

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 301: Passionate Kiss_Part 1[1,244 words]

"Don't worry, they are off your head now that my hermano is back. He won't let anyone take you back into a cell." Zoe said, hugging Viola from the side where she was also sitting on the bed, her fingers still gentle from drying Viola's hair moments ago.

A huge lump rose in her throat. If this water business, or anything else connecting her to the creatures of the sea, didn't leave her, would she eventually be forced to become an enemy to these wonderful people she had come to know and consider family? She didn't want to be on the other side of the fence with them. She wanted to be here, to be what they were, a werewolf. She wanted to remain someone that Sebastian would accept, someone he would never cast away.

"Thank you, Zoe..."

Viola smiled weakly, slowly becoming aware that Nick was still holding her hand, now interlocking their fingers in a way Sebastian always did, and she frowned upon feeling her body instinctively reject that little hold and closeness.

The feeling surprised her.

Nick had only been trying to comfort her, yet something about the gesture felt wrong to her in a way she couldn't explain.

"What's wrong? Am I holding your hand too tightly?" Nick asked in concern upon noticing how she was trying to pull her hand out of his.

"No, it's just..." Viola's words trailed off as immediately the air in the room changed.

The shift was so sudden and noticeable that everyone felt it.

When she raised her head to look toward the entrance, her mate was standing there with an even darker scowl on his face than before.

Only this time, his dark eyes weren't directed at her.

They were fixed on her interlocked hand with Nick.

The room fell into silence at Sebastian's sudden appearance and his suffocating aura that made everyone immediately uncomfortable and nervous for absolutely no reason. His forehead was creased with displeased lines, and so were his lips pressed into a firm line, as his silver eyes turned the shade of darkened ash, like he was going to burn the hands interlocked together.

"Take your hand off," Sebastian said quietly, but his voice carried a warning that made everyone turn to look at where he was looking.

Zoe slowly turned her head between Sebastian and their joined hands, suddenly realizing what her brother was looking at and who he was talking to. She almost facepalmed at Nick's action of holding the Alpha's mate's hand like that. Was he seeking death? Her brother was in one of his deadliest moods.

Nick, for his part, had been entirely oblivious to his offense until the Alpha's words came, and he felt the full, murderous weight of those silver eyes settle on their locked fingers. Cold sweat broke across his forehead. He released Viola's hand immediately and rose from the edge of the bed, straightening to his full height as if that would somehow help him.

"Supreme Alpha—"

"You may all leave," Sebastian ordered.

Nick wasn't happy with that. He hadn't been able to help Vee the way he had wanted to and had only just been making up for it in another way, and he still hadn't felt satisfied with her condition, she didn't look good enough to be left alone. The Alpha hadn't paid her any attention when he brought her in, and Nick felt it was his duty to make certain of her health before he went anywhere.

"Can you at least let me feed her the porridge? She isn't in the condition to—" Nick started, not wanting to leave, because he would not be at peace knowing she wasn't well yet, not even with the Alpha's suffocating aura pressing down on him like a physical weight.

"Since when does my Luna become your responsibility, Nicholas?" Sebastian asked, raising a brow as he looked at the other man with open displeasure.

"She is my best friend, Supreme Alpha, and I never turn my back on any of my people, not even when it is the Supreme Alpha giving the orders," Nick said, daring to hold his cousin's gaze without flinching.

Sebastian's eyes narrowed. He took a slow, deliberate step forward, because it was beginning to look very much like someone was growing the spine to openly defy him, and he had no patience for it. He had tolerated Javier's nonsense for far too long, but he would not allow another person to believe that defying him was something they could make a habit of.

"Are you defying me, Nicholas?" He released his aura in full, and Nick broke out in a cold sweat, his wolf clawing frantically inside him.

"Nick, I am fine. You can leave," Viola spoke from behind, feeling the intensity of Sebastian's aura as Nick continued to sweat under it. Though she knew he was worried about her, she did not think he should stand up to his Alpha and defy him just to take care of her when Sebastian was already here.

"Let's go. We will come back to check on Vee, Nick," Zoe said as she came around and put her arm around Nick's elbow and pulled him along before he earned himself a punishment and got her brother even more madder than he already looked to be.

Doctor Gilbert also sensed that it wasn't the right time to talk to the Alpha about his Luna and what he had noticed in her health, and gave a curt bow, excusing himself and following Zoe and Nick. He would talk to him when he wasn't in this terrible mood.

When the room finally emptied, leaving Viola with him, his aura settled back to normal.

However, she found herself suddenly not knowing what to say to him or how to explain what had happened in his absence that had led her to being on the verge of being sentence in an electric pool. Thus, she kept her head down in order to avoid meeting his displeased and detached expression.

She sat propped against the headboard, a thick blanket wrapped around her. Her body ached. Her mind ached more thinking about what he would say to her or if he would ignore her.

