

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna

Chapter 11: The North Pack_Part 1

It was impossible, nothing belonging to Alpha Kade should ever be anywhere near their pack, not after the bitter feud between them that had lasted for two decades, a conflict so severe that the Supreme Alpha had blacklisted the Moonwillow Pack entirely. Now, in an attempt to repair that old enmity, they had invited Ember, the future Supreme Luna as a special guest. His future Luna didn't come with his coat.

So how could a nobody like Viola possibly have his coat?

Ember, who had already come to believe herself the next Supreme Luna, was also baffled. But she refused to let that confusion show. She had worked too hard to earn the crowd's admiration and respect, especially now that everyone had been informed that Alpha Kade was currently on his way to their pack to wait for her return. She would not allow a nobody to make her look foolish in front of so many eyes.

Straightening her posture, Ember said firmly,

"She stole it from me. Alpha Kade sent it to me as a gift just before I came here. How dare you take something very important to me?"

Her teeth clenched as genuine fury flared through her. Alpha Kade had never given her anything. So how could this useless Hollow be in possession of something that belonged to him?

Viola, still reeling from the realization of who the stranger in the forest truly was, didn't even have time to process the truth, that Alpha Kade, the Supreme Alpha himself, had been her fated mate and had rejected her, before Ember's accusation came crashing down on her.

She wasn't at all surprised Ember accused her of theft.

She understood immediately what this was about.

No wonder he had rejected her the moment he learned where she came from. And even if she hadn't belonged to Moonwillow, Viola knew the truth deep down, he would never have chosen her as a Supreme Luna. Not when there was a perfect, powerful she-wolf like Ember to fit that position.

No wonder his silver eyes had felt so familiar.

He was the untouchable Alpha their pack had been desperately trying to regain favor with for over two decades now, ever since the incident that had caused Moonwillow to be blacklisted from the yearly werewolf resources distributed by the Silver Pack and the Council meetings. Alpha Kade was not the forgiving type, and because of that, their pack's resources had dwindled year after year.

Viola realized then that Ember claiming she had stolen the coat placed her in deep, inescapable trouble. Ember wasn't just any she-wolf, she was the future Supreme Luna.

"How did you steal the coat?" Ember questioned, but Viola chose not to say a word, knowing there was no point.

"Beat her until she confesses how she dared to enter the guest room and steal Supreme Luna Ember's coat!" Alpha Evan barked, pointing at Viola as he gave the order to the Gammas.

Viola wasn't prepared for the savagery of the beating.

Kicks slammed into her ribs, her stomach, her back. A boot struck her face, snapping her head to the side. She tasted blood almost immediately. Still, she said nothing. What chance did her words have against those of a future Supreme Luna?

She coughed violently, blood spilling from her lips as it felt like her insides were being torn apart piece by piece. The pain was relentless. Her breath came in shallow gasps as blow after blow landed on her, until she could barely feel her limbs anymore.

Just kill me.

The thought flashed bitterly through her mind as agony tore through her entire body from the kicks. She hovered on the edge of consciousness, convinced she would either pass out, or die, when Ember finally raised her hand.

"Stop."

Her voice was calm, commanding like that of a leader. "That's enough."

The Gammas stopped instantly, stepping back. Viola's body lay unmoving on the ground. She was still conscious, but only barely, her vision swimming before her, turning everyone into a blurry haze.

"You are far too generous, Supreme Luna Ember," Leni said with a smile, clinging to Alpha Evan's side. "She stole from you. She deserves more than that. You shouldn't show mercy to trash like her."

Ember turned that polished smile on Leni. "This isn't mercy," she replied smoothly. "Showing mercy to a thief would set a terrible example to the others to steal as well. And as a future Supreme Luna, I cannot allow that."

She paused, then continued, her gaze moving briefly to Viola's broken, blood covered body on the ground.

"What I want is to take her with me. If you would be generous enough to hand her over, I will punish her properly once we reach the North Pack."

Ember needed answers, answers she couldn't ask here, where too many people might realize Alpha Kade had never given her that coat. She would take Viola back, pry the truth out of her, and then teach her a lesson she would never forget for daring to have in her possession something of a man that she would marry.

Alpha Evan exchanged a glance with Leni at Ember's request.

He would have preferred Viola dead, or rotting away in the Hollow quarters forever. She was, after all, the only one who knew the truth about how he had cheated his way into becoming Alpha heir. Not that anyone would ever believe her, even if she spoke. Still, he wanted to eliminate every possible complication.

However, he couldn't afford to offend the future Supreme Luna, who he wanted to earn her favor for his pack.

Alpha Evan would give anything to make the Supreme Alpha Kade forgive their pack and open the limited resources available to them, and giving Ember what she wanted, even though it was Viola, seemed like the first step to getting there.

"Sure, we don't have use for such useless people in our pack. You can have her and do whatever you want with her."

Ember smiled and then added, "I'll make sure Alpha Kade forgives the Moonwillow Pack in the future."

Those words brought broad smiles to many of the Moonwillow werewolves, and they cheered for Ember.

Viola was soon chained and placed to the side like a sheep awaiting slaughter. The coat was returned to Ember, who hugged it to her chest, proudly showing everyone how important it was to her.

"He gave the coat to me with so much affection," she mused.

"I'm sorry you almost lost it," Leni said, then added with a smile, "I'm so happy for you, Ember, but I can't help but worry too," as she stepped closer to stand beside her new best friend.

"Why are you worried?" Ember questioned, glancing at the unconscious Hollow at the side, covered in blood and moaning softly. I will deal with you later, she thought.

"About Alpha Kade. Don't forget the rumors surrounding him and all the other Lunas who didn't make it," Leni whispered.

It wasn't a secret to anyone that the Supreme Alpha had lost two Lunas, and both had died within a few years of marrying him. The cause of their deaths was never disclosed to the public. Despite that, many she-wolves would still give anything to be his Luna, because why wouldn't they, when he controlled the entire packs of the world?

Rumors said he was cursed. Not only had he lost his Lunas, but also his twin brother and parents, anyone close to him seemed doomed to die. It made people believe he was cursed despite his immense powers.

"I don't believe in baseless rumors, Luna Leni. They are just rumors. In my belief, those two she-wolves were not strong enough to be the Supreme Luna and weren't prepared for the responsibilities that come with the title. I have trained my whole life for this, and the elders of the Silver Pack chose me for a reason. Don't worry, once we are married, I will first fix the feud and ensure your pack becomes the second strongest," Ember said, wearing the coat over her torn dress that the useless Hollow had ruined for her.

Though Ember couldn't help but wonder how such a skinny nobody had made her lose her balance and fall. She would figure that out once she took her back to the North Pack. A wolfless shouldn't have such strength to knock her down.

Leni smiled at Ember's words. "I can't wait. I will be your bridesmaid at your wedding."

"Sure you will," Ember promised, and they both laughed, while Viola moaned in agony before finally falling unconscious.

Chapter 12: The North Pack_Part 2

Three days later, after the Moon Festival in the Moonwillow Pack, Ember and her family returned to the North Pack, bringing along the Hollow they had starved for the entire duration of their stay at the festival. Ember had made sure she wasn't given a single drop of water and was kept bound in chains the whole time, because she wanted the useless thing alive enough to talk when she finally questioned her properly.

When they returned to the North Pack, the fourth-largest pack in the werewolf world, Ember had already settled back at home when she was informed by her mother, Luna Maria.

"Alpha Kade is staying in a hotel within our territory, and he will be here this evening to join us for dinner and to see you," Luna Maria, Ember's mother, said in delight. "The fact that he stayed for days even though we were not around, with how busy they say his schedule is, it means he is truly interested in you. You are not to disappoint us, Ember. You have trained all your life for this. Put all your training to good use and claim the title of the supreme Luna to elevate our pack."

Ember, who was sitting in her room with an omega polishing her nails, smiled confidently at her mother.

"You worry too much, Mom. No man has ever been able to resist me, and Alpha Kade won't be any different. I will be his Luna. Don't worry about anything," she assured her, entirely unbothered.

