that he wanted that in their relationship, if there was any relationship at all.

"And I don't want them," Viola retorted, her deep frown making her look even more determined. Do you force people to take gifts they don't want? she wondered, glaring at him.

She watched as his expression gradually softened from its earlier hardness, and before she could even attempt to push back, he pulled her forward, his arm snaking around her waist. He leaned down close, whispering in her ear, his hot breath fanning her earlobe and sending tiny shivers with every word he spoke.

"If you return them to me, I will only get rid of them. Take them as my gift to you for winning the right to become my wife. I have a very bad habit of spoiling my wife, and you will soon be in that

position. Start getting used to it, sweetheart," he murmured, brushing his lips against her ear, making her shiver involuntarily. "I like it when you shiver like that." He pressed a quick, warm kiss against her lobe before moving his head back, grinning in satisfaction at how red she had turned, like a ripe strawberry, a strikingly captivating berry.

"Shall we?" He extended his hand with the poise of a gentleman, but she ignored it entirely and hurried past him, rushing to the door as if fleeing a demon in the room. Was she shy?

Still grinning and mentally shaking his head, Sebastian bent down, gathering her high heels from the floor in one hand and her purse in the other, and went after her. "Be careful on the stairs, darling. I am not chasing you," he called out, wanting her to avoid tripping, but Viola ran as if she were fleeing for her life, her heart throbbing wildly within her chest.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 111: The Alpha's mate[1,306 words

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Chapter 111: The Alpha's mate

The Silver Pack Healing House

Laila, who had been unconscious for a complete day, had finally woken up in one of the VIP rooms. She could be seen sitting on the bed with her head bowed, her mother next to her, while her uncle stood before them, looking so pissed that she couldn't dare move an inch.

"You had one single job, just a simple responsibility to make me proud, but you blew it off! Do you even know what it caused me, you fool? I am now a laughing stock among my own people just because of you!" Elder Halvrek chided, angry veins popping against his forehead and neck as he couldn't contain how disappointed he was in his niece, who had lost to a mere wolfless girl.

The idea was laughable, so outrageous that he wanted to hit her just to put some competence back into her obviously empty head.

Laila's mother, Agnes, who was sitting next to her, wanted to interject and stop her brother from scolding her daughter, but she had never really had the courage to stand up to her elder brother, who was known for his very bad temper, anger he had inherited from their own father. Seeing Laila's energy rising, Agnes knew her daughter's own temper, which was as strong as her brother's, was about to flare as well.

She quickly put her hand over her daughter's, giving it a squeeze to calm her. The last thing she needed was two angry people facing each other and putting her in the middle. One would think that her older brother was too hot-headed, but her own daughter was just as hot-headed as he was, and sometimes she got a little cold sweat when she wanted to talk to Laila in that mood.

As a mother, she knew her daughter could be a little terrifying, even to her, which was why she had never really stopped Laila from living her life outside their pack and exploring the world the way she wanted. Being here would only make her constantly clash with her uncle, who wanted so much in life yet hadn't settled down to have a child to control for it.

She didn't know what had brought Laila back to the pack permanently, but Agnes was sure it was because her daughter liked the Alpha and had hoped for a marriage. However, now that things hadn't gone as planned, she needed to stay in the middle lest these two set the whole place on fire with the hotheadedness that ran in their blood.

"Hermano, will you calm down and let's talk this out carefully rather than shout? We are in the healing house, and people are bound to hear if you continue—"

"Shut up, Agnes. Tú también eres una gran decepción! You are no different from your daughter, you hear me?" he snapped at his sister, who quickly pressed her lips together. This wasn't the first time he had called her a disappointment in their native tongue. One could say it was his favorite words to say to his younger sister.

"If you had married the Alpha of the Blood Moon Pack instead of the brother of the Red Moon Pack's Alpha, we wouldn't be here now," Elder Halvrek chided displeasingly.

Laila, who heard this, was barely holding back her own tongue. Since she was little, she had heard this phrase from her uncle over and over again: had her mother married an Alpha he picked for her rather than chosen her fated mate, who was the brother of another Alpha of a different pack, she wouldn't have been such a great disappointment and wouldn't have given birth to another disappointment.

Though the Red Moon Pack was powerful and were strongly backing up Laila and her parents, to her uncle it didn't matter, because his sister hadn't married an Alpha and had instead settled for a Beta.

Her uncle was the main reason she didn't like staying in the Silver Pack, because nothing she or her mother did was ever good enough. She had tried countless times to please him, yet it never turned out right. And now, when she had the chance to make him never open that mouth of his about her again by becoming the Luna and marrying Sebastian, everything had gone downhill, all because of a wolfless girl from nowhere.

The thought that she had failed to a weakling was more insulting to her than it was to her uncle. He didn't know how she felt. Waking up believing she had won, and that the wolfless must have died fighting the Black Howlers, only to be told she had failed and the wolfless would be marrying Sebastian in a week, her only hope at rising above her uncle and showing him she wasn't a disappointment, had collapsed in an instant.

Laila had never failed in anything she did. In fact, she was feared by many she-wolves in the pack for a reason, because she had an alpha wolf. But in the end, she had failed to a wolfless. Wouldn't that make many who had feared her until now see that she was nothing after all?

Her worst fear in life was becoming a failure and being viewed as a nobody. But wasn't she now falling into what she feared the most?

Her insides curled with anger, but the anger slowly began to subside as something drew her in, and she finally raised her head to look at her fuming uncle.

"Just because I failed the competition doesn't mean I have failed and lost my chances at being Luna, uncle," she told him, watching as he looked at her with a dark, questioning gaze.

"What do you mean?"

Laila sighed, pulling her hand away from under her mother's, fighting not to show that she was irritated at her mother's cowering behavior. The fact that her mother had allowed her uncle to have this control over their lives was the reason he still tried to control Laila now, even when she wasn't his daughter.

"Have you forgotten that I am one of Seb's mates? I have more power over him than the wolfless girl ever may. In fact, he doesn't care about her and wouldn't hesitate to sacrifice her as the third Luna who would lift his curse if he can't find the prophesied one. She is bound to die, uncle. I still have ample chances with him."

Elder Halvrek's face immediately lost its harshness at those words. He had completely forgotten that fact due to his anger, but now that she had mentioned it, he realized they hadn't lost their chances at all. If he backed her properly along with her useless father's family backing, she would be carrying the Alpha's heir in no time, even with the wolfless in the picture.

"You worry too much, uncle. Perhaps the Moon Goddess is trying to save me from the fate of the third Luna's death. The wolfless is nothing but a sacrificial lamb for taking that position," Laila reasoned.

Let the wolfless have his Luna's position, because Laila believed she would have every single night with him after the marriage, until the girl's death and her chance arose. All she needed was to get this old wolf off her back, and then she could think and find her way to making things right again with Sebastian. They had grown apart during the competition, and she needed to see him, tonight.

With that thought in mind, Laila got off the bed and approached her uncle, saying, "Do not worry. I will make you proud, so proud, uncle." She gave him a tight smile, then turned to her mother. "I am leaving this place today. I feel perfectly well right now, Mami. I need to see Seb."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 112: Terrible possibilities[1,364 words]

Chapter 112: Terrible possibilities

Viola was brought back to the High Tower skyscraper in Sebastian's car, where he had insisted she ride with him, even though the drive had been silent and fraught with tension. She would have actually preferred to have the driver drop her off, but there was no need to create a fuss when they were, after all, heading to the same destination.

She had felt the tension even more because of what he had done before they left his quarters, where he had whispered into her ear and she had felt his warm breath tickling her. Thank goodness he hadn't forced her to sit in the front with him; she had sat in the back while he drove and she had enjoyed the peaceful scenery of the lane back to the city, which calmed her a lot more.

When they returned to the city and the skyscraper, he had silently walked her back to the public elevator without a word and then handed her back her purse, which she had almost forgotten he was holding, along with her high heels, as Viola had walked barefoot from his car without minding it at all.

When she took the purse and shoes from him, he had turned away without a word and gone in the direction of his private elevator, which made her brows draw together. It wasn't that she wished he would talk to her, but it was astonishing how coldly he had turned away when he had been getting under her nerves in his quarters.

"I will never understand him," she muttered, shaking her head and biting her nail at his mood swings.

By the time Viola reached her penthouse door, the entire grounds of the skyscraper were deserted and somewhat empty, and she had only come across a few omegas working around. She saw many screens announcing her wedding and crowning ceremony, which made her a little nervous, but she quickly pushed the emotions away.

She'd been told that many had returned to their main quarters after the competition, but they would come back for the wedding and crowning ceremony.

When Viola reached her floor, in front of her penthouse, she found a box waiting for her. Inside was a brand-new phone, exactly the same as the one that had been broken. She knew instantly that the Alpha had sent it, because everything from her old phone was backed up inside the new one when she turned it on, and only he knew her phone was broken to send her a replacement.

How did he even get it backed up for her? she wondered as she stepped into her place. She would have been surprised that the phone had arrived there before her, but she had a feeling he had called someone to have it delivered up here.

The infuriating man kept doing things for her that she couldn't help but feel he was piling up debts for her. And seeing as he could access everything backed up, she couldn't help but realize that her privacy wasn't private here, and she needed to be extra careful.

"I still like Zoe's gift phone better," she muttered, looking at the phone and the pink case. "Now I will have to thank him..."

She closed the door behind her, and the space of her living room felt enormously too big for a single person.

Viola walked up to her living room and laid down on the sofa, calling back Zoe, who she'd missed a call from in Sebastian's quarter. They talked for a while, with Zoe telling her about the designs she had picked for the ceremony and that she would bring them for sampling tomorrow before they hung up the call.

Viola stared at the blank screen of her new phone after the call ended, contemplating whether she should go ahead and do what she had planned once she returned home, but a fear lunged inside her heart, and the thought of tapping into old, painful memories made her hesitate.

She turned her eyes to the afternoon sky through her glass wall, absentmindedly watching an airplane fly by in the clear blue sky with little white fluffy clouds. She watched until the plane disappeared into the horizon, then slowly turned away.

She would soon be getting married and being crowned the Supreme Luna. The sooner she made peace with her past, the better it would be for her and her path to redemption. Being the Supreme Luna wasn't going to be an easy feat, not to mention she would be required to have children, a thought that terrified her more than she wanted to admit.

She didn't believe she was fit to mother another being in her current state, but before that time came, Viola needed to make sure she was at peace with herself and that she had her sister safe and sound back with her.

With Ivy next to her, and finally awakening her wolf, she might actually prepare herself to learn to be a mother. By that time, she would have no past holding her down in its chains.

She needed to break loose from that chain, and the first step was reaching out to the orphanage in Nightshade Pack, just as she had intended the moment she was certain her stay here would be permanent.

At least, if Viola died from the rumored curse of the Alpha's prophecy, she would be at peace knowing her sister would have luxury and a home.

With that thought, Viola tapped the screen of her phone, which displayed Zoe's image, and then went on the internet to search for Nightshade Pack, a pack she had sworn years ago, after her adoption, never to look into, so she wouldn't lose the love of her adoptive parents once they found out the truth behind the adoption and her past deception.

The results of her search made her eyes tremble, and she sat up on the sofa, staring at her screen in disbelief at the images and articles about Nightshade that came on the internet.

Ten years ago, Nightshade Pack, the smallest pack in the werewolf world, had fallen into ruin due to an attack by rogues, losing their resources and many lives in the process. Viola felt her insides churn as she searched for the orphanage, that was what mattered the most to her, the orphanage where everything had started.

She found the orphanage. It was still operating, but it had fallen into a very bad state that made the back of her eyes burn. Was Ivy still there? Was her sister still waiting for her to come? she wondered, seeing that there was no contact number to reach out to, as it was said the signal had been cut off from the pack after the attack and was never repaired again.

Viola clasped her fingers over her mouth in despair. She had wanted to reach out and confirm if Ivy Mallory was still in the orphanage, but it turned out she had no way of doing so now, and the only option would be for her to travel and journey to Nightshade to find her sister herself.

Only Viola couldn't go now, not when the wedding preparations were going on and the ceremony was coming up. At least, the journey to Nightshade back and forth would take like four days, if not more, which meant she would have to wait until after the wedding...

Viola felt herself falling into more despair, and her phone slipped from her hand without her even realizing it. What condition was Ivy in if she was still in that wretched place that looked half broken in the image?

What if, during the attack years ago, something had... no, she couldn't dare think that. If something had happened to her sister, she would never be able to forgive herself, never. Nothing should happen to her, nothing.

Viola reverted to peeling off the skin around her nails without even realizing it, until it began to bleed and hurt so badly that she looked down to see her fingers trembling uncontrollably, with tiny drops of blood dripping onto the polished floor.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 113: Past Confession to him_Part 1[1,220 words]

Chapter 113: Past Confession to him_Part 1

Knowing that she would never be able to stop herself from hurting herself in one way or another now that there was a big possibility her sister might not be all right, she blindly got up from the sofa. She walked around the house like an aimless ghost, just so she wouldn't think, just so she could be numb, and she found the easiest way to do so.

Her legs carried her to the built-in glass-front wine cooler, where there were various kinds of wine stored in the built-in refrigerator with clean, clear glass that gave anyone a tempting view and a wide range of choices from the expensive bottles arranged neatly in order.

She slid the glass door aside, and immediately a stream of cold air escaped, washing over her face. Viola's trembling, bleeding hand reached out for one bottle from the set and pulled it out.

She didn't even bother to find a glass to pour the wine into. She opened it and lifted the bottle straight to her mouth. She wanted the numbness and oblivion that came with drinking. She had once loved drinking herself into nothingness; even as a teenager, she had been wild, partying as if her life depended on it, drinking just to forget her own evil deeds toward a sister who had given her everything.

But for four years now, she hadn't tasted wine, and the familiar sweetness mixed with the slight, barely noticeable burn sliding down her throat gave her a reckless thrill. When she had first noticed this wine space, she had sworn she wouldn't touch any of the drinks because they were far too expensive, but now she didn't care. She gulped it down greedily, letting it pour down her throat without restraint.

Viola grew frustrated when, even after drinking a generous amount, she didn't feel that welcoming numbness. She decided maybe it needed more time to settle in and dull her senses.

She walked slightly unsteadily toward the piano in the living room, something she had come to consider her only companion in this big house, and sat down on the bench. She ran her fingers gently over the smooth surface before pressing a key, the sound echoing softly through the large, quiet space.

Before she could stop herself, her fingers began to create a very melancholic symphony, its familiar sound wrapping around her like a warm yet sorrowful blanket that made her feel even more empty, more alone, and consumed by nothing but loathing, for no one else but herself.

"I betrayed you, Ivy..." she whispered brokenly, her heart feeling as though it were being squeezed tightly inside her chest, cracking apart. Before she had even known what love was, Ivy had given it to her freely, but she had been nothing more than a selfish person who turned a blind eye to it because she wanted to soar high, higher than her fragile wings could ever truly carry her.

But those wings had broken along the way, sending her crashing back down, shattering her illusions and forcing her to see what a terrible person she had been to her only blood relative.

She continued to play the piano, filling the living room with nothing but the haunting sounds of a sorrowful melody. Somewhere along the way, Viola began to sing the lyrics of a song she had heard a month ago, her voice growing shaky and fragile.

Memories from her past played in her mind like a broken record. Many people don't remember scenes from when they were babies; some don't even recall their toddler years. But Viola held memories far beyond what seemed natural. She recalled one from when she had been nothing but an infant wrapped in a towel.

She had seen a woman with blue eyes looking down at her and her sister, smiling through tears of joy, like they were a happy gift to her. But that memory was soon replaced by another, of that same woman rejecting them because she believed that one of them would bring nothing but disaster.

'It's coming from this one,' a voice had said, and the blue-eyed woman had been looking at Viola, not Ivy, her once joyful expression turning bitter as her gaze fixed on her.

The memory had stayed with her for as long as she could remember, and Viola knew the woman must have been their birth mother. She had given them away, telling the person who took them, 'Keep them away from me, even if you have to kill them. One of them is the cursed one. Make sure she never succeeds.'

Those same cruel words had been written on the note that came with them when they were delivered to the orphanage. The people there naturally assumed she was the problem, the cursed one, because unlike Ivy, Viola had been a hellcat, a very stubborn girl, with trouble following her like a second skin from childhood.

That was why she was hunted by nightmares of people calling her the cursed one, even Ivy in her dreams, but Viola knew that if a knife were ever placed against her sister's throat and she was forced to say it, Ivy would never do so. She would never call her the cursed one.

Ivy was the good girl. She was everyone's favorite. That was why, when the Lindens came to adopt a child, the people at the orphanage chose her over Viola, whom they claimed should never be allowed to step out into the world. Why? She never knew. But that only made her feel unwanted. It only made her grow into a bitter and heartless little child, who believed if she didn't make a way for herself, she would never get to leave that orphanage where everyone called her cursed.

As a little girl, she had already known how to lie and put others in trouble in order to save herself. She had watched Ivy take punishment for her, and Viola had never stepped in to admit that it was her fault.

A bitter smile graced her face as she recalled a scene of her twin sister stroking her hair. Just minutes earlier, Ivy had been beaten for Viola's crime, yet her sister would still smile and tell her,

'It doesn't hurt, Serena. I am already used to it, and I will never get tired of taking the beating for you. Here, eat more.' Ivy would push her plate of food in front of her while she herself suffered from the pain in her back, where she had been whipped for Viola's crime. And instead of consoling her sister, Viola would thoughtlessly eat the food and enjoy every bite, refusing to let herself feel guilty because it had been Ivy's decision to take the punishment in her place.

Thinking about it now, she realized that perhaps everyone in the orphanage had been right. She was indeed cursed, the villain who deserved nothing but pain, while her sister should have been the one to receive everything good for having such a pure heart. Evil people like Viola were meant to live in hell after destroying others life. Wasn't that the fate of every villain in every story? She had already had a taste of her own version of hell.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 114: Past Confession to him_Part 2[1,267 words]

Chapter 114: Past Confession to him_Part 2

Her fingers moved with much more speed over the keys, playing her heart out while apologizing repeatedly to her sister between broken breaths.

"I am sorry, Ivy... I will find you if it's the last thing I do. I will give you back double the amount of everything you once gave me. I will give you my life if you ask for it..." she whispered softly, her heart breaking into pieces with every promise she made.

Viola played the piano for the rest of the day, to the point that her fingers were barely able to move anymore. They trembled uncontrollably, aching from overuse. Shaking and drenched in cold sweat, she finally decided to rest her head on the cold surface of the piano.

She stared at nothing in particular, feeling loneliness consume her all over again, wrapping around her like a heavy fog. Turning her eyes slowly, she took in the vast space of the penthouse, filled with furniture meant for more than a single person, the long couch designed for a family, the extra chairs, the unoccupied guest rooms.

She thought the space was too big for her and couldn't help but wonder if one day she would have a family in a house like this, where there would be no loneliness, where there would be no bitter regrets lingering in the air.

The darkness felt haunting now that the sun had gone down and all the lights were off in the house, except for the city lights spilling in from the walls. The silence was suffocating and depressing, and the enormous windows that overlooked the beautiful city lights of Silver could make anyone feel extremely small and insignificant in comparison.

She couldn't help but crave the desperate company of another being, but Zoe was busy making dresses, and Nick had left with his family to return to their main quarters, sending her a text that he would come back soon. She had no one to call and speak with, no one to talk to in order to stop this depression from swallowing her whole, no one to keep her from drowning in her thoughts.

All alone... that was what her fate seemed to be. That was what she was cursed with, perhaps. Loneliness.

Viola was on the brink of falling asleep in the embrace of her bitter loneliness when she thought she heard her phone ringing. Her eyes opened slowly, and she frowned in confusion, wondering who could possibly be calling her at this hour.

Without hesitation, she got up from the bench and walked back to where she had dropped the phone face down on the floor earlier. She picked up the call without even bothering to check who was calling. Was she truly that desperate for company?

"Hello..." she answered quietly, her voice as hollow and depressing as she felt inside her heart. She walked back toward the piano but instead of sitting down, she moved closer to the glass wall. She stared sightlessly at the city lights filled with life, though she knew many people out there were hurting alone just like her.

"Viola," his husky voice sounded in her ear, and for a second, she had almost forgotten she had even picked up a call. She moved the phone away from her ear and glanced down at it to confirm whether she had only imagined hearing his voice in her head or if he had truly called her.

Her heart skipped a beat when she saw the caller ID. She blinked at the sudden rush of emotion his voice brought to her, her fingers growing clammy as she recognized how painfully familiar this feeling was. But she couldn't possibly be having it for this man...

"Sebastian..." she whispered his name, her slightly hazy mind not giving her any reason to avoid saying it. All she knew was that she felt a small pang of relief just from hearing his voice.

Sebastian's insides warmed when he heard his name spoken so softly, and something told him immediately that she wasn't fine. He had called her because he himself had been feeling strangely sad and lonely, a feeling he knew did not belong to him but could only be hers. Their bond was too strong; he could feel her emotions as if they were his own whenever they became overwhelming.

"What happened? Did someone upset you?" he asked, his voice smoothing into something warm and tender, like the comforting heat of summer. It was gentle, careful, like someone who truly cared about who might have hurt her.

"No one... I just feel..." she trailed off, unable to finish the sentence as her throat tightened painfully and her fingers curled tighter around the phone.

Sebastian, who had been sitting in his office, shot up to his feet abruptly. Matt, who was sitting on the couch nearby, looked up at him in confusion, but Sebastian ignored him completely at the sudden realization that something was definitely wrong. She would not sound this broken without reason.

He moved away from his desk, pacing slightly in his office space. "What do you feel, honey? Tell me. Why are you sad? Did I do something to upset you this morning, hmm?" Sebastian asked gently, his voice calm and coaxing, as though he were trying to soothe a frightened child. Matt continued watching him silently from where he sat, sensing the tension in the air.

"... "

Viola didn't say anything. She was unable to explain to him how she felt or what had caused the overwhelming heaviness inside her chest. She kept staring at the distant lights of the other skyscrapers, wondering if she was finally losing her mind, if she was slowly going insane under the weight of her own guilt and loneliness.

"It's nothing... I am okay," she lied, even though a part of her desperately wanted to ask him to come over and stay with her. But that was completely stupid, wasn't it? Why would she want him to come? Was it because last night in his quarters and this morning she hadn't had the chance to dwell on her past, since she had been too busy fighting with him and arguing?

He annoyed her endlessly, but even that irritating tension felt better than this hollow ache spreading through her heart, killing her soul.

Sebastian frowned at her words. Did she think he had been born yesterday to believe she was okay? He could feel her sadness as if it were a part of him, seeping through their bond and settling heavily in his chest. But rather than argue with her and insist that she wasn't fine, he decided it would be better to go to her in person and make sure she didn't end up hurting herself in her fragile state.

Holding the phone away from his ear for a moment, he turned to Matt and said, "I am retiring for the night. Handle the rest of the matters and send the documents back to the Red Moon Pack."

Matt rose to his feet, frowning. "What about Laila? She's still waiting at your place, and you told her you'd meet her shortly. Don't forget, it's because of her that the Red Moon Pack is making this deal with us."

Sebastian didn't even hesitate. "Give her any excuse. Viola needs me more, and I can't let her be by herself in this state. Goodnight."

Saying that, he didn't wait for Matt's reply and strode out of his office, heading straight toward his private elevator with long, urgent steps.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 115: Past Confession to him_Part 3[1,543 words]

Chapter 115: Past Confession to him_Part 3

Viola was too busy looking out the window and trying to figure out what was wrong with her to hear what Sebastian had said to Matt on the other side of the phone.

She pressed her index finger against the glass wall, tracing the distant city lights and wishing she could somehow capture them and pull them inside herself; perhaps they would brighten her darkness, her loneliness, and the hollow space in her chest.

"I am getting what I deserve in life," she muttered, completely forgetting she was still on the phone with Sebastian. "I did this to myself... I took away her light and her chances..."

Sebastian, who heard her clearly through the line, frowned deeply. "Talk to me, amor. Whatever is bothering you, you can share it with me. Talking makes things better at times. Sharing your sorrow can make it feel less heavy," he said gently, though he was completely confused about what she was referring to. She sounded as if she was drunk. Was she drunk?

As if in a daze, Viola tilted her head slightly to the side. Talk about it? Would talking about it take away this heaviness? Would it make her feel less wicked, less cursed?

It was becoming harder for her to concentrate as the wine slowly took effect. She squeezed her eyes shut as the world began to spin around her, but she tried to shake it off. Still, her steps turned unsteady as she stumbled across the room toward the couch, finally collapsing onto it. She felt utterly exhausted, her mind clouded and heavy.

"I did something to my own sister, someone who trusted me with her whole life... I don't believe talking about it would help or redeem me," she whispered. Her voice was so small and fragile that Sebastian wouldn't have caught it if he didn't possess sharp hearing.

His eyes impatiently shifted to the elevator numbers as they changed floors, his lips pressing tightly together. He didn't fully understand what she was talking about because, from what he knew, she and her sister had not been that close before she had been placed in the Hollow System. Did she have another sister he didn't know about? Or was there more to the story than he had ever dug into about her history with her family?

"Try it. Talking can be a very good way to release a burden. Take it from someone who has experienced that. I did something to my brother as well, something I can never imagine myself capable of. It kills me every single day. It still does, amor. But I talk about it with my wolf, and I feel better each time," he said as he stepped out of the elevator on her floor and made his way toward her penthouse.

He didn't know the full extent of what she was referring to, but Sebastian was painfully familiar with the guilt of doing something unforgivable to a sibling, something that haunted you every waking hour. For years, he had wondered how he could have done that to his twin brother. For years, he had searched for answers and found none except the crushing belief that perhaps he was cursed, someone who couldn't control his own fate, someone who could kill without ever intending to do so.

Everyone saw him as the ruthless Alpha with no heart, the one who had killed his Lunas and his own twin. But if only they knew even half of what he battled with inside, they would be stunned. His pain ran deeper than the deepest ocean. He simply never allowed it to consume and destroy him again because no matter how depressed he became, he couldn't change who he was or what had shaped him into this man.

"Then we are the same..." Viola said quietly, hugging her midriff with one hand as if trying to hold herself together. "We are both evil to our own blood... They will never forgive us because we don't deserve forgiveness..." A single teardrop rolled slowly down her cheek.

She was aware of the rumors that he had killed his twin, and if it was true, then they were no different. Two evil people drawn together, two heartless beings who had wronged their own twins. She let out a bitter laugh at the irony of it all.

Sebastian felt his insides clench painfully. "Forgiveness doesn't come easily, but that doesn't mean one should beat themselves up forever for something done in the past. It is done and can never be changed. Only fixing it, if it's still fixable, will make any difference," he said softly. His voice was so calm and warm that Viola felt a strange, fuzzy sensation spread through her chest, making her believe, just for a moment, that maybe she could fix her mistake.

"Fixing things..." she muttered weakly. "I want to fix it..."

"Hm. Now come open your door for me," he said, knocking twice. He waited outside for her to open it. He had tried using her passcode earlier, but the keypad had flashed red, signaling the wrong password. She had changed it from her name.

His mood dampened slightly at that realization, though he was also faintly proud that she had thought to tighten her security. It was crucial now that she would become Luna. However, he couldn't deny that he felt a small sting of offense. She hadn't changed it because of his sister or cousin; she had changed it because of him. That meant he was still nothing but a stranger in her life.

Viola blinked in confusion at the knock on her door and his words that he was outside. It couldn't be real, could it? She stumbled unsteadily toward the door and pulled it open, only to see him indeed standing there in all his glory.

Despite her foggy brain, she found herself mesmerized by his presence. The hallway light spilled into her dark living room, casting an almost unreal glow around him and making him look like a dark angel surrounded by light.

She looked up at his clean-cut, devastatingly handsome face, one she doubted would ever stop being alluring to her no matter how many times she looked at it. She had seen many handsome men in her life and had rejected many during her teenage years, but rarely had any of them captivated her enough to make her stare openly. That was why she felt confused by the fact that this one captivated her so deeply, even though she insisted she didn't like him.

His presence sent a wave of fluttering sensations through her stomach, and her heart skipped uncontrollably. She watched as the corner of his lips twitched upward in a faint smile.

"Am I not allowed to come in, sweetheart?" he asked in a lightly teasing tone, trying to dispel the depressing air surrounding her.

Moreover, he found it strangely pleasing that she was staring at him in open awe. His appearance hadn't changed much since that morning when they had parted ways in the elevator, except for the silver strands of hair he had run his fingers through many times, leaving them in a messy state, with a few strands falling over his eyes.

Viola blinked and stepped toward him instead of backward to invite him in. Her eyes remained locked on the strands of hair falling over his eyes, and without thinking about what she was doing, she rose onto her tiptoes and lifted her hand to brush the hair away from his eyes.

Sebastian was surprised by her action, which made his heart race unexpectedly. Seeing her strain slightly to reach him, he bent down to make it easier for her. But the moment he lowered himself closer, he immediately caught the distinct scent of berry wine on her breath.

"You've been drinking," he pointed out, noticing her flushed cheeks and the way she was biting down on her lower lip while looking up at him like a small, vulnerable kitten. If only she were this soft and open while sober.

"No..." she mused dreamily as she lowered her hand from his hair to cup one side of his cheek. "So handsome..."

Sebastian chuckled softly at the way she touched him so freely. She was never like this when sober. Normally, she wanted to argue or escape him at every opportunity, but now she had become touchy and unguarded, something he found himself shamelessly enjoying.

Before anyone could possibly see them standing like that in the hallway, with him bent over and her touching his face so intimately, Sebastian gently took her hand from his cheek and interlocked their fingers. He guided her back into the dark living room.

"Your lights are turned off. No wonder you feel depressed. Staying in the dark and drinking alone is not good for your mental health," he said as he reached for the switch and turned the lights on.

The moment the lights illuminated the room, Sebastian noticed that the wine wall refrigerator had been left open, cold air spilling out from it. Right on the counter in front of it sat an empty bottle, and the sight made his eyes narrow immediately.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 116: Past Confession to him_Part 4[1,124 words]

Chapter 116: Past Confession to him_Part 4

"You drank all that, love?" he asked in disbelief, his eyes traveling over her small body as he wondered how she had managed to drink all of it. Wasn't that far too much even for a man, not to mention a petite little woman? The wines in silver were all made with special ingredients, as werewolves don't get drunk on human wine; it had to be manufactured differently for it to affect them, and most were strong enough to knock someone, wolfless or not, unconscious.

"I can't believe you drank all that," he said, looking down at her flushed cheeks.

She only looked at him cluelessly, as if she had absolutely no idea what he was talking about.

"You have no idea what you did, do you?" he chuckled, reaching out his hand to tuck the strands of hair falling over her face back behind her delicately red ears. He then adjusted her glasses as they had begun to slide down her nose, causing her to squint up at him. He rubbed his knuckle gently against her smooth cheek, and she suddenly reached up, catching his hand and holding it to her face, sighing in relief.

"I am glad you came..." she muttered, smiling like a little fool, causing a spark to travel through Sebastian and a warmth to settle over him. He knew alcohol tended to lower one's inhibitions and

reveal a person's truer self. Did she always act like a kitten when she was drunk? Because by everything sacred, he damn well liked it.

"What am I to do with you?" he whispered, more to himself than to her, as he closed the door behind them. He let her keep holding his left hand to her face while he used his other hand to lock the door securely.

He walked with her into the living room. "Have you had dinner yet?" he asked, aware that she often skipped dinner, and he wanted to find out if she had been drinking all that wine on an empty stomach. She was not much different from a human in certain aspects, and Sebastian had actually found himself researching human health habits last night after he put her to sleep on his bed. He was certain it was unhealthy to consume that much strong wine without eating first.

"I don't feel like eating," she muttered, walking away from him as the desire to lay on the couch and sleep overwhelmed her now that he was here. Was it his presence that allowed her body to finally relax enough to feel sleepy?

"It's unhealthy to skip meals. You have to at least eat a little," he said, grabbing her wrist gently and pulling her back to him before she could go and collapse onto the couch.

"I don't want to eat. I want to sleep," she grumbled, poking her finger against his solid, hard chest in weak protest. But her stomach betrayed her, letting out a loud growl, as it always seemed to do whenever she lied about not being hungry.

"Your stomach says otherwise, sweetie," he chuckled at the sound. She blushed deeply and tried to push him away, but he kept her in his hold, gently, yet firmly, refusing to let her escape.

"You won't talk your way into sleeping without eating now that I am here. Don't be stubborn. It's for your health," he said, slipping his arm around her waist. She willingly leaned against him this time, and the small gesture made him smile.

Viola couldn't help it. He was not only warm but deeply comforting to her. She had never truly known anyone whose presence could soothe something inside her, especially that biting bitterness of regret and the constant ache of loneliness. Without even realizing it, she leaned more into him, slipping her arms around his narrow waist and resting her head against his chest. She felt his hold around her grow tighter in response.

Sebastian's tender smile widened at the way she clung to him.

"Let's see what you have that's edible in your kitchen," he said as he walked with her, half hugging him, toward the kitchen area and the double-door refrigerator. He opened it, and his brows rose in surprise as he saw the shelves stocked with leftovers and fruits in different kinds of containers, many sealed with cute bunny covers. Did she ever actually finish her meals? It looked like she saved almost everything after only taking a few bites.

He let out a small laugh. No wonder he had thought she was losing weight. The little rabbit wasn't eating properly anymore.

"It seems I won't have to go through the process of cooking something new. We can microwave some of these dishes," he said as he gently released her to start pulling out a few containers.

But Viola made a soft complaining sound in her throat and immediately clung to his arm, not wanting it to leave her waist or stop holding her.

It surprised Sebastian, and he looked down at her in mild astonishment.

"You're warm and comforting. Don't leave me here alone. It's lonely..." she said childishly, her eyes looking up at him pleadingly like an abandoned puppy desperate for attention.

Sebastian felt his heart tighten at the sight of her pleading gaze. She didn't even have to beg him; he would never leave her alone in this vulnerable state that affected him just as deeply. The last thing he wanted was for her to spiral into self-harm because the weight of her depression had become too overwhelming, something he himself could barely endure through their bond.

He removed his hand from the refrigerator and gently cupped her cheek, stroking it with his thumb. "I am not going anywhere, honey. I just need my hand to take out the dishes," he whispered, pulling her into his chest and placing his hand at the back of her head, ruffling her hair gently as he stroked it in a soothing motion.

Viola childishly pursed her lips, rubbing her ear against his chest as if claiming him. "Don't use your hand. Let's use something else to bring the dishes out. I want you to keep holding me..."

Sebastian let out a soft chuckle, fully aware that it was the wine speaking and that this fierce little hellcat would never have said such a thing if she were sober and fully aware of herself. "I will hold you even more once I reheat the food," he reasoned patiently. He never expected that when she was drunk, she would reveal such a soft, needy side of herself to him. A part of him shamelessly wished she could be like this even without the alcohol.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 117: You have a snake on your neck[1,099 words]

Chapter 117: You have a snake on your neck

Actually, Sebastian had always thought he hated clingy women, but he was just now realizing that he would like her to be clingy, to depend on him and rely on him. He would like her to always act this way, where she didn't want him to release her, where she held onto him as if he were her only anchor.

But then he reminded himself that everything she had gone through, the betrayal she had suffered from Evan and then his own rejection of her in that forest without even bothering to truly know

her, was enough to make anyone close themselves off. She had not only gone through a lover's betrayal but a family betrayal as well, all because she had been wolfless.

She must have endured so many traumatic experiences in the last four years of rejection that it was no wonder she would never ask for anything from him or trust him fully. Every rejection must have surely damaged something inside her, leaving cracks that might take time and patience to mend. It might take time for her real self to come out to him, for her to see him as more than the man who had once almost left her to die.

To earn her trust, he would have to work hard to make her forgive him completely and from the bottom of her heart. He would have to find a way to bring down the walls around her heart and heal whatever damage had been done to her during those painful years.

He didn't know her full history beyond what he had discreetly investigated. He didn't even know which sister she had been speaking of betraying, but Sebastian planned to find out, because something she had said resonated with him far too deeply.

She wasn't like the other women he had known, and he understood that it was time to use a different approach instead of being forceful the way he usually was when he didn't get what he wanted. Any attempt to force her into accepting him might result in the opposite of what he desired; she might run away from him completely.

He still didn't have a concrete idea of what kind of relationship he wanted with her, but he knew one thing clearly, he wanted her to heal. He wanted her to stop pushing him away. He wanted her not to hurt this way, not to ache so deeply that he could swear his own pain was nothing compared to hers.

Rather than tear down her walls with brute force, he would learn to dismantle them brick by brick until she would willingly help him do so. As her mate, he should not allow her to distrust him, especially in this dangerous world of Silver.

"If you will eat with me, I will also eat," came her small voice, surprising him. He took in her frail appearance more carefully. Her eyes were still filled with the sorrow he had heard in her voice earlier on the phone. He suddenly became aware of how empty the High Tower skyscraper felt and how enormous her penthouse truly was. Anyone would feel lonely in such a vast space, especially when his sister who usually kept her company was busy and away from this building.

"Sure. I haven't had dinner either. Let's eat together," he told her, moving his hand from around her waist to stroke her hair gently, then sliding his touch down to her neck. She tilted her head slightly to the side, silently giving him better access to stroke her neck. She was truly acting like a kitten, and he found himself realizing he could get used to this side of her.

He could still faintly smell his own fragrance lingering on her from the products she had used earlier that morning, and she was still wearing his mother's home dress that she had put on in his quarters. That small, intimate detail made him smile quietly to himself.

"Now can I heat the dishes so we can eat together?" he asked, looking down at her. Her brows drew together slightly before she pouted her lips.

"Only if you let me hold you," she mused, stepping directly in front of him and hugging him tightly around the waist. "Like this..." she sighed contentedly.

Sebastian looked down at the top of her dark head pressed against him. Though it would undoubtedly be inconvenient to have her clinging to him like this while he prepared their dinner, he found that he didn't mind it at all.

"Do whatever you like, sweetie," he said softly as he reached back into the refrigerator and pulled out several containers of leftovers.

He would have preferred to cook something fresh for her, something warm and nourishing, but it was already late, and starting from scratch would take too much time. Reheating the leftovers seemed like the better and faster option.

Sebastian had just closed the refrigerator door when he felt the little mischievous, drunk rabbit in his arms reach up and begin poking at the snake tattoo on his neck that peeked out from the collar of his shirt. She beamed up at him innocently.

The sensation of her poking was strangely ticklish and incredibly distracting, especially as she rubbed herself closer against his front unknowingly while she tried to reach for his tattoo.

"You won't allow me to prepare your meal in peace, will you?" he scolded warmly, though there was no real irritation in his tone. She shook her head in refusal.

"Be good, honey," he chided gently, reaching out to grab the hand that was poking him, but she tried to wiggle free from his tender grip.

"I can't. You have a snake on your neck, and it's looking at me. I want to pet it," she said in the sluggish speech of someone clearly drunk. Sebastian couldn't help but laugh.

She was making him laugh far more than he normally did, and that in itself was unusual. To be honest, he had never had to deal with a drunk woman before, but if every woman was this adorable while drunk, perhaps he wouldn't have minded so much. Then again, he already knew that if she had been any other woman, he would have found her annoying by now.

He allowed her to pet the snake tattoo even though it was subtle torture for him, because she was essentially stroking and rubbing along his neck, sending small sparks racing along his nerves and straight through his system.

**Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -
Chapter 118: Past Confession to him_Part 5[
1,493 words]**

Chapter 118: Past Confession to him_Part 5

Sebastian had been in a foul mood after leaving Viola in the elevator and receiving Laila's text that she would come over to spend the night with him. In the past, he would have been happy that he could release some steam with Laila, as she was everything crazy in bed, and he liked and enjoyed every session with her when they were having sex, where they tried all sorts of fun positions. But today, he hadn't wanted her to come at all.

Though there were still some strings of connection linking him and Laila, he could ignore them, but he couldn't ignore this woman. And as much as he would have wanted to tell Laila that he would be getting married now and that their sessions of hot sex might never happen again, he couldn't.

For many reasons, one of them being the fact that she would immediately suspect Viola to be his mate if he could ignore her for Viola, and second, because the Red Moon Pack, who were greatly assisting the Silver Pack and were the reason the Silver Pack had such a large territory by giving away their lands, were doing it because of Laila's family.

If something happened and they suddenly wanted their land back, it would cause many setbacks for the Silver Pack. So no matter what happened, he had to keep Laila close for the sake of his Alpha duties, so his people wouldn't lose their luxurious homes. However, he would have to do it in a way that avoided having sex with her, because it would no longer be enjoyable with this addictive woman now in his life.

Right now, he didn't look forward to returning to his penthouse because he knew Laila was waiting there, expecting him to come and share the night with her, especially when she knew the passcode to his penthouse and could go in anytime she wanted. He had thought of changing it, but that would be unusual behavior that would trigger Laila's suspicions.

So he didn't mind staying here longer, just to avoid her and to enjoy this new side of his touchy little kitten.

Sebastian was trying to ignore her ceasing to put the parcel into the microwave when he noticed that her hand movement had suddenly stopped and her eyes had turned distant again. She was looking at him, but he knew she wasn't seeing him.

"Sweetie?" he whispered, touching her cheek as if to bring her back. But when she snapped back to herself, she suddenly moved away from him, turning her back and attempting to walk away.

Sebastian reacted fast and caught her wrist, pulling her back into his arms. "What's wrong?" he questioned gently as he hugged her, giving her his full attention while the food heated up. She looked suddenly sad again, as if that cloud of sorrow had settled inside her once more.

"I am a very evil person..." she muttered in a quiet voice, unable to stop herself from telling him what was eating away at her very soul. No one had ever asked her what was wrong in such a loving voice that made it seem like she could spill out her soul to them. So Viola, along with the influence of the alcohol, began to speak.

"I shouldn't have done that to her. We were supposed to have each other's backs. We were supposed to be there for each other..."

Sebastian stayed silent as he rubbed her hair, pressing her tenderly against his chest. He had no idea who she was talking about, but he had a feeling they were getting there.

"She cared about me so much, but then we are twins. We are supposed to care about each other, but I was just too selfish to see it. I was too fixed on thinking about how everyone didn't like me there that I didn't see that my twin sister was also going through pain..."

Twin sister? Sebastian thought, his brows pulling together in confusion. There was no record that the Lindens had twins. In fact, she was the eldest daughter with a younger sister and a brother. There was nothing about a twin. Was she talking nonsense because of the influence of the drink?

But that pain in her voice...

"What happened to your twin?" he found himself asking, something in him believing her and wanting to console her.

She didn't reply immediately. She was silent in his embrace, and he almost thought she had fallen asleep until he looked down and saw her staring at the wall with a distant expression.

When he thought she wasn't going to say anything anymore, she finally parted her lips and spoke in a very quiet voice.

"I betrayed her. The Lindens were supposed to adopt her. I heard the people at the orphanage talking about it and saying how they needed to save Ivy from me because she was a good girl who deserved a better life than constantly getting whipped for my sake. I heard them, and I became so afraid and... Jealous..."

"I... I was afraid that without my sister, they would kill me like they killed some of the kids there. And I was jealous because...i know that I will never get adopted. I didn't want to die by getting my head cut off. I have seen it happen before. They killed some of the kids there and acted like it was nothing..."

"I was terrified that without Ivy, who always protected me, I would be the next dead body they put inside the well where they threw the children. I wanted to save myself, thinking that since they liked Ivy so much, then they wouldn't kill her... I thought I was doing the right thing that day... It felt so right to me I didn't know it was selfish and a very heartless behavior..."

She paused, her voice quivering as she recalled how at that time she had never felt for a second that she had done anything wrong.

Viola soon resumed speaking, her arms tightening around Sebastian's waist as this was the part of her past that haunted her the most.

"Ivy told the people that she didn't want to get adopted without me, but then they said she had no choice because it was an order. The Lindens only wanted a seven- to eight-year-old girl. They didn't want the two of us as many always associated twins as cursed in that pack, but my fears made me... they made me scheme and wait under the bed of the caretaker at the orphanage, where Ivy was told to shower...

"I took her dress and shoes and put them on, and then I acted like her. I stepped out as my twin..." Viola squeezed her eyes shut as if she wanted to squeeze out the memories, the memory she had erased from her mind during all the years she had lived with the Lindens, until four years ago.

She remembered how she had worn Ivy's fancy dress and stepped out to meet the Lindens, who had embraced her warmly, believing she was the right child, as they had not even been told that there were two of her, identical in every way, down to the voice and every single detail. In fact, if it hadn't been for the difference in their expressions, where Ivy was soft and hers was always indifferent, they were such perfect copies of each other that even the people at the orphanage often got confused about who was who.

Looking alike had made her scheme so easy to pull off that not even the staff of the orphanage realized what she had done, because Viola had carefully put on the same soft expression her twin sister always wore.

Viola's chest tightened even more when she recalled how, when her twin had realized what she had done, she hadn't exposed her and remain in the caretaker's room. Ivy had simply watched her with tears in her blue eyes from the window.

"'Come back, Serena,' she had whispered to me." But what had Viola done? She had turned her back and never gone back. She had never even bothered to think about her.

"I never went back for her. I am a very terrible person. I scheme against people. I even... I even killed to keep Evan to myself. I have blood on my hands. I have people's blood on my hands. I am nothing but a cursed woman. I don't deserve happiness. I don't deserve anything in life..." Her fingers fisted tightly around his shirt, clutching the fabric as though she expected him to push her away the moment the full weight of her confession settled between them. She was evil, and no one should want someone this evil in their life. No one should want her. She didn't deserve it. Only her sister deserved it...

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 119: Don't go away...[1,746 words]

Chapter 119: Don't go away...

Sebastian, who had been silently listening, blinked. It was an understatement to say he wasn't surprised. He had known there was more to Viola Linden than what he had managed to dig up about her, but he hadn't been able to figure out exactly what that was until now.

No wonder her pain ran so deeply. No wonder there was something in those clear blue eyes that always looked as though they were haunted. No wonder she tortured herself repeatedly during those days she trained, pushing her body beyond its limits as if she deserved the punishment. It was because she had betrayed her twin.

She had been adopted by the Lindens, now that made sense, and it also explained why they had so easily discarded her after she turned out to be wolfless on the day of her Awakening.

Had Sebastian been a normal, morally upright man, he would have been disgusted by her past action. But that would have been the height of hypocrisy when he himself was far darker and had done worse than what she had just confessed to doing in the past. And worst of all, he was still doing it, because that was the fate he had chosen, or perhaps the fate that had chosen him.

The irony that they both had twins, and that in both cases they were the more twisted ones, made him smile bitterly. The only difference was that while she carried her pain and regret like a chain around her neck, he had long since stopped holding on to his, because it would have destroyed him if he had. If she expected him to agree with her that she was evil, then she had chosen the wrong man to confess to.

He rubbed her back slowly, thoughtfully, as he parted his lips to finally speak, after everything she had said had settled heavily inside him.

"You deserve happiness as much as every other person out there, love," Sebastian whispered softly into her ear, wanting the words to settle inside her and make her drop the negativity she clung to. He wasn't the right person to console someone in this department, because he had done worse, however, he didn't like that she carried this weight so deeply in her heart.

"I cannot justify what you did as good, but you were nothing more than a little girl. Don't beat yourself up over something your seven-year-old self did. I have done worse, but I still learned to live with it. Do you know where this orphanage is? We can go there and find your twin if you want," he told her, knowing that whatever answers she needed might be found there, and perhaps even the path to her healing might begin in that very place. However, he was met with silence.

Sebastian looked down and saw that her eyes had closed, her dark curly lashes casting faint shadows on her cheeks, with her glasses sitting crookedly on the bridge of her nose, slightly skewed to one side as if even they had grown tired along with her.

She had fallen asleep, he realized belatedly. She had poured out her heart to him and told him a truth he knew she would never have revealed while sober, but that truth had only shed light on some of the missing pieces about her that he had been wondering about.

He raised his hand and touched her cheek, caressing it gently as he muttered, "You have finally escaped eating dinner again." Waking her was no longer an option, for she needed the sleep to cool her mind. And though he didn't think she should always sleep without eating, Sebastian had no choice but to allow her to rest. Perhaps tomorrow, he might cook something fresh for her again for breakfast and get to talk to her more about the orphanage, the one where she had said they were killing children.

Sebastian was aware of many orphanages as the Supreme Alpha, but he hadn't heard of any that killed their children. In fact, he was responsible for giving donations to many orphanages in the werewolf world, because it was something his mother had done faithfully when she was alive.

So where was this orphanage? he thought, and he decided that perhaps he could find out more from her when he was able to get her to talk to him normally, without the influence of alcohol clouding her memories.

With that thought in mind, he decided to carry her to the bedroom. However, since she was basically sleeping while standing and leaning against his chest, there was no way he could bend and carry her bridal style without disturbing her sleep. Hence, he gathered her into his arms like a baby, one hand under her bottom with her legs resting on both sides of his waist, and her head tucked against his shoulder, her breath fanning softly against his neck.

He used his other hand to support her back, pressing her securely to his chest, and he heard her let out a deep sigh of comfort as she brought her arms up to wrap around his neck.

"You smell nice..." she murmured in her sleep, and Sebastian smiled.

"Hmm, I am glad you like how I smell," he told her, carrying her toward the bedroom and unable to help but think that he was spoiling her, considering he couldn't even wake her to walk to the bed herself.

"You are the first woman I don't mind spoiling, mi amor, and strangely, I want to spoil you even more until you are rotten and so clingy like every other woman," he whispered into her ear. Despite the fact that she was sleeping, she still grumbled words of argument at him, which he didn't catch fully, except for one word—

"Liar..."

He smiled faintly, gently swatting her bottom and causing her to lightly hit the back of his neck in protest. "I can't believe you are still like this even while sleeping," he said, but this time she didn't reply.

When he entered her room, he was assaulted by her daisy scent, which made him take a deep inhale. He walked to the bed and gently laid her down like a man setting down his most prized treasure, as she was slowly becoming that without him even being aware of it. He had put her to bed like this last night, and he couldn't help but wonder if this would become a daily routine after their marriage. He turned almost giddy with pleasure at those thoughts.

The moment he put her down on the bed, her brows pulled together and she curled up to one side, muttering, "It's so cold..."

Sebastian pulled the blanket over her, adjusting it carefully around her and tucking her in properly, yet he was still surprised when she shivered under the blanket, causing him to frown. "It's not cold in here. It's freaking hot," he told her, looking around and noticing that the air conditioner of the

entire house was turned off, and he himself had been burning with heat from within since the moment he had walked in.

He couldn't believe how opposite they were. While he liked the cold and despised heat and anything warm, she craved warmth. He took another blanket from her closet and placed it over her, but she frowned and pulled her hand out to grab his sleeve.

"Don't go away. Stay with me..." she breathed, her eyes faintly opening as she looked at him. Sebastian became reluctant, not because he didn't want to stay, but because he wouldn't like her waking up tomorrow and claiming he had taken advantage of her vulnerable state.

"Please..." she added, and every trace of reluctance flew out the window. He reached up and loosened his tie, taking off his coat and letting it fall to the floor. He took off his shirt as well and removed his shoes, leaving only his trousers on before he got onto the soft bed with her and slipped under the double blankets that immediately consumed him with heat like a blazing summer afternoon.

However, the little rabbit turned and moved into his embrace, using his arm as a pillow and fitting her own arm comfortably around his waist. "You are so warm..." she sighed, bringing her face to bury it against his chest, her lips brushing dangerously close to his nipple, which caused him to tense slightly.

"I feel like I am being roasted alive. How can you not feel the heat?" he grumbled. But despite his complaints and discomfort, Sebastian sank deeper into the blankets so he could hold her and keep her warm the way she liked it. He put his leg over hers, fully aware that he was willingly tormenting himself by having her this close, unable to give in to the tension inside him as he would have with every other mate that had come his way.

Before Sebastian fell asleep, he reached out to Matt through their link and told him, 'Send our wedding invitations to Moonwillow and the North Pack. Give them the special invitations and send both my jets to pick them up separately.'

Matt, who was still at the office and trying to get Laila off his back as she had been disturbing him with constant calls and asking when Sebastian would return to his place, was surprised by the order. 'Are you sure you want them both at the ceremony?'

'Hmm, my wife wants them invited, so why not?' he said shamelessly, fitting his chin against her head and closing his eyes as sleep began to pull him under.

Matt heard the way his friend addressed Viola and didn't say anything but arched a brow in surprise. Wife? Since when did his friend become this shameless over a mate?

'I hope you know what you are doing, man.'

'Hmm...' was Sebastian's only answer as he was slowly being drawn into sleep, a place he hadn't truly gone to peacefully in years. He couldn't remember the last time he had felt this sleepy, and rather than fight it, he allowed himself to fall into it, his arm wrapped around her both protectively and possessively.

"Good night, amor," he muttered before beginning to snore lightly, and the house's automatic system dimmed the lights and drew the curtains over the glass walls while the couple slept undisturbed on the bed.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 120: The invitation_Part 1[1,165 words]

Chapter 120: The invitation_Part 1

The next day, Matt didn't delay sending the special invitation to the North Pack and Moonwillow, inviting them to the wedding and crowning ceremony without mentioning the name of the bride, but only the pack she came from. Since it was sent through a flying drone controlled by the computers in Silver, it didn't take long to reach Moonwillow, landing on the pack house window with a delivery tone playing to notify them of the arrival of the invitation.

It was Leni, sitting comfortably in her parlor and getting her nails done by the omegas, who first noticed the drone drop the box and the tone, and she was startled and astonished, since they had been blacklisted by the Silver Pack. Furthermore, they were left behind in technology, and she had never seen a drone before nor did she have any idea what it was.

Leni called out to Evan, who was currently in a meeting with the warriors of his pack, and her panicked voice made him run to her at full speed, along with his warriors, as they believed something had happened to her.

When Evan got to her, he found his mate staring at the window along with the three omegas in the room. "What's wrong?" he asked, moving forward to hold Leni, who pointed to the glistening silver box.

"That thing... it was dropped here by a flying thing," she said, clinging to Evan for protection.

Actually, lately she and Evan had been having some issues, as their pack was falling behind and lacking in resources so much that by the time she got to see her mate, he was crazily drunk and wasted at night where they should be sharing their passion in bed. They had been receiving countless complaints from pack members about their lack of supplies, with some escaping and breaking their bond with Moonwillow to join other more advanced, well-resourced packs.

She hadn't gotten to hold Evan or have him hold her in a very long time, and now, as she was genuinely terrified of what the box contained, she clung to his side. He wrapped his arm around her waist and gave one of the warriors the go-ahead to look at what was in the silver, glistening box.

The warrior stepped forward and cautiously took the small box. He first shook it before untying the red ribbon around it like a gift, and then removed the cover.

"What's in there?" Evan demanded, suffering from a very bad hangover from overdrinking last night and not wanting to deal with any useless mysterious packaging. He was a good drinker and could usually hold up fine, but he had drunk more than his body could take last night and had woken up really annoyed. But having Leni at his side, breathing in her scent as she relied on him for protection, he felt a little better and curious about the box.

The warrior walked back to the Alpha and showed him what was inside, causing Evan's eyes to brighten at the neatly folded card inside the box that had "Silver Pack" written in fancy letters that shimmered with the words special invitation.

Evan didn't waste time, as he had been expecting this for months but had thought he would never receive it. He reached out and took the card, reading it, and the more he read, the happier he became.

"Mother of nature, we are specially invited to the Silver Pack for the new Luna crowning!" Evan exclaimed, looking up at Leni. "It seems Ember has finally been accepted as the Luna."

Since it didn't give out the name but only the pack the chosen Luna was from, the North Pack, Evan naturally assumed it to be Ember. After all, she was the only one who had promised to fix the feud between his pack and the Silver Pack. And getting a special invitation couldn't have been anyone else.

"Oh my," Leni squealed, hugging Evan. Nobody knew it, but it had been a lifelong dream to step into the Silver Pack and see the most advanced and beautiful world everyone talked about. Being the largest and most advanced pack, not everyone was given access to step inside, and not many knew what it looked like except from pictures.

"Didn't I tell you that giving her that bitch was a good idea?" Leni said, referring to Viola, whom Evan had been reluctant to give to Ember for some reason she didn't know. After he had given her away, he had been constantly worrying that Ember might not punish her enough, and that he would have just killed her here himself rather than hand her over to the North Pack princess.

"Now you see how she didn't forget about us and sent us a special invitation. I believe in no time our pack will return to its full glory, and we will have all the good resources from the Silver Pack!" Leni could barely remain on her feet as she jumped up and down in happiness.

Evan was also beaming with joy and relief, for this meant all his troubles would finally come to pass. Actually, not being someone who had put his sweat and blood into studying for the Alpha exam and learning about handling a pack, he was lacking in many ways now and regretted giving that woman to Ember.

He hadn't wanted to admit it to himself, but she always had a way out of any problem and could fix the biggest issue in a blink, like it was nothing. She was the brain behind him becoming Alpha, and

though he had thought he could rule himself without her help, he had been proven wrong these past few months as things piled up for him like bees to flowers, overwhelming him.

Evan gritted his teeth in irritation at the fact that he would still have made use of her mind had she still been among his pack members, working under him. As her Alpha, she wouldn't have dared not to solve his problems, which was why he had been pissed when he thought Ember had abandoned and forgotten her promise after he had given her that selfish, annoyingly, possessive bitch.

But this invitation immensely pleased him because it meant Ember hadn't forgotten, and here was a chance for him to get things right again in his pack. Moonwillow had once been among the bigger packs, but lately it had been dropping so fast he couldn't keep track of how his own people were escaping.

He hoped Ember had not killed that bitch. Because along with a signed peace treaty from the Silver Pack, he was certain he would get what he needed now that Ember would be crowned. Evan would need Viola along. The thought made him feel relieved, and he kissed Leni for the first time in a month, as they had been having some issues lately due to his lack of attention.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 121: The invitation_Part 2[1,092 words]

Chapter 121: The invitation_Part 2

It wasn't Leni's fault, but it was always annoying when he needed something solved and she brought up a stupid, completely unrelated solution, unlike that bitch who would bring up a brilliant idea as if her brain were a machine that thought of ideas every second of the day. He had never seen a woman as smart as her, and that only made Evan dislike her, for she made him feel like his own brain was a mush of shit and gave him insecurities.

Leni was beautiful, a delicate flower one would want to protect and shield, and though she lacked the brilliance to help him run this pack, she had everything that made him feel strong enough to rule. She gave him the security that bitch didn't, and more than ever, his Leni wasn't evil with a twisted, dark heart. She was filled with love for him, a genuine kind, but despite that, he knew he still needed the brain behind what had brought him to this position.

That was why he would need this opportunity to take that woman back from Ember one way or another. Since Ember would soon become the Supreme Luna, she wouldn't be needing that ugly, disfigured woman anymore. All he had to do was give Viola some food and water and proper sleeping arrangements like the other omegas here, and if she refused, he could threaten her with the fact that he could throw her back to the hollow quarters.

That thought made Evan laugh, and he pulled back from the kiss to cup Leni's beautiful cheeks as he said, "You were right, giving Ember that bitch was a good idea. I want you to dress beautifully for that ceremony because I want us to make a good impression on the Supreme Alpha so he gives Moonwillow back everything it deserves."

"When are we going?" Leni asked, happy and eager to travel, also glad that whatever issues she had been having with Evan seemed to have naturally resolved themselves with this wonderful invitation they had received.

"It says that we will get picked up by the Alpha's jet in three days from now. We are going with the Lindens as it says they are also invited."

Leni beamed even more at the thought that the Alpha's jet would personally come for them. How lucky she was to have been smart enough to give Ember a grand welcome when she came months ago! Leni couldn't help but think this was an opportunity to spend some vacation in the Silver Pack, enjoy the luxury, and relish her victory of stealing Evan away from that bitch. If she hadn't, she would never have gotten the chance to ever set foot into her dream pack.

"Send the news to Beta Eliot about the invitation so they can also prepare for the travel," Evan said to one of his warriors.

"Yes, Alpha!"

Just as Evan was happy about the invitation, the Lindens who received the news were also over the moon with happiness. Beta Eliot even sat with his elder daughter, as he no longer considered that abomination he had adopted as one of his own anymore and had removed her from the title of his eldest, giving it to his blood and flesh daughter, Nancy, because that was how it ought to be.

Had he been patient with his wife a little longer, they wouldn't have even needed to adopt that girl, on whom they had placed such high hopes, believing she would bring them nothing but greatness and repay them for changing her life. But in the end, what had she brought them? Disgrace and humiliation. Rather than holding tight to the Alpha heir, she had lost him and dashed all their hopes in her. She was nothing but useless.

"Nancy, you know now that Moonwillow is declining, it will be good for you to take advantage of this trip we will soon have to secure a mate in the Silver Pack and also make friends with Ember," Beta Eliot said to his daughter, who was seventeen but looked older than her age.

"I know, Daddy. You shouldn't worry. Ember and I spoke during that moon festival, and she promised me a position among her circle," she assured him, beaming, unable to put into words how happy she had become these past few years without Viola in their life, who she constantly had to compete with for her own parents' attention.

Nancy found it completely unfair that her father had once favored an adopted daughter over his real daughter, but she had soon realized the reason he had favored Viola was because he expected her to become so much and to repay their kindness for adopting her from the slums. But she had disappointed them the day she turned out wolfless, and Evan had discarded her.

Now that Nancy was old enough to find her own mate, she knew she would also have to do better, to find someone better to make her father even prouder. Now that this opportunity had arisen for them to go to the Silver Pack, Nancy planned to latch onto Ember. She'd heard the Supreme Alpha had other cousins, and she could catch one of their interests, who knows?

That thought made her so excited that she grinned, but the grin soon faded when she thought of something and asked her happy father, "Do you think we will meet her there?"

Beta Eliot knew who she was referring to without her having to say a name. "Even if we meet Viola there, which I doubt because Ember wouldn't bring someone like that to such a prestigious place, Viola is no longer a part of our family. She is nothing but an outsider, and you are to treat her like a stranger and someone beneath you."

"Yes, I also agree," Nancy's mother echoed her husband. "She has disappointed us enough. We don't need any more embarrassment from her. If you and your brother come across her, you don't know her, don't let anyone associate dirt like that with our clean family name."

Nancy took their words like law and nodded. "You don't need to tell me. I know to avoid disappointments like Viola." She was already old enough to know what type of people she should have around her. Her former sister wasn't that kind; she would likely stick with her cousin, Leni, or Ember, those were her ideal people. Nancy thought this, excited.

"I can't wait for the day!"

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 122: Stunned speechless[1,419 words]

Chapter 122: Stunned speechless

~Silver Pack~

Light drizzling rain was falling that morning, and a pink, luxurious car stopped before the high-tower skyscraper. The car belonged to none other than Zoe, who had stayed at her own fashion house to finish Viola's design and make it the best it could possibly be. She hadn't slept a wink, and it clearly showed on her beautiful, delicate face.

She put on shades to hide the dark circles around her eyes and stepped out of her car, taking the umbrella from the warrior her brother had assigned to her for protection since she was a little girl whenever she wasn't inside this building.

Sebastian was so protective that he never allowed her to leave the pack building to live alone without bodyguards, who were top warriors with honed senses capable of detecting danger from

miles away. Their wolf forms were so terrifying that even she felt intimidated by them. She had once been against having these large, imposing warriors around her every single day, but over time Zoe had grown used to their presence, so much so that she now felt strangely unsafe without them nearby.

She muttered a thank you to the bulky warrior as he took the suitcase out of her trunk, which contained the sample wedding dress she wanted Viola to try on.

She took hold of the suitcase handle and made her way toward the building entrance, humming happily to herself as she couldn't wait for Viola to try on the dress. Though it wasn't completely finished, she needed a fitting sample to avoid any wrong measurements later.

The cold breeze of the spring morning blew at her hair and sprinkled rainwater onto her face, but Zoe only brushed her hair away, smiling as she waved at the working omegas who were all familiar with her and knew her as the most friendly person in the pack.

Many still found it hard to believe she and the Alpha were siblings from how different they were, and if it wasn't for their slight resemblance, people would have already begun spreading rumors that they didn't come from the same parents.

Zoe waved off an omega who rushed forward to relieve her of the umbrella and suitcase and stepped into the elevator instead. She looked down at her phone screen to see if Viola had called her back, but there was no missed call, and that brought a slight frown to her beautiful face.

Since that morning, she had been calling Viola to tell her the time she would come over, but the phone had rung repeatedly without being picked up. This was so very unlike her Vee, and Zoe bit down on her nails, wondering why she hadn't answered or called her back. She couldn't still be asleep by this time of the morning, because that was definitely unlike Vee, who woke up even before the sky brightened.

When the elevator reached Viola's floor, Zoe dragged the suitcase across the smooth, polished floor. When she reached the door, she placed the umbrella aside and typed in the passcode, already bending to pick up her umbrella again as she expected the door to open, but she was met with a red light and the signal that indicated she had typed in the wrong password.

Zoe's brows arched, and she pursed her lips before retyping the password, but it gave off the same result, wrong.

"What the... did Vee change her password?" she muttered to herself, blinking at the screen that was now signaling that if she typed the wrong password a third time, it would trigger an alarm and summon the building guards.

All the doors in this building were designed to keep any werewolf staying there safe; there was no way for an intruder to enter easily, and the last thing Zoe wanted was to accidentally set off an alarm on Viola's floor.

She thought to call Viola again, but just like that morning, it rang repeatedly with no answer. It was way past 11 a.m., and Viola could definitely not be sleeping at this time of day. It had never happened before, because every time Zoe came here in the morning, no matter how early, Vee was awake and had already taken her morning shower.

She suddenly felt worry crawl into her chest and knocked on the door, but even that didn't seem to work. Zoe hated situations like this because they only reminded her of how easily someone she cared about could be killed, and she would never be able to reach them or have the power to prevent it.

Those dark days she had gone through when she lost her brother, she could never forget them. After she had been told over the phone by Sebastian that Alex was in a peaceful place, death, she had run to his place and knocked on the door repeatedly, but Alex never came to open it for her.

Zoe's heart tightened painfully, and she quickly began to contemplate raising the alarm, but then something flashed inside her mind and her gray eyes brightened. When Viola had set her first password, Zoe had been there, and Vee had made her scan her fingerprint along with hers in case she ever forgot the password, which Zoe had thought was impossible because it was bluntly simple.

Zoe quickly tapped the fingerprint option on the screen, and her five fingers were soon scanned. Though it only took seconds to complete, it felt as though it was taking forever. When the door finally clicked open, she grabbed her suitcase, forgetting the umbrella entirely, and hurried inside.