Sebastian stood at the edge of the bed, his sleeves rolled up as he reached for the bowl of warm porridge, holding it in his large hand while staring at her bowed head.

After a moment, he lowered himself onto the mattress beside her, close enough that she could feel the heat radiating from him, the same heat she had desperately craved earlier when violent shudders kept ripping through her.

But he hadn't touched her yet, and that made her feel even more nervous, though she didn't allow her mind to spiral again into negativity.

Without a word, he dipped the spoon into the porridge, blew on it slowly, then lifted it toward her lips. She looked up in surprise, not expecting him to try to feed her.

He nudged the spoon against her lips. His eyes were fixed on her mouth rather than her eyes.

Viola hesitated, her heart twisting at his silence. Was he going to stay like that, with that expression, without saying anything to her?

Why are you not talking to me? she wanted to ask. Are you angry at me? Are you finally tired of me now? I thought you would hold and kiss me when you came back...

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 302: Passionate Kiss_Part 2[1,243 words]

Three days ago he had held her like she was the center of his universe on his bed, kissing her and touching her as he set her body on fire with pleasure. Now he moved with careful detachment, as if she were fragile glass he was afraid might shatter and cut him open, and he had to be careful.

She parted her lips to accept the porridge despite his silence cutting into her chest. The warm spoon slid between her lips, creamy, lightly salted, and comforting against her throat. She swallowed, and the simple act felt far too intimate under his intense gaze fixed on her mouth.

"Good?" he asked, his first word to her since coming in.

"Good, but not as good as the one you make." Viola whispered honestly, because he made the best porridge she had ever tasted. Though Nick's was not bad at all, she was being honest, and quietly hoping he would say more words to her than just that single one.

Sebastian only nodded, but he couldn't hide the rush of satisfaction that moved through his veins at her words, despite the cool, expressionless mask he kept firmly in place on his face.

He would have preferred she hadn't taken something made by another man, especially one he could plainly see was beginning to hold something for her, but it would take time to make another porridge from scratch, and he didn't have all that time right now. He shouldn't even have had the time to come back to her at all after pulling her out of the punishment room, but he hadn't been able to stay away knowing she wasn't in a good condition. His feet had brought him back before his mind had finished arguing against it.

Viola watched him bring another spoonful up to her lips. He blew on it again, slower this time, his breath stirring the tendrils of damp hair at her temple.

The gesture was so tender it hurt.

Because he wouldn't talk to her, not even when it was obvious that he cared.

The feeling lodged in her throat like a stone. She accepted the next bite anyway, her eyes flickering up to his face. That same dark scowl from earlier still remained at the edges of his expression, but it wasn't directed at her now. It looked more like he was fighting something inside himself.

"Sebastian..." she called.

He lifted his eyes to hers. For a brief moment, she thought she saw something tremble in them.

"Are you cold?" he asked her.

Viola shook her head. "No. What is wrong?" I missed you so much, and I can't take your silence like this, she thought, biting the inside of her cheek and fighting down the emotions bubbling up her throat.

"You're still shaking," he murmured, adjusting the blanket around her properly and carefully.

Viola grabbed his hand. "I'm fine. I am not cold, really. I feel okay now."

"Then finish the porridge before you talk. You look like you haven't eaten in a long time," he said, bringing another spoonful to her mouth. This time his free hand moved, settling lightly on her blanket-covered thigh and squeezing it gently.

"When did you last eat?" He asked.

Viola swallowed the food in her mouth before she replied, "Two days ago..." The strangest thing was that she had been starving and yet food had been the last thing on her mind in that cell. Even now he occupied her thoughts more than the food should have, even when she was shaky and weak and her body was desperate for nourishment.

Sebastian's jaw tightened.

They had starved his mate for days and whipped her in that cell during his absence. They had electrocuted her in a pool. No wonder she looked thin again, it reminded him painfully of when he had first met her. She wasn't quite as thin as she had been then, but she was close, and that alone made his blood run cold, because it should never have happened again.

Not with him in the picture. Not with her mate as the Supreme Alpha. She should have been untouchable within his own pack, someone the people feared to even look at the wrong way, and yet they had laid hands on her as though she meant nothing.

Sebastian felt guilt grip his insides like a fist. This was all his fault. If he hadn't had a twin brother who resented him, or felt the constant need to make things up to Alex all the time, he would have been there for his mate when she needed him most.

"Viola..."

The way he said her name, so quiet, almost reverent, sent a different kind of tremor through her. She wanted to lean into that hand resting on her. She wanted to crawl into his lap and demand he hold her like he had that night. But doubt clawed at her chest, as he hadn't moved to hold her first, and if she did and he rejected her, she would die from the pain of his rejection.

She took another bite, slower. Their eyes finally met. His were stormy, unreadable. Hers were wide, searching, terrified of what she might not find.

Sebastian's thumb brushed a tiny circle on her thigh through the blanket. The smallest gesture, yet it cracked something open inside her. She felt her eyes sting.