She already knew her position as the future Supreme Luna was a done deal, with the elders of the Silver Pack firmly backing her from behind the scenes. Everyone knew that when the elders came together, they could wield more authority than even the Alpha himself, and having them standing behind her was more than enough to secure her place and silence any opposition.

Ember was one of the she-wolves who had graduated from both werewolves high school and college with excellent grades. She was in full control of her wolf and knew how to be not just a wife to an Alpha, but a Luna to a large and powerful pack. She had immense confidence in herself.

Though she hadn't yet found her fated mate, it didn't matter, once an Alpha marked her as his mate, it would sever any lingering bond that might complicate the appearance of a fated one. She would be the strongest and most powerful she-wolf in the world. The thought alone made her giddy with excitement and joy.

"Mom, let me prepare dinner tonight so he can taste one of my specialties. There's a saying that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, though I'm already certain I'm in his heart," Ember said, pushing the omega painting her nails aside as she rose from the bed.

"Do whatever you think will make him unable to turn you down, Ember," her mother replied with a proud smile. Who wouldn't be proud of a daughter like Ember, who seemed capable of everything? She spoke eleven different languages fluently, one of them being the Silver Pack's language, Spanish.

The Silver Pack's first descendant had originated from Mexico, just as every pack had once come from different parts of the human countries before creating a world of their own, far from humans

who knew better than to cross into the werewolves' territory, even though some werewolves still traveled between worlds.

Ember turned and ordered the omega to go and prepare the ingredients she would need for cooking. Though she intended to cook the meal herself, that didn't mean she would ruin her freshly polished nails by cutting and washing ingredients.

When the omega left, Ember's mother hesitated before asking, "Why did you bring back that Hollow from Moonwillow? She's been moaning in the basement where you put her. I don't think it's wise to have a dead body in our home when an important guest will be arriving. Take her out before she dies down there and starts to smell."

Ember scrunched up her beautiful face at the reminder of the useless, wolfless creature who had refused to tell her where she had gotten the coat, despite all the beatings. For someone without a wolf, she was surprisingly strong, still alive after everything, and unbearably stubborn.

"I'll see what I can do about her before he arrives," Ember replied. Her mother patted her arm approvingly and then left to confirm with her husband the exact time their guest would be arriving.

Ember turned her gaze to the expensive coat she had ordered to be laundered and returned. She gritted her teeth, knowing Viola would never tell her where she had gotten it from. She had likely stolen it, or perhaps the Supreme Alpha had discarded it, and she'd retrieved it from the trash. Though that explanation didn't quite make sense, Ember decided it would suffice for her peace of mind.

"Well, if she won't talk, then I have no use for her," Ember muttered coldly. "I won't have her fouling the air when my Alpha arrives, especially not when I'll be in heat tonight, the perfect moment to have him in my bed."

Alphas were known for their sharp senses, and that bitch moaning in the basement would surely be heard, ruining the mood.

"Gamma!" Ember called. When the guard appeared, she ordered, "Shut the Hollow up for now, and once night falls, take her out and get rid of her."

"Yes, ma'am."

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Alpha Kade and his Beta, along with their entourage, didn't arrive until evening. A line of four cars drove into the North Pack estate, and Seb, who was sitting with his head resting against a neck pillow, one elbow braced on the armrest and his cheek leaning lightly against his knuckles, had his eyes closed as though he were sleeping.

In truth, he was wide awake, trying, and failing, to erase a certain image from his mind. He felt the car slow, then come to a full stop, followed by the soft click of the door unlocking and finally his door opening.

"We are finally here," Matt announced to his friend, who had been impatient to get this over with so he could return home and resume his busy everyday life.

"I know," Seb snapped, causing Matt to raise his hands in surrender.

Matt couldn't help but notice how easily irked and annoyed Seb had become lately, but it was understandable. After all, Seb had rejected a mate who didn't have the wolf and bond to accept the rejection, and now he had to endure days, perhaps even months, of heartache until the bond naturally faded and freed him.

Until this bond faded, he wouldn't be able to sense another fated mate or find any peace within himself. It felt like having pins buried beneath his skin, a constant, relentless torment.

The pain of that rejection was far more severe than being stabbed in the heart with a knife. Matt knew they were treading on very thin ice with the Alpha in this foul mood, which was why, throughout the journey, everyone in their escort, including Matt himself, had been exceedingly careful.

Now that they had arrived, he hoped to hell that Ember would be everything they said she was, strong, competent, and worthy of the Luna title, so the marriage could proceed quickly, allowing Seb to mark her and finally sever the bond with the forest girl completely.

Though Matt doubted Seb would truly mark Ember even after the marriage, not when the Alpha no longer intended to bond with another woman in that way. To the Alpha now, he would never again give a woman the power to break him to the point of near self-destruction.

Seb opened his tired eyes and stepped out of the car in a swift, controlled motion. His silver eyes flicked over the North Pack's large estate, where all the pack members lived under a single large fence. Their numbers were no more than a thousand, unlike his own pack, which boasted the largest population, being direct descendants of the first werewolves to ever exist.

"Not bad, three skyscraper-style complexes and a full estate," Matt commented as they surveyed the grounds. "How are you feeling now? Are you up for the meeting?" he asked, turning to Seb's hardened, stone-cold profile.

"Do I have a choice with those old farts breathing down my neck to get a Luna?" Seb scoffed coldly, tucking his hands into his pockets as he began striding toward the estate, his men falling back to give him space, with only Matt following. "I hope Ember is not just another pretty face with no brains."

At this point, with the blue-eyed girl having disrupted his thoughts for the past three days and caused him immeasurable pain, Seb was willing to take any woman the elders suggested to remove her from his mind, as long as she didn't expect too much from him after the marriage.

They would have sex, yes, because an heir was required, but she shouldn't expect any other commitments, attention, or protection from him. She needed to be able to protect herself and to care about every member of his pack as their Luna, not be annoyingly clingy or constantly on his tail the way many women were known to be. Shit like that got on his nerves.

## Chapter 13: The North Pack\_Part 3

They would have sex, yes, because an heir was required, but she shouldn't expect any other commitments, attention, or protection from him. She needed to be able to protect herself and to care about every member of his pack and family, not be annoyingly clingy or constantly on his tail the way women were known to be. Shit like that got on his nerves.

They would discuss keeping their pack thriving, but she shouldn't expect him to give up a single second of his work for her or put her ahead of his meetings and travels. She would be the pack's Luna and the mother of his heir, nothing more than that.

If it weren't for the elders' pressure, Seb believed he was fine without a partner or a mate, because they made a man vulnerable, too vulnerable. He had many fated mates out there, placed by the Moon Goddess in his path, and many of those mates, whenever he was in heat, were there to satisfy him, and he satisfied them in return. All he had to do was give them gold and jewelry, especially Laila, who didn't want commitment, just as he didn't.

She was his favorite of all the mates he had encountered so far, and despite his attachment to Laila, and how he had called her over last night at the hotel as Matt had suggested when he was restless, the hot sex they shared wasn't enough to make him stop thinking about that blue-eyed, skinny girl in the forest. The worst part was that he hadn't been able to climax until he pictured those blue eyes and frizzy hair in his mind's eye.

'I told you not to leave the blind girl, but you were just too wicked and left her, you rejected her,' his wolf said, and its hypocrisy only added to Seb's annoyance.

'Shut the fuck up. You sensed her and led me to her, and we rejected her together because she did not fit into our world, you agreed to it and now you complain and make it sound like it's my fault?'

'Well, if you wanted her, you wouldn't have listened to me, because my words never matter to you anyway. Besides, I wouldn't have rejected her if she had a wolf I could communicate with, if I could feel her heat, and if she wasn't weak and blind. I would have been attached to her if you hadn't taken so many mates for granted, fucked them, and then discarded them like they meant nothing. She's just another mate you will forget soon enough. So let's go and see who Ember is; perhaps she will help you forget that girl, because you don't even deserve someone that innocent.'

True to his wolf's words, only Seb was feeling this torment, because the girl had no wolf that could link with his own. Had she possessed a wolf, had there been a bond his wolf could reach and respond to, the torment would have been doubled, far worse than what he was already enduring now.

Seb pushed his wolf to the back of his mind and entered the luxurious, polished estate that, despite its size and elegance, wasn't a shadow of his own home.