When Zoe stepped into the penthouse, she was stunned to find the kitchen counter filled with parcels of food taken out from the fridge but left completely untouched. She frowned when she saw the microwave left open, with one of the food parcels sitting inside it as if it had been forgotten mid-use. Not to mention the curtains around the glass walls were all still drawn and not yet opened.

She walked into the living room and found Vee's phone lying on the couch, and it dawned on her why she hadn't picked up any calls. This was the first time she had ever come here to find Viola's kitchen slightly messy, and it made her worry even more because that was another unusual habit of her friend.

She looked up toward the glass stair railing and noticed that the bedroom door upstairs was closed. Was she still sleeping? Or had she...

Zoe didn't even want to think about the second possibility, so she quickly took off her heels and hurried up the stairs to check the bedroom, already prepared to sound the alarm for a missing person if needed.

Zoe had imagined all kinds of scenarios in her head as she ran up. She had even gone as far as imagining that she would walk into that bedroom and find a blood-stained bed and her friend's lifeless body, or worse, an empty bed with her completely missing. But nothing in this world prepared her for what she found when she arrived at the door. She froze, her gray eyes widening in astonishment.

Zoe couldn't believe her eyes. She blinked a few times in hopes that the image would change, but everything remained exactly the same. Vee was on her bed, but that wasn't what stunned her. It

was the fact that she wasn't alone. She was entangled in the arms of someone else, because Zoe could clearly see the outline of two figures on the bed.

The bedroom was dark, so dim that if she didn't have sharp werewolf eyes, she wouldn't have been able to see anything at all. The thick curtains were fully drawn across the windows, making the room feel as though it were still the middle of the night.

Zoe let her eyes adjust further to the darkness before she tiptoed into the room. As she came closer to the bed, her jaw fell slack in disbelief when her gaze landed on the tattooed arm of none other than her brother, wrapped protectively around Vee's waist above the blanket.

The blanket covered half of his body but all of her friend's body, with only her head peeking out from beneath it. Even her head was resting on her brother's other arm, which was curved around her protectively, his fingers flattened gently over the back of her head, keeping her face tucked securely into his chest.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 123: Don't wake her for me[1,424 words]

Chapter 123: Don't wake her for me

The position was so intimate that it left Zoe gaping down at them, even though she knew she shouldn't be looking or invading their privacy. But who could blame her? She knew every side of her brother, yet she had never thought he was capable of holding someone this gently while sleeping, as she had never witnessed such tenderness from him before.

And the most surprising thing was the fact that her brother, whom she had never seen asleep, was actually sleeping. When was the last time she had found him like this? Had she ever seen him sleep at all? Did he even sleep in his life? He was like a ghost who worked himself into looking the part of one, as though rest was something meant for the living, not for him.

Right next to the bed, scattered across the floor, were male clothes. There was a coat tossed to one side, a shirt lying crumpled nearby, and then his shoes placed carelessly apart, and it made her gasp at what this clearly indicated. Did they... have sex?!

Zoe was aware that there was absolutely nothing wrong with them having sex, as they would be getting married anyway, but what surprised her was her hypocritical brother. He didn't trust her enough to admit that Vee was his mate or that he liked her, yet here he was, lying on her bed and holding her so intimately as if she were something precious to him.

Zoe glared down at him, fighting the urge not to pinch him awake. But something else drew her attention. Wait. From what she knew, Vee would never have allowed her brother to have sex with her because she didn't like him at all. Could it be that her brother had forced—

Zoe's mind didn't even finish forming that thought when she was suddenly met with the murderous, intensely dark eyes of her brother looking straight up at her. The sight made a shiver run down her spine and caused her to fight the urge to flee the room.

He looked like the devil who had crawled out of the pit of hell to burn her with his stare, and Zoe pursed her lips before asking, "W-why are you glaring at me like that?"

"Why the hell are you creeping on people while they are sleeping?" he rasped, his voice thick and low as he carefully kept it quiet so as not to wake the little rabbit sleeping peacefully in his arms. He had been asleep until he slowly came awake, sensing a presence hovering near him. He would have attacked instantly if he hadn't immediately recognized that the person was his sister.

Zoe crossed her arms over her chest and scoffed. "I didn't creep on you. You're the one creeping into someone's bed. Does Vee even know you're in her bed, holding her so intimately? Are you there with her consent?"

Sebastian's eyes narrowed darkly at his sister as he realized what she was assuming. Did she truly think he had gotten into the bed without his adorable rabbit asking him to?

"It's none of your business. Go away and don't wake her for me," Sebastian muttered, shooing his sister away as he attempted to turn and bury his nose back into Viola's sweet, scented hair so he could continue sleeping. He hadn't slept enough. But before he could settle again, Zoe raised her voice.

"You are so shameless, hermano. You—" she swallowed the rest of her words when he turned another dark glare at her. Then he looked down at the sleeping woman against him, whose brows had drawn together as if she were about to stir awake from their noise.

Sebastian quickly reached out and began to pat her back gently, rubbing it up and down in slow, soothing motions until her frown loosened and she relaxed back into his arms. The arm she had draped around his waist tightened reflexively for a moment before settling again. He smiled softly when he noticed she was drooling slightly over the arm she was using as a pillow, her lips faintly pouted in sleep.

Zoe watched him handle Viola with care, a soft expression resting on his face. But the moment he turned back to her, that softness vanished and was replaced by displeasure and a clear warning.

"Keep your voice down. What do you want?" he asked, not liking that his brat of a sister had disturbed his sleep and was now in the process of disturbing Viola's as well. Why was she even here at this time of day, interrupting them?

Zoe glared at him, thinking him the biggest hypocrite of all time. She knew he would never admit to her that Viola was his mate, but she already had her suspicions. Still, she had never seen him

treat any of his previous mates like this. She was aware that confronting him and demanding the truth would accomplish nothing except heighten her own worries.

She would feel more assured believing Viola wasn't his mate, because that would mean her life wouldn't be in danger due to the people who wanted Sebastian dead. But then she would also worry if Viola wasn't his mate and he was still treating her like this, because if another mate ever appeared in the picture, Viola might be discarded and terribly hurt.

She didn't want Vee to suffer anymore, and she certainly didn't want her brother to be the cause of that pain.

Zoe pursed her lips. "I'm here to bring the dress sample. You know it's past eleven, and you're still keeping Vee in bed. I do believe it's time to wake up, hermano."

Sebastian looked down at his wristwatch and was surprised at the time. He had been completely unaware that it was this late in the morning because the curtains were fully drawn, and quite honestly, he didn't feel like getting out of bed anytime soon. He wanted to sleep more, breathing in her delicious daisy scent mixed with his own that now lingered on her skin.

Sebastian looked up at his sister and saw her glaring at him again. Why was she acting as if he had stolen her mate from her? The spoiled brat.

"What?" he asked.

Zoe shrugged. "I am waiting for you to get up so I can have Vee's time to myself to try on the dress."

Sebastian muttered a curse and was about to tell her to scram, but then he suddenly recalled something important. "Can you do me a favor?" he asked, not even waiting for her to reply before continuing, "I want you to reach out to your doctor for me. I need a bottle of your supplement and the other medications given to you when your wolf was crippled."

Zoe blinked in confusion. Her supplement? Was something wrong with her brother's wolf? she wondered, her eyes becoming worried. "You—"

"It's not for me. It's for her," he said, lowering his gaze to Viola's peaceful sleeping face. Now that he was aware she had been adopted and wasn't related to the Lindens by blood, it might be that her wolf was simply dormant and needed something to force it to awaken, like the supplements sometimes given to wolves who were weaker or slower to shift.

And if that didn't work, then it would mean she needed her twin. He still couldn't believe she had a twin. That information changed many things and made a lot of things make sense, especially because there was something in his prophecy he had never taken into consideration, a line that spoke about the right one being born into the world in a pair, just as he himself had been born as part of a pair.

Even so, he didn't want to get his hopes up yet. Not until her wolf awakened and her full potential revealed itself. For now, he only wanted to try Zoe's supplement and see if it might help her, before allowing himself to believe in something that was impossible.

Zoe's eyes brightened with realization. "I thought of that too, and I'm glad you reminded me. I will talk to my doctor right away!" she said excitedly, already turning and dashing out of the room.

But her loud voice was enough to immediately make Viola stir awake in Sebastian's arms, and he muttered another curse under his breath at his silly sister, who clearly did not know how to stay quiet when it mattered most.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 124: Why did you sleep here?[1,707 words]

Chapter 124: Why did you sleep here?

The moment Zoe stepped out of the room, Viola's eyes shot open and she immediately jerked away from his embrace, leaving him feeling empty and his heart twisting as she rushed away from the bed. At the same time, she instinctively reached for her glasses and slid them on.

Viola had been disturbed from her sleep by the sound of voices, only to wake up feeling someone's arm and leg tangled around her. That alone was enough to alarm her and cause her to jerk away instinctively, as it was utterly unusual for her to wake up trapped in someone's embrace like that.

The first thing she thought about was grabbing a weapon. She reached for a flower vase on the bedside table and raised it to strike whoever it was, but then her eyes adjusted to the dimness and she noticed the Alpha sitting on her bed, shirtless, his bronze, tattooed chest exposed and his lower body covered with her blanket. He was looking at her with blank, mildly surprised eyes.

His silver hair was disheveled, with messy strands falling over his forehead and around his ears, and his eyes looked hooded, like someone who had just woken up from sleep. But that wasn't what concerned Viola the most. It was the fact that he was on her bed, and it definitely looked like he had been there overnight.

Alarm bells rang instantly in her head at the sight of him half-naked on the same bed she had slept on, the same one where his warm body had been holding and embracing her a moment ago.

"W-what are you doing here?" she asked, faintly recalling that she had spoken to him on the phone last night and that he had come to her place. However, after that, Viola had no clear memory of what had happened. Did she invite him into her bed in her drunken state?

"I just woke up," Sebastian said matter-of-factly, as if it were absolutely normal for him to wake up in bed with her.

Putting down the vase, she frowned at him. "On my bed? How are you waking up on my bed? Since when did we start waking up in the same bed?" she asked, grabbing her temple, which was aching

from the hangover of last night's drink. What devil had possessed her to drink that much to the point that her memories were foggy now?

Sebastian noticed her clutching her temple with a grimace on her face and realized she must be hungover, and that the way she had hurried away from the bed must have worsened the pain. Silly rabbit. Didn't she know that the wine she drunk last night was definitely going to give her terrible headache this morning?

Sebastian let out a sigh as he crawled out from beneath the blanket and moved to the edge of the bed. Then he stretched out his hand, wrapped his fingers around her wrist, and gently pulled her back toward the bed.

Viola instinctively tried to jerk her hand away, wanting to tell him to leave her alone, but the words suddenly felt too heavy in her throat. She recalled how his presence had immensely calmed her last night, how that haunting loneliness had become bearable because of him simply being there.

The feeling she had last night had been the kind that could push her toward self-harm without a second thought. It had been the kind of suffocating pain that made her want to end everything rather than carry that weight any longer. But the moment he came, everything had felt lighter, steadier, and more bearable.

Now that he had grabbed her wrist and gently pulled her back onto the bed, Viola didn't resist. She didn't even have the strength to fight him, her head pounding as if a drum band were playing inside her skull.

She went to him willingly, allowing him to guide her to lie back down. He pulled the blanket over them again and fitted his arm around her waist, drawing her back into his embrace, where she felt unexpectedly secure and safe, and that feeling of security in his arms was terrifying.

Viola was confused by the feeling. If I hate him so much, how come I like it when he is around? she wondered, staring up at his handsome face hovering above her.

He was laying on his side facing her, his elbow propped against the pillow, and reached out with his other hand to gently massage her temple. Viola continued to stare at him in confusion, wondering if she was losing her mind for feeling this way.

"Tell me if I'm pressing too hard," he whispered, his voice deep and husky from sleep, sending a subtle thread of warmth curling into her stomach. She had never heard his voice like that before in the quiet of the morning. But then she had never woken up on the same bed with him.

Were they making it a habit to sleep in each others room? She'd slept in his room in his main quarter yesterday and now he in hers...

She couldn't say anything at first and could only blink up at him as he gently and meticulously massaged her head, rubbing his three fingers in slow circular motions around her throbbing temple. His touch was surprisingly soothing, easing the ache little by little.

He continued for a while, until she realized the soothing sensation was lulling her back to sleep. Snapping out of the hypnotizing feeling, she reached up and wrapped her hand around his fingers, gently pulling them away from her temple.

"Do you feel better?" he asked, twisting his fingers free from her hold only to swiftly engulf her hand in his much larger one, holding it firmly yet gently.

Viola nodded, still frowning at how touchy he was and how he had imprisoned her fingers within his. The worst part was that she didn't dislike him holding her hand, and that realization frightened her even more. She was supposed to dislike all of this, him on her bed, lying so close, holding her hand in his.

Why was her heart softening?

Viola was painfully familiar with the feeling of her heart softening like this because she had experienced it before, and it had done nothing but break her in the end. It had ruined her. She was too damaged to dare let herself fall for another man, especially one she knew was surrounded by women and bound to hurt her as well in the end.

Evan had not had many mates, but he had still hurt her and abandoned her for someone who wasn't his fated mate. What about this one?

But then there was no harm in enjoying just this moment where he was being nice and warm toward her; there was no need to push him away now when she so desperately needed someone to anchor her to reality and not to pain.

"Why did you sleep here?" she finally parted her lips to speak the first thing that came to her mind, as his intense eyes were unnerving her so much that she was beginning to feel self-conscious beneath his gaze.

"Because it's comfortable sleeping here, and because you wanted me to," he told her, bringing up their interlocked hands and pressing a slow kiss to the back of hers. The simple gesture caused her to instinctively yank her hand back, wanting to remove it from his hold, but he kept a firm grip on it, his fingers refusing to loosen.

"I would never have asked you to sleep here," she grumbled in protest, her brows drawing together when he didn't release her hand and instead moved even closer to her on the bed. His legs grazed hers under the sheet, the subtle contact making her throat go dry and her pulse stumble.

"I knew you would say that, so next time it happens again, honey, I will record your voice pleading with me so adorably to sleep with you," he teased, laying his head on her pillow and whispering the words directly into her ear, his tone low and amused.

Viola felt her toes curl and her insides clench, and rather than give in to that strange and overwhelming sensation, she turned her head to glare at him and argue. "There will not be a next time, Alpha Kade."

Sebastian's expression darkened immediately, his lips falling into a thin, displeased line. For a moment, Viola feared she had angered him with something she said, and now he would say

something in return to annoy or push her away. But when he spoke, his voice didn't carry any hint of rage.

"Who is Alpha Kade? I have no idea who that person is, and unless you want me to tickle or kiss you, don't ever say that name in my presence," he said, looking deeply into her blue eyes behind her framed glasses.

Then his gaze trailed slowly downward, from her small button nose to her pale pink lips, and he felt a compelling, almost startlingly strong urge to know what kissing her would feel like.

He wasn't a kisser. In fact, he barely kissed any woman when he took them to bed; it had always been strictly about pleasure and sexual release. But for the first time, he wanted to know what someone's lips tasted like, her lips, her beautiful, plump, petal-like lips. Lips he imagined were as delicious as her scent, and would be as addictive as she was. Sparks traveled into his body at the imagination.

"Address me by my name, or I will kiss you," he whispered into her ear, his lips brushing dangerously and seductively against her earlobe as he spoke.

Viola shrank her ear against her shoulder at the ticklish sensation, and the warmth of his breath did something unsettling to her. She didn't feel it in her ear alone; the sensation traveled all the way to her core, making her want to flee from this devilish temptation.

Yet his arm wrapped more securely around her waist, bringing her closer to him, his warm body seeping into hers through the thin fabric between them.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 125: Forgiveness[1,452 words]

Chapter 125: Forgiveness

"It's inappropriate and too informal to address you by your name, Al—" she quickly stopped herself when his head moved forward and his lips hovered barely an inch away from hers, causing her to freeze in place, her breath hitching. Did he really mean to kiss her if she called him Alpha Kade?!

"Go ahead, complete it so I can kiss you," he teased, his lips just a breath away from hers. He could have forced a kiss from her, but Sebastian had already made a mental note to take things slow with her from now on.

She had gone through deep trauma in her life that he needed to help her heal from, and force was not the way to do it. And though he was aching to taste her lips, to kiss her, to touch her, and to feel her hands on him, Sebastian knew it would take time. As impatient as he was, he needed to learn patience with this one.

However, if she called him Alpha Kade again, it would signal that she wanted him to kiss her, and secretly, he wished she would. But he had forgotten he was dealing with a stubborn little rabbit. She clasped her lips together and kept them pressed inward while she stared at him without saying a word.

She wouldn't call him Alpha Kade, nor would she address him by his name. That hurt something inside him, and he slowly leaned back a little before saying in a lower voice, "There is nothing inappropriate about calling me by my name. We will soon be getting married. So please, Viola, use my name. You have earned the right to call me by it. Will you do that?"

He looked at her almost pleadingly, and the rare softness in his eyes made her heart tighten in a way that frightened her far more than his teasing ever could. Viola frowned.

Sebastian saw the deep frown and thought she was displeased with him for trying to make her address him by his name. Couldn't she see he was trying? What more could he do to make her stop seeing him as the bad guy? He had never put so much effort into anyone before, and he was willing to do even more if it meant she would at least begin to trust him.

Her rejection, her refusal to truly address him by his name, pained his soul and his heart. What else did she want him to do for her to forgive him?

'You have done everything but one thing,' Muffin suddenly said, and Sebastian asked, 'What is that?'

Muffin sighed dramatically, as if tired of his human. 'You haven't apologized to her for everything you said and did! Don't you know that apologizing and taking accountability for even one wrongdoing can make a massive difference to the other person? Give it a try and see.'

Apologizing. Sebastian had never apologized or admitted he was wrong, not even when he had truly been in the wrong. Being the supreme Alpha since the age of ten had taught him that he didn't need to apologize to anyone, whether he was right or wrong. It had become ingrained in him and given him a sense of authority, a sense of importance. When had he ever apologized before?

Never. He had never done it.

But now, he realized he would do it, not because he believed it was the only way to make her forgive him, but because he believed, deep in his heart, that she at least deserved an apology. And if he gave it and she still didn't forgive him, Sebastian didn't know what else he would do.

He looked into her eyes, where she was still staring at him with that frown on her face, and unable to help himself, he reached out and gently traced the deep frown with his finger.

"I know you and I didn't start off in a good place, Viola," Sebastian said, looking into her blank eyes that were staring up at him. Her walls were too high, and he doubted he could ever break them, or bring them down, but it seemed he needed to at least try.

"I abandoned you when you needed me the most, when I should have been the one standing by you and protecting you. I was wrong to try to send you away without trying to help you. I... am sorry for everything I did to hurt you. At least let's step into this marriage as friends. As your friend... will you please stop addressing me so formally?" he asked, looking down at her with a pleading, earnest expression, his silver eyes not hiding the desperation to put their differences aside.

Viola stared up at his face, stunned. She never thought the Alpha was capable of apologizing, much less appearing genuinely sincere about it. Friends, he had said. She also didn't want to step into their marriage hating him, and he hadn't asked for anything beyond friendship.

Viola was okay with friendship. At least that way, she didn't risk falling for him. Friendship was a perfect zone; had he asked for anything else, she would have pulled away immediately because she was afraid of hurting more.

It's just friendship, nothing else, Viola told herself. Then, looking into his earnest silver eyes that were staring at her and softening something inside her, she gave him a small nod of her head.

"You have forgiven me?" He asked eager.

Viola gave him another nod.

"Really? Then can you say my name?"

Why did it seem like he wanted her to say his name so badly? She thought.

"Sebastian..." she whispered his name, and her brows arched quickly as a big smile broke out across his face, his eyes brightening. Before she knew it, she was scooped into his embrace and nestled into his arms, her body laying against his chest and her head getting into the crook of his neck.

"Hey!" Viola exclaimed in surprise, but Sebastian held her tightly, pressing his lips against her cheek as he whispered, "Thank you, love."

Viola's heart skipped a beat. She pressed her hands against his chest, pushing herself slightly upward to glare down at him. The way he always used endearments made her heart race uncontrollably. Nobody had ever addressed her with affection, not even Evan, so she didn't know that it could feel this nerve-wracking and intoxicating.

"Why do you like to use endearments? Isn't that inappropriate between friends?"

Sebastian gave her a mischievous, heart-stopping smile that tugged at her heartstrings. "It doesn't matter. I use endearments on everybody, even my beta and my sister. It's nothing. Don't mind it; I have a ton of it in my book. And just so you know, I didn't mind you drooling on me when you slept, so don't mind me using endearments."

Viola was trying to digest the fact that he had just said he used endearments on his beta when she caught the last part of his words. Narrowing her eyes at him, she said, "I do not drool in my sleep! That's a lie!"

Sebastian scoffed, still holding her close and clearly enjoying the moment, as he replied, "There's the evidence on my shoulder, darling."

"That's not true!" Viola denied it, even after seeing the small evidence. She couldn't believe she had drooled on him in her sleep!

Zoe, who had finished making the call for the supplements a while ago, peeked through the door gap at the couple on the bed and couldn't help staring in disbelief. Suddenly, she heard her brother let out a hearty laugh at something Vee had said, and in no time, Viola was laughing along with him.

After Sebastian had been crowned Alpha, Zoe had never truly seen him laugh like this. Not even with any of his wives. She had seen him smile warmly with Natalia back then, but not this kind of laughter. Even the smile he used to give his first Luna had disappeared after her death, leaving him aloof and closed-off.

To be honest, Zoe had even forgotten what his laughter sounded like until now. She found herself smiling as she watched, not only was he laughing, but Viola, who carried so much pain that it was visible in her eyes, was laughing too.

Zoe had been worried that Viola might get hurt, but what if these two could be the ones to heal each other and find peace? What if Viola was finally the only one capable of softening her brother's heartless ways...?

Perhaps this marriage wasn't a bad idea at all. Perhaps it was the path to healing for them both.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 126: Bad habit[1,435 words]

Chapter 126: Bad habit

Viola didn't know how to escape Sebastian, who refused to let her go. He kept her lying on top of him, one arm wrapped firmly around her waist while his other hand held her wrist securely. It was still unbelievable that just one call from last night had been enough to mend the broken bridge between them and push them into what he called a friendship zone.

But what she didn't know yet was how many boundaries were allowed in this so-called friendship, for she didn't think it was appropriate for him to hold her on top of him on the bed like this. Did friends cuddle? She had never actually cuddled with anyone in such an intimate position where she could feel the hard plane of his body pressed against her front.

His skin was impossibly and addictively warm, and she liked it, as she was the type to easily get cold even in mildly warm temperatures. However, she couldn't dare relax her muscles completely

and enjoy it, because at the back of her mind she was aware of how inappropriate this was. Should she tell him to let go now?

Nonetheless, the fact that she wasn't entirely uncomfortable, since the blanket was between them, didn't make her fight to stand up. Instead, she rested her head against his solid chest, where his heart was beating steadily, until she heard the deep vibration of his voice in her ear as he said,

"Doesn't it hurt you to peel the skin around your nails?" he asked, looking at the raw red skin around her nails as if she had recently peeled them again. When had she peeled it? It looked fresh. Was it last night when she had been in that state of mind?

Viola lifted her head from his chest, looking at her fair hand in his tanned one and noticing how small it looked in his grip as he studied her chapped, damaged nails, nails she had ruined with her own hands. Embarrassed and ashamed, she curled her fingers inward to hide their ugliness, feeling self-conscious about her habit of unintentionally disfiguring her nails and not allowing them to look as pretty as a normal woman's nails should. She didn't even have polish on them.

She began to yank her hand away from his grip, and when he let it go, she quickly hid it where he wouldn't see her fingernails.

"It's an impulsive habit... I can't control it. I only realize it after the damage is done. I should get up," she muttered quickly, trying to stand as it was already morning and she didn't want their conversation to get too deep and force her to reveal things about herself. She had a bad feeling she must have babbled and rambled to him last night, since she had the habit of speaking from her heart and pouring everything out when drunk. How much had she told him last night?

Hopefully nothing. She couldn't let anyone see the skeleton inside her body, the deep, despicable woman she hid from the world, the selfish woman who would step on her own twin to get a better life. People ran away from women like that. People didn't make friends with villains.

As she began to rise, his arm tightened around her waist, keeping her down, and she turned mildly displeased eyes on him. "Let go," she told him, her lips pursed.

"I don't want to," he replied with a mischievous smile. Was she still trying to run away from him? This little woman. Couldn't she stay on top of him a little longer? It was so satisfying that he could keep her there for the entire day. The delicious spark, the soothing scent, it was heaven.

Having her lying on him was the most comfortable feeling he had ever experienced in his life, and though it was slightly torturous as he could feel himself hardening within his trousers, Sebastian would rather endure the discomfort of an erection than the emptiness of not having her beside him.

"If you don't let go, I am going to pinch your skin," Viola said with a tight smile, bringing her hand to his upper arm in warning.

She didn't want to remain here and have to talk about herself or her habits. Maybe one no longer considered themselves worthy of discussion after going through what she had? Because Viola would rather talk about anything than herself to anyone. If she could, she would trade her own shell for another one entirely. If it were even remotely possible, she would be the first to do it.

That was how much she hated every single thing about herself.

Sebastian, who was looking into her reflective eyes, saw a flash of self-hatred in them that made him frown. He knew better than anyone that she was suffering from internal conflict and unstable, dark feelings about herself. Did she truly hate herself that much? Was it possible for him to ever heal this damaged little woman of his, to make her comfortable enough to open up to him?

There was always this belief that people who were deeply damaged were hard to fix and heal, and that in trying to mend them, you might end up damaging yourself along the way. Fortunately, Sebastian himself was a damaged soul, so there was nothing about him left untouched that she could possibly damage further.

Not liking the look he had glimpsed in her eyes, he smiled and teased, "My skin is made of stone. Pinching me won't have any sort of effect on me. It won't make me release you, darling." He was about to reach up and tuck a piece of hair behind her ear when he suddenly let out a sharp yelp of pain as she pinched and squeezed with all her strength, the sting shooting all the way to his head.

Viola chuckled at his yelp, and when he looked up at her, she gave him a smirk of victory. "No skin is immune to my pinching, Sebastian. Now let go if you don't want to suffer more of that."

Before Sebastian could challenge her to pinch him again, just to see her smile and laugh at his expense, he was interrupted by the sound of the door opening as his sister walked in.

"Hermano, I wanted to give you more time, but it seems you will never allow Vee to leave the bed and try on the sample I brought so I can get on with my own work. It's already past twelve now, and I really need to go back to—" Zoe's words trailed off when Sebastian shot her a dark glare.

How unfair that he was being so sweet to Vee and glaring at her like she had done something wrong! Zoe thought.

Yes, yes, mates came first, but she was also his sister. He should give her those sweet smiles too. She rolled her eyes at his dark glare, which barely fazed her as he didn't apply his Alpha aura to it.

Honestly, Zoe had given him more than enough time and had gone to sit in the living room in hopes that he would let Vee leave the bedroom, but it was starting to look like he planned to stay in bed with her all day long without giving her the chance to do the work that had brought her here, nor giving her the opportunity to bond with her friend.

She liked them together, but she also needed to harden her heart enough to steal some moments with her friend and not let him have her entirely to himself. Not to mention with the ceremony so close, Viola's perfect dress needs to be ready.

'I thought you left already,' Sebastian said through their sibling mind link, and Zoe rolled her eyes.

'How can I leave when I haven't completed what brought me here? By the way, the supplements will be delivered tomorrow.'

'Good. Now go back to your fashion house,' he dismissed her. But Viola, whom he had been trying to keep in bed, had already scrambled away from him at the sound of Zoe's voice and went to stand beside the bed.

"Oh, when did you get here, Zoe?" Viola asked, feeling awkward and utterly embarrassed that she had been caught in bed in that position with the Alpha, especially when she had always made it known to Zoe that she didn't like him, and she was only fighting to marry him because she needed the Luna position to secure her future.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 127: Breakfast together[1,666 words]

Chapter 127: Breakfast together

Zoe was parting her lips to complain that she had been here for over an hour, but Sebastian gave her a warning look from behind Viola. She pressed her lips together in annoyance at his threatening eyes and the Alpha energy that filled the room and practically choked her, yet in the end, she was completely defenseless against him.

Not wanting to put Vee in an awkward predicament by revealing that she had been in the house for quite some time and had overheard their conversation and playful banter from downstairs, she chose to change her words instead.

"I just arrived. Remember I told you yesterday that I would bring the sample? Not only the sample, I also brought you those specialties I promised!"

Viola let out a sigh of relief, knowing Zoe had only just arrived. At the same time, her heart felt lighter at the thought that Zoe had brought the specialties she had promised her days ago. "Really? Did you bring everything?"

Zoe bobbed her head enthusiastically. "Sure I did. They're in my suitcase along with the dress sample! Let me go bring them out!" She hurried out of the room, eager to escape the Alpha's piercing gaze, because if looks could swallow a person whole, he would have devoured her for interrupting them. She giggled quietly to herself at the thought of how clingy he had been with Vee.

After Zoe left, Viola quickly slipped into the bathroom as well, afraid the Alpha might stop her or trap her on the bed again to continue a conversation about herself.

A few minutes later, Viola stepped out of her closet and found the bedroom empty. The bed was awkwardly made, with the blanket folded neatly instead of being spread loosely the way she usually arranged it. She adjusted the bedspread with a faint smile, having a strong suspicion that

the Alpha, no, Sebastian, had made that poor attempt at fixing her bed, the very bed where they had slept together.

But the smile soon faded at the realization that he had left. The mere thought of his absence suddenly made her heart feel strangely heavy and sad. She quickly shook the feeling off and muttered to herself, "You don't expect him to stay here when he has responsibilities."

However, when Viola finished arranging her room and stepped out into the living room to join Zoe, she was utterly stunned to find Sebastian cooking in her kitchen!

He was wearing an apron she hadn't even realized she owned, and the sweet aroma of food filled the living room.

It was a sight to behold, and she couldn't help but wonder if this would also become a habit. Wasn't he a very busy man, being the supreme Alpha? Should he really be cooking for her? she wondered, biting her lip. But then perhaps it was his normal habit to cook every morning, and this wasn't something he was doing just for her.

Viola had no idea that the Alpha rarely cooked for anyone and that he was doing this solely for her, so he could make sure she ate properly and didn't skip meals, which would eventually cause her to lose weight and grow unhealthy. It was his quiet way of providing for his mate, since it seemed that his food was the only thing she accepted more readily than his gifts.

Viola went to try on the dress sample, and she loved everything about it and how Zoe was progressing the dress, even though it wasn't finished yet. By the time she and Zoe returned to the living room, Sebastian was setting the food on the table.

"Can we eat in the living room so I can unpack Zoe's gifts?" Viola requested politely, not wanting to sound demanding of him when he had gone through the trouble to cook for them.

Sebastian was quick to nod, flashing her a disarming smile as he said, "Anywhere you want, sweetie."

"Thank you," Viola muttered, a faint blush rising to her face.

Zoe watched the exchange in amused disbelief, as she hadn't realized their relationship had progressed this much. When exactly had this happened? She couldn't help the giddy happiness bubbling inside her at the sight of them together.

She could hardly wait to become an aunt to their future adorable pups. The mere thought made her want to jump with excitement, especially since she had already held on tightly to Sebastian's promise that he wouldn't hurt her Vee.

Though she was still terrified of the future and every challenge Viola might have to face, she decided she would try to place her trust in him once again. He had given her his word that Vee would not be hurt, and she chose to believe him. She silently hoped their future would be bright, filled with laughter and many little pups she could proudly spoil as their favorite aunt.

Not to mention, Zoe was secretly looking forward to the day Sebastian would open up to Viola enough to tell her where he went every three months and why he had once broken his promise to not kill his twin. It would be comforting to finally understand the truth. He might not tell her, but perhaps he would tell the mate he loved.

"Hermano, I hope you made my meal as well because I'm eating too. I haven't had breakfast!" Zoe said, batting her lashes and giving her brother her cutest, most exaggerated pleading eyes.

"No. Go eat at your place. This is only for me and Viola," he replied flatly, even though he had actually cooked her portion as well. He was still mildly annoyed that she had interrupted his time alone with his mate.

"Vee, did you hear him? He wants me to starve! Tell him to be nice to me," Zoe complained dramatically, glaring accusingly at her elder brother. Now that she had Viola on her side, she possessed the perfect weapon to make him bend to her will.

Viola reached out and held Zoe's hand gently before turning to Sebastian with a small, placating smile. "The food is more than enough for the three of us. Let her eat with us."

Sebastian didn't waste even a second before giving a firm nod of agreement.

"Wow, you got this for me?" Viola exclaimed in delight as she unpacked Zoe's gifts in the living room where they were eating, her heart swelling with gratitude and warmth.

Viola and Zoe were sitting on the floor while Sebastian sat on the couch, sipping his cold drink and watching the two women praise his cooking while unpacking strange little items from the many boxes his sister had stuffed into her suitcase for his wife-to-be.

It seemed to be a regular habit of Zoe's, buying silly, unnecessary, and sometimes impractical things for the people she cared about. He remembered a particular memory of Zoe buying something similar for Evangeline, his second Luna, once. Evangeline had barely given the gift a second glance after forcing out a polite thank you, only to discard it carelessly on the couch as though it meant nothing.

Sebastian had been slightly pissed off at the time because he had clearly seen how hurt Zoe looked when her thoughtful gift was received with little to no genuine appreciation. From that moment on, Zoe never returned to the High Tower to visit Evangeline again, or even him. She barely called, and most of the time she didn't even pick up his own calls.

For a while, Sebastian had quietly hoped that Zoe would stop the habit of buying unnecessary little things for people, thinking it would spare her from being hurt again. But it seemed she hadn't changed that part of herself. And if Viola made the mistake of rejecting the gifts or failing to appreciate them, Zoe would undoubtedly be wounded once more.

Yet only a few seconds later, Sebastian found himself utterly unprepared for the sight before him. He hadn't expected Viola to look so genuinely happy that she hugged both his sister and the gifts tightly to her chest, as if they were the most precious treasures she had ever received.

Zoe chuckled as Vee hugged her. "Hey, don't get so emotional. I made a promise to get them for you, and I even had them customized specially for you."

"But they're just too beautiful, Zoe. I don't think I can ever use such beautiful parcels and phone cases," Viola muttered, smiling through tears at the set of parcels and phone cases Zoe had given her.

They were customized especially for her, with cute anime characters designed to resemble her, with her glasses and all. Only this version was far more adorable, complete with bunny ears and pastel details, including a small bunny-eared parcel she could use to store leftovers in her refrigerator.

Sebastian eyed the gifts he had initially considered useless when Zoe first unpacked them from her suitcase. He had actually been far more interested in the wedding dress, but as per custom, the groom wasn't supposed to see the bride's dress until the day of the wedding.

He had given Viola a priceless gift worth millions, something no average person could ever afford or even dream of touching. A limited-edition necklace that she had refused to keep. Yet here she was, beaming and getting emotional over a piece of... what he had considered junk his sister had brought?

He blinked, finding it strange that someone would prefer something cheap over something glamorous. What was so special about parcels and phone cases with bunny ears?

Sebastian was well aware that Zoe's room was filled with all sorts of cute, girly things that she sometimes forced onto him, making him accept and keep them just to make her happy. He hadn't known that there were still other grown women who liked such things, as all the women in his life before had preferred expensive jewelry over items like these.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 128: Learning from his sister[1,323 words]

Chapter 128: Learning from his sister

He could never imagine Zoe giving something like this to Laila, for she would have found it insulting. But his little woman was glowing as if she had been handed the entire world. Was she truly that easily impressed by small, thoughtful things?

He felt a faint sting of jealousy that his little sister was receiving so much attention and praise for such a simple gift, while he had been racking his brain to find something that would please Viola. It seemed he hadn't realized there were still this rare species of women left in the world, women who preferred simple, meaningful things over expensive, high-brand jewelry.

Sebastian's eyes glimmered as he realized he could learn from his sister and get Viola something simple and thoughtful instead. She better smile and hug him tightly the way she was hugging Zoe when he stooped that low to buy such things!

He kept watching them, intending to study what made Viola happy as Zoe brought out more packages and Viola eagerly tore them open. His eyes widened slightly when he saw that everything inside was nothing but cute, almost childish items. There were even home wolf-shaped slippers, a matching cap, and a one-piece nightshirt.

Was this what it took to win her over? Cute, unnecessary things in pink and maroon colors?

So the way to her heart was through things like this and not through expensive, high-end jewelry?

'I'll be damned,' he thought in disbelief, watching the two young women having the time of their lives in the living room.

Sebastian had originally been upset and displeased that his sister had interrupted their time together in the bedroom. But seeing that she was able to make Viola smile and come out of her shell more easily than he had, he found himself grateful that Zoe had come.

Yesterday, Viola had been in a heartbreaking, shattered state that had touched a chord deep inside him. It was the reason he had chosen to stay here with her instead of going to his office. Yet now, he was relieved to see that Zoe was lifting her spirits effortlessly, bringing light back into her expression in a way he had been struggling to do.

After they finished opening the gifts and Viola eagerly tried on some of them, like the slippers and the phone cases, they finally returned to their meal, chatting about random, baseless things, while Sebastian found himself completely lost in their conversation as he didn't understand most of it anymore.

"If you can't finish that, I can finish it up for you," Zoe said when Viola couldn't finish her meal. Zoe had already emptied her own plate, as it had been a long time since she last tasted her brother's cooking. He rarely cooked for her anymore unless she was sick, and that had been a very long time ago.

Viola didn't hesitate and pushed her plate in front of Zoe. She watched as Zoe dug in and began to eat again, humming to herself because the food was delicious. Viola smiled and reached out to wipe the side of Zoe's mouth when the juice from the steak escaped the corner of her lips.

To Viola, Zoe was now more like a sister than just a friend, the kind of sister she had once abandoned. A bitter smile tugged at her lips as she watched Zoe enjoy her meal. Yet at the same time, Viola couldn't help but feel slightly at ease, realizing that caring about someone other than herself was beginning to come more naturally to her now.

Zoe opened her mouth to speak but immediately closed it when she saw her older brother giving her a warning glare, likely for taking Viola's unfinished food and devouring it like an uncouth lady when he had raised her to eat with proper manners.

Zoe rolled her eyes at him. He was always trying to correct her the way a mother would because he believed it was his duty and responsibility as her only blood brother and the person who had raised her since babyhood. Yet she couldn't correct his own wrongdoings because he was older. They were only eight years apart in age, but one would think it was twenty!

Zoe refused to live a boring, restrained life because of her brother, and she would eat however she pleased. In defiance, she stuffed her mouth even more.

"With the way you eat, Zoe, it's surprising to see you still stay fit with a model-like body," Viola remarked, still wiping the side of Zoe's lips. Zoe only smiled wider.

"I'm naturally good at losing weight, and this food is just too delicious to waste. Sometimes I think my brother should be a restaurant chef rather than the Alpha he is. Just imagine that."

Viola imagined it and found it completely hilarious, picturing the handsome devil working as a chef in a restaurant, wearing a tall white chef's hat on his head. She chuckled behind her palm but quickly coughed when she felt his eyes on her. In truth, he had been watching her quite intensely, and she began to wonder if she had food stuck on her face, and self-consciously wiped it.

After Zoe finished almost everything, from Viola's leftovers to even some of her brother's, she received a call from her fashion house about the design she had ordered to complete the wedding dress. She gave Viola a tight hug, then gathered her suitcase with the unfinished dress inside it and left in a hurry, as she had so many demands to handle with the ceremony approaching.

"You two have fun!" Zoe called out playfully as she left the penthouse.

When Viola bid Zoe goodbye at the door, she knew it was time to face the devil still sitting comfortably on the couch in her living room. She could still feel his intense gaze boring into the back of her head. Was she overthinking it, or had he truly been staring at her this whole time?

Closing the door with a soft ding, she hesitated to turn around and face him. When would he leave? she wondered, despite the fact that a part of her didn't want him to leave just yet. Still, she knew he couldn't remain here for the entire day without returning to his duties.

The skyscraper had felt so empty lately that she could have sworn she was the only one in the building, aside from the working omegas, especially last night. If he left, she would feel that loneliness consume her all over again. And she was terrified of that feeling.

Should she have just left with Zoe and gone to help her at the fashion house? Even though she knew Zoe had plenty of professional workers, Viola preferred being around people rather than staying here alone and thinking herself into depression.

Until she was officially crowned Luna, she had no particular work to do and no pack responsibilities to handle that could occupy her time. She couldn't keep depending on Sebastian for company or distract him from his work, not that she had actually asked him to stay until now.

"Are you going to keep standing at the door?" his voice came from the living room, breaking her out of her spiraling thoughts.

Viola turned around to face him, crossing her arms over her chest as she resolved to get rid of him before she became so used to his company that, when he no longer gave it to her, she would end up feeling hurt and broken.

"I was thinking I should keep standing here until you realize you're not in your office handling pack matters. Shouldn't you be leaving by now?" She arched a curious brow at him, but then frowned when she noticed how comfortably he was sitting, as if he had absolutely no intention of leaving this place today.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 129: If you can find a picture[1,032 words]

Chapter 129: If you can find a picture

Sebastian was sitting with one bare leg stretched along the long couch and the other foot resting on the floor, his back leaning sideways against the armrest and the back of the couch, one arm draped lazily along it. Shirtless and looking disheveled yet devastatingly handsome, he seemed almost unreal, like a perfect painting brought to life.

Especially now that the house system had untinted the glass walls and drawn back the curtains, allowing sunlight to spill into the room and fall over his honeyed skin, which glimmered smoothly like a beautifully crafted sin.

It almost felt as though he were in the comfort of his own home and she was the outsider intruding on his space.

She didn't think she could ever grow used to his clean-cut handsomeness, no matter how long she looked at him. At this moment, he didn't resemble the unapproachable supreme Alpha with cold, ruthless eyes. He looked nonchalant, relaxed, and completely at ease with himself, and she hated how much effect that had on her.

"Are you forgetting that I have not just one Beta but several who can handle my responsibilities when I'm not in the mood to deal with them? I'm not always required unless it's an important matter," Sebastian replied, nearly laughing at her obvious attempt to drive him away.

As heavy as his responsibilities were compared to most Alphas in the world, Sebastian had strategically assigned Betas to every major duty in order to lessen his workload. There was one in charge of the warriors, overseeing their training and discipline. Another was responsible for ensuring the comfort and welfare of the pack members, making sure everyone fulfilled their roles

so that Silver could continue to prosper. There was also one tasked with recruiting new pack warriors and appointing territory guards to secure their borders.

Matt, however, functioned as the head Beta, the one who remained closest to the Alpha at all times, acting as his right hand and immediate support.

Sebastian alone could never have managed a pack as large as this one while personally overseeing every individual's identity and affairs. Even with capable Betas assisting him, the pack could not function for long without his presence.

Ultimately, his approval was required before any significant decision could be finalized, and his sharp instincts were often needed to determine whether something would benefit or harm the pack.

Still, that didn't mean he had to sit in his office every single day, drowning in paperwork and formal matters. He could afford to take a day off without the entire structure collapsing.

"So when are you going to leave?" Viola asked again.

"Are you sending me away, honey?" he questioned, the corner of his lips twitching in amusement. She just wouldn't stop trying to push him out, would she? Her stubbornness seemed to have no limits.

He stared at her as she stood there in a single oversized T-shirt dress that stopped just below her knees, with a kitten print on the front, her arms crossed like a tigress guarding her territory.

She was a haughty little thing, filled with complexities he still couldn't unravel. Yet he found that he liked her that way. Perhaps it was her differences to the others he had met that drew him to her more and more.

Standing there glaring at him and waiting for him to announce when he would leave, he couldn't help but find her beautiful, even without makeup, her hair frizzy and messy from not having touched a comb that morning. Did she realize how pretty she was? So beautiful that he wouldn't mind keeping a picture of her like this safely on his phone?

As that thought crossed his mind, Sebastian asked casually, "Do you mind if I use you as my office system wallpaper?" No one ever touched his work system, and if he used her image, he would be the only one to see it.

Viola blinked at the unexpected question, slightly thrown off. He could only use her as wallpaper if he had her picture, right? She was no longer photogenic and couldn't even remember the last time she had taken a photo of herself if it wasn't during that competition. As long as it meant he would eventually leave, she shrugged and said,

"If you can find a picture, go ahead."

She said it confidently, certain there was no way he could get one here, unless he went searching for the photo she had taken for her profile picture during the competition. But to her surprise, he pulled out his phone and, in the blink of an eye, snapped a photo of her.

Viola gasped, not expecting him to take her picture so suddenly. Had he just captured her in this unkempt state to use as his screen wallpaper?

Without wasting a second, she rushed toward him and reached for his phone, but she was a moment too late. He swiftly slipped the device into the back pocket of his trousers and then deliberately sat on it.

"How dare you? Delete it right now!"

"I would have deleted it if you hadn't given me permission to use you as my wallpaper, sweetheart. But now I have my wallpaper. It's time for me to return to my office, just like you wanted," Sebastian said with a smile, simultaneously blocking her hand that was slipping beneath him to reach his back pocket and subtly shifting to stand, trying to escape her grasp and leave with his wallpaper.

"You are not going anywhere until you delete that picture," Viola gritted furiously, pushing him back onto the couch before he could move and pressing her hand further under him in a desperate attempt to reach his phone.

"Does that mean I can stay here? Because I'm not deleting it. That's my screen wallpaper," he mused, stopping her hand from reaching his pocket.

Viola ground her teeth in annoyance. "You are such a—"

"A very charming man," he finished for her, his eyes glimmering with amusement as, through her struggling to retrieve his phone, she had ended up in an undeniably intimate position with him on the couch.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 130: Play a game_Part 1[1,093 words]

Chapter 130: Play a game_Part 1

"A very charming man," he finished for her, his eyes glimmering with amusement as, through her struggling to retrieve his phone, she had ended up in an undeniably intimate position with him on the couch.

She was kneeling on the couch, her knees bent on either side of his thighs, leaning stubbornly forward in an attempt to reach his phone. He could feel her hand probing and pressing against him with every stretch toward his back pocket, sending his body into overdrive. Not only that, the way she leaned down caused her oversized shirt to fall open slightly at the front, giving him an unintended glimpse of her breasts. She was wearing a black lounge bra, her curves straining against the thin fabric as she fought him for possession of his phone.

It was a dangerously sexy sight, and his eyes were naturally drawn there. When she pressed even closer in her struggle, her soft breasts brushed against his face, and Sebastian felt his insides curl tight like a live wire, sending heat and sparks racing through him.

He fought the urge to pull her fully against him, to feel her pressed close and his mouth over her chest. Damn it! He was soon snapped out when he heard her reply to his words.

"Charming my foot. You are infuriating. And just so you know, I have seen men far more handsome and charming than the likes of you, Sebastian!" she snorted, bluntly lying despite the fact that every fiber of her being knew he was dangerously attractive. But she would never admit that to him, lest it inflated his already formidable ego.

Instead of feeling offended, Sebastian only laughed and decided to play a little rough with her. He reached out and grabbed the hand she had been trying to slip under him, pulling it out before securing his hold around her waist. With swift ease, he shifted her position until her knees gave way on the couch and she ended up straddling him.

Viola gasped as she suddenly found herself sitting on him, straddling him, her dress riding up along her thighs as her knees bent at either side of his hips.

Her breath caught when his arms circled her waist and pulled her closer, forcing her to brace her palms against his bare chest for support. She felt his hands slide from her waist to settle firmly on her hips, fingers tightening and pressing her downward. Only then did she become belatedly aware of something hard beneath her, making her frown as she initially assumed it was his trouser zipper, yet a zipper could not possibly be that firm...

Viola parted her lips to speak but found herself unable to form words as she was drawn into the depth of his silver gaze. His eyes were mesmerizing, almost hypnotic.

Sebastian studied her face at such close proximity. Their playful fight had left her hair even more disheveled, strands falling all over her face. He couldn't resist lifting one hand from her hip to gently tuck the hair behind her ear, revealing her flushed cheeks and breathless expression more clearly.

Her lips were slightly parted, and because she had stopped struggling, he allowed his hand to trace slowly from her ear down to her lips. She jolted at his touch but did not pull away. His thumb brushed against her lower lip, almost as though he expected it to yield something sweet from how plump and enticing it looked.

Every part of her appeared soft and delicate, except her hands, which told silent stories of all she had endured. Her eyes were breathtaking, the color of the ocean, blue like a clear sky, framed with dark lashes that made them even more striking. Sebastian felt an irresistible urge to find a doctor

who could correct her sight and free her from the glasses that partially hid those clear, mesmerizing eyes, eyes one could easily get lost in, like plunging into the deepest ocean.

"Has anyone ever told you how beautiful you are?" he whispered, his voice low, almost as if caught in a spell, unable to tear his gaze away from her.

Instead of feeling flattered, Viola reacted like a cornered wildcat. She suddenly attempted to rise, pushing at his chest, her face masked with displeasure as though he had said something deeply offensive.

"Let go of me," she demanded, glaring at him when he tightened his hold on her hips.

Sebastian realized his mistake almost instantly. She didn't believe she was beautiful, and hearing it from him like this must have sounded like one of those cheap lines men used to charm women. He'd completely forgotten he wasn't dealing with just anyone but this special woman.

"I have invited Evan and the Lindens, along with Ember, just like you requested," Sebastian said quickly in an attempt to shift the topic and stop her from struggling to get up. As expected, his words made her pause and sit back down, looking at him in surprise.

"Really?" she asked, the anger in her expression fading immediately as she hadn't expected him to send the invitations so soon.

"Hmm. They will be here the day after tomorrow," he replied softly, lifting his hand again to adjust the strands of hair that had fallen loose from behind her ear. He tucked them back once more, unable to help but think that she was as stubborn as her unruly hair.

He had invited the Lindens because he had many questions for them, especially regarding the orphanage they had adopted Viola from. He knew that if he asked her directly now, while she was sober, she would reveal nothing about her adoption or her past. If she had been sober the previous night, she would never have told him what she did.

The best course of action was to gather information from her adoptive parents and then investigate the orphanage himself. He needed to uncover what kind of dark dealings had taken place there, especially since she had said children reportedly died under suspicious circumstances. There was also the possibility that Viola's twin might still be there like she said, and if that was the case, everything would fall into place for him about his plans.

But before jumping to conclusions about the coincidence of her being his mate and also having a twin, he needed to learn the truth about her background. Only then could he determine whether she possessed the remaining pieces he had been searching for all along.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 131: Play a game_Part 2[1,384 words]

Chapter 131: Play a game_Part 2

"Thank you," Viola muttered, not only for granting her this first wish, but also for his presence the night before, even though he had just annoyed her and she still very much wanted to smack his face for taking her picture without any warning. Her hair hadn't even seen a comb yet this morning and her face was completely bare, faint blemishes and all!

Sebastian felt a warmth trickle through his chest at her first genuine thank you directed at him. He had once believed there would never come a day when she would say those words to him, and he certainly hadn't expected them to feel so unexpectedly satisfying.

"Have you thought about your next wish?" he asked, sliding his hand back around her hip and spreading his fingers slightly to hold her there, subtly pressing her closer against the hardness that had only grown with her sitting on him. It was something he couldn't fully control. In truth, this was the longest he had gone without being with a woman, and it was all because his senses refused to crave anyone but her.

Though Sebastian knew he could have sought out another woman and imagined it was Viola, he wasn't the kind of man who would touch someone else when he was about to marry one. He wasn't a cheater in any relationship, and he wasn't about to become one now simply because he was impossibly aroused.

"Just like I said, I'll let you know when I'm ready to give my next wish. Right now, can you please delete that picture?" Viola said with pursed lips, becoming increasingly aware of how intimately she was sitting on him and how firmly he was holding her in place.

"Sure, I'll delete it, but on one condition," Sebastian mused quietly, willing his hand not to wander beneath her oversized shirt to explore more than he already was. He wanted to touch her skin through the shirt, to explore her and feel the mate spark ignite inside him. He wanted to lean forward and lick her skin, to taste it, and savour it like a forbidden fruit.

"What condition?" she asked warily, suspicion flickering in her eyes.

"Play a game with me," Sebastian told her, studying her expression closely. "If I win..." His gaze drifted slowly to her lips, and his voice dropped lower, thick with meaning. "...you will kiss me."

Viola felt something inside her tighten at the thought of kissing him, and a slow heat unfurled in her belly in a way she had never experienced before. Her throat went slightly dry. He wants to play a game with her? What type of game?

"And if I win, you'll delete the picture?" she countered carefully, realizing there was no harm in playing a game to get him to delete that picture he took of her.

Sebastian nodded. "Yes. And I'll give you anything you want as your wedding present, along with your other remaining wishes," he added for more effect.

"Deal!" Viola agreed quickly, as she knew having more ways to ask for a wish from him was not something she should let slide, and there was no way she'd let him win. But then she noticed the way he was grinning far too widely, and she arched a brow at him. "You seem very happy."

"Because you agreed to my part of the deal, and that makes me very glad." He reached out and pinched her cheek playfully, and she swatted his hand away.

"Because?" she pressed suspiciously.

"I always win, honey. I never lose at games."

Viola snorted softly. "And yet you lost to me when you thought I couldn't win the competition. Don't get too excited, buddy. You'll lose again." She smirked confidently, not dwelling too much on the fact that he was clearly pleased at the prospect of getting a kiss from her. Nick had been the same, always finding an excuse to steal a kiss on the cheek. She couldn't help but think that being friends with the male Kades apparently came with them wanting kisses as part of the package.

Sebastian felt a slight sting of bitterness that she remembered him challenging her strength, but the thought of kissing her quickly brightened his mood.

"So what's the game, and what are the rules?" Viola asked, finally getting off his thighs as he released her. She crossed her arms over her chest, pretending indifference as she looked at him.

"It's simple. It's a game I used to play when I was six with Matt. Everyone here played it as a child, and I've heard it's quite famous across the entire werewolf lands. You must know it too," Sebastian said as he stood and went to retrieve a plain sheet of paper and a pen from one of the kitchen cabinets.

Viola suddenly felt nervous at the realization that they were about to play a childhood game. She had never truly been a child who played games. During her time at the orphanage, she had been more concerned with survival than with play. And after her adoption, she had focused on pleasing her parents and staying close to Evan, leaving little room for carefree games like other kids.

So when it came to childhood games, Viola was painfully ignorant and embarrassingly bad at them. Watching Sebastian return with the paper and pen, she felt her palms grow damp with nervousness. Was this the moment she should back out?

Sebastian knelt beside the coffee table and placed the sheet down carefully, then gestured for Viola to join him. She slowly walked forward and knelt on the opposite side of the table, sunlight pouring in through the glass and casting a warm glow over them. She placed her hands against the cold surface of the glass table, watching him spread the sheet.

"The game is called Guess What I Wrote. Do you know it?" Sebastian asked, sounding faintly amused that he was about to play a game from his childhood.

Viola shook her head, feeling oddly embarrassed. "No... I don't."

"That's fine. I'll teach you the rules. It's not hard," he assured her gently, noticing the slight drop in her confidence. "I'll cup my hand around the pen and write something on the sheet. By watching the movement of the pen, you have to guess what I wrote. Whoever guesses correctly wins. Do you understand?"

Viola let out a quiet sigh of relief when she realized it wasn't overly complicated. She nodded and focused on his hand as he shielded the pen and began writing down on the spread sheet.

For the next fifteen minutes, they played. Very quickly, Viola realized how difficult the game truly was. Sebastian was an expert! Trying to decipher his words based solely on the subtle movements of his hand felt nearly impossible, for he barely moved the pen to follow whatever letter he wrote down and she kept guessing wrongly!

"That's so unfair!" Viola exclaimed when Sebastian emerged as the clear winner, correctly guessing every single word she had written.

"You're only saying that because I won and you lost, darling," he chuckled, flashing her his disarming smile as she glared at him accusingly. He would have allowed her to win if he hadn't been so desperate to taste her lips with her consent and to also use that beautiful picture on his screen.

"Now come and give me my prize," Sebastian said, settling onto the floor with his back leaning against the couch. One leg was bent at the knee while the other stretched out comfortably in front of him as he waited.

Viola immediately regretted agreeing to this game, especially knowing how little experience she had with childhood games. But a deal was a deal. It was just a kiss, she reminded herself firmly. Nothing more. She'd kissed Nick's cheeks a few times before; it was no different with his cousin.

With that resolve, Viola crawled around the table toward him on her palms and knees and knelt between his legs, as it was the only way to properly reach him given the way he was sitting. She discreetly wiped her slightly sweaty palms against her shirt before leaning forward slowly and cautiously, her heart pounding in her chest.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 132: The prized kiss[1,401 words]

Chapter 132: The prized kiss

Viola stopped halfway, hovering just inches from his face, her eyes subconsciously dropping to his lips as he moistened them with his tongue. That simple action sent a faint jolt through her and sparked a tiny shiver that made her gulp. He had pretty pink lips shaped like a cupid's bow, and when he licked them, they glistened moistly and impossibly shiny, and something funny happened inside her chest that made her heart give an odd little jump.

She quickly averted her gaze from his now-moistened lips and turned her eyes toward his cheek.

"No, darling, it has to be on the lips, not the cheek," Sebastian whispered breathlessly, having watched the movement of her eyes behind her glasses as if he knew what she was thinking. At his words, she looked at him, startled.

"O-on the lips..." Viola mused, moving back slightly and kneeling down with her toes bent beneath her, sitting on her heels. She wanted to tell him she couldn't possibly kiss him on the lips, but then reminded herself it was just a kiss. There was no difference to her whether it was on his lips or his cheek. She gave him a small nod and leaned in, but just like earlier, she stopped halfway.

Sebastian didn't rush her. He remained still and patient, watching her furrowed brows as if she were battling with herself. For a brief moment, he wondered if she would pull away entirely.

Then, as if making a sudden decision, Viola closed the remaining distance and pressed her lips against his in a quick, firm kiss that landed on his mouth like a light, brisk punch before she immediately pulled back, moving away from him as she said,

"You've got your kiss. I'm not playing anymore, and you will delete—" she was saying, about to stand and escape him, refusing to think about the light touch of their lips, when he suddenly reached out and grabbed her wrist, pulling her back.

Viola lost her balance and fell into his arms, forced to brace herself by flattening her palms against his hard, warm chest, her fingers spreading across the ink there. She was pushing to stand when she felt his arm snake around her waist, pulling her in to sit between his legs on the floor, her own legs draping over his long leg stretched on the floor.

"W-what do you think you are doing?" Viola questioned, looking up at his face, now dangerously close to hers. She could see the smoothness of his skin and feel the heat of his breath against her forehead, sending a foreign, alarming tremor through her.

Sebastian smiled, bringing one hand to cup the back of her head, his fingers threading gently through her hair, as he said,

"Do you call that a kiss, love?" He leaned down, rubbing his nose alongside hers and whispered, "It doesn't count. It's a punch to my lips, not a kiss. Let me show you what I mean by a real kiss. Do you want to feel what a real kiss is like?"

Viola felt her body go rigid as she watched his lips inch slowly closer to hers, pausing as if giving her a chance to refuse. There was no force; his eyes seemed to silently ask permission.

Something inside her fiercely urged her to pull away and reject his kiss, fearing she might not truly like or welcome the outcome of it. Yet another part of her, the curious part that had never been kissed properly before and wondered what a real kiss truly felt like, willed her to stay where she

was. Because she didn't move and only stared at him wide-eyed, he closed the distance between them, taking her silence as a yes.

His lips gently pressed against hers, and the light contact made her freeze as she felt the softness of his lips. They were warm, and her toes curled inside her shoes.

At first, it was a lingering brush of flesh against flesh, a blending of their breath, as if he was introducing her slowly to the feeling of the contact, giving her time to get used to it, or perhaps he was savoring the delightful sparks that rushed to his brain and shot all the way down to his cock.

Then her name, "Viola..." was whispered against her mouth in a way no one had ever spoken it before, and her heart gave a trembling thud inside her chest.

She felt his fingers slide tenderly into the back of her hair, patient, waiting for a sigh from her, yet she gave none. Then his lips pressed against hers again, this time warmer, wetter, more insistent, and the heat of his mouth sent shivers straight through her.

Her fingers clenched into his chest, nails digging lightly into the firm planes as her breath hitched inside her lungs. He parted her lips slowly, teasing, before taking her upper lip gently between his, sucking it with careful pressure, then releasing it softly, leaving her slightly trembling.

An electric spark shot through Sebastian from head to toe as her soft upper lip slipped from his mouth. He caught her lower lip between his gently, testing, teasing. With no protest from her, no flinching, he leaned further in, pressing his mouth fully to hers, tilting his head sideways and slipping his hand firmly behind her neck to hold her in place as he deepened the kiss.

Viola's body felt utterly weightless, boneless, as if she were slowly melting into him. His tongue traced the curve of her lips with slow, careful strokes, exploring, pressing, and teasing, igniting a heat inside her she had never felt before. A light tingling sparked in her nipples, which had turned hard beneath her shirt, followed by a confusing and utterly foreign throbbing she felt deep in her core that made her want to cross her legs tightly together to trap and contain the strange, overwhelming sensation.

Every motion was deliberate, every brush of flesh on flesh sending waves of warmth and tension through her. She was acutely aware of each movement, each pressure, each teasing slide of his tongue, and it was intoxicating, overwhelming, her brain scrambling to process the pleasure she had never known a kiss could bring.

"Part your lips more, honey," he whispered against her mouth, and she subconsciously parted them without a second thought, barely aware of anything but the sensation of his mouth against hers. In all her twenty-three years of life, this was the first time she had ever experienced such a kiss.

The moment she parted her lips, his tongue slid in, finding entrance to explore her more, and Viola felt a thread of heat explode inside her, traveling downward like fireworks. For the first time, Viola felt a willingness to let a man know this much of her, and when he sucked on her lip again, his teeth grazing her deliciously, she shivered and melted into the strange sensation.

Sebastian was burning, dying for her to return the kiss, as her reaction sent his soul out of his body and back again, so intense it felt almost unreal. She tasted as sweet as honey, just as he had imagined, with an addictive flavor that made him crave more: more of her shivers, more of the little sighs that escaped her mouth to be swallowed into his, more of her body pressed against him, more of her skin and flesh against his hardness.

But he didn't get any of that. She didn't push him away, but she didn't kiss him back either. It was almost as if it were her first time kissing, or she was simply allowing him to kiss her without reciprocating. Which was it? He wasn't much of a kisser, but on the few occasions he had kissed, the women had become impatient and returned his kisses hungrily.

"Kiss me, Viola... please," he breathed, his voice almost desperate, though he didn't care. He wanted to feel more of her, to taste, lick, and savor her. He wanted her bare with him on this floor with their heated bodies pressed tightly together, because by everything sacred Sebastian could smell her arousal wafting in the air like an intoxicating aroma from a delicious meal he had never yet tasted, something tempting and irresistible that made his blood burn hotter in his veins.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 133: Wanting more[1,297 words]

Chapter 133: Wanting more

Viola was aroused, but along with that rising arousal, she was also terrified. She wanted to kiss him back, even if only out of curiosity, to follow the slow movements of his mouth and respond to them in kind, but she couldn't.

Even if she truly wanted to, this was the least she could give him without exposing another hidden part of herself, another secret that needed desperate fixing before their marriage and the mating night. She knew she would share more than a kiss with him eventually, but only when the time was right, and only when she had finally met Evan and destroyed a past that might actually prevent her from ever daring to let herself grow intimate and return such intimacy with another man.

Viola wasn't worried about this part of her past with Evan, not truly, because deep down she didn't actually believe she needed to return every intimate act with her future husband, whom she did not intend to become romantically or unnecessarily sexually involved with if it was not for the purpose of making an heir for the pack.

Besides, this was only a game they were playing, and she was somewhat relieved and even grateful that she had something firm inside her that prevented her from sinking too deeply into her curious nature and discovering too much of this unfamiliar aspect of life between a man and a woman.

So no matter how curious she felt, no matter how warm and fluttering the sensations inside her body became, Viola simply allowed him to kiss her and explore the softness of her mouth without

returning the kiss in equal measure, her hands balled tightly against his heated chest as if holding herself back from doing something she might later regret.

When she didn't kiss him back, despite how he licked and sucked her lips, she felt his hand move to her ribs, coaxing upward towards her breast, and she stiffened, her heart throbbing. Instinctively, she pushed at his chest, trying to back away.

"T-that's enough," Viola said, her heart racing as though it might leap out of her chest, shaking as she adjusted her shirt, wanting to retreat, but he gripped her hand, stopping her.

"What's wrong? You didn't like the kiss?" Sebastian asked, a small, confused frown on his face.

This was a first for him. Never had a woman failed to go crazy from a kiss he had given. To him, kissing was more sacred than sex, so he rarely gave them, and when he did give them, they were never received like this. But her reaction was almost as if she were blocking him out, rejecting his kiss, holding herself back from him.

Was there another mate? It couldn't be that bastard who had left her to suffer for four long years, could it? From what he knew, they were not fated mates but sworn mates, and Evan had broken that bond, choosing another she-wolf instead. So what was it?

Viola liked it. Okay, actually, she had never been kissed like that, and she was painfully aware that friends didn't kiss like that, in a toe-curling, heart-fluttering way that sent her nerves into a jittery frenzy and stirred a hot, curious desire inside her to explore this new aspect of life. But she just couldn't...

"You've already taken your prize; that's enough," she muttered, keeping her expression blank so he wouldn't read too much into her expression.

Disappointment swept through Sebastian's veins. But he touched her jaw with the back of his index finger, a brief, reassuring brush upon her smooth flesh. He had taken his prize, but it hadn't felt like he had truly kissed her, for she had a resisting wall around even intimacy that made him wonder if there was another trauma there he would need to help her heal from.

'Can you sense what's wrong with her?' Sebastian asked his wolf.

'She has a wall around her that smells like she is keeping her intimacy for another person.' Muffin groaned, and Sebastian frowned, as that only happened when a mate was trying not to share themselves with another random man. But she didn't have a mate, did she? And he wasn't a random man...

'I smell her arousal, but she's blocking it just like she's blocking her emotions,' Muffin said, being the one with the sharpest tool to sense what was more internal from a mate, and that only made Sebastian deeply displeased and almost angry, but not with her, with everything that had made her this way, that she wouldn't tell him.

"Is there something you want to tell me?" he asked softly. She looked at him, startled, before she shook her head and moved her jaw away from his finger.

"Nothing," she lied.

Sebastian let out a sigh. As much as he wanted to force her to be open with him, he knew they were still at an early stage of earning her trust, and this morning she had just forgiven him. He needed to give her more time.