"Are you angry at me?" the question slipped out before she could stop it, barely above a whisper.

His hand stilled on her thigh, and he stared at her, taken aback that she thought he was angry with her.

"No, I am not angry at you." He wasn't angry at her, never.

He was angry at himself and at what he had to do to make it to her in time. For sure, this time around, his twin wouldn't forgive him, but at this point, he didn't care about forgiveness as much as he cared about and worried for this little hellcat of his.

The thought of what could have happened if he had arrived even a little later still left a bitter taste in his mouth. It wasn't her he blamed. It was himself. Himself for not being there sooner, and for allowing things to reach the point where she had suffered at all.

Just in the span of today, he had gone through more emotions than he had felt in the last twenty years combined, not since he had lost his parents. One could say he was too overwhelmed to give way to any one certain emotion, and so to be safer, he leaned further into detachment and indifference, the safest wall he had ever hidden behind since he was little.

Showing nothing. Feeling nothing on the surface. Keeping every other emotion that threatened to break him down or weaken him locked behind a strict, ironclad wall and never allowing a single crack to show.

For Sebastian still feared weakness more than anything else in this world, but he was beginning to fear something else even more. He feared karma. He feared the universe growing tired of looking the other way and finally turning around to yank this mate he had come to care for and love away from him, the same way he had once yanked his twin's lover away from him without a second thought.

What goes around comes around, and Sebastian Kade had never been a good man.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 303: Passionate Kiss_Part 3[1,558 words]

"If you are not angry, why did you leave without a word when you brought me back?" Viola whispered quietly. She would never have asked him this ordinarily, but he had told her once to always speak her feelings out and not keep them hidden, or it would cause misunderstandings, and he wasn't a mind reader who could know her thoughts.

"The elders were demanding a meeting immediately and I had to make sure of something," he said after a long pause. "And I needed a moment to... breathe. Seeing you in that water—" He stopped. The spoon lowered slowly back into the bowl. "I felt your fear, and it almost paralyzed me. I am not angry at you. I am angry at the fact that my people don't respect you as their Luna and made you go through all of that before even taking the crown from you."

Viola's breath hitched. The raw edge in his voice clashed violently with the cold mask he had worn when he first brought her back, and she suddenly understood what had really happened. Being her mate and bonded to her, he must have felt every spike of anxiety inside her as though it were his

own. A wave of relief washed through her that it wasn't anger toward her that had driven him away.

"It's not entirely their fault," she said softly. "Without the Supreme Alpha alive, I am no longer their Luna, not to mention that a Luna without a wolf is not something powerful werewolves can easily accept in the hierarchy." She paused, then added the last part quietly, looking down. "And they thought I killed Ember."

Sebastian's silver eyes narrowed. He had heard the news spreading through Silver as he made his way back, had even seen it on the screens in the city, the accusations about how she had contacted sea creatures to kill Ember and struck her down with a silver substance.

To Sebastian, it had immediately read as a setup to frame her, and he didn't believe those accusations for even a second. He knew well enough that sea creatures were not beings who would willingly show themselves to werewolves under any circumstances, and no sea creature could survive on land for long without access to water.

He reached out and lifted her chin so that she was looking at him. "I will make whoever framed you for Ember's death pay for it, and everyone who agreed to the sentencing." He promised, his eyes holding hers steadily.

Viola became aware of something in that moment. He didn't believe she had been associated with sea creatures at all, his immediate instinct had been that she was framed. She could correct him right now. She could tell him that she had indeed gripped Ember's wrist and done something to her, even if it hadn't been the silver substance they accused her of using. But she felt her tongue grow heavy in her mouth. The words refused to come out.

She had planned to tell him everything, about what had been happening to her, about the water and that creature, but after witnessing the reactions of everyone in Silver, and the sheer depth of hatred they carried for anything connected to the sea, Viola was afraid. She feared his rejection more than she had ever feared never having a wolf.

"What if I had really contacted a sea creature to kill Ember?" Viola asked carefully, testing the waters. "Would you punish me for it the way Javier wanted to?"

She watched as his expression softened and a smile came to his face for the first time today, though it was more of a humorless one.

"Sea creatures won't show themselves to you, my love. They are cunning and naturally repellent to our kind. They hate us as much as we hate them. We could never coexist enough to contact each other for favors, and while my pack members might be foolish enough to believe that you contacted one, I can see exactly how that story was constructed, because I have spent my life studying books about them." He said it while grazing her cheek gently with his thumb.

Viola felt something tighten deep inside her. He had naturally included her in the word "us", "our kind", and had folded her into that shared hatred of sea creatures without a second thought. She didn't want to be excluded from that. And though she still wasn't certain what she even was, given that she had lived perfectly fine on land all her life and had always been terrified of water, Viola didn't want to lay any claim to being one of those creatures.

"Do you hate them, sea creatures, I mean?" She asked quietly, watching his face.