Luna Maria and her husband welcomed them at the threshold, where the omegas and wolves lined the sides with their heads bowed to him.

"Welcome to our humble home, Supreme Alpha Kade," Alpha Andrew greeted with a broad smile, extending his hand for a handshake. Alpha Kade barely looked down at the offered hand, acknowledging the greeting with a curt nod, his silver eyes subtly scanning the estate as if looking for someone, of course, their daughter, the reason he was here.

Luna Maria, noticing how the Supreme Alpha had ignored her husband's handshake and how he was looking around, smiled despite her awareness of his arrogance.

But no worries, she knew that once her daughter married him, she would make sure Ember used her position as his mate and Luna to command his respect for their pack, to elevate them to the top of the werewolf world, and perhaps even to assert control over him in ways only a marked mate could, bending him to her will when necessary.

Luna Maria said, "Ember is getting ready; she'll be down in minutes. Come on in. Dinner has been set, and Ember prepared everything herself."

'Ooh, it seems Ember is marking her territory by making you dinner, Seb,' came Matt's words through their mind link. 'I think I like her already. Let's see if she proves she's more than just another pretty face with no substance. We need someone smart and understanding here, and I bet she is.'

Matt said this to cheer his friend up, but Seb's expression didn't soften in the slightest as he was led to the dinner hall.

Matt desperately hoped Seb would like Ember because, from everything he had read about her, she was intelligent and would make a fitting Luna. He didn't want the Alpha to keep thinking about the blind girl. If anything, Matt wished he had never encountered her, weaklings had no chance in their pack or with the Alpha.

Matt had witnessed firsthand how marrying a weak mate had nearly destroyed his friend. Seb had fallen madly in love and had almost taken his own life when she died. He never truly found himself again until the elders suppressed her memories to cure him. And when he was finally cured, everything about him changed completely.

Though Seb's first wife had been somewhat weak, she still had her wolf, something that could not be compared to a wolfless.

Matt hoped his friend would never have to face such a situation again in his life because he made a wrong choice. Ember seemed the kind of Luna the Alpha needed right now, not the girl from the forest.

Becoming the Luna of the Silver Pack came with so many risks that she might not even survive it, especially considering where she came from that would make the elders immediately reject her.

They were led to the dinner hall, where a long table was lined with covered chafing dishes, each holding a steaming selection of food. When they sat, the omegas began lifting the lids to reveal the delicious meals.

'I already like this Ember so much!' Matt commented through their link as he observed the food.

'You'd like a goat as long as it knew how to cook,' Seb deadpanned.

Before Matt could respond, Ember's presence was soon felt as she walked in, carrying with her a strong scent of rose, her essence scent. Every she-wolf had an essence scent, which drew the male to recognize a potential mate. But unlike the daisies scent in the forest that had ignited everything inside him, Seb felt only mild irritation at the scent of rose, though he carefully masked it.

"Good evening, Alpha Sebastian," Ember greeted with less formality, as she walked in, having taken her time to dress for the occasion and already believing herself the future supreme Luna who didn't need to be too formal with her future mate.

Seb took in her short red dress, which stopped mid-thigh, showcasing long, elegant, smooth legs accentuated by high heels. Her red hair was let down over her off-shoulder dress, which had a deep V-neckline that revealed round, full, firm breasts that looked too artificial. Instead of enticing him, they repelled him, and he deliberately focused on her face instead.

"It's Supreme Alpha Kade to you, princess, until I decide whether you will be my wife or not," he told her indifferently. "Have a seat."

Ember's smile wavered but did not fade completely as she replied, "I won't give you any reason to decide otherwise, because I do believe I am what you need in the Silver Pack, Alpha Kade. You—"

Seb's silver eyes narrowed into slits. "I have heard you are bold, Ember, but one must know when not to be. There are moments I like bold women, and there are times they annoy me, and now is one of those times. Address me in a way you are not permitted, and I will cancel this arrangement immediately, without bothering to get to know you," he warned, his breathtakingly handsome, flawless face unmoved.

Ember and her wolf had been so excited at the thought of him that her panties had already dampened in anticipation of what he would be like in bed, but his words slightly killed the mood.

No one had ever found her annoying in any way, and if he were anybody but the Supreme Alpha, Ember would have made him suffer for her attention. But those cold, silver eyes, glaring daggers at her, made her swallow hard. A shiver ran down her spine.

"Yes, Supreme Alpha Kade," Ember said, exchanging a glance with her mother before carefully making her way to sit beside him.

It seemed it would be difficult to get on this Alpha's good side, but no worries. She was skilled at bending men like him, who, in no time, would be utterly captivated by her. All she needed was to enter his pack and secure her place in his life. Not to mention her plans for him after dinner, in her room, where he wouldn't be able to resist her. That thought excited her so much she was smiling to herself.

'Let's see how you will be able to resist me, Alpha.'

## Chapter 14: The coat he gave her\_Part 1

During dinner with the North Pack, Seb could barely taste the food because of the gnawing feeling inside him, a very depressing ache that came from deep within his soul, the sensation of intense heartbreak that choked and suffocated him.

He barely ate more than five bites because of the sickness inside him and skipped dessert entirely before facing Alpha Andrew in a discussion to distract himself, where the man was already talking about expanding his pack once he married Ember and he made her the Luna.

Seb only listened. He had worked and built the Silver Pack for two decades, having become Alpha at the age of ten after losing his parents and was forced into taking the responsibility for over thousand pack members.

He had poured his sweat and blood into his people, and one thing Seb could not tolerate was another Alpha sitting in his fancy chair, letting his Beta do the hard work of keeping the pack thriving, and believing he could gain more security and power simply by marrying off his daughter to Seb and expecting him to be their protector if larger packs attacked their territory.

There was nothing wrong with an alliance marriage; it had happened for centuries between packs to strengthen and secure them. But there was everything wrong with being an opportunist and placing your entire responsibility on another person who already carried so much.

The North Pack was the fourth largest, and they had valuable natural resources on their land that other packs would love to claim and take full control of. Seb knew this was the reason the Elders had picked a bride for him from here, but he wasn't interested in their natural resources and could get them even without marrying their daughter.

What he needed was a Luna, more than he needed a mate or an ally. If this Alpha expected Seb to take responsibility for protecting and elevating his pack without Alpha Andrew earning it with his own sweat, then fat chance, he would be in for an even bigger disappointment after the marriage, and Seb would blacklist the North Pack.

However, he didn't tell Alpha Andrew that; he didn't want to make an enemy of the man now, especially while he was in his territory and when many of the Elders of the Silver Pack were backing Andrew up and urging Seb to make this alliance, so that their heir would be born from someone who came from a land they could profit from in the future.

If his daughter turned out worthy of the position of Luna and earned it by doing her duty to the pack, then Seb wouldn't have a problem protecting the North Pack's resources and land.

Which was why, the moment he lost his appetite and couldn't eat any more, because of his twisted heart and stomach, he got up from his chair and said to Ember,

"Meet me in the drawing room." He needed to get the meeting, and the getting to know her part of it, over with, and then drown himself in something strong enough to numb the feelings a tiny, skinny little girl had inflicted deep inside him.

He should have just killed her in that forest. Her neck would have been easily ripped off with how skinny she looked. If he had done that, it wouldn't have been this painful, because he hadn't marked her. Her death would have hurt a little, yes, but he would have moved on with his life, without this torment. Seb thought as he strode away from the dinner hall.

"Go after him, Ember," her mother urged as Ember continued to eat her meal, ignoring the command that Seb had just given her to meet him in the drawing room.

Ember flashed her mother a sly smile. "Relax, Mom. If I go after him immediately, it would appear that I am too desperate to be his Luna. But if I take my time, he will know that I am not desperate, nor am I an easy catch." She whispered so the Alpha's Beta, who was wolfing down his food, wouldn't hear.

She was displeased that Seb hadn't eaten more than four bites of what she had worked so hard to prepare, and he hadn't even touched the dessert. It would be nice to make him wait, so he would know that after marriage, if he ignored her or made her angry in such a way, he would be the one ignored instead, and he would have to coax and pamper her to make up for his actions.

"Let him wait for a while."