Rather than push her, Sebastian reached out and carefully fixed her glasses and hair as he changed the subject to lighten the atmosphere. "I was thinking we should see a doctor about your eye—"

Sebastian's words trailed off as Matt's voice came into his mind link, which he had been ignoring since morning so he could have a peaceful day. But now it became persistent, and he had to listen.

'What?' Sebastian asked, watching the woman in front of him frown as he had stopped mid-sentence.

'Man, what the hell? Where are you that you didn't open your mind link nor pick up your calls?' came Matt's frustrated voice, which he could no longer keep from showing. He rarely got mad at his friend, but he couldn't control it now, as Sebastian had been totally irresponsible by leaving him last night during an important dealing, along with Laila's matter.

'What's got you so worked up?' Sebastian asked, reaching out to take Viola's small hand when he noticed she had started peeling the skin around her nails. He took one of her hands and held it in his, gently interlocking their fingers. She looked at him guiltily and embarrassedly before dropping her eyes to their interlocked hands.

'Everything. We have an emergency, and if you don't get here, I am taking a month's break and going back home to rest and let you deal with the pack matters and your other mate,' Matt said, pacing in the office angrily.

Sebastian had left yesterday at Viola's call, leaving behind important documents he was reviewing regarding the renewal of the contract deals he had made with the Red Moon Pack about the territory land granted to him to expand Silver many years ago.

Actually, it was a contract that needed renewal every year, just in case Sebastian did something that made them want to withdraw and not continue their dealings. And right now, he was doing something that would soon piss them off by ignoring Laila, who had been in his penthouse since last night and had been pestering Matt with dozens of calls without breaks.

Just how desperate was she? It was so annoying to Matt that he couldn't hold in his own frustrated anger at the Alpha.

'I am coming,' Sebastian replied before closing the link. As much as he wanted to pretend that he had no responsibility for his pack and wanted to stay with this little, broken woman of his and keep her company, he needed to leave now. But looking at her as she sat before him, staring down at their hands, honey and milk, he felt a stab to his chest, he didn't want to leave her.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 134: Walk me to the door[1,071 words]

Chapter 134: Walk me to the door

He reached out to lift her chin, making her look at him before he asked softly, "Why do you suddenly look sad?"

Viola shook her head, denying it. "I am not sad. You were talking on your mind link just now, weren't you?" she asked, already realizing that his moment of silence had been him speaking through his mind link with someone. As it always happened with Alphas and Betas who shared a mind link, they could be talking aloud and then fall silent to listen to the voice speaking inside their heads. It was a pattern she recognized, and she immediately noticed when he had stopped mid-sentence.

Sebastian gave her a nod. "I guess you will get your wish to send me back to my duty after all," he told her, his tone gentle but edged with reluctant resignation.

Viola felt a sharp stab to her chest. She didn't want him to leave, but she reminded herself that a pack always came first, and that she wouldn't dare stop him by wanting him to stay. Not that she would ever admit to him or herself that she wished he would stay.

"You should have gone before they called you when I told you to leave. I will get your coat and shoes," she said, quickly rising from the floor and hurrying to her bedroom to grab his things. She wanted to keep her disappointment hidden, ensuring he wouldn't see how much losing his company affected her.

Even if they hadn't called him, she would have found a way to send him to his duty anyway, as that was what a good Luna was supposed to do, Viola told herself. And as his future Luna, she needed to start practicing that responsibility, even if it hurt her when it shouldn't even affect her in the first place. Since when did his company become bearable to her? She thought with a deep displeased frown.

Viola returned with his coat and shoes and found him standing at the edge of the stair railing, looking up at her with his phone in hand. She carefully came down and handed him his things, and Sebastian took them with a soft, muttered thank you, his eyes briefly meeting hers with a flicker of appreciation.

She watched him put on his shirt and drape his coat over his arm before slipping his feet into his shoes. Then he reached out and took her hand. "Walk me to the door," he said, beginning to pull her along before she could protest.

Viola silently followed him, a tight knot forming in her throat for reasons she didn't understand, a mixture of longing and confusion pressing against her. Just where the hell was this feeling coming from?

When they reached the door, Sebastian looked down at her, lifting her chin again before leaning down to press his lips gently to her cheek. "I will come by tonight, and we can talk about the doctor who will work on your eyes so you won't need glasses anymore. Don't look so sad," he teased, his tone soft and coaxing.

Viola glared at him, forcing herself to hide and deny the fact that she liked his company more than she wanted to admit.

"I am not sad. Get on your way, and you don't need to come over tonight. It's not appropriate for you to always come here before the ceremony," she said, opening the door for him while attempting to hide the faint blush creeping across her cheeks.

Sebastian only laughed, already knowing she was too stubborn to accept that she enjoyed his company. He wondered quietly if there would ever come a time when she could be fully open with him about her feelings, without stubbornly concealing what she truly felt.

Sebastian paused at the door, pinching her cheek lightly. "You can't convince me not to come. I will see you later. And don't skip your meals, or I will force you to eat double of it tonight." He patted her head gently, then withdrew his hand before she could swat at it, glaring at him in annoyance.

"What a little stubborn kitten," he said, deliberately getting on her nerves, enjoying it far more than seeing the sad, resigned expression on her face at the thought of him leaving. He knew she was lonely and probably bored now that she was alone in this part of the building.

"I am not a kitten," Viola countered.

"But you act like one, a very adorable one I would like to pet and keep around. Take care of yourself, little kitten," he said, waving at her playfully. She rolled her eyes, standing in the doorway with her hand on the frame, head peeking out, and replied, "If I am a kitten, you are a very annoying fly that buzzes around, and I want to swat you away every time."

"Do you know you are the only one who gets away with insulting me, honey?" Sebastian said, laughing as he walked backward down the hallway toward the elevator, watching her head peeking out of the door and one of her feet resting just outside the threshold.

"It goes the same for me. I don't let people call me names; I could break a few teeth, but you get away with it time and again, Sebastian. One of these days, I do believe you will receive my punches," she warned, her voice half teasing, half exasperated.

Sebastian let out another chuckle. "Well, I do believe I already received your punch."

Viola frowned in confusion, not remembering punching him even though she had been tempted many times when he had annoyed her. As if reading her thoughts, Sebastian said, "You punched me on the lips with what you considered a kiss."

Viola flushed, her cheeks turning a deep shade of pink all the way to her ears. She found herself speechless, unable to find words to respond, and could only glare at him, opening and closing her mouth.

Sebastian left, smiling to himself, but the moment he stepped into the elevator at the end of the hallway, Viola's glare softened into a small, quiet smile. She quickly shook it away, lightly slapping her own cheek to wake herself up to reality and stop getting giddy at the thought that he would come over tonight again.

"Annoying idiot," she muttered, still smiling.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 135: Might be the one[1,662 words]

Chapter 135: Might be the one

Sebastian was smiling faintly all the way back to his office until he arrived and was met with a grim-looking Matt. The little happiness he had felt with Viola, the fleeting joy that had momentarily made him forget everything, including his own problems and duty, was suddenly wiped away as Matt, exhausted and utterly drained from ending a phone call, turned to him.

"Thank the moon you're back! She's not backing off me until she meets you!" Matt exclaimed in exasperation, ending the call with Laila for the tenth time this afternoon, each time telling her that the Alpha was too busy to answer her calls.

Matt had come up with all sorts of lies to keep the shewolf from suspecting that the Alpha had gone to see Viola and stayed the entire night and morning without once attending to his duty. But he had run out of excuses, and now she had told him she was on her way to meet Sebastian in his office since he was too busy to come back to his place.

Sebastian's expression turned indifferent as he flung his coat onto the office couch and unbuttoned the top button of his shirt before sitting at his desk, but Matt was quick to warn him.

"If I were you, I would take a shower before doing that, or before Laila gets here. You have another scent on you that is distinctly female, and anyone who has come close to Viola knows that's her scent," Matt said harmlessly, sitting down on the couch while thinking if a day would ever come when he could finally be free. The responsibilities of a right-hand Beta were almost as stressful as those of an Alpha.

Especially an Alpha with double mates. To protect the one he was getting attached to from everyone, he needed to be careful. Though Matt wanted to like Viola and fully support her, it seemed he was in for double the work and trouble because of her. Sebastian was acting way too differently and somewhat clingy around her, and if it continued, many people were bound to find out and begin targeting her. Her life in Silver would become miserable, and she hadn't even become the Luna yet.

Matt didn't hide that thought from his friend, who had begun taking off his shirt to shower in the office bathroom.

"Don't you think you should lay low with Viola for now until you marry her? It's bound to cause trouble if you keep getting distracted by her and going to her at every call, especially now, with guests soon arriving for your ceremony. I even heard that some of the Alpha diplomats from other packs will start arriving today, and you know all the guests will stay in this building, Seb."

Sebastian's fingers paused mid-motion as he attempted to discard the remaining buttons, still savoring the last remnants of Viola's lovely daisy scent on him before he would wash it away. Then Matt's words settled in, and he scowled darkly.

He knew exactly what Matt was trying to hint at and warn him about. Though the warning came from a place of concern, and because they had known each other since childhood, sometimes Sebastian wished Matt wasn't so relentlessly cautious, always reminding him of the realities he sometimes wanted to escape in order to simply enjoy life a little.

With the guests arriving and every one of them housed in this building, spies were bound to be among them. It wasn't a hidden fact that many didn't like him because he hadn't acted according to their wishes or given them access to misuse the important resources of the Silver Pack.

At any given opportunity, they would try to get rid of him, but none had succeeded in those attempts for years. They had once tried to use the late Evangeline, but Evangeline hadn't been among his mates; he had married her only because she had earned the position.

Evangeline had once been poisoned with a witch potion, an activity Sebastian had banned in the werewolves' world, but some still turned to witch magic. Evangeline had been so sick that many had believed she would die then, until her family stepped in and found her cure, using their powerful connections.

The person who had tried to weaken him through her had quickly realized he didn't care that much about her because she wasn't a mate, and had left her be. Unfortunately, she had died a few months later by his hands, just like Natalie...

Sebastian felt a growing sense of nauseousness at how easily he could kill the wrong woman his prophecy rejected. He shook the unsettling feeling away.

Now that many guests would be coming to attend their wedding, there would be people who would come just for the purpose of spying on his relationship with this new Luna, just to see if she was someone they could use.

They would monitor him and plan to strike where it would hurt the most: a mate he cared about deeply, one who had no strong backing from a father or influential family, a soft target they believed they could ruin without consequence. Viola was no one's daughter of influence.

But she was his mate, and being that was a risk in itself. Matt was warning him not to fall into the mate-puppy affection that dragged him to her all the time. If only Matt had experienced half of the mate bond, he would understand it wasn't something easily controlled. Sebastian wanted to spend every second of every day with her.

"Not just the guests, the elders and the rest of the Kade family will also start to come for the ceremony. You should be careful how you—"

Matt didn't finish his warning as Sebastian let his frustration take over him, and he kicked the chair in front of him angrily and growled low in his throat. "I fucking know! Back off my back, man! I'll lay low." He gritted his teeth, ripping off the rest of his shirt buttons and tearing the shirt from his body in a furious rage, tossing it into the trash so violently that the can shook.

Matt bowed his head in submission, realizing he had poked the Alpha in the wrong way, he hadn't intended to provoke him. He had only been cautious because he cared and worried about Sebastian, who sometimes lacked a voice of reason and sense of caution.

Sebastian immediately felt guilty at the moment of rage. He closed his eyes, running his fingers through his hair as he looked at Matt's bowed head. Knowing he needed to cool off before speaking again, he disappeared into the adjoining bathroom to shower and clear his head of Viola's delicious scent and the frustration he felt at the thought of potentially not being able to see her tonight.

By the time Sebastian returned, he was dressed in another pair of pants and was buttoning up his white long-sleeve shirt. Matt was still waiting in the office, going through digital documents, but now keeping to himself.

"I understand your worries, Matt," Sebastian said with a sigh, standing before the glass wall that overlooked his world. "I need to be careful if I don't want her dead and also avoid showing people that she is one of my mates. But I just found out there's a possibility she might be the one," he explained, speaking without turning away from the view of the clear blue sky and the sun shining brightly.

Matt quickly looked up from his tablet, frowning as Sebastian's words made no sense to him. How could a wolfless woman be the one, the same woman the Alphas of every generation had failed to find, someone the prophecy claimed would hold the power to reveal the supreme Alpha himself?

"What do you mean?" Matt asked, setting the tablet aside and staring at Sebastian's broad back in absolute confusion.

"Do you remember what Elder Ysara said about the prophesied mate? She gave me another clue that the rest of the Alphas never received from the prophecy, which I didn't believe before. One of the clues is the fact that she came into this world in a pair, just like every other Alpha before me. I only found out last night that Viola has an identical twin, just like me."

Every generation of Alphas in Silver had been twins, with one carrying the strongest Alpha blood that bore the curse, but none of them knew that the prophesied mate was supposed to be a twin as well.

Matt blinked in surprise, then let out a small chuckle as he stretched the back of his neck, bewildered and unsure of what to think anymore. He finally said, "Just because she has a twin doesn't mean she's the one. There are many twins out there. She doesn't have a wolf, remember? And that is the most important detail about your prophesied mate."

Sebastian's eyes darkened. Yes, she didn't have a wolf, the prophecy said his real mate, the one who would break the generational curse, would have one and also free him, but that didn't mean she was completely wolfless. There had to be a real reason why she didn't have a wolf when she has the pheromone.

"The fact that her bond with me is stronger than with any of the she-wolves I've met so far makes me believe she might be the one," Sebastian mused, finally turning away from the glass wall to look at Matt, who still appeared unconvinced.

Matt let out a long sigh and asked, "Before we jump to conclusions and you end up marking her to death, where is this twin sister? If she is truly identical to Viola, just like you and your twin are, then we can start to think about how this could even be possible and why she doesn't have a wolf."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 136: Get out! [1,549 words]

Chapter 136: Get out!

"That's what I don't know yet," Sebastian remarked in frustration, keeping from revealing to Matt that Viola had betrayed her twin just as he had with his own, a matter that made him feel more connected to her in a way. He had never told exactly what happened between him and his twin, not even to Matt, his best friend.

"You've invited the Lindens, right?" Sebastian asked, and Matt nodded, showing him their reply acknowledging his invitation.

"Good. I'll find out more from them when they get here, but for now, nothing must happen to her. She's—" Sebastian's words stopped abruptly as his sharp senses caught a waft of vanilla scent he had once liked but no longer found appealing.

"She's coming," he said, irritation threading his voice. Matt, hearing that, didn't need further explanation. He quickly rose to his feet, gathering his phone and tablet. "You can deal with Laila. We'll talk more privately about Viola when she's not here. I cannot stand another moment with the shewolf. Good luck."

Matt was gone from the office before Sebastian could stop him. Immediately after, Laila strode through the door. She wore an armless red mini dress, her black high heels clicking sharply against the polished floor. Her vanilla scent grew stronger in the room, though it barely affected Sebastian like it did before. It was almost as if he was growing slowly immune to it.

Was it because of Viola?

Sebastian had expected a displeased Laila, knowing he had left her stranded in his penthouse last night, but she approached him with a bright smile, her green eyes gleaming with delight.

"Alpha Sebastian!" Laila exclaimed, walking up and hugging him before looping her arm around his neck. She beamed and said, "I saw the gift, and I love it so much! Thank you!" She leaned in to kiss him on the lips, but Sebastian, unmoved by her presence, swiftly blocked the attempt by grabbing her arm and removing it from around his neck.

"Gift?" he asked with a deep scowl. He hadn't sent her any gift. What gift was she talking about?

Laila, who didn't like that he had stopped her kiss and was scowling down at her, didn't think much of it, as she was used to Sebastian scowling all the time and the fact that he didn't get intimate during his work hours and used to strictly tell her to control herself.

Actually, Laila was more than pissed and angry that he had left her in his penthouse without calling or texting an explanation after he had told her they would meet up. She had stayed there the whole night, boiling with rage and trying also to be understanding that he was busy, but her deep desperation to be assured that she still held a chance with him had made her impatient and mad when he didn't pick up her calls.

Until she had found the gift on his kitchen counter that morning, which brightened up her mood. She must have missed it last night until she had stepped into his kitchen for a refreshment.

"I didn't know you actually realized that I was dying to get my hands on this set of jewelry," Laila said, her fingers tracing the blue diamond necklace around her neck.

Sebastian hadn't noticed, as he had no intention of admiring anything she wore or the womanly assets she displayed in the mini dress.

When his eyes fell to her neck, where her long polished nails caressed the pendant like a lover's skin, Sebastian's silver eyes darkened like a gathering storm as he recognized it.

It was the set of jewelry he had gifted Viola, and she had insisted on returning it. How the hell had it ended up with Laila? He wondered.

The truth was, that morning, Sebastian had given the jewelry to Viola. She had quickly texted Zoe after their calls about her decision to return his gift, instructing Zoe to send a trusted omega with access to the Alpha penthouse to take the box from her own place and deliver it back to him.

Since Sebastian had not returned to his penthouse after coming back from his main quarters, he hadn't known that Viola had already sent it back. Laila, however, had seen it first and assumed it was meant for her.

Sebastian's anger boiled, but the knowledge that Viola had returned the gift before their recent friendship, rather than after, helped him regain some composure and put a rein on his temper.

Looking at Laila's happy expression, Sebastian couldn't help but think that this was the kind of women he was used to, the ones who, when angered or in a bad mood, could be lifted with something as simple as jewelry. But not his little kitten. Just why couldn't she be this easy to please? Then again, thinking about it, he liked that she was nothing like Laila.

As much as he wanted to take the jewelry back, Sebastian didn't. Laila could keep it for as long as she didn't suspect anything. Besides, he had just figured out that the way to Viola's heart wasn't through expensive, priceless gifts, but through simple, cute things in the colors of maroon and pink, things he could have sworn no shewolf wanted in this day and age, perhaps except his immature sister.

"I love it so much! Thank you, thank you!" Laila squealed, jumping to hug him, but Sebastian stepped back instinctively.

Laila frowned. "What's wrong? Have I done something to upset you? I know you once told me not to come see you during your work hours, but you didn't come last night, and I couldn't—"

"I have so much work on my hands, Laila. I think it's best we talk again when I am less busy," Sebastian stated indifferently as he turned away from her and went to sit behind his desk, pressing a button to turn up the holographic screen.

Laila bit her lip, sensing that something was off about the Alpha, but she couldn't put her finger on it. To her, she should always come first because she was his mate. "Seb—"

"It's Alpha Kade for you from now on. You didn't pass the competition, remember?" Sebastian shot at her ruthlessly with a dark look.

Laila flushed with embarrassment, a heat of humiliation consuming her. Yes, she hadn't won the competition, and she had been receiving a lot of snickering from people since she left the healing house, but she hadn't expected that statement from him. She was his mate, and he should have worried about her wounds, but he hadn't even asked. Her fingers curled into fists.

"Does it matter whether I failed? I am your mate, and you know the wolfless will not last. She is bound to d—"

Laila couldn't finish her sentence as Sebastian's eyes turned deadly, his expression murderous. The office suddenly became suffocating and chillingly cold, his aura raising goosebumps on her skin and forcing her head down in submission. Her teeth began chattering as if she were in the middle of winter.

Sebastian had never released his Alpha aura on her, nor had he ever looked at her with such deadly eyes. What had she done wrong? Was he also ashamed of her now?

"Get out!" Sebastian barked darkly, knowing that if he didn't send her out, he might strangle her to death for daring to say such a thing about Viola.

Laila's entire body shook at those two words, her insides sinking. Did Sebastian just coldly get rid of her? She wondered, but she didn't dare stay behind after his order of dismissal, not with that suffocating air in the office. However, she couldn't leave just like that without knowing her offence.

"Seb—"

"Laila, don't make me repeat myself. I am busy and not in the mood to talk." Sebastian warned her calmly, his fingers fisting on the table.

Hearing those words, Laila chose to believe that he was dismissing her simply because he was busy, and that he hadn't liked her mentioning the wolfless sacrificial lamb. The faint, heavy weight of the necklace around her neck lightened her mood, and she gave him a nod.

"Sure. You know where to find me when you're cool and in a good mood." She gave him a wink and then hurried out of the office, smiling.

The moment the door closed behind her, Sebastian leaned back in his chair and stared up at the high ceiling of his office, tapping his fingers rhythmically against the arm of his black leather chair.

Sebastian stayed like that for a moment, staring at the ceiling before he moved, sitting back straight. He brought out his phone, unlocked it, and tapped into his gallery, where he didn't have any images saved except one, the one he had taken that morning.

He stared at her picture, his expression softening slowly. As much as he wanted to set it as his wallpaper, he could no longer do so out of caution, but he left the picture on his phone.

Sebastian then tapped on the blue screen of the holographic display before him and located the contact of Zoe's personal doctor, the one who handled and treated weaker wolves in Silver or late bloomers.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 137: The reason behind her condition[1,387 words]

Chapter 137: The reason behind her condition

Sebastian video called the doctor in his office, watching the hologram screen show the ringing as he propped his elbow against the surface of his desk to support his chin while he waited impatiently.

After a couple of rings, it was finally picked up and a young, handsome man in the blue jacket that the healers of Silver Pack wear came on the screen, his dark eyes brightening as he saw the Alpha, and he bowed in greeting.

"Supreme Alpha!" Doctor Gilbert who was the head doctor of the pack and was known to be an expert as he had grown up with his healer mother, who was a sister to one of the elders, greeted with respect.

"Is everything all right, Alpha?" Doctor Gilbert questioned, raising his head after the Alpha's acknowledgment of his greeting. He had actually asked that question because the Alpha rarely reached out to him except when something was wrong with his sister, whom he had treated and monitored for years to heal her wolf, which was still in the process of healing. Had something happened to Zoe?

Sebastian could see the question in the doctor's dark eyes, and before he would think he had called because of Zoe, Sebastian told him nonchalantly, "I didn't call you because of my sister. Zoe is doing fine and living her life perfectly with the supplements you gave her, and I believe her wolf's presence is more noticeable every day than it was years ago."

Gilbert let out a breath of relief, as just like every doctor, he didn't want to hear the news that his patient wasn't healing from his treatments. Now that he was certain the Alpha hadn't called him for Zoe, the doctor looked at his screen waiting to hear the reason for this call, but for some unknown reason, he thought the Alpha, who never hesitated or seemed reluctant, was actually hesitant to speak.

Finally, after a moment of careful thinking on how to phrase his questions without letting it be known he was asking on behalf of Viola, Sebastian parted his lips and said, "I believe Zoe called you this morning for a bottle of a supplement?"

The doctor nodded, a big smile on his face revealing a white set of beautiful teeth that would dazzle a woman. "Yes, she did. She said it was for a friend, I believe."

"Good. I am calling because of that friend. Zoe wants me to confirm some important matters regarding her." Sebastian said without a change in his blank, cold eyes, eyes that many couldn't meet, as it was like looking into an empty winter landscape without trees nor anything uplifting, but an emptiness that repelled one from looking into them, lest they felt the chills.

However, a certain someone had started to become an exception and could see another side of those eyes, another side he didn't show to others.

Doctor Gilbert nodded again, not thinking too much into it as everyone knew the Alpha pampered his sister and asking questions on her behalf wasn't unusual.

"What is wrong with this friend of hers? Did she also have an injured wolf spirit and is she unable to shift?" He questioned, as those were the usual cases like Zoe's, whose wolf spirit had gone silent and she was unable to shift.

"I can't say if that is what is wrong with her. From what I have gathered, she hasn't shifted since she turned the age of awakening her wolf. She didn't get a wolf." Sebastian said, looking at the doctor's thoughtful face.

"Maybe she is a late bloomer. Late bloomers—"

"She is not. Late bloomers get their wolf no more than a year or two after their awakening and they have a subtle wolf scent on them. She doesn't. The only scents she carries are her essence and then her pheromones, which needed concealing because of how strong it is." Sebastian explained, not caring if the doctor put two and two together and figured out who he was talking about.

She was going to be his wife anyway, and it wasn't so unusual that he would be curious about someone he was going to marry.

"Oh, that is a completely different and a very rare case then." The doctor said carefully, "To be honest, I do believe such cases are rare to come by and it only happens once in a blue moon. I have never personally treated someone who turns out wolfless but still carries a pheromone. The most common cases were weak wolves who can't shift, but you still sense the wolf's presence when they are close."

Sebastian frowned, removing his hand from his chin and clasping it together with his other hand on the desk as he asked narrowly, "Are you telling me there is no chance of you knowing what causes such a case?"

He had hoped the doctor would know, as he was someone who treated werewolves regularly, though even Sebastian himself was already aware that wolfless people were hard to come by and that Viola's case was particularly rare given that there was no wolf presence at all in her. He had hoped that speaking with the doctor would help him find some answers. Now that he was aware she could be the one he had been looking for, only the awakening of her wolf could confirm it one hundred percent.

"I am saying I have never treated such a case, but I have heard that my father has, in the last generation. Give me a second to look through the records," the doctor said as he reached out for his glass tablet and then went through it for some time before his eyes brightened and he looked back at the screen.

"Thankfully we keep records, here it is, my father has indeed treated a wolfless before. The record says many things about what might have been the factor of her wolf not awakening," the doctor said as he sent the record file on the screen for Sebastian to see.

"It was said the factor behind being wolfless can be many things. Medically, it could be because the person's parents turned out to be a human and an omega, which results in a wolfless child with a pheromone. And secondly, it could be that the wolf is chained away by trauma, trauma has the power to chain down a wolf and let it remain hidden. And then lastly..." Doctor Gilbert chuckled, "This is an old belief, but as you can see, it could also happen when the wolf is spiritually locked away."

That second and the last part caught Sebastian's interest more than the first option, for he wanted to believe that Viola was the one. If he accepted the fact that her real parents might indeed be a human and an omega, then there was absolutely no chance of her being the one, and him getting this close to her and getting attached would be nothing but carving a way to break him when she would finally die like the rest.

He was looking for a confirmation that this curse would end in this generation and that Viola was the one who would last. More than the fact that he liked the woman, Sebastian also wanted to be free from his chains, chains that brought nothing but death.

Viola had so much trauma that he couldn't help but think it might also be a factor, but if it were only the trauma, one was still supposed to be able to sense the wolf...

"Let's hear more on the spiritual side. How does it happen? How can a wolf be locked away?" Sebastian asked curiously.

"Easy, magic. I don't think there are people who still practice such a thing since you have banned the act, but a witch's magic is one of the ways to lock a wolf and never allow it to wake up. It will keep the wolf sleeping for eternity."

Sebastian scowled at that information. Why would anyone want to keep her wolf locked up, if that was the case? She had been in the orphanage for some time before her adoption, were the Lindens behind it, or was it the orphanage where she told him killed children?

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 138: Ways to help her[1,771 words]

Chapter 138: Ways to help her

"Let's assume it is spiritual, Doctor Gilbert, do you have any ideas on how to break it and wake her wolf?" He inquired, his fingers tapping on his desk as Gilbert began to look through his father's research file, as unlike the past generation, the new generation of werewolf healers were beginning to rely more on modern treatment methods and forgetting the old ways where healers used herbs and sometimes a witch's magic to cure things.

The witch's way had been banned when it began to become clear that witches were cunning beings who took advantage of werewolves, and were sometimes paid to harm people, like they had harmed Sebastian's parents and caused the accident that took their lives. The thought of it always sent fire and regret into his veins, so he tried not to think about it often.

"Here it is. From what is documented here, I believe the only way to wake a sleeping wolf can be achieved when the person finds their mate, but that will be impossible since without their wolf they can't sense their mate, only the mate can do that."

"How can the mate help the person?" Sebastian asked, his expression never changing from his neutral curiosity.

Gilbert laughed softly, "I find it cheesy and totally unreliable, but it says the mate can help by giving the person a sense of safety and security. Constantly being close, being intimate with the person and letting them feel the mate's presence might actually help in awakening the sleeping wolf. Though, just like I said, this source might not be a reliable one as it hasn't been tested, but there is no harm in letting this person step out more and mingle among males so a potential mate can sense them." The doctor then added with thoughtful eyes,

"Actually, I would like to test this method and fill in the research file. If you wouldn't mind it, Alpha, can I have the contact of this person? I can work together with her and get to—"

Sebastian didn't even need to think twice before he rejected those questions, for he already knew where it was leading. "No. She is not a test subject to be used for healers."

The thought of Viola spending her days with Gilbert, whom his sister was smitten by because she believed he was a hunk and a handsome man, one she even dreamt about while sleeping through her sickness, smiling and cuddling her pillow and calling his name, didn't sit well with Sebastian.

He wouldn't let his mate anywhere near this doctor, not to mention he didn't want the doctor taking her out to meet other men when he was her mate and could do the job of testing it himself.

The thought of Viola getting smitten by the doctor like his silly sister and muttering his name in her sleep made his expression darken and his lips press into a grim line. That was completely unacceptable!

Furthermore, he didn't want any attention coming to her by revealing her to the doctor. If there was anything that needed to be done, he would do it himself.

"What else does the report say?" Sebastian demanded a little harshly, angry and fighting the urge to smack the doctor's face, so that if Viola ever saw him, she wouldn't be so smitten.

Gilbert snapped out of his shock at the Alpha's rejection of giving him the person's contact, and he felt a shiver crawl down his spine when he was met with Sebastian's suddenly colder eyes and dark expression. What had he done wrong to so suddenly upset the Alpha? All he asked for was a contact!

"Ah, I guess that's all. Having a mate's presence and putting her trust in him might help lure the wolf awake from its deep slumber. As the saying goes, mates are the cure to each others sickness. But again, it's not a reliable—"

"I know. I will tell her that," Sebastian said before adding a question he had wanted to ask. "By the way, do you know any human therapist in the human land?"

Doctor Gilbert was one of the healers who had stepped into the human land to learn their medicines, and if there was anyone who could connect him to a therapist, it was him.

At the Alpha's question, the doctor was taken aback, but he still gave an answer. "I know a few, why?"

"Can you connect me with one? Right now, if possible."

Gilbert blinked but he didn't ask questions. Though they lived in a different world from the humans and humans didn't even know about their existence, some werewolves still had connections to them and kept a few contacts, as they would sometimes pretend to be human to carry out important matters.

Gilbert soon connected the Alpha to a therapist, a clinical psychologist he knew in America where he had once gone to study human medicine. Once the call was answered and he introduced Sebastian as a close friend, Sebastian disconnected Gilbert from the three-way call, leaving him alone with the clinical psychologist.

Sebastian wasn't an expert in speaking with or handling humans, but since he was posing as one himself, he didn't hide what he wanted to know from the person on the line who didn't live in their world.

He was doing this because he wanted to understand Viola's trauma and find ways to help her heal from it, as he didn't like how little she thought of herself or how tightly closed off she was to him. Her wounds went deeper than the surface, and without understanding those wounds, he would never know how to cure them.

From everything he had dug up about her past and the little he knew about her now, she wasn't the same person she once was, and from what she had confessed during her drunken state, she had been a very unfeeling person and had done things she deeply regretted.

She thought so badly of herself that Sebastian didn't need an expert to tell him that broken people like that could easily harm themselves or break themselves further because they held no self-worth. Not to mention he wanted to help with any trauma just in case it was the reason behind her wolf not awakening.

With those walls so high around herself, walls so strong she couldn't even allow herself to enjoy his kiss and pushed away his intimacy, Sebastian was certain that unless she was healed, she wouldn't be able to see herself clearly, nor see him, if she turned out to be the one he was searching for.

Regardless of whether she was the one or not, Sebastian wanted to see the real Viola, not a broken one with pained eyes and a bleeding heart that spilled over and cut his insides open.

He explained everything to the clinical psychologist, and the middle-aged man listened carefully, adjusting his thin glasses on the bridge of his nose before he said,

"You want to cure her." It was more of a statement than a question.

"Yes." The word came out too fast, but Sebastian didn't care, as this person was on the other side of the world. "I don't want her to keep hurting herself because of her traumas. I want to know how to fix her."

The man studied him for a moment before he asked, "Who is she to you, if you don't mind my asking, Mr. Kade?"

"She's my wife." Sebastian informed him bluntly without a blink of his eyes. It wasn't a lie, she would soon be his wife, so he didn't see why he shouldn't address her as such.

The man nodded his head. "Let me ask you something," he said, looking at Sebastian through the screen. "If someone breaks their leg in an accident, can you force the bone to heal faster simply by wanting to fix it badly enough?"

Sebastian frowned. "No."

"Emotional trauma works in a similar way. The injury isn't visible, but the healing process still takes time."

Sebastian leaned back in his chair slightly, listening to the doctor quietly.

"When a person carries deep trauma, their mind often builds a belief system around it. In her case, that belief seems to be that she is worthless and that speaking up for herself is not worth it."

"What if I tell her she's worthy, will that help her?" Sebastian questioned, and the man laughed a little.

"The problem isn't a lack of information, Mr. Kade. It's that her brain has learned a different story through her experiences."

Sebastian suddenly looked frustrated. "So how can I help her? Does that mean she just lives like that, with a mountain of rocks around herself?"

"No," the man said. "You can't overwrite that belief with logic alone."

Sebastian tapped the desk lightly, listening. He spent almost an hour talking to the therapist on Viola's behalf, and by the time he was done, he realized the sun had set behind the horizon and the city lights were coming on, including the ones in his office.

Sebastian never knew there would come a time when he would have to master patience, for everything the man had told him seemed like something that couldn't be fixed overnight the way he had hoped it would be. Gilbert had advised that there was a chance of her wolf awakening if he spent more time with her, and the therapist had also said she would heal if he help her rewrite her belief system.

So technically, he had to spend more time with her.

However, the problem now was that Sebastian couldn't dare go to her again, not with the arriving guests whose presence he could already feel and sense. It would be questionable if they found out he had spent three nights with her in a row, when for now it was common knowledge that he was marrying her only because she had won a competition.

After their marriage, people wouldn't question him being with her most of the time the way they would question it now, before he had married her. Sebastian felt a wave of disappointment wash over him at the fact that he would have to keep his distance for the time being, until their marriage ceremony, which was in days.

"I hope you don't skip your meals again, love." He whispered softly with a deep frown, having a feeling that she might end up not eating.

With that thought in mind, Sebastian decided to text her and let her know he wouldn't be coming tonight.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 139: Jealousy[1,712 words]

Chapter 139: Jealousy

In Viola's penthouse, after Sebastian left, a foolish smile still lingered on her lips before she caught herself short and internally scolded the warmth right off her face, because it was so unlike her to be smiling like a schoolgirl thinking about what her crush had done.

Even during her school days she hadn't smiled like this thinking about everything Evan did, and he hadn't even done that much to woo or court her to begin with, so why was she blushing and smiling like an utter fool at the mere thought of Sebastian?

She found her insides acting funny whenever she remembered his kiss on her lips and how he had kissed her cheek at the door when he was leaving. It was just like a loving husband would do for a wife when leaving for work, and that train of thought made her bite down on her bottom lip because in a few days they would be married. Though if things continued like this, Viola was afraid she was at a much bigger risk of falling helplessly for the man.

That train of thought snapped her out of her daydream and her blushing. She mentally shook her head. She didn't want to fall for anyone again. She didn't want love to bloom in her barren heart or her mind, especially not for someone who could so easily hurt her without intending to.

Viola didn't want to entertain that train of thought even just a little, and so she got up from where she had been sitting in her living room trying to practice her Spanish, which she hadn't even been concentrating on, as her mind kept drifting to Sebastian in a way that scared her. She decided to put the learning aside for now and do something tasking and distracting instead.

She knew she needed to learn Spanish, not only for the oath she would take during the ceremony but also so she could understand Sebastian's story about his history with Moonwillow.

But then, forcing herself into it when her mind was elsewhere wouldn't make her retain anything, and so she raised her hand, tied her hair into a ponytail, and decided to do the dishes by hand even though she had a dishwasher.

She needed a good distraction from Sebastian, and washing their breakfast dishes seemed like the only work left in her clean, polished penthouse. However, when Viola stepped into the kitchen, it was the memory of him cooking there that greeted her, him using her kitchen for the very first time since she had moved in.

She could still subtly perceive his scent hovering in the space, and inhaling it unintentionally made her toes curl inward and her stomach act funny again.

'You've got to stop this, Viola,' she scolded herself with a sigh.

Viola finished washing the dishes, humming a song to herself so she wouldn't let his thoughts creep back into her mind, and she was succeeding and pushing him away from her thoughts quite well, until she remembered him telling her to eat and not skip her meals.

What would she eat tonight?

She pursed her lips, contemplating cooking for both of them tonight since he would be coming over to sleep here again and there was nothing she could do about it. And if she was being honest, there was a side of her that looked forward to him coming.

Honestly, Viola didn't want to lie to herself, but she had come to realize that sleeping next to him, or anywhere his scent was, helped her sleep so much better than she ever had before, with no nightmares, nor that depressing, suffocating feeling inside her. His presence took away the emptiness and the loneliness, and yesterday had been the sole reason she had come to realize this.

If his presence would make her feel so refreshed and well rested in the morning, Viola wouldn't mind it nor push him away, as she needed those nights of good sleep before the ceremony.

He had cooked for her twice now, and since she knew he would be coming straight from his office, Viola found herself standing in the middle of the spacious kitchen with her hands on her hips, looking at the raw cooking ingredients stored in the pantry connected to the kitchen, its double doors thrown open wide and its shelves filled from floor to ceiling.

There were a lot of ingredients, only it was a shame she didn't know which one went before the other. She was terrible at cooking, no, not terrible, Viola thought with a grimace, she had never cooked a single thing in all her life, not even boiled water.

He had made something for her as a friend, and she also wanted to put in the effort to do it for him in return, to prepare their dinner. But looking at everything in the pantry sent her insides quivering with nerves as she wasn't quite certain where to begin.

Viola stretched the back of her neck in silent contemplation before an idea flashed into her mind. Perhaps she could look it up online! There were plenty of cooking recipes she could follow, and if there was one thing Viola knew how to do best, it was following instructions to learn new things.

She smiled to herself and then dashed towards her couch to grab her phone. She sat down and began to search for a cooking video, watched a few of them, and jotted down the ingredients and measurements of everything she would need.

Viola was scrolling the internet when another video of well-made beef chops caught her attention, and being one of her very favorites, she tapped on the video to watch how it was made. However, when she tapped on it, it redirected her to the werewolves' social media platform, WolfTalk, where the original video had been uploaded.

Viola watched the video, committing every step of how it was prepared to memory, but once she was done watching and tapped the back button on her screen, she was taken to the WolfTalk feed where a trending post belonging to Laila Serrano sat waiting at the top.

Viola pursed her lips at the sight of Laila's social media. She wasn't a fan of social media anymore as it tended to make her more depressed, and she had tried to stay away from it ever since she got a phone. She wouldn't have even entered the app if it hadn't been for the cooking video, and she was about to tap out of it when her eyes fell on the post Laila had made just a few minutes ago.

Viola's eyes narrowed and then her lashes trembled. The picture Laila had posted was of her neck, where she wore a piece of jewelry Viola recognized immediately, its sparkling blue diamond pendant catching the light and flashing brilliantly.

Viola would have brushed it off as simply not being the same set as the one that had been gifted to her, which she had returned, if it hadn't been for the caption that read, 'A Gift From My Man. Isn't he so sweet? S.K.'

Sebastian Kade.

Viola stared at the necklace on the screen and the caption without blinking, and then she snapped out of her daze and told herself that it didn't matter because she had already returned it to him, she hadn't wanted it in the first place. But then another part of her felt a sting, a faint and unwelcome sense of hurt that pricked all the way into her gut until she felt sick from it.

What was wrong with her? Hadn't she been the one to reject it and even ordered for it to be taken back to his place? So where was this feeling coming from? Why couldn't she swallow properly? It was as though a large rock had settled in her throat and it wouldn't go down no matter how hard she tried to push it away.

Viola was still trying to convince herself that there was nothing there, that he was her friend, and since she had rejected his gift he had simply given it to someone else who clearly appreciated it more than she did and had even posted about it, when she heard her phone beep in her hand and she looked down at the notification that had popped up.

It was Sebastian. She felt her heart leap when his name along with the heart emoji flashed on her screen, and she almost smiled, recalling his shamelessness at saving his number that way, until she saw the message he had sent. That faint smile fell away.

[I am sorry, honey, I can no longer come over to spend the night. I know you already told me I didn't have to come, but I had given my word that I would. Since I can't make it to your place, I want to remind you to EAT and don't skip your meals.]

Viola stared at the message with a conflicted expression, emotions spiraling through her insides and rushing all the way up to her chest. He wouldn't come, of course he wouldn't, not when Laila had recovered and was back from the healing house, not when he had gone and gifted her that priceless piece of jewelry. Would he spend the night with Laila the way he had spent it with her in the past two days?

Was he going to start dividing his time between her and Laila now? A hot, seething anger rose and spread inside her chest.

Viola hadn't even noticed her fingers clenching around her phone until she heard a faint crack and looked down to see that the screen had cracked slightly from the force of her grip. She gasped and released the phone. It fell onto the couch with a light thud and she stared down at it almost sightlessly, her lips quivering.

Where was this feeling coming from? Viola thought, feeling a sudden fear consume her as she recognized what it was, the feeling of possessiveness over a man. She had felt it many times before, that sudden flash of temper that came whenever she sensed her man in the presence of another woman...

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 140: Where are we going?[1,161 words]

Chapter 140: Where are we going?

Sebastian was just a friend, she told herself firmly. Even if they were to marry, he would still be her friend, and that friendship zone was there to protect her from taking him as anything more than that. She was aware that something inside her had begun to soften towards him and find him more appealing, but she had built a very large wall around that part of herself because she was afraid.

Afraid of being hurt and abandoned.

Viola had been hurt before. She had tasted what it was like to love and then lose it, to be betrayed and broken after she had given everything. Evan's betrayal would forever leave its scar on her, and that scar ran so deep that she had to keep Sebastian at arm's length so he wouldn't come close enough to peel it back open.

But just now...just now, she had felt that spark of deep jealousy. Viola shivered in fear at the thought that she was reverting to her old ways, and that those old ways would soon make her lose every single friend she had made here, including Sebastian himself.

He would find her intolerable and then grow tired of her just like Evan had, he would feel suffocated by her possessiveness and choose someone far more worthy than she was, someone who didn't have a tainted mind like hers. That was what had happened with Evan, and there was no reason it wouldn't happen again with Sebastian the moment he noticed these signs in her behavior...

There was more than one reason she wanted him to remain just a friend, the fact that he had multiple mates, and that she herself was too afraid to even think about holding another man in the same way she had once held someone who turned out to be so unworthy of it, were only part of them.

Viola felt a chill so sudden and sharp that she wrapped her arms around herself and her teeth began to chatter. She didn't want to like Sebastian to the point where whatever he did with other women would hurt her, but she was hurting right now and she hated it.

Whenever she became jealous, a feeling of intense rage would always consume her, that same surge of strength that had made her crack her phone just now. And Viola had already come to accept that that feeling and its intensity might be the very curse that had made their birth mother give them away to the orphanage.

Being in such a vulnerable state that she was shaking for no reason, the little devil on her shoulder began to whisper words into her ear that she didn't want to hear.

'Give it up already and end your pathetic existence. After everything you have done in your life, do you really think a man like the Alpha would still choose you over all those sensible women? Stop deceiving yourself with this friendship thing, you are starting to like him, and very soon he will leave you just like Evan did.'

'You are not worth keeping or loving. Everyone will always abandon you.'

Viola wanted to rip the negative thoughts straight out of her head but they refused to leave, and she grabbed her hair in her fist, muttering "shut up" repeatedly while feeling ice cold all over her body, as though she had been doused with freezing water.

She was slowly sinking into that darkness again when she heard her phone vibrate, and she quickly looked down in hopes that she would see a new message from Sebastian changing his mind about not coming. But the notification she saw wasn't his and disappointment wash over her.

It was Nick calling her.

Viola slowly reached out to her phone and picked up the call.

"Hello..." She answered quietly.

"Hey, Vee. Why do you sound so down?" Nick asked, his cheerful voice carrying a little concern beneath it.

Viola realized she did indeed sound low and dispirited, and she quickly cleared her throat and took a silent deep breath before she replied, "Maybe because I am upset that you haven't called or texted me in the past few days. You must have forgotten you have a friend here." She chided.

Since the day she had been announced winner, she hadn't spoken to Nick. Was he also forgetting her?

Nick smiled at her words. "Sorry. I got caught up with some things, but don't worry, I called to make it up to you. Are you free? We can go out and grab some dinner together. And before you tell me you are busy, remember these are your last few single days before you become a busy Luna and all." He teased, and Viola chuckled in spite of herself, wiping the moisture that had come to gather at the side of her eyes earlier.

She had been looking for a distraction anyway, and knowing that the person she had wanted to cook for might be spending the night with his other mate, she didn't want to stay here alone and think herself into depression or any selfharm.

"Sure. Where are we going?" She asked, standing up from where she had been sitting and looking out at the setting sun through the glass wall, where a yellowish orange glow painted the horizon beneath dark blue clouds. It was a beautiful sight.

Nick told her where they were going and then said, "Should we walk there or take my car? It's not that far away, but whichever you choose works for me."

"Let's walk. I haven't walked the night streets of Silver City before. I will meet you there in twenty minutes. Bye!" She hung up the call and hurried to her closet to find something simple to wear.

Viola picked a simple one-piece bluish dress that stopped above her ankle and then slipped her feet into a pair of low-heeled sandals she pulled from the rack of shoes, before spritzing herself with one of the array of perfumes she now owned. She grabbed a small sling purse and was putting her phone into it when she received another message. It was from Sebastian, and her heart flipped inside out.

[Send me a picture of your meal so I know you didn't skip it.]

Viola stared at the message with conflicting emotions written across her face before she bit down on the inside of her cheek and slipped the phone into her purse without replying. She knew herself well enough to know that if she were to reply right now, it would come out laced with the bitter, unwelcome jealousy that was eating away at her gut, jealousy that had no business being there in the first place.

She left her penthouse and stepped out of the high-rise skyscraper, where she noticed that guests were already arriving and the place was becoming filled with werewolves whose presence couldn't be ignored.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 141: The presence in the rain[1,132 words]

Chapter 141: The presence in the rain

Viola never expected to enjoy the night walk with Nick nor the pleasant food they had, but she did, especially since he was an expert at making her smile and laugh. Though she couldn't finish all of her food, she had eaten more than enough, and Nick got her a popsicle as they walked back to the skyscraper together, the night life all around them.

The nightlife of Silver City was beautiful. During the day, the city was truly prosperous and filled with attractions, where one could admire the magnificent and modern skyscrapers and stunning architectural structures. But nighttime was when the city truly shone, literally.

She couldn't help but admire the sidewalk, lined with beautiful cherry blossom trees on both sides. The pathway was lit by street lamps that stretched into the distance, their warm lights mingling with the city lights and shimmering like sparkling diamonds.

Diamonds. Viola felt a sour taste rise to her throat as the thought reminded her of Sebastian and what he must be doing with his other mate by now.

"Are you alright?" Nick, who was walking beside her, asked. "You have been awfully quiet since we left the restaurant." He pointed out, turning to look at her, she was dragging her sandal-clad feet across the brick sidewalk, absently scattering the pink cherry blossom petals that had fallen along their path.

He could also sense how troubled she was and seemed so deep in thought.

Viola mustered a smile as she replied, "I am fine. I am just admiring how beautiful Silver City is at night. It smells so refreshing." She mused, looking up at the faint flicker of lightning in the night sky, trying to act nonchalant.

"I see," Nick remarked gently, looking up at the sky, and then noticing how she shivered when a gust of wind blew in their direction. Without a word, he took off his coat and draped it over her shoulders. She was startled by the gesture but smiled and accepted it with a quiet, "Thanks."

"So are you going to tell me what's bothering you?" He asked, watching as she hugged his coat around herself, and he felt immensely pleased.

Viola hugged the coat and subconsciously inhaled the scent on it, only to realize it didn't belong to the person who always gave her his coat. She released her grip on it, feeling suddenly and quietly sad.

"Nothing," she said.

"Did my cousin do something to upset you?" Nick asked, his brows pulling together, because he wouldn't tolerate anyone hurting someone he considered his person, not even if that person was his terrifying cousin.

Viola looked at him, startled. "What? No, I am not thinking about him. Why would I be thinking about him?" She asked quickly, not even realizing what her own words had implied until Nick pointed out,

"I didn't say you were thinking about him, I was asking if he hurt you." Nick's frown deepened, creasing his forehead as a thought crossed his mind. Was she thinking about the Alpha? Had she started to like him? But she's not supposed to like him, he is cursed...

"Oh..." Viola mused, blushing in embarrassment. "He didn't hurt me." Not literally, but I am feeling hurt. My heart feels so heavy and my stomach is restless, she thought internally, keeping the words to herself as those feelings were still confusing to her, because it had never even felt like this with Evan.

"Then what is it?" Nick pressed, wanting to know what was wrong. "You said you liked popsicles and yours has completely melted in your hand, Vee. You haven't taken even a single bite." He pointed to the forgotten, melted popsicle stick dripping in her hand, and Viola looked down, let go of the stick, and wiped her hand clean with the handkerchief Nick handed to her.

Deciding to steer away from this dangerous topic about his cousin, Viola asked instead, "I wanted to ask you something, Nick. I plan to journey to Nightshade Pack after my ceremony to deal with some personal things. You are the second person I trust, apart from Zoe, but Zoe can't come with me, so I want to ask if you will accompany me there?"

Nick was taken aback by her request. Nightshade Pack? The poorest and most forgotten pack in the world? He thought, but seeing the look in her blue eyes and hearing that she trusted him, Nick didn't even ask what she wanted to go there for. He simply gave her a nod. "Sure. Anything for you, Vee."

Viola smiled, but it didn't reach her eyes as she said, "Thanks."

A few minutes later, Viola was left alone outside the skyscraper. She had told Nick she wanted to be alone and that he should go ahead inside, and even though he had insisted on waiting with her, Viola had gently pushed him to leave her be.

She liked the scent of rain, that clean earthy smell that rose from the ground, and she stood there watching the flashes of lightning crack across the night sky as the wind slowly began to pick up around her. Viola remained standing there until the first fat raindrop fell on her forehead, and then another landed on the hand she had stretched out.

She closed her eyes to savor the moment, but she suddenly felt as though someone had tapped her shoulder and she snapped her eyes open and whirled around, only to find no one standing behind

her. A shiver crawled down her spine, as the tap had felt so real. She would have dismissed it as a raindrop, but no raindrop could carry such weight.

Had she imagined it?

As the rain fell on her more steadily, Viola didn't notice that her blue eyes were flashing gold, nor that everything was becoming blurry even with her glasses on. She looked around her warily, but apart from the warm glow of the street lamps and the silent streets veiled in a haze of rainfall, there was no one around her.

She was suddenly consumed by a fear she couldn't put a finger on, as goosebumps rose along the lines of her arms and the back of her neck, and without wasting another moment standing outside, she turned and ran back into the building, desperate to be far away from whatever was out there.

As Viola ran, a transparent figure stood in the very spot she had been standing a moment ago, something that looked like a shape made of rippling water, watching her back disappear through the building's entrance. Then slowly, silently, it melted down into puddles that mixed with the rain now gathering on the ground, as though it had never been there at all.

Chapter 142: The cheesy video call-Part 1 (Bonus -)

Chapter 142: The cheesy video call-Part 1 (Bonus Chapter)

Viola ran back into her penthouse and quickly switched the lights back on, her entire body trembling violently like someone who had just encountered a ghost. She locked her door as if to keep whatever she had felt outside firmly out there. When she took off Nick's coat, she looked down at her bare, damp arms filled with goosebumps, the little hairs standing on end as though she had been electrified. What was that feeling?

Viola couldn't recall the last time she had felt this way in her life, and she dragged her wet self up to her bedroom. When she had changed out of her wet clothes into a set of pajamas and came back into her room, she suddenly felt that she couldn't sleep alone, this time not because she was scared of herself or the nightmares, but because she feared that the moment she closed her eyes, she would feel that heavy tap on her shoulder again.

She hugged herself, shivering at her bedside. The rain continued to fall steadily outside, and while the walls of the penthouse were soundproof, she could still see it falling through the glass along with the occasional flashes of lightning.

Viola found herself walking over to the purse she had thrown on the desk in her room and took out her phone. She tapped on the screen with trembling fingers and realized Sebastian had left a series of messages an hour ago, after he had asked her to send him a picture of her meal.

Viola stared at the screen, feeling a strong and very powerful urge to call him, but that stubborn hurt inside her stopped her short. If she continued to depend on him whenever she got scared or needed company, she would be doing nothing but digging herself into a grave and creating yet another way to hurt herself even more.

Viola decided to put her phone down so she wouldn't be tempted to call him or text him back, but just as she was setting it aside, the phone began to ring and her insides flipped when she saw the caller ID. He was calling her. Should she pick up or ignore it?

Biting the inside of her cheek, Viola tapped the answer button before the call could end and then slowly brought the phone to her ear without saying a word.

"Why aren't you replying to my texts? Are you all right?" Came his deep voice from the other end of the line, the sound of it making her insides clench.

Pursing her lips, Viola replied grumblingly, "I was busy. What do you want?" She hadn't intended to sound angry, but her voice came out that way, and Sebastian, who took note of her tone immediately, stood up from behind his office desk and walked to the window wall to watch the rain fall outside.

Why was she sounding like that? Hadn't he left her in a good mood just this afternoon?

"Have you eaten?" He questioned quietly, tucking one hand inside his trouser pocket. He had waited for her to text him back, but when she hadn't after an hour, Sebastian found himself continuously being drawn back to thoughts of her, wanting to hear her voice and know that she was doing all right, even though he had only left her a few hours ago.

However, he hadn't expected to call her and be met with that angry, grumbling tone, as though they had parted on bad terms, when he had in fact left her smiling as they bantered at the door of her penthouse.

She didn't reply to his question at first and stayed silent for a long moment until he called out, "Honey? Are you still there?" He pulled the phone away from his ear and looked down at the screen to see that the call was still connected. Why wasn't she saying anything?

"Stop calling me that." She finally replied quietly. "And to answer your question, yes, I have eaten."

Sebastian let out a soft sigh of relief and then smiled faintly. Hadn't they discussed him using endearments before? Was she back to not wanting him to use them? He could never understand her moods.

Wanting to tease her, and also wanting the call to last a little longer, knowing full well he wouldn't be able to sleep and would probably work through until morning in his office, he asked, "What did you eat?" His silver eyes glimmered, reflecting the occasional flashes of lightning outside.

"Wagyu beef with truffle mashed potatoes and wild mushroom risotto on the side..." Viola told him, crossing her legs on the floor where she sat beside her bed. She really hadn't thought she should be talking to him, but she just couldn't help it.

Sebastian arched a brow. "You ate out?" He asked with a small chuckle, and she grumbled a yes that was barely audible.

"Did you enjoy the meal?" He questioned again, wanting her to keep talking, or even to ask him if he had eaten, but she didn't ask, nor did she give a satisfactory reply. She gave him a single yes and went quiet again.

Could it be that he had called at a bad time and caught her in a bad mood? Though Sebastian despised small talk and being asked by women whether he had eaten or what he had eaten, finding those questions unnecessary and a waste of his time, he found himself wishing she would turn to exactly that kind of cheesiness and ask him.

The last woman to ask him that kind of question had been blacklisted from his contacts immediately, shut off without a second thought, because he simply hadn't had the time or patience for it. But here he was, wishing a certain someone would ask, and when she didn't, he swallowed his pride entirely and said,

"Won't you ask me what I ate or whether I have eaten?"

Sebastian could almost feel Muffin rolling his eyes at his cheesiness from wherever the wolf resided within him, but he didn't care. He wanted to talk to Viola, and if it took being cheesy to make the call last longer, he didn't care how far down that road he had to go.

"Does it matter?" Came Viola's reply, sounding entirely indifferent to Sebastian, who had been hoping she cared enough to want to know. It didn't matter to her whether he had eaten or not? He felt his chest tighten and his fingers clench around his phone.

So he didn't matter to her? Was that what she was trying to say?

"I doubt Laila will keep you hungry, she is one of your mates after all, and she will feed you well. There is no need for me to ask when I already know you have had dinner with her." Viola said, unable to keep the words to herself any longer or stop herself from jabbing him with them. Even as she said it, she knew it was a petty thing to say, he was her fiancé in title, but that didn't mean he owed her any loyalty, and he was still free to do whatever he wanted with the other women in his life.

Sebastian, on the other hand, had absolutely no idea what she was talking about, and his expression darkened into a deep scowl as he stared at the wall. "Why the hell would you think I am with Laila or that I have eaten with her?" He demanded, completely baffled as to how she had arrived at that conclusion. What was wrong with this woman, and why did she always find a way to ruin his mood? If he were with Laila, did she honestly think he would be calling just to hear about what she ate?

"Aren't you with her?" Viola asked, taken aback, and suddenly feeling utterly foolish for having let her jealousy lead her into bringing up Laila when she had absolutely no right to.

"I am in my office. Let me show you," Sebastian said flatly, and then switched their call to a video call, telling her to accept it right away.

The moment it connected, he turned the camera around to show her the office and the fact that he was entirely alone in it, no Laila, no one. Whatever had made her believe he was with Laila, he wanted to erase that belief completely.

Viola felt a deep flush rise to her cheeks and travel all the way to the roots of her hair, and she wanted nothing more than to bury herself and disappear. He was indeed in his office, and he was alone. If there had been any lingering doubt in her mind that he was with Laila, the way he proceeded to show her every corner of his office, his private lounge, and even his bathroom, swept it all away completely. She hadn't asked to see his bathroom, but the man had gone entirely out of his way to show her, as though determined to leave her with absolutely nothing left to doubt.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 143: The cheesy video call-Part 2[1,739 words]

Chapter 143: The cheesy video call-Part 2

Viola clasped her fingers against her mouth in embarrassment and to muffle a laugh when he stepped out to show her the hallway outside his office where there was not a single soul around. "What are you doing? Are you giving me a tour of your place?" Viola remarked, feeling a very huge relief wash over her like a large rock had been lifted off her chest.

"Your words asked for a tour, love, I am giving you one so you can believe that there is no Laila here. It's just me and I have been here since I left your place, look those are my clothes from this morning I took my shower here. Tell me if there is anything else you want me to show you?" Came his voice as she couldn't see his face, because he was still giving her the tour with his back camera.

"Stop it, I don't want a tour. I have seen more than enough." Viola mused, biting down on her bottom lip and feeling immensely embarrassed. Why on earth had she even blurted those words out? She thought to herself, and a tiny voice in the back of her head answered her quietly.

'Isn't it good that you said the words? At least you know he didn't change his mind from coming to you because of Laila...'

Sebastian switched the camera back to his face and Viola noticed his handsome grinning expression, his silver hair was messy, like he had run his fingers through it repeatedly, with loose strands falling all over his forehead and nearly poking at his eyes. The urge to reach through the phone and move the hair away was so strong that she heard herself say, "Move your hair away from your eyes less it poke you."

"Is it bothering you?" Sebastian teased, using his fingers to comb it back and away from his eyes, but the strands soon bounced right back, and he let them be.

"Now tell me, what makes you think I am with Laila? Could it be that...you are jealous?" He questioned, the thought that she might actually be jealous pleasing him so deeply that he couldn't help but smile even more broadly. Jealousy meant she was becoming possessive, just like him, didn't it?

Viola would rather have died than ever admit to being jealous. She snorted, "Why should I be jealous? We are just friends, aren't we?" Hiding behind the friendship zone was a shield for her, a way to protect herself and her own nature from herself. He must never know about her deep insecurities that led her to intense jealousy.

Sebastian's smile faltered, but he nodded. "Hmm, You have no reason to be jealous even if I have sex with Laila or another woman. Mrs. Sebastian Kade isn't going to be a jealous wife." He stated, watching carefully for her reaction, but if she was affected by his words at all, she gave nothing away, and Sebastian's mood soured a little at that. It seemed she wasn't yet possessive of him the way he wished she would be...

"Have you eaten?" Viola changed the subject, not wanting to talk about his relations with other women or whether she would make a jealous wife. It was time she began to scold herself out of being jealous and insecure over a man she didn't even want to love, if she could ever help it.

"I haven't. And why are you sitting on the floor?" Sebastian questioned, noticing her background. "Don't tell me you plan to sleep on the floor again?"

"Why haven't you eaten, don't change the subject, Sebastian." Viola narrowed her eyes at him. He had pestered her endlessly about eating while quietly skipping his own meals. How was that even remotely fair?

Sebastian flashed her a smile as he said, "I will eat soon—"

"It's unhealthy to eat when it's gets too late, if you will eat, you should do it now." Viola insisted, and though Sebastian felt he should have been annoyed at being spoken to so firmly, he liked it, and felt something warm stir quietly inside him, because nobody ever thought to worry about when he ate or whether he had eaten at all.

He carried the heavy burden of an entire pack on his shoulders, and many always assumed he had everything entirely figured out and didn't need to be reminded of when to do things for himself. Even the wife he recalled from the past, Evangeline, had never once cared about his meal times, they hadn't even eaten together to begin with, and Sebastian had never known until this moment that he would have liked it if someone scolded him about something as simple as that.

"I will eat now, but lay down on the bed. Don't sleep on the floor. We can continue talking when you are on the bed and you can watch me eat." Saying that, Sebastian set his phone on a stand on his desk and then reached for the package of food that had been delivered to him a few minutes ago, settling down in front of his phone.

He watched Viola move around the room and then return to the bed. There were a few moments of soft rustling sounds before she settled down with the blanket pulled up over her head and the glow of her phone screen illuminating her beautiful face as she looked at him with unconsciously pouted lips, soft, kissable, pouted lips that sent heat to his loin as he recalled how soft it had been to kiss her.

Viola watched as he began to open his meal package. "What kind of food is in it?"

He showed it to her and Viola saw the expensive packaging of the general food prepared for the important people staying in the high tower, which she didn't like because of the risk of fish in it. "It looks delicious. Enjoy." She mused, biting back a yawn as a wave of sleepiness washed over her, something she had thought would be entirely impossible tonight.

She watched Sebastian eat, his chewing barely making any sound at all, and she smiled quietly at his manners. He caught her smiling and asked her why she was smiling and she told him it was nothing.

"Are you sleepy?" He asked, and she shook her head.

"Hmm," Sebastian hummed, already seeing the drowsiness settling into her eyes and the yawn she kept trying to bite back. Before he knew it, her eyes had begun to drop slowly, and as though she simply couldn't fight it any longer, they closed completely and she was soon breathing steadily, her phone tilted to the side where he could only see half of her face.

Sebastian didn't end the call, not when he was watching her peaceful sleeping face, and not when the sight of it calmed something restless deep within him. She was so babyish and cute while asleep and she hadn't even taken off her glasses.

Sebastian recalled her words about Laila and he was grateful that he had dispelled any of her doubts before they could have ruined the progress he had made with her in this relationship that looked like it would remain stuck in the friendship zone until she awakened her wolf and felt his bond.

As he watched her sleeping face, Sebastian recalled his conversation with the therapist about Viola.

'What you have described to me sounds like the pattern of someone with deep self-hatred, and people who hate themselves often behave in predictable ways. They blame themselves for everything. They reject compliments. They expect rejection before it even happens. And sometimes they sabotage good things because deep down they believe they don't deserve them.' The man had explained to Sebastian.

'So what do I do?' Sebastian had pressed. 'Tell me what actually helps.'

The man's voice softened. 'You create safety.'

'That's it?' Sebastian had asked skeptically.

'That's the beginning,' the man corrected. 'A traumatized mind lives in survival mode. It expects harm, abandonment, or betrayal. When someone consistently proves those expectations wrong, the brain slowly begins to relax.'

'Slowly,' Sebastian had repeated, clearly not liking the word. He hated slow progress and wanted a fast cure.

'Yes. Slowly.' The man had told him. 'You can't cure her. That isn't your role.'

The words had landed like a stone inside Sebastian, who had been hoping to cure her trauma if it turned out to be the very reason keeping her wolf from awakening.

'But you can support her while she heals,' the man continued. 'You listen without dismissing her feelings. You don't try to argue her pain out of existence. You remain steady when she expects you to leave.'

'And eventually she just... believes me?' he had asked.

'Not exactly,' the man had said. 'Eventually she gathers enough new experiences to question the old story she tells herself.'

'Trauma changes the mirror someone uses to see themselves. But mirrors can be replaced.'

Sebastian had exhaled slowly, absorbing every word.

'The only way to help her heal is for you to stay. Not as her savior... but as proof that she was never as unworthy as she believes. Everything will fall into place patiently.'

Remembering all those words now, Sebastian let out a quiet sigh. It was why he had quickly shown her around his office before she could doubt him and convince herself that he was like Evan, who had cheated and she put the bricks back around herself again to close him off.

He wasn't a cheater, and he had promised himself not to cheat, not even given that their relationship was still rooted in friendship. She was his fiancée, friendship or not, and she would be his wife.

"Good night, darling," he whispered to her, still not ending the call, before his eyes drifted to the small screen on his desk that displayed the calendar. On it, there was a red circle drawn around the 30th, and the current day was the 10th. His fingers fisted slowly as his eyes stayed fixed on that circled date, a day he hated with everything inside him, yet it kept circling back around no matter how much time passed.

Before that day arrived, he had to make her trust him enough and find more signs of her being the one, or some things might fall apart entirely.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 144: The Moonwillow guests[1,465 words]

Chapter 144: The Moonwillow guests

In no time at all, guests were arriving from all around the various packs of the werewolf world to stay at the High Tower for the ceremony of the supreme Luna in three days, none of whom knew anything about her beyond the fact that she was from the North Pack.

North Pack? Which of the she-wolves there was the lucky one? And why wasn't her name included in the cards sent out to invite them? Many asked these questions, though some had already convinced themselves they had the answer.

Rumors were already circulating that the chosen she-wolf was none other than Ember, the princess of the North Pack and the best candidate from that pack, as there was no one else they knew from there who was worthy of the position.

In the minds of many of the arriving guests, they firmly believed the she-wolf to be Ember, and so many who came from lower packs or who wanted to get close to the future supreme Luna made mental notes to form friendship alliances with her.

Furthermore, Viola, who was the real future Luna, barely left her penthouse to mingle with anyone or even went out to meet the guests, so technically none of the arriving guests knew of her existence or the fact that she was the future supreme Luna.

The North Pack people arrived an hour earlier than the Moonwillow pack, so before Evan and his mate and the Beta family landed in the impossibly beautiful Silver, Ember had already unpacked her things in her given room and was looking around the building with her omega maids close at hand, marveling at the beauty and luxury of the Silver Pack.