She watched Sebastian's expression shift.

"Anyone in my position would hate them, amor." He said with a heavy sigh. "I have never told you this before, but I think you should know. In the beginning, when Silver first rose to the highest seat of power and the Supreme Alpha bloodline was established, our curse began, because the first Supreme Alpha was cursed by the Water Goddess. The Goddess of the sea."

Viola was taken aback. She had never known any of this. All she had ever been told was that those born into the Supreme Alpha's bloodline carried a curse, but not once had she known it had originated with the sea creatures.

They had three kinds of Goddesses: the Sea Goddess, the Moon Goddess, and the Sand Goddess. Of all of them, the Moon Goddess was theirs, the creator and guardian of the werewolves. Just as she watched over and guided her people, the Sea Goddess watched over the creatures of the sea and protected them.

"Why did she curse your bloodline?" Viola asked quietly.

Sebastian shrugged, though there was nothing casual about the weight behind it. "Because she wanted us to suffer. She couldn't stand our kind and wanted us broken, wanted us to sacrifice our females to break the curse and pass it on to the next generation, over and over again, until the puzzle of finding the prophesied one was solved. No one has ever succeeded in finding her, and all my ancestors ever did was sacrifice. That is why we can never coexist with them, and that is why I don't buy a single word of their story about you contacting creatures that are done for."

He looked into her eyes earnestly as he added, "And even if you had killed Ember, sunshine, I don't give a fuck. I will not let them punish you for it by dressing it up as sea creature contact."

Viola felt her throat tighten. She was relieved to know she wouldn't be accused of contacting sea creatures, but now she was more terrified than ever of being associated with them at all. And so, to keep his love and to keep him in her life, Viola made a quiet, private decision in that moment, she would never try to discover or explore that part of herself that had anything to do with water.

Sebastian hated them. She could not be one of them.

She smiled softly and placed her hand over his. "I am glad you are not angry with me," she confessed, her voice small and honest. "I hope I didn't burden you or disturb your work. I really didn't want to be a trouble to you."

Sebastian set the bowl aside on the nightstand. Then he turned fully toward her, one hand rising to cradle the side of her face with a gentleness that stole what little breath she had left. His thumb swept across her cheekbone, wiping away a tear she hadn't even realized had fallen.

"You could never be a burden to me." His forehead rested against hers, their breath mingling together. "Never, my love."

The tension that had coiled tight in her chest began to unravel, thread by thread. She leaned into his palm, rubbing her cheek against it as her eyes fluttered closed for a heartbeat, then opened again when she felt him shift closer to her.

He fed her two more bites, each one slower than the last. Between them, his fingers traced the line of her jaw, the delicate shell of her ear, and the sensitive skin just beneath it, then down to her neck. Every touch left a trail of warmth on her cool skin that she had longed for, each one reassuring her of all her doubts without a single spoken word.

When the bowl was nearly empty, Sebastian set it aside. The air between them had thickened, charged with everything left unsaid. Viola's trembling had eased, and she felt herself becoming steadier, more grounded than she had been when he wasn't there.

Sebastian's hand slid to the nape of her neck, careful of the burn, his calloused palm warm and slightly rough against her smooth skin. He tilted her face up gently.

Their noses brushed. For one endless heartbeat, they simply breathed each other in, the heavy longing that had lived in both of them since his return pressing into the space between them. His scent enveloped her. The heat of his body made her painfully aware of every inch between them.

Then he closed the distance and kissed her.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 304: That's my girl[1,320 words]

The kiss began achingly slow. His lips brushed hers once, then twice, soft and warm, slightly chapped from whatever trials he had faced while away. She felt the urge to soften them for him, and so she did, suckling gently on his lower lip, drawing it between hers with a tenderness that surprised even herself. He tasted faintly of salt and something sweetly, quietly his own, a taste she was already learning to crave.

As she nursed his lower lip, he shifted, moving to her upper lip in return, a gentle press, then another, as though he were relearning the exact shape and feel of her mouth. Memorizing it all over again after days of separation that had gnawed at him and nearly undone him with longing. His lips moved against hers the way a man touches something he had been afraid he would never touch again, careful and aching.

He had longed for her like a homeless man longs for shelter. She had remained stuck in his mind like something that could never fade.

He had been restless the entire time he was away, endlessly replaying the memory of kissing her, of that delicious, electric spark that ignited between them, her addictive daisy scent that drove him wild, and that sweet, addictive taste that belonged solely to her. He remembered the way he'd

buried himself deep inside her, moving with her in a heated rhythm on the tangled sheets, his length stroking into her tight, welcoming heat again and again.

He had missed her so damn much it felt almost unreal, this all-consuming ache that refused to fade. Oh Goddess, she was going to be the death of him. The way he craved her, her body, her moans, her heat clenching around him, was borderline dangerous.