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, Miss Ember," Matt said as he chewed and filled his plate with more food. Did they think that if they whispered, he wouldn't hear them? Hmph. He was the Supreme Alpha's Beta. They really thought little of him, and Miss Ember here had just decreased her chances of being their Luna with her pettiness. Did she honestly think Seb gave a damn about her sulking?

"The Alpha hates when people keep him waiting. If you don't want to lose your chance, along with your head, I suggest you go now," he said nonchalantly, still eating and tasting his food, talking about someone losing their head as casually as if he were discussing the weather.

"This is really delicious! If you become our Luna, it will be nice to share these recipes with our cooks. So hurry and meet him, because I would hate for you not to be the Luna," Matt exclaimed in delight.

Ember's eyes widened, and she quickly got up from her chair. She had heard so much about the Supreme Alpha, and while she didn't fully believe he would hurt her for playing a little hard to get, she didn't want to risk her chance at being his Luna. Before she left, she said to Matt,

"Don't worry. Once I become Luna, I will cook the meals myself for you. There are more delicacies where that came from." Her chin rose proudly in the air.

She had been taught by top chefs, and it was good to see that the Beta liked it, even though the Alpha didn't show any appreciation.

Matt's eyes rounded in delight, and he gave her a thumbs-up. "I will root for you as our Luna! Good luck," he said, while silently adding, Keep wasting time, Miss Ember, and your chances are going down. He watched her walk away in her impossibly high heels, swaying her hips. Matt sighed. He was already tired of the Elders, and he hoped Ember would be the one so they wouldn't have any more pressure.

Ember didn't go straight to the room where the Alpha was. She first went to her own room to make arrangements for her meeting with him, because they wouldn't only be having a verbal discussion, but a steamy, body meeting as well. She would make sure he wouldn't be able to resist her or forget how hot she was. She had spent millions on perfecting her body, and she planned to put it to full use tonight.

She wasn't some innocent virgin who shied away from desires and lust, men don't care about virginity anymore than she did, not when she-wolves went into heat that required them to be with a man, and certainly not when men couldn't control themselves around she-wolves in heat.

Ember took thirty minutes to prepare, arousing her own body by touching herself and imagining riding the Alpha's cock, ensuring her heat waves would be strong and irresistible. Then, giggling to herself in excitement, she left her room to go to him.

## Chapter 15: The coat he gave her\_Part 2

[Content warning: This Chapter contains mature sexual content, including vivid seduction.]

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In the drawing room, Seb had already grown so impatient and angry that he was beginning to think about leaving entirely, abandoning the house and the pack altogether and marrying anyone he saw fit in his pack, because Ember certainly didn't seem to want this either, when the door suddenly clicked open.

The strong scent of rose and female heat slammed straight into his nose and nervous system, so sharp it was overwhelming, forcing him to sink back into the recliner he had been on the verge of leaving.

Immediately, he was aroused and repulsed at the same time, his body betraying his mind. There was one thing about the werewolf male body: once you were going through the pain of rejecting your fated mate, every other female scent no longer enticed you the way it once would have.

The response dulled. The only scent your body truly sought and yearned for was that of your mate. You searched for her in everything, consciously or not, and anything that carried even a trace of her hit you like an electric shock.

Seb began to wonder why he was feeling his arousal at all when he should have felt nothing but repulsion in his condition, and that question was answered the moment his eyes fell on Ember. She stepped into the room with a slow, sultry smile, then calmly closed the door behind her, sealing the space between them.

His sliver eyes immediately zeroed in on what she was wearing, and his chest tightened into a suffocating knot. His fingers curled into fists.

Ember was wearing his coat, the same coat he had given to that girl. It was the reason for his mild arousal, because it still held the faint scent of her essence, now mixed with rose. She wore nothing underneath, no bra, no panties, and parted the coat to reveal her body even more for him to see.

Her skin glistened as if she had applied oils, but Seb could tell from the smell that it was her own arousal. A slick trail of the juice ran down the sides of her inner thighs, evidence of how intensely she was turned on and in heat.

'Eww,' his wolf remarked. 'Did she really do that to make us want her? Tell her we don't want her, she's disgusting. Where did she get the coat you gave the girl?'

Seb was wondering the same thing, but he didn't want to exaggerate the matter of the coat or the faint scent his body and soul recognized. He remained seated on the recliner where he had been, cheek resting on his knuckles, and looked at her with indifferent eyes as he asked,

"Where did you get the coat from?"

Ember smiled seductively, sliding her fingers between her thighs, caressing her clit as she rubbed herself and rolled her eyes back in pleasure while she replied, "You should tell me that. Where did you last put the coat, Alpha?"

She walked toward him slowly, completely unfazed by his lack of reaction. He wasn't lunging at her the way a normal male would at the first scent of a shewolf in heat, wasn't even looking at her the way she expected.

That wasn't encouraging, but then this was still a chance for Ember to make a good, sexy impression, because no man could possibly ignore something this hot and sexy. One taste would be enough to make him addicted, enough to make him want her badly, and want her enough to marry her immediately.

Seb burned with rage but controlled it. One, he didn't have the right to be angry that a little slut like Ember was wearing something he had given to someone else, a nobody he had wanted erased

from his mind. Two, he hated that she had come bearing that faint scent when he was working his damnedest to forget it. He could kill her for it, but he didn't want war.

"Did you think baring yourself to me like that would make me choose you as my Luna?" Seb asked, his voice collected and calm, a complete opposite to the storm inside him.

He didn't ask about the other girl. He already had an idea of what had happened. Ember had been to Moonwillow Pack, and the girl came from there. There was a strong chance his coat had been found on her, and Ember had claimed it. And the girl...

It was none of his concern what must have happened to her. The moment he had rejected her, she was no longer his problem and would never be. His problem now was Ember, and the Elders who believed she was a perfect match for his Luna. Was this what they consider intelligent?

From what he was already seeing, she lacked the brain required for such a position, she didn't seem to possess the common sense that even chickens had, not that he had seen many she-wolves with brains to begin with.

He wanted someone who wouldn't think her exposed pussy and body was enough to seduce him into making a decision.

Ember laughed softly as she removed the coat completely. "Of course not. What matters is what I know how to do and what I have learned about being a Luna. I noticed you were restless, and as a good Luna, I want to relieve you of that stress. Look at me, do you like what you see?" She swirled around, showing him her back view, swaying her hips and bending so he could see just how wet she was for him.

Looking at him, gorgeously seated on the recliner in a casual, nonchalant way, his shirt unbuttoned at the top and sleeves rolled up, his strong, tattooed forearms peeking from beneath the cuffs; everything about him was enough to make her want him even more.

Who wouldn't want a man who looked like a walking masterpiece, with a face so cold and breathtakingly gorgeous it seemed as though it had been carved by a goddess herself?

"What do you think about my ass, Alpha?" she giggled, wiggling it in front of him.

"Looking at your asshole and seeing you drip like that is doing the exact opposite of what brought you here, Ember. Has anyone ever told you only sluts do such things? Do you know that even sluts have more class than you? Put something on if you want to talk to me, or get the fuck out so I can breathe clean air without smelling your ass." He commanded, authority lacing his voice, his cold silver eyes shooting daggers at her.

Ember, stunned and taken aback by his words, turned to face him. She flushed with embarrassment. "Wh-what? I was just—"

"Wear something before you speak to me and get—" Seb's words immediately died in his throat as his heart twisted even more, and his insides felt like they were ripping apart. His breathing turned labored, and then the scent hit his nose. Her strong daisy scent.

He gritted his teeth angrily. "Is she here?" he demanded, his voice tense, as Ember blinked at him in confusion.

"Who is—"

"The girl I fucking gave that coat to! Is she here?" he demanded again, his voice dangerously sharp, sending shivers and fear down Ember's spine and making her take a step back as he rose from his sitting position.

'She is here. Her scent is stronger and getting farther away. I do think I rather like her scent more than miss Ember here,' his wolf said, urging him to follow the scent, but Seb tried to fight the urge, he didn't want to see her if she was here. He didn't want anything to do with her. He was already stressed enough!