Truth be told, she had no idea who the future supreme Luna actually was, and yet everyone around her was telling her that she came from the North Pack, and people were even coming to pay her their respects, calling her supreme Luna. She had even received countless gifts that have piled up the bed of her room from unknown werewolves. All of this had led Ember to begin wondering, could it be that she was indeed the chosen one and that this was all an elaborate surprise arranged for her?

For months now she had been unable to overcome the sting of the fact that the supreme Alpha had turned her down, despite her having been so confident that she was the one for him and having trained all her life for that very position.

Ember had been bitter and angry until the special invitation arrived, confusing her entire family, as they hadn't put anyone from their pack forward to the Alpha, so who was he crowning from the North Pack?

They had been thoroughly confused and utterly baffled until they landed in this impossibly grand building, where guests began to crowd around Ember and called her the future supreme Luna, confirming her suspicion about a surprise wedding for her.

Ember hadn't yet met the Alpha, but she was moving through the building in hopes of running into him so she could tell him how grateful she was for his surprise. He had chosen her but hadn't told her until three days before their wedding, even sending his private jet to bring her and her parents here.

It was such an utter surprise that Ember hadn't even bought a dress, though she had heard some whispers that the Alpha's sister, Zoe, whom she had only ever had the honor of buying designs from online but had never met in person, was already designing a wedding dress for her.

Ember couldn't believe how much the moon goddess was on her side, granting her another opportunity to prove herself to the supreme Alpha who had so ruthlessly insulted her and turned her down when she had offered him her body. Her expression soured slightly at the thought that she should have been given a heads up about these wedding arrangements.

If they had given her a heads up, she would have arrived on time to get acquainted with the people who would soon become part of her new family and to get to know her husband-to-be. She was so annoyed that she wanted to take out her frustration on some incompetent omega, but every single omega worker she had come across along the hallways was smooth and efficient in the work of receiving the newly arriving guests and leading them to their arranged rooms.

Ember walked down to the lobby to see if she would be lucky enough to meet some of the Kade family members, who had not yet come to give her a special welcome despite the fact that she would soon be joining their family. However, she was pleasantly surprised to find new guests walking in through the automatic motion sensor sliding doors of the lobby.

Ember's eyes brightened and she quickly composed herself, straightening her back to appear regal and authoritative before she walked over to welcome this particular group of guests. After all, she had promised them a good position months ago and had also given her word to mend the feud between them and this pack.

Evan, who had landed in the Silver Pack just a few minutes ago, couldn't believe the grandeur of the pack, or the high level of technology and the magnificence of their buildings. He had never seen anything quite like it before, and not even all the pictures he had studied and looked through had prepared him for this.

However, being an Alpha with authority and pride, he barely let his awe and envy show in his expression. He kept his face neutral as he held his mate around the waist and followed the guard who had escorted them from the jet and was now leading them into the building.

Noticing that Leni was letting her awe show and was acting like a country bumpkin at the entrance doors that slid open for them as though they could sense their presence, he tightened his arm around her and whispered,

"School your expression, pet, don't let anyone see that this is our first time entering the Silver Pack. Act like this is the norm for us. No matter how much our pack has been struggling, don't let them look down on us."

Evan was not going to let his ego and pride be trampled on, and his mate's expression would do exactly that if people saw just how far behind their pack had fallen because the supreme Alpha had refused to forgive them until now.

After the moon festival months ago, Evan had not granted any werewolves a pass to enter his territory, for that event had already taken so much from him that he needed the supreme Alpha's support to recover. And until he had recovered and put his pack back in order, he wouldn't give anyone a reason to mock his pack and its members.

Evan walked into the building with the air of someone who had been there a dozen times before, his handsome expression relaxed and unbothered. They were about to move deeper into the building when the supposed future supreme Luna herself walked up to them, smiling welcomingly, and Evan decided to play the part of a very important guest even more convincingly so that everyone around them would see that he was on familiar terms with her.

"Welcome, welcome," Ember greeted delightedly as she stepped forward and hugged Leni, exchanging light cheek kisses, and then shook Evan's hand before greeting Beta Eliot and his family warmly. "I hope your journey here wasn't too stressful?"

Evan waved his hand in dismissal. "Not at all, future supreme Luna. We had a very enjoyable ride here, and it was all thanks to your generosity in asking the supreme Alpha to bring us here on a private jet." He said, raising his voice just slightly so that the other guests entering around them could hear and see that he and his people had received a very special invitation and a great deal of attention. That would teach them all a lesson not to mess with him for he had the backing of the future supreme Luna.

In the two days leading up to this moment, Evan had already assured his pack members that everything would be fine again, and that by the time he returned to Moonwillow, the supreme Alpha would be sending them back with many things that had been withheld from their pack, that everyone would at least receive working supplies and basic necessities. Evan was determined to make that possible, even if it meant currying favors with the beautiful and generous Ember, who was not the kind of woman to forget her promises!

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 145: The audacity of the Moonwillow guests[1,385 words]

Chapter 145: The audacity of the Moonwillow guests

The guests pouring in, especially those from lower ranked packs who had been lucky enough to receive an invitation to the upcoming ceremony, couldn't help but look over at the Moonwillow guests with envy at the sight of the supposed future supreme Luna giving them her personal attention. They were that close to her? How fortunate, because with the future Luna being on such familiar terms with them, they would no doubt receive many future benefits from the Silver Pack.

"I wish I had been friends with Ember before this. I didn't even think about it," came the whispers of the people around them.

"Me too. Luna Leni is so lucky, look how intimately they are talking to each other."

While the lower ranked pack members envied the display of friendship, the Silver Pack omegas who were leading guests in couldn't help but frown at who everyone was giving their respect to as the future supreme Luna.

But Ember wasn't their future Luna, they thought, it was the wolfless woman whom they had all been warned by Beta Matt to never dare call wolfless unless they wish to lose their tongues. Even knowing this, however, they all kept their mouths shut, as it was not their place to correct these seemingly important werewolves about their mistakes.

"Oh no, don't bother yourselves carrying your bags, let me call the omegas to carry them for you." Ember said to her so-called important guests as she turned around to flag down one of the omegas passing by, but they were all busy except for one who was standing against the wall with her hair hanging around her face like a curtain, looking like a mad woman.

Ember frowned at this omega in mismatched clothing. Weren't the omega workers in Silver supposed to wear uniforms? Why was this fool standing around doing nothing in a mismatched striped skirt pattern and a loose green and white blouse that fell off one of her skinny shoulders? It seemed some of the lower beings here were not disciplined enough.

With that thought, Ember called over the person she had mistaken for an omega, who was none other than Sofia, a woman who didn't like being around people and who had been hiding here, making herself as invisible as possible against the wall, waiting for all of the elevators to clear up from the flood of arriving guests.

"Hey, come here!" Ember called, and Sofia looked up at her through the curtain of hair covering her face, her body trembling with fear that someone important was summoning her. What had she done this time? Would she be slapped again like one of the guests had slapped her yesterday for accidentally bumping into them?

"Are you deaf? Get yourself over here before I punish you!" Ember warned with narrowed eyes, seeing that the omega was still standing there like a fool and ignoring her. Was she trying to make her look like she had no authority over the omegas here, she who was soon to be the supreme Luna? Was this useless creature asking for death?

Hearing the word punishment, Sofia's spine stiffened and she pushed herself away from the wall she had been leaning against, the wall she had been silently wishing would swallow her whole, and began to walk towards the red-haired woman calling her, her fingers nervously clutching the sides of her dress. Punishment. If she didn't go, she would be punished, and Javier would beat her again mercilessly for not following him into the elevator and getting lost in the crowds.

"I don't mean to pry, Miss Ember, but I do believe it is high time you take a strict hand with omegas. Imagine her walking like a snail while you are calling her," Leni whispered to her friend, wanting to stay in her good graces and also advise her on how to handle people like this.

At Leni's words, Ember felt her annoyance spike and she reached out and grabbed the hair of the omega who was dragging her feet and taking her precious time to come to them. "When I call you, you should answer and move like your useless life depends on it, omega." She gritted out and slapped Sofia with a force that made her lose her balance and crash to the floor.

Being beaten by guests was nothing new for Javier's mate, as she was treated as though she were worthless even by her own husband, and so no one around them who knew her as Javier's wife said a word, people simply passed by like it was nothing out of the ordinary, and not a single person clarified that she was not an omega.

Ember reached out to grab her hair again, but suddenly a hand wrapped firmly around her wrist, stopping her from reaching Sofia.

Ember gritted her teeth in anger at the insolent person who had dared to stop her from disciplining an omega, and she turned her head sharply to the side, only to find herself looking at a face she recognized. The blue eyes behind the glasses sparkled with an icy coldness that caught Ember off guard for a moment before she blinked.

Viola?

It wasn't only Ember who was surprised to see Viola, Evan and her adoptive family, including Leni, were equally stunned. But unlike Ember, who knew she had ordered this woman dead, the others simply assumed that Viola had been here with Ember all along, ever since she had taken her away from Moonwillow.

"Who gives you the right to touch anyone in this pack?" Viola demanded calmly, using every ounce of strength in her body to pry Ember's hand away from Sofia's hair and thrust it firmly to the side before she came to stand in front of Sofia.

Viola had been in her penthouse for the past two days, not wanting to come out to face the crowd of arriving guests. She had only come down now, still dressed in her pajamas, to collect a package she had ordered for Sebastian, wanting to give him something in return for the gifts he had given her.

Viola had received a black card for her Luna position, bearing her name and loaded with her own funds, as it was said that every Luna was given a card to spend and buy whatever she desired. It had been a long time since she'd had money of her own, and she had no particular desire to buy anything for herself, but she had come across a fine set of diamond cufflinks and had ordered them for Sebastian without thinking twice.

She had ordered them almost thoughtlessly, driven by that helpless habit she had always carried, even back when she was with Evan, of buying things for the people she held dear. Whoever she

came to care about, she would find herself buying things for them, and she had placed the order before she could stop herself.

She wouldn't have come out here at all if it hadn't been for the package arriving and the fact that every single omega was far too busy for her to ask anyone to collect it on her behalf, she had her own legs, after all. Only to step out and find Ember slapping Sofia.

The audacity of this she-wolf to slap a member of the Kade family. Even if Sofia turned out not to be a member of the Kade family, which she was, but merely an omega, Ember had no right to hit or dare discipline anyone here. A guest should know their place, and Viola had gone through what felt like a lifetime of torture to know exactly how it felt to be hit and insulted, and she would not tolerate anyone, human or animal, being abused in her presence.

Viola had been the one to request their invitation, but she had completely forgotten that they were arriving today, and she was entirely unprepared for it. Dressed as she was in a plain brown pajama shirt and matching pants with soft house slippers on her feet and her hair twisted into a messy bun, she looked every bit like someone who had just rolled out of bed, but that didn't mean she wouldn't intervene.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 146: Apologize to her! [1,399 words]

Chapter 146: Apologize to her!

"It seems, Miss Ember, that you will have a great deal of work on your hands after your ceremony, for it appears not all of the lowlives here are dressed in uniform, and one even dares to grab your hand." Came Leni's remark, hanging off Evan's arm and letting her eyes settle coolly on Viola, who looked impossibly well and far better than someone who had been taken away to serve Ember had any right to look.

The last time Leni had seen this woman, she had looked no better than a skeleton with her skin hanging loosely off her bones and her chest as flat as a board. But there was a fullness to the pajama shirt she wore now, and her face had recovered to that irresistible beauty that Leni could vividly recall being deeply jealous of, the same beauty that had always earned her the undivided attention of every man in their pack, men whom the woman had always carelessly ignored for the sake of Evan.

Ember must truly be a very generous woman to have fed and clothed this nobody so well.

Leni pressed herself even closer against Evan's side at that thought, and she smiled internally when his arm tightened around her.

"You can stay behind for a few days to assist her in straightening out these lowlives, my pet. Some people really do forget their place," Evan said with pure annoyance as he glared at Viola, who was watching him with blank and utterly indifferent eyes. How dare she look at him that way, as though she had the right? Who did she think she was to even meet Leni's eyes, let alone his and Ember's?

"Was that how you were trained in the quarters, you piece of shit? Get down on your knees and apologize to your Luna!" Evan demanded, taking a threatening step forward with his Alpha aura flaring and bleeding into the atmosphere around him.

Viola, in spite of herself and everything inside her that despised Evan, found herself trembling, her insides clenching tightly. Though she could face almost everyone without fear, she couldn't face Evan. She hated this part of herself that lost all control when it came to him, the part of her he had destroyed with his betrayal, and seeing his protective arm wrapped around Leni's waist made her fingers clench at her sides.

Wasn't she over him already? So why was it still affecting her? Could it be because of the...

Taking a deep breath, she bent down and helped Sofia, who was whimpering to her feet, reaching out with concern to move the hair away from her face as she asked quietly, "Are you all right?"

Sofia recoiled from Viola in fright the moment she felt her touch, parting the curtain of hair from her own face, and then she turned and ran as though she were terrified, disappearing before Viola could say another word.

Viola's brows knitted together, forming a faint crease on her forehead as she couldn't help but think that for an Alpha's daughter and the wife and mate of a Kade, Sofia was receiving a very poor treatment from the people around her, and that wasn't all right. People like Ember shouldn't have the right to raise their hands against her at all.

Before Viola could look away from the direction Sofia had fled and turn back to face the people who had once been a part of her life, she felt a fist seize her hair from behind and she was tackled to the ground with a kick to the backs of her knees. Before she could do anything, a hard slap landed across her face and her glasses broke, flying off and away from her face and thrusting her world into a haze of blurriness.

Sharp pain stung all the way from her cheek to the back of her head, and her knees hit the floor with a force that rattled through her bones. She bit back a moan of pain. She didn't need to see clearly to know who it was, it was Evan.

She recognized his ways of tormenting her from years of enduring them, recognized the weight and angle of his slap and his hits, and she felt a hot, seething anger swell inside her at the fact that he no longer had any right to lay a hand on her, yet here he was doing it, again.

"You little bitch, you think just because the future supreme Luna is generous enough to give you a roof over your head and to clothe and feed you well enough to look like a person again, you can disrespect her in front of me? People like you don't deserve generosity. You need a constant

reminder of where you belong!" Evan gritted out furiously as he twisted her hair tighter in his fist and slapped her face again, so hard that a trail of blood crept from the corner of her lips.

People began to gather around the scene, watching, and despite some of them knowing full well that she was the future supreme Luna, not one of them stepped forward to stop this stranger from beating her. Deep down, many of the Silver Pack members didn't like her to begin with, for they still believed that a wolfless woman had no business being crowned.

However, some among the crowd couldn't help but think that this Alpha was courting his own death, for no matter what anyone thought of her, no one had the right to beat a supreme Luna. What did he think he was doing?

Viola, who had never imagined she would ever go through such humiliation again, was suddenly flooded with the memory of all the pain she had suffered for four long years under Evan, despite the fact that it was because of her that he had ever come close to smelling the Alpha seat at all. It was her influence, her efforts, and her ways that had gotten him to become who he was today.

Despite everything in her that wanted to fight back, some deeply ingrained conditioning ran far too deep for time alone to erase. She had been broken and tormented for four years into bowing down to him and to every person of power in Moonwillow. And without her glasses, she could see nothing but a blur, making it impossible to deflect his slaps when they came. But anger simmered inside her like hot lava, building steadily beneath the surface.

"Apologize to her!" Evan barked again, driving a kick into her stomach as she lay on the floor.

"You are going to regret this, Evan—" Viola began through gritted teeth as she attempted to push herself up off the ground, but Evan shoved her back down again and delivered another kick to her stomach that made her groan.

"How dare you call my name?" He turned to Ember, who stood to the side with Leni, watching with a satisfied smirk on her face, and said, "Give her to me when I am returning to Moonwillow, she will receive proper discipline in my pack, and she will never dare disrespect anyone again."

"Do whatever you please with her, you can have her. I have no use for the bitch." Ember told him with a delicate, dismissive wave of her hand, not particularly caring where the woman had come from or what she was doing here in the first place, for as long as Ember wouldn't be dealing with her here when she married the supreme Alpha, she didn't particularly care what Evan did with the bitch.

Evan smirked in deep pleasure, having gotten exactly what he wanted without even having to try too hard. He would take her back to his pack and put her to work fixing all of his problems.

Bending down, he grabbed her by the hair as she lay curled on the floor clutching her stomach, groaning in pain, and was drawing back his hand to slap some more discipline into her when it suddenly felt as though the devil himself had walked into the space, bringing with him the brutal cold of winter. And along with that suffocating, crushing presence came a very dark and dangerously furious voice that warned,

"Touch her again, and you will learn exactly what is worse than death!"

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 147: The supreme Alpha's rage[1,042 words]

Chapter 147: The supreme Alpha's rage

Nobody noticed Sebastian's entrance to the scene where his mate was being brutally beaten by a scum who had no right to breathe the same air she breathed, let alone lay a hand on a single strand of her hair. They were too busy crowding around and watching the scene like they were watching a live show, until his presence announced itself through the suffocating shift in the atmosphere and then his dangerously low and furious voice that warned Evan.

"Touch her again, and you will learn exactly what is worse than death."

The people gathered in the lobby, mostly guests, turned in his direction, parting away from his path as he walked down the hall in long, purposeful strides with his hands tucked inside the pockets of his trousers and his leather shoes clicking sharply against the floor.

His breathtakingly handsome face was a pure mask of fury that made everyone begin to bow their heads in submission, but his cold silver eyes didn't go to a single person in that crowd, only to the woman curled up on the floor, moaning softly and holding her stomach as though she was suffering from some deep internal pain.

Sebastian's fingers clenched tightly inside his pocket until a faint cracking sound could be heard in the sudden silence that had fallen over the crowd at his presence. The silence was so complete and so heavy that not a single person dared to breathe, terrified of making even the smallest sound and having those cold silver eyes turn on them.

Many of the people gathered there had never personally laid eyes on the supreme Alpha before, nor ever been anywhere close to him, and now that they were, his aura alone was sending them into an overdrive of pure, trembling fear.

If winter had a face, it would have been the supreme Alpha's face at that moment, and if fire had a breath, it would have been the burning air inside him and the heat emitting from his nostrils, for Sebastian saw nothing but red, a very hot and blazing red that he couldn't control or reason his way out of, not even enough to remind himself that he wasn't supposed to show his fury so openly to people when it's a matter that concerns Viola.

But caution be fucking damned!

Evan, who noticed the supreme Alpha walking towards them with that devastating aura rolling off him in waves, took a cautious step back from Viola and stared at the approaching man.

Not understanding why he looked so enraged that his expression was darkening by the second, Evan decided to make a good first impression, as he had never met Sebastian in person before. He had already considered that this celebration which had brought him here would serve as the perfect opportunity to forge a new friendship between them, as the petty feud of the past was no doubt behind them now, with Ember standing at his side and the fact that they had been invited here specially.

Evan quickly straightened himself up and then leaned down to warn Viola, "I will get back to you after I speak with the supreme Alpha," and then he smiled and stepped forward, pulling his mate along so he could introduce her to the supreme Alpha, who was walking steadily towards him.

Evan was smiling and had already parted his lips to speak when he was suddenly seized by the throat and hurled against the wall with a force that cracked the glass behind him and sent a sharp, blinding pain shooting through his spine. Everything happened so fast that neither he nor anyone around them saw it coming, until all the breath was knocked violently out of Evan's lungs.

"How dare you lay your filthy hands on her? Who the fuck gave you the right to hit her?" Sebastian demanded in a dangerously low voice that sent a cold shiver crawling down Evan's spine. Despite being an Alpha himself, Evan's aura was nowhere near that of the supreme Alpha, and his strength even less so.

Those words caught him so off guard that his gold eyes widened in disbelief. How was it any of the supreme Alpha's business that he had hit a nobody who had been disrespecting his wife-to-be? Viola, that woman, had disrespected Ember, and all Evan had done was put her back in her place, so why was the supreme Alpha this furious, choking the life out of him over it?!

"L-let's talk about this, supreme Alpha. The bitch disrespected—" Evan began to say, but the words couldn't leave his throat as Sebastian's fingers tightened even further around his windpipe, cutting off both his words and his breath and turning Evan's face as red as hot pepper.

"I will fucking kill you for it," Sebastian gritted out lowly and furiously, unable to believe the audacity of this fucker, beating his mate in his own territory as though she were some nobody. Even if she were a nobody, Sebastian never allowed outsiders to lay a hand on his members, let alone his fiancée and mate!

Leni, who watched her mate looking as though he was on the very verge of dying from lack of air, became gripped with fear. Wasn't the supreme Alpha supposed to be pleased that Evan had disciplined a useless woman on behalf of his woman? Wasn't he supposed to invite them into his office for a cup of coffee and a warm welcome? Why was he strangling her Evan over a nobody?

Leni had always known Viola to be a scheming woman who played cruel and calculated games to deal with she-wolves who had shown any interest in Evan in the past. She had a way of wrapping men around her fingers that had always made Leni despise her deeply, but she truly hadn't thought that with Ember now in the picture, she could have pulled that same game on the supreme Alpha, enough so for him to come striding furiously over here and begin strangling her Evan!

She spun to the only person she believed could save him, grabbing Ember's arm tightly. "Do something, your husband-to-be is going to kill my mate! Help him!"

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 148: The real supreme Luna[1,123 words]

Chapter 148: The real supreme Luna

Ember, who was just as stunned and bewildered by Sebastian's reaction and had been standing there with her jaw slack, was jolted out of her daze by Leni's grip. She looked at the murderous expression burning in the supreme Alpha's eyes and swallowed hard. How was she going to step in to stop him? She hadn't even spoken to him since her arrival to his pack and he hadn't come to see her to give her a welcome.

However, she couldn't just let her composure crumble in front of everyone who had been respecting her, she had to show that she had some measure of control over her man in front of the onlookers. And so Ember stepped forward to address Sebastian, but the glare he shot in her direction was enough to bring Ember, and every single person standing around them, crashing down to their knees in submission.

Sebastian's eyes zeroed back in on Evan, who was making a feeble and desperate attempt to free his windpipe, producing hoarse, strangled sounds like a man standing at the very gate of hell. But Sebastian had no intention of releasing him, not until he had personally escorted him through that gate and watched him suffer for what he had done to his little hellcat.

Sebastian would have strangled Evan to death had it not been for the tug he felt at his trouser leg that made him look down. Viola was tugging at his trousers from the floor, as though trying to physically pull him back from the man he was strangling.

Though she was clearly in pain and her expression did nothing to hide it, squinting up at him without her glasses, struggling to make out his face, her voice was steady and clear enough to cut through the consuming fog of Sebastian's fury.

"Let go of him. Don't kill him..." She moaned pleadingly, and her pleading expression did nothing but add more fuel to Sebastian's rage, for he had expected that after what the scum had just done to her, she would be demanding his life rather than begging for mercy on his behalf!

He hadn't known her to be the kind to plead for someone who had hurt her, and seeing her do it and add the word please to her lips, Sebastian released Evan's throat. The man crumpled to the floor, coughing violently.

However, Sebastian's expression and mood darkened further alongside the burning anger still raging inside him. Why the hell had she pleaded for his life? He thought, eyes dropping to where she was hunched over clutching her stomach, moaning, with blood trailing from the corner of her mouth.

Despite his visible displeasure and the anger still simmering beneath his skin, Sebastian bent down and gathered her up into his arms. She turned into his chest immediately, burying her face there and clutching the front of his shirt in tight fists as she moaned softly in agony.

She kept trying to curl her knees upward as though wanting them to press against her aching stomach for support, but being held in his arms in a princess carry made that position impossible, and that small, desperate movement alone told Sebastian exactly how much damage the kick to her stomach had done.

A vein surfaced on his forehead and along his neck, his arms tightening protectively around her as he turned and swept his cold eyes over the stunned onlookers who had stood and watched her get beaten without a single one of them stepping forward to stop it.

"Every single one of you here will pay dearly for standing by and watching the future supreme Luna get hit and humiliated by a nobody like this. And you and I are not finished yet, Evan!" Came Sebastian's frigid words that sliced clean through the air, causing those who hadn't known that Viola was the future supreme Luna to gasp in shock and disbelief and tremble where they knelt on the floor in fear.

So she was the future supreme Luna, and not Ember, whom they had all been falling over themselves to please? How could Viola have turned out to be the one? The Moonwillow members were reeling with that thought as they watched the supreme Alpha walk away from them with the wolfless woman held in his arms, his strides so long and purposeful that in no time at all he had reached his private elevator and the doors were sliding shut behind him.

It was only after he was gone that many of them released the breath they had been holding and sagged to the floor, clutching their rapidly beating hearts. However, the moment the relief of no longer having him in their presence washed over them, the full weight of his words came crashing back and they all turned to look at Ember.

"What does the supreme Alpha mean, Miss Ember?" Questioned Leni, who was supporting her mate as he was still bent over coughing, rubbing at his throat and looking just as stunned as everyone else around them.

"Miss Ember, aren't you the future supreme Luna?" Beta Eliot, who had chosen to act along with his family as though he didn't know who Viola was, despite having raised the girl for years, also asked, genuinely unable to make sense of why the supreme Alpha would say such a thing.

How could that useless girl be his future wife? That girl had been nothing but a disappointment to them, and unless they had all misheard what they thought they heard, there was simply no way it was possible that she was the future supreme Luna!

Ember, however, was slowly piecing things together, connecting the missing gaps one by one, and she stared ahead like someone who couldn't bring herself to believe what was becoming undeniably clear.

She had been the one to take Viola to the North Pack, which technically made her a member of it, and the fact that Viola had gone missing on the very same day the supreme Alpha had rejected Ember as a supposed wife made everything crystal clear in an instant. That realization drained the color from Ember's face until she went as pale as a ghost.

Ember raised her head to find everyone staring at her expectantly, and unable to bear the humiliation of standing there and admitting that she was not the future supreme Luna, that a wolfless woman had taken the position she had trained her entire life for, she rose to her feet, turned on her heels, and fled with her palm clasped tightly against her mouth, disappearing from the lobby in shame.

The Moonwillow guests could only stare after her in stunned astonishment..

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 149: Tell me the truth[1,384 words]

Chapter 149: Tell me the truth

Viola's fingers tightened around the sheet as she bit down hard on her bottom lip while the healer Sebastian had summoned checked for the extent of the damage done to her and treated the small bruises she had sustained from Evan's hits that had caught her completely off guard and unprepared.

As the doctor hovered over her, her own eyes drifted to Sebastian, who was standing at the glass wall with his back turned to them. He hadn't spoken a single word to her since he had brought her back to her room and called the healer, but the set of his jaw and the hardness in his silver eyes told her he was furious, not only at Evan, but at her too. She had tried to grip his sleeve and he had brushed her touch away coldly and gone to stand at the far end of the room, away from her bed.

The pain in her stomach had come from the fact that she had already been suffering from period cramps, which affected her far more severely than most she-wolves because she didn't have their fast healing. It had been the very reason she had stayed in her penthouse and wouldn't have gone out at all if it hadn't been for her arriving packages.

Her cramps were always unbearable enough to leave her sick and vomiting for days, but during her four years of living under a Hollow system, Viola had learned to hide her discomfort and bear through the pain alone, for even if she had complained, no one would have given her any medicine to ease it. She would have only received a beating for the trouble.

Now, four years later, she had built enough of a resistance to her monthly pain that it no longer bothered her as deeply as it once had, until Evan had driven a kick directly into her abdomen with the sharp front of his shoe. The pain had been so intense that for a brief, terrifying moment, Viola had almost believed she was going to faint.

The pain had already begun to subside even before the healer arrived, but she couldn't find the words to assure Sebastian that there was no need to call anyone, not when she knew she had upset him by stopping him from punishing Evan or causing him further pain.

The way Sebastian had coldly turned away from her when she reached for his sleeve had sent a sharp, stabbing pain straight to her heart and made a lump rise in her throat.

They had been in such a genuinely good place with each other, calling every night and talking about the small, unimportant things that only friends talked about. He would even tell her about his work and the documents he was going through while she lay in bed with her phone in hand, watching him quietly until she drifted off to sleep to the soft sounds of his digital pen moving across his screen.

Viola had actually come to enjoy their friendship so much that she had almost forgotten what it felt like to be in the presence of a cold and furious Sebastian, until this moment brought it all back.

She could feel the rage still radiating off him in waves, so strongly that even the healer was slightly clumsy throughout his examination.

Would Sebastian finally stop talking to her and treating her kindly because she had allowed a stupid part of her past to control her actions?

She had always expected the day to come when he would finally decide she wasn't worth being friends with and shut her out of his life entirely, but she hadn't expected it to come this soon. So soon that she hadn't even gotten the chance to know him better...

Viola suddenly felt a wave of sadness consume her heart, her throat throbbing as she turned her eyes away from his cold back and fixed them on the opposite wall, unblinking, for she knew that if she were to blink even once, the stinging heat building behind her eyes would finally break free and release her tears. She wouldn't cry over something she had already expected to happen...

The healer finished the examination and turned to the supreme Alpha with a nervous swallow before reporting, "I-it's nothing serious, supreme Alpha. The pain was caused by her menstruation and the kick made it worst, but I have given her a pain relief injection. She will be fine after a few hours of good rest and staying well hydrated."

Sebastian, who had been staring hard at the sky through the glass as though glaring at it could soothe his anger, heard the healer's words but didn't acknowledge them and remained where he was, completely still. However, a small and barely noticeable sigh of relief left him, for he had feared real damage had been done to her from the way that scum had kicked her on the floor and the way she had doubled over in his arms, moaning in pain.

Recalling it sent another surge of hot rage tearing through his veins, and he cursed everything that had stopped him from beating the living daylights out of the man, only to realize that it had been Viola herself who had done it. The very person he should have expected to encourage him to avenge her had instead dared to stop him in that moment.

His fury mounted and his silver eyes darkened to a deeper, colder shade. Why would she stop him, and why had she looked so wrenchingly pained as she pleaded for him not to kill Evan? Did she still harbor some ridiculous feeling for a man who hadn't even hesitated to beat her like she was nothing more than a punching bag in public?

'Does she still love him?' Sebastian found himself asking Muffin, who was just as furious as Sebastian was, for a mate was never supposed to stand beside another man and plead for his life.

'How about you just ask her? And if you can't do the asking, let's shift forms and I will ask her myself!' Muffin mused, already eager and restless for an opportunity where Sebastian would transform and finally allow him a proper introduction with their mate. But Sebastian wasn't about to give him that chance yet, for Muffin was not only unhinged, he would absolutely embarrass him.

Sebastian didn't know how he might react if he asked her and she told him she still loved Evan, but if he didn't get this off his chest he didn't think he would find any peace within himself, nor with her. He was angry at her, so deeply angry that it was hurting his chest every time the image of her pleading for Evan crossed his mind.

"Get out," he ordered the healer, who was still standing behind him waiting for permission to leave. The man was more than relieved to hear those two words, for his bones had been quivering the entire time he had been in that room. He bowed his head low and hurried out without a sound.

Viola, who had been keeping her gaze fixed on the opposite wall, felt Sebastian move and saw his shadow fall over her on the bed, but she still didn't look in his direction, his coldness towards her was too painful to face directly. She was suddenly afraid that he had come closer now to reject her, having finally understood the real reason she had stopped him from punishing Evan.

She tightened her fingers around the sheets and kept her head averted from him, her throat closing in and making it difficult to breathe properly when he didn't say anything and simply stood there, looking down at her in silence. She knew he was looking because she could feel his eyes burning into her like a laser.

"Tell me the truth, are you still in love with him?" Came Sebastian's quiet voice, fury simmering slightly beneath it. Though he stood there with the outward appearance of someone who didn't particularly care about the answer, his clenched fingers were trembling inside the pockets of his trousers, for her reply would determine Evan's next fate, and then his own feelings toward her.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 150: Disbelief[1,192 words]

Chapter 150: Disbelief

If Viola still loved that scum, it would be incredibly hard for him to get her to see him as a mate in order to awaken her wolf, and all of his efforts would amount to nothing but a waste of time. And if she didn't still love him, he would like to know why she had stopped him, when she could have simply pretended she hadn't seen anything at all and let him deal with Evan for her.

Sebastian was aware that he was supposed to act as though he didn't care about her in public so that no one would realize she was his mate, but at this point, it didn't matter, he had more than enough excuses to fall back on.

Every member of the Silver Pack knew how he ruled and how he never tolerated outsiders laying hands on his members, and no one would question him for killing Evan or beating him into a plump. They all knew he despised the Moonwillow Pack more than he despised anything else in this world, and they would simply assume he had used Evan beating the future Luna as the excuse to do it.

No one would ever connect it to Viola personally, which was exactly why he had been so willing to strangle the man to his death, until she stopped him.

At his question, Viola, who had been fully intent on not looking at him until he would leave her alone to lick her wounds and grieve the loss of a friendship she had been growing so deeply accustomed to, slowly turned to look at him.

His expression was as blank as a plain sheet of paper and his eyes were cold, just as cold as they had been the very first time she had met him, and the sight of it sent a shiver crawling down her spine.

Did she still love Evan, he had asked? Viola almost laughed at those words. Love was far from what she felt, and it had nothing to do with it, what she felt towards Evan had nothing to do with her past affection, but with something far deeper and far more complicated than that.

"I thought you already had your answer, and that is why you are giving me the cold shoulder," Viola stated indifferently, not wanting to let her emotions bleed through her voice or her words. She stared at him blankly from behind the cracked glass frames of her broken glasses.

"Would I be asking you if I already knew why the hell you stopped me from beating that piece of shit into the wall?" Sebastian gritted out, dragging furious fingers through his hair and glaring down at her darkly, for he hated that she was lying there looking up at him with that indifferent expression when his own emotions and mate jealousy were eating him alive. Did she honestly think he would be asking her if he already had any idea of what was going on with her?!

Viola felt her heart thud. So he didn't even know why she had stopped him from beating Evan, and yet he was already this furious and cold towards her?

What would his reaction be if he actually knew the truth? She thought, biting the inside of her cheek and weighing whether she should tell him or not. But then wasn't it better to just let him know the truth now and let him accept it sooner rather than later, even if it might break the relationship they were carefully building together? It was far better for it to crack at this stage than to carry on until it reached a point where it could no longer withstand the weight of it.

With the way he hated Evan and Moonwillow, he might not like what she would tell him, but Viola knew she had to let him know now.

With that thought settled, Viola said, "All right, I will not only tell you, but I will show you."

Sebastian watched her push herself into a sitting position on the bed, wincing slightly, and he fought the urge to step forward and help her sit up gently. He watched her sit up at the edge of the bed, wondering what she intended to show him, as she reached out and began to unbutton her pajama shirt.

His brows knitted together as he watched her undo the buttons, and then she pulled her hair forward and away from her back before she lowered the shirt to reveal her fair upper back to him. Sebastian arched a brow as she turned her head sideways to look at him and said,

"Look at the back of my neck." As Viola said those words, she forced herself to think of Evan, so that Sebastian could see for himself what had caused her to stop him from inflicting further damage on Evan beyond any reasonable explanation.

The moment the thought of Evan entered her mind, something glowed at the back of her neck, and it instantly caught Sebastian's eyes and held them there. A dark mark appeared in the shape of a chain, and he felt something violent turn over inside him. He blinked to make certain he was seeing clearly, but the mark didn't disappear, it only glowed more intensely.

Sebastian's heart turned over in his chest, his skin prickling with a surge of anger he hadn't thought it possible to feel any more of. For every werewolf who had gone through proper education and studied every kind of mark that existed, knew exactly what was on the back of her neck.

The heart binding mark.

There were different kinds of markings when it came to the act of marking. There was the soul binding mark, the most sacred and significant of all, which mates or werewolves who wished to spend the rest of their lives together gave to one another. A mark that connected them at the deepest level, one that could only be broken through mutual rejection. Then there was the mate marking. And then there was this one, the heart binding mark.

Unlike the soul binding mark which was given to form a soul bond, and unlike the mate marking, the heart binding mark was something entirely different. It was given when a person intended to love someone for the rest of their life, when they willingly allowed that person to mark them in a way that would bind their heart to theirs, completely and sometimes irrevocably.

"I let him give me this mark when I turned sixteen because I thought he was the one I would end up with. I couldn't give him the mark in return because I hadn't awakened my wolf yet at the time, and he had only just awakened his as he had just turned nineteen. He swore to me that once I awakened mine, I could give him the mark in return, so that even if we turned out not to be each other's fated mates, we could never truly turn away from each other, because we would both carry the heart binding marks..."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 151: Erase the mark[1,630 words]

Chapter 151: Erase the mark

The day Viola had been naive enough to let Evan give her this mark was among the days she hated and regretted the most. Back then she had been so certain they would end up together that she hadn't hesitated for even a moment to turn and allow him to mark her. It was why his betrayal had been so unbearable and why she couldn't forget him completely, even when she desperately wanted to.

Whenever she dared to think of another man in an intimate way, it would hurt and close her off to that person, because the mark only ever ached for Evan.

When Sebastian didn't say anything, Viola risked it and turned to look at him, and immediately regretted it, for he looked twice as furious as before. The corded veins on his neck were bulging and his eyes were burning into her with a glare that could have scorched the floor beneath her feet.

"Why the hell did you tell me to invite him when you know the mark will only strengthen its bind on you every single time you lay eyes on him?" Sebastian demanded, losing all reasonable thought about the fact that her teenage self had been naive enough to let a man she hadn't even married mark her with a heart binding mark.

Viola was startled by the sharpness of his voice but she didn't let it show, meeting his harsh tone with one of her own as she replied, "Because I wanted him to remove the mark before I marry you! With this mark on me, I can't be intimate with you or carry your children in one piece, that is why I wanted him here, to take it away from me!"

Sebastian let out a scoff. "I never knew you were this naive, Viola. That mark cannot be removed by him, it will only grow stronger with every encounter you have with him, and the only way to be rid of it is if you don't see him for a very, very long time, or if you are marked by your mate!"

"Then the problem is solved, you can mark me and I can be rid of his! Why are you directing your anger at me like I have committed some unforgivable sin?! I was young and stupid and deeply in love when I let this happen, and do you honestly think I would have invited him here if I had known it would only make the bond stronger?!" She shouted back, rising to her feet and facing him with all the fury burning inside her own heart. How dare he speak to her like it was her fault? Anyone could make such a decision when they were in love!

And besides, hadn't he just said that a mate's mark could get rid of it? He was her mate, and he would mark her when they married, so why was he working himself up over something that could be resolved? She wanted nothing more than to be rid of this mark from her body and give Evan every last drop of the hatred and pain he deserved from her!

Sebastian's expression lost its open fury but settled into something blank and more distant as he said, "I have wanted to tell you this, but I thought I should hold it until our ceremony. However, I believe you should hear it now. I am marrying you and making you my Luna, but I can't mark you. Not just you, I can't dare mark anyone who isn't..." He paused, turned away from her and closed his eyes, reining back his feelings and drawing in a slow breath. "I can't mark you. That is just the way it is. Marking was never part of what I planned for this relationship."

Viola felt as though she had been doused with a bucket of ice cold water at his words, and she stared at him in utter confusion. He didn't plan to mark her? Wasn't that the entire purpose of a werewolf's wedding ceremony, where he would mark her beneath the moonlight before everyone gathered? She thought, until a realization crept in quietly and settled over her. Not wanting to mark her meant not wanting to commit to her with his soul.

How quickly she had forgotten that this marriage was happening because she had won a competition, and not because he had chosen her out of genuine desire. How quickly she had forgotten that he had multiple mates and wouldn't want to bind himself to just one. Why had she even allowed herself to expect that he would mark her, when they were still in the friendship zone and when he had far better choices among all his other mates?

No man in his right mind would let go of a she-wolf with so much potential, family background, and a wolf, all for a wolfless woman who didn't even know the true roots of her real family, and one who couldn't yet sort through her own conflicts and traumas. His tenderness and the way he had been treating her over the past few days had begun to slowly blind her to reality, and she had started to delude herself all over again without even noticing.

Viola almost let out a bitter laugh at her own wake-up call, at the reality of what a friendship truly entailed, and how marking had never been part of it.

Grateful that she hadn't gone ahead and made a complete fool of herself by expecting a marking, and realizing she should actually be relieved that he wouldn't bind her to a marking that would only hurt her in the long run, she schooled her hurt behind a composed expression and gave him a slow nod.

"Of course. I had forgotten the circumstances under which this wedding was even happening. I am glad you told me about not being able to mark me. I will find a way to erase Evan's mark on my own, and if I can't erase it, I will make certain I never have to lay eyes on him again." Saying that, she turned to walk past him, but he reached out to touch her and Viola stepped aside smoothly, avoiding his hand without a word.

Sebastian's jaw clenched as he felt his chest tighten. He hadn't intended to tell her about not marking her this way, not like this, but he had let his hurt and anger override his better judgment. He was certain it wasn't her fault that she had allowed the man she had believed she would marry to place a heart binding mark on her, but his own mate bond simply couldn't tolerate the sight of it.

However, he hadn't expected her to accept his words about not marking her so quickly, without a single question, without curiosity, without demanding a reason. Any other woman he had ever

known would have demanded an explanation and would not have so easily swallowed the fact that her own husband would not mark her.

But the way she had turned indifferent and closed herself off so completely, like she was stacking every wall back up that he had believed he had started to slowly bring down, made Sebastian's jaw tighten even further.

He would have preferred her to rage at him the way he had raged at her, at least that would have shown him that she cared. But her indifference did nothing but make him angrier.

He watched her button her shirt back up, covering the mark he desperately wanted erased, and when she walked back to the bed and lay down, pulling the blanket over herself and turning her back to where he stood, Sebastian knew he needed to leave, to give himself the space to cool down before he shattered things between them even further.

"Do whatever soothes you," Sebastian gritted out, and then turned on his heel and walked out of the room, slamming the door behind him with enough force that the sharp sound made Viola squeeze her eyes shut.

"Yes. I will do whatever soothes me!" She yelled back at him, throwing a pillow across the room that landed against the closed door before burying her face back into the pillow beneath her head.

Swallowing the thick lump lodged in her throat, she curled up on the bed and forced herself to rest so the ache in her stomach would ease, though she doubted it would, now that it had been compounded by Sebastian's words and the dull, unwelcome hurt that had settled deep inside her chest. A hurt she hadn't wanted to feel. Why was she even allowing him to get to her at all?

He could go ahead and be unfaithful after their marriage and take whatever woman he pleased, and she didn't need to enjoy any of his intimacy to carry his heir after the ceremony. In fact, she believed it was for the best that she still carried another man's mark while they were together. It would stop her from foolishly developing feelings for a man she didn't even want to fall for.

"Go to hell, and don't call me or come here until the ceremony. I don't want to see you again," Viola muttered into her pillow, and then she closed her eyes, forcing thoughts of both Sebastian and Evan far from her mind.

For now that she knew Evan couldn't remove his mark, she no longer saw the point of why she had invited him here at all, because whatever pain that man suffered, her heart would feel it too. Hurting him would only ever mean hurting herself.

"I hate my life..." She whispered thickly into the silence of the room.

Chapter 152: Contacting the future supreme Luna_Part 1

Chapter 152: Contacting the future supreme Luna_Part 1

"You can't meet the supreme Alpha," came Matt's hardened voice directed at Evan and his Beta, Eliot, who had stopped him in the hallway while he was hurrying to answer Sebastian's furious summons through their mind link.

Matt hadn't been present when the encounter between Evan and his friend had taken place in the lobby, but he had heard everything he needed to hear to know exactly what had happened. And if Evan wasn't the Alpha of another pack, Matt genuinely would have punched the man right then and there on his idiotic face.

After beating a member of their pack, a future Luna at that, one whom Matt had noticed had been the quiet cause of Sebastian's recent happiness, his newfound excitement to eat his meals and the hours he spent on calls with her late into the night, he wanted nothing more than to strangle this Evan where he stood. Not only had he damaged Seb's mood, he had disrespected their Luna in her own territory!

And after all of that, he expected Matt to help him arrange a private meeting with Sebastian? Was the man drunk on the wrong wine? Or was it that his brain was filled with nothing but mush?

"But you are his Beta, you can make a meeting happen between us. I really need to speak with him and apologize for the circumstances in which we met. I won't take much of his time, I just want a word." Evan said with a composed smile and a look of complete innocence on his face as he addressed Matt, but the more Matt remained firm and insisted that the Alpha couldn't see him as he was busy, the more Evan felt his patience begin to fray.

Who did this fool think he was? A mere Beta speaking to him as though he were some lowly servant requesting an audience with a lord, when he himself was an Alpha who deserved far more respect from the likes of him!

If it hadn't been for the supreme Alpha's vindictiveness in blacklisting them, Moonwillow would have been just as advanced and ahead of the other packs as Silver was. They would have ranked up, and someone like this Beta wouldn't have the audacity to stand here and refuse his request to meet the supreme Alpha.

"Just as I said, Alpha Evan, the supreme Alpha is far too busy to spare any moment of his time speaking with you. If you are that desperate for a meeting, you will have to wait until his schedule clears and he decides to grant you one himself. If that is all you stopped me for, I will be on my way."

Matt said with a strained politeness and began to turn away, but Beta Eliot shot his hand forward and gripped his arm, causing Matt to go still. A deep scowl settled on his face as he dropped his hazel eyes to the hand wrapped around his arm before slowly looking back up to be met with Beta Eliot's smile.

"I am sorry to hold you up. But you might want to treat us with a little more respect and grant us this small wish of meeting the supreme Alpha." Beta Eliot remarked, still smiling, and Matt arched a questioning brow.

"And why is that?"

What was wrong with this Beta and Alpha duo?

"I understand you may not have known, or perhaps my little girl simply forgot to mention it, but I am the girl's father. Your future supreme Luna, she is my daughter. Surely attending to the in-laws of the supreme Alpha should be considered a priority. You are welcome to call her and ask her yourself, she will not deny that I am her father." Beta Eliot said with all the entitlement of a man who believed he still held full rights over his daughter simply because he had raised her with his own sweat and blood.

Though that girl had disappointed him in more ways than one, it appeared she was making it up to him now by attaching herself to the supreme Alpha. He had no idea how she had managed it or how she had ended up becoming the future supreme Luna, but Beta Eliot didn't particularly care about the details. What he cared about right now was getting reacquainted with her and using her newfound position to secure the favors their pack so desperately needed.

After everything they had done for her and the life they had given her, the very least she could do was repay them by asking the supreme Alpha to grant them a meeting so they could discuss everything that had been withheld from Moonwillow and begin to repair the damage of past mistakes.

Matt stared at Beta Eliot for a long moment before the corner of his lip curled slightly. "I can't believe you have the nerve to stand here and say those words, Beta Eliot. The last time I checked, our future supreme Luna came from the North Pack, not Moonwillow. How shameless of you to stand here and claim another person's daughter as your own." He said with a quiet, humorless chuckle.

Matt was well aware that Viola was their adoptive daughter, but he didn't believe for a single second that they deserved to still lay claim to her, not after what had played out in the lobby today. And if Beta Eliot believed that simply having once been her father would earn him a free pass with Sebastian, then he was gravely mistaken. The supreme Alpha was in a raging mood and wanted their blood on his hands after what they had done to Viola.

They didn't know it yet, but by laying hands on his woman, they had just compounded the offences they had already accumulated against Sebastian over the years, and Matt had absolutely no intention of making things easier for them by bringing them anywhere near the supreme Alpha.

And so, to rid himself of them, he said, "If she is truly your daughter, then you can ask her to introduce you to the Alpha as her family herself. But I am afraid there is nothing I can do on my end. Have a nice day." Saying that, Matt didn't give them the chance to grab at him again and walked away without looking back.

"The nerve of that fucker!" Evan gritted out, watching Matt's retreating back with his hands gripping his head, knowing full well that he couldn't have come all the way to the Silver Pack for nothing without mending the feud.

"What are we going to do now?" Beta Eliot questioned, looking just as stressed as Evan himself, but then as though an idea had struck him, he answered his own question.

"We can call that good-for-nothing daughter of mine to help us. No matter what has happened, she still owes Moonwillow for her luck in getting the supreme Alpha. If you hadn't given her to Ember in the first place, there is absolutely no way she would have been this lucky!"

Evan's gold eyes relaxed at those words and he smiled. "You are right, she still owes us. How are we going to contact her? The bitch doesn't have a mind link or anything to reach out to. She still a useless wolfless."

"Leave that to me. I will find her contact before tonight." Beta Eliot said with quiet confidence.

Chapter 153: Contacting the future supreme Luna_Part 2

Chapter 153: Contacting the future supreme Luna_Part 2

It wasn't easy for Evan and Beta Eliot to finally reach Viola, and even that hadn't been through her personal contact but through an omega that Evan had intimidated into taking a phone and delivering it to the future supreme Luna with the message that her father wanted a word with her.

The omega had been reluctant, but the menacing look in Evan's eyes and the fact that he had told her that the future supreme Luna's father was on the call had made her take the phone. She made sure she wasn't being followed before she went and knocked on Viola's door.

Viola, who was currently lying face down on her couch as she was still suffering from lingering cramps in her stomach after the painkiller's effects had worn off and she couldn't remain in her bed, heard the knock and frowned.

She slowly sat up and looked at the door, her heart beating a little faster at the thought that perhaps Sebastian had come back. She had been angry with him and she still was, and had told herself she wished he would never come back or speak to her again, but there was a stupid and utterly unreasonable side of her heart that longed for him regardless, and she hated it deeply.

She managed to get up and went to unlock the door, but was mildly disappointed to find one of the omega maids standing there, one of the newly recruited young ones who looked no more than seventeen and had come from the packless new members, holding out a phone to her.

"Ma'am, your father is on the call."

Viola blinked in confusion, looking from the girl to the phone in her hand before she said, "I don't have a father. Who told you to bring this phone to me?"

The call was already connected, and Beta Eliot on the other end heard her words and rebuked sharply, "You ungrateful little wench! How dare you disrespect me, your father?!"

Viola heard Beta Eliot's angry voice through the phone as it was on speaker, and her brows subtly knitted together. She could have chosen not to reach for the phone, but she reached for it anyway, and then dismissed the terrified-looking young omega with a small smile before stepping back inside and closing the door behind her.

"Ungrateful wench?" Viola mused with a bitter laugh. "If I am ungrateful, Eliot, then tell me, what are you?" She asked, using his name without a single title of respect, for Viola had lost every ounce of respect she had ever held for this man who had once been her father. A man she had given more than she had to give just to please him. Unfortunately, this man had always been too consumed by his own ambitions to ever see her struggles, too blinded by his selfish desires to ever truly see her at all.

Beta Eliot's face flushed red at her words. "You have no respect for your elders and I have known that right from the very start. But that was my own fault for expecting to undo the dirty upbringing of the slums from your body. You can take a person out of the streets but you can never take the streets out of them. You have always been a troublesome child who is never grateful!"

Viola had to pull the phone away from her ear before he burst her eardrum with his scolding. But rather than his words stinging her the way they would have in the past, back when she had given everything she had just to please this man, they only brought a quiet prick of sadness. Because it was truly sad to finally see, so clearly, just how little he had ever appreciated everything she had done for his sake.

Viola had always been a stubborn girl, but her stubbornness had never extended to her adoptive family, because no matter what, she had been grateful to them for giving her a family even when she felt she didn't deserve one. She would go out of her way to please Beta Eliot, studying the things she knew he liked and presenting them to him just to earn his approval and love.

She had once noticed that shifting into his wolf form was causing him back pain in his human form, and Viola had spent an entire week glued to her computer trying to find him the right medicine. And when she finally found it, it had cost her to sell a lot of her favorite items to afford it for him.

So many things she had done, all just to please this man, and in the end he had cast her aside without a second thought. And now he expected her respect?

"If I am so disrespectful, Eliot, then what brings you to send someone knocking on my door with a phone? This disrespectful girl has nothing to do with a respected man like you." Viola said sarcastically, moving to sit down on her couch as standing was sending painful cramps shooting through her and making her legs tremble.

She could literally hear him breathing furiously through the phone, but she didn't care. She was done trying to please him and his family, and she no longer had any relationship with them, because they had severed those ties four years ago.

Beta Eliot drew in a long, deep breath to cool the temper this useless girl was so efficiently stoking in his veins. "Alpha Evan and I want to meet the supreme Alpha. I want you to find a way to make

it happen before tomorrow, do you understand me?" He demanded, and then, just to add enough weight to his words to make her comply, Beta Eliot added,

"If our meeting turns out satisfactory, we will welcome you back into our family and I will give you away as your father at the wedding. You must miss your siblings and your mother, you can come to our room to see them."

For a good ten seconds, Viola didn't blink at Beta Eliot's words. She stared at the quickly darkening evening sky through her glass walls, utterly still. She almost laughed at what he had just said. Did he think she was begging for his family's affection or that she still wanted to be a part of them in any way?

Just how shameless could one person truly get? Did he honestly think that after allowing her to suffer for four years, he could come to her demanding her assistance and she would foolishly hand it over to him?

Viola couldn't help it, she began to laugh. Her laughter rang through the phone and reached Beta Eliot on the other end, who was left thoroughly confused, for he had fully expected her to jump at the chance to assist them. He had always known her as a child desperately scraping for a family's affection, one who would do absolutely anything as long as they acknowledged her as their own.

"What's so funny?" Beta Eliot demanded.

Viola wiped the corner of her eye with a finger as she said, "You, Eliot. You know what, I could eat a bowl of elephant soup and still manage to produce a smarter statement than that. Has anyone ever told you what the phrase 'you reap what you sow' actually means? I am no longer your family and I have no desire to be. I do not know you anymore. If you want to speak to my fiancé, find a way to do it that doesn't involve me." She said calmly, and was about to end the call when she heard cursing on the other end and then another voice took over from Beta Eliot.

"You ungrateful bitch! How dare you turn your back on a pack that welcomed you with open arms from the slum?!" Came Evan's furious voice, and it sent sharp pins straight into Viola's heart, twisted her already aching stomach and clogged her throat with emotions she had no power over. Her fingers tightened around the phone and the mark at the back of her neck glowed faintly.

Viola was aware that the more she resisted the mark, the more painfully it would hurt her heart, but she would rather endure a thousand of those pains than submit to an animal like Evan.

"Watch your tongue, Evan. You are currently in my fiancé's territory, I can have you thrown out of it within a second." Viola warned, the stabbing pain inside her steadily increasing with every word because she was going against him.

Evan let out a dry, humorless laugh. "I have always known you to be an ungrateful bitch, but I never thought you would repay our pack this way. I heard you got that position because of some stupid competition, don't let it go to your head too much, because I will be right here waiting for the day the supreme Alpha throws you out just like I did, the moment he sees the real you. A selfish, no good, heartless woman. You had better treat us right so you have somewhere to return to once he gets tired of you. No man in his right mind will keep a—"

Viola's insides were boiling and the back of her throat was burning raw, but rather than continue to sit there and listen to his insults stab her straight through the heart and twist it, she ended the call and stared at the blank screen, her throat moving up and down as she swallowed against the tightness there.

"This is the beginning of Moonwillow's suffering..." She muttered in a barely audible voice, and then she hurled the phone across the room and straight into the wall, only then remembering that it belonged to Evan, and felt even more satisfied as it shattered on impact.

She would rather endure the intense, relentless pain of his mark than ever give in to it, and she would see to it that the feud he so desperately tried to fix never got fixed. Moonwillow would never see a single benefit from her future husband's pack!

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 154: Taking care of her_Part 1[1,134 words]

Chapter 154: Taking care of her_Part 1

Viola wanted so much not to think about what Evan had said, but her insecure heart and mind kept wandering back to it even after an hour had passed since she had ended the call with him. She just couldn't help it, because no matter how much she wanted to deny it and refuse to believe it, she knew deep down that she was a very hard person to like and to keep close.

Though there was no real romantic relationship between she and Sebastian, or so she always tried to tell herself, she was certain that one day he would grow tired of her, and rather than discard her the way Evan had done, he might simply kill her quickly the way he had killed his other Lunas.

That thought sent another sharp, pin-like pain straight to her heart that traveled all the way down and made her feel even more sick and nauseous than before.

Unable to hold the nausea back any longer, she clapped a hand over her mouth and rushed to her bathroom, dropping to her knees with her head bowed over the toilet, retching and throwing up her guts. Unfortunately there was little to nothing left in her stomach to bring up but water.

Viola's grip around the toilet seat turned so fierce that her knuckles went white, and the more her mind circled back to the words, that she would be discarded again someday, the tighter and tighter her grip became, until a cracking sound began to emit from beneath her palm.

Then a chunk of the ceramic broke away, jerking her hand downward and causing her to yank back and stare wide-eyed at the broken piece lying on the floor.

Flushed and still sick, Viola couldn't believe her grip had been strong enough to break the side of a toilet seat, and she stared down at her own hand in confused disbelief. Had she just broken it? Was the seat that fragile?

She wasn't strong enough by werewolf standards to shatter hard ceramic with her bare hand, and yet looking down at the broken piece on the floor, it was undeniable that she really had broken it. Her stomach turned over again, the sickness washing back over her in another wave.

This time she tried as hard as she could, but nothing came up. Spent and utterly exhausted, Viola sat back on the floor and leaned her back against the cool surface of the shower glass wall, closing her eyes for a moment and drawing in slow, steady breaths to calm her nerves.

What was wrong with her? Why was she letting Evan's words get to her so deeply sending fear crushing down on her about a future she didn't even know yet? Hadn't she accepted any future no matter how bad it was when she decided to fight for the Luna position?

She wanted to feel some sense of satisfaction that she had at least put her adoptive parents in their place, but no such feeling came. Instead she felt deeply and uncomfortably vulnerable, and staring at the broken toilet seat on the floor, another shiver ran down her spine. Just what kind of power had caused her to break it? Was there truly a chance that she wasn't entirely wolfless after all?

Because if she were completely wolfless, she should not have possessed the strength it took to break something as hard as a ceramic toilet seat with nothing but a grip, and that thought made her swallow hard and sit with a deep, unsettling uncertainty.

Realizing that she was allowing herself to spiral into fear and despair over someone as insignificant as Evan, Viola pushed herself up off the floor through her cramping stomach and decided to shower and change for the night. Because even with the reality that she wasn't getting married for love, just like every other woman, Viola still wished to look presentable, and she needed to calm her mind and rest her body for the wedding that was now only two days away.

Whatever questions were beginning to arise about her wolf would find their answers when she found her twin, and until then she would try to focus on what else she could do in the meantime. She took off her clothes and stepped under a hot shower, and when she was done, she stepped through the adjoining door of the closet that connected to the bathroom.

Viola's limbs were literally quivering as she stood to dress, and she had to take small pauses between every action while selecting her pajamas. She hated this time of the month more than almost anything else, and if only she were like other she-wolves, she wouldn't be suffering through it this severely, not to mention the blows she had received earlier in the day that had added layers of aching pain and discomfort on top of it all.

She didn't bother to carefully pick through her many sets of pajamas and simply grabbed a short ribbed camisole set. Even after she finished dressing, Viola didn't move from the soft, plush stool she had sat down on, she stayed bent over with both hands clutching her abdomen, fighting the urge to moan from the discomfort.

She had no idea how long she sat there, but when she finally found the energy to stand, she was a little dizzy and found herself dragging her bare feet out of the walk-in closet. She planned to go and lie on her stomach and shut out every ounce of emotion inside herself until sleep took her. However, the moment she stepped into her bedroom, she stopped short in her tracks at the sight that greeted her.

Right there on her bed was the very last person she had expected to find, sitting with his back resting casually against the headboard, his coat discarded on the couch nearby and his shoes placed neatly at the side of the bed.

His shirt was unbuttoned at the throat all the way down to his chest, revealing that ominous, tantalizing tattooed chest beneath it. In his hand was a glass tablet he had been scrolling through with quiet concentration, but he stopped and looked up in her direction the moment she walked in.

Viola's heart skipped a beat and her throat went slightly dry as his eyes roamed over her slowly from head to toe, and she belatedly realized what she was wearing.

It wasn't something she had intended to wear in his presence, but how was she supposed to have known he would be here, sitting so casually on her bed and looking impossibly handsome and entirely at home with himself, as though they hadn't parted ways just hours ago shouting at each other?

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 155: Taking care of her_Part 2[1,660 words]

Chapter 155: Taking care of her_Part 2

Sebastian had been in her room for some time now, waiting for her to come out of the bathroom. He had been furious with her, so furious that if he hadn't left when he did earlier, he knew he would have lost his temper entirely at her indifference to his words about not marking her. She hadn't cared at all, hadn't even felt the need to ask why.

That was the behavior of someone who didn't give a damn.

It had hurt something deep inside him, because he had been working so hard to chase her, wanting not only to make things up to her but also to make her warm up to him and help her wolf awaken.

But the senseless little rabbit hadn't had the sense to tell him that she carried another man's mark, and had gone ahead and told him to invite that very man here, when she should have been putting as much distance between herself and him as possible to let the mark fade.

Sebastian had no idea what exactly had brought him back here, but he knew he shouldn't be staying away from her, not with that man in the same building, where his mark might be working to force an attachment back onto her.

However, when he had come in, he had figured she was in the shower as there had been the sound of running water. Unable to stop his mind from beginning to picture her naked beneath the shower spray, imagining the water flowing down smooth, white flesh, over full molded breasts and down her thighs, that fleeting thought had turned his trousers uncomfortably snug at the front and turned his body hot. Sebastian had quickly turned his attention to the work he had brought to her place and forced himself to focus on that instead.

Now that she had come out, he was stunned by what she was wearing. She was dressed in a black ribbed cropped camisole top and matching shorts that stopped just below the gentle curve of her rear, emphasizing rounded hips and sharply toned legs. Her midriff was bare and exposed, and he could make out the faint lines of abs that must have formed through her intense training, and they looked so damned sexy he wanted to trace his fingers against them.

If an hourglass were a person, it would be her, for Sebastian couldn't take his eyes off her in those shorts. The fact that they hid very little from the imagination wasn't helping him in the slightest. A tiny red bow sat at the waistband of her shorts and he suddenly found himself imagining taking it between his teeth and slowly, torturously, pulling her shorts down over her hips with it, all the way down, before worshipping every inch of her bare skin with his craving mouth and tongue and tasting the sweetness of her.

He swallowed the lump lodged like a stone in his throat and thought he heard it loud in his ringing, heated ears.

Her cropped top had thin spaghetti straps and hugged her chest snugly, emphasizing her breasts and doing absolutely nothing to hide the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra, her nipples pressing visibly against the heart print fabric, sending a hot, scorching trail of heat into his veins. She wasn't even trying to seduce him, and yet he was already getting aroused, and he found himself wondering what it would be like if she were actually trying to. He would be an absolute goner then!

Sebastian's throat felt like it had been lined with sandpaper and he had to shift and discreetly adjust his trousers to conceal his arousal, but the movement seemed to snap her out of the shock of finding him sitting on her bed.

She suddenly became self-conscious and crossed her arms over her chest, each palm pressed against the opposite shoulder.

When Sebastian's gaze traveled up to her face, she looked just as indifferent as she had when he had left her hours ago, only her ears, peeking out from the background of her thick mass of hair, were faintly pink. But her face looked pale and her eyes were tired, and her left cheek was still slightly swollen from the slap she had received from that bastard.

Recalling it, anger overtook him and his expression darkened, his eyes turning ice cold and frigid. He should kill the man and break every one of his limbs for daring to touch her and leave a mark on her lovely face just two days before their wedding!

Viola, noticing the change in his expression, assumed he was angry at her again, and her own displeasure rose sharply in response, because he had absolutely no right to come here, sit himself down on her bed, and pour his anger out on her after what he had said earlier. She was still furious with him and hadn't wanted to see him at all, for the very sight of him reminded her painfully of the fact that she was discardable.

"What are you doing here?" She demanded, glaring at him from beneath her lashes.

Standing for any length of time was causing her discomfort in her abdomen, but Viola didn't move from where she stood, even when she felt the desperate urge to rush back into her closet and change into something far more concealing. But turning her back on him while wearing shorts that barely covered her bottom was absolutely the last thing she was going to do!

"What do you think I am doing here?" Sebastian mused, looking at her with a blank expression. "Isn't it obvious? I came here to talk to you."

"I don't want to talk. I am not in the mood, and I really would like to sleep early tonight without any disturbance from you or anyone else." Viola muttered emotionlessly, even as a part of her was quietly scolding her for wanting to send away the only person whose presence helped her sleep soundly without nightmares.

But then allowing herself to grow accustomed to him when this relationship would inevitably end someday was a dangerous and risky game, and she didn't want to play it any further or risk breaking herself over it.

For some reason she could feel it within herself, that if she allowed even a single part of her to slip into anything beyond friendship with this devastatingly handsome man sitting on her bed, it would be an early death sentence for her barely mended heart, already suffering under the weight of Evan's heart binding mark.

"Can you please leave?" Viola asked, keeping her voice polite in hopes that it would make him go, and stay gone, until their wedding was over, until she had married him and faced whatever fate awaited her, whether that be death or giving him an heir.

If possible, she wanted to travel to Nightshade immediately after the ceremony to bring back her sister, and then face whatever came next. But right now, more than anything, she wanted to be alone.

"You don't want me here anymore?" Sebastian questioned, a look of pure displeasure settling on his face. Apart from his mate bond, which was thoroughly displeased, he himself didn't like it one bit when she pushed him away, not when they had already come so far past that point.

He watched her nod her head.

Sebastian's chest twisted and he gave her a single nod in return before he began to move off her bed.

Viola watched him from the corner of her eye as he rose from the bed, and something inside her ached at the fact that he wasn't insisting on staying, that he was just leaving, like that.

Don't go. Don't leave me. Stay and sleep beside me. A desperate, lonely part of her that craved his company pleaded from somewhere deep inside, but those words never made it past her lips and she pressed them tightly together to make certain they wouldn't.

However, Viola couldn't hide the quiet sadness settling inside her chest as he began to move. Because she had dropped her gaze to the floor, not wanting to watch him walk out, she didn't notice that he wasn't heading toward the door at all, but straight toward her, until she felt him come to a stop directly in front of her.

Before Viola could register what was happening, he bent down and scooped her up into his arms, causing her to let out a startled squeal as she looked up at him with wide eyes.

"Wh – what are you doing?" She demanded as he began carrying her back toward the bed.

"Taking you to bed, of course. You are far too stubborn for your own good and I am helping you." Sebastian said with a small, unhurried sigh. Did she honestly think he would leave after going through the trouble of sneaking here just to spend time with her?

The only way to weaken Evan's mark on her was to make her fight it by growing feelings for another man. And since Sebastian couldn't mark her himself to be rid of it, he would make her heart and body grow so accustomed to him that it would happen on its own. Besides, the only way to help her wolf emerge was by keeping her close, just as the doctor had said, and he was going to kill two birds with one stone.