Viola's breath hitched. A tiny, involuntary sound escaped her throat as he sucked hungrily on her lip, like he would devour it completely into his mouth. Sebastian responded with a low, rumbling growl that vibrated from his chest into hers, sending sparks racing down her spine. His hand at her nape tightened just enough to hold her in place as he deepened the kiss with devastating patience.

He coaxed her lips apart with a slow, sensual sweep of his tongue. The wet heat of it slid against hers, velvety and warm, tasting of raw masculine essence that made her head spin.

Every stroke was careful, languid, exploring her mouth as though he wanted to savor every sigh, every shiver. The faint scrape of his stubble against her softer skin created a delicious friction that contrasted with the slick glide of their tongues.

Her fingers clutched at his shirt, fisting the fabric as she pulled him closer. Sebastian answered by sliding his other hand beneath the blanket to rest over her racing heart, his large palm hot against her skin through the thin fabric of her nightdress. He could surely feel how wildly it pounded for him. And he loved it, he loved her.

The kiss grew richer and deeper. Their heavy breaths mingled together, hot and uneven, shared in the narrow space between them.

She could taste the quiet storm in him, feel the restrained hunger in the way his tongue curled around hers, the subtle flex of his fingers at her neck. A soft, needy whimper rose from her chest, and he swallowed it, answering with a deeper, more possessive stroke that left her dizzy.

Viola might have thought she had been weak a while ago, but she wasn't too weak for this. She craved it and wanted him so badly that it gave her energy.

Heat pooled low in her belly. Her skin flushed everywhere they touched, lips, tongues, his chest pressed against her breast, the heavy warmth of his hand over her heart. The world narrowed to the slick sounds of their mouths moving together, the faint creak of the bed as he leaned more fully into her, and the intoxicating scent of him surrounding her like a cocoon.

When they finally parted, it was only because breathing had become necessary. Their foreheads remained pressed together, lips still brushing with every ragged exhale.

Sebastian's breath was warm and moist against her swollen mouth, his voice hoarse and wrecked as he whispered:

"I missed you so much, Amor. I don't know how I lived all this time without you, but I couldn't live days away from you." He confessed, stroking the side of her lips that were glistening and swollen from his kiss. "Did you miss me?" He asked thickly, pecking her lips.

Viola's eyes fluttered open, glassy and dazed, her lips tingling with flushed cheeks. Her heart was thundering, and after everything they had just shared, she didn't see any reason to hide her feelings.

"I missed you every second of the day..." She said softly. "And I wore your shirt around. I am sorry one of them was ruined in the cell, but I will make it up to you and replace it."

Sebastian felt his heart move at her words. He didn't care whether she replaced it or not, he liked her wearing his things. The only reason he wouldn't tell her not to bother replacing it was because the thought of wearing something she had gone out and chosen specifically for him made something warm settle in his chest.

"And while you're at it, don't forget you promised me a blue t-shirt when we were on our way to Nightshade." He reminded her, leaning in to peck and nibble at her lips before pulling back again as her cheeks flushed.

"You didn't forget that," she mused, genuinely amazed that he had held onto something as small as her offhand promise to introduce more colors into his wardrobe beyond the silver and black he always wore.

"I never forget anything you tell me or say to me." He said it simply, like it was the most natural thing in the world. "How about I take you shopping? I want to make it up to you the way I said I would after I returned. Just the two of us, we can go out, have fun, breathe a little. What do you say?" He searched her lovely blue eyes as they stared back at him.

"What about your duties and everything else, will you even have the time for shopping?" She asked doubtfully, because she knew that now he was back after his faked death, with the culprit behind his assassination still out there somewhere, stealing away for a casual outing might not be so simple.

"Don't worry about my duties. I will make sure I clear everything up tonight and tomorrow, and after that it will be just you and me and our outing." He promised, rubbing his nose gently against hers. "And don't worry about the assassination either, we will be within Silver the whole time."

"If you don't have anything pressing left to do, then yes," Viola said with a small smile, and he leaned in to reward her with a kiss to her lips at her answer.

"That's my girl. I plan to spoil you rotten." He murmured against her lips, and he meant every word.

He wanted to give her everything, wanted to make sure nothing and no one could ever come between them, and that she would never find herself looking elsewhere. Certainly not toward his cousin, whom he could already see was beginning to develop something for her that Sebastian had no intention of tolerating.

She was his. His mate, his wife, and very soon, Sebastian made a quiet mental note, he would get her with a pup, or pups, and every concern about her not being the prophesied one or not giving him a strong heir could go straight to hell.

He would embrace whatever children she gave him, Alpha blood or otherwise. Sebastian didn't care about any of that anymore.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 305: Coming apart in his hand[1,215 words]

But the reminder that he still had things he needed to clear up and would have to leave her soon enough crept back in and dampened his mood like cold water.