However, when it came to the power of a fated mate, one could only resist to a certain extent. He strode past Ember, who quickly moved out of his way, and yanked the door open, breaking it from its hinges, but he didn't stop as he continued to follow her scent.

Seb didn't know why he was following something he should have been running away from, but one thing was certain: if he found her, he would have to kill this damn girl to free himself from this treacherous bond. He had better not find her, or may the Moon Goddess help her, because of the control she had over him, a control he despised with every part of his being.

He had sworn four years ago that no she-wolf mate, no fated mate at all, would ever hold power over him again. That was why he took women to bed, gave them jewelry, satisfied what was purely physical, and then walked away, far away from anything resembling a bond, until his soul healed.

But this girl wouldn't leave him the fuck alone.

He hadn't trained himself into becoming the Supreme Alpha just to have a little teenager shatter his control and drag him toward her against his will like some lost, obedient puppy.

Seb was so angry with the bond and with himself that he began to run, following the scent, which was getting further and further away from the estate. She wasn't inside the house. His anger began to loosen when he realized the scent was leading him into the back forest behind the North Pack estate.

What could she be doing there? he thought. But just then, there was a sound, a grunt and a cry like a moan, that made his insides churn at the possibility that she was being raped. He gritted his teeth.

Weakling who couldn't even protect herself. What was she doing out here? Didn't she know to stay within her pack members than roam around at night in dangerous places?

Seb increased his speed when he heard her cry out, his heart beating faster than a drum, throbbing in his head and ears. He expected to find a scene where she was being gang-raped by some Gammas, just like the last time, but he wasn't prepared for what he saw at the clearing of the forest.

Everything inside him went still at the sight before him.

'Shit!' his wolf cursed. 'Double shit...'

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna

Hours ago.

Viola's entire body burned to the point she could no longer tell where the pain was coming from. It was like hot water had been poured over her skin and seared her internal organs from the torment of the wolfsbane.

Would death bring her relief from this agony? she wondered, but even death couldn't take her, just like living hadn't, and every person she had thought cared for her had turned away.

She wanted to make them suffer double the amount of her torment and pain. She wanted them to see what living in hell while alive felt like. But Viola couldn't even help herself. She moaned and groaned in pain. Her throat burned with thirst, and her stomach cramped painfully.

Every part of her body felt light and heavy at the same time. She had been starved to the point where she could no longer even feel hunger or think about food, her taste buds ruined by the constant bitter taste coating her tongue because of the wolfsbane.

Viola at least tried to open her eyes to see where she was and where the evil Ember had brought her.

Ember had made her Gammas beat her because she refused to tell them where she had gotten the coat from. What Ember didn't know was that even if Viola wanted to talk, her throat was too raw to make any sound, the injection given to her had burned her vocal cords to rawness.

Normally, there were different kinds of wolfsbane: one dose mainly for torturing and another for killing instantly. But even the kind used for torture could kill when the dose became too much.

Viola couldn't tell how much of it she had been injected with and forced to swallow.

She moaned again as her stomach cramped, feeling as if pins were digging into her insides. She was burning all over.

She tried to force her eyes open to see where she was and to find anything that could end this miserable life of hers and make the unbearable pain stop.

But when Viola opened her eyes, she was hit with, and wacked by, the realization that her right eye vision had turned completely white, the other eye blurry and hazy, with the little light coming from what must have been a window or door dancing in front of her.

Hot tears rolled down her feverish, hollowed cheeks and burned the bruises there. She had lost one of her eyes. Evan had broken not just her heart and soul but her eye. She wouldn't have been here if it weren't for him.

Viola wanted to blame her parents as well, but how could she blame them when she didn't even know them? The Lindens had adopted her from an orphanage, believing they wouldn't be able to give birth to their own child, and as a Beta family, they needed a daughter more than a son, so she could marry and increase their power in the pack.

That was the reason they had adopted her, or should she say adopted her twin sister, Ivy? Viola almost let out a bitter laugh, but even that proved impossible with the kind of pain she was in. Was this karma finally getting back at her? Was she paying for that long-past mistake of what she had done to Ivy?

The Lindens had made the adoption a secret. Her father, Beta Elliot, had sent his wife back to her family pack for a few years to make the Moonwillow Pack members believe she had gone there to

give birth, not knowing they had arranged that to adopt a seven-year-old daughter from the orphanage to make her appear to be theirs.

When Viola had been brought to Moonwillow Pack, nobody knew she was adopted. Everyone took her as the biological daughter of the Lindens, who doted on her like a princess and gave her everything she ever asked for. The only person who knew was Evan.

She and her adoptive mother had gotten along so well that Viola kept the truth of her bitter past a secret, because she feared losing their affection and being thrust back into the harsh life of the orphanage. Life in a werewolves' orphanage was brutal in its own way, a place no child would ever want to grow up in. Many of the children there were born to rogues who didn't have the means, the stability, or the will to care for a child, and so they abandoned them in a cold, unforgiving place like that.

Viola hated the orphanage with everything in her, unlike Ivy, who had seemed to endure it far better than she ever could.

She had done everything ever since she was a little girl to remain loved so she could never be thrust back to the orphanage, but that shattered when the Linden couple finally found out they would be having their own child. Fear had lunged into Viola when she learned her adoptive mother was pregnant.

What if they stopped loving her and threw her back to the orphanage? What if they threw her out into the streets to live as a rogue without a pack?

She had been ten years old then. Because of that fear, Viola had begun to do things that would ensure their love and care wouldn't wane. She became close to Evan, who doted on her so much because she did his homework in school and made him pass his exams. At school, he had always flunked every test receiving the lowest scores, but when they became friends, he started coming second to her.

Her relationship with Evan had grown into their teenage years. Even though her adoptive parents now had two children of their own flesh and blood, they still doted on Viola, but she often felt it wasn't unconditional love, because they always asked about how her relationship with Evan was progressing.

Viola had never wanted to lose Evan's affection because it would mean losing her parents' affection along with it. Thus, she had begun to do many despicable things to make sure she was the only one he ever saw. She would bully and make any other she-wolf's life miserable if Evan showed even a slight interest in her. She was possessive over him and made sure every female in the pack knew he belonged only to her.

Evan had been the reason she got everything, and she had done everything to keep it, even cheating during the Alpha test for him to become Alpha. She had used all her bank savings to bribe and manipulate her way for him to reach that position, but in the end, he left her.

How easily she was disposable to everyone, how easily they turned their backs on her, how easily she had also turned her back on Ivy?

More tears rolled down her eyes as she moaned,

"I am... sorry, Ivy... I am sorry for being a terrible twin sister..."

If she could turn back time, she would have done things differently. She would never have given her all to Evan. She would have lived her life differently. She wouldn't have been so desperate to keep everyone who never wanted to stay in her life around her by doing things.

And if she ever got out of here, which she knew she never would, she would find Ivy and make up for the past and bring them all to their knees, even if it was the last thing she ever did. Evan. Leni. Her adoptive parents. Ember. Every single person who had brought her to this state of pain.

Not only them... Viola thought, a bitter taste lodging in her throat, but her fated mate as well, the one who had been heartless enough to turn his back on her when he was supposed to be the first and only person to care for her unconditionally, because he was fated to her by destiny itself.

Thinking about him made hot anger rise inside her chest, and she decided not to think of him anymore. He didn't deserve to be the last person in her mind before she died. He wouldn't be.

She was beginning to give in to the darkness pulling her under, into its subliminal peace, when she heard the cracking sound of a door opening, followed by male voices and heavy footsteps.

"Are you sure?" one of the voices asked.

"Hell yeah," another answered.

"Miss Ember said to take her away from the estate, inject the killing wolfsbane into her veins, and bury her out there. The guest is already inside the house, and it's dark outside. Hurry up."

The last voice sounded right above her head, and its words made her tense despite her weakened state.

Though Viola had begged and prayed for death, she didn't look forward to dying from the killing wolfsbane, the kind that would melt every single bone inside her body before finally killing her. It would be treacherous and devastatingly agonizing.

She was already in unbearable pain...

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna

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The Gammas came around her and roughly yanked her from the ground, the movement sending sharp pain shooting through every part of her body and causing her to groan.