"Put me down right now!" Viola gritted, her annoyance sharp and clear in her blue eyes and voice.

"Not a chance, honey." Sebastian replied without missing a beat. "Aren't you always curious to hear about my feud with your former pack? Be a good girl and we will talk about it tonight." He murmured softly, looking down at her flushed and irritated face, and at his words, the anger melted from her expression almost instantly.

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Chapter 156: Taking care of her _Part 3

"Really?" She asked doubtfully, not entirely trusting him since he had previously made a deal that he would only tell her once she had mastered Spanish, but he nodded.

"Really. But only if you eat and let me hold you to sleep. If you won't, then I will leave and never tell you the history." Sebastian negotiated calmly, already knowing she would not willingly allow him into her bed without some kind of arrangement. Furthermore, she might plan to skip yet another meal if he didn't find a way to make her eat.

Viola pursed her lips, looking up at his face. The truth was she didn't want him to go, she was genuinely longing for a good night's sleep, and she was also deeply curious about the feud. The only thing standing in the way was eating, because her stomach felt far too uncomfortable to hold anything down. The thought of food was sickening at this point.

"I don't feel like eating. I don't have the appetite." She murmured under her breath, subconsciously leaning her head against his hard chest.

Sebastian felt pleased and displeased at the same time, pleased that she was leaning into him, and displeased that she had said she didn't feel like eating. No doubt she had skipped every meal of the day, because there was no lingering food scent coming from her kitchen, as he had noted on his way into her bedroom. It was 7:30 pm now. Did she plan to sleep on an empty stomach?

This little woman of his was really uncaring about her own body.

"It's unhealthy the way you eat, love. Let me cook something light for you." He said gently, but she shook her head, rubbing her hair against his chest and teasing the exposed skin at his throat between the open buttons of his shirt.

"I don't want to. I can survive without a day of food. I will just end up throwing it all back up anyway, my stomach won't take anything right now..." She grumbled, and then without realizing it, she grabbed a fistful of his shirt as her stomach cramped sharply again and she bit down hard on her lip, squeezing her eyes shut against the pain.

Sebastian noticed the small beads of sweat forming on her forehead and the way she was gripping at his shirt and squeezing her eyes tightly closed, and he immediately understood what was happening.

Her menstrual pains. He knew some women suffered through such pain, as his own sister, who had a weakened wolf, was among them, and Zoe's had always been far more dramatic than anything Viola was showing now.

Zoe's pain tolerance was so devastatingly low that she would cry and sob for the entire day during her teenage years, giving him a very hard time and countless sleepless nights, as the person who had raised her without a mother, the responsibility of taking care of her and getting her everything she needed had fallen entirely on him.

Sebastian had witnessed the worst of it firsthand, her temper would ignite and she would begin beating him with her pillow until he went and fetched the healers for her.

The healer had also informed him earlier that Viola was in that time of the month, which had made Evan's kick land on top of pain that was already there. His jaw hardened.

"Is it always like this for you?" Sebastian asked gently as he set her carefully down onto the bed, like he was setting down a prized treasure he didn't want to damage.

"What?" Viola questioned, sounding a little weak.

"Your menstrual pains." He said quietly, looking down at her as she looked back up at him with a small frown and a light flush of color rising to her cheeks. She gave a small nod and parted her lips.

"Not all the time... it just feels a little more intense than usual this time around..." She said, turning onto her side and curling up to hug and cradle her stomach as she added quietly, "I will be fine... It will go away by tomorrow. I am used to pain."

She was used to pain? No one should become accustomed to such a thing.

Sebastian looked down at her with quiet worry as she curled into herself, the shorts she wore riding up and revealing the lower half of her rounded ass and hips. He rested a hand lightly against her hip as he pressed the back of his other hand to her forehead, but she didn't seem to notice either the possessively gentle grip on her hip or the one grazing her forehead as he whispered,

"Let me make you something to help with the discomfort. I will be right back." His warm breath fanned softly against her skin as he leaned down to speak close to her ear. "Will you eat if I make it?"

Viola could only manage a faint nod, for the cramps were growing worse by the second, shooting all the way through to her back, and the urge to be sick was creeping back up her throat.

Sebastian reluctantly left her side for a few minutes and went to the kitchen. He rolled up his shirt sleeves to his elbows and then got to work, moving efficiently between the pantry and the kitchen counter to gather ingredients. The sounds of chopping and bubbling filled the quiet apartment, and in no time at all he was ladling hot ginger and honey porridge into a bowl and setting it on a tray alongside a spoon, a bottle of warm water, and a glass.

By the time he returned to the room, Viola was lying on her stomach with the blanket pulled all the way up over her head. Sebastian could hear the faint moaning sounds she was making as if the pain had intensified.

"Love?" He called gently as he placed the tray down on the nightstand and carefully pulled the blanket back, only to find her face buried in the pillow, the pillowcase damp and darkened with her silent tears, her eyes squeezed tightly shut.

She tried to struggle out of his grip to lay back down, but Sebastian didn't let her.

"Oh, darling, come here." He sat down on the edge of the bed and slowly gathered her up onto his lap, blanket and all, wrapping everything around her. His chest felt wretched at the sight of her like that. He knew if the pain wasn't so intense, she would never have allowed him to see her in such vulnerable state.

It took a great deal of coaxing and patience to get her to eat. After the first five spoonfuls, she began to take the spoon willingly on her own without him having to coax or guide it to her lips.

Sebastian found himself smiling quietly when she emptied the bowl entirely and gulped down the warm water. Like a small child settling after a storm, she silently leaned her head back against his chest and stared at the opposite wall without saying a word.

"How do you feel now?" He asked, setting the empty bowl aside and tenderly stroking her hair, tucking a few loose strands back behind her ear.

Viola had never felt better, not after an episode like that. She had never known there was something that could ease the discomfort and lift her up so surprisingly and quickly the way that porridge and warm water just had. Where had he even learned to make something so delicious and so soothing?

"I feel much better... thank you," she murmured quietly, keeping her head down, embarrassed by the tears she had shed from the pain while he was gone.

"You're welcome. Don't worry, the next time you go through such discomfort, I will make you another bowl. I learned to make it from Aunt Daniella, Matt's mother, when Zoe first started getting her painful periods. I am glad it worked to ease yours as well." He told her with a small, satisfied smile, quietly pleased that she had thanked him.

Viola found herself pleased that he had only confessed to making it for Zoe and not his other late wives. In all of her life, she had never been taken care of in this condition. When she was still living with the Lindens, nobody saw her pain, or they saw it and pretended they didn't, because they only needed her to be the Alpha heir's girl. And during the time she spent in the Hollow quarters, she had suffered even more through it.

This was the first time someone had made something to help ease her pain. She felt her heart swell to the brim, the emotion choking her throat. She had never had to rely on someone when she was sick, and she never thought it could feel this nice and cozy. She felt his arm around her, keeping her against him and her heart fluttered a bit.

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Chapter 157: The black smoke

They sat like that in silence for a little while before Viola became suddenly aware that she was sitting on his lap with the blanket wrapped all around her body, and she self-consciously shifted away from him. He didn't stop her, and she crawled back and lay down on the bed, looking up at him from beneath the blanket she had pulled all the way up to her chin.

He stared back at her, smiling a little, and she felt her cheeks warm with a sudden, unexpected embarrassment. Even so, she couldn't look away from his mesmerizing silver eyes, which twinkled as though he were gazing at something that fascinated him.

"Tell me now," she whispered.

Sebastian looked at her cluelessly until she added, "The history between you and Moonwillow, you promised to tell me if I ate."

She wasn't going to let go of this chance now that she finally had it, and tonight felt like the perfect time to hear it. She watched him let out a slow sigh and then rise from the bed, placing the bowl back onto the tray on the nightstand before he unbuttoned his shirt further and began to crawl onto her bed, causing her heart to flutter faintly.

"What are you doing?" She questioned with a frown.

"If you want to hear the history, I will have to be under that blanket with you, holding you, otherwise, there is no story at all. Do you want to hear it or not?" Sebastian mused, looking at her with faint amusement in his eyes.

Did she really think he would let go of an opportunity to be close to her? His closeness wouldn't only help her hidden wolf to surface, it would also work to break that unwanted bond between her and Evan. And Sebastian was already determined to do anything as long as her wolf would reveal itself and make her whole.

Viola bit the inside of her cheek in silent contemplation, realizing that if she let this moment pass, she would likely never get this chance again. Besides, she didn't particularly mind having his warm body beside hers. She gave him a small glare and then said,

"Fine. You can get in." She lifted one side of the blanket, inviting him in, and he shamelessly crawled underneath it.

To Viola's surprise, he immediately put his arm around her waist and pulled her flush against his chest, her back pressed to his front and her head pillowed against his arm.

She flushed warm when she felt his fingers flatten against her bare belly in the gap between her crop top and her shorts, sending a trail of heat through her skin, and her toes curled inward as his chin came to rest at the top of her head and he let out a slow, quiet sigh.

His scent filled every breath she drew in, and the warmth of his body and the weight of his hand on her belly seeped into her gradually, coaxing her tense muscles into slowly unwinding. Why does it feel so good to be held in his arms?

"Now tell me," Viola murmured after a stretch of silence where only the sound of his breathing and hers could be heard in the stillness of the room.

Sebastian hated talking about this, more than almost anything else, he would have preferred to never speak of it again, for it dragged back emotions he had buried long ago.

Regret, agony, anger, hatred, all of it combined and enough to unravel him, and whatever wrecked him emotionally like that, Sebastian had always made a habit of escaping. But he had promised, and in order to enjoy her company and let his presence in turn help heal her wolf, he had to speak.

"Twenty years ago, I was held captive in Moonwillow, beaten and tortured for six months. I was only ten years old when it happened, and it was Evan's father who gave the orders..." His silver eyes hardened into stone and his arm subconsciously tightened around her waist.

Viola was taken aback and stunned. She hadn't expected to hear any of that. He had been held captive for six months in Moonwillow? And Moonwillow had the nerve to call it a petty incident? How could they hold a ten year old captive for that long and expect him not to hold a grudge?!

"What happened? How did you end up there at ten years old?" She questioned, turning around to face him, her palms resting flat against his chest where she could feel his heart beating steadily, though at her question, it seemed to pick up its pace. And though his expression didn't change, his eyes did. They turned faintly haunted and distant.

"It was the same time I lost my parents..." Sebastian said, not looking at her but staring at the wall behind her head, and Viola realized he was no longer entirely present with her, he was somewhere else, reliving whatever horror had brought that fleeting haunted look into his eyes.

"Tell me what happened," Viola whispered coaxingly, not wanting to force him into reliving a horror but also wanting to hear it.

"My parents, just like every Alpha and Luna before them, had many enemies who wanted them dead. But none of them had ever succeeded, they had never so much as touched a hair on either of them, because my father was careful. But twenty years ago, they finally succeeded in taking their lives..."

Sebastian's fingers found the waistband of her shorts and began to idly flick the band as he spoke. Viola was aware that he didn't even know he was doing it, that it was his way of anchoring himself, of keeping from slipping too far into the past he was slowly uncovering, and she allowed it, even as his fingers grazed intimately close to the top of her bottom.

"As you know in our world, werewolf tradition calls for traveling to each other's packs to celebrate the moon festival. That year, the celebration was taking place in both Moonwillow and Blood Moon Pack. My father asked my brother and me to choose which pack we wanted to visit first. I chose Moonwillow and my brother chose Blood Moon."

Sebastian let out a humorless laugh. "I should have chosen Blood Moon Pack. But I thought I had already seen Blood Moon Pack before and hadn't yet seen Moonwillow, so we all agreed to go to Moonwillow. Zoe was still a little baby then. We all traveled together, just as we did every year during the celebration month, with guards and escorts surrounding us, the supreme Alpha never traveled without them.

"Everything was fine right up until the moment we crossed into Moonwillow territory. Nobody saw it coming, not even the driver, who had driven my father on long journeys for years. My mother

was leaning over trying to clean something off my shirt, and my father was talking to my brother, who was holding Zoe in his arms, when suddenly we were struck by a black smoke..."

Viola, who had been listening to every word, watched as his silver eyes narrowed and his brows drew together, the arm around her tightening at her back. He went quiet for a moment.

"What kind of black smoke?" She whispered softly.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 158: What he went through[1,203 words]

Chapter 158: What he went through

"What kind of black smoke?" She whispered softly.

"Black magic. My parents were killed by it. The car rolled over and slammed into the trees at the side of the road and crashed. The driver, my brother, and I were injured, but it didn't kill us. My parents, however..." The anger in his voice was unmistakable now as he continued.

"I saw my mother, who had been smiling at me only a moment before, covered in blood. Her skull had been split in two and her body had been severed at the middle. And my father..." Sebastian couldn't bring himself to describe it fully, for the grotesque image was already replaying itself behind his eyes with brutal clarity.

"My father's head was lying right in my lap, and his body had been thrown out through the side of the half-torn car." His throat bobbed and his heart was beating so frantically that Viola raised her hand and placed it gently against his face without even thinking, moved by an understanding of his pain that needed no words.

He didn't look at her, but he turned his cheek slowly into the palm she had pressed against his face and rubbed against it, grounding himself there as he continued.

"When it was investigated, it was determined almost immediately to be the work of a witch. The spell had struck our car and left its mark behind, a mark that was traced back to a witch from Moonwillow. I wanted to avenge my parents' deaths. I couldn't accept it. How could I?

"It was grotesque. I couldn't forget it afterwards, I kept seeing them both that way, over and over again, until their smiling faces faded from my memory entirely and were replaced by only that. My father's head. My mother's broken skull and severed body. I couldn't let it go. And so the night we were taken to stay in a hotel while waiting for the elders to arrive at the scene, I ran away and slipped into Moonwillow on my own. I wanted to find who had killed my parents..."

"I wanted their heads as well. I took my father's gun and a kitchen knife. I didn't know what I was doing, but I knew I wanted a death for a death. I would kill anyone if it would make me feel better, if it meant I would find peace knowing I had killed the culprit. But when I got into the pack, I realized the only witch they had there lived in the Alpha's quarters, and I decided then that the Alpha had to have been behind my parents' deaths.

"I wanted to kill him and the witch he kept in his quarters, but when I got there, I didn't know how to use the gun properly. I was apprehended and locked away like a criminal."

Viola felt a surge of anger rise inside her. She recalled that Moonwillow once held a law stating that anyone who attempted to take the Alpha's life, whether an adult or a child, would face the same punishment without exception. A year of torture and then a death sentence before all the pack members.

She had witnessed the kind of punishment dealt out to criminals in that pack, and imagining a ten year old boy being subjected to it made her chest burn with fury. Had he been stripped naked and whipped in the pack center? Had his head been forced underwater with a bag over it? Had he endured the disgrace of being spat on by pack members?

Viola had watched such things happen many times in Moonwillow, it had long since stopped being something new or shocking to witness a criminal being put through such humiliation and torture. But thinking about a ten year old Sebastian standing in that same place sent her stomach rolling and her heart throbbing with a pain she hadn't expected, for it was far too brutal to sit with.

"Didn't they know who you were?" She asked quietly, searching his face as he continued to stare away from her.

"To them, it didn't matter enough to investigate my identity when they captured me. To them, I was simply a criminal. During that time, the werewolf world had not yet discovered phones or the internet where one could keep track of the people of the Silver Pack, they had never laid eyes on me or my siblings before.

"They held me captive and tortured me the way they would torture a fully grown adult, all while claiming they hadn't known I was the late supreme Alpha's son. I was very nearly considered dead within my own pack, until the elders finally decided to send a search team to Moonwillow, to find anything of me, even remains that would at least confirm I was gone.

"The Moonwillow Alpha would never have released me had my pack members not come into their territory to look for me. They were let off with the excuse that they hadn't known who I was, that I had gone against their rules and attempted to kill their Alpha..."

Sebastian then told her how, after he was finally found, he was informed that the witch responsible for killing his parents had been located and executed, and that she had been acting entirely alone, not under anyone's orders, and that the Alpha of Moonwillow had had nothing to do with it. He had never believed a single word of that.

To him, Moonwillow had been responsible for his parents' deaths, and he would never forgive them for the torture they had put him through, nor for the parents he had lost because of them.

The only reason Sebastian had never been able to take their lives was that there had never been any concrete evidence pointing directly to them as the ones behind it, which was why, when he rose to become the supreme Alpha, he had withheld every benefit and resource from their pack without mercy or exception.

After that, he had banished everything and anything that had to do with witches and other creatures who were not werewolves from the werewolf world entirely. This world would no longer take in any outsider who was not one of them.

When Sebastian finished speaking, silence settled between them and Viola turned everything over quietly in her mind while he grew still, his expression blank and his gaze fixed somewhere far away in the distance.

She couldn't help but think about how deeply insensitive her former pack had been, brushing off their own crimes by dismissing everything that had happened as nothing more than a petty incident from years ago. A young boy had lost both of his parents in the most horrific way imaginable, and rather than showing even a trace of remorse, they had captured and tortured him in the depths of his grief.

Viola felt her heart squeeze painfully and she gently stroked her thumb across his cheek. "I am sorry..." She whispered, her throat tightening with emotions she hadn't expected to feel so deeply. "I am sorry that you had to go through something like that at such a young age."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 159: The big progress[1,463 words]

Chapter 159: The big progress

Sebastian, who had been staring into the distance, turned to look at the woman in front of him. She looked emotional, her glistening blue eyes shimmering behind cracked glasses, and he blinked, taken aback, he had not expected her to look so pained, as though she truly cared, when everybody else had always thought he was exaggerating his hatred for Moonwillow, especially every members of Moonwillow Pack.

Sebastian raised his hand and pressed it against hers where it rested on his cheek, closing his fingers around hers and bringing it down from his face to hold it as he spoke without looking away from her eyes.

"You have nothing to be sorry about. You were not there, and you were not among those who tortured me. And you don't have to look so sad, it's all in the past." He assured her gently, bringing her hand up to his lips to press a lingering kiss against the back of it.

Viola felt a little spark at the back of her hand where his lips touched, but she couldn't even dwell on it as she was busy imagining everything he must have gone through in the past. He said he was okay now, but she knew that was a lie, because she didn't think anyone could ever truly be fine after witnessing the death of their beloved parents and then enduring such torture in Moonwillow.

Viola had never had real loving parents of her own, but she knew from the way she had loved the Lindens despite them being nothing more than her adoptive family, that if she had ever had real parents who truly loved her and she had lost them in such a horrific way, she would never be truly fine again. She would carry that pain in her heart for the rest of her life. Of all the emotions a person could suffer through, pain and grief were the hardest to ever truly heal from.

Viola suddenly felt the urge to make him feel better the way he had made her feel better from her own physical pain. And so she pulled her hand away from his and brought it back to his face, stroking the side of his lips with her thumb, her gaze falling down to his mouth.

Viola knew many things about her kind, even having turned out wolfless. She knew that what could lift a mate's spirit was intimate contact and the receiving of affection. Though she herself did not have the wolf to long for such a feeling, Sebastian had it, and he could feel the bond.

As much as she would be in pain because of Evan's binding mark, she still wanted to make Sebastian feel better and to help him forget about what she had made him relive by telling her. She bit the inside of her cheek hesitantly before she slowly began to lean in toward his lips.

Sebastian immediately knew what she was doing even before she did it, and he held his breath, watching her come closer, because this was the greatest progress he could have ever imagined happening tonight.

He watched her slowly press her lips against his, and the spark that burst through his body was so intense it almost felt like electricity crackling beneath his skin, made all the more powerful by the fact that she was the one to initiate the intimacy.

Viola kissed him the way she knew how to kiss, a simple touch of lips to lips, and the kiss remained like that for a full ten seconds until Sebastian moved and parted his mouth and took over, moving his lips slowly and deliberately against hers.

Viola felt a sharp tug of pain in her chest, twisting it painfully, but she endured the agony of her mark to Evan in order to help this man feel emotionally better, allowing him to take the kiss to the next level.

When she put her arm around his neck to draw him even closer for physical contact, his powerful hands suddenly pulled her up until she was lying half on top of him and half on the bed, their chests pressing together along with the warmth of their middles, a contact that felt so deliciously like heaven to Sebastian that a low groan escaped him.

He slanted his head and began to kiss her hungrily, moving his lips over hers without a trace of restraint, parting his mouth to graze his tongue along her childishly locked lips, silently urging her to part them for him so he could taste her fully and completely.

At first touch she stiffened slightly, then shuddered with both pleasure and pain together. Against her lips he whispered, "Mi amor..."

His tongue returned insistently, and at its touch Viola subconsciously opened her mouth and welcomed it as it begged to be received in kind. She parted her lips experimentally and felt the wondrous shock of heat and wetness as Sebastian's tongue boldly entered her mouth and swept in a full, deep circle around its warmth, exploring every part of her it could reach.

Despite the pain blooming in her chest, Viola shyly followed his lead, returning the intimacy, tasting him, sampling his texture, all sleek and heated and flavored of sweetness.

Her body came alive with sensation more compelling than anything she had ever known before. But alongside those sensations that sparked arousal and hardened her nipples, the pain in her heart intensified, and the mark carved an agonizing trail straight to her core until she moaned in pain and tore her mouth away from his, breathing heavily and raggedly.

The mark did not care whether she hated Evan or not, it would not allow her to do anything it considered an act of cheating, and to the mark, she was betraying her bond with another, which caused the pain to worsen with every second of intimacy she permitted herself with another man.

Sebastian's foggy mind slowly cleared when he saw her eyes squeeze shut in pain. She had her forehead pressed against his chest and her breathing was labored and unsteady. Sebastian himself was breathing hard, though his own breathlessness came from arousal rather than pain. He forced himself to calm the hunger raging inside him and looked down at the woman trembling in his arms.

Sebastian had momentarily forgotten about the heart binding mark, but seeing her trying to calm the pain by pushing away from his hold, removing the hand he had kept around her waist and turning away to give him her back, his pulse throbbed with heated anger that was directed not at her, but at the bastard currently residing within his territory who was the cause of this.

Not wanting to cause her any more pain, he kept his hands to himself and let her cool down as he worked equally hard to cool down the burning arousal that had made him hard. For how long would he have to carry on like this? Because with Evan's mark in place, even after their marriage, he would never want to be the cause of her pain.

Furthermore, he knew he would never find with another woman the kind of pleasure he found with her, for even something as simple as a kiss meant so much to his bond that the depth of it surprised even him.

"Are you all right?" Sebastian questioned softly, wanting desperately to touch her but knowing that as long as she remained aroused, the pain would still linger inside her chest. And he could still smell her arousal.

Viola, shaken and touching her moist, trembling lips with her fingertips, nodded her head despite her stomach churning with desire she could not act upon. "I am...fine."

After a long moment of silence with her back turned to him, Sebastian slowly put his arm back around her hips cautiously, but she stiffened and he removed it, gritting his teeth against the frustration coiling inside him.

"Do you want me to leave?" He asked quietly.

Viola's answer came small and barely above a whisper. "No. Stay."

And so Sebastian stayed, only staying was far more torturous than leaving would have been, because he could smell her arousal, her delicious scent curling into his senses like something designed specifically to undo him, and yet he could not dare touch her. Not a single hair on her. He put his arm over his head and closed his eyes as he made contact with Matt through their link.

'Send the guards down to his room and do as I told you earlier.'

'Roger that!' came Matt eager answers as he had been waiting for this order ever since the bastard laid his hand on their future Luna.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 160: A visit from the beta[1,505 words]

Chapter 160: A visit from the beta

In one of the guest rooms in the High Tower, the air was thick with tension as the Moonwillow guests gathered to discuss how they would get a meeting with the Alpha, to settle the long-standing feud, and deal with that woman who had betrayed them after everything they had done for her.

Without their pack, she would still be rotting in that no-good orphanage, or worse, among the packless, carrying random pups every year. But Beta Eliot and his wife had been nothing but generous to her, giving her a home and a family, and in the end she had repaid their kindness with nothing but disappointment and humiliation. And when they gave her exactly what everyone believed she deserved, she had turned around and betrayed them.

"I am going to kill that wench," Evan gritted furiously, pacing the length of the room while the rest sat in a heavy, suffocating silence, his Alpha aura blazing through the air and draining the ease from every soul present.

Even Leni, his own mate, couldn't fight it and kept her head bowed, her fingers curling slowly into fists against her thighs beneath the table where no one could see them. Four years. It had been four years, and yet that woman still somehow managed to hold so much influence over her man that he would always end up needing her in some way or another, and the thought made Leni's jaw tighten until it ached.

Only this time Viola hadn't come running to help him the way she would have in the past, always eager to give Evan whatever he needed.

This time she had dared to turn her back on them entirely and acted as though she had never been a part of their pack at all. Leni clenched her fingers tightly in her lap to suppress the rage rising inside her at the fact that after everything, after all of it, Viola had still ended up above her. The position of supreme Luna was incomparably higher than any other position, and the thought of it was suffocating.

Having Evan pace the room more than a hundred times back and forth was beginning to make Leni dizzy, and she silently wished he would just stop.

"Evan, I think—" Leni began, but Evan silenced her with a sharp raise of his hand, as though telling her this was not the moment.

He had no interest in hearing any of her suggestions, they were never of any real use to him. She didn't have the sharp mind he needed, nor did she carry the kind of position that would help him achieve the goals that had brought him all the way here. He loved Leni, but he preferred it when she stayed silent during moments like this, because her words always came out embarrassingly shallow, the kind that came from a place without careful thought, unlike that woman's.

How dare Viola end the call on him and deny their pack to his face? After everything he had done for her, she dared to repay him like this? A nobody like her had absolutely no right to stand between him and the supreme Alpha, a man whom Evan had every intention of befriending on this visit.

He didn't need to see it firsthand to know that Viola had used her scheming ways to manipulate the supreme Alpha into giving her the position she now held. And if he could just get a word alone with Sebastian, Evan was confident he could dismantle that scheme entirely by revealing to him exactly who and what that woman truly was.

Viola was nothing but a snake. She would do nothing but destroy the people around her and become unbearably possessive in a suffocating way that would grow so oppressive it would turn any man's stomach. No man wanted a woman constantly breathing down his neck, and if Evan could just get that conversation with the supreme Alpha, everything would fall into place.

"We have to think carefully about how to arrange a meeting with the supreme Alpha, Beta Eliot," Evan said, turning his gold eyes to the man who sat with a look of pure disbelief on his face, still unable to process the fact that Viola had rejected their family so openly. "I don't care how we go about it, but we need to have a word with him."

"I agree entirely, Alpha. That girl is not fit to be the supreme Luna who will rule over every other packs in our world. She doesn't even come from a clean background, nor does she have a wolf. If

we can't reach the supreme Alpha directly, we can take the matter to the elders. I am certain not many here would want her sitting on that throne."

Evan was thoughtful for a moment before giving a slow nod. "You are right. She is a nobody, and from the records, no supreme Luna has ever risen from a rootless background. We need to dig out her past and expose her dirty ways to the people here, because I have a strong feeling that with that woman in the supreme Luna position, that petty feud from years ago will never be resolved. Viola is a very petty and—"

Evan didn't get to finish his words when a sharp, firm knock landed on the door, and every pair of eyes in the room snapped toward it in surprise before exchanging uncertain glances with one another. Who could that be?

Evan gestured for Leni to go and answer it, and she rose with a frown and pulled the door open, only to be shoved unceremoniously to the side as bulky Silver Pack warriors filed in one after another. Their large, imposing frames filled the doorways and consumed the space in the room. They were all dressed in black with red badges on their breast pockets, and right in the center of them stood Beta Matt.

When Evan saw the warriors he was momentarily confused, but at the sight of the Silver Pack's head Beta, his expression softened into a smile. He straightened his shirt and stepped forward.

"I see you have finally come to your senses, Beta Matt, coming to my room to see me personally. We haven't had the chance to speak one on one yet, but I am glad you are here, though I don't quite understand why you needed to bring the guards with you." He said, his eyes sweeping briefly over the four warriors positioned around the room before settling back on Matt with a look of mild curiosity.

Matt didn't even blink at Evan's words. The corner of his lip pulled up ever so slightly, because he couldn't help but find it remarkable that alongside being foolish, the Alpha of Moonwillow also appeared to lack any instinct for danger, and still genuinely seemed to believe that Matt had come all the way to his room for a friendly introduction. Just how delusional could one man be?

Matt didn't bother to correct him. He simply signaled to the warriors, and in no time two of them stepped forward and took up positions on either side of Evan.

"Alpha Evan, you are hereby under Silver Pack arrest for raising your hand against the future supreme Luna of the Silver Pack. Striking someone of that position constitutes the third most serious crime recognized by our pack and is punishable by two months of imprisonment and corporal punishment. If you wish to be treated with dignity by our men, you will walk with them quietly, otherwise you will be handled as any other criminal." Matt stated in a cold, measured tone, as though reciting a formal decree, and every eye in the room went wide.

Evan blinked, visibly stunned, not knowing whether to laugh or to demand for more explanation. "Wait, I think you have all of this completely mixed—"

He didn't finish his sentence before a hard blow connected with his face, sending him off his feet. When he looked up from the floor, blood already filling his mouth, he found himself staring up at the warrior who had delivered it.

"You do not have the right to speak. For every word that leaves your mouth, one of your limbs will be broken." With that, two of the warriors hauled him up from the floor and began dragging him out of the room.

At first Leni was too shocked and stunned to move, but when she saw them dragging her mate toward the door, she scrambled forward with no clear idea of what she intended to do, only to be stopped dead in her tracks by a single dark look from Matt.

"Wh—what is the meaning of this? We are among the important guests of your pack, you cannot treat my mate this way," she said, fighting to hold her composure in front of the supreme Alpha's Beta, who regarded her with cold and completely indifferent eyes.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 161: A Meeting with the Alpha[1,422 words]

Chapter 161: A Meeting with the Alpha

"You brought this upon yourself by disrespecting our future Luna. And though I want to be sorry to inform you that you are no longer considered part of the important guests, I am not. Take their things to their new rooms." Matt said to the remaining two warriors at his side, and Leni's eyes went wide.

"What do you mean we are no longer part of the important guests? We were given the special golden card!" She exclaimed as her belongings were being roughly tossed out of the beautiful penthouse that had been assigned to her and Evan. This was completely unacceptable and utterly disrespectful!

Matt didn't even blink as Leni began to grow hysterical, trying to stop the men from carrying her luggage, and he turned calmly to Beta Eliot and said, "You are summoned for a meeting with the supreme Alpha in his office. Come with me."

Beta Eliot exchanged a look with the panicking Leni before turning back to find that Matt had already turned and begun walking away. The supreme Alpha wanted to see him? What for? He would have assumed it was regarding the meeting they had requested, but Matt had just had their Alpha dragged off to be imprisoned, so what could he possibly want from him?

"Whatever it is, make sure you get him to release my Evan," Leni whispered urgently as he walked past her, and Beta Eliot gave her a tight nod.

Beta Eliot followed Matt into the large, elegantly decorated office of the supreme Alpha, and the moment they stepped inside, the atmosphere became frigid and cold, like walking into a winter landscape with a biting chill that made one want to shiver. Just how powerful was the supreme Alpha's energy?

Inside the office, the supreme Alpha was buttoning up his shirt, his long, slender fingers moving swiftly down the buttons, but when he raised his eyes toward them, Beta Eliot felt the urge to crawl beneath the floor, for he had never in his life stared into eyes so cold and hard that they looked capable of carving out a man's very soul. His expression appeared to have been carved from stone itself, and his lips were pressed into a tight, deeply displeased line that made Beta Eliot swallow hard.

"Here is the Beta of Moonwillow, supreme Alpha," Matt informed, and Sebastian, who had been brooding in barely contained anger, dismissed him with a wave of his hand and walked around his desk to come and stand directly before the man who was visibly trembling.

"T-to what do I owe this summon, supreme Alpha?" Beta Eliot forced himself to say as the Alpha stared him down, standing two heads taller than he was on powerful, unhurried legs.

"I won't beat around the bush with you, Eliot. I want answers to some questions, and if you waste my time with anything unnecessary, you will find yourself in the same place as your Alpha, along with your entire family." Sebastian said, tucking his hands into his pockets and clenching his fingers there to rein in the temper that refused to settle.

He had stayed with Viola until she was breathing steadily and sleeping through the pain that had come from being intimate with him because of Evan's mark. It had taken every ounce of will inside Sebastian to restrain himself from storming out and killing Evan right then and there, for his death would free Viola from the mark entirely. But killing him would bring nothing but unnecessary war between the packs, and so he had held himself back.

Unable to sleep beside her while so deeply aroused and wound tight with the thoughts circling his mind, Sebastian had done the most sensible thing he could manage, he had eased himself off the bed, walked around to her side, adjusted her blanket carefully over her entire body since she got cold so easily, pressed a quiet kiss to her forehead, and whispered a soft goodnight to her sleeping form before leaving her to rest.

Sebastian had never received such a reaction from anyone after speaking about how he had lost his parents, not that he had ever told anyone himself before now, but Viola's response and her determination to make him feel better, even while putting herself through pain to do it, had moved something deeply inside him and made him all the more possessive over her.

Given how hot and cold she always ran with him, he had been genuinely surprised that she had put herself through pain just to give him a moment of intimacy and take his mind away from his past.

That little woman of his, the more she did things in her own quiet, unpredictable way, the more Sebastian wanted to keep her safe and protected, and the more he allowed his bond to grow

without fighting it. But now he needed to focus on uncovering her background and where she had originally come from before the orphanage, and to find a way to locate her twin.

"Wh-what do you want to know, supreme Alpha?" Beta Eliot questioned cautiously, folding his hands in front of him like a schoolboy standing before his teacher.

"About Viola. Everything about her." Sebastian said, walking past Eliot to lean against the wall with his arms folded across his chest.

Beta Eliot subtly gritted his teeth before rejoicing internally, an opportunity to make the supreme Alpha see the bitch for who she truly was had just presented itself.

"You mean my daughter," Eliot said with a theatrical heavy sigh. "What can I say? My wife and I adopted her years ago and gave her a home in our pack. We clothed and—"

"I am not interested in an account of what you have done for my future wife. Where did you adopt her?" Sebastian demanded, his brows pulling together sharply.

Eliot laughed nervously before his expression turned serious.

"Ah, we adopted her from a small pack called Nightshade. But I want you to know that the girl comes from a very troubled place, I was told her parents were notorious rogues. However, I never let those words stop me and adopted her out of the goodness of my heart. It was only years later that I began to see her bad side. She is a very dangerous person when angered and she has a very twisted mind and heart. Though I know she won the right to be your Luna, I would like to warn you about—"

"Delta!" Sebastian called, and immediately a guard stepped in and bowed.

"Yes, supreme Alpha?"

"Take this man away and lock him up with his Alpha. Make sure he receives the same kind of treatment his Alpha received." He gave the order with complete nonchalance, and Eliot's eyes went wide and fearful.

"Supreme Alpha_"

He wasn't even given the chance to open his mouth and plead before he was seized and dragged away by the powerful guard. He had been warned not to say anything negative about Viola, and yet he had gone ahead and opened his mouth to badmouth her anyway. That was a crime in itself, for Sebastian would not tolerate disrespect toward his woman, nor would he stand by and allow a man like that to speak about her past in such a degrading way.

Once the man had been removed, Sebastian remained where he stood. "Nightshade Pack..." He muttered quietly to himself.

It was the only pack that wasn't under his authority, nor did it depend on Silver for anything, situated so far from the rest of the werewolf packs that no one ever traveled that way. Crimes and all manner of things happened there without consequence, as their Alpha was nothing but a thug himself, from everything Sebastian had heard.

No wonder he had never heard of an orphanage that did horrible things to its children, it turned out it was buried deep in a pack far outside his territory.

Now that he knew the location, Sebastian thought to himself, he needed to find the time after the wedding to go there himself, look into things, and dig further into Viola's history to find her twin and uncover once and for all whether she was the one or not. At this point, he had to know, because if she wasn't, then every moment he spent allowing himself to grow more and more attached to her was nothing but him digging her grave with his own hands...

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 162: The lone wolf[1,522 words]

Chapter 162: The lone wolf

Viola woke at the first light of dawn and subconsciously rolled over on the bed, instinctively seeking the warmth of the body she remembered from the night before, but her hand met nothing but a cold, empty space beside her. Her eyes opened slowly to the dimmed room. She rolled onto her back and stared up at the ceiling without blinking, replaying the events of the night and everything that had come before it.

Remembering how Sebastian had cooked her ginger and honey porridge, something funny stirred inside her and it shifted within the walls of her chest. She raised her hand and pressed it against her heart, feeling it throbbing steadily beneath her palm.

Viola was not naive when it came to matters of the heart, she recognized this pattern all too well. And the more it kept happening, the more it frightened her. Sebastian was being so kind to her, in a way that nobody had ever been before. He no longer fights his mate bond like he did in the past when they first met. He treated her so well, more than anyone she had known before.

Last night he had told her something that the people of her former pack had dismissed as petty, but to Viola it was something deeply serious, serious enough to make the hatred he carried for them entirely understandable.

She felt her heart soften by a fraction as a thread of genuine pity wound its way through her. He had lost his parents so young and had been burdened with responsibilities that even full grown adults would find crushing to carry...

And yet he seemed all right, he didn't appear to carry that pain on the surface very often, Viola thought, biting her lip as she turned her head to look at the side of the bed where he had lain last night when she had kissed him. That kiss...

She made the mistake of allowing herself to recall the feeling that had swelled inside her when his lips had been on hers, but that infuriating pain shot up through her chest immediately and she bit

back a moan before quickly pushing Sebastian out of her thoughts and replacing them with the reality that tomorrow was their wedding.

Viola swallowed hard. It was tomorrow. She would be marrying him.

She quickly got out of bed and put on her cracked glasses to go and locate the spare pair she had been given back when she had first arrived here and was still in training. Sebastian had promised her that after their wedding, he would take her to the doctor who would perform her eye surgery.

After finding the spare glasses, Viola freshened up and then stood in front of the floor to ceiling mirror in her closet, turning sideways to look at Evan's mark at the back of her neck. Lately it had been faint, but after running into Evan and being in the same building as him, the mark had surfaced again, and Viola felt a wave of regret wash over her at the sight of it.

She pursed her lips. She had invited Evan with the intention of getting him to break his mark, but she had been completely ignorant of the fact that the heart binding mark and the mating mark were not one and the same. This one couldn't simply be broken by the person who gave it, not unless she fought her way through the pain of it by falling in love with someone else, or by getting marked by another man, especially if that man happened to be her mate.

Only that mate wouldn't be able to mark her now, for reasons she hadn't yet asked about. She had wanted to ask him last night but something inside her had held the question back, because she was afraid of hearing that he was reserving his mark for another mate he considered more worthy than her. After all, he had them in abundance. That thought carved a hot, twisting path of jealousy straight through her chest, and she caught herself frowning at her own reflection in the mirror.

He wouldn't mark you, so what is the big deal? Deal with it. At least he is marrying you, and that marriage will give you every advantage you came here wanting. You don't need to long for a mark that would only bind you down and hurt you further. A natural relationship built on mutual respect is more than enough. She scolded herself firmly, and then deliberately removed the thought from both her heart and her mind.

Viola was in the middle of dressing up for the day when she received a text from Zoe asking her to come up to her floor. With the many guests now filling the High Tower, Zoe had also moved here and brought her work along with her, and being the designer of Viola's wedding dress, she needed to be close. Viola, for her part, desperately needed a distraction, something to keep her mind from spiraling into nerves about tomorrow.

Despite the fact that it wasn't a marriage born from love, the jittery, fluttering feeling in her stomach was very much present, and she wanted to feel it as little as possible. She needed to prepare herself to face the thousands of intimidating guests whose combined presence was already thick and heavy in the air throughout the building.

There were more than twenty Alphas who she would have to meet tomorrow and be introduced to.

When Viola finished dressing, she left her penthouse and headed toward Zoe's floor. However, Zoe's floor was on the opposite side of the building, and the elevator from her own penthouse floor

didn't go there directly, she would need to step out into the lobby and use a public elevator on the other side.

When Viola reached the lobby, every public elevator was packed with people, and she changed course and decided to take the stairs instead. She wanted to avoid people as much as possible today until tomorrow, especially anyone from her former pack after everything that had unfolded the day before. If she would meet them again, she wanted to be the supreme Luna.

Viola didn't mind taking the stairs at all, particularly since it would serve as a morning workout of sorts. She made her way up the steps, her footsteps echoing softly in the stillness of the stairwell as she went, she was the only one there.

Then she thought she heard something and stopped, tilting her head and straining her ears to listen.

Viola's brows pulled together when nothing reached her but silence, only the distant, muffled sounds of activity from the lobby far below. Had she imagined the scraping and sobbing sounds she thought she had heard? She wondered, and began to resume walking, but the moment she took a step, the sound came again.

This time, when she stopped, the scraping and muffled sobs didn't stop with her, and Viola's frown deepened as she turned and followed the sound upward.

The closer she climbed, the more strange and agonizingly raw the sobs became. Who was crying like that? She thought, as the sound led her all the way to a sleek stairwell door marked with a polished silver plate bearing the number 56, its surface catching the light of the recessed lighting above it.

Right there, just before the door on the floor of the landing, a woman was crouched with her face turned toward the wall beside it. Her long black hair poured all around her face and body like curtains drawn shut, and her fingers were scraping against the surface of the wall, creating the very sound Viola had been following.

But she had scraped so hard and for so long that her fingers were bleeding, the blood dripping quietly onto the floor beside her.

Viola didn't need to see the woman's face to know who it was. She recognized her from the curtain of dark hair, the small and fragile frame, and the faint but unmistakable smell of a body that had gone unwashed for a long time. Sofia. What was she doing here alone, like this?

Viola stood still and watched her for a moment. The sobbing that had drawn her here had gone quiet, but the scraping hadn't stopped.

She had heard all sorts of things about this she-wolf, many said she had lost her mind and her sanity entirely after she had cheated on Javier, and that when he caught her he had taken it upon himself to become the sole punisher of her sin, with no one having the right to interfere because she was his mate and therefore his to deal with as he saw fit.

But Viola didn't see someone who had cheated sitting crouched against that wall. What she saw was a caged and mentally broken person, someone who had been abused into this state, not

shamed into it. The rumors didn't sit right with her at all, and something deep inside Viola simply refused to believe them.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 163: Meet in two days[1,110 words

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Chapter 163: Meet in two days

Viola herself had been caught in scandals and rumors, and she knew all too well what it felt like to be attacked by things that were fundamentally untrue. Or perhaps it was simply that other side of Viola, the part that despised injustice and couldn't stomach watching anyone be treated unfairly, had refused to let her walk away. Either way, rather than turning around and leaving the she-wolf alone the way everyone else apparently did, warning each other that she was dangerous without her husband there to manage her, Viola moved forward.

She crouched down beside her and reached out, gently wrapping her fingers around the wrist of the hand still scraping against the wall, tearing the skin and letting blood ooze steadily onto the floor.

"You're bleeding..." Viola murmured softly.

But the moment her fingers closed around her wrist, Sofia reacted instantly. She whirled around and yanked her hand back violently, and in the process her hand swung directly into Viola's nose, drawing blood from it. Viola hissed sharply but didn't let go, and Sofia began to scream, crying and pleading desperately,

"Don't hurt me.... don't hurt me...!"

Her voice rang and echoed through the entire stairwell as she thrashed and pulled against Viola's grip.

Viola, with blood now trailing freely from her nose down over her lips and jaw, said quickly and steadily, "I won't hurt you, I promise. Calm down. Please, I need your help."

Viola understood the deep, bone-level fear of anticipating being hit, she had lived in it herself, and she knew what she would have needed to hear in that state to make the panic recede. She used exactly that on Sofia, and almost immediately the she-wolf stopped struggling and pressed herself back against the wall, hiding behind the curtain of her hair and watching Viola through it with wide, wary eyes.

"I will let go of your wrist now, but please don't run. I won't hurt you, I just want to ask you something..." Viola said gently. But if Sofia heard her, she gave no reply, only continuing to watch her through the dark curtain of her hair with deep and open distrust.

Viola released her wrist, and the she-wolf immediately curled up against the wall, pulling her knees tightly to her chest as though trying to make herself as small as possible.

Viola kept her eyes on her as she used her sleeve to wipe the blood from her nose, and then she settled herself down onto the floor as well, crossing her legs and letting out a quiet sigh.

"My name is Viola, but you can also call me Vee. What would you like me to call you?" Viola asked, but only silence met her, and she realized that Sofia's trust was not something that would be given easily, if it would be given at all.

"I guess you are hiding here away from the guests. I understand completely, because I also wish I could hide. With all those Alphas filling the building and their combined aura pressing down on everything, it is suffocating." Viola said conversationally, keeping her eyes on the wary she-wolf.

Sofia said nothing and only stared.

"You know, I used to love being around people, especially important ones, but now they drain me completely. And I am getting married tomorrow and will have to mingle with all of them and act like a Luna." Viola said quietly, wanting to give the she-wolf something to hold onto, something that might slowly coax the wall down and make her talk. "You know, I haven't let it show to anyone, but I am genuinely afraid of tomorrow. Afraid of meeting all the Alphas of every pack under one roof."

Viola studied the she-wolf, wondering what her face looked like behind all that dark hair hanging around it like a curtain. She had seen Sofia around the building a few times now, and every single time it had made her quietly angry, the way the she-wolf was treated when she deserved to be treated with dignity and respect as Javier's wife. But then Javier himself barely offered her any respect to begin with, so perhaps it started and ended there.

"Do you realize that you and I will be cousins-in-law, if that even makes sense? I am marrying your husband's cousin." Viola said, and then after a brief pause, she added, "Do you like chocolate?" She reached into her pocket and pulled out a bar of chocolate she had been carrying around, intending to eat it herself as she had been craving it.

She held it out toward Sofia, but the she-wolf's eyes only dropped to it without making any move to reach for it. Viola let out a small sigh and set it gently on the floor in front of her instead.

"As much as I would like to stay and keep chatting with you, even if it is entirely one-sided, I have to go and try on my finished wedding dress, Sofia. Tomorrow is a very big day." She said, and then she added with quiet sincerity, "I hope to see you there."

Saying that, she got to her feet, and Sofia's head tilted slowly back and looked up at her through the thick curtain of her hair.

Viola smiled down at her warmly and said, "Let's do this, how about you and I meet here again in two days? I will be so glad to have your company. I hope that by then we can talk a little more and get to know each other properly as new family members."

Sofia's brow furrowed faintly as she watched Viola turn and walk away. She even crawled forward on her hands and knees to peek around the corner of the landing and watch the future Luna disappear up the stairwell, before she slowly turned back around and stared down at the bar of chocolate sitting on the floor in front of her.

Carefully, she crawled toward it and picked it up with trembling fingers. She tore the wrapper open slowly and then simply stared at the chocolate for a long moment, tears gathering silently in her eyes. She devoured it in two bites, and then she picked up the empty wrapper and brought it to her lips, licking every last trace from the inside of it before tucking it carefully into her shirt and patting it gently against her chest, as though keeping it safe was the most important thing in the world.

"Meet me in two days..." She whispered softly to herself, her voice barely above a breath in the silence of the stairwell.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 164: Tomorrow's Marking ceremony[1,340 words]

Chapter 164: Tomorrow's Marking ceremony

It seemed the more nervous Viola felt about the wedding, the faster it approached, and the day felt like a page flip after she tried on the dress at Zoe's place, where Nick was also present. She spent the entire day before the wedding with the two of them, where she was treated to a full body spa, and during it she tried to ask them what they knew about Sofia. But the two of them barely knew the she-wolf beyond the fact that she had apparently cheated on Javier with multiple men on the day of the moon festival.

Seeing how little they knew beyond what Javier himself had said and what the rumors had carried, Viola realized she would only learn the truth and be able to help the she-wolf directly, not through others. But for now she pushed that to the back of her mind and focused on the wedding arrangements.

She didn't even realize how much time had slipped by until she checked and saw that it was ten in the evening. That night, when Viola returned to her penthouse, she received a call from Sebastian that immediately made her heart leap, but by the end of it, her heart had been quietly crushed all over again, for what he said was exactly what she had been trying to protect herself from by keeping their relationship within the boundaries of friendship.

"Have you eaten?" He had started the conversation that way, and she had smiled like a foolish schoolgirl talking to her crush on the phone, lying face down on her bed with her legs idly swinging side to side, without even being aware she was doing it.

"Yes. I ate at Zoe's along with Nick. What about you?" She had asked him, feeling her cheeks heat up as though there were a flame burning just beneath the surface of her skin.

"Not yet. I do plan to eat," Sebastian had said with a smile, sitting cross-legged in his office chair. "How do you feel now? Does it still hurt?" He asked, referring to the period pains that had been so intense the night before that they had genuinely worried him and tightened something in his chest. He didn't want her in any kind of pain.

Viola's heart had done something funny again at his concern, because it was the first time, the very first time, that a man had ever asked her about that. Not even the man she had first loved had ever bothered, brushing her pain off like it was an inconvenience and telling her on her very first period that every woman went through it and she would get used to it. He had changed the subject immediately after and never once asked about the pain or discomfort again. But Sebastian was asking...

"The pain is gone. It is only intense in the first two to three days, after that I only have mild cramps that are barely noticeable until it fades completely."

"I am glad to hear that. Let me know if it bothers you again." He said quietly. He had already noted her cycle date in his phone and knew when her next period would be, Sebastian thought to himself, and before she would be in any kind of pain like that again, he would find a way to ease it beforehand. He made a quiet mental note of it before moving on to tell her something he believed she needed to know.

"I have had Evan and Eliot locked in prison and they will be there for months." He let her know, and then waited, for any sign of disapproval, or a plea to release them.

Sebastian was aware of how deeply some people could still feel indebted to an adoptive parent who had given them a home, even if that home had come with conditions and cruelty attached to it. He had seen how some people felt compelled to repay that debt despite everything, and so he waited to hear if she would want him to release them, or whether Evan's mark would pull her into pleading for him the way it had the day before. But just as he had come to expect from this little woman of his, she was completely indifferent.

"That is good. I would very much like to see footage of Evan and Eliot's punishment if at all possible. Do you have surveillance cameras in your cells?" She asked seriously.

Viola felt not even a shadow of pity for either of those people, and if it were not for the binding mark tethering her to Evan, which she was determined to fight with everything inside her, she would have been more than willing to inflict the pain on him herself, the same way he had inflicted it on her. Almost blinding her eyes, torturing her with public displays of affection between himself and Leni, knowing the mark would hurt her more. And as for Eliot, he had brought that entirely upon himself by being too ambitious and treating her like livestock her entire life.

Hearing her words, Sebastian smiled, pleased with her and with himself. Of course he had expected nothing less, for he had come to understand that she thought in a remarkably similar pattern to

him when it came to dealing with enemies. And now Moonwillow had become both of their enemies. He felt something swell with quiet pride in his chest as he replied,

"We have cameras in almost every corner of Silver. I will send you the footage from the prison and you can watch it, but a small warning: things are not pretty down there." He told her, tapping his fingers against his desk with a faint smile.

In all the packs, the dungeons beneath Silver were the most grotesque and unforgiving, a faint-hearted person would never be able to stomach it. Could she?

"I have seen worse, Sebastian. Send me the footage, I can handle a bloody scene. I lived in one for four years." She told him with a playful smirk, rolling over onto her back and staring up at the ceiling with the phone pressed against her ear.

Sebastian's smile slowly faded at her words. She had lived in one for four years. He found himself wishing he had stepped in sooner. And imagining the torture she had endured for four long years in Moonwillow, punishment he himself had only suffered for six months and had seen hell from, Sebastian typed a quiet order through his system directly to the dungeon, instructing his men to double the amount of Evan and Eliot's punishment. And if possible, a few broken and lost limbs should be added to the toll.

"There is something I want to talk to you about," Sebastian said, after they had spent almost an hour on the phone talking about things he would never have been caught discussing with anyone else, and yet talking with his mate, especially Viola, was always deeply pleasing and calming to both him and his wolf, who was still sulking and petitioning loudly for a formal introduction.

"What?" Viola asked, idly studying her nails, once chipped and uneven, now laid with beautiful artificial nails painted a deep red for tomorrow's event. Zoe had done a remarkable job on every single one of them.

"About tomorrow and the marking ceremony," Sebastian said, his tone shifting into something serious as he rose from behind his desk. Even though she had not pressed him for the reason he couldn't mark her, which always quietly displeased him, as it felt like a sign that she simply didn't care enough to ask, Sebastian knew it was important that she understand, and he would need her full cooperation going forward.

Viola's hand, which had been swinging idly in the air as she admired her nails, slowly came down and her stomach turned over. She had a bad feeling about where this conversation was heading. She sat up on the bed.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 165: Can't be marked[1,603 words]

Chapter 165: Can't be marked

Viola's hand, which had been swinging idly in the air as she admired her nails, slowly came down and her stomach turned over. She had a bad feeling about where this conversation was heading. She sat up on the bed.

"Just as I told you yesterday, I cannot mark you, but we will still go through the marking ceremony, as that is the only way you can be crowned my Luna. Without my mark, you cannot be qualified as a Luna, for only a she-wolf who bears my mark can be crowned."

"So does that mean... I can no longer be your Luna?" She asked, her fingers tightening around her phone as her throat went dry. So this was it?

"No, you will still be my Luna," Sebastian said quietly and firmly. "But I will only give you a temporary mark that will fade within hours. Not the real one."

"Why?" Viola questioned, keeping her voice carefully calm despite the fact that her mind was spiraling with emotions and questions, trying to piece together the reason behind why he wouldn't give her a real mark. Had he finally decided she wasn't good enough? That she wasn't worth it? Had he finally seen through her?

"Don't overthink my words, honey. It has nothing to do with you and everything to do with my family's curse." Sebastian assured her, recalling what the therapist had told him about Viola's state of mind, about how everything she had endured would make her believe she was always the problem, and he could already sense the shift in her mood from the other end of the line.

"Why?" Viola asked again. What did any of this have to do with the curse that everyone seemed to speak of? She had heard many rumors about his family's curse, but Viola had no real idea what it actually was, every version she had come across carried its own interpretation that only confused her further. So what did the curse have to do with him marking her?

Sebastian knew he couldn't keep this from her indefinitely, and she would need to know at some point. And if he wanted her cooperation in this, he would have to tell her about the curse, and what it would do to a Luna who was not the one.

"Since the beginning of time, my family has been cursed, but only a certain she-wolf can break it. In every generation, a she-wolf is born who is destined to break that curse, and a prophecy was given about her. But none of my ancestors ever succeeded in finding their true prophesied mate, for every Alpha in my bloodline was destined with multiple mates, and that caused a distraction that made it nearly impossible to find the one among them. You must have heard about the deaths of my past Lunas. They died because they were not the one."

Viola listened in complete silence, astonishment quietly written across her face, for not a single person had ever told her any of this. The curse killed his Lunas?!

"So you didn't kill them?" She asked, recalling how the rumors had branded him as their killer, and how not a single person had ever seen their bodies, just as no one had ever seen the body of his

twin. If she recalled correctly, it was said that not even the families of the past Lunas had been allowed to see their daughters before they were reportedly buried, and so no one truly knew the extent of what had taken their lives or how it had happened.

"I did." Sebastian said without any change in his tone. "I killed them because it was destined to happen. But I want to protect you from that fate. And I can only do that if you do not carry my mating mark. I will not kill you if you don't bear it. If I mark any she-wolf who is not the prophesied one... her days are numbered from that moment on."

Viola went utterly still and silent. He had killed them? She thought, not fully understanding how he had killed them or how exactly the curse had made it so. Had he done it deliberately, or had something taken hold of him beyond his control? She decided to lean toward the latter, for she had seen how he treated his first wife, and a man who had gone all the way to the human world just to make his Luna happy wouldn't kill her on purpose...

"So you can only ever mark the prophesied one, and not the others, even if they are your mates?" Viola asked quietly, her fingers absently playing with the edge of her bedsheet.

"Yes. If I want to be free from the curse and spare my son from carrying it after me, I will have to let three of my mates die. And Viola, you are the third one. If I mark you tomorrow, you will no longer be safe from me. I need you to cooperate with me and allow everyone to believe I have given you my real mark, so you can take the Luna position without unnecessary complications from my pack members."

Sebastian was certain no she-wolf would willingly agree to marry a man who couldn't mark her, as many associated the absence of a mark with an easy and open door to infidelity during marriage, but until he was one hundred percent certain she was the one, he would not risk it. He would not take a single chance.

Which was why he needed to help awaken her wolf and find her twin as soon as possible. But if she didn't cooperate with him in keeping up the appearance for his pack, everything would fall apart, and this marriage might never be completed at all, for it could not stand without his mark being witnessed.

Viola was silent for a long moment before she asked, "For how long would I need to pretend I have your mark after the wedding?"

"Forever, if possible. That way you will be safe from becoming the third death to lift the curse."

"What if you finally find the prophesied mate, what happens to me then?" Viola asked quietly, her voice composed and curious, though she was holding her breath without quite realizing it, her eyes fixed blankly on the wall in front of her as she waited for his answer.

"I don't know," Sebastian said. It was a lie. He knew perfectly well what the answer was, but he didn't want to speak it, not when he so strongly believed she might already be the one.

But if it turned out she wasn't, and he eventually found the real prophesied mate, there was only one possible outcome. He would have to let Viola go. Because more than anything else, the prophesied mate would not only heal something in him that had been quietly draining away for years, she would end the curse in this generation, and his sons would never have to carry it again.

It would end here. But for now, he refused to think about another woman when the one he already had might be exactly who he had been searching for all along.

"So do we have a deal?" He asked, as she fell into silence on the other end.

Viola felt a lump rise in her throat, but she forced herself to speak through it anyway. "Yes," she whispered. "We have a deal."

I will be your Luna until you find her, and when that day comes, I will step aside and hand her place over to her. Viola thought to herself, but kept the words locked behind her lips. She was grateful, genuinely grateful, that he had told her this, that he hadn't let her walk into another heartbreak blind and foolish. She was glad he had made it clear that she didn't carry the fate of dying like his other Lunas as well.

She was glad she wouldn't be used for a sacrifice to lift his curse...

Though there were countless questions still burning in her mind about the curse and about exactly how he had ended the lives of his other wives, she couldn't bring herself to keep talking. A prick had formed behind her eyes for no reason she could name, crawling slowly up the back of her throat.

"If that is all, I think I should get some sleep. Tomorrow is a big day and I need to rest early." She whispered.

"Hmm," Sebastian hummed before asking, "Are you all right?"

"Of course I am. Why wouldn't I be?" She forced her voice to sound perfectly normal. "Thank you for telling me, anyway." She paused. "Goodnight." She pulled the phone away from her ear and ended the call quickly before he could say anything more.

On the other end, Sebastian stared at the blank screen of his phone with narrowed brows. 'I think she is upset.' He said to Muffin.

'Duh, no woman wouldn't be upset to hear that she is having a temporary marriage without a permanent mark,' Muffin said matter-of-factly.

'I never said it was temporary,' Sebastian argued. He hadn't told her it would end. Was that what she had concluded on her own?

'Well, she must have come to that conclusion herself.'

'Then I have to assure her...' Sebastian said, not liking at all the thought of her building those walls back up inside her heart because of this, not now, not when he had worked so hard to begin bringing them down.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 166: The wedding[1,440 words]

Chapter 166: The wedding

The supreme Alpha's wedding was supposed to be grander than what it was, but this not being his first wedding ceremony, and with many strongly believing this third Luna wasn't going to last anyway, they hadn't bothered to make it something out of this world the way his first wedding had been. The hall where the vows and oaths would be taken and exchanged was mildly decorated, and the outdoor ceremony that would take place in the paradise garden where the marking would happen was equally understated.

There was no wild excitement and no warm, familiar faces of close friends and family filling the seats as the guests began filing into the hall.

Normally, the groom's family was meant to sit on the right and the bride's family on the left, but here the left side sat entirely empty, not a single soul occupying it. Even the remaining Moonwillow guests had chosen to sit on the groom's side, for they no longer considered Viola one of their own. Not that she would have acknowledged them as family anyway, though they would have gladly welcomed her back now that she was becoming a supreme Luna.

Leni's eyes were red and swollen from crying, as she had not been permitted to see her mate or her uncle who were locked away in what felt like the far end of nowhere, and she had not been given the opportunity to speak with the supreme Alpha and tell him exactly what kind of woman he was making his wife. It was so difficult to keep herself composed that making herself presentable for the wedding had taken far longer than it should have.

How dare Viola put her through this when she had come here expecting to enjoy herself? Leni thought, bitterness burning in her eyes. She was not about to let this slide, she would go to any length necessary to bring her life back to what it was supposed to be, with her Evan by her side. That was precisely why she was now sitting next to the Silver Pack princess, Laila.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, though I am truly sorry that your mate had to go through what he did, all because of our future wolfless Luna." Laila said, her voice carrying just the right amount of sympathy as she addressed the distressed she-wolf who had come to her with her troubles. "But I want to assure you that I will do everything within my power to see to it that our Alpha releases your mate."

Leni smiled shakily with gratitude. "Thank you. I have heard from many people that you are the supreme Alpha's true mate, and that if it hadn't been for that competition, it would have been you standing up there today. I want you to know that none of this is your fault. Viola has always been a scheming bitch, and I am absolutely certain she did something, schemed and manipulated her way, to win against someone like you, Miss Serrano."

Laila, who had endured the quiet and not so quiet insults of many for failing that competition, found herself warming to Leni immediately upon hearing those words.

She tucked them away carefully, turning them over in her mind, because that wolfless bitch must have done something to pull off that win against her. There was simply no other explanation. And with that belief firmly planted, it wouldn't be long before she found a way to make everyone else see it too.

"I knew she had done something to win, a wolfless she-wolf shouldn't have been able to display the kind of strength she did. I will need to expose her for the fraud she is eventually, but honestly I don't think I even need to stress myself over it or lift a single finger." Laila said with a light, unbothered sigh.

"She will be dead within six months to a year anyway, and once she is out of the picture, Leni, you and I are going to become very close indeed. I like the way you think." She patted Leni's arm with a pleased smile, though in the back of her mind she was very much aware that under any other circumstance, someone like Leni would never be considered anywhere near her level, for it seemed she had once been closely acquainted with Viola.

Wasn't Viola said to be the daughter of an omega from the North Pack? So how had the Luna of Moonwillow come to know her, if not through some prior friendship between them? Or had it been Ember, who had been reported ill and unable to attend the wedding, who had told her about the wolfless woman? Whatever the connection was, Laila was certain of one thing: she did not make a habit of mingling with people who kept wolfless women in their circles.

"Now let us enjoy the ceremony." Laila added, her smile still sitting comfortably on her face.

Even the Lindens sat with a gloomy air hanging thickly around them, seething and quietly furious at the abomination of a daughter they had made the mistake of adopting. As much as they wanted to stand up and reveal to everyone present that Viola was nothing but a girl scraped from the dirt, a warning note had been delivered directly to their room from the Alpha himself, warning them to conduct themselves as though they had never known his wife before, or they would find themselves sharing a cell with Eliot.

Meanwhile, the Kade family carried their own air of gloominess, all except Javier and his mother, who still firmly believed that Viola becoming Luna would do everything to support their plans.

She was just a woman without a wolf who couldn't give the Alpha an heir, and in no time at all Javier would find a way to use her position against his cousin and begin dismantling his reign. Very soon, everyone would see clearly that Sebastian was unfit to remain on the Alpha seat.

A new Alpha who didn't carry the curse of the generation should be placed on that throne, and that person was none other than him. Javier Kade. At that thought, a slow smile spread across Javier's face and his quiet excitement about today grew as he made his way to his seat, dragging his wife along with him and shoving her down into the chair beside his before glowering down at her.

"Today is a significant day and yet you don't have the decency to dress yourself up like every other woman here. You smell like someone who has never bathed a day in their life. Don't you dare leave that chair again without my permission, because if I have to stress myself looking for you in this crowd, you will regret the day you were born into this world."

He warned her, his tone thick with disgust, as though he wasn't the very person who had deprived her of a bath and proper clothing for so long that she had simply grown accustomed to the deprivation.

Sofia bobbed her head obediently and peeked through the curtain of her hair to check whether the bride had arrived yet, her fingers twisting tightly together in her lap as a single desperate wish repeated itself inside her mind. She hoped the bride had the sense not to come.

The Kades were evil. She would die like the rest of them, and a marriage into this family was not worth it, Sofia had learned that the hard way. And that woman from yesterday had been kind to her, the very first person to show her kindness in a long time. She had given her chocolate, and Sofia pressed her fingers lightly against her chest where the wrapper was still tucked safely inside her shirt.

Don't marry a Kade. Kades are evil, wicked. They use women. They use women. Don't come today. Sofia thought, muttering the words quietly inside her mind, terrified of forgetting them before she could find a way to say them to that woman. The Kade males always pretended to be kind and loving, and then they turned on you...

Sofia raised her head and looked slightly to the side at the other Kade son, and her insides turned over before she quickly looked away from him.

Nick, who had been sitting quietly, felt suddenly as though someone was watching him, but when he glanced around, no one's eyes were on him and he shrugged it off, turning his attention back to watching for the bride and groom to make their entrance.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 167: The wedding_Part 2[1,272 words]

Chapter 167: The wedding_Part 2

While the guests sat restlessly in the hall where the first ceremony would take place, and the many Alpha guests mingled among themselves and with the elders, the supreme Alpha walked into the hall, and everyone went silent in respect.

He was dressed in a gold traditional wedding attire with a long red cape trailing behind him, its collar thick and furry, and a silver crown adorned with deep red rubies from generations past resting on his head.

His expression, however, looked nothing like that of a groom marrying for joy, it was as cold and dark as ever, so severe that every person in the hall rose immediately to their feet and bowed, for he looked less like a man walking to his wedding and more like a man walking into war, sending shivers crawling down many spines.

Laila watched Sebastian with eyes glimmering with quiet possessiveness, still firmly convinced in her heart that this handsome, cold and unapproachable man was hers.

Even if he was marrying someone else today, he would always be hers, and that wolfless woman was nothing but a sacrifice, a placeholder to lift his curse from this generation. She smiled as she watched him walk past her, and her eyes shone with lust. Her man.

The entire hall fell silent save for the sharp clicking of his shoes against the polished floor and the soft, sweeping drag of his cape as he made his way up to the raised platform, decorated in the style of weddings from generations past, with flowers cascading from the walls and pillars, where Elder Ysara, the pack's spiritual elder who presided over unions with the blessing and guidance of the moon goddess, stood waiting.