He wanted to stay. He wanted to spend every second of the day with her, kiss her until her lips went numb, feel and explore her mouth at his leisure. His cock throbbed and the urge rose in him, to feel her skin, to have her pressed against him with nothing between them, to rock into her and release into her over and over again until neither of them had anything left.

He closed his eyes to wrestle that urge and desire down so he could clear things up first, but by the moon, Sebastian felt his control slipping, even though he had once been a man who prided himself on self-control with the other mates he had taken to bed.

Their foreheads stayed pressed together, their breaths mingling in hot, ragged puffs as if they were both fighting the same losing battle.

Viola's lips still felt swollen and tingling, her body humming with need. The taste of him lingered on her tongue and it was something darkly addictive that she couldn't get enough of no matter how much she had. She wished he would stay in bed with her, but the way he was restraining himself made her believe he still had things to do and needed to go back.

Sebastian's eyes were nearly black with hunger as he looked at her. "Viola..." he breathed her name, his voice completely wrecked.

Before she could respond, he kissed her again.

This time there was no careful restraint. His mouth claimed hers with a low, possessive growl that vibrated straight into her core. His lips were firmer, hotter, moving with urgent hunger that left her breathless.

His tongue plunged deeper, stroking hers in long, sinful slides that made her whimper into his mouth. The wet sounds of their kiss filled the quiet room.

Viola's hands fisted tighter in his shirt, pulling him closer into her. She was dizzy, burning. Every stroke of his tongue sent sparks racing down her spine and pooling hot between her thighs. She could feel herself growing wet and aching, her body responding to him with a desperation that bordered on madness.

"Seb..." She moaned his name and he lost the last thread of control he had been desperately clinging onto.

Sebastian shifted fully over her on the bed, his powerful body caging hers without crushing her. One hand stayed at her nape, holding her exactly where he wanted her, while the other slid down her side, slipping beneath the blanket and her nightdress to find bare skin.

His palm was rough and scalding as it glided over her hip, raising shivers across her body, then traveled to her waist, then higher to cup her bare breast, dragging goosebumps up along her skin. His thumb brushed across her already hardened nipple, sending a sharp jolt of pleasure through her that made her shamelessly arch into him with a broken moan.

Sebastian's hand settled over her panties, and he groaned at the slick wetness that had completely soaked through the fabric. He could feel her swollen sex throbbing hotly against his palm, her arousal pulsing desperately for him. His control frayed completely. "You're so fucking wet, amor."

"I can't help it," she whimpered with her hips twitching as he stroked and pressed his fingers along her drenched slit through the soaked underwear.

"That's good, wife. I like you like this." He kissed her hard and deep, claiming her mouth as he pulled his hand away.

Then, with a swift, impatient movement, he unfastened his trousers. He left his elastic shorts on, the stretched fabric straining tightly around his throbbing erection. The thick, rigid length pressed against the confining material, the outline clearly visible as it bulged.

Through their remaining clothes, Sebastian ground his shaft firmly against her aching core, letting her feel every rigid inch of him rubbing right where she needed it most.

The insistent pressure made her gasp sharply against his mouth. He was so hard and so hot, the thick ridge of him grinding right against her swollen clit. Even through the fabric, the friction was devastating and maddening, and her eyes rolled to the back of her head.

"Sebastian—" she whimpered, her voice trembling with raw need.

He thrust again, slower this time, rolling his hips in a careful grind that dragged his clothed cock along her soaked center. Viola's head fell back against the pillow with her eyes fluttering shut as pleasure crashed through her in waves. She was losing her mind. Her legs parted wider instinctively, trying to pull him closer, needing more, needing everything.

Please, please, I need you inside me, her mind screamed. She felt feral with want, something stirring awake restlessly beneath her skin, craving her mate's claim.

As she was lost in the pleasure, Sebastian noticed something against her skin, black fur rising along her neck and upper arm, but it disappeared just as quickly before he could properly study the shift that came when shifting was occurring.

He was confused until he recalled Gilbert's words about how a mate's intimacy could help awaken her wolf. Was this it? He wondered, the urge to strip her panties off and his own clothes and slide his cock into that heat almost overriding every rational thought he had left, but he knew that if he did that he wouldn't want to come out of her anytime soon. Hell, he wouldn't want it to end at all, he would bury himself into her over and over again until neither of them could think straight.

So he left his clothes on and turned his full focus to bringing her to climax instead.

Sebastian's breathing grew ragged, his thrusts becoming more urgent with his hips snapping against hers in a rhythm that promised ecstasy. His mouth left hers to trail hot, open-mouthed kisses down her throat, sucking lightly at her pulse point while his hand worked between them. He pushed her panties to the side, his fingers finding her slick folds. She was hot and wet.

"Fuck, you're so ready for me," he groaned against her neck, his voice hoarse.

Two of his fingers slid through her arousal before pushing slowly inside her. Viola cried out, clenching around the delicious stretch. He curled them expertly, stroking that perfect spot inside her while his thumb circled her clit with firm pressure to add to her pleasure.