"Oh, she's still alive. And here I thought she was dead. I wonder how one could survive with a body this thin," said the Gamma carrying her over his shoulder, and the other following him through the back door laughed as if he had told the greatest joke of the century.

"She's stubborn. Never seen a wolfless this hard-headed and refusing to die. I fucking stomped on her ribs when I was beating her earlier and they cracked, but she didn't even cry out."

"How about we torture her more and see just how much she can survive? I'm curious to know just how much she'd take before she stops breathing," said the one carrying her. Viola felt him roughly adjust her on his shoulder, jabbing her broken ribs, and she bit back the cry that rose in her throat.

Monsters. All of them. They were monsters...

"Good idea. I have an idea, Harry. She might be skinny and meatless, but she still has a hole between her legs. How about we fuck her in turn and see just how much of it she can take? If beating didn't kill her, I bet that would."

"I like that," replied the one carrying her as he suddenly threw her onto the ground with a force that sent agonizing pain through her entire body, making her groan.

She tried to see through her swollen eyes, but one eye was completely white, while the other was barely functional, even more unfocused now. All she could see were their vague figures and the looming trees behind them in the torchlight they held.

From the dried leaves and twigs pressing against her back and palms, Viola knew they had brought her into the forest, where they would carry out their despicable plans and kill her.

"There's nothing left of the clothes. Strip her. We should tie her hands to that tree and open her legs, we only need her hole. Ha ha ha!" commanded one of them, who Viola believed was the leader of the two Gammas.

No...

She turned onto her stomach and began trying to crawl away from them, but she soon felt rough hands grab her ankles and drag her back.

"No..." she rasped, fisting her hands into the dirt and flinging it into the air.

"Fuck, my eyes!" one of them cried, and she realized she had hit her target because he released her ankle quickly to rub off the sand from his eyes. She began to crawl away again, but this time her tangled hair was gripped and she was struck across the face. Her neck muscles cracked in pain.

"You bitch! She's a feisty one, and I will fucking enjoy this!"

She was hit again, but this time she barely felt it, her body had gone numb from the intensity of the pain.

Viola felt her torn shirt being ripped from her body, and she tried to fight it, but her resistance was feeble and weak.

I don't want to die like this. I won't die like this. This shouldn't be where I end, a death without dignity. I haven't made it up to Ivy, nor have I found my wolf. I haven't taken my revenge on them all. I haven't made them see that I don't need anybody to love me, that I can stand on my own without begging for scraps of affection.

You can't die, Viola. At least fight to the end.

She heard a voice say inside her head, and Viola stopped struggling long enough to regain her rationality and a shred of strength. These werewolves were Gammas. She had trained with Gammas before and knew where they kept their weapons on their bodies.

They harshly dragged her to tie her to the tree, and Viola, despite her blurred vision, twisted her arm out of one of their grips. They weren't holding her with full strength, believing she had given up. When one hand came free from the Gamma's grip, she reached to the side of the Gamma before he could react and pulled out the dagger they always carried, coated with deadly wolfsbane.

In one swift motion, she thrust the dagger into his chest and pulled it out, turning to do the same to the other, but he dodged it, releasing her.

Viola fell to the ground as her legs could no longer hold her weight. If she would die, she would die with dignity, and take them with her. She clutched the dagger as the other Gamma tried to kick it from her hand.

"Bitch! You want to play it the hard way. You're just a damn weakling, and I'll enjoy chewing you alive!" the second Gamma snarled as he began to shift into his wolf form, and Viola sensed it immediately, the pressure and violent energy rolling off him as his bones started to break and realign.

It took about ten seconds for the shift to complete, and in those ten seconds she forced herself upright, using every last ounce of strength in her body. She lunged just as he finished shifting and pounced.

Viola had spent her entire life around wolves, she ducked beneath him, and as he came down on her, she drove the dagger straight into his furred chest.

Viola cried out in pain along with the wolf, who let out a wounded, dog-like scream and dug his claws deep into the side of her stomach. He shifted back into his human form and collapsed, dead, beside her and she weakly pushed half his body off her and spat out blood.

Viola's remaining energy drained away, and the pain that had been numb earlier returned tenfold. Her breathing grew shallow and uneven.

Before she slipped into what she believed could only be the final pain of death, she felt another presence.

There had only been two Gammas.

Who was this other presence? she wondered. She was already dying already, there would be nothing left for them to humiliate, but Viola still managed to turn her head toward the source before the darkness claimed her completely.

A familiar scent that had made her feel safe for a moment days ago hit her nose, and bitter resentment consumed her.

I wish you weren't the one I sensed last before I die... but either way, I want you to know that—

"...I hate you," Viola whispered, just as the darkness claimed her completely. She welcomed it with her entire being.

A final tear rolled down her eye.

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Seb couldn't believe what he had just witnessed, but either way, he stood there frozen, staring at the two dead bodies and the girl's small, blood-covered body lying on the ground of the forest clearing.

One of the large flashlights had fallen nearby, its harsh white beam spilling across the clearing and illuminating the unpleasant sight before him, washing over her broken form while particles of dust drifted and floated slowly through the bright light.

She looked no different from a skeleton, naked, covered in blood, with black-and-blue bruises littering her entire body. His heart stopped clean at the extent of her injuries, and for a long moment there was an overwhelming silence inside his mind and head, as if every thought had been wiped away.

He had run here with the expectation that she was being raped and ganged up on for being foolish enough to come out here knowing she didn't have a wolf, but he had never expected to arrive and witness her killing a warrior wolf in that helpless state, or to find her this broken, discarded on the ground. She looked even worse than the last time he had seen her.

Mine.

They dared touch my mate.

He felt his wolf clawing inside him, howling to rip apart the people who had done this with his bare hands, even though they were already dead.

'No one has the right to touch our fated mate, even though we didn't choose her!' his wolf raged. 'How could they dare?'

Seb began to feel anger rise violently inside him, but then he forced himself to remember that she wasn't someone he had claimed, and this, this cruelty, was her fate. There was no place for weak wolves in this world, especially not beside him.

She was staring at him with eyes he doubted were even functioning anymore, blood gathered thickly inside them, and something twisted painfully in his chest. Rage coiled tight inside him, paired with an unbearable urge to hurt someone, paired with an instinctive pull to step forward and shield her from everything.

She continued to stare at him, and then he saw her lips curl into a bitter line as she whispered,

"I hate you..."

Then she took her last breath and stopped breathing.

Seb didn't move toward her. He didn't go forward because deep down, in the ugliest part of himself, he had hoped for her death, to free himself from this bond. But the pain inside his chest was so intense that he grabbed at it, his jaw clenching hard as he struggled to breathe.

'You fool, where are you going?' his wolf demanded as Seb coldly turned away from her, intent on leaving her behind and escaping the storm raging inside him.

"Far away from her dead body," he replied emotionlessly.

'But she's not dead. She's unconscious and might truly die if you leave her. Are you ready to go through the pain you went through four years ago? I might not like her so much, but we can't leave her there like that.'

"I haven't marked her. The pain won't last like four years ago," Seb gritted out as he began to walk away in long, angry strides.

'Duh. Might I remind you that you're in someone else's territory? The pain will hit you so hard you won't be able to hide it from them, and once they know your weakness, they can use your next fated mate to get to you in the future. Be wise and go back to her.'

Seb's footsteps halted instantly.

Cursing under his breath, he spun around and walked back to her, dropping to his knees beside her battered body. He didn't even know where to touch her, she looked far too fragile, too small, so broken that he feared he might truly kill her if he held her the wrong way.

"I hate you too, idiot," he cursed under his breath as he carefully gathered her into his arms, holding her as gently as he could.

## Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna

Pain. That was all she felt, an intense agonizing pain she had never experienced in her life, a pain far worse than when she had been awake and conscious. It burned through her body relentlessly, making her feel as though her insides were on fire.

Was death supposed to be this agonizing and unbearable? Wasn't she supposed to be numb and unfeeling now that it was all over? She wondered weakly as she felt the pain tear through her from the inside out.

At some point, she passed out.

When she woke again, there were voices, disoriented, overlapping voices all around her. Unable to comprehend the words, panic surged inside her. The anxiety increased when she realized she couldn't move or open her eyes. Her entire body was immobilized and it reminded her of when she was bound with chains and tortured in the Hollow quarters.