Unlike the many ways in which their pack had advanced over the years, they still did not adopt modern wedding traditions and instead held firmly to the old customs of the very first generation of werewolves who had left Mexico to build their pack and their world here.

As Sebastian arrived on the platform, Elder Ysara greeted him with a respectful bow of her head. "Supreme Alpha."

Sebastian acknowledged her with a single nod and then took his position, waiting for his bride, who had not answered his call that morning, nor returned it. It had put him in a foul mood, though he had eventually told himself she was likely busy dressing up and preparing. But standing here now, he found he couldn't wait to see her in the dress his sister had refused to let him glimpse even once before today.

Zoe had been absolutely firm on the matter, the groom was not supposed to see his bride's dress until the wedding day itself. He had even gone as far as attempting to bribe her, but it hadn't worked in the slightest, and now he was standing here quietly dying of curiosity.

It didn't take long. The bride walked into the hall with Zoe behind her, as there was no male family member to walk her down, and the moment she appeared, every head in the room turned in her direction, and Sebastian's breath caught somewhere deep in his lungs as his eyes landed on her.

Murmuring immediately broke out across the hall and women began talking about the wedding dress, for it looked like something that didn't belong in this world! In fact they had never seen a wedding dress look this grand and so detailed!

It seemed the Alpha's sister had outdone herself again. How lucky of the future supreme Luna, because not even the past brides had gotten the chance to wear any of Zoe's designs!

Sebastian had stood at the end of many things in his life, battles, funerals, negotiations that could bring entire packs to their knees, even marriages, and not once had he felt the ground shift beneath his feet. But the moment she appeared, something inside him went completely and utterly still.

He had witnessed many things in his lifetime that commanded the full weight of a room's attention, but nothing had prepared him for the sight of her walking toward him.

She was... lovely. The dress was a masterpiece of ice blue and gold, a voluminous ball gown that seemed to have been fashioned from living crystals, its enormous skirts pooling and billowing around her like a frozen tide rolling slowly across the floor with every step she took.

The dress was tight at the waist, emphasizing her slender midriff. Sapphires ran in a breathtaking trail down the center of the bodice, framed on either side by cascading gold chains and intricate embroidery that caught the light and threw it back brilliantly with her every measured step. At her feet, sapphire blue heels peeked from beneath the sweeping hem, glimpsed briefly with each slow, graceful step she took toward him.

She looked like something carved directly out of a perfect painting and breathed into life, and Sebastian found that for the first time in his existence, he was completely unable to look away.

She wore no veil, veils held no place in their wedding traditions these days, and her hair was pinned elegantly up, with a few loose curly strands framing the sides of her face. Her impossibly gorgeous face. Did she even know just how beautiful she looked?

Around her slender, gracefully long neck rested the blue jewel pendant he had purchased and quietly handed to Zoe to ensure she wore today, and seeing it there against her skin filled him with a deep, quiet satisfaction.

She was not wearing her glasses, but lenses and her eyes were fixed directly on him, only there was no smile on her face. She didn't look happy...

When she reached the bottom step of the platform, Sebastian naturally extended his hand out to her.

Viola's eyes dropped to his large hand held out before her, and just as naturally as he had offered it, she lifted hers and placed it in his. His fingers closed gently inward around her smaller hand, and a tiny, unexpected spark shot through her nerves that she hadn't prepared herself for, but she composed herself quietly and let him guide her up the step.

He didn't release her hand even when they both turned to face each other before the elder.

The wedding ceremony passed in a blur to Viola, she couldn't concentrate on anything beyond the warm grip of his hand and the slow, absent movement of his thumb tracing back and forth across her knuckles. She answered every question asked of her automatically, having memorized them all beforehand, and delivered the oaths she was required to give like someone reciting from memory.

"You may place the ring on her finger," Elder Ysara's voice cut through the haze of Viola's thoughts, where she had been staring at her groom's face and losing herself quietly in it without realizing.

It was only when she felt the cool touch of metal sliding onto her finger that she looked down to find a diamond ring now resting on her ring finger, sitting there as though it had always belonged. A tiny blue diamond at its center caught the light and sent a quiet skip through her heart.

She looked back up at Sebastian's carefully indifferent face, a stark contrast to the gentleness with which he held her hand.

Viola slid a ring onto his finger in return, a simple gold band, but one that carried the weight of what it meant, that he was now her husband. She caught his eyes drift down briefly to his own finger as she did it.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 168: The Marking[1,487 words]

Chapter 168: The Marking

They were soon announced as husband and wife in the tradition of a human union, but not yet in the eyes of their world, for the marking ceremony was what truly mattered and what made it real among werewolves.

Viola could barely keep track of anything else that followed after that first ceremony, her thoughts consumed entirely by what was coming next. The marking.

The mating mark, as she understood it, was known to be painful, many dreaded the sharp, consuming pain that traditionally gave way to pleasure. But since hers would not be a permanent one, she found herself wondering quietly whether it would hurt just as badly regardless.

As all the guests made their way out to the paradise garden, glittering and silver beneath the light of the full moon, the bride was taken aside to change into a simpler dress, one that left her back and neck fully exposed, where her groom would have access to choose where to mark her.

When Viola stood before Sebastian again, he too had changed into something simpler. The moonlight fell behind him, casting a long shadow that wrapped around him as he stood looking down at her, his silver eyes glowing softly in the dark.

"What is wrong?" Sebastian asked her in a low whisper, for she had not said a single voluntary word to him since the night before, not even now, except when the vows had required it of her. Was she still upset about their conversation last night?

"Nothing," Viola said, turning her head away from him, a crease forming on her forehead. Even she couldn't fully explain what was wrong with her or why a quiet, simmering displeasure sat so heavily in her chest. She was simply displeased, and she couldn't put a name to the reason.

Not only was she displeased, she was also quietly nervous about what the night would bring, their first night as a married couple. Because despite the fact that she was bound by Evan's mark, and despite the walls she was desperately trying to keep standing around her developing feelings knowing their relationship was temporary, she would still need to give herself to him and carry his child...

Sebastian could see that something was weighing heavily on her but said nothing more, deciding they would speak properly after the ceremony was done. Here, surrounded by everyone, was not the right place for it.

Everyone soon gathered around the raised platform where the bride and groom stood beneath the moonlight, and many began to shift into their wolf forms as was the tradition.

Elder Ysara raised her hands to the sky, her voice carrying across the garden with a reverence that commanded every soul present into complete silence.

"We all gather here today to witness the sacred union of our great supreme Alpha, Sebastian Kade, and Viola Jenson, bound together before the eyes of the moon goddess herself. Tonight, beneath her light, we witness the marking that will grant this woman the power, the authority, and the right to stand beside our Alpha and rule as his Luna over every pack in this world."

At those words, a thunderous chorus of howling erupted from the wolves, and Sebastian stepped closer to his wife, who suddenly looked nervous, her eyes moving everywhere except to his face.

The side of her plump lower lip was caught between her teeth, making her look gorgeously anxious. The moonlight spilling over her face made her skin look creamy and flawless, with a faint flush of pink dusting her smooth cheek that looked so soft and delicate it seemed as though a single touch or the gentlest press of a finger would cause it to ooze something deliciously sweet. The very tip of her small nose was pink as well.

The loose strands of hair framing the sides of her face teased her cheek as the night breeze swayed them gently back and forth, and then there were her cat-like blue eyes, framed by long, dark lashes, darting nervously around the gathered crowd as though searching for somewhere safe to land.

Just how adorably nervous was this wife of his? He thought, swallowing back the amusement that threatened to show on his face.

Slowly, he raised his hand and tucked the loose curly strands framing her face back behind her ear, drawing her gaze up to his. Her long lashes trembled slightly as she looked at him. Was she really that nervous? He wondered, biting back a smile, he hadn't known his little hellcat could be nervous like every other she-wolf about the marking.

"Relax, baby, it won't hurt that much. I promise," he whispered tenderly into her ear, and she went completely still and stiff at his words.

He discreetly pressed a quiet kiss to the side of her ear, on the side turned away from the crowd where no one could see, and then placed one arm around her small waist, his large hand bracketing it firmly as he slowly turned her around so that her back was against his front. He leaned down close and whispered to her again.

"I am choosing to mark you over Evan's mark. Let's see if my temporary mark is strong enough to wipe his away." He told her quietly.

Viola heard his words and her fingers clenched against the fabric of her deep red, open-backed dress. She had styled her hair in a way that covered Evan's mark at the back of her neck, but she felt Sebastian's hand move her hair aside, his fingers grazing her skin and sending a shiver running straight down her spine.

He had said it wouldn't hurt much, but it wasn't only the pain that frightened her now. It was the fact that he was attempting to mark her directly over Evan's mark. Would his temporary mark truly be powerful enough to wipe it away? She wondered, closing her eyes as she felt the warmth of his soft lips press against her neck, and then the slow heat of his tongue, and then the graze of his teeth, and then the sharp, burning pain as he bit down.

Viola bit back the moan that surged up her throat as his teeth sank in and her legs swayed beneath her from the hot, needle-like pain that flooded through her veins. She felt his arm locked firmly around her waist, holding her steady against his hard chest, and she subconsciously reached up and closed her hand over his forearm, digging her nails into his skin, and his arm tightened around her in response.

"Sorry," he groaned low against her skin before he bit down once more, and Viola felt a wave of nausea roll through her stomach, before slowly, confusingly, it began to dissolve into a deep, spreading heat of pleasure that made her brows pull together in bewilderment.

When his mouth finally lifted from the back of her neck, she felt his warm tongue stroke slowly over her skin in a soothing pass that made her shiver from head to toe, before he raised his head. But Viola's legs had become so weak beneath her that she had no choice but to lean into him for support.

He turned her around in his arms, making her face him, and then fitted his hand gently against the back of her head and guided it to rest against his chest as he allowed Elder Ysara to step forward and confirm the mark he had left.

Elder Ysara examined the dark round mark carefully and then turned to face the crowd, her voice rising above the stillness of the garden. "The marking is done! All hail the new Luna!"

Howling erupted once again from the wolves hailing the new Luna, and Sebastian's arms tightened instinctively around his wife as he realized she had gone completely slack against him, unconscious, her full weight resting in his arms.

It wasn't uncommon for she-wolves to faint when marked, even when the mark wasn't permanent, especially not from a marking delivered by a powerful Alpha. The strength of it must have overwhelmed her entirely.

Words of congratulations reached him from the guests still in their wolf forms, while some among the crowd quietly rejoiced that the wolfless woman's days were now numbered, but Sebastian paid no attention to any of it. He bent forward and gently gathered Viola into his arms, her face flushed and her brows still faintly creased together even in unconsciousness.

He would only know whether his temporary mark had succeeded in erasing Evan's once his own had faded away.

"The celebration may continue, but as you can all see, my Luna needs to rest for the mark to settle properly." Sebastian announced calmly to the gathered guests before he stepped down from the platform and walked away from the garden with his wife tucked safely and peacefully in his arms.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 169: Angry Wife_Part 1[1,370 words]

Chapter 169: Angry Wife_Part 1

Both of them turned to look at her at the same time, Leni with a slow, satisfied smirk as she draped her arm around Sebastian's neck in a deliberately intimate way, and Sebastian with a deep, sharp annoyance directed at the door as though she had walked in and interrupted something important. But that look of annoyance shifted into something closer to shock the moment he registered who was standing there.

Memories began flooding Viola's mind all at once, memories of how Evan had betrayed her and chosen Leni, memories of the way he had tormented her for Leni's sake. Why did it always have to be Leni? Why?

Viola's fingers curled into tight fists at her sides, and a look of intense, burning fury and raw betrayal flashed through her blue eyes as she stared at the two of them.

Sebastian immediately shoved Leni off his lap and rose to his feet, moving quickly toward Viola, but the moment he reached her, Viola didn't even think twice before raising her hand and slapping him hard across the face.

"You are no different from him." She turned her gaze sharply to Leni and directed the next words at her like a blade. "I will deal with you later." Then she turned and ran out of his office before her emotions could slip entirely out of her control.

Sebastian was too stunned by the slap to move for a moment. He stood there watching her disappear through the door, his head still turned to the side from the force of it.

No woman had ever hit him before in his life, and strangely enough, that wasn't what occupied his mind right now. What mattered was that she had completely misunderstood what she had walked in on, though he could hardly blame her, because he was certain that anyone who had walked through that door and found him in that position with that woman would have come to the exact same conclusion.

A few hours earlier.

Sebastian had left Viola sleeping peacefully in his bed, unwilling to disturb her for anything when she so clearly needed the rest. He had figured she would sleep through the remaining hours it would take for his temporary mark to fade, which meant she would be spared from having to navigate the full intensity of mating bond emotions while still half-conscious and vulnerable.

He had come to his office to finish some work, even though it was the night of his wedding and by all accounts he should have been with his wife. But he wouldn't push anything she wasn't yet comfortable with, and she had been sleeping, which made the decision easier.

Focusing on work, however, had proven nearly impossible. Her face kept flashing through his mind with a persistence he couldn't shake. He could have gone outside and drunk and celebrated with everyone still gathered in the paradise garden, but Sebastian had no desire to field the unnecessary questions that would come from being seen outside while his wife was supposedly inside.

Everyone would be expecting him to either be working on producing an heir by now, or slowly beginning the process of killing his new wife, as had happened before.

He was deep in thought when a voice cut through the silence and made him look up sharply.

"Good evening, supreme Alpha."

It was Leni, walking through the door of his office with a flushed face and one of his personal keycards held in her hand. She was wearing an impossibly short, sleeveless dress that stopped just below the line of decency, and her breasts were pushed so high in the neckline that it appeared to be in imminent danger of spilling out entirely. She was visibly drunk.

A dark scowl settled immediately over Sebastian's face the moment his eyes landed on the keycard in her hand, one of his personal ones, which had granted her access to his private floor and his office. "How the fuck did you get in here?" He demanded, his voice dropping to a low, murderous tone.

Nobody had access to his personal keycard except his Betas, and not one of them would use it to enter his office unless he had personally called for them or a genuine emergency had arisen. So how had this woman gotten her hands on one?

Leni smiled, the alcohol she had consumed buzzing through her head and stripping her of the good sense to recognize the danger she was standing in, or the fact that she was pressing her luck against a blazing flame.

"Does it matter, my Alpha? Though if it truly bothers you that much," she clicked her tongue casually, "I seduced one of your Betas to get it. Not your head Beta though, that man is far too difficult to get anywhere near. I do believe he is gay." She was referring to Matt, who had unceremoniously shoved her away from his door the night before when she had first hatched this plan in her mind and stripped before him. Was he even a real man? She thought with an inward scoff.

"I slipped it out of his pocket without his knowledge while I gave him a blowjob. You should have seen his face," Leni said, waving the card lazily back and forth in front of her while she licked her red lips in what she clearly intended to be a seductive display, pressing her free hand against her breast to draw his eyes there.

But if Sebastian even noticed her attempt, his hardened, stone cold eyes never left her face. Was he going to be just like his head Beta and act as though she were invisible?

Leni hadn't planned to resort to her old ways of seducing men to get what she wanted, but they had pushed her into this corner themselves. If she didn't do something, her Evan would remain locked away for who knew how long, and that bitch Viola would have the full upper hand over their lives now that she was a supreme Luna.

Leni couldn't allow that to happen. And so she had devised a plan, just the same way she had once stolen Evan right from under Viola's nose, bringing him to pleasure while Viola had delusionally believed he would make her his wife and had done absolutely everything for him. She would do it again now, this time with the supreme Alpha.

After all, Viola hadn't marked him, she was wolfless and couldn't give anyone a mark, and without her mark on him, the supreme Alpha was essentially free to take pleasure wherever he chose.

Leni was willing to sell her body to him if that was what it took to secure Moonwillow's freedom and get her husband back. She would deliver the kind of help Evan had always privately believed she wasn't capable of giving, and she would do it better than that bitch had ever done anything for him in her life!

Leni began to walk toward him slowly, lifting the hem of her already dangerously short dress to reveal herself further as she bit down on her lower lip. "What are you doing alone in your office on your wedding night? Your wife isn't giving you enough, is she? Don't worry, I will treat you to something much nicer. Something se—ahh!"

The words died in her throat. She had been walking toward him, reaching out to touch his hair, when his hand moved with terrifying speed and seized her wrist in a crushing grip that wrenched a sharp cry of pain from her lips. She looked down at him, and the eyes that met hers were deadly cold and blazing all at once, like flames burning at the heart of a winter storm. A chill crawled all the way down her spine and rooted her to the spot.

"I can see that you are tired of living and have decided to court death, woman. If that is truly what you want," his grip around her wrist tightened further into something that felt like it could snap the bone, and Leni's face crumpled with pain, "I will gladly grant you that wish."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 170: Angry Wife_Part 2[1,143 words]

Chapter 170: Angry Wife_Part 2

Sebastian was blazing with rage, it was clear that one of his Betas had been slack enough to let this woman seduce him into carelessness, and he would deal with that person separately. But first he needed to teach this one a lesson. He knew women like her far too well, and without a doubt this was exactly how she had seduced Evan away from his hellcat. He couldn't help but think once again just how spectacularly stupid Evan was.

Leni, feeling her wrist being crushed, cried out, and then let herself sway deliberately and collapse onto his lap, right where she had been aiming to land, moaning softly into his ear.

Before Sebastian could shove her off him in disgust, he heard the distinct click of his office door opening. His first thought was that it was Matt, and he was already directing a glare toward the door and parting his lips to give the order to have this woman dragged down to the cells with her husband, when his eyes landed on his wife instead.

She was standing in the doorway wearing the adorable pikachu pajamas and his coat, and the look on her face moved from shock to something that broke open into pure betrayal right before his eyes.

Sebastian registered every flash of emotion that crossed her face in that single moment and cursed quietly under his breath, because at that same instant, the woman he had momentarily forgotten was still on his lap wrapped her arms around his neck, making the entire scene look exactly as damning as it possibly could. Without a second thought he flung her away from his lap and moved toward his wife, but her slap hit him before he reached her, stopping him dead in his tracks.

"You are no different from him."

She was gone before he could say a single word. His darkened expression swung to Leni, who was still sitting on the floor with an expression of wide-eyed innocence plastered across her face, and the urge to strangle her right then and there was so intense it took real restraint to set it aside, but wasting another moment on her would only cost him more time with Viola.

They hadn't even been married five hours and something like this has happened!

Sebastian contacted Matt immediately and ordered him to send guards to his office and have Leni escorted directly to the cells to join her husband. Then he walked out of his office and went after his wife.

She wasn't in his penthouse, he checked and found it empty, the rooms undisturbed. She hadn't gone back there. She had gone to her own place instead. When he got there, he unlocked the door easily, as she had given him the new password several days ago.

He stepped inside and switched on the living room light. She wasn't there.

When Sebastian finally found her, she was in her bedroom, yanking the blankets off the bed and hurling them onto the floor as though she fully intended to sleep down there, her back turned rigidly to the door and not acknowledging his presence for even a fraction of a second, even though he could tell from the slight stiffening of her shoulders that she felt him standing there.

He had foolishly expected to find her broken and crying, but the woman he was watching had a cold, almost frighteningly indifferent look on her face.

He watched her from the doorway for a moment before he began to move toward her, but he hadn't even gotten close when her voice cut through the air. Low and unmistakably threatening. "Don't you dare come near me." She yanked the sheet off the bed with such force and aggression that it swung through the air and slammed into the nightstand lamp, sending it crashing to the floor in pieces.

His coat and his shoes were nowhere on her anymore, and her bare feet were dangerously close to the broken fragments scattered across the floor, but if she was aware of it, she gave no sign of caring and kept going, moving through her anger with terrifying focus.

Sebastian frowned, watching her carefully as he said, "We need to talk."

"I have absolutely nothing to talk to you about, do you hear me? Get out of my room and go back to your bitch!" She spun on him, her eyes blazing and her face flushed deep with it. "You are all the same, none of you can resist that bitch. Go ahead and finish what you started with her for all I care, I don't want you here! Get out!" She screamed, her emotions getting the better of her entirely, the deep jealousy and insecurity she carried intensifying tenfold because of his mark still sitting on her skin.

She might have felt hurt even without the mark, she knew that. But the mark multiplied the hurt into something monstrous and made the anger impossible to contain or reason with. Even as she tried to remind herself that she had absolutely no right to carry this rage, that she had accepted from the beginning that he was not hers alone despite their marriage, she could not stop it. The images of him and Leni kept flashing behind her eyes like a broken record that wouldn't quit.

What right did she even have over him, when he had already told her he couldn't leave a permanent mark on her? So why couldn't she control this?

"I SAID GET OUT OF MY ROOM!" She stormed across the floor toward him, stepping directly onto the broken fragments without flinching, without even looking down, and shoved hard at his chest.

"Control yourself, Viola. It is not what you think it is." Sebastian caught her wrists and held them firmly but carefully. "I did not make out with Leni."

"Don't you dare try to feed me that! You would have if I hadn't walked in when I did. I don't want to talk about it and I don't want to see your face. Stay away from me until your mark fades!" She yanked at her wrists, trying to pull free, but Sebastian held on and didn't release her.

Though a part of him was more than a little pleased that she was reacting this fiercely to the thought of him being with another woman, he didn't like that she wasn't listening, and he didn't like that she was hurting herself in the middle of it. She wrenched her hands away from him with a force that he knew had to sting, and immediately went back to shoving at his chest.

"Get out of my room, you bastard! The sight of you disgusts me, it hurts my eyes!" She gritted furiously, pushing and shoving against him with everything she had.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 171: Angry Wife_Part 2[1,348 words]

Chapter 171: Angry Wife_Part 2

"Can you get out of your own head for a moment and just listen to me!" Sebastian was losing his patience. He had never been this patient with anyone the way he found himself being with her, had never felt the need to explain himself the way he constantly felt he needed to with her.

Patience was not a virtue he had ever claimed or practiced, but with her he had been willing to learn it. Only right now, that patience was wearing dangerously thin, because she didn't hold even a single ounce of trust for him, not enough to stop and listen.

Did she have any idea that he could have walked away and shut her out entirely if she had been anyone else? He was trying, genuinely trying, and yet her trust felt like something he would never be able to earn no matter what he did.

Viola stepped back from him and gave a sharp, derisive sniff. "How dare you speak to me like I was the one caught doing something wrong? I saw it with my own eyes!"

"You saw it with your own eyes?" He took one slow, deliberate step forward, but she held her ground, her blue eyes gone dark with challenge. "What exactly did you see with your eyes?" He questioned with a dark scowl. "Did you see me kissing her? Did you see me touching her?"

Viola hadn't seen that, but it still didn't change the fact that what she had walked in on would have led to exactly that, given enough time. "She was sitting on your lap with her arms around your neck." She gritted out. "Are you going to stand there and deny that? What was she doing on your lap? Are chairs so scarce in your office that your lap became a spare seat?" She scoffed directly into his face.

"I will say this one more time, Leni is a nobody compared to the woman I married today. I was not making out with her." Sebastian glared at her, the muscles in his neck pulled so taut that a sharp pain shot up the back of his head from the sheer force of his frustration. What would it take for her to trust him, to see beyond what that man had done to her and look at what was right in front of her?

Hadn't he tried hard enough? Would they spend the rest of their lives like this, with distrust so thick between them that she wouldn't even hear him out? Though Sebastian was fully aware that he would never grow entirely tired of her, that he genuinely liked her and wanted her in his life, wanted her to be the one, he was beginning to realize that if she wouldn't believe him now, there was absolutely nothing more he could do to change her mind in this moment.

Her past trauma had clouded her judgment and she had chosen to see what she wanted to see rather than what was actually there. And Sebastian realized that perhaps giving her the space to calm down and think clearly on her own would serve them both better than continuing to argue back and forth with her like this.

He looked down at her cold blue eyes and indifferent expression for a long moment, and then he gave a single quiet nod. "Fine. You don't believe me, fine. But I want you to know that I did not make out with that woman. She fell onto my lap at the exact moment you walked through that door. But if you won't take my word for it, that is your choice. Goodnight." He said in a low, even voice, and then turned to leave.

Viola's cold eyes shifted immediately, softening and then filling with a sudden, quiet panic as she watched him turn his back on her. His expression was closed off and unreadable, as though he had simply decided to stop caring about what she thought altogether.

She felt her heart twist with a sharp, hollow fear, and the creeping thought that perhaps she had been wrong. That she had misjudged him. That she had jumped straight to the worst possible conclusion without giving him the chance he deserved.

Standing there watching him walk toward the door, Viola suddenly knew with complete certainty that she did not want him to leave. No. Don't turn away from me. Don't give up on me. Without stopping to think, she moved after him just as he reached the doorway and grabbed his hand. He stopped immediately, and then slowly turned his head to look back at her, his expression still closed and unreadable.

She didn't like that look on his face. Not at all.

"We are not done talking, you can't just leave!" Viola glared at him, her voice coming out more hurt than angry, her lower lip caught between her teeth as his expression remained hard and unmoved.

Sebastian had no more words he wanted to give right now, he didn't want to raise his voice and he would rather step away and cool off first.

"Whatever there is to talk about can be talked about another day. I have work to do, and I believe you need to sleep and let the mark fade." He told her indifferently, but he made no move to yank his hand free from her grip, no move to turn away. He only stood there, looking down at her as though waiting for her to release him in her own time.

But Viola didn't want to let go.

They stood poised in the grip of a tension more powerful than anything either of them had ever experienced before. Her fingers were sunk into the soft skin of his wrist where his pulse thrummed hot and fast beneath her fingertips. The night seemed to throb around them, thick and heavy, with neither of them making a move.

Then suddenly, with a soft, mewling sound, Viola released his wrist, flung her arms around his neck, and pressed her lips to his. He made absolutely no response, holding himself completely rigid, his lips sealed tightly shut for one long, agonizing moment. Then his hands came down onto her shoulders and began trying to force her away.

But she clung to him, fervent and desperate and eager, knowing she would die of humiliation if he remained stubborn and refused to return the kiss. His thumbs dug into her shoulder blades, his fingers pressing into her back. He pushed and she clung, until they both trembled in silent combat, their breathing growing heavier in the stillness of the room.

"I am sorry...kiss me." She whispered against his sealed mouth, and he went completely rigid, before he suddenly, finally, gave in. His powerful hands drew her upward until their chests pressed together, and his mouth came down over hers in a savage, unrelenting kiss that left absolutely no room for retreat.

"Damn you." He whispered hungrily against her lips as he took her mouth, biting down on her bottom lip as though to punish her for making him so angry, and she let out a moan that he swallowed greedily into his mouth.

The moment her lips parted he took full advantage, his tongue sweeping into the warmth of her mouth without mercy or hesitation, exploring every inch of her and tasting the sweetness of her until he wanted more of it.

His tongue moved against hers in a devastatingly slow, deliberate stroke, and hers met it with a force that caught even him off guard, hungry and urgent and entirely unguarded, as though she had brought down her walls entirely to enjoy this.

She sucked softly against his tongue, slid it along the seam of his lips, and made a delicious, breathless sound into his mouth that sent a trail of scorching heat blazing through his entire body until it settled heavily and insistently against his groin, hardening him to the point of pain, and a low, strained curse rumbled deep in his throat.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 172: Sensual night_Part 1[1,279 words]

Chapter 172: Sensual night_Part 1

Sebastian pressed his hand against her ass and pulled her flush into his hardness, and he felt her stiffen for just a moment, as though she hadn't been prepared for that part of him to be pressing so insistently against his trousers like that. He didn't give her the chance to dwell on it, moving his mouth hungrily against hers and drawing her attention away from his erection.

She instinctively pressed the full length of herself against him in return, one hand fisting in the fabric at the back of his neck as she pulled him down harder into her. Viola heard him let out a sound she had never known a man was capable of making, low, rough, and it sent a slow, heated curl through her stomach.

Every line of her body was molded against every line of his, and Sebastian wanted nothing more than to feel that same press of her against him, only without the maddening, insufferable barrier of their clothing between them.

His erection throbbed with sharp insistence when she unintentionally rubbed against him again, chasing his tongue and following the movement of his mouth, her soft breasts pressing warmly into the hard plane of his chest, and he realized with startling clarity that he needed to stop now, before he lost full control of himself entirely. Because this little unpredictable hellcat was going to be the absolute death of him.

He lifted his head abruptly, breathing hard as he looked down into her face. Her eyes were glistening and her nose was flushed pink along with her cheeks, her lips parted as she drew unsteady breaths through them.

Her hooded, hazy eyes stared up at him, and unable to help himself, he leaned back down and pressed one soft, quick peck to her glistening, swollen lips, and felt her follow his mouth upward with her head as he pulled away, chasing him without even realizing she was doing it.

"If I kiss you again I won't be able to stop." He murmured against her lips.

She immediately caught herself, blinking as though coming back from somewhere far away, and turned her face aside with unmistakable embarrassment, biting down on her lower lip. He slowly set her back down fully on her feet, and then ran his fingers gently through her wonderfully tangled hair as he began to say,

"I was not making out with Leni. She tried to seduce me, but I didn't give in." He spoke softly, bringing his hand up to cradle her flushed cheek. "If you don't believe me, come back with me to

my office and I will prove it to you. I have cameras covering every corner of that office, you can watch the entire footage yourself, with sound." He reached out and took her hand to pull her along, but she quickly shook her head.

When she spoke, her voice had gone small and quiet. "There is no need. I... I believe you." She whispered, feeling plainly ashamed of her behavior and the way she had let her anger completely take over her. How could she have lashed out on him like that?

She had forgotten entirely, how Leni was a two-faced snake who wore innocence like a costume while being nothing like the image she projected. And besides, if Sebastian had truly been making out with her, he would never have been so willing to walk her back to his office and show her the evidence that he wasn't. She had let her distrust devour her common sense...

"You believe me?" Sebastian questioned softly, looking down at her bowed head as though she were carrying the weight of her own embarrassment. "Why do you believe me now when you were not willing to even a moment ago?"

Viola pursed her lips, wrapping her arms around herself as she stepped back slightly.

"I just believe you. I got too hotheaded and didn't wait a moment to remember how scheming a woman can get, especially Leni. I'm sorry for my reaction, it was completely unnecessary..." she said, turning to walk away from him.

But Sebastian caught her wrist, stopping her.

"It's okay. No apologies needed. I'm nothing like Evan, I want you to know that. And if I ever were to cheat, which I won't, I wouldn't hide it."

Sebastian told her, and Viola felt a small but real rekindling of the fragile trust she held for him flicker back to life. He didn't seem like a man who concealed the truth, he had even told her about the curse and the fact that he couldn't mark her, when he could easily have kept that from her.

"I know. It must be your mark confusing my head," Viola muttered quietly, as she had no other excuse for the intense emotions she had experienced a while ago, or for what had even possessed her to kiss him just to appease him. All she knew was that she had wanted to do anything to make him stay, and now that she wasn't kissing him, her body was still alive with the memory of the way it had rubbed so intimately against his.

Her nipples felt hard as paddles, erect against her pajama shirt, and she suddenly wanted to hide them by lying down on the bed beneath the blanket, out of his sight.

"Let's see to your feet first," Sebastian told her as she began to move toward the bed again, as if wanting to escape him for some reason. He almost found it amusing that she wanted to run now, when she had kissed him so willingly and hotly, arousing him to a limit he hadn't thought he could handle. Did she have any idea how his body was demanding that he take her?

Sebastian bent down and lifted her onto the bed without ceremony, and she offered no protest as he sat her down at the edge and crouched to examine the soles of her feet, which were already bleeding from the broken fragments she had walked across without flinching.

He moved around the room, found what he needed to clean the cuts and apply an ointment, tended to her feet with quiet efficiency, and then swept the broken pieces off the floor before returning to the bed where he had laid her down.

Viola had been holding her breath the entire time she watched her husband move around the room, cleaning up the mess she had made, and she felt quietly guilty for all of it. Shouldn't she be the one cleaning up the mess she had made? He cleaned everything, carefully picking up every little piece to avoid any accident.

But then the moment he moved past her, his scent drifted to her nose, and beneath his own familiar warmth was the sharp, clinging trace of Leni's perfume, pressing against her senses. A wave of sharp irritation moved through her stomach, and the bond the mark had created inside her recoiled from it instinctively.

"If you want to stay here tonight, which I think is the reasonable thing since we are married, you will have to get rid of your clothes. You smell awfully like her." She told him, pressing her lips together as she looked up at him, and he grinned down at her.

His silver eyes glimmering with quiet mischief, Sebastian sat down on the edge of the bed and looked at her with open amusement. "If my wife doesn't like the scent on my clothes, she can take it off herself, or she can put up with her husband lying beside her smelling of another woman's cheap, disgusting perfume."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 173: Sensual night_Part 2[1,246 words]

Chapter 173: Sensual night_Part 2

At Sebastian's words, Viola stared at him with slightly widened eyes from where she lay on the bed. He wanted her to take off his clothes? She thought with pursed lips and a small, nervous gulp. How was she supposed to do that? But then if she didn't, he would lie beside her all night in the same clothes Leni had pressed herself against him in, and she would have to endure an entire night inhaling the scent she despised.

She could tell him to go and sleep in the other room, of course, but she really didn't want him going far away from her. She wanted him next to her. She wanted to feel this mate happiness and all its complex, overwhelming emotions before they disappeared come morning.

Viola's body still craved and longed to be held in his arms, and to achieve that, and to ensure she could actually enjoy it without that torturing, foul scent of another woman irritating her all night, she pushed herself off the bed with a small, reluctant sigh and made her way around to stand directly in front of him, between his parted legs where he sat at the edge of the bed.

"Fine. I will take them off for you. I don't want her scent anywhere near my things or my body, not even on yours. Now sit still." Viola grumbled as she reached out for his shirt buttons, a small glare in her blue eyes as she caught the glimmer of mischief and disbelief in his silver ones, like he genuinely couldn't believe she was actually about to undress him.

Sebastian had said those words half expecting she wouldn't go through with it, because knowing the woman he had married, she was a hard nut to crack and a fiercely stubborn little hellcat who wouldn't do what she didn't want to do, she would sooner pretend and bury her true feelings just to ruin his mood than give him the satisfaction. And yet here she was, jumping off the bed and positioning herself between his legs and slowly but efficiently unbuttoning his shirt.

Did she hate the scent on his body as much as he hated it himself? Watching how she had behaved all evening, Sebastian could already tell she was going to turn out to be a deeply possessive mate if her wolf ever awakened, and for some reason, the thought of her possessiveness sent a thrill of heat shooting straight through him and tugged a smile to the corners of his lips.

He watched her bend forward and work through the buttons all the way down to the last one with a look of deep concentration on her face, a small serious frown between her brows.

When she finished undoing the last button, she raised her eyes to look at him expectantly, waiting for him to take over from there. But if Sebastian understood what that look meant, he gave no indication of it and instead offered her a perfectly blank, clueless expression as he said,

"Go ahead and remove it. Or is it fine if I just sleep like this now?" He questioned, looking up at her innocently.

Viola pursed her lips as she looked down at him, catching the barely concealed glimmer dancing in his eyes. He was making this difficult on purpose, she knew it!

She shifted her gaze nervously to the hanging, unbuttoned shirt. Undoing the buttons had felt easy enough, not so different from unbuttoning her own clothes, but actually making contact with his bare skin, and coming face to face with that ominous snake tattoo sprawling across his chest, made her inexplicably nervous in a way she couldn't quite name.

But knowing that if she didn't do this, her insufferable husband would lie beside her all night in those same clothes, she bit the inside of her cheek and reached out, grabbing either side of the open shirt.

She slowly drew it away from his hard chest, easing it back from his strong shoulders, and because he made absolutely no effort to help her by moving his arms, Viola had to lean further into him, pulling and tugging the shirt free from hard, muscle-corded, vein-lined biceps covered in the tattoo's snake scale pattern that made her skin prick with awareness.

When she leaned in closer still to reach for the sleeve trapped beneath his hands where they rested flat on the mattress, she felt, with a sharp jolt of surprise, Sebastian's nose graze against her

already oversensitive nipples through the thin fabric of her pajama top, and she nearly lurched backward.

But the arm that had already slipped free of one sleeve came around her waist instantly, keeping her exactly where she was in front of him, his nose shamelessly and thoroughly buried between her braless breasts through her pajama shirt.

Caught completely off guard and flushed so deeply she could feel the heat all the way to the roots of her hair, Viola released the shirt and placed both hands lightly against his hard shoulders as though to push him back, looking down at the silver head pressed against her chest as she asked,

"Wh — what do you think you are doing?" Wrong decision to ask him that while his head was still embarrassingly exactly where it was, because the moment his lips parted to respond, the movement of his mouth grazed against her sensitive flesh through the thin fabric, tickling and sending an unbidden curl of sensation through her that made her toes curl against the floor and her fingers tighten involuntarily into his shoulders.

"I am taking in your scent to replace the foul one that has been clinging to me. It has been an exhausting few days leading up to our ceremony, meeting with Alphas, arranging further meetings, signing documents, I haven't slept nor properly rested in days. I am simply trying to relax with my mate's scent, love. And you smell like absolute heaven." He said, his voice warm and low and muffled against her as he drew in a slow, deep inhale that turned Viola's face an even deeper shade of red.

She genuinely wanted to push him away, the position was mortifying, but then she found herself thinking about the faint dark circles she had quietly noticed beneath his eyes over recent days, and about the mate bond warmth she had felt earlier that evening that had calmed her mind so completely.

She understood, then, that she could do the same for him. And his words weren't untrue, he hadn't slept properly, not a single full night, not since the day he had last spent the night with her. She could attest to that personally from their nightly video calls.

A sudden, deep wave of tenderness washed over her, a feeling that reached all the way down to her core at the weight of how demanding and relentless his life truly was.

Letting out a quiet sigh of surrender, she stopped fighting it and allowed him to keep his face where it was. Then she slowly lifted her hands and threaded careful, gentle fingers into the silky, already disheveled strands of his hair, stroking from the crown all the way down to the nape of his neck in long, unhurried passes. She felt his arm tighten around her in a brief, involuntary squeeze, before he suddenly pulled her downward and sat her firmly on his lap.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 174: Sensual night_Part 3[1,752 words]

Chapter 174: Sensual night_Part 3

Viola let out a startled gasp as she was tugged down against him without warning, and before she could gather a single word of protest, Sebastian lifted his head from her chest and buried his face in the crook of her neck instead, drawing in her scent with deep, unhurried satisfaction.

"You smell so good I could eat you, baby." He whispered with a low groan against her skin that made Viola squirm at the sensation of his warm breath against her neck. Baby? This man and different types of endearment!

"S — stop that. I haven't finished taking off your shirt..." She said, her voice coming out embarrassingly breathy as his hand around her waist moved in slow, absent circles, kneading and stroking as though he was massaging her without realizing he was doing it.

The feeling was making her shift restlessly on his lap, and the more she moved even slightly, the more acutely aware she became of something hard beneath her, something that was very distinctly pressing up against her.

What was that? She wondered, trying to shift her weight away from it, but the man beneath her suddenly groaned sharply and drew in a quick, taut breath against her neck, his voice strained as he murmured, "You are moving too much, love. It is not doing that part of me any favors right now."

Viola frowned, parting her lips to ask what he meant, and then her eyes slowly went wide as realization crept over her and she became very, very aware of exactly what was pressing against her. Her eyes lifted to his as he drew his face away from her neck, and she felt a sharp, electric jolt move through her at the look she found waiting there.

"Don't look at me like that, it is completely normal that I am hard." He said with a low, rough chuckle. "It is a perfectly natural male reaction, especially when their mate is sitting directly on top of that part of them. You are turning me on, Viola." He whispered, trailing the back of his hand across her deeply flushed cheek with a gentleness that contradicted everything simmering behind his silver eyes. "In a way that is so difficult to control..." He trailed off, his jaw tightening as though the act of restraining himself was costing him something real.

And it was. It truly was. This was the longest he had ever gone without sex, and every day since meeting this woman had made it harder, because no other woman's scent or body had so much as tempted him since the moment she had entered his life. She held him completely without even

trying, as though she had quietly slipped a leash around him without ever needing to mark him to do it.

Everything inside him wanted only her. But he was forcing himself to go slowly, carefully, because she was not just anyone, and one wrong move, one moment of pressure she wasn't ready for, could send her retreating behind that wall she had spent years building around herself.

Especially now, when her possessive behavior tonight was entirely a product of the temporary mark. Without it, she wouldn't be sitting willingly on his lap removing his shirt, or allowing him to touch her the way she had been tonight.

The last thing Sebastian wanted was to unintentionally push her away by advancing toward sex before they had established and strengthened what was between them, but then again, how long was that realistically going to take with a woman like her...

Their gazes held in the charged silence. He forced himself to slowly loosen the arm around her waist, giving her the choice.

Half of him desperately wanted her to climb off him as quickly as possible before his control slipped any further, but the other half, the darker and more honest half, wanted her to keep moving against him, to keep creating that maddening, exquisite friction against his erection that was driving him out of his mind. Perhaps he might find release that way. He cursed himself inwardly for even allowing the thought.

He never thought a moment like this would ever come in his life, he, who had always had women at every corner of his existence.

Viola stared into his eyes. Half embarrassed and half curious. Neither of them moved. The electric charge in the air seemed to thicken with every passing second. The temperature of the room continued to rise.

Viola knew that without his mark, she might not have been this bold, might not have continued sitting on him after becoming fully aware of what was pressing against her underneath.

She could still feel the large, hot bulge nudging directly against her womanly core. Her pajama pants were made of soft, thin material and she had nothing on underneath, and the sensation of him pressing so insistently against that part of her was enough to make her face burn and set her entire body completely aflame.

She couldn't believe how intensely her body was reacting in that moment, when normally, any flicker of arousal she dared to acknowledge sent pain shooting through her because of Evan's mark. It felt startlingly new and almost unbelievable that she was experiencing these overwhelming sensations from nothing more than being pressed so intimately against his cock.

"I... I should remove your shirt." She whispered, making no attempt whatsoever to get up from where she was. For some reason she couldn't fully explain, she simply didn't want to stand up yet. She liked and enjoyed that rock hard manhood exactly where it was.

"Go ahead and take it off then," he murmured, reluctantly drawing his hand away from her and leaning back, both hands planted against the mattress behind him. His silver eyes had darkened to a shade that looked like the sky when a storm was quietly building on the horizon, making Viola feel as though she were sitting before a wolf that was one wrong move away from devouring her whole.

Her heart skipped a beat, though she couldn't tell whether it was out of fear or out of sheer wonderment.

She bit down on her bottom lip and shifted against him, pulling the shirt free from his arm, her fingers grazing his hot skin in the process. When she moved, the bulge beneath her grew even more insistent, and Viola glanced down subconsciously as she felt herself pulse against him, and a very strong, very dangerous urge welled up from somewhere deep inside her, compelling her to grind against that heat and chase more friction.

Sebastian let out a sharp curse and surged forward, seizing her arm. "Don't do that again if you don't want to take responsibility for whatever happens next." He warned in a dangerously low voice, his eyes burning with the flames of barely concealed lust. Was she trying to kill him when he was already holding back?

Viola heard the warning bells at the back of her head. But by the moon goddess, they were so faint, so distant and so weak, that they weren't even enough to pull her back from the spell of curiosity she had already fallen headfirst into.

That sensation, the one that had felt like an electric current shooting through her when she pressed herself against his erection, had sparked something in her that desperately wanted more of it.

His mark was doing something dangerously powerful to her body tonight. Something had shifted inside her, something that was leaning hungrily into wanting that part of him, wanting to feel all of it, and refusing to be quiet about it. It was a deliciously addicting feeling.

She bit down even harder on her lip and then moved again, and this time the feeling that shot heat through every inch of her was so intense she nearly rolled her eyes back from it, her fingers gripping hard into his shoulders to anchor herself. Oh dear, was it supposed to feel this good?

Sebastian groaned low in his throat at her movement, and then something caught his attention. A tantalizing scent drifted into his nose, something so sweet and potent that even his wolf stirred restlessly inside him. He gripped her arm immediately and looked directly into her eyes as he demanded, "Did you take your suppressant this morning?"

Viola, whose mind was running as hot as everything else inside her, looked confused for a brief moment before the answer slowly surfaced and her eyes widened. "No... I didn't. I was so caught up getting ready that I forgot."

It had become a strict and unbreakable habit for her to always take her pheromone suppressant without fail, to keep that wild, uncontrollable nature of hers in check. But this morning she had been pulled out of bed early and immediately swept up by the people sent to bathe and make her up for the ceremony, and in all of that rush and commotion, she simply hadn't remembered to take it.

"You are approaching your heat. It comes right after menstruation and your pheromone is already rising along...with arousal." Sebastian said in a strained voice, the realization settling over him that along with his mark, the approaching heat cycle must be amplifying everything she was currently feeling, and on top of all of that, she hadn't taken her suppressant.

"Get up, you need your suppressant right now." Sebastian said, beginning to lift her off him before her pheromone had the chance to spread through the building, but his wife shook her head and clung to his neck.

"No. I don't want to get up." She liked where she was. His bulge was stroking against her core the way a finger strokes an itchy rash, she was aching down there and she liked the feeling of that hardness against her. Clinging to his neck, wanting and desperate to feel more, she moved her hips experimentally, biting back the moan that surged to her throat along with the heat curling tightly through her stomach.

Perhaps her heat was adding to everything alongside the mark, and together the two of them had erased every last trace of embarrassment, the way heat seasons were known to make she-wolves lose control of themselves entirely. But at this moment, Viola didn't care about any of that. All that existed in her mind was him, and what was underneath her, and the fact that she wanted more of it, right now, right here!

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 175: Uncontrollable scent[1,458 words]

Chapter 175: Uncontrollable scent

Viola moved against him again and she suddenly felt Sebastian's hand shoot to the back of her neck, cupping it firmly before he pulled her in and crushed his mouth against hers, using the action to bury a groan deep into her mouth.

He kissed her deeply until she felt as though her entire body was on the verge of melting in his arms. His other hand held her close, molding her against his firm body with a possessiveness that left no space between them.

As she helplessly clung to him, her hands began to move entirely on their own accord, caressing his taut muscles as she continued grinding her hips against him, and with each movement, the hardness beneath her grew and stiffened even further than she had ever thought that part of a man's body could possibly get.

She felt one of his hands move between them, and before she fully registered what he was doing, he had pulled down his trouser zipper, the organ having strained so insistently against the front of his pants that it had left him no choice.

With his trousers loosened, his cock pressed and strained against the thin fabric of his briefs instead. She was desperate for more friction, desperate to feel more of this pleasure that was easing the rising heat consuming her and feeding her overwhelming craving for him, and so she ground her hips against him even harder.

But Sebastian suddenly locked her hips in place with both hands and pulled back from her lips. "You are going to kill me, honey." He rasped, and then he pulled away fully, deliberately putting more distance between their bodies than either of them wanted.

Viola stared at him with open resentment, not liking the loss of their bodies pressed together even slightly. She frowned up at him and Sebastian smiled down at her expression, her face deeply flushed and her lips swollen from his mouth.

"Don't worry, wife. I am not stopping. I will help you ease the heat, as your husband and mate, unless you ask me not to." His voice dropped to a low whisper as he brushed her dark hair back and gathered it away from her face. "Tell me if you want us to stop."

If he was waiting for her to stop him in the state she was in, Viola thought, then he was going to be waiting a very long time. She pressed her lips together and said nothing, watching him watch her.

He leaned down and pressed his lips to her throat, and her eyes fell shut immediately. His mouth began moving down her neck, planting slow, deliberate kisses at first before he began to lick and suck at her skin in earnest, sliding downward with unhurried intent.

A new wave of heat blossomed deep inside her, and she writhed against him, unconsciously gripping his shoulder as she arched her head back helplessly and bared her slender neck to him completely.

Sebastian's hands roamed possessively, one sliding up her back to tangle roughly in her hair, the other gripping her ass and pulling her down harder so she could feel every thick inch of him.

"Fuck, baby," he groaned against her neck, rocking his hips up to grind against her. "You're soaked already. I can feel the heat of you through my pants."

She moaned, the sound shameless, and rolled her hips in answer, dragging her clothed core along his length in slow, desperate strokes that made pleasure spark behind her eyelids. Her hands fisted in his hair, tugging as she kissed him deeper, tongues sliding hot and wet. Every grind sent delicious friction straight to her swollen clit, building a tight, coiling pressure low in her belly.

Sebastian broke the kiss only to trail his mouth down her neck again, his teeth scraping over her racing pulse. He sucked hard on the sensitive spot just below her ear, then soothed it with his tongue, leaving a mark that would stay for days. One hand slipped under her pajamas shirt, calloused palm gliding up her ribs to cup her breast, his thumb circling the stiff peak until she whimpered and arched into his touch.

"You drive me insane," he rasped, his voice wrecked, pinching her nipple just hard enough to make her cry out in pleasure.

Viola was too lost to the heat and her desires to care about her actions, she rocked faster against him, chasing the friction, her breath coming in short, desperate pants. She could feel herself growing slicker, the seam of her pajamas pant rubbing perfectly against her aching clit with every roll of her hips.

"Sebastian..." She moaned.

He cut her off with another deep, devouring kiss, his free hand sliding down to grip her hip and guide her movements, forcing her to grind harder, faster against his throbbing cock.

His mouth moved lower, pushing her shirt up with rough urgency. He bared her breasts. They looked full, heavy, and flushed with arousal, her pink nipples already tight and aching, pebbled hard from the overwhelming need.

A soft, involuntary whimper escaped her as his hungry gaze devoured the sight, his silver eyes darkening with raw possession. "You're beautiful..."

He latched onto one breast, hot mouth closing over the sensitive peak, sucking deeply while his tongue swirled and flicked. He alternated between gentle suction and sharp, grazing bites that sent electric jolts straight to her core, making her tremble uncontrollably.

Her nails dug into his shoulders hard enough to leave marks, pleasure coiling tighter and tighter in her belly. Her inner walls clenched around nothing, desperate to be filled by him.

He sucked harder against her hardened nipple and she let out a moan that sent his blood raging and his arousal burning even hotter, the urge to have her bare, skin against skin, his erection buried inside her growing almost unbearable. Her arousal and pheromone grew even stronger, flooding his senses and feeding that primal hunger and urgency that was building rapidly inside him.

He covered one breast with his hand and pulled her into another kiss, pressing their bodies flush together before kissing downward along her jaw and then her neck. He felt her bury her face against his neck in return, her lips warm and firm against his throat. Then he felt the tiny prick of her teeth.

He couldn't stifle the groan that tore from him as she caught a fold of his skin between her lips. The slight, sharp pain as she began to suckle made him want to lose all control entirely, to lay her down on the bed, part her legs, and bury his cock inside her. But just as Sebastian was sinking helplessly into that intoxicating sensation, a voice pierced sharply into his head.

'Seb!' It was Matt through their mind link, but Sebastian was intensely focused on ignoring him and staying exactly where he was, until Matt's voice returned with an urgency that was impossible to dismiss.

'Seb! Whatever you are doing, stop it right now and listen to me. It's urgent!'

Sebastian muttered a curse under his breath and closed his eyes for a moment, pressing his hand against Viola's grinding hips to still them so he could focus, though he made no move to stop her from sucking at his neck, where he was certain a very obvious hickey was already forming.

'What is it?' He demanded with every ounce of irritation he possessed.

'How about you see for yourself, I am sending you footage from the building cameras right now.'

Sebastian felt his phone buzz in his pocket and, with one hand still holding his wife, he reached in and pulled it out, tapping into what Matt had sent. Almost immediately, the haze of lust began to clear from his mind as his eyes went wide at what he was watching on the screen.

'What the hell!' He cursed.

'She is causing an uproar throughout the building with her pheromones. I can barely breathe as we speak and I am currently using an oxygen mask. Men are already heading toward her floor, following the scent.' Matt informed, something Sebastian was already watching unfold in real time on his screen, as men across multiple floors were visibly scenting the air and gravitating toward Viola's floor like moths to a flame.

Sebastian's jaw tightened hard. He had completely forgotten, in the haze of everything that had happened tonight, that her pheromones traveled and spread over extraordinary distances, and that he was far from the only male in this building capable of perceiving it!

'I will get her the suppressant. Keep everyone away from her floor. Shut down the entire building's electricity if you have to.'

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 176: Tormented[1,339 words]

Chapter 176: Tormented

'I will get her the suppressant. Keep everyone away from her floor. Shut down the entire building's electricity if you have to.'

With that, Sebastian looked down at his wife, who was still touching him and licking his neck with the same slow attention he had given her earlier, and despite the fact that he was burning with arousal and wanted nothing more in this world than to continue, he wrapped his arms around her and lifted her off him, placing her down on the bed.

She fell back against the bed and looked up at him in complete confusion, her face deeply flushed and her nipples standing visibly erect against the thin fabric of her pajama top, her dark hair fanning out around her head across the bed like a halo, with loose strands spilling across her cheeks and neck.

Her hands rested at either side of her head with her palms facing up and her fingers slightly curled inward as she gazed up at him. She looked absolutely fucking seductive and unreal, and she didn't even know it.

Unable to help himself, Sebastian leaned over her and kissed her deeply one last time, her arms flew around him instantly, but with a low, pained groan he pulled himself away, breathing hard. "Where do you keep your suppressant?" He asked, looking into her hooded, hazy eyes.

Viola's brows drew together, that was clearly not the question she had been expecting, but she answered him anyway, pulling him back down toward her and wrapping her legs around his hips. "It is in my closet, inside the vanity drawer. Kiss me again." She breathed softly.

Sebastian kissed her once more, only briefly this time, refusing to let it deepen, and then gently but firmly pried her legs from around him and pulled himself free, disappearing into her closet before she could stop him.

Viola pushed herself up onto her elbows and watched his broad, bare back disappear through the closet door, and the moment his warmth left her body she felt the absence of it like a hollow carved straight through her chest. Her core throbbed and pulsed so insistently that crossing her legs only made it worse, and by the time he walked back out of the closet she was already glaring at him.

Viola didn't fully understand what was happening to her, she had never once forgotten to take her suppressant dosage before in her life. When she saw him approaching, she scooted to the edge of the bed and reached out to catch his hand, pulling him back toward her.

Sebastian didn't resist, he came to her willingly, but in his hand was the suppressant he had drawn into a syringe. As she began pressing kisses along his jaw and moving toward his neck, he drew in a slow, steady breath and injected her arm in one swift, practiced motion.

She yelped sharply, pulling back to look at him with a deep, offended frown, but he had already emptied the syringe into her skin. Slowly, her body began to list sideways, her eyes growing heavy and then falling shut.

Sebastian caught her before she could fall and gently laid her down against the bed. When the suppressant was administered in a slightly higher dose than usual, it invariably pulled the body into sleep.

He had purposely given her a slightly higher dose to put her to sleep, because the suppressant wasn't only going to suppress her pheromone, it would also kill the arousal entirely. And knowing her, she would find something to argue about just to hide her embarrassment the moment it wore off. He looked down at her closed eyes, long lashes casting delicate shadows against her cheeks.

Sebastian gathered her carefully and placed her properly on the bed, her head resting on the pillow, before he sat down on the edge and reached out to Matt through their mind link. 'How is the situation now?'

Matt was quick to reply. 'Getting back to normal. I never knew her pheromones were that strong.' He said, slumping back in a chair and pulling off the oxygen mask he had grabbed in desperation. Just what sort of shewolf would this woman turn out to be?

Though Sebastian had once told him about Viola's pheromones and how it had been the very thing that had first pulled him to her when they met, Matt had never imagined it was this potent, strong enough to send every male in the building into a state of restless lust.

Everyone had been making their way back from the paradise garden when the scent of an aroused woman hit them all at once, and that kind of scent was not something werewolf men could simply resist and walk away from, especially given the deeply ingrained belief that any she-wolf who failed to conceal her sexual scent among males was essentially begging to be fucked.

'She has the strongest pheromones I have ever perceived,' Sebastian remarked, his eyes dropping briefly to his unzipped trousers where his erection had still not gone down and continued to strain insistently forward. His gaze then moved to his peacefully sleeping wife and he let out a slow, heavy sigh before reaching over and pulling the blanket up over her.

'So have you found any more signs to indicate whether there is a wolf inside her, or whether she is the one?' Matt questioned.

Sebastian was quiet for a moment as he finished tucking her in before he replied. 'No. Nothing yet that clearly indicates a wolf. I am still hoping that spending more time with her will help, the way Doctor Gilbert advised.'

'Then should I put a stop to the search we discussed yesterday?' Matt asked. 'If you still believe in your heart that she is the one since she has a twin, we may not need to keep searching for the other cure like—'

'No!' Sebastian's response came too quickly and too firmly. 'Don't stop. Keep them searching until we find it. If she turns out not to be the one, I can break the curse through that and I would never need to sacrifice her, or spend another generation searching for the prophesied one. Tell them to report their progress to me by tomorrow. I need results before the thirtieth.'

'Hmm,' Matt hummed softly, already sending a message to Sebastian's secret team of guards before he added with a grin that Sebastian could practically hear through the link, 'I am curious, did you two already finish your honeymoon? Is that why the pheromones went flying through the entire building? Are we to be expecting pups very soon?' He teased.

'Fuck off man. Goodnight.' Sebastian shut their mind link and then looked at his wife, who had curled onto her side beneath the blanket, her face peaceful and utterly unaware of the chaos she had caused within him and in the entire building.

He got up from the bed, discarded his trousers, and walked into her bathroom wearing nothing but his briefs.

In her bathroom, Sebastian did something he hadn't done in a very long time, he pleased himself, breathing in the lingering traces of her scent that still hung in the air of the room, until he had eased the unbearable tension to some extent. Even then, it was the imagination of her that finally brought him release.

He took a very long, very cold shower afterward.

When he came out, Sebastian knew better than to lay down beside her again, he wasn't willing to put himself through that particular torment for a second time in one night.

He walked to her bedside, leaned down, and pressed a slow, lingering kiss to her forehead before whispering against her skin,

"Tomorrow will be your first day as Luna, love. Good luck. Goodnight." He pressed one last quiet peck to her lips, then straightened up and left the room, more than a little dejectedly. He hadn't even left her place yet he was missing her...

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 177: Morning effects[1,584 words]

Chapter 177: Morning effects

In the depth of the night, while most of the guests had made their way to their assigned rooms after the ceremony and after the chaos of the unknown female sexual scent that had hit almost every unmarked male in the building and sent them into a state of sexual confusion, the hallways had gone entirely quiet. It was 2:46 am, and except for the patrol werewolves on a few select floors, the Silver Pack High Tower was completely silent.

A figure walked down those seemingly quiet hallways, his shoes barely making a sound against the polished floors, his broad back and silver head disappearing through a set of double doors tucked deep into the innermost part of the building.

When the man entered the room, two elders still dressed in the ceremonial robes from the marking were sitting inside, waiting with visible impatience. The moment he entered they rose to their feet and greeted him in unison,

"Good morning." The elders were none other than Elder Halvrek and another Elder, Solomon.

The man dismissed their greeting with a wave of his hand and made his way to the seat across from them in the dimly lit room where no lights had been switched on, only the glimmering glow of the city outside spilling in softly through the glass walls.

"Why did you call me here? Have you found it before Sebastian?" The figure questioned, his fingers tapping impatiently against the table as he studied the two elders across from him.

"No, we have not found it. The Alpha is maintaining extremely tight security around his search for the so-called cure. The last information we received indicates they are currently searching within the human world, but our men are trailing them in disguise." Elder Halvrek informed him, remaining standing rather than sitting, for this was not a person even he could afford to be casual around.

The figure's brows drew together beneath the silver strands of hair falling across his forehead as he demanded, "Then why was I called here? Did I not make it abundantly clear that unless it is a direct report about the cure the fucking Alpha is searching for, I cannot risk being seen meeting with either of you?"

His eyes darkened and the energy he kept carefully hidden and concealed, an energy that carried an almost identical weight to that of the supreme Alpha himself, flared outward, causing both elders to drop their heads in involuntary submission.

"I apologize deeply, but the reason I called you here is just as important as any such report." Elder Halvrek said quickly.

Serving this person in secret was among the most difficult and dangerous things he had ever undertaken, which was precisely why he had wanted his niece to carry the next heir, but until that day came, his loyalty here could not waver, or death would follow swiftly.

"Then what is it?" The figure whose face remained hidden in the shadows asked.

Elder Halvrek swallowed carefully. "It concerns the pheromone scent that filled the building earlier this evening. Did you also perceive it?"

"Yes. It was strong. It came from her. What of it?"

"It was abnormal," Elder Halvrek continued, choosing his words with extreme care. "It reminded me of something from the past, back when the Silver Pack Alphas were cursed." He paused, looking deeply thoughtful, almost haunted.

"It has been a very long time, but I can't forget the tantalizing and seductive scent of those creatures when they need a man. Though hers isn't as strong as theirs, something about the undertone reminds me—"

"Are you seriously trying to tell me she might be one of them?" the person cut in with a low, mocking laugh that held no humor. "How is that even possible? She's hiding behind glasses because she can barely see. She carries no scent of those creatures on her, and from what I know, she eats fish. Those bastards don't eat fish, they can't even stand the sight of us werewolves. Or have your senses finally started to dull with your age, Elder Halvrek?"

Elder Halvrek's fingers tightened into white-knuckled fists at his sides. His reply came out strained. "I must have been mistaken. After all, our kind and theirs are similar in many ways, and our scents can overlap. She wouldn't have survived this long if she were truly one of them, she would have been eaten or sacrificed long ago."

"Good." The man's voice was cold. "Don't waste time looking for shortcuts or chasing ghosts. That girl is not our problem right now, as long as she doesn't do anything to help the Alpha regain more power or strengthen his hold on the Alpha seat. She's not a threat to me. Leave her be."

He told them firmly before rising to his feet, and both figures in the room bowed their heads.

"Before the cure is found, I need a real opportunity to end the Alpha once and for all. Focus your efforts on that instead of hunting imaginary creatures among us."

The two elders bowed deeply as he turned to leave.

But he stopped at the door, a dark, thoughtful expression crossing his shadowed face. When he spoke again, his voice had shifted to a more calculating one. "On a second thought, Elder Halvrek... there is no harm in keeping a very close eye on the girl. There's something distinctly fishy about her, and I can't quite place my finger on it yet."

He turned his head slightly, the corner of his lip curling into a predatory smile. "Here's what you'll do: make sure every single dish at her first Luna gathering in the morning is prepared with fish. We will test your little suspicion tomorrow. If she turns out to be one of them..." He paused, the corner of his eyes crinkling from his smile.

"...then we will finally be one step ahead of Sebastian. We will rip out her heart and use it to achieve the goal he has failed to reach."

The next morning, Viola woke disoriented, her mind still thick and foggy with sleep as she reached automatically for her glasses the way she did every single morning without thinking. She put them on and was about to get up from the bed when she paused, her brows drawing together as she noticed that her vision hadn't cleared the way it was supposed to. What the hell?!

She squinted hard through the lenses and yet everything remained stubbornly and disturbingly hazy. Viola decided that perhaps dust had accumulated on them since she hadn't worn them at all the day before, opting for lenses instead. She took them off with the full intention of cleaning them, but froze. The moment the glasses left her face, her vision cleared completely.

Viola blinked repeatedly, convinced her mind was still caught in the lingering fog of sleep and that she wasn't yet fully awake. She tried the glasses again. Blurry. She removed them, and everything sharpened into perfect clarity. She frowned in deep confusion. How was that possible? She could see clearly without her glasses...

Viola got off the bed, not yet paying attention to any details around her, not even to the fact that it was the morning after her wedding, as she made her way to the bathroom and came to stand before the sink and mirror, staring at her own reflection.

Her eyes stared back at her, clear and sharp without any aid. She cupped water in her palm from the tap and splashed it onto her face as if to fully shake herself awake, and then gasped sharply when she thought she caught a flash of something gold in the mirror. But it was gone before she could make sense of it.

She splashed water on her face again, but this time there was no gold flash, and she let out a slow breath, deciding it had been nothing more than a trick of the bathroom light playing against her tired eyes.

Her mind circled back to what could possibly have cured her eyesight overnight. She raised her hands and used her fingers to widen her eyes and inspect them more closely in the mirror, but then

the reflection of the wedding ring on her finger caught the light, and Viola was hit with a rush of memories from yesterday all at once. Her wedding day. The marking ceremony.

The marking ceremony. Sebastian had marked her with a temporary mark. Could the mark be the reason her vision had cleared this morning? Did it perhaps carry some kind of after effect that healed things?

She had never heard of such a thing, but then if it did have a healing effect, why on earth hadn't it cleared the red marks and hickeys scattered all over her neck?! She leaned closer to the mirror, her eyes going wide. Did Sebastian really leave all of these hickeys on her?!

Her eyes closed in utter embarrassment and disbelief. She had almost managed to forget everything when she first woke up, but the hickeys brazenly marking her neck brought it all crashing back in vivid, merciless detail, not just her own completely unhinged jealousy, but her own utter shamelessness, and everything that had followed after it.

Viola's cheeks turned the deep, vivid shade of rose petals and she buried her face behind both palms, cursing herself under her breath. "How on earth did you do all of that?"

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 178: Shyness[1,561 words]

Chapter 178: Shyness

Viola scolded herself thoroughly for forgetting to take her suppressant and then shamelessly clinging to him and seeking sexual release from him like she had lost all sense. She had always known that she-wolves lost control during that particular cycle, she had witnessed it in others enough times, but she had never experienced it herself until last night, and now she desperately wished the floor would open up and swallow her whole. At least that way she wouldn't have to face Sebastian.

Not only had she clung to him for sexual release, she had also let her raging jealousy override every last bit of her common sense and lashed out at him, accusing him of making out with Leni!

Leni, Viola thought, and a wave of sharp, hot anger rose in her chest at the mere thought of the shewolf. Whatever the circumstances had been last night, that she-wolf had better learn to stay well clear of Sebastian, because unlike the last time, when she had been helpless and watched Leni have Evan, Viola had absolutely no intention of stepping aside and letting that woman win again.

Sebastian was... Viola suddenly stopped mid-thought as the full weight of where her mind had been going landed on her.

She turned her back to the mirror to check whether Sebastian's mark was still visible, and felt a quiet but consuming wave of disappointment wash over her when she saw that it was already

fading, barely a shadow left on her skin. So where was all of this possessiveness over him coming from, if not the mark? The mark was almost gone. It couldn't be that anymore.

Before Viola could allow herself to think too deeply into that particular question, she heard the sound of her door unlocking, the alert reaching her through the house system all the way into the bathroom, and she found herself dashing out without a second thought to see who it was.