The dual sensation, his fingers pumping deep and slow inside her, his hips still grinding his hardness against her thigh, was overwhelming. Viola was panting, moaning, her nails digging into his shoulders as pleasure coiled tighter and tighter in her belly, and something was stirring awake deep inside her.

Every thrust of his fingers, every roll of his hips, every hot exhale against her skin drove her higher. She felt delirious, crazy with need. Her hips bucked up to meet his hand, chasing the building wave and chasing him.

"Let go, my Luna," he whispered roughly, biting gently at her earlobe. "Come for me."

The whispered words, combined with a particularly deep stroke and firm pressure on her clit, shattered her completely.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 306: Addicted[1,338 words]

Viola came with a sharp, keening cry, her entire body seizing as pleasure exploded through her in powerful, pulsing waves. Her walls clenched rhythmically around his fingers, warm arousal coating his hand as she trembled violently beneath him.

The orgasm seemed to last forever, intense and blinding, leaving her gasping and dizzy, tears of overwhelming pleasure slipping from the corners of her eyes.

Sebastian stayed with her through every aftershock, murmuring soft praises against her skin, his fingers slowing but not leaving her body until the very last tremor faded. His own breathing was harsh and ragged, his cock still aching hard against her as he hadn't found his release.

He pulled his fingers slowly out of her, and as she looked up at him, she found him, to her embarrassment, bringing those same fingers to his mouth, the ones that had been buried inside her a moment ago, now coated with her juice, and licking them clean.

Her cheeks burned a deep, humiliated red as his tongue ran slowly across the length of each finger until there was nothing left.

When he finally looked back at her, it was with a burning, bottomless hunger that made her stomach flip and her core clench with fresh need. She belatedly became aware of how aching hard he was against her thigh. He had just given her a shattering release, had coaxed her to a blinding climax with his fingers, and yet he still hadn't taken anything for himself.

When she reached out toward the waistband of his trousers, he pulled back slightly.

"Not now, love," he whispered, because if he allowed her to touch him, he wasn't going anywhere tonight, and he had a meeting.

With visible effort, he withdrew completely from her, straightened her nightdress, and rested his forehead against hers once more. His jaw was clenched tight, every muscle in his body rigid with the strain of holding himself back.

"I want you so fucking badly," he rasped. "But I can't... not yet. The elders are waiting for me. I have to handle the consequences of my return and deal with everyone properly. But I will be back to you once everything is over."

Viola's heart clenched with fresh longing even as her body still sang from the climax. She felt empty, aching for more, aching for him, her sex still pulsing with aftershocks. The frustration was maddening. She wanted to beg him to stay, to fill her, to take her until she couldn't think straight. Her hands clutched at him desperately.

"Sebastian..." Her voice came out small and needy, but she bit the words back, knowing she had to stop being needy and clingy toward someone who had other responsibilities and a full plate waiting for him. No matter how much she wanted him, no matter how deeply she desired him, she had to remind herself that his meeting was important. Slowly, finger by finger, she released her grip on his shirt.

He kissed her softly, tenderly this time, a promise wrapped in the gentle press of his lips.

"I know, love. I feel it too." He brushed damp strands of hair from her flushed face, his silver eyes burning with the same hunger. "But when I come back... I'm not holding back. I'm going to take my time and worship every inch of you until you can't remember your own name."

"Is that even possible?" She said with a small laugh, the sound light and warm despite everything. "For someone to actually forget their own name?"

Sebastian gave her cheek a loving bite, the corner of his mouth pulling into that slow, devastating smile. "Nothing is impossible, sunshine. And I can absolutely make that happen."

"Then get going," she whispered, biting her lower lip, "so you can come back on time."

Sebastian pressed one last lingering kiss to her forehead, then rose from the bed, adjusting himself with a pained grimace that he didn't even try to hide. The sight of his obvious arousal only made Viola's desire flare hotter all over again, but she reined it in and forced herself to stay still against the pillows.

What was wrong with her? She wasn't even fully recovered yet and she already wanted him so badly it felt like a kind of madness crawling under her skin. Was any of this even normal? Was it always like this between mates, this consuming, this relentless, or was it just them?

"Will the meeting take long?" Viola asked, looking up at him and noticing for the first time just how exhausted he looked, dark circles sitting plainly beneath his eyes, his whole frame carrying the weight of someone who hadn't slept or rested properly in days.

Wherever he had gone for the past three days had clearly drained him, just as Zoe had said it did. If it were up to her, she would have kept him in this bed for the rest of the night and made him rest after seeing his face properly.

"I will make sure it won't take long." He promised with a playful wink.

As he reached the door, he paused and looked back at her, flushed, utterly wrecked, and beautiful against the sheets.

"Don't try to wait up for me. Sleep and rest. I'll return as soon as I can."