No. She didn't want to be back in that place. That dark place where she had been beaten, humiliated, and broken. No, she didn't want to be there again. She tried to open her eyes, but it seemed an impossible feat. She tried to move her limbs, to twitch a finger, anything, but nothing responded.

Her body felt foreign, unresponsive.

She hated confinement. They would beat her again. Over and over.

Please no. Don't hit me!

"Doctor! She's coming around!" came a voice.

"What is it?"

"Her heart rate has escalated dramatically."

"Alright, let's bring it down a bit. Miss," the doctor said imperiously, "calm down. Everything is alright. There's nothing to worry about."

"Doctor, the Alpha is here."

Alpha?

What Alpha? Was Evan here? Had he come to break her again, to hurt her all over and break her eye? No, don't let him come in. Don't let him hurt me. Please... Help me. Help...

"Keep the Alpha outside until we've stabilized her. She's panicking more, and she needs to stay calm or our efforts would be in vain." Said the doctor, who was a healer to the weaker werewolves in the pack but this one wasn't only weak but wolfless which required human treatment methods which took a lot of time and careful diagnosis then full treatment but those efforts were about to be wasted it seemed because the patient wasn't calming down at all!

"What's the matter?"

The new voice seemed to come from miles away to Viola, yet it carried a ring of authority that could only belong to someone powerful.

The sound of it made her tense, made her struggle to come fully awake and protect herself from monsters. Powerful people hurt her. They caused pain. They destroyed and wanted her dead.

"Alpha, please give us a few—"

"I can't. She needs to relax because it's fucking getting to me." He Gritted furiously.

That voice. She knew the voice. He was going to kill her as well...

She was suddenly aware of him, very close to her now, and everything inside her struggled to rebel and protect herself from the pain he might also inflict on her. But instead of pain, which she expected, he was bending over her, speaking softly and reassuringly.

"You're going to be fine. I know you're frightened, but you don't have to be anymore. You need to calm down and let the sedative work so they can treat you," he whispered close to her ear, his breath a warm flutter against her.

Nobody had been this nice to her in years. Was he really the same person?

Viola forced her eyelids open a fraction. A bright fluorescent light burned directly behind his head, making his features indistinct. Her vision was unclear and hazy, the world swimming in white. The haze made panic claw at her chest, but she clung to his words. He spoke with such certainty, such conviction, that she believed him despite herself.

She reached for his hand, or rather, tried to. He must have sensed her silent plea for contact because he placed his hand lightly on her shoulder.

Her anxiety slowly waned at his light touch, or perhaps it was the powerful sedative flowing through her IV beginning to take effect. Either way, she allowed herself to be lulled, feeling strangely safer with this stranger beside her, his presence grounding her.

"She's drifting off. You can leave now. Her surgery will be in two hours."

"I'm staying until then."

Those were the last words she heard before she slipped back into unconsciousness.

She came awake countless times after that. Sometimes she could feel people around her, hear them speaking, but she couldn't understand what they were saying or recognize who they were.

Whenever she tried to open her eyes, all she saw was white.

Was she in heaven?

That was impossible. If heaven existed, she hadn't done anything in her life to deserve it. She had been cruel, selfish, and undeserving of anyone's love. Unwanted and alone and bitter with so much resentment inside her. People like that don't belong in heaven.

And if this was heaven, then it had its own hell, because her body was still in pain. She moaned, but the sound tore through her raw throat and burned her tongue and lips.

This was hell. She had finally died and got what everyone she had tried to love and keep in her life thought she deserved. Go to hell, they say, you are a wicked and undeserving bitch, they say...I am in hell. I am in pain. Make it stop. Make me numb.

In her disoriented state, she longed for that presence, the one who had reassured her, the one who had spoken to her like everything would truly be fine. Come to me. Talk to me again. I am afraid this pain would never end...

When she woke again, for what felt like the tenth time, the room was quieter. No crowded voices. But someone was near her. She felt something cold touch her burning skin and nearly moaned in

pleasure at the relief. When the coolness disappeared, she felt a sharp wave of loss, almost like crying, but it returned, this time brushing her dry lips. Cool drops slipped into her mouth and down her raw, parched throat.

Water.

Viola cried inside her mind. More. She wanted more. She tried to move her mouth, her eyes, anything to ask for it, but the person sensed her need and brought the water back again. It flowed down her throat, easing something tight and painful inside her, but then—

She choked.

Her chest heaved as she coughed violently, the movement sending sharp pain through her body. She couldn't breathe. Panic surged again until a hand slid under her head, lifting it, while another rubbed her chest gently, whispering soothing words into her ear.

The voice and words were so soothing, words she had longed to hear someone whisper to her while she was in that darkness and lonely.

Don't leave me. She thought as she felt the person slowly ease her back down when she stopped coughing. Stay with me. Don't go.

She slipped back into unconsciousness once more.

When she woke again, he was there. He didn't go. He stayed.

Minutes, hours, days, it was impossible to tell how long she had been like this. Time had no meaning anymore, and the disorientation had lessened and her head felt a lit bit clearer and calmer. She could feel that someone else was present with him in the room this time around.

She couldn't see them, but she could hear them.

"...are you going to keep her?" someone asked quietly.

There was a pause, a stretch of silence that felt heavy. Then the voice she recognized, the one that had whispered reassurance to her, answered. This time, it was stripped of warmth, devoid of emotion, carrying the unique accent she recognized from nights long ago.

"No. Once she gets better, I'm sending her away. She doesn't belong here."

No.

Don't send me away.

Viola cried silently inside her mind. The words never reached her mouth. She couldn't speak, couldn't protest, couldn't beg. She only lay there as the pain stabbed deeper into her heart, reminding her that this wasn't heaven at all.

This man wasn't kind. Just like when she had first met him, when he had been kind and nice for a few minutes and then turned his back on her, he was doing it again.

He had rejected her, saved her from death, and now, when she was broken and helpless, he would send her away, back to the nightmare.

You should have let me die. She wanted to say it, wanted to tell him she would never forgive him for saving her only to send her away. You were supposed to be different. You were supposed to be my mate. I hate you. I hate you.

Those words never went past her thoughts, but a small moan slipped from her lips, and a single tear rolled from the corner of her closed eye. The person standing over her noticed it and clenched his fist before turning away and leaving her.

## Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna

He had rejected her, saved her from death, and now, when she was broken and helpless, he would send her away, back to the nightmare.

You should have let me die. She wanted to say it, wanted to tell him she would never forgive him for saving her only to send her away. You were supposed to be different. You were supposed to be my mate. I hate you. I hate you.

Those words never went past her thoughts, but a small moan slipped from her lips, and a single tear rolled from the corner of her closed eye. The person standing over her noticed it and clenched his fist before turning away and leaving her.

Viola had no idea how long she remained bedridden and unable to move any of her limbs or speak. What she knew was that he never came back again after that day, and her subconscious longed for his presence more than she ever would have wanted to admit or want for herself.

Many times, she was vaguely aware of being cleaned and fed warm soups through a straw. But she couldn't open her eyes. One time, the doctor had spoken aloud near her, saying her eyes were swollen due to the blood that had gathered inside them and that she might not be able to see clearly again without the aid of glasses or surgery.

The doctor talked to her calmly and explained that they couldn't operate on her eyes because they didn't have specialized eye doctors in the werewolves' world. Werewolves were known to never have problems with eyesight, not even omegas, so such medicine had never been prioritized.

"You will be fine," the doctor had reassured her gently. "Once you recover from everything else, the Alpha will handle the rest, or so I am told."

If only he knew her least worry at that moment was her eyes. Though she feared that once she opened them she might not be able to see again and would become completely helpless, she was far more worried that once she recovered, she would be thrown out, back to where she had been before, where beatings and humiliation were the only constants of her life.

Whenever she thought about that pain, a deep anxiety crept into her heart and lungs until breathing became difficult, as if something heavy was pressing down on her chest.

Days passed, and when Viola finally managed to open her eyes after the swelling had lessened, she saw nothing at first but pure white. Her fingers clenched tightly around the sheets. Seconds ticked by, and the whiteness in one eye slowly cleared into a blurry haze where she could make out shapes and vague outlines, however her right eye never cleared at all.