For some reason her heart leapt with a burst of hopeful joy at the thought that it might be Sebastian, and she picked up her pace without even realizing she had done so, until she reached the railing and looked down to find that it wasn't the person she had been hoping for, but Zoe. And though a mild flicker of disappointment moved through her, her blue eyes brightened all the same at the sight of her.

"Good morning, sister-in-law!" Zoe exclaimed, rushing up the stairs toward Viola with a squeal of pure excitement. "I couldn't wait all through the night to finally come here and call you that! Congratulations on becoming the supreme Luna!" She crashed into Viola in a full bear hug, giggling into her shoulder.

"Thank you, Zoe. It is all thanks to you." Viola mused warmly, hugging Zoe back just as tightly.

As she did, Viola became quietly aware that her heart was aching, aching because she hadn't woken up to Sebastian, and that alone was enough to make the joy of this morning feel lesser than it ought to be. The mark was already fading, so why was her mind and her heart still reaching out for him the way they were? Wasn't this exactly the kind of dangerous territory she had promised herself she wouldn't wander into again?

Viola mentally shook the thought away with firm resolve. It was a good thing Sebastian hadn't been here when she woke up, it was a good thing it was Zoe standing at her door instead.

She needed to let his mark fade away completely and allow her emotions to settle back to something resembling normal, especially after last night, where a deep and restless sexual curiosity was still smoldering quietly in her chest and refusing to go out.

"I am glad you came this early, Zoe." Viola mused sincerely as she pulled back from the hug.

"I couldn't have come a single minute later, I set an alarm specifically so I could be here to help you get dressed for your very first day as Luna!" Zoe said brightly.

"You will have breakfast with everyone and then get to lead the she-wolf council, which hasn't had a proper leader in quite some time. Laila and a few other she-wolves have been filling that seat and running things as they saw fit, since they are among the strongest. But now that position belongs to you. Are you ready?"

Viola had prepared herself mentally for whatever responsibilities would come with being the supreme Luna, but even with all of that preparation, she still couldn't entirely quiet the nerves that hummed inside her.

She had caught glimpses of the many Alphas and Lunas gathered at the ceremony yesterday, and the thought of sitting down to breakfast with all of them this morning and conducting herself as though she belonged among them was not a small thing.

The extensive training she had gone through back in Moonwillow had been all but buried and worn down during her time in the Hollow system and the punishment she had endured since, but she had never been the kind of person to let intimidation have the final word over her.

Not when she needed to begin making herself at home in this life again, the life of the higher ranks, of standing among Lunas and Alphas as one of their own.

"I am ready," she said, and smiled.

"Let's get you a fine dress for the day." Zoe said as she pulled Viola into the closet to browse through the options.

She was determined for her Vee to shine today, because she would be surrounded by guests who would judge her harshly for the wolf she didn't have, not yet, and by her brother's enemies who would be sizing her up from the moment she walked in, deciding whether she was a worthwhile target or simply someone not worth their attention.

Zoe hoped desperately for the latter. She didn't want her Vee to be seen as any kind of threat to pursue or a weakness to exploit and take away from them. Viola was now the next most important person to her after her hermano and the cousin she loved deeply, she was family.

However, the moment they stepped inside the closet, rather than begin searching through the clothes, Zoe turned to face Viola with both brows wiggling expectantly, causing Viola to look at her in complete confusion.

"What?" Viola asked.

"Are you going to spill the beans or do I have to come out and ask you directly, Vee?" Zoe nudged her shoulder, and when Viola still didn't catch her meaning, Zoe rolled her eyes dramatically and said,

"Come on, tell me already! Did you two have sex? How was it? Should I start counting down the months before I can expect my nieces or nephews? Have you two thought about names yet, or will you give me the honor of suggesting some? I am completely confident you will have twins, every Alpha in our family has had twins. Was my brother gentle with you? Though I know he can be so incredibly annoying and—"

Viola, whose face had turned so hot it felt like it was on fire, finally decided to put a stop to her friend slash sister-in-law. "Zoe! I don't think sister-in-laws are supposed to ask questions like that!"

Zoe scoffed, taking in Viola's deeply flushed face and realizing just how embarrassed she truly was, and then she burst out laughing.

"I never took you for the shy type, Vee. And just so you know, before you became my sister-in-law, you were already my friend. I am genuinely curious, I need to know what to expect for when

Gilbert finally mans up enough to realize I have had a crush on him forever and hits me with the whole will you be my mate and my forever!"

Viola rolled her eyes at the dreamy, faraway look that settled over Zoe's face the moment Gilbert's name left her lips. She had come to know well enough by now that Gilbert was Zoe's doctor, and that Zoe never missed an opportunity to bring up just how handsome she found him.

"Nothing happened between us last night." She told her, knowing full well that Zoe would not let the subject go until her curiosity had been fully satisfied. And though a great deal had happened, enough that recalling even a fraction of it set Viola's stomach on fire, it was far safer to stick with nothing happened, if only to calm her own shameless, traitorous nerves. It was as though she had been completely possessed by some kind of sexual demon last night!

Zoe, who had been smiling dreamily to herself, snapped her gaze back to Viola with a playful glare. "You are kidding me right now. You are telling me nothing happened when the entire building was talking about your pheromones?"

"My pheromones? Did everyone perceive it?" Viola asked, her eyes going wide, and when Zoe gave a confirming nod, she groaned and said, "Just wonderful. I am going to die of embarrassment today, that is absolutely certain."

Zoe waved her hand dismissively. "It is nothing to worry about. Everyone knows it was your honeymoon night, they will understand. But I still cannot believe my brother did absolutely nothing last night. He is such a simpleton!"

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 179: Avoid the breakfast_Part 1[1,430 words]

Chapter 179: Avoid the breakfast_Part 1

For the next hour, Zoe helped Viola into a silver dress adorned with shimmering stones that caught and threw back the light with every movement she made. During that hour, Viola used the time to memorize her new schedule as supreme Luna on her tablet.

She would take on almost a quarter of Sebastian's pile of documents and responsibilities in the pack, and would be the one in charge of all matters concerning she-wolf affairs across the packs, though anything she decided would still require the Alpha's consent and signature before it could be acted upon.

Viola didn't mind a heavy workload, in fact she would feel far more comfortable living as Sebastian's wife knowing she was actively working for her place beside him, rather than simply

existing without contributing anything and carrying the constant, suffocating feeling that she was living on a deep and growing debt.

Besides, she didn't believe men kept women close without expecting something in return, experience had taught her that much. It was always a give and take in a relationship, and the moment you stopped giving, you stopped receiving affection or being cared for in return.

Though Sebastian hadn't yet shown any signs that he needed her to share his workload or carry any of his responsibilities in other for him to care about her, Viola was quietly hoping that stage of their relationship would come in time. A stage she was more familiar to. At least that way she would understand why Sebastian was beginning to favor her more and more.

Viola looked through her schedule carefully, searching for a window she could use to plan her journey to Nightshade, and when she found one she smiled quietly to herself.

When she was finally dressed and ready, the nerves returned in full force and she drew in several slow, calming breaths before stepping out with Zoe and making their way toward the mass breakfast hall where they would sit alongside all the gathered guests.

She could not afford to embarrass herself, not today, not on her very first appearance as supreme Luna. She would lose their respect before she had even earned a drop of it. But why was she feeling suddenly uneasy about this breakfast gathering in a way that went beyond ordinary nerves?

"Will the supreme Alpha be there?" Viola found herself asking Zoe without thinking about her words.

Zoe turned to look at her slightly pale face and replied, "He will definitely be there, he is most likely already seated as we speak. Are you still nervous?"

"No. More like uneasy and restless." Viola whispered with a small frown creasing her brow. She rarely felt this particular feeling, and when she did, it had always meant something was about to go wrong. But nothing could possibly go wrong, it was just a breakfast with guests. It wasn't as though she was walking in to eat fish, her worst poison. They wouldn't serve fish, would they?

Viola felt her throat go suddenly dry and she hoped with everything inside her that there would be no fish on the table, or anything containing it, because she was all too aware of how obsessed werewolves tended to be with fish, and with every eye in that room trained on her as the new supreme Luna, she wouldn't be able to quietly decline it without drawing attention.

The last person, apart from her sister and herself, she had ever watched react badly to fish had been killed, slaughtered like a goat right before her eyes in Nightshade...

Viola had thought she and Zoe would make it to the hall without incident, but a commotion just outside the elevator they had taken stopped her short.

She frowned at the scene, Laila and two other she-wolves stood in a loose circle around someone who was being forced down to her knees on the floor. And when Viola looked more closely, her

eyes, which seemed to have sharpened considerably in their clarity since this morning, picked out the curtain of dark hair hanging around the kneeling figure's face. Sofia.

"Laila is at it again, bullying someone who can't fight back!" Zoe gritted out in annoyance under her breath. Couldn't she ever pick on someone her own size?! Ever since Zoe had known this shewolf, she was always hitting or bullying a helpless person.

Viola's blue eyes flared immediately and without wasting another second she walked straight toward them, and as she drew closer she heard Laila's angry voice saying, "Lick it the fuck up before I choke you with it!"

"What is going on here?" Viola questioned the moment she reached them, a deep frown set hard on her face as her eyes swept down to Sofia, who was trembling on the floor beside what appeared to be a patch of vomit, some of it smeared across the toe of Laila's shoe.

"Oh, look who it is. Our new supreme Luna." Laila said with a slow sneer, keeping her back straight and making absolutely no move to bow, as any she-wolf of lower standing before a Luna was expected to do. As far as Laila was concerned, this wolfless woman could never be her Luna. And being wolfless, she couldn't force a submission from any werewolf.

"You heard her, Miss Serrano," Zoe remarked coolly. "The supreme Luna is asking what is happening here. Why are you bullying Sofia again?"

Zoe had never liked Laila and her towering arrogance, and she doubted she ever would. She was more grateful by the day that her brother hadn't married her. Imagining herself being a sister-in-law with someone who was far worst than the late Evangeline sent a shiver to her spine.

Laila's eyes narrowed to thin slits as they landed on the girl she had once hoped would become her sister-in-law. This little spoiled brat!

"If the supreme Luna isn't blind, isn't it obvious what is happening? Or are the lenses in her eyes not functioning correctly? This bitch threw up on my expensive shoe and is refusing to clean it up. That is what is happening, and if she doesn't lick it clean, she will be buying me a brand new pair."

The truth of it, however, was that Sofia hadn't refused at all. She had immediately begun trying to clean it with the fabric of her mismatched, multicolored skirt, but Laila had kicked her in the face and seized her by the hair, demanding she clean it with her tongue instead.

Sofia would have done it without hesitation if she hadn't felt so deeply ill. She had cleaned far worse things than her own vomit with her tongue before now, this would have been nothing new.

Viola's gaze swept down to Sofia, shaking against the floor as though freezing from the inside out, and then back up to Laila. Had it been her past self, she would have turned a blind eye to another woman's suffering for as long as it didn't directly concern her, but not anymore. Any small injustice, any suffering she witnessed in others, hit her far too personally to ignore. It reminded her too much of the days she had spent wishing someone would be brave enough to stand up for her.

Seeing Sofia in that state made something harden in Viola's eyes, and without a moment of hesitation she stepped forward, gripped Sofia's cold wrist, and pulled her firmly up to her feet.

The weak she-wolf swayed badly, but Viola caught her before she could fall and drew her in against her body to keep her steady.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Miss Serrano, bullying a helpless woman who is clearly unwell?" Viola said through gritted teeth. Couldn't these werewolves go a single day without tormenting the ones beneath them? How could anyone bring themselves to hurt someone as broken and defenseless as Sofia?

Laila's expression turned ugly and hard at Viola's words. "Watch your tone with me, bitch. You are not my Luna and you will not speak to me that way, or Sebastian will hear every word of this." She warned, her chin lifting with clear superiority.

She couldn't lay a hand on the so-called supreme Luna directly, not here, not in front of witnesses, but her mate absolutely could and would if she complained to him. "I can easily have the supreme Alpha deal with you personally. Do not push me further than I am already pushed, wolfless. Get on your way and let me deal with that thing the way I see fit."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 180: Avoid the breakfast_Part 2[1,377 words]

Chapter 180: Avoid the breakfast_Part 2

Viola genuinely didn't know whether to laugh or feel sorry for Laila at the attempt to threaten her with the supreme Alpha. She wasn't afraid of what Sebastian would do, not even slightly. Yes, Laila was also his mate, but Viola knew with certainty that he would not raise a hand against her over this.

"Go ahead and tell him. I do not care whether you are his mate or not, I am the Luna, and I hold a far greater say over matters that concern our pack members than you ever will." Viola shot back without holding back her words. "You are more than capable of affording yourself a new pair of shoes, do not use such a pathetic excuse to hurt someone who cannot fight back."

Done talking, Viola turned to help the trembling Sofia walk, but Laila suddenly lunged forward and reached out to seize her by the hair, but a firm hand closed around her wrist before she could make contact with Viola, stopping her hand. She spun around and found herself looking into a pair of silver eyes that didn't belong to the Alpha but carried nearly the same weight.

"No, no, Miss Serrano, you show respect to our Luna." Nick said pleasantly, with a forced smile on his face as Laila wrenched her wrist free from his grip and turned a furious glare on him. He stepped back quickly, both hands raised in surrender before she burned him with her eyes.

"How dare you?" Laila gritted out, feeling deeply insulted. People who had once never dared speak to her or even breathe too closely in her direction were now beginning to disrespect her openly, and all of it was because this wolfless woman had cheated her way into winning that competition. Nick might be the Alpha's cousin, but he had never once had the nerve to come anywhere near her before now.

"You have absolutely no right to lay a hand on the Luna, Miss Serrano. You may be the Alpha's so-called mate, but Vee is the Luna now. Accept that and stop being delusional." Zoe said with a sharp scoff, moving quickly to support Sofia's other arm as the she-wolf began to sink toward the floor again.

Laila's eyes swept around her, and when she noticed her two companions already bowing their heads toward the so-called Luna, her anger mounted. Taking in Zoe and Nick flanking Viola on either side, Laila understood that there was nothing she could do right now except back off. But she would make Viola deeply regret crossing her, for the third time since she had dragged her pathetic self into their pack.

"Just you wait and see." Laila warned. "Just as we celebrated your wedding ceremony, we will be celebrating your funeral." She turned on her heel and walked away towards the hall. This wasn't over, because before this day ends, Sebastian would have to make his pick and deal with his wife before Laila does it herself!

Viola watched the she-wolf go and then turned worried eyes to Sofia, who was growing visibly weaker by the second, before looking at Nick. "Can you help me carry her?"

Nick looked genuinely taken aback by the request. He looked at Sofia with a small grimace, she had vomit all over her, and then looked down at his clean, immaculate suit that had taken an enormous amount of persuasion and pressure on his part just to get Zoe to sell it to him in the first place.

Though Sofia was technically his sister-in-law, they had never actually exchanged more than a word or two even back before she had been announced to have lost her mind, because Nick and his brother were not on good terms, and that distance had extended to her by default.

On top of that, Nick was genuinely, deeply scared of the she-wolf now. She reminded him of a ghost from a horror film that had thoroughly traumatized him as a child, and he had avoided her as carefully as possible ever since, because honestly, who wouldn't? What sane person walked around with their hair completely covering their face at all times?

He had even forgotten what she looked like without it, and he had absolutely no desire to get close enough to her right now to be reminded of her face or the ghost.

He hesitated, visibly torn, and before he could make up his mind Zoe stepped forward and rolled her eyes, shoving him firmly on the shoulder.

"Carry her! I will have my team design you another suit."

"It's not only about the suit." He leaned in and dropped his voice to a hushed whisper directed at Zoe, his expression genuinely apprehensive. "I heard from people that she bites, what if she bites me?" From everything he had heard about this she-wolf, none of it was good, and his brother had warned him more than once to stay well clear of his wife.

"She is in a terrible condition, Nicholas. Carry her." Came Viola's firm, even voice, and Nick's back immediately straightened at the sound of his full name, Viola only ever used it when she was running out of patience.

"Okay, okay, I will carry her. But you all stay close behind me. I do not want her teeth anywhere near my skin." Nick said, stepping forward with visible reluctance before gathering Sofia carefully into his arms.

The moment he lifted her, the smell hit him like a wall, an overwhelming, pungent scent of a body long unwashed, and his stomach turned violently. But he swallowed it down and barely managed to suppress a whimper as her head rolled and came to rest dangerously close to his shoulder.

"She is going to bite me!" He cried, hurrying toward the elevator and throwing anxious glances down at her as he went. "I heard she has rabies. I do not want my wolf to contract it, it is incredibly difficult to cure rabies in a werewolf, you know."

"For heaven's sake, Nick, will you please just be quiet and carry her properly?!" Viola scolded as they all filed into the elevator and she pressed the button for her penthouse floor.

"What about the breakfast?" Zoe asked as she watched the floor number change, realizing they were heading back up. They were already late, and while she didn't think Sofia should be left alone in this state, a small part of her thought Viola should still go ahead. But Viola spoke before she could voice it.

"I will make it up to the guests later. Sofia needs attention right now, she is burning up. Do you have the healer's contact?"

Zoe nodded and Viola told her to make the call immediately.

By the time Nick carried Sofia into Viola's penthouse, the she-wolf had begun convulsing, white foam spilling from the corners of her mouth.

They laid her down on the bed in the guest room and stepped back. When the healer arrived a few minutes later, Viola, Zoe, and Nick, who was now shirtless, his shirt having been thoroughly ruined, paced restlessly outside the guest room door, waiting in tense silence for the healer to emerge with news of what was happening inside.

When he finally came out, he addressed them with a calm but measured expression.

"Her condition has been stabilized. It appears she consumed something that contained a severe amount of wolfsbane, but thankfully she vomited it out before it could harm her further. She will recover fully with proper rest."

Wolfsbane? How had she consumed something with wolfsbane when such things were strictly kept away from the food werewolves consumed? In fact, apart from prisoners and criminals, wolfsbane

wasn't easy to come by because it was deadly to their kind. So how did Sofia get it in her food? Did someone try to poison her?

Viola wondered quietly as she listened to the healers other instructions.

By the time the healer packed up and left, it was well past the time for breakfast and Viola knew without question that she had missed it entirely. But rather than feel guilty or troubled about it, she felt an almost overwhelming wave of relief wash through her.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 181: Undeserving[1,388 words]

Chapter 181: Undeserving

"Nick, can you do me a favor?" Viola turned to him where he was sniffing his arms and body and then grimacing, but at her words he nodded almost eagerly.

"Sure. What's up?"

"Can you go and explain to the guest that something came up that makes me unable to show up? You can make up any excuses for me. I don't think Sofia should be left alone."

"Don't worry, we can handle this. I will go with him," Zoe said. "Let's go." She pulled Nick along.

"Be careful around her, Vee. She might not be dangerous enough to harm but her husband is. Don't let Javier know she's with you." Nick warned as he got dragged away by his cousin.

After watching Zoe and Nick leave, Viola turned and went back into the room, only to find Sofia already crawling her way down the side of the bed with the clear intention of getting up and leaving. Viola moved quickly and pushed her firmly but gently back down onto the mattress.

But the she-wolf suddenly turned on her and gripped her arm with a force that hurt, before she said, "Don't trust any Kade. Don't trust any male Kade. They are bad, all of them!" She gritted aggressively, giving Viola a shake that made her dizzy. Could it be that everyone was right and Sofia wasn't sane?

Viola quickly racked her brain before she got shaken to the end of tomorrow, because for someone who had been barely conscious minutes ago, Sofia possessed a startling and unexpected amount of strength.

"Calm down, Sofia. Don't worry, I don't trust people easily. Relax. Are you hungry? I can get you something to eat." She asked gently.

As though she had been burned by the question, Sofia released Viola's arm and scrambled away from her, shaking her head frantically. "No. You want to poison me too. They want to kill me so he can marry again. They give me good food and my stomach hurts so badly afterwards. He asks if I am hungry..." Trembling from head to toe, she slid off the bed and sank onto the floor, trying to make herself small in the corner beside it.

Viola frowned and crouched down to her level, keeping her voice as gentle and coaxing as she could manage. "Who is trying to kill you?"

Sofia said nothing and only stared at her through the thick curtain of her hair, scraping her nails slowly against the floor in that familiar back and forth motion.

"Don't worry, I won't hurt you. I promise. Tell me who is trying to kill you." She asked again, lowering herself fully onto the floor so that she wouldn't appear intimidating to the frightened woman.

"Him..." Sofia whispered in a small, airy voice.

"Who?"

"Mi vida..." She whispered.

Mi vida. Viola turned the words over in her mind, recognizing them immediately. My life. And she frowned in confusion.

"I don't understand," Viola said.

"Mi vida. Javier..." Sofia added.

Javier was trying to kill her? What on earth could Sofia have done to him to earn this level of punishment? Viola thought in displeasure. Was he the one who gave her the wolfsbane?

"Mi vida wants another wife. If I die, he will marry someone powerful. His Mami wants him to marry someone that will give him a child before you do, someone more sensible than me. He asks if I am hungry and I say yes, he gives me poison..." She sniffled quietly. "He gives me poison. Mi vida wants to kill me... like the other Kade killed Evangeline..."

Viola's brows pulled together. She didn't like a single thing she was hearing, and Javier wanting to kill his own wife was a level of heartlessness that turned her stomach, but it was the name Evangeline that made her go still. "The other Kade?" She asked carefully.

Sofia nodded, her hair swaying with the movement. "Your Kade. The Alpha. The Kades are wicked, that is why they are cursed. I saw Evangeline's dead body. Your Kade killed her and I saw him dragging her body away, and he looked at me and said, 'Shh, don't tell anyone or you will end up just like her.' And then he left. Kades are wicked."

Though many thought she was insane, Sofia was perfectly sane and knew what she saw. Being seen as a crazy person made people careless, they didn't bother to hide their darkest secrets even when she was right there to catch them. And she had caught the supreme Alpha. She had seen what he did to his wife with his own hands. That memory would never go away from her mind.

"Javier... he used to love me... Now he is wicked too." She said wretchedly, the words torn from somewhere raw and deep inside her throat.

Viola was struggling to absorb everything the she-wolf was saying. She hadn't expected Sofia to begin opening up to her like this, as though a stopper had been pulled from somewhere inside her and everything had come rushing out at once. She had seen Sebastian kill the late Evangeline with her own eyes? Had he truly done it with his own hands?

"Wickedness. You will die too." Sofia's eyes fixed on her with an urgent, desperate intensity. "You are nice. Run away now, take the ring off your finger and go far away from here. They will kill you!" She said, and then began pushing at Viola's chest in short, frantic shoves. "You have not loved him the way I loved my Kade, you can still leave!"

Viola quickly caught Sofia's wrists before the pushing could send her backward and hurt her, and then she said steadily and calmly, "Okay, okay, I will run away just like you want. But first tell me what happened between you and Javier. Why is he treating you this way if he once loved you?"

Sofia yanked her hands back and hugged them tightly to her own chest, dissolving into quiet, broken sobs as she began rocking herself back and forth. "It was my fault... my fault. I am to blame. I went out when I shouldn't have. I went out when he told me not to leave our room."

"What happened when you went out?" She asked softly.

"I... was in my heat season..." Sofia began, her face lowering into her knees. "Javier was not around and I was waiting for him to come back. We had gone on our honeymoon and were staying in a hotel in another pack. But I didn't know my scent would travel that far and reach outside the hotel room. I didn't bother to suppress it because I knew my husband would be back soon to take care of the heat. I went out to check if my Javier is coming. But instead of my Javier coming through the door of the hotel... other men came. They followed my scent..."

Viola's fingers began to curl slowly into fists at her sides as the picture took shape. In the werewolf world, the belief that a she-wolf who failed to conceal her heat was inviting whatever came to her was so deeply and disgustingly ingrained that countless she-wolves had been forced into rape with no action ever being taken against the men responsible.

"I couldn't fight them. There were too many. They all forced me down and took turns putting out the heat in our room, and Javier came back and found them, and me, like that. I told him I hadn't brought them in, that they had forced themselves on me. Javier didn't believe me. He blamed me. He called me a bitch. He rejected our bond..." She whispered, her sobs coming out soft and silent and utterly defeated. "He beats me every day now and calls me a madwoman. But I am not mad... I am not."

"Shh." Viola moved forward without hesitation and pulled her into her arms. "It was not your fault. Not a single part of it. Don't you dare blame yourself. Javier is stupid and he is completely undeserving of you."

"No..." Sofia shook her head against Viola's shoulder, her voice cracking. "I am the one who is undeserving of him. I turned him into a wicked Kade... just like your Kade..."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 182: The Angry Alpha[1,318 words]

Chapter 182: The Angry Alpha

In the large hall where the breakfast was taking place, the atmosphere was suffocating with the combined aura of the many Alphas gathered in one space, particularly for the ordinary werewolves, especially the working omegas who were walking around the hall with instinctively bowed heads to avoid making the mistake of making eye contact with the prestigious guests, despite many of them privately wishing to find their mate among the important people.

Everyone was standing and mingling in clusters rather than sitting down in the luxurious mass dining hall, talking and keeping a careful distance from the supreme Alpha who stood at the far end of the hall, for his mood this morning was naturally repelling even the most important of guests who wished to discuss pack matters with him. He had walked into the hall with a brooding air around him as if he had swallowed a ball of ice that had frozen his face.

Many naturally assumed it was because he had married a disadvantaged female who didn't have a wolf inside her. Being the supreme Alpha with so many beautiful, intelligent women around him, he must have been feeling cheated that some damn competition had forced him to marry an unimportant, nameless girl with zero background who didn't even have a wolf.

"It's very unfortunate, you know. No doubt he would look angry. I guess she must have failed to even keep up with his stamina in bed last night," said one of the Lunas among the guests from another pack as the she-wolves stood around.

"Rather than being married to the Alpha, that girl should have been thrown in some dungeon and kept there. No one would have even known about her. I wonder what is keeping her so late," mused another important she-wolf in bitterness, for she had also been one of the supreme Alpha's mates who had shared his bed with him more than once and received gifts from him.

But this morning when he walked into the hall, his eyes had moved right past her like she was nothing but air. She had even smiled at him, but if he saw her, those cold eyes didn't soften a single notch. In fact they hardened even more, and when she had wanted to approach him, his aura had begun to flare out across the hall, repelling people from coming near him.

Was he being like this because he was married now? Who cared about some unimportant wolfless when she wasn't even his true mate? The she-wolf thought. And not long after, every eye in the

hall trailed to the new arrival. Laila. Her elegant heels clicked on the floor as she made her way toward the Alpha despite that oppressive air around him.

They watched in astonishment as she threw her arms around his neck and hugged him. He didn't push her away. He put one arm around her waist, and the public display immediately made the women who had once believed themselves special to the supreme Alpha, women who had been his mates, realize something.

So it was because of Laila he was being cold to them, and not because of that unimportant wolfless.

"I had almost forgotten that I can't compete with her. For a moment I thought he was repelling me for the sake of that new Luna. My daddy said any Alpha who allows himself to be tied to a wolfless with no background is paving a road to destruction for himself. I am glad my Alpha is not stupid," mused the she-wolf Tessa, who despite being jealous knew she couldn't compete with Laila. Had it been someone of lower standing than Laila, it would have been easier to fight for his attention.

"Laila will always be the right person he should have chosen. She will help his reign a great deal and do good for the pack. Besides, she is the one in charge of the she-wolf council after Evangeline's death. I doubt the new Luna can do anything better than keep people waiting on her, just like she is doing now."

Meanwhile, where the supreme Alpha was standing, his face was set hard and cold, but it deliberately softened a little when Laila hugged him so everyone could see and still believe that nothing had changed, that he still favoured her despite the marriage.

Sebastian was in a particularly foul mood today, sex deprived and running on nothing but the cold shower he had taken the night before after pleasuring himself, and despite how desperately his body needed release, not even Laila's scent or the way she had pressed herself against him had stirred so much as a flicker of interest in him.

None of the guests here could target Laila, for they all knew who she was and the connections she carried. But his little hellcat was a different story. It would be easy for them to come for her since she had no known background to make them fear her, especially when they believed she didn't have his backing.

Despite how his body fought him against holding Laila, and despite Muffin literally repeating "Eww, Eww" in his head, he still kept his arm at her waist as she complained to him about things he couldn't care less about, his eyes continuously trained on the entrance, waiting for when his wife would walk in. What was keeping her this late?

Didn't she know that the longer she kept these important people waiting, the more they would dislike her and make things harder for her? And no matter how much he might have wanted to help her, she would have to earn their respect herself, or they would think it easy to walk all over her.

Sebastian's eyes fell on a man approaching him from among the guests he had made it clear he didn't want to have any discussions with today, and then he lowered his head to whisper into Laila's ear.

"Give me a few minutes. I need to talk with Doctor Gilbert about Zoe." He removed his arm from her waist and began to move, but Laila grabbed his sleeve, pursing her lips.

"You are spoiling Zoe way too much, Seb. Did you know she spoke to me very rudely a little while ago? You should—" Laila's words got stuck in her throat when Sebastian's eyes darkened and then narrowed down at her. She knew how much he cared about his sister, but she just couldn't stand the girl or tolerate her rotten attitude, especially when she didn't even carry a strong wolf.

"You don't have the right to tell me how to treat my sister, Laila. No one gave you the the fucking right to lecture me about her." He warned her, not wanting her to think it was acceptable to harbour a dislike for his sister, before his little bratty sister also became a target. He cared about Zoe far more than he ever let on, and a single hair being touched on her head would not be taken lightly.

Laila realized her mistake. She was crossing into dangerous borderline territory when she hadn't yet taken the title of his Luna and wife. She took his arm and smiled. "I am sorry. It's just that I get jealous seeing how she always hangs around that wolfless. I want to get to know Zoe better, that's all. I hope she will give me a chance."

Sebastian's dark eyes relaxed and he pulled his arm free from her grasp as he said, "If you want Zoe to like you, you have to work on your attitude first, Laila." Saying that, he walked past her to meet Doctor Gilbert halfway, and Laila gritted her teeth, belatedly realizing he hadn't even said a single word about her complaints regarding the wolfless who had disrespected her!

What had come over Sebastian lately?

Chapter 183: The Crazy husband at her doorstep_Part 1

Chapter 183: The Crazy husband at her doorstep_Part 1

Sebastian stood with a glass in his hand that he hadn't touched, speaking quietly with Doctor Gilbert, who had attended the ceremony as a guest and stayed on through the morning just like everyone else. While he waited for his hellcat, he decided to discuss some things with Gilbert.

"Congratulations on your ceremony!" Doctor Gilbert said enthusiastically, but the Alpha gave only a curt nod in response, and the doctor toned down his excitement, recalling the rumors that the marriage had been forced because of the competition.

He hadn't even met the bride properly, as he hadn't gotten to see her face clearly yesterday, and like him, many here were curious about her. However, she seemed to be taking far too much of her sweet time.

"So how is the search coming along so far, supreme Alpha?" He asked, deliberately changing the topic to something that wouldn't ruin the Alpha's mood. Gilbert wasn't looking forward to being frozen out by those steel eyes, for everyone knew Alphas with frost aura were hard to be around when in a bad mood.

"They are still on it. We found a lead into the human world. My men are currently searching their seas and oceans, and hopefully they find a good one this time around and not a dead one like the last time." Sebastian mused, his eyes occasionally and subtly drifting to the entrance door before returning to the doctor standing in front of him.

Gilbert nodded his head. "Indeed. We need a live one to perform the procedure. The texts say it has to be removed while the heart is still beating to make it work, just like it had with your grandfather."

Sebastian sipped his wine as right now he was growing impatient with two things, Viola not showing up, and what he so desperately searched for to help him with the curse if Viola turned out not to be the one.

Many had wondered why the curse had skipped one generation, his grandfather's generation, and they had no idea that he had used the heart of a creature that was no longer easily found on land, with the help of Doctor Gilbert's father, who had recorded everything down.

Sebastian also planned to follow that same path just in case things didn't turn out well with his wife. Even though he strongly believed she was the one, knowing she had a twin, he still needed a plan B.

He had planned to make the trip to Nightshade to find more information about her background, as he couldn't trust anyone with the matter regarding Viola and the possibility that she might be the prophesied one. Apart from Matt, no one else knew, and he had to go to Nightshade himself to look for her twin before the thirtieth.

Right now, whatever secret about the creature, who was their natural enemy, as werewolves ate them to gain power, he was discussing with Doctor Gilbert was strictly between them. Though it wasn't something that would cause harm if known, Sebastian still kept an eye on anyone listening to their conversation.

Sebastian took a slow drink from his glass and said nothing more, and Gilbert understood enough to leave their conversation about the creature there before he asked,

"By the way, how is the progress with Miss Zoe's friend? Has she taken the path we discussed about her finding her mate to help her wolf?"

Before Sebastian could reply, Zoe appeared at his side alongside Nick, who kept his distance from the Alpha.

She looked momentarily taken aback to see her doctor standing with her brother, and she glanced at Gilbert as she came to stand beside Sebastian, a glance that lasted just a little longer than it needed to.

Zoe felt the sudden urge to fix her hair and check her makeup at the sight of the dashing doctor, who flashed her a disarming smile that turned her heart into a puddle. How could a man be this handsome with such sparkling eyes?!

Though her brother was handsome, he was her brother, and his handsomeness had never had any effect on her since she had lived her whole life beside him. But this doctor was a very different matter!

Zoe tucked strands of hair behind her ear as she looked at Doctor Gilbert with stars in her eyes, until Sebastian cleared his throat in irritation and nudged her shoulder.

'Wipe that puppy look off your face, hermanita. You're embarrassing yourself.' Sebastian said through their mind link, and Zoe gaped at him before composing herself, fighting the strong urge to glare at her party-pooper brother, who couldn't allow her to look at her doctor in peace!

"Good morning, Doctor Gilbert." She said, her voice coming out a touch more composed than she felt.

Gilbert smiled at her warmly. "Good morning, Miss Zoe. I hope you are not skipping your medicines?" He asked in that professional voice he used with her and all of his patients.

Zoe's gray eyes dimmed slightly and she nodded her head. "Of course, I am still taking it. I hear my wolf's voice once in a while."

Doctor Gilbert grinned in satisfaction. "That's a big step of progress. Keep taking it on time and in no time at all, your wolf will heal completely and you will be able to shift."

"I will." Zoe said to him with a smile before she turned her eyes firmly to her brother and spoke through their mind link. "Hermano, Vee isn't going to make it to breakfast and I don't know how to make her absence acceptable to your guests and the elders."

Sebastian looked at her. "What happened? Is she sick?" He asked, unable to stop the thread of worry that moved through him immediately, his mind going straight to whether he had given her too much of the suppressant the night before. But Zoe quickly put that to rest.

"She's not sick. Something came up that needed her attention. I will explain it to you properly later. Just help me manage the guests first so they don't chew her head off for not showing up." Zoe said simply, holding his gaze, and carefully not yet telling him the reason, because she knew her brother well enough to know that with the rivalry between him and Javier, he was not going to like hearing that Vee had taken Sofia into her penthouse. He had warned even Zoe herself, on more than one occasion, to stay well clear of anything or anyone connected to their cousin.

Nick was the only exception to that rule, and that was only because he had quietly passed her brother's unspoken test of not being a power-hungry man angling for his position the way Javier was.

Javier was a ticking time bomb with an explosive temper and even less regard for family than he had for anything else, someone Sebastian would have cut from the family entirely a long time ago if it weren't for the fact that he kept family ties out of respect for their dead parents. It was one of the very few soft spots her brother still carried.

So no, he was not going to be pleased when he found out that Vee had not only taken Sofia into her penthouse but had missed her very first breakfast as Luna because of it. And so Zoe had decided that if she was going to tell him the reason, it was best to do it after he had already addressed the guests and the moment had passed. She had no desire to cause a rift in a relationship that finally seemed to be finding its footing.

Sebastian knew he was supposed to be angry, his Luna had failed to appear at her first breakfast as per tradition, in front of guests and elders who were already looking for reasons to find fault with her. But he found, to his own mild surprise, that he cared far more about why she hadn't come and whether she was all right than he cared about what any of the people in this room thought about it.

Though the curiosity of what could have kept her away was sitting restlessly at the back of his mind, his gaze swept the room once in a single, unhurried pass before he raised his voice just enough for it to carry to everyone.

"The Luna has been held up by something that required her attention. No need to wait, everyone go ahead and sit down." He said it the way he would announce something of no particular consequence, gesturing toward the table with a slight, casual tilt of his glass.

People moved toward their seats, and with the movement came the whispers that moved with them about the Luna.

"Held up by what?"

"Her very first morning as supreme Luna and she can't show her face at breakfast."

"What did you expect from a wolfless? She probably couldn't face a room filled with Alphas and Lunas. What a weakling."

"She won't last. Not even as long as the other two had lasted. She will be gone sooner, mark my words."

The whispers moved around the table freely, passed between people who weren't bothering to be particularly quiet about it, talking openly on the comfortable assumption that the supreme Alpha couldn't care less about the woman he had married.

Elder Halvrek took his seat along with the other elders at the table with the slight gritting of his teeth. His eyes narrowed towards the man who controls him. She hadn't come. He felt a small flicker of irritation at that. He had wanted to watch her face the moment she realized she would be eating fish and study her reaction.

Elder Halvrek had given the orders for everything to be made with fish this morning just so he could test his theories, but it seemed the wench wasn't going to come. Could it be that she already knew what was waiting for her here and had managed to escape it?

If she was what he thought her to be, this gathering would have been the right opportunity to expose her disguise, for those creatures were as sneaky as hell. The scent he had perceived yesterday couldn't have come from an ordinary she-wolf.

But no matter. If she was somewhere in this building, there would be another opportunity. He was not a man who ran out of patience easily, especially not when he had everything to gain by rising above all the other elders.

He took a bite of his breakfast and said, "I hope the supreme Luna has a good excuse for keeping us waiting and then not showing up."

Chapter 184: The Crazy husband at her doorstep_Part 2

Chapter 184: The Crazy husband at her doorstep_Part 2

Across the room, Laila had been watching Sebastian from a distance since he walked away from her, looking for the right moment to make her way back over to him again. She was already moving in his direction, intending to sit herself beside him since his useless Luna wouldn't be coming, when she spotted Javier near the far corner of the hall, leaning in with that charming smile of his, working hard to make a good impression on one of the female guests.

Laila had heard whispers that he was looking for another wife, as his current wife was sick and could not perform the duties of a mate, nor could she bear him a child. He was using this ceremony, which had brought many important she-wolves to the pack building, as an opportunity to pick another wife.

However, no matter how he was planning to marry another woman, Laila was aware that he would not like it if his insane wife was with his rival's wife.

Laila changed directions and went to Javier instead.

She touched his arm lightly to pull his attention from the she-wolf in front of him and leaned in close enough that only he could hear.

"Just thought you should know, your wife came out of your room this morning. I found her in a bad state outside the elevator, throwing up all over the ground." She said casually. "I tried to help her but the Luna dismissed me and took her away. If I am not wrong, that is the reason she didn't make it to the breakfast."

Something immediately shifted on Javier's face. The smile stayed exactly where it was but the warmth behind it disappeared entirely. His eyes moved to Laila. "Are you sure it is my Sofia you saw?" He asked, because it was impossible for that little fool to have come out, he had made certain of it. What was she doing outside their room?

"Mm." Laila replied, already pulling back with the easy expression of someone who had simply passed along a piece of information they had no personal stake in.

Javier turned back to the she-wolf in front of him with a pleasant smile, excused himself smoothly, and walked out of the hall at a pace that looked perfectly casual to everyone who saw him go.

In Viola's penthouse, she was tucking Sofia into the guest bedroom bed to rest after finally coaxing the she-wolf into bathing, a process during which it had been Viola herself doing the washing, watching the grime of what looked like weeks accumulate and gather darkly at the bottom of the tub.

It had taken more attempts than she could count to finally part the curtain of Sofia's hair and reveal the face hidden behind it, and when she did, Viola had gone completely still for a moment.

Though thin and a little gaunt, Sofia was a strikingly beautiful woman, with eyes that shifted between blue and green depending on how the light hit them. But she was so frightened, or perhaps so deeply conditioned to smallness, that she couldn't seem to hold her gaze in one place for more than a second at a time.

It had taken washing her hair more than four times before the water finally ran clean. Her body was covered in scars, old ones and new ones layered over each other, and Viola had stood there looking at them with a pity that curdled quickly into anger at the husband responsible for every single one of them.

She couldn't help the thought that crept in after, whether Sebastian would ever treat her the same way if one day her pheromones drew men to her the way it had last night. After all, she was cursed with the strongest pheromone of any she-wolf alive, a scent so potent that it turned an entire building of men restless the moment she failed to conceal it. No she-wolf in this world carried anything close to what she had.

But then she caught herself and pulled the thought back before it could settle. Sebastian didn't take her the way a mate and husband takes his woman, if she was being honest with herself, what they had was closer to friends with benefits than anything else. A temporary arrangement that would last only until he found the one he had told her about.

The prophesied one. The one meant to break his curse. That thought twisted something in her heart just as sharply as it had the very first time he had said those words to her, and she still hadn't found a way to stop it from doing that.

Even so, she couldn't bring herself to believe Sebastian would ever behave like his cousin. He had been more than kind to her, kinder, in fact, than Evan had ever been in all the years she had given him.

He had taken care of her during her menstrual pains without being asked and cooked for her without expecting anything in return. And even when he had first refused to accept her into his

pack, he had never once raised a hand to hurt her physically. In fact he had looked murderous when Evan beat her.

No. She knew, regardless of anything else between them, that Sebastian would never hit her or treat her the way Javier had treated Sofia for a crime that was never her fault. She could swear to that with certainty. And just as that thought settled over her, her mind wandered traitorously to the memory of his hands on her hips, rolling them deliberately against his hardness last night, and she felt her lower abdomen pulse from nothing more than the thought, and a deep flush of embarrassment settled over her face as she finished tucking Sofia into the bed.

Viola's brows drew together in quiet confusion. She didn't understand how the mere thought of him could make her body react like that, especially now that his temporary mark had faded and Evan's had resurfaced. It was while she had been bathing Sofia that she had felt the shift, the precise moment Sebastian's mark disappeared and Evan's crawled back to the surface of her skin like it had been waiting patiently the whole time.

But even Evan's mark didn't seem to stop her mind from wandering back to Sebastian's intimacy with her the night before, and the pain that usually came with such thoughts wasn't hitting as hard as it had before. She turned that over quietly, not sure what to make of it.

She had also been turning over what Sofia had said about seeing Sebastian drag away Evangeline's body. She didn't know what to do with it. Sebastian hadn't denied killing his wives, he had told her that himself, but he hadn't told her the how of it, or whether the curse was what drove him to it rather than his own will. Would she have ended up on that list too, had he marked her?

And then there was the breakfast she had missed, how was she even going to make it up to their guests? On one hand she felt that inexplicable relief she still couldn't fully explain to herself, and on the other hand the worry was quietly eating at her, because she knew that as Luna, her responsibility to stand beside her Alpha and maintain the good graces of the important people who supported their pack was not something she could treat lightly. That was supposed to come first. Always.

Viola was still somewhere inside that thought when Sofia's small voice broke through it.

"I should go back to my room. Mi vida won't be happy that I came out. He will beat me..." She said, already trying to push herself up from the bed.

Though Sofia couldn't recall the last time she had worn anything this clean and soft against her skin, or been cared for by anyone in the way this woman had cared for her this morning, she didn't want to bring her husband's wrath down on someone who had shown her nothing but kindness.

It was best she leave now and return to finish the food he had so lovingly fed her, the food that had wolfsbane in it. She had felt the burning of it working through her and in her panic had scrambled out of the room seeking help, only to bump into Laila in the hallway and throw up right there in front of her.

But Viola pressed her gently but firmly back down and pulled the blanket back up over her.

"You need to rest. Don't worry, I will deal with your husband. I will have some words with him." She assured her, but Sofia shook her head frantically.

"No. Don't say anything to him. Mi vida is not a calm person, he gets angry very quickly and he will hurt you too. Please just let me go back to our room before he comes looking for me, Luna. I am sorry for imposing on you but I really should leave." Sofia muttered, frightened and quietly scolding herself for stepping out of that room in the first place and not finishing the food.

Not that she could have helped it, the burning of the wolfsbane had been immediate and impossible to push through. But if she didn't leave and Javier found out she was here, there would be trouble.

Chapter 185: The Crazy husband at her doorstep_Part 3

Chapter 185: The Crazy husband at her doorstep_Part 3

Viola saw the fear living in the she-wolf's eyes and sat herself down on the edge of the bed so that Sofia wouldn't feel the urge to bolt the moment she looked away. "You said you came from Claws Pack, right?" She asked gently, and Sofia gave a small nod.

Claws Pack was the fifth largest pack in their world, and though they were not as close in progress or as well-developed as Silver, she didn't think they knew their daughter was going through this here.

Though, from what she had studied in the past, Claws Pack had more daughters than sons, she still believed they would take Sofia back.

"I will speak to my husband and ask him to contact your pack and find a way to get you out of this situation with Javier. I know I can't tell you not to be afraid of him, but I don't think it is safe for you to go back to him in the condition you are in right now." Viola tried to reason with her, but the she-wolf was already shaking her head before the words had even finished leaving Viola's mouth.

"No. I will stay where Javier is. I am his mate, I cannot go back to my pack without him." Sofia said, her eyes filling at the edges, and Viola sat back slightly as the realization settled over her that Sofia had been so thoroughly conditioned into believing her husband was her entire world that she genuinely couldn't see beyond him, even when that world was quietly killing her.

Though Viola wanted desperately to help, she had sworn to herself ever since her own life-changing experience that she would never again look away from someone in need, as a way of atoning for what she had once done to a sister who had given her everything, she was genuinely at a loss with this particular situation. Was this another form of abuse, then? The kind where you couldn't run from your abuser even when you knew with every part of yourself that they were slowly ending you?

Perhaps she should reach out to Sebastian and let him know what was happening. But then he would be at the breakfast by now, wouldn't he? And besides, Sebastian must have known about the abuse this woman had been enduring all this time and had chosen not to interfere, most likely

because of some unspoken rule that forbade other men from inserting themselves into matters between mates. It was one of the most infuriating customs their world clung to.

But as the supreme Alpha, he had authority over his cousin that went beyond that rule, and that thought made her suddenly, quietly furious with Sebastian in a way she hadn't been expecting.

"Okay, how about this, you stay here for a little while until—" Viola hadn't even finished the thought when she heard the front door chime through the house system.

"He is here! I should go!" Sofia cried, immediately pushing at Viola's hands and trying to scramble up from the bed.

"He will not touch you. I will talk to him. Stay right here and do not come out, no matter what you hear. Do you understand me?" Viola asked, looking directly into the aqua eyes that stared back at her swimming with open, desperate fear.

"He will kill you..." Sofia whispered in anguish, her lips trembling and fresh tears beginning to spill. "You shouldn't have helped me. Now he will hurt you too because of me..."

"He can't hurt me, I am the supreme Luna now, remember?" Viola said, even though she didn't entirely believe her own words as she said them. She wasn't naive enough not to see how many people had not accept her as their Luna despite the ceremony having taken place, title or no title. "Now don't be afraid and stay right here. Will you do that for me?"

Sofia didn't nod or speak. Her eyes were fixed on the bedroom door as though she expected her husband to materialize right through it and drag her out by the hair. Her fingers curled into tight fists around the edge of the blanket, and Viola slowly straightened up and left the room, pulling the door quietly closed behind her.

She hadn't expected Javier to come this quickly. She had hoped, foolishly, perhaps, to have spoken to Sebastian first before ever coming face to face with his cousin, having been warned more than once to stay well clear of him.

Viola drew in a slow breath as she reached her front door and unlocked it. She had braced herself for a raging husband, but what she found on the other side of the door was a man smiling at her. Sweetly. Warmly. As though they were old friends.

"Good morning, Luna." Javier greeted her with the tone of someone who had known her for years, when in truth they had barely exchanged more than a handful of words since she had arrived here.

"Good morning to you too." Viola replied, matching his easy familiarity without missing a beat, even though looking at him made something crawl unpleasantly beneath her skin when she thought about what he had done to the woman currently hiding in her guest room.

"How is your day going? You didn't make it to the breakfast, is everything all right?" He asked, that smile still sitting comfortably on his face.

Javier didn't want to jump to conclusions just yet. He knew Laila, that little bitch, was bitter and still hadn't gotten over the fact that the Alpha hadn't chosen her, which was something Javier had actually been hoping for, as he had strongly wanted his cousin to end up with this nobody who had no real background to speak of.

He didn't want to make an enemy of a woman he was quietly hoping would become the very thing that dismantled his cousin's reign from the inside, and so despite the rage burning steadily beneath his composure, he kept his voice pleasant and his smile in place.

Viola's fingers tightened around the edge of her door as she replied with the same good-natured ease. "I wasn't feeling very well this morning, so I didn't manage to make it." She lied with a perfectly straight face.

Javier gave a sympathetic nod. "It must be the jittery aftermath of the wedding. I hope you feel better soon." He said warmly, and then, noticing how she stood stiffly at the doorway with her body blocking the entrance, he added,

"I don't feel much like going back to the hall anyway, how about you and I take this opportunity to get to know each other a little better? We are family now, after all. You could invite me in for tea. In the old days we actually had a tradition where the newest female addition to the family would cook for everyone, though it has slowly faded with time."

Viola gave him a tight smile. He would be eating poison if he wanted her to cook for him, she was so genuinely terrible at it that she would add the wrong thing without even meaning to, and she secretly thought it would have suited this particular man rather well. But she wouldn't be attempting it regardless.

"Then I should be grateful the tradition is no longer practiced, because I cannot imagine cooking for the entire Kade family." She said, threading humor into her voice, and Javier laughed with his head thrown back as though she had said the funniest thing he had heard all week.

"Every woman these days has decided she doesn't like cooking, when it is something they were made for naturally." He remarked, his light gold eyes glimmering as they fixed directly onto hers with a look that was daring her, quietly, pleasantly, to refuse him.

"But since cooking is off the table, how about just a cup of tea? I missed my own breakfast to come and check on you. The least you could do is invite me in."

Did she take him for a fool? He could easily force his way past her and bash her head against the wall while he was at it, but his mother had spent years training him to keep his temper leashed when it mattered, and right now, it mattered.

Chapter 186: The Crazy husband at her doorstep_Part 4

Chapter 186: The Crazy husband at her doorstep_Part 4

Viola felt her throat go dry at the look in his eyes but she held her ground without moving. "I really wish I could invite you in but I am in genuine need of rest. In my current state I might put salt in the tea instead of sugar without even noticing."

"Don't worry about that, I drink salted tea just as happily as sugared. So?" He said, tilting his head with that same patient, immovable smile.

Viola had never in her life encountered a man this relentlessly persistent. He was determined to get inside that penthouse one way or another, and she knew with clarity why, the moment he stepped through that door he would catch his mate's scent in the air. Her palm against the door turned sweaty, and when she took just a fraction too long to respond, his expression shifted.

"I think we both know why I have really come all the way to your door this morning, Luna." Javier said, the pleasantness in his voice thinning just slightly at the edges. "I have no wish to drag this out or waste your time. Tell her to come out. We have a breakfast to get back to."

Viola's heart dropped clean to her stomach but she kept her face perfectly composed. "I wish I knew what you were referring to, Mr. Kade, but I genuinely don't follow. Who exactly are you looking for?" She asked, with a look of such unbothered confusion it could have convinced anyone.

Javier's light gold eyes came down to her slowly. So this was how she wanted to play it. "Sofia. My wife. I was told you brought her here. Call her out." He said, and the sweet smile finally began to slip away, because Javier's temper was not something that stayed buried for long, no matter how much his mother had trained him.

He had not expected the wolfless to insert herself into his private business, into his wife, whom he had carefully arranged to die quietly in that room so he could move forward and marry someone actually worthy of his name that would help him overthrow Sebastian. But the fool had disobeyed him and left, and this nobody had taken her in as though she had any right to do so.

"Oh, you mean the wife you use as a punching bag." Viola said calmly. "I am sorry, she is not here." And she began to close the door firmly on his face, but he shot his hand forward and seized it before it could shut, and Viola felt her heart slam hard against her ribs as he growled,

"You are testing my patience, girl. I don't care who you are, I can break your skinny legs without a second thought. Get out of my way." He shoved both her and the door aside and walked straight into the penthouse, calling out as he went, "Sofia! Sofia! Come out, I have come to take you home!"

"I told you she is not here!" Viola moved quickly to put herself in front of him, but at that exact moment the guest bedroom door swung open and Sofia came rushing out at the sound of her husband's voice, descending the stairs toward him like a puppy running toward the very person who fed it and beat it in the same breath.

As much as Sofia had wanted to stay in that room the way the Luna had asked, she simply couldn't. The moment she heard Javier's voice, something deep in her brain had fired and overridden every other thought, she knew too well the consequences of not obeying.

"Yes, mi vida. I am here..." She whispered.

Viola closed her eyes for a single moment and counted silently from one to ten before she stepped between them, planting herself firmly in the space separating Sofia from Javier. "She is not going with you. Get out of my home. That is an order."

Javier looked down at the short woman standing in his way issuing orders at him and let out a flat, humorless laugh, as though the image itself was the most amusing thing he had come across all morning. Who on earth did this little thing think she was?

"Just because you were crowned Luna does not give you authority over me, wolfless. Get out of my way." He shoved her aside without hesitation and she lost her balance and went down hard, her wrist catching the edge of the living room table on the way down and sending a sharp bolt of pain shooting up her arm. She hissed through her teeth.

"Pathetic little weakling. Winning a competition among women is an entirely different thing from getting in the way of someone who is your superior in every sense. Get that through your head and stay out of matters that have absolutely nothing to do with you." He stepped right over her and grabbed Sofia's wrist. "Let's go." He said, already moving toward the door, and as he passed he deliberately used the toe of his shoe to kick at the woman on the floor without even glancing down at her.

Sofia looked down at Viola on the floor with silent tears streaming down her face before she let herself be pulled forward by the husband who was slowly and quietly killing her. "I am sorry..." She breathed, barely above a whisper, sorry for bringing trouble to this woman's door on the very first day of her crowning.

Something hot and sharp burst at the back of Viola's head as she stared at them. Javier's voice rang through her mind. Pathetic little weakling. She was so tired, tired to her bones, of being seen as weak simply because she didn't have what everyone in this world considered to be the only measure of strength. A wolf. And more than anything, she hated being helpless.

If she couldn't protect Sofia right now, what did that say about her ability to protect her sister when she brought her here, if someone decided one day to put their hands on her too?

Viola would never again allow her sister to suffer any form of abuse. Not while she was still breathing. And she would never again allow herself to be stepped on the way everyone had been stepping on her for as long as she could remember.

With that thought, she pushed herself up from the floor.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 187: You do not hit a Luna! [1,408 words]

Chapter 187: You do not hit a Luna!

Viola's fist closed hard against the floor. She pushed herself back to her feet and went after him before he could drag Sofia out of the door, catching up in time to grab his wrist from behind.

"Just because I am wolfless does not mean I have no authority over you, I was crowned your Luna." Saying that, Viola used a strength she had no clear explanation for and twisted his wrist swiftly until he released Sofia, and then she swung around behind him and wrenched his arm up his back until she heard a distinct crack from somewhere in the bone.

Javier let out a sharp groan of pain, genuinely stunned for a moment by the strength the wolfless had just put into his arm. But when the shock wore off he turned around fast, wrenching his arm free, and without any consideration for the fact that she was a woman or the so-called Luna, he drove his fist into her face and tackled her to the ground.

He grabbed a fistful of her hair and yanked her head up so she was forced to look at him, but Viola gritted her teeth against the pain and drove her head forward into his nose with everything she had. The crack of it was satisfying to her ear.

Javier's hands flew to his face and she used that split second to seize Sofia's hand and haul her out of the penthouse, breaking into a run toward the elevator with everything she had.

"I am going to kill you, bitch!" Javier snarled, blood streaming from his nose as he came after them, already reaching through the building's mind link to call his men down. So this was how the wolfless wanted to play things after everything he and his mother had done to support her position? He would make sure she never crossed him again for as long as she lived.

Oh, she would regret the day she ever crossed him.

Just as Sebastian had his own men stationed in the building, Javier had brought his own from his main quarters for protection, and he ordered them through the mind link, "She is heading to the 65th floor, block her there."

Inside the elevator, Viola had no clear idea what she was doing or why she was risking everything for Sofia, all she knew was that she was not going to let Javier take her back and eventually kill her. Her nose was bleeding and her lip was split from his punch but she didn't care about either, and she held tight to Sofia's hand without loosening her grip.

"You shouldn't have done that. You shouldn't have. Javier will kill you..." Sofia was whispering tearfully beside her, unable to understand why the Luna was putting herself in danger on her behalf. Didn't she know that none of the past Lunas had ever dared to cross her husband or even attempted to help her?

"He won't kill me." Viola said in reassurance, as the elevator reached the floor she had pressed, Sebastian's private floor, the one that required special access to enter. She didn't even have his keycard on her, but she had been hoping the guards stationed there would recognize her as the Luna and let her through.

However, the moment the elevator doors that led to the Alpha's floors slid open, her stomach dropped, because right outside stood three bulky men who were not Sebastian's men, with imposing heights and hardened faces that would give anyone with a faint heart a terrible nightmare.

She quickly stepped back and tried to press the button to close the doors again, but one of them thrust his hand into the gap before they could shut, and then without any ceremony whatsoever, he yanked her out of the elevator by her hair.

Viola felt a sharp shot of pain tear up through her scalp but she refused to give him the satisfaction of crying out. Instead she drew in a sharp breath, turned, gripped his wrist and dug her long artificial nails deep into his skin until he released her hair and cradled his bleeding hand against his chest.

Viola stumbled back and planted herself in front of Sofia as she spoke through gritted teeth. "You do not grab a woman by her hair, you bastard." And then, noticing that her dress was getting in her way and she needed her legs free, she bent down and tore the train of the silver dress clean off without hesitation, cutting it short, her eyes staying on the three men the entire time.

They didn't seem eager to attack or do anything beyond blocking her from escaping, the one she had injured was glowering at her in dark, silent fury but hadn't moved toward her, and she barely had a moment to wonder why they weren't coming at her when she heard the sharp clicking of shoes against the floor and then Javier's voice.

"You stupid bitch. I'll make you regret ever interfering with things that don't concern you in this pack again."

Javier moved forward to grab her by the hair, but a voice suddenly cut through the hallway from the opposite elevator that had just slid open.

"I wouldn't be doing that if I were you, Javier. She is the Alpha's wife now," came Matt's voice as he stepped into the scene, taking in everything around him with visible astonishment, from Viola's bloody nose, to Sofia, dressed in a set of pajamas, something new from her usual uniform of multicolored dresses, hiding behind the Luna, and then to Javier, who looked so pissed, with a smear of blood on his nose.

Matt's brows pulled together in confusion. What was happening here? What had he just walked into?

He hadn't made it to breakfast because he had slept in after the chaos of the night before, and had only just woken up. He had been making his way to Sebastian's office to finish some work when he walked straight into this.

Javier turned his eyes to Matt and smirked. "I would like to see who is going to stop me, it certainly is not going to be you. You are nothing but the Alpha's tail, so stay out of this." He began to reach for Viola again, but something hard suddenly struck his hand with a sharp, painful crack that made him groan, and he looked down to find a glass tablet lying on the floor at his feet.

Javier looked toward Matt to find him standing with a completely nonchalant expression and a mild smile on his face, as though he hadn't been the one to throw the tablet at him at all. Javier's rage erupted. He turned away from Viola entirely to face Matt.

How dare a Beta hit him with a tablet? He was a Kade, a supposed Alpha, had his father not handed the seat away to Sebastian's father. It seemed he really needed to teach more than one person a lesson today.

"I will rip your head clean off your shoulders for that, fucker!" Javier gritted, and then his bones began to crack and splinter as his body started to shift.

Viola stepped back quickly, pulling Sofia with her, as she watched Javier shift into a mighty wolf, black and silver fur streaked through with strikes of gold, enormous and filling the hallway in a way that left very little space for anything else.

The moment Javier was fully shifted, Matt kicked off his shoes in seconds and launched himself into the air, shifting mid-leap into his wolf form as he came down.

Matt's wolf was black with light green fur along his sides, and he was every bit as large as Javier, because Matt was not a Beta in name alone, and just like that the two of them crashed into each other in a fury of claws and teeth that sent even the guards scrambling back to give them room.

"You do not hit a Luna!" Matt growled through his wolf form as he bit down hard into Javier's neck.

"You fucker, I will hit whoever I want to hit, and a mere Beta has no business interfering in my affairs!" Javier snarled back, driving his massive paw into Matt with enough force to send him slamming into the elevator door until the metal cracked and buckled behind him.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 188: The Alpha from hell[1,519 words]

Chapter 188: The Alpha from hell

Viola watched in genuine terror as the two fought, tearing through the hallway and destroying everything around them, and the helplessness of it settled over her like a stone in a river, she could not dare interfere in a fight between two shifted wolves while she was still in her human form, not unless she wanted to be crushed underfoot.

The very first lesson every werewolf learned from childhood was never to jump into that kind of fight without your wolf. And though Matt was holding his own and returning every bite and every

blow Javier delivered, they were both bleeding heavily, and the destruction around them was growing as they threw each other against doors, walls, and decorative items in the hallways.

"He is going to kill him!" Sofia suddenly cried out, and for a brief moment Viola thought she meant Javier was going to kill Matt, but then she saw that the she-wolf's wide, terrified eyes were fixed entirely on her husband. The same husband who had been quietly poisoning her. Really?

"Stop him, he is biting my Javier's throat!" She cried, and actually lunged toward the fight. Viola grabbed her back by the arm with a quick pull, unable in that moment to believe what kind of hold Javier had on this woman even now. Shouldn't she be relieved that someone was finally biting him and beating some sense into his head?

An abuser like Javier deserve more than a beating!

Viola turned to scold Sofia and hold her back from doing something that would get her killed, and in doing so completely missed the moment Javier fought Matt's teeth off his throat, turned, seized the heavy broken door of one of the rooms they had destroyed with his jaw, and hurled it directly at Viola with the full intention of caving her skull in and breaking her bones.

Viola felt the shift in the air and heard Matt's alarmed howl and spun around. She saw the heavy door flying toward her and her body went completely rigid with terror.

She couldn't move. Couldn't get out of the way in time. She squeezed her eyes shut instinctively as a thunderous impact sound crashed through the air so loud that she flinched violently, but the pain never came. She still felt completely normal. Only cold. A deep, sudden, biting cold that pressed against her back like a wall of ice.

Viola's eyes flew open.

What she saw in front of her made her gasp, her eyes going wide and round with pure disbelief.

Right there in front of her stood a mighty wolf with fur that seemed to be made from ash and silver, full and impossibly dense, and he towered over her so completely that she had to crane her neck all the way back just to find the top of him. And right beneath the wolf's paw, pinned flat against the floor like it weighed nothing at all, was the heavy door that she had been certain would bash her skull to pieces. Underneath that enormous paw it looked like a small toy.

In all of her life, Viola had never seen a wolf this large or this magnificent. The urge to reach out and press her hand into that thick, full fur was immediate and almost overwhelming, but the waves of furious, crushing energy radiating off him were powerful enough to keep every single part of her completely still.

And when the wolf spoke, every hair on her body stood straight on end.

"How dare you touch my woman!"

Those words were directed at Javier's wolf, who had already dropped down to the floor, bowing instinctively and completely into submission before the Alpha without any choice in the matter at all.

Viola swallowed hard at the silence that followed the Alpha's howl, as everyone around the hallway went down, bowing instinctively to him as a powerful, suffocating energy rolled off him in waves so strong that even she felt the weight of it, and when Javier didn't reply quickly enough, Sebastian used his paw to kick the door away and it slammed into his cousin, hitting him against the wall behind him with a resounding impact that made even Viola flinch.

"I won't repeat myself, how dare you touch my woman?!" The Alpha growled in a terrifyingly low voice.

Matt, who was also bowing with the others and heard the Alpha's words, cursed quietly under his breath. Sebastian was going to blow their cover wide open with that question if he wasn't careful!

It was only when a man's fated mate was hurt by another that such a depth of rage was warranted, and for a woman he had been making everyone believe he had married simply because she won a competition and even made it known he wasn't sharing her room, this level of fury and the fact that he had shifted inside the building to protect her was going to raise questions he couldn't easily answer.

Matt tried to reach Sebastian through their mind link to warn him, and realized with a sinking feeling that the link had been shut completely. Un-fucking-believable. Control yourself, man! Matt thought, as he heard Javier's wolf whimper in pain from the force of the door slamming into him.

"She went against our rules, that is why I touched her!" Javier growled, raising his head and fighting against the aura pressing down on him to face his cousin, the cousin he had wanted to face for a long time but had always been held back from by his damned mother. He winced as he put weight on his legs and felt immediately that the door had done damage to his bones.

"She hid my wife and dared to lay her hands on me! If you have forgotten, allow me to remind you, your useless Luna lacks manners and holds absolutely no regard for our custom of minding one's own business when it concerns a matter between mates." Javier barked, his anger vibrating off him in waves as he met the burning silver eyes of the Alpha, which looked like silver flames with something alive and furious behind them.

Where the hell had he even come from so suddenly to stop that door from caving the bitch's skull in? Wasn't he supposed to be in the hall entertaining his guests? Why was he standing in front of the wolfless and shielding her the way a man only shielded his fated mate?!

"As per our custom, a person who interferes where they have no business is subject to punishment in whatever way the offended party sees fit, and that is exactly what I was doing. Punishing her. And by the moon goddess, I will not let her go unpunished." Javier added without a trace of fear, not caring in the slightest that he was speaking to the supreme Alpha who was nearly double his size in wolf form.

Muffin growled low and dangerously in his throat. "She is the Luna, you do not punish a Luna!"

"She is not my Luna." Javier shot back furiously. "A Luna is someone who carries the wolf to command and suppress others. She lacks that, and along with it, she lacks the basic sense to stay in her place." He was so consumed by his own rage that he wasn't reading a single one of the danger signs the Alpha was giving off.

Sebastian had always known Javier was a short-tempered man. When they were young they had clashed more times than he could count, fighting like cat and dog until their fathers stepped between them and tried to force some kind of bond between them that never truly formed. Even now, fully grown, his cousin still hadn't learned to think beyond his own anger, and this time he had gone ahead and crossed a line he had no business crossing.

Sebastian had overlooked many of his cousin's mindless outbursts over the years. And though his own wife had gone against the rules by interfering in a matter between mates, Javier had absolutely no authority to deliver punishment without first consulting him, both as her husband and as the Alpha. He had gone ahead and laid his hands on his female, and that was unacceptable in every sense of the word.

"If you answer to another Alpha besides me, I dare you to step forward and punish my Luna." Came Sebastian's voice, calm and quiet and more dangerous for it, as he stepped to the side, moving away from Javier's path and giving him a clear, unobstructed path to reach Viola, who was standing completely still with a look of mild shock still on her face.

Whether she couldn't believe she had narrowly escaped the door, or whether she was still overwhelmed by the sheer size of his wolf, he couldn't be sure, but she turned and looked at him the moment he stepped aside. There was no fear whatsoever in her blue eyes.

"I am no longer standing in your way, dear cousin. Come and punish her."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 189: Stay away from my woman[1,401 words]

Chapter 189: Stay away from my woman

Viola looked at Sebastian and then at Javier, whose teeth were bared, he was snarling with his gold eyes locked onto her like he wanted to tear her apart piece by piece.

Though she was fully aware that she had crossed a line by interfering in a matter between mates, she had done it with the conviction that no one would suffer in her presence if she could help it, that she would give protection to any helpless person even at the cost of herself.

Inner peace, one might call it. And saving Sofia had felt right. Had she possessed a wolf and had Sebastian marked her properly, she would have carried the Luna energy that naturally transferred

from mate to mate, and that energy would have given her the power to command even a regular wolf.

But she was a Luna without a wolf, which meant she stood entirely at Javier's mercy, a mercy she had already seen with her own eyes that he simply did not possess. Even though she understood that Sebastian was deliberately giving his cousin the opportunity to step forward and cross a line by attempting to punish her, it was clear that Javier didn't see the trap being laid for him. He was too consumed by his own offense at her interference to see anything beyond it.

Javier didn't care that Sebastian was daring him. All he could see was the wolfless and the way she had dared to put her hands on him, and all he wanted was to make her pay for it. He lunged forward without hesitation, leaping into the air to bite her hand clean off.

Viola saw him coming and simply closed her eyes, surrendering herself to whatever punishment came for her interference, an interference she didn't regret. Not even slightly. If she could turn back time she would do it again without a second thought.

However, before Javier could get even an inch closer to where she stood, Sebastian's mighty paw slammed into him and drove him into the floor. He bit into the back of his cousin's neck and hurled him into the wall.

"You defy me! You have gone against the rules, dear cousin, you have proven that you answer to someone other than me! Now I will punish you the way I see fit, too!"

Sebastian moved and bit down on his leg and threw him against the wall again. He was reaching for him a second time when a crowd began rushing to the scene, Sebastian's energy had been flaring and bleeding into every corner of the building, reaching every person within it, and they had all felt that something was deeply wrong.

Among the crowd pushing to the front were Zoe, Nick, and Camila, and seeing her oldest son pinned beneath the supreme Alpha's massive paw, covered in blood, Camila's eyes went wide and her heart turned over in her chest.

"What is happening here?" Camila demanded, rushing forward, but Sebastian's burning eyes swung to her and stopped her.

"Your son has defied me. That is an offense punishable by death."

"I—I did not defy you! Your wife —!" Javier began, but the Alpha's claws dug into his side, sinking through fur and into flesh, and he choked on the rest of his words.

Camila looked genuinely worried and confused, she hadn't even realized her son had come this way and had assumed he was still in the hall trying to get acquainted with their female guests to find a new wife.

But the moment her eyes fell on Sofia standing behind the Luna, clean and dressed in proper clothes, something clicked into place and she put together what must have caused this chaos. That stupid daughter-in-law of hers! What had she done now?

Camilla stepped forward immediately, her pride swallowing itself as she said,

"Forgive him his crimes, Alpha. You know how your cousin is, he never truly meant to defy you. Please release him. I will see to his punishment myself, I give you my word." Camila said, keeping her voice steady even as her pride stung at being made to plead in front of a growing crowd.

But Javier was her son, her most valuable piece in every plan she had, and his death would set everything back irreparably. Her younger son was as good as useless to her, all of her hopes lived and died with Javier.

"Do not plead for me, Mami. You—" Javier gritted.

"Shut up!" Camila rebuked sharply, unable to help but think that Javier was just plain stupid. Couldn't he see that she was trying to save him? And how could he had gone on to offend the Alpha when she had warned him to learn to control his anger?!

"You remember how the previous Alpha always forgave him, he used to say Javier's temper made him act recklessly, and he used to say the two of you were his favorites because your tempers were a match." She deliberately brought up his father, the way she always did whenever the boy was about to destroy everything she had carefully built.

If there was one thing she knew about Sebastian, it was that he would never go against a promise made to his parents. He might be the most ruthless and cold-blooded Alpha Silver had ever seen, but Camila knew he tolerated her and her son because of his late father, who had always told him never to turn on family, and she had used that to her advantage every single time, even when she made no secret of the fact that she despised him and would do whatever it took to remove him from the Alpha seat.

But this time, Sebastian didn't listen to her words; he only dug his claws deeper into her son's side, his teeth bared as he snarled.

"Zoe, tell your brother to spare your cousin. Nick, you too." Camila pulled both Nick and Zoe forward, both of whom had arrived at the scene just as confused as everyone else gathering around them, trying to piece together what had happened and what had caused this, especially with Viola standing in the middle of it looking like she had been hit, her dress ripped and the torn train lying on the floor behind her.

Though Zoe didn't particularly like Javier and had heard more than enough over the years about how his temper made him do things before his brain could catch up, how he could kill before he even realized what he had done, and had been warned to stay well clear of him, she looked at her brother's enormous wolf form with visible nervousness, and biting her lip she said quietly, "Hermano..."

"Don't kill my Javier!" Sofia cried, running out from behind Viola and dropping to her knees beside Javier's head where it was pressed against the floor. "Let him go, he didn't do anything wrong to anyone. It was my fault. It was all my fault. Please don't hurt him."

Viola, who was watching the scene unfold in front of her, didn't know what to think anymore. The woman she had put herself on the line to defend had just thrown herself on the ground and pleaded for the man who had been slowly poisoning her.

She pressed her fingers against her aching temple. She had never intended to cause a family scene or ignite a fight between cousins or drag a crowd of guests out of the breakfast hall to witness any of this. All she wanted was to protect a woman in need, but it seemed that woman still had a chain of loyalty to her husband.

"Cousin Seb... please spare him." Nick also pleaded, albeit reluctantly, when his mother dug her fingers into his arm and pinched him hard enough to make the words leave his mouth, even though Javier had spent most of their shared childhood making his life miserable and had never quite stopped even now.

Sebastian slowly withdrew his claws and then leaned down low, growling directly into Javier's ear, "I don't care how much you abuse your wife or how often you beat her, that is your business. But the moment you lay a hand on mine, you have crossed a line you cannot uncross. Do whatever you want with yours, but stay away from my woman."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 190: A Fated Mate[1,372 words]

Chapter 190: A Fated Mate

Having delivered his warning, Sebastian stepped back and then, without so much as glancing at anyone gathered in the hallway, he walked toward his wife and bent down in front of her, growling simply, "Get on."

Viola looked visibly taken aback, and she glanced around at the watching crowd before looking back down at the mighty silver wolf crouched in front of her, waiting with an expectant patience that somehow managed to be more commanding than any order. She had never ridden on a wolf's back before, only mates were permitted to sit on a wolf's back, and even then it wasn't something done lightly.

Matt, who had shifted back to his human form and wrapped himself in one of the emergency blankets kept in the corners of every floor throughout the building, wanted to bury his face in his hands.

Sebastian's wolf form had completely blocked off their mind link, and now here he was in front of a growing crowd of guests and pack members, openly offering Viola a ride on his back. This was bad. This was very, very bad.

He watched as Viola hesitated for just a moment before she climbed on, gripping the thick silver fur in both hands, and in no time at all the Alpha had left the scene entirely, disappearing through the wide stairway built with enough space to accommodate any wolf form in the pack.

Everyone left behind stared after them with their mouths open. The Alpha had just carried a woman on a back that was reserved for a fated mate. What right did she have to ride on his back when she wasn't his fated mate and was nothing but a wolfless Luna he had married because she won a competition? It would have been slightly more understandable had she marked him in return, but she hadn't. She carried no mark on him.

Werewolf males did not carry just anyone on their backs. It was one of the most intimate and significant gestures in their world, so serious and so personal that without mutual marks between two people, a female wouldn't even be permitted to get close enough to smell a male wolf's fur, let alone ride on his back.

Just what was the meaning of that?

Camila recovered from the shock of it and turned her eyes to her son, who had shifted back to his human form and was being covered by a blanket.

"Zoe, did you just see what I saw?" Nick nudged his cousin, but before Zoe could respond, as she was the only one aware that Vee was her brother's mate, his mother had already grabbed his arm and shoved him forward to help his older brother up.

Nick reached out to help Javier to his feet, but the moment Javier was standing, he shoved his brother away from him. "Get away from me, you useless piece of shit!"

"Don't test my patience, Javier." Camila said coldly in warning. "Let him help you to the room. Go ahead, Nick." She turned to Sofia. "And you, come with us." Sofia gave a small, quick nod and fell into step behind them obediently, like a lost puppy following the person who held its leash.

Zoe stood watching as they went, her brother had left with Vee, Nick had gone with the family, and now she was standing in a hallway full of shocked, whispering guests with no one left to answer her questions except Matt, who was standing a few feet away clutching a blanket around himself and staring into the middle distance, already mentally drafting the conversation he was going to have to have with Sebastian and clean up the mess that had been created.

"What started the fight?" She asked, walking toward him, but Matt stepped back, wiping the blood from the corner of his lips with the back of his hand and looking thoroughly disinterested as he replied, "I have absolutely no idea. Go and ask your brother."

He wasn't in the mood to deal with Seb's sister right now, the two of them had never really gotten along all that well to begin with, mostly because he genuinely thought everyone spoiled her far too much, including his own mother. Though he himself had been guilty of spoiling her alongside Sebastian when she was still just a baby, that was then and this was now, and right now he had absolutely no patience for explanations for the baby sister.

He needed a clear head to think of a way out of this before the matter got worsened than it was. He hoped the guests hadn't already put things together and found out the truth about their Luna already.

Zoe rolled her eyes. "I wouldn't be asking you if my brother were here, would I? Why do you have bruises all over you, did you get knocked into a wall? Tell me what happened." She glared at him when he simply ignored her, and just like that, without a single word in response, Matt walked right past her to go and get dressed and find Sebastian.

"Aunty Daniella will hear about this! I am going to tell her you are bullying me again!" Zoe called after him with a huff, referring to his mother.

Matt didn't slow his pace in the slightest. "Go ahead. Mami is out of town that's why she didn't come to the wedding, she has gone to visit her sick sister. If you want to know what happened, go and ask your friend."

Vee? Zoe thought, stopping in place. Was it because she had helped Sofia? Oh no. Her brother was going to be furious, he had told Zoe himself the very first day Viola arrived to make sure she didn't go anywhere near his cousin or anything connected to him.

And though Zoe couldn't have stopped Viola from helping the sick Sofia that morning, even if she had tried, and she herself had once attempted to help Sofia, only to quickly discover that the woman was a lost cause who saw no wrong in the husband who was destroying her, she had never imagined that Vee's help for Sofia would extend far enough to bring Javier directly into it and cause a fight between her brother and her psycho cousin!

Zoe bit down on her nails and hurried off to find her brother before he had the chance to say something that would upset her friend. An angry Sebastian was not a pleasant thing to be anywhere near.

Inside one of the building's private guest rooms, Camila paced back and forth with the tight, coiled energy of a woman so furious she could barely contain it, the veins along her neck visibly pulsing as she waited for her sons and Sofia to come in.

She had walked ahead of all of them to get there first, needing the space before she said or did something in front of witnesses.

The moment they all filed through the door, she didn't waste a single second, she crossed the room and slapped Sofia so hard across the face that she went straight down to the floor, pressing her hand to her cheek and biting down on her tongue to keep from crying out.

"Mamita!" Javier groaned, and before the word had fully left his own mouth, his mother's hand connected with his face as well.

"Both of you are completely useless!" Camila barked. "You couldn't manage something as simple as keeping your senseless wife under control, and she goes and causes trouble for us at the worst possible moment, right when our plan to have the Luna on our side was actually going smoothly!"

"That wolfless bitch is now my enemy, Mamita. She will—" Javier began, rubbing the cheek his mother had just slapped, when her sharp eyes cut into him and shut him up mid-sentence. Then he

belatedly noticed that his useless brother was still standing in the room with them, and he turned on him.

"What are you still standing here for? Haven't you made it more than clear to this family that you will side with our enemies and want nothing to do with us? Get out!"

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 191: Stupidity[1,280 words]

Chapter 191: Stupidity

Nick, who had made it clear from the very beginning of this family's silent war for the Alpha seat that he wanted absolutely no part in it, looked at them both for a long moment. Sometimes he genuinely wondered how he could have come from the same woman as this man and share blood with someone this unhinged and crazy.

He never quite understood what battle they thought they were fighting, one they could never win, because even if Sebastian were removed from the picture entirely, Javier didn't carry strong enough Alpha blood in his veins to take that seat and hold it. His wolf couldn't even force werewolves to submission, so how would he rule the pack?

He couldn't even recall the last time he had willingly stepped into a space his mother and brother occupied, he had avoided them as much as humanly possible for years, only ever getting caught like this when the timing was wrong. Being sent away didn't hurt him the way it once might have. He gave a small nod and an easy, carefree smile that hid the bitterness sitting quietly behind it.

"Whatever you are planning, I want you to remember that the Alpha will not let either of you off so lightly a second time if you go after the people who matter to him." Nick said, looking his older brother directly in the eye.

"Who do you think you are talking to, you dirty little shit? Mamita, I am already in a terrible mood, don't let your son add to it, or I will break both his legs so he can never walk over to their side again." Javier snapped, jabbing a trembling, furious finger in his brother's direction.

Nick held both hands up calmly. "I came in peace and I leave in peace." He turned to go, but paused, reached down and helped Sofia back to her feet first, and then walked out without another word.

Camila watched her younger son's retreating back with narrowed, calculating eyes before she turned them back to Sofia and then to Javier, who was practically vibrating with barely contained fury.

"The fucking fool has grown the voice to talk to me, and this is your fault, Mami. You don't allow me to discipline him like the shit he deserves!" Javier rebuked.

"Indeed. Nick is talking back to us now, Javier. He is finally finding his spine." She said, her voice quiet. "And by the moon goddess, if you continue to be a fool who lets his anger do all of his thinking for him, I will start grooming your brother for the Alpha seat instead, because I am beginning to see that he carries far more sense in him than you ever have."

Javier let out a short, mocking laugh. "That loser? Nickolas could never be anything more than the tech boy he is for Silver. I am your only hope, Mami, and you know it." He said, and then reached out and placed his hand on top of Sofia's head, patting it with a tenderness that was deeply jarring after everything that had just taken place. "You did well standing by me back there, my love. I love you for it." He kissed the top of her head.

Camila stared at her son with an expression of undisguised disgust before drawing in a slow, steadying breath. "Sit down and tell me everything from the beginning. What on earth led to that fight? Why did you defy the Alpha?"

As if the memory of it rekindled everything he had been trying to hold back, Javier gritted his teeth and raised his hand and smacked it hard against Sofia's head, shoving her away from his side as he spat,

"This bitch caused it. I told her to stay in our room and eat quietly but she went out and got herself tangled up with that wolfless who thought she had the right to order me around!" He kicked out at Sofia at the thought, his anger surging back fresh as he remembered Viola wrenching his arm up his back.

"Women." He clicked his tongue in contempt. "I wish we never had any use for them, they are nothing but a nuisance to a man!"

Camila's eyes narrowed sharply at her son. "Watch your mouth, muchacho. Your mother is a woman, and it is because of me that you will be Alpha someday. Now tell me, since when have you started feeding Sofia yourself?"

Javier cleared his throat and fumbled with the blanket around him, shifting uncomfortably. He hadn't told his mother that he had been trying to kill his wife. Sebastian had killed his wives and gotten away with it cleanly every time, and Javier had fully expected to do the same.

"She wouldn't agree to let me take another wife, so I thought to give her something to put her to rest, the same way Seb put his past wives to rest." Javier grumbled, and Camila closed her eyes and pressed her fingers to her temple in quiet despair.

"Just once, why can't you use your head just once, Javier? Did you truly think you would get away with Sofia's death the way the Alpha got away with his wives? That man is cursed and the entire world knows it, there is an explanation for what happens to his Lunas. But you, if you kill your wife, what excuse do you have to offer anyone?!"

Javier snorted. "She killed herself, of course. Simple as that."

Unable to help herself, Camila snatched off her shoe and slammed it across his face as she fumed, "You absolute idiot, don't you understand that we will lose her family's support entirely if that happens? When you need more power and allies behind you, the Claws Pack won't give you a single thing! Can you not use your brain to think even one step ahead for once in your life?!"

Javier hadn't thought that far at all. All he had wanted was to be rid of Sofia, but sitting with it now he could see that he had acted recklessly and had nearly destroyed something he still needed. "Okay, okay, I was wrong. I won't do it again." Javier said, and Camila stopped hitting him and lowered her shoe.

As he straightened up, his fingers found a scratch on his cheek left by the heel of it and he gritted his teeth, the sting of it pulling his mind straight back to the humiliation of the wolfless twisting his arm behind his back. She didn't only disrespect him, she humiliated him in front of his wife!

"I won't let this slide, Mami. I will make her regret every bit of this. That wolfless bitch!"

"You will not do a single thing to her without my approval first." Camila fixed him with a hard, unwavering stare. "It is becoming very clear to me that there is more to why Sebastian married her than he is letting on. He carried her on his back today, a place that is reserved for a fated mate and no one else. Until I am one hundred percent certain of where she stands with him and exactly what she is to him, you will not touch a single hair on her head. Do you understand me?"

"Yes." Javier grumbled, but he would be damned before he let this insult go unanswered. The wolfless would pay for what she had done to him. And so would his cousin.

"Go take off her fucking clothes and burn them up!" She shouted at his wife who was quick to obey him and ran towards her room.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 192: A ride with the Alpha wolf[1,175 words]

Chapter 192: A ride with the Alpha wolf

Viola had thought Sebastian would carry her on his back to her penthouse, but she was surprised when he dashed out of the High Tower entirely through a sliding wall window on the fourth floor that opened at the press of a button.

Her heart lurched violently with the leap of the mighty wolf through the opening, and for one genuine, terrifying moment she was completely certain they were falling to their deaths and she squeezed her eyes shut, but the mighty wolf astonished her when he landed silently and smoothly on all four paws without so much as a stumble, and then broke into a full run through the quiet afternoon streets.

Had it been anyone else, Viola would have been in a full panic at being carried away from the pack's main building, but this was Sebastian, and he was among the very few she was beginning to trust. Even so, she couldn't help the curiosity that grew inside her as he changed direction away from the city streets and turned toward the rural edges of Silver.

Though Silver City was advanced and strikingly beautiful at its heart, beyond the edges of the city the land gave way to rolling hills, cliff sides and dense forests, and the wolf ran straight toward them, running and leaping with a power that felt boundless beneath her. The wind rushed against her hair and face, brushing over the bruises on her cheeks.

"Where are we going?" Viola leaned down to ask as the city fell further behind them and the woods began to close in around them.

'Good question. Where the fuck are we going, Muffin?!' Sebastian demanded internally as his wolf form had taken full control and no matter how hard he pushed, Muffin had absolutely no intention of shifting back to human form.

'I am taking us to our favorite place, the one we always went to when we got angry in the past. I want her to see it!' Muffin replied with a brightness and excitement that clashed spectacularly with Sebastian's fury.

'We don't have time for this, Muffin. Shift back to human form right now. I need to speak to her, and she needs to understand the danger you have put us in by letting her ride on our back in public. Stop this right now!' Sebastian growled, but his wolf only picked up his pace in response, and Sebastian suddenly thought he heard something and realized with a jolt that it was coming from his wife on his back.

She was giggling.

'She likes it when I leap!' Muffin rejoiced, and launched them over another tree just to hear the sound of it again, and was rewarded immediately.

Her giggles seemed to reach right into Sebastian's chest and quietly melt the block of cold fury that had been forming there. He was furious with her, furious that she had interfered in Javier's business, that she had missed an important gathering that could have earned her more respect among his people and made her position more acceptable in their eyes even to those who didn't like her, and she had missed all of it just to get herself into trouble with his psychopathic cousin.

But then she giggled again, and he leaped higher than was strictly necessary just to hear it once more.

Viola had never been this high up, that was how enormous the wolf was, and leaping over the trees carried them even higher each time, the wind rushing across her face, and she couldn't stop the laughter that kept bubbling out of her. The ticklish sensation of the wind, the smell of trees and earth beneath them, the wild and intoxicating scent of pure freedom that came with running at this speed, she couldn't contain it.

No wonder werewolves loved to run through open fields and had entire festivals dedicated to it. If she had a wolf of her own, she would run like this every single day without exception. There was a

sense of freedom to it she hadn't felt in awhile now. It almost felt like she had been choked in a cage and was suddenly freed.

When Sebastian's wolf began to slow, Viola looked ahead and saw why, they had arrived at the edge of a cliff, and the wolf's powerful run eased into a slow, careful walk until he came to stand right at the very edge of it. She instinctively tightened her grip on his soft fur, as if she feared being tossed down the cliff. Why were they standing so close to the edge?!

Viola wondered fearfully until the fierce wind hit her face full-on. She looked up, and her panic immediately disappeared as her blue eyes took in the magnificent scenery.

The sky above was the deepest blue she had seen in a long time, scattered with soft, full clouds drifting slowly across the glimmering sun, and the warmth of it settled against her cold skin like something she hadn't realized she had been missing. She closed her eyes and drew it in, her hands moving without thought, stroking slowly over the soft thick fur of the wolf beneath her.

"This feels so nice..." Viola whispered softly as she opened her eyes again.

Below the cliff edge the land dropped away into more trees and a dense, dark forest, but above it the horizon stretched out in every direction, open and breathtaking.

"I want to get down," she told the wolf, and it bent down for her to do so.

She slowly slid down from the wolf's back, his height still towering over her even when she was standing on her own feet while it was sitting down, its tail swishing on the ground. His head was turned toward her, silver eyes glimmering like polished steel catching the afternoon sun.

She hadn't noticed it before, the wolf had dark fur ringing his eyes that made the silver color of them stand out even more brilliantly. It was striking, and there was something almost cute and adorable about it, though there was absolutely nothing cute about a wolf large enough to crush a person beneath a single paw without effort.

"I never knew you were this big in your wolf form, Sebastian." Viola mused softly, reaching out and pressing her hand to his nose before trailing it slowly down into the thick fur of his neck.

He leaned into her touch immediately, like an enormous, overgrown puppy, and she smiled at it. "Every Alpha I have ever come across before was not even half your size." She tilted her head, looking into his eyes. "Do you have a wolf name?" She asked softly, because she knew every werewolf carried two names, one for their wolf spirit and one for their human form, even though the two existed as one and the same. Surely the supreme Alpha's wolf would carry a name worthy of what he was.

With such size his name would be enormous and great.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 193: Adorable wolf[1,186 words]

Chapter 193: Adorable wolf

'Don't you dare tell her your name or I will rip your soul from mine.' Sebastian warned sharply, but Muffin ignored him with the same ease Sebastian used to ignore Muffin when he was the one in control, and leaned further into Viola's hand as he said,

"My name is Muffin, mate." He said it in wolf language, and Viola's brows pulled together before a soft laugh escaped her. "Oh, I forgot. I can't understand your language. I don't have a wolf to bridge that gap."

'How unfortunate.' Muffin thought with a genuine groan of disappointment.

Sebastian allowed himself a brief exhale of relief, but it was short-lived. His eyes had found the bruise darkening her cheek and the dried blood still on her face, and something tightened inside him at the sight of it.

He leaned in and began to lick her face carefully, and Viola startled at first, tensed beneath the unexpected contact, before she understood what he was doing and relaxed. She felt his tongue stroke across her cheek, and along with the warmth of it came a soothing, cool relief that spread over the bruised and swollen skin where Javier's fist had landed.

When he finished and pulled back, he looked directly into her eyes, his tongue passing briefly over his own mouth, and Viola smiled at him.

"Thank you. Not just for this, but for earlier. You saved me from being crushed by that door." She whispered, shuddering slightly at the thought of it. That door would have definitely crushed her to death.

He made a low sound deep in his chest that she took as an acknowledgment of her words. Stroking his neck, Viola turned to look at the sunflowers growing at the edge of the cliff, their faces open and turned toward the sun, and she thought she could stand here forever just watching the birds drift past and listening to their songs. Without thinking, she bent down and plucked a sunflower, then turned with a smile and tucked it into the wolf's fur.

"It looks good on you." She said, smiling when the wolf gave her a deeply wary look for putting a flower on him.

'Don't take it off, leave it.' Sebastian said to Muffin, who was not at all pleased about being decorated with flowers.

'I am not a girl, man. She is putting flowers on me.' Muffin said in dismay, already wanting to shift away before she added another one, but Sebastian took control of the body and held him firmly in place.

'You are the one who brought us here, so let her enjoy herself for a while. Look at her, she looks free and happy.'

This place had always been one of Sebastian's favorites. The wind here had a way of clearing his head like nothing else could, and looking down at the sunflowers, which happened to be his favorite flower, made something settle warmly inside him, like being a boy again watching his mother plant them.

"You really do look cute with the flowers." Viola remarked, tucking the last one into the fur along the side of his neck, and she was fairly certain the wolf was glaring at her by now. "You don't like it, do you?" She asked, biting back an amused laugh.

The wolf shook his head and made a low, disgruntled noise in his throat. How could he possibly like it? If she had any idea how many people he had intimidated, how much enemy flesh he had torn through in victory, she wouldn't dare put flowers on him. He was an Alpha, the leader above all others, and having flowers tucked into his fur was, frankly, embarrassing. What would his enemies think if they could see him right now?

Had she been anyone else, he would have let his aura flare and sent her stumbling back in fear without a second thought. But she was his favorite of all his mates, this little stubborn hellcat he wanted more than anything to keep close and protect. The problem was that with her personality, she would draw trouble to herself faster than he could ever get ahead of it.

"If I had a wolf, I would love to have flower decorations put on her, but don't worry, I will take them off since you didn't like them on you." She reached out to remove the flowers, but the wolf shifted away from her hand as though he didn't actually want her to.

"You don't know what you want, do you?" She patted his neck and clicked her tongue at him.

"I wonder what it feels like, having a wolf, shifting between forms, running through the trees. It must feel wonderful." She turned her face back toward the open sky, her blue eyes going soft and distant, her hand still moving absently through his fur without her realizing it.

She had never let herself dwell on what she lacked, she had made a habit of not doing that often. But standing here before a wolf who was her mate, in a place where she should be feeling the pull of the bond and the freedom of running alongside him, she felt it settle over her quietly, the sense of being incomplete.

There was a saying in the werewolf world that a person without a wolf could never truly be considered whole. And that was precisely why she would never fully earned the respect of her new pack members, because she couldn't force any of them into submission the way a Luna with a wolf could. Luna or not, today's incident had reminded her sharply of just how powerless she still was in this world without it.

And then it hit her, that somewhere out there, her sister was living with this exact same feeling. The same quiet loss. The same incompleteness. Being seen as less than whole.

'I hope it has been easier for you than it has been for me, Ivy. I will hate to find out that you suffered more than I have.'

The wolf pressed his head gently against her side as though he could feel the sadness that had crept over her, and Viola smiled down at him, her hand finding his fur again. "I still don't know your name." She said softly, rubbing his head. "Will you tell me after you shift back?" She asked. He made a sound she chose to interpret as a yes, and she laughed quietly at that.

After a little while, he bent down and jerked his head toward his back in a clear, wordless instruction for her to get on.

Viola looked out one last time at the beautiful, open horizon stretched before them before she reluctantly climbed back on, knowing that returning meant having to face him in his human form and account for everything she had done today.

She had stepped well beyond her boundaries by interfering in a matter between mates, something she had known even as she was doing it, and something he had every right to take her to task for.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 194: "Like what you see, love?"[1,481 words]

Chapter 194: "Like what you see, love?"

Though Silver was more advanced than any pack in the world, they had not advanced so far beyond the custom of a male wolf having authority over his female, and given that she had caused a fight between cousins and brought chaos into a public hallway full of guests, she did not expect to be let off lightly. She found herself quietly wishing he would simply stay in his wolf form forever so she would never have to face his human one, but that was as close to impossible as a wish could get.

She got back onto his back and the journey back to the city was nothing like the trip out. The lightness was gone. She was dreading whatever confrontation awaited her about her actions today and the punishment that would come with it, because there was always a punishment for interfering in a matter between mates.

She might have told herself she would be an exception given that she was the Luna, but her Luna position carried no real weight without a wolf behind it, and she knew it. She didn't have the authority that position was supposed to come with, and everyone, including Javier, had already made that abundantly clear.

He took her into the building through the back entrance, his Alpha aura and presence suppressed and drawn inward so that they moved through the floors undetected, and they made it all the way to his floor without a single person seeing them.

When they got there she climbed down, and without so much as a warning, Sebastian shifted back into his human form.

Viola gasped and spun around immediately, heat rushing to her cheeks even though she hadn't actually seen anything. There was always that brief, cloud-like smoke that wrapped around the body in the split second after a transformation, covering the nudity before it cleared, and she had already turned away before that happened.

Sebastian pressed a button on the wall and a blanket dispensed from a panel there, and he wrapped it around his waist as he looked at his wife's rigid back. She was standing stiff and straight in front of the door to his penthouse as though she had been planted there.

"Don't tell me you have never seen a man without his clothes before, wife?" He said, unable to help himself.

Viola bit the inside of her cheek and lied without blinking. "I have seen plenty."

The thought of her seeing another man without his clothes sent a hot rush of jealousy and something uncomfortably close to anger churning through him, but he reined it in and arched a brow instead, the corner of his mouth doing a small, involuntary thing. "If you have seen plenty, then why did you spin around so fast? Like you were afraid your eyes would catch fire if you looked at your husband's nudity."

"I didn't spin." She lied, keeping her back firmly to him and her arms crossed tight over her chest. "I was being respectful. Not everyone wants to stand there staring at a naked man the second he shifts."

Though a treacherous and thoroughly unwelcome part of her was extremely curious about what he looked like without his clothes, she pushed that thought down firmly and gave it absolutely no opportunity to make her turn around.

If she was being completely honest with herself, she had never actually seen a naked man, not fully. She had always kept a respectful distance and averted her eyes, even though nakedness was entirely normal among shifters who transformed regularly and saw each other without clothes as a matter of course. She simply had never gotten a wolf of her own and had therefore never shifted among them and been exposed to it the way everyone else had. But she would rather swallow her own tongue than let him know that.

Sebastian let out a soft, low chuckle and walked closer until he was standing directly behind her, close enough that she could feel the warmth radiating off his body.

"Respectful. Right." He said, his voice carrying that quiet amusement that she found particularly infuriating at times. "So all those men you have apparently seen bare, they just walked around in

front of you without their clothes and you didn't so much as blink? Where exactly does the being respectful come in if you have already seen all of them bare? Or do you ask for their permission before looking, out of respect?"

Viola's face burned several degrees hotter. She squeezed her arms tighter around herself and tried very hard to ignore the strange, inconvenient flutter that had taken up residence somewhere low in her stomach.

"Yes. Pretty much. I have seen enough to know it is nothing special."

"Then turn around and look at me, Viola." He said simply. "If it is truly nothing special, it shouldn't bother you in the slightest."

Viola did not move. She stayed exactly where she was, frozen in place, her heart hammering against her ribs with an urgency it had absolutely no business having at the mere thought of seeing him naked.

"I am not turning around just because you tell me to. Unlock your door, or I will go back to my own place. You brought me here for a reason, didn't you?" she asked, steering the conversation somewhere else entirely and keeping her back to him with iron determination. Nothing was going to make her look at something that would haunt her days and nights and stir her up in places she wanted to avoid being stirred.

There was something about Sebastian that unnerved her even without his mark sitting on her skin, something she had no desire to examine too closely.

Whenever her mind drifted to what had happened between them the night before, heat would rise through her body without permission and settle low in her belly, and her thighs would press together on their own and her nipples would become inexplicably, astonishingly sensitive in a way she had never once experienced before him.

He affected her in ways that even Evan's mark couldn't seem to suppress anymore, and that terrified her more than she wanted to admit.

Sebastian leaned in towards her, his breath grazing the back of her neck as he whispered, "V. I. O. L. A." He spelled her name out slowly, one letter at a time, and she frowned in confusion. "Pardon?"

"The door's password. Now you have it, type it in. And you are free to go and come as you please." He whispered, close to her ear, and then straightened up.

He would have kept teasing her, would have very much enjoyed pressing her until she admitted she had never seen a man without his clothes in her life, but there was a genuinely serious matter he had brought her here to discuss, and it could not wait much longer.

Viola was taken aback that he would use her name as a passcode, but just to confirm it, she moved forward and typed it in, and was even more shocked when the door clicked open and the home system welcomed the Alpha back.

He had used her name? Why would he use her name?

As if reading her thought, Sebastian said, "Nobody would guess that V. I. O. L. A. is my passcode, especially when I am trying to keep certain pests out of my space now that I am married."

Viola felt his arm come around her waist as he led her into the living room, and her mind went momentarily blank when she came into contact with his bare torso. She stiffened slightly and quickly stepped away from him as he closed the door, moving to stand to the side.

When the door locked, Viola made the mistake of turning to look at him as he turned away from the door, and her breath hitched. The ripple of raw, hard muscle across his tattooed chest caught her spellbound, even though she had seen it once before in his quarters. But this time, it was even more fascinating than before, for he wore only a cloth around his waist.

A set of perfect abs tapered downward into the deep V shape of his hips where the blanket rested dangerously low, low enough that her eyes instinctively widened before she caught herself. She had never seen skin so bronzed and smooth, not a single blemish on it, nor a body so ripped and hard that even standing still it looked like it was barely containing the strength coiled inside it.

Her eyes made the further mistake of drifting downward and she caught sight of a distinct bulge pressing against the fabric. She stared for a moment out of pure, unguarded curiosity, until his deep, slightly husky voice came.

"Like what you see, love?"

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 195: The cousins conflict[1,217 words]

Chapter 195: The cousins conflict

Viola snapped her eyes away with such force she heard her neck cracked. She turned her back to him and said, "Put something on or I am leaving." She walked further into his living room, her face flushed so deeply red it felt like it had been pressed against something burning. Was he trying to kill her virgin heart?! How shameless could a man be?

"No, no, no, you don't get to leave, honey. You and I have things to discuss. Like how you interfered in someone else's business today." Sebastian said, his amusement and teasing giving way to the displeasure sitting underneath it, displeasure at everything that had unfolded today, on her very first day as Luna.

"What were you thinking to interfere in their business?"

"I interfered because it seemed like nobody else was going to. Everyone stood and watched a woman get abused and beaten and not one person thought to help her because of some stupid

werewolf rule. Do you know he wanted to kill her? She was fed wolfsbane, that is how I found her. And I wouldn't have interfered at all if you, as the Alpha, had done something about your cousin long before now."

Viola said, turning to face him, and completely forgetting in her displeasure that he was still half naked, because she was genuinely tired of the fact that nobody, including him, had ever taken any real action and now that she had, she would be blamed for it. It was totally unfair.

Sebastian's eyes stayed calm as he met her blue, angry ones. "Tell me what made you think you could help a woman who didn't want to be helped? She could return to her family. She could run away, Viola. Nobody is holding her here against her will, and yet she chooses to stay with Javier. Her family would take her back if she told them what her mate was doing to her, but she won't. You saw it yourself today. Did Sofia appreciate your help?"

Viola, who had been ready to argue and stand firmly by her right to help, swallowed her words. Her shoulders slowly dropped. He was right. Sofia could walk away from her husband and go home to her pack, but she never did. Viola had even offered to help her find her way back to the Claws Pack, and the she-wolf had said she didn't want to go.

Was it another form of the abuse and violence she had suffered that made her this loyal to a man who wanted her dead?

It was baffling, truly, deeply baffling, how much Sofia was suffering and yet still ran to the man and pleaded for his life when someone finally came close to making him pay for it.

"They are mates. There is nothing you can do to help her unless she decided to leave him herself. Javier broke their bond but she hasn't accepted his rejection and still clings to him, that is exactly why nobody interferes in matters between mates." Sebastian said, looking at her quietly.

"But still, Javier has no right to torture her like that or try to kill her. Maybe she needs to see that he is no longer the man she married and that he no longer wants her..." She trailed off.

Sebastian let out a sigh. "I once invited the Claws Pack to Silver so they could see their daughter and perhaps take her home. Sofia played along with Javier perfectly, got herself a nice dress, smiled for her family. People call her insane, but she acted completely normal that day and told her family she was doing well and had no intention of ever leaving her husband. They both played the part of a loving couple without missing a beat." He said. "You don't think I find it easy to watch a she-wolf get abused when I have a sister of my own and would never want her in that kind of condition."

Viola lowered herself onto his couch slowly, looking down at her hands in her lap as she said, "I am sorry if I caused you any trouble. I shouldn't have interfered. I just couldn't stand to see anyone suffer. I always think, if it were me, I would have wanted someone to step in..."

Sebastian walked over and sat down beside her on the couch, his eyes dropping to her hands in her lap where she had begun trying to peel off her artificial nails. She successfully pulled one free and he covered her fingers with his hand before she could work her way to hurting herself, and she looked up at him.

"I will never treat you that way." He said, his voice quiet and genuine. "I will never raise my hand to hit you, and if I ever do, may the moon goddess take the limb from me."

Viola felt her heart skip a beat, and her lashes trembled at his words. The Moon Goddess always listened; with him swearing like that to her as her mate, he was condemning himself. If he ever were to hit her, he would indeed lose a limb. Was he serious?

She looked into his silver eyes and saw the sincerity sitting in them, and then looked back down at their hands, his over hers, his fingers moving slowly over her knuckles and sending a quiet, tingling spark through her nerves.

"I know..." She murmured. She did trust that he would never hit her. She wasn't entirely sure how she had come to trust that so completely when every man in her life before him had raised a hand against her at some point, she simply knew, with a certainty she couldn't explain, that he wouldn't.

"There is a reason behind why I never openly interfere with his abuse. My cousin and I don't get along and we have always tried not to cross each other. After my father died, Javier and I became enemies and we made an agreement never to interfere in each other's business unless one of us crossed the other first, and what happened today, honey, is me crossing him first by interfering. Whatever you do affects me as your husband. Do you understand what I mean?" He asked her gently and she nodded her head with quiet guilt.

"I didn't know. I am sorry. What happens now?" She asked, turning to look at him with uncertainty. She hadn't known about any agreement between them, or that the enmity with his cousin was this big.

"Javier will want to retaliate, and because of a promise I made to my parents, I can't go further than punishing him. We have suffered so much death in the past that if we continue to kill each other, the Kade family would wipe itself out entirely. I never go back on promises, not the ones made to my parents. That is why I warned Zoe about him, and that is why she has never gotten involved with Javier. I suppose it was my mistake for not explaining to you the full extent of the enmity between us and why I don't want him to provoke me to the point where I have to get rid of him and his family."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 196: Change of law[1,358 words]

Chapter 196: Change of law

Viola stared into Sebastian's eyes, seeing him in a slightly different light than she ever had before, understanding now why he had never interfered in Sofia's situation or stepped in against his

cousin, and knowing that now that she had done exactly that, if Javier ever decided to retaliate, things between the two of them could get far worse.

"Then you should have let him punish me earlier..." She whispered softly, genuinely meaning every word of it. "If Javier had gotten the satisfaction of hurting me, he wouldn't feel insulted enough to want to retaliate against you. It is not like it would have been the first time I have been punished for something."

Sebastian let out a laugh at how utterly serious his hellcat looked telling him he should have allowed his senseless cousin punish her, and unable to help himself, he reached out and pinched her cheek, squeezing it lightly.

Viola hissed and swatted his hand away, glaring at him. "I am being serious, why are you laughing? It really wasn't my intention to cause any more conflict between you two."

"I know." Sebastian said, still smiling. "You didn't mean to, you just can't help but attract trouble wherever you go. Did you think I swore off my own limb if I ever hit you, just to turn around and allow another man to hit you?" He questioned, his amusement fading as his eyes settled seriously on hers.

"Viola, nobody touches my people, especially not my Luna. You are a Luna, wolfless or not, and he had no right to lay a hand on you. If anyone ever does that again, I will cut off their hands. Do not allow anyone in this pack to treat you poorly because your wolf hasn't surfaced yet. You are their Luna and you have to make them understand that."

Viola saw the seriousness on his face as he said it and felt something soften and warm inside her. It started as a flutter in her chest that moved down to her stomach, and she looked away from him, breaking whatever spell had been building between them as she said,

"I can't force anyone into submission if they defy me, so how do I make them respect me?" She mused quietly, looking down at their interlinked fingers. Something about how he held her hand just felt remarkably right. So right that it stopped her from her impulsive behavior of peeling the skin of her nails when anxious.

Sebastian reached out and lifted her chin to make her look at him. "I don't want you to ever feel less than anyone in this pack, and I hate that I can't simply tell you I will force everyone to respect you. The more I do that publicly, the more you will become a target, and your life here will be put in danger. But know this, whoever touches a single hair on you will suffer for it."

Viola absorbed his words, and with them came the realization that pack structures were the same everywhere, if an Alpha had a weak Luna or mate, that person would inevitably be used as a weapon to get to them. Which was precisely why she still found it so difficult to understand why Sebastian was giving her any real attention when she had nothing to offer him in return, no family background, no wolf, nothing. She was the most useless Luna to a supreme Alpha...

She felt his fingers touch her cheek, stroking it slowly, and she moved her chin gently away from his hand and said, "If I am going to make this place safe for myself and for every other vulnerable she-wolf here, I need your help with something."

She had thought about this ever since Sofia first told her what had happened to her and why Javier had turned against her, and she had come to a clear conclusion about what needed to be done. And having Sebastian remind her that she still held real authority over his pack members and was not just a Luna in name alone had made her realize that she could still act on it.

Not only for someone like Sofia, but for the sister she would soon be bringing here to live with her.

"What is it?" Sebastian asked.

"I want to change a rule and a law across the entire werewolf world. I want that belief, that any she-wolf who lets her scent loose during her heat season is asking to be fucked, removed entirely. I want a law put in place that states any male who touches a female without her consent during her heat season is punishable by death. That way, she-wolves will feel protected during their heats rather than afraid of them."

Viola still clearly remembered the day she had almost been attacked and raped in the forest during her heat, and how Sebastian had arrived in time to stop it, her pheromones had been the very thing that drew the danger to her.

Sebastian saw the determination burning in her eyes, and though part of him wanted to tell her that changing such a deeply ingrained belief would earn her more enemies than she was ready for, from the male especially, he also recognized that this new law would keep her safe, and he would no longer have to be worried every time she forgot to take her suppressant. With a law like that, no male would dare take his woman and get away with it.

It wouldn't sit well with many male werewolves, and even some women who had used that same belief to set others up would push back against it, but Sebastian understood that protecting her would sometimes mean displeasing his people.

He still needed to manage the situation with the people who had witnessed him carrying Viola on his back and were now drawing conclusions, particularly his aunt Camila, and whoever else was quietly watching and wondering whether the new Luna could be used as leverage against the supreme Alpha.

Muffin had not cared in the slightest about what anyone thought, because his wolf's approach to problems was to bite the head off whatever caused them, but Sebastian had learned from enough experience that cleaning up after his wolf form was rarely simple.

"Will you sign the agreement papers giving me permission to move forward with changing that law? I can't take a single step toward changing anything without your name on it first." She looked at him with quiet, sincere hope in her eyes.

Among all his Lunas, Sebastian thought, looking at his wife, Viola was the first to want to make a good change. Most of his Lunas had only wanted the title and never used the position for anything positive.

Sebastian parted his lips to say yes, and then stopped himself, knowing the moment he agreed, she would likely jump up, thank him, and go straight back to her own penthouse. And he genuinely wanted her to stay a little longer, not only because spending time with her would help her wolf, but simply because he wanted her there.

So instead of saying yes, Sebastian looked away from her with a long, heavy sigh. "It will take a great deal of convincing with the elders, those stubborn old geese, and that kind of thing takes energy. Right now I am running quite low." He leaned against the back of the couch.

"Oh..." Viola murmured, not quite sure what to make of that. "But will you speak to them once you have rested?" She turned to look at him.

"Hmm." He hummed thoughtfully. "I will. The only thing that truly restores my energy is a good massage, it settles the nerves completely. But now that I am a married man, I don't think my wife would appreciate me going to another woman for that, so I have been thinking." He looked at her with a perfectly nonchalant smile. "How about you massage me? Give me a good oil massage and I will go to the elders straight after. What do you think?"

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 197: Massage/ casual conversation_Part 1[1,158 words]

Chapter 197: Massage/ casual conversation_Part 1

Viola blinked, her mouth going dry at his words. A massage. From her. On him. Her eyes moved over Sebastian's body again, his skin still carrying that wild, heated glow from the shift, muscles coiled tight beneath the surface like he was barely holding his wolf in check. The sight made her stomach twist with nerves and something far more dangerous. She could never dare to touch his skin.

"You... want me to give you a massage?" She whispered.

He nodded.

"I have never done it before. Not once. I wouldn't even know how to start or where to begin." Not unless he wanted her to pinch his skin, she genuinely didn't know the first thing about massage.

Though many werewolves frequented the massage houses built into packs for relaxation after a shift, with sections for females with male masseuses and sections for males with female masseuses, Viola had never once stepped foot inside one. She had only heard that things far beyond massage tended to happen there.

When a werewolf talked about an oil massage, they were never referring to a simple shoulder rub. She knew that much, and she was completely lacking the experience to offer anything beyond one.

"It's not that hard." Sebastian said. "You could give it a try."

Viola shook her head. Even if she wanted to, she knew herself well enough. "I don't know how to."

He gave her that slow, wicked smile that always did something inconvenient to her knees and reached for his phone on the side of the long couch they were both sitting on.

"How about you watch a video first, would that help? The massage houses post videos online to draw in more clientele. You could watch one and go from there."

Viola bit the inside of her cheek as he watched her, waiting for her response. She could easily tell him she wasn't going to massage him, but then he had helped save her from being crushed by a door today, had saved her from Javier's madness to punish her, and on top of all of that he was willing to help her change a law that had been embedded in their world for generations. The least she could do was help him relax with a massage. It was just a massage.

Viola gave him a short, curt nod. "Show me the video." She muttered.

Sebastian grinned and his thumb swiped across his phone screen for a moment before he turned it toward her.

Viola took the phone and pressed play. She started watching with open curiosity and a genuine willingness to learn, but what began playing made her breath catch hard in her lungs. Was this a massage video or a full, explicit erotic display?!

The video showed a man lying face down on a massage table with a woman straddling his thighs. She was almost entirely naked in a thin white spaghetti strap dress that clung to every curve of her body like a second skin, her oiled hands sliding down the full length of his back in long, slow strokes.

Her thumbs dug into the dimples just above his backside, her palms gliding lower and spreading the oil until it glistened over every hard inch of him. The man groaned deep in his throat when her fingers slipped beneath the edge of the towel draped across his ass, and the camera didn't flinch from it, it zoomed in on the way her hands worked the oil into his skin like an act of worship, until his hips flexed up off the table entirely.

Heat flooded Viola's face in a burning wave. This was not something that could reasonably be called a tutorial, it was far too intense to be watching casually on a couch next to the man she had just married. She stopped the video the moment the woman began to remove the towel entirely, cleared her throat, and turned to Sebastian with every ounce of composure she could scrape together.

"That — that is not a tutorial." She choked out, thoroughly mortified. "That is... I can't watch that. It's too much. I don't think I can do any of that." She threw his phone back at him.

His low chuckle rolled through the room. "It is exactly what I need, wife. I am far too tense after the shift and my bones are aching." He set the phone down and stretched out fully on the couch, face down, the cloth riding even lower on his hips until the top curve of his backside was barely covered by it.

"But if you are not comfortable doing it, you don't have to. I will just send for one of the female masseuses from the house to come and take care of it." He began to reach for his phone again.

Viola's hand moved before her brain had any say in the matter. She snatched the phone from his reach and threw it onto the opposite couch, standing over him with a glare.

She didn't fully understand why the image of another woman straddling him and running her oiled hands over his body the way that video had shown sent a hot, scorching flame of jealousy and anger straight to her heart, but it did, and it was so intense that she knew if it ever happened in front of her, she would not be responsible for what she did to that woman.

She closed her eyes and drew in a slow, deep breath. The insufferable man was winding her up on purpose, she knew it, and even knowing it didn't stop it from working.

The jealousy, the possessiveness, the feeling that kept rising in her chest without her permission, all of it was happening entirely against her will, and by the moon goddess she would fight every last bit of it if she had to. Even if it meant doing the massage so another woman wouldn't stir up her possessive anger and cause her to become a twisted woman like before over a man.

Her jaw tightened as she opened her eyes and looked down at him where he lay watching her with a quietly questioning expression, as though he was genuinely waiting to see what she would decide. If she weren't so determined to change that law, Viola thought, pressing her lips together, she would not be entertaining this for a single second.

"Where is the oil?" She asked, her voice carefully indifferent even as her heart was hammering against her ribs.

"Let me go and get it—" he began, already moving to get up, and she leveled a flat glare at him that stopped him where he was.

"Tell me where it is and I will get it myself." The absolute last thing she wanted right now was for him to stand up and have that cloth fall away entirely. Her face burned at the imagination.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 198: Massage/ casual conversation_Part 2[1,492 words]

Sebastian gave her a knowing smile as he told her where to find the arrays of massage oils in his closet cabinet.

Finding different kinds of oil bottles with different scents and spices in his cabinet, a thought crossed Viola's mind. Did he invite women to his penthouse for a daily massage to have this many options in the cabinet?

Did Laila and all those rumored she-wolves who were identified as his mates give him such erotic massages? The thought sent a heat of displeasure to her chest and the will to do better than any of them consumed her, and Viola didn't even realize she was beginning to think the way she would have in the past when she wanted to please someone and make them see her as a better option than anyone else, until she made her way back and then it hit her.

"Control yourself, Viola." She told herself, reminding herself how she would never have to fight for a man's attention again and how she didn't need all of these feelings adding to her problems again.

She didn't need any of them getting in the way of why she had married Sebastian and fought to be his Luna. She had done all of this for Ivy, and that hadn't changed. This wasn't about her.

Viola told herself as she came back to her husband on the couch. She snatched the bottle cap off, poured way too much oil into her palms, and rubbed them together until the spicy scent filled the air and the oil heated up between her palms.

She kneeled beside the couch and then hesitated to touch his skin where he lay on his stomach with his hands pillowed under his chin. Slowly and gently, she finally touched him.

The second her oiled hands touched his shoulders, Sebastian's entire body tensed, then melted under her palms with a deep, throaty sigh.

His skin was burning hot, slick now, every muscle hard as carved stone. She pressed harder, sliding her hands down the wide plane of his back in clumsy circles, trying to copy what she'd seen even though her face felt like it was on fire.

She heard him let out a deep, satisfying groan as he huskily said, "Press harder, love. I won't break."

Viola bit her lip so hard she tasted blood and leaned in, letting her fingers dig into the knots along his spine, and realizing how the silence and his occasional groans made her feel strange, she decided to break the silence by saying,

"Out of everything you could have gotten as a tattoo, you got a snake and a complete scale on your back. What's the history of it?" She asked curiously, looking down at her handiwork.

The oil made everything slippery, obscene, his tattooed back shining and reflecting the light that came from the overhead lights as all his window curtains were drawn to keep the afternoon light out. The snake scales on his back were so real she thought they would turn over with the movement of her hand.

"There's no touching history behind my tattoos. I like ink on skin, it has fascinated me since I was a boy and I waited until I was sixteen to get one. I like things with scales so I chose snakes. The one around my neck was the first one I got." He told her, his voice coming out thick and lazy.

Viola's hand moved to the snake head on the side of his neck, stroking it subconsciously. "Does it hurt to get one?" She asked curiously, her hands gliding lower again, tracing the deep groove of his lower back, brushing the edge of the cloth.

Every time her thumbs pressed into a new spot, Sebastian let out another low sound that made her stomach clench.

"Not to me. I didn't feel the pain because I got most of them at moments I was grieving. The first one was when my twin brother..." He stopped himself short as if realizing something, and then went on without completing what he had wanted to say first.

"The second one was when I lost my first Luna, and the third when I lost my second. The pain in the heart and nerves after losing a mate was too heavy for any other pain to register. So no, it wasn't painful." He told her quietly.

"But it helped me heal in a way, in my own way, as the ink used was added with a potion meant to heal a broken heart, or so I was told by the elders, who believed an Alpha can't grieve for too long and needed to bounce back to his responsibilities. Emotions like that make a leader weak and vulnerable, and I couldn't afford them, so those scales were tattooed onto my back."

He told her with a voice that held no emotion, almost like he was speaking of the weather, and Viola looked down at the tattooed snake scales with new eyes. They had helped him heal from grief. The grief of losing the wives that had come before her. Something about that sat heavy and quiet in her chest in a way she hadn't expected. She ran her hands slowly over them, rubbing the scales with her oiled palms as if she could feel the weight of what they carried beneath her fingertips.

She wanted to ask him about his first and second Luna, how his relationships with them had been before they died and how much time it had taken for him to recover after each loss, but she knew she wasn't yet ready to hear any of that. She was still learning to control the feelings growing inside her, and hearing about the women who had perhaps loved him and lost him because of a curse before she ever came into the picture might not help her the way she needed right now.

"Do you plan to get ink on your skin?" Sebastian asked when she went silent for too long.

"I don't know. Though I do know I won't be getting a snake. Perhaps a butterfly. I like them." She whispered, and she heard him chuckle low in his throat.

"I never imagined someone like you to like butterflies. I would have expected a tiger or a lioness." He teased, and she pinched his shoulder, causing him to yelp.

"That hurt, love." He complained. "That is so not professional. Masseuses don't pinch their clients."

"I meant for it to hurt. I like butterflies and birds, and I like cute things just like any other woman, and if you make fun of my taste again, you will receive pinch marks all over your back." She warned, biting her lower lip to hold back a smile as she pressed into his shoulder blades with force.

"I don't mind, as long as it's a mark from you." Sebastian mused softly, and then he added, "After all the guests return to their packs, I will take you somewhere. I think you will like it. Will you go with me?" He asked her.

Viola felt her heart leap in excitement. "Where?" She questioned, suppressing the excitement.

"I can't tell you, it will be a surprise. Will you go?"

Viola would be lying to herself if she said she wasn't curious or didn't want to go to this place he thought she would like. She shrugged casually even though he couldn't see her, so as to appear like she didn't care that much. "If I don't have anything to do. Sure, I will go."

"Don't worry, you won't have anything to do." He promised.

Viola bit the inside of her cheek as she thought that if it happened to fall on the same time she would go to Nightshade, then she would have to sadly turn him away, for finding Ivy was more important than spending time with a man she was starting to feel deeply attached to.

She could feel him relaxing as she massaged him more, but underneath that relaxation something else was happening. His hips shifted once, twice, pressing into the couch like he was fighting the urge to roll over.

Sebastian's control was barely hanging by a thread the more her hands moved over his back. Her hands were so small, so fucking tiny, yet every stroke was pure torture.

The way she hesitated when she brushed the top of his ass, the soft little gasp she made when he groaned, it was driving him insane. His cock was rock hard beneath him, trapped against the couch, throbbing with every glide of her oiled fingers. He wanted to flip over, yank her on top of him, and show her exactly how hard she was making him. Wanted to taste those embarrassed little sounds she kept swallowing down.

His hips moved against his will again when her fingers drifted lower.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 199: Can I kiss you now?[1,284 words]

Chapter 199: Can I kiss you now?

"Are you all right?" Came her innocent question that made him curse internally. How could he be all right when her hands were torturing him like that? He didn't know why he had even suggested a massage out of all the things they could do, for his body was already so sexually deprived and starved that he got aroused easily.

"Hmm," he hummed softly. And then he said, "You haven't massaged my front."

He couldn't take it anymore and turned onto his back, as laying face down would make him thrust his hips against the couch until he found release from her seducing hands.

In one smooth move, Sebastian was laying on his back.

The cloth around his waist slipped dangerously low. His erection strained against the fabric, thick and obvious, the head already glistening with a bead of pre-cum that soaked through. Viola's eyes widened as her gaze fell on it and she hurriedly turned her head away, turning red from head to toe.

She hadn't intended to look, she really hadn't, and now that she had, she couldn't unsee it. Her heart was hammering so loud she was almost certain he could hear it. She stared very hard at the wall beside her, willing the image out of her mind, and failing completely.

Did he put something else under the cloth to make it appear so huge? Was a man supposed to be that big down there? She had seen things, heard things, but nothing had prepared her for the reality of Sebastian laid out in front of her like this, barely covered and completely unashamed. And the liquid soaking through the fabric...

Viola felt her throat go dry along with the clenching of her core, and she suddenly felt like she needed air because the room had become suffocatingly hot. Her oiled hands felt useless at her sides. Every rational thought she had was pointing her toward the door and yet her legs weren't moving the way she was telling them to.

"I...think that is enough massage. Let me go wash my hands." She began to stand to escape so she wouldn't look at that impossibly long, bulging organ that she knew one day would have to go into her. The thought alone made her feel faint.

"Don't go. Come here," he rasped.

His hand caught her wrist and tugged her forward until she fell over him on the couch.

Viola gasped as he swiftly made her straddle his hips, her knees sinking into the cushions on either side of him. For a second she just stayed frozen above him, palms flat against his oiled chest, too stunned to process what had just happened and how quickly it had. The heat of his cock pressed right against her core through their clothes, hard and burning, and the contact pulled a sharp breath out of her that she couldn't suppress no matter how hard she tried.

"Sebastian..." She gasped, looking at him in shock at the jolt of heat that rushed through her body and made her nipples tighten against her bra.

She should have gotten up. She knew she should have. Her mind was telling her clearly and firmly to get up, and yet the rest of her was doing absolutely nothing about it, too busy feeling the

warmth radiating off him and the pressure of him beneath her that was short circuiting every sensible thought she had left.

"Does Evan's mark still bother you?" He questioned, looking up at her flushed face. He had seen the faint mark on the back of her neck earlier and he was certain it had disappeared. He gritted his teeth at the thought that his temporary mark hadn't wiped it off completely but only temporarily.

Viola nodded her head. "Just a little. It's not as painful as before. Our position is inappropriate, I should get up." She began to attempt to stand but Sebastian pinned her down, not allowing her escape.

"Not so fast, wife. I was told by a doctor that intimacy with your mate helps a locked wolf surface. Allow yourself to get intimate with me. It won't only help with your wolf but will speed up the process of fading Evan's mark." He reached up and tucked a few strands of black hair behind her ear, caressing her cheek gently.

Viola's eyes narrowed down at him. "Where did you hear that it will help a wolf surface?" She asked seriously, as the matter of her wolf who remained in hiding was huge to her. She belatedly recalled what the voice in her head, which she believed belonged to her wolf, had once said. Find Ivy and your fated mate. She'd found her fated mate but not her sister.

"A doctor told me so. Zoe's doctor, Gilbert to be precise. I explained to him about your condition and he gave me that solution."

"You did?" She asked, feeling suddenly vulnerable from the warmth that swelled in her heart and the sound of another brick breaking loose from the wall she had put so firmly around it.

"I did." He replied with a faint smile, looking into her blue eyes that were staring down at him. They stared at each other for a while, each carrying a different thought in mind. Him finding her utterly irresistible, and her thinking that he was making it harder and harder for her to want to resist him at all, and she wasn't sure whether to be grateful for that or frightened by it.

"Can I kiss you now?" He asked her, his gaze trailing down to her lips where she moistened them with her tongue.

"I guess, if it is something that will help." She whispered, fisting her oily hands against his chest. She knew she was slightly deceiving herself. She wasn't allowing him to kiss her only because it would help, but because she wanted to feel his mouth on hers again.

Sebastian sat up on the couch in an eager hurry that almost sent them both tumbling to the floor, one big hand sliding up her back to gently fist in her hair. His mouth crashed into hers.

The kiss was starving. Sebastian licked into her like he'd been dying for it, tongue stroking deep, tasting every shocked little whimper she made. His other hand gripped her hip, grinding her down onto his cock in slow rolls that made her moan into his mouth.

The oil on his skin made her hands slide when she grabbed his shoulders. Her nails dug in as pleasure shot through her like lightning. She was stunned when she didn't feel the pain of Evan's mark at all. It was barely there as desire shot into her every nerve.

Every drag of her clit against his length had her thighs trembling. The friction was so good it made her toes curl tight and her fingers dig deeper into his skin, and it wasn't until she felt the uncomfortable dampness pooling between her thighs that everything caught up with her all at once. Her breath stuttered.

She was wet. Actually wet, soaking through her panties from nothing more than this, from the pressure of him beneath her and the slow roll of her own hips that she hadn't even fully realized she had been moving until now.

The realization stunned her still for just a split moment. Her body had already decided without asking her permission. She had never felt anything like this before, this particular kind of warmth, this specific loss of control, and the fact that it was happening so easily and so completely was almost more overwhelming than the feeling itself.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 200: Denied[1,269 words]

Chapter 200: Denied

Sebastian groaned against her lips when she resumed rolling her hips against his hardness. "You feel that? That's what your hands did to me. Keep moving, baby. Just like that—"

The sharp ringing of his door suddenly pierced through the moment, but he didn't stop his wife, allowing her to grind herself against him to find her pleasure.

"Seb!" Came Matt's voice in his head. "You've changed your password. I can't come in and we need to talk."

Sebastian cursed inside his head. It seemed it was absolutely time he sent Matt away to go back to his family's quarters and find himself another Beta, for he seemed to always be the one to shatter his moments with his wife! What was he, a disturbing pest sent by the moon goddess to make him die from blue balls?

"We will talk later. Go away, man!"

"Unfortunately, I can't. It's important and I am not alone out here. Laila is here. I found her at your door."

Sebastian froze, his chest heaving, lips still brushing hers. The name landed like cold water thrown directly over him. His grip on her hip tightened hard but not hard enough to bruise her, his jaw

going tight in a way that had nothing to do with desire anymore. What the hell was Laila doing here?

Viola's breath came in short pants, her body still aching and humming with a warmth she didn't quite know what to do with. She ground helplessly against him once more before she caught herself, blinking slowly as he stopped kissing her and the persistent ringing of the door finally pushed through the thick fog that had settled over her head and pulled her back to reality.

She became suddenly, painfully aware of exactly where she was and what she had been doing, and the heat that rushed to her face had nothing to do with desire this time.

"Fuck," Sebastian cursed under his breath, his forehead dropping to hers. His cock throbbed madly between them, feeling denied. "Stay right here. Don't move...please." He whispered when she began to attempt to stand up.

He didn't let her go. His thumb stroked over her swollen bottom lip as he looked into her hooded eyes that were slowly clearing of the lust haze they had both almost fallen into.

"Can you do me a favor and leave through the other door? There's someone at the door I don't want you to meet. I will talk to the elders before this day ends and finalize the law change for you. Will you do that?" He asked her, his voice still thick and hoarse.

Viola was curious who he didn't want her to meet, but she was right now too eager to get away from him and get ahold of herself and her wanton behavior that she quickly nodded. "I will use the other door. I don't mind. Will...will you come to my place tonight?" She asked as he kept looking into her eyes.

"Maybe. I can't promise, but I will let you know if I can't make it."

They had already discussed the fact that they wouldn't change their living arrangements even after the marriage, which was why they hadn't moved into the same space, and Viola had been comfortable with those arrangements at the time and hadn't seen anything wrong with them. But now that she was aware that spending time with him would help her wolf, she wished she hadn't been so quick to agree to a separate living situation.

However, she nodded and got off his lap, and not even daring to look at that part of him that had been rubbing against her, she allowed him to lead her to the other door he had spoken of. An emergency secret exit, his arm burning warm around her waist as he led her.

"I will see you later." He said, looking at her as she hurried away. But the moment she was out of sight, his smile fell and his face hardened. He didn't like that he was sending her out through the back door like this, even if it was to protect her. She should be walking confidently out of his front door the way his wife ought to.

When his door rang again, Sebastian purposely ignored it to take a quick shower and wash off the oil and his wife's scent before he went out to meet Laila and Matt.

Viola walked through the back door feeling like a sneaking teenager, her insides still throbbing and feeling empty, like she had been caught mid way through eating a delicious meal before she could reach the best part of it. She could still feel the unmistakable dampness in her panties that made her walk back briskly and feel painfully conscious of her own body.

She really wanted to scold herself for being so wanton but she found she was more disappointed that they had been interrupted before she could reach the best part her body seemed to be telling her she hadn't reached yet.

She tried to find the shame but it didn't come. Instead more disappointment was what she found sitting inside her.

Disappointment at not exploring more of what they had been doing before the interruption, more of that hard erection pressing against her sensitive, swollen clit.

Her face burned.

She was twenty-three, almost twenty-four, and had never had sex before. Her life had been too busy in the past for her to ever have a moment to consider what was missing, or to desire it, or even to feel this deep curiosity about that aspect of life.

Perhaps it was the curiosity of being ignorant that was humming through her right now, and it had nothing to do with the fact that it was Sebastian specifically. Viola thought to herself as she made her way to the far end elevator that overlooked the distant door of Sebastian's penthouse.

She stepped into the elevator biting her nails, and as she turned to face the closing doors, her eyes fell on the far end of Sebastian's penthouse door.

Her eyes, which had become clearer and sharper now even without glasses, fell on Laila's back as she stepped into the penthouse and threw her arms around Sebastian, whose arms came around her in return, and Viola felt an involuntary sinking of her heart as her gaze zeroed in on them.

Had he sent her out through the back door so she wouldn't come face to face with his other woman? She felt a sharp prick in her chest and the lingering, humming desire rolling through her like waves began to dissolve like ice melting slowly under a hot sun.

She smiled at her own reflection in the elevator door as the thought came to her. It was nothing. He isn't mine alone. He was never even mine to begin with. He is just my friend, a friend with benefits. It was time she started to get used to it and make her heart dissolve those unwelcome feelings that kept stubbornly growing inside it.

But try as she may, Viola had forgotten how to put hard walls back around her heart. Not with her lips still tingling from his kiss, not with her insides still begging for his touch, not when her nipples still stood erect beneath her clothes, betraying her completely.

"You are going to hurt so much, Viola, if the day he throws you out ever comes..." She told her reflection in the mirror on the wall. "You won't be able to handle it..."