Then he was gone, leaving her alone with the lingering scent of him on her skin, the throbbing ache between her thighs, and the wild, consuming want that absolutely refused to settle.

Sebastian walked toward where he was being called, deliberately taking a longer route from his wife's penthouse so his body could get right with his brain and let the desires burning so intensely under his skin cool to anything manageable.

Viola was an attractive drug he couldn't get over, and despite knowing he had a pile of work waiting and had already slipped away from a meeting a while ago just to go back and make sure she was all right, he couldn't allow himself to neglect what needed to be done.

Her scent alone was like a delicious, addictive drug he couldn't go without. He had lived many years without knowing her, many years moving from one woman to another, fighting any pull he

felt toward any of them that might pin him down and make him risk falling for them and ending up broken the way his brother had when he lost his mate, because Sebastian was well aware that with his curse, no female would last unless she was the real one, or he made a sacrifice for her.

He had watched his twin suffer to the point of losing his mind to hallucinations, no longer able to take care of himself, until Sebastian had been left with no choice but to leave him in the hidden world they had created for themselves and come out, pretending the elders' potion had wiped his memories of his life with Natalie, so that no one would question how he could have recovered so quickly from a loss like that.

As Sebastian walked down the lightened hallways of the high tower, his mind drifted back into the past. He had lived two years after Natalie's death without seeing his twin, who had warned him to stay away, or he wouldn't be able to control what he might do to Sebastian.

Sebastian had wisely stayed away, keeping his distance, until the elders brought up the matter of another Luna and an heir, which had brought Evangeline into the picture of his life.

Now, looking back on things, Sebastian realized that more than wanting to protect himself from the heartbreak of losing a mate he had dared to cherish, he had wanted to avoid having a reason to share his brother's resentment. He didn't want to hate his twin, and by hurting a woman close to Sebastian's own heart, that would have been inevitable. There would have been a war between them, one that he wanted to avoid at all costs.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 307: Pack safety[1,251 words]

Sebastian brought himself back to the most important matter, pushing Alex to the back of his mind for now.

Faking his death to fish out his enemy had been a strategy that the elders and the members of Silver knew nothing about, and though that plan had failed terribly as the culprit still hadn't shown himself, Sebastian still had a great deal of fixing to do in his pack.

At this point, Viola's life and health mattered more to him than catching whoever was behind it all, though he was beginning to form a suspicion about who that person was. He just needed evidence first before he moved.

Sebastian attempted to reach his twin through their mind link, searching for any flicker of consciousness on the other end, but the link was blocked. It was either that Alex hadn't yet woken from the forced slumber Sebastian had put him through, or he had deliberately locked the mind link to shut him out entirely.

Sebastian was making his way to the meeting hall when he saw Matt coming from another direction, hurrying toward him.

"I was going to come to you. There is something you need to know," Matt said urgently, and Sebastian turned away from the private elevator he had been about to enter, his eyes moving curiously to his beta.

"What's wrong?" Sebastian asked, tucking his hands into his pockets, already sensing that whatever Matt had to say was bad news.

"It's Javier. They found him dead in the pool a few minutes ago. The elders are on their way there and I think you should come and see for yourself." Matt said, running his fingers through his blonde hair, his eyes wary as he watched a look of mild surprise cross Sebastian's face before the Alpha cursed under his breath and began walking in the opposite direction, away from the meeting area.

"Electric water is not strong enough to kill a werewolf, unless Javier had always been a weakling." Sebastian stated, not having expected this outcome when he threw his cousin into the pool to punish him. Ordinary werewolves could die in it, but despite Javier not carrying strong Alpha blood, it still shouldn't have been enough to take his life.

When Sebastian arrived at the first level dungeon and the pool room, the elders were already gathered there, all six of them, along with some of the Kade family and relatives, standing and looking down at the body that had been pulled out of the pool and laid out on the ground.

Right next to the body was Sofia, kneeling with her arms wrapped around her stomach, staring at him with silent tears streaming down her face, and Camila, who was cradling her son's head in her lap and sobbing openly.

As if feeling Sebastian's presence, everyone shifted, moving aside to give the Supreme Alpha a clear path to the body that lay pale and lifeless against the floor.

Camila's sobbing cut off immediately. She looked up at the Supreme Alpha with red-rimmed eyes and fury burning openly in her expression. "Are you finally happy now, Alpha Sebastian? You have killed my son, your own cousin, the son of your father's brother, who has kept us in your care!" She cried, pulling the dead body tighter against her chest.

"Javier committed a crime against the Luna, Aunt Camila. I was giving him the punishment he deserved, unless you are telling me you agreed with and supported his ways of handling things." Sebastian said, narrowing his eyes down at the elder she-wolf, whose expression only turned more hateful at his words.

Sebastian might not have intended to kill Javier that way, not because he would miss his cousin or because they had shared any particularly special bond, but because he had sworn an oath to his father once that he would take care of all the people his father had held dear. Aunt