She was surprised she wasn't completely blind after everything her eyes had endured. She couldn't help but feel grateful that she hadn't lost the sight in her left eye entirely.

For how long had she been here? It felt like forever, a stretch of time where the pain had been endless, yet now she could feel things beyond the dull soreness and lingering aches in her body.

She could feel the soft mattress beneath her and the pillow supporting her head, and it made her painfully aware that this was the first time she had laid on a proper bed in four years.

For four years, she had slept on hard floors with no sheets and no pillow. Despite the ache still clinging to her body, she found herself breathing in air that didn't smell of unwashed bodies or urine for the first time. Though it carried the sharp scent of medicine, it was still pleasant to her, and she wished she could see clearly what the place around her looked like.

However, what was the use of seeing it clearly when she knew the moment that heartless Kade realized she was conscious and regaining her strength, she would be thrown out like trash?

Though she didn't want his half-handed kindness, which she knew it stemmed from the bond of being mates, a bond he had rejected and made clear he didn't want. Still, she would have clung to it if she could, because when someone is stripped of dignity the way she had been, they would accept anything as long as no beating was involved.

She despised him more than she already despised her own life, yet if he sent her away, she would be doomed forever. Viola was a prideful person, but what use was pride when you had nothing?

When life had brought you down to your knees? When a single meal felt like a miracle if it stayed in your stomach? Only someone without sense would still cling to pride and dignity in her situation, and Viola was no senseless person. She knew what she wanted, and she would get it at all costs.

All her life, she had been raised to see herself above others, to look down on those beneath her without ever considering what they were going through. Now she knew, because she hadn't just tasted that life, she had lived something far worse than theirs.

Her insides twisted painfully as she imagined the life Ivy must be living now because of her. Oh Goddess, I have wronged her so much. If she was going through this hell, what could her twin, who hadn't been adopted, or rather, who she had turned away from, be enduring now for being wolfless?

'We are stronger together...' Ivy had once said.

The thought of her twin suffering even worse than she had, without a wolf, trapped in that place that had already been hell when they were children, made her feel sick and nauseous. Regret and self-loathing gripped her so tightly she wished she had died instead of waking up as a helpless nobody with no power to help or redeem a past mistake that would haunt her for the rest of her miserable life.

Viola's throat burned so badly she wanted to burst into tears, but with the rawness of her healing throat, she couldn't. She clenched her fingers into the sheets and swallowed down the deep remorse.

I have to make it right, she told herself, and the answer of how she would do that struck her immediately.

She knew it then just as surely as she knew the life she had known before was over, that she would do anything to rise to power and find Ivy, to make things right, and to make people pay.

She would do anything, even if it meant speaking to the man she had discovered she hated. He was her only hope, her only way to gain power. Alpha Sebastian Kade. He was the key to making everything right.

How she was going to do that was still unknown to her.

But before he sent her away, she needed to see him and have a word with him.

With that resolve burning inside her, Viola began to focus on getting better as quickly as she could, forcing herself to practice speaking again despite the pain, determined to regain her strength before it was too late.

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The doctor came around a few times every day after she had regained consciousness to check on her progress, but when he realized she was no longer in a life-threatening condition, he stopped coming and instead assigned two girls to assist her.

They were mean. Viola realized it on the very first day they were assigned to her. Whenever they helped her clean, they deliberately scrubbed too hard and nudged her wounds and bruises. She never cried nor protested. She wouldn't give them the satisfaction of seeing her cry or complain. The days of her complaining were over when she was thrown into the Hollow position.

She silently endured everything, not that she could have spoken even if she wanted to, her throat still raw and burning. Every day, after they cleaned her and fed her roughly, they would leave, and she would be plunged into a deafening, lonely silence, where the only sounds were the soft, barely noticeable hum of the air conditioner and the faint, distant activity of people occasionally moving past her door.

The silence would have been peaceful if her mind had been at peace. How was she going to meet Alpha Kade? How was she even going to speak to him, to tell him what she wanted?

Try to say it, Viola, she encouraged herself.

"I... I w-w-want to... t-talk to you about... s-s-something... v-very... important," she practiced. Her voice sounded hoarse and fractured, breaking apart with every word, but she knew it was still enough to be understood. Now the problem was how she would even meet him.

She couldn't walk nor see clearly. Her legs were still in casts, and one arm was broken with a sling around her neck to support it. Her only option was to make him come to her.

That night, when the two omegas assigned to her came in, laughing and chatting among themselves as they changed her sheets after placing her on the couch, Viola cleared her throat, interrupting their conversation.

"W-w-where... is th-this place?" she asked. She had wanted to ask that for a long time, but her throat hadn't allowed her to until now.

The omegas exchanged looks, and one scoffed. "So she can talk? And here I thought she was deaf and dumb along with ugly and fragile."

They gave each other a high five and laughed, but Viola let their insults slide past her. She had heard worse.

"Well," one of them said mockingly, "since you don't have a wolf to sense your surroundings, and it doesn't look like your eyes are working well enough to read the signs through the glass walls, you're in a place people like you don't belong. The Silver Pack. Inside our VIP healing house."

The omega eyed Viola where she sat on the couch in a plain blue gown, bandages wrapped around nearly every limb.

The omega couldn't help but think that if she herself were sleeping and woke up to such a bruised, pale face with sunken cheeks staring back at her, she would have screamed and thought she was seeing an evil spirit. Because this woman looks exactly like that.

Where had their Alpha even found such a nightmare and brought her here? Her hair was tangled and matted, and though they were assigned to clean and assist her, none of them would touch such frizzy, filthy hair. The last thing they needed was lice jumping onto them.

Many people knew the girl was here and had wondered why she had been brought to the Silver Pack, but no one dared ask Alpha Kade. Who would question the Supreme Alpha? Only the Elders could, and even if they had answers, omegas like them would never be privy to such information.

Viola's brows rose in surprise at the realization that she was in the Silver Pack, a pack only few had the fortune to enter. Online pictures showed how mighty and beautiful it was compared to other packs and Viola had once been so obsessed with it and how unreal it looked and advanced.

Those who had been here said it looked like heaven itself, its structures unlike anything the others possessed, and that pictures online didn't do it justice.

So he had brought her to the Silver Pack? She had thought they were still in the North Pack, where he would eventually take his Luna.

Viola pushed the thought aside and turned her attention back to the omegas, who continued talking about her as if she wasn't even there.

"M-may I ask you a favor?" she said carefully. "C-could you let the Alpha know that I am a-awake?" She made sure her tone sounded polite rather than commanding, not that her broken voice could sound demanding even if she tried.

"And who are you?" one of them sneered. "Did you think our Alpha is someone you can summon anytime you want? Just because he brought you here doesn't mean he gives a fuck whether you're awake or dead, Miss Ugly."

No one could summon a Supreme Alpha unless he wanted to see them. Certainly not someone below an omega, without a wolf. The nerve of her. No doubt she was one of those females who thought she was special just because the Alpha had shown her a shred of kindness.

No matter how much one believed they were used to insults, it still stung, especially being called ugly, when her beauty had once been her pride. Despite her past arrogance, she had never believed in the word ugly, because she judged and labeled people by their character, not their appearance.

But Viola swallowed it down. What she wanted was far more important than wounded pride.

"I... I just thought," she said quietly, her voice uneven, "that since he brought me here... maybe he should know I'm awake."

The omegas laughed. "Sorry to burst your bubble," one of them said cruelly. "We don't have access to the Supreme Alpha. If you want to see him, you can go summon him yourself."

They laughed harder, their eyes flicking to her bandaged legs and arm. "Or maybe not. He doesn't talk to ugly women."

Viola's fingers fisted into the fabric beneath her. Instead of responding, she stayed silent. She needed to meet him desperately, before she was thrown out without ever seeing him, without saying what she needed to say to convince.

But she knew these girls would never help her.

That left her only one option.

Another way.

And the only way left was the bond.

Though she knew he would hate it even more than she did, she had no choice. She forced herself to reach for him by longing for his presence, fully aware that it would torment him until he came to her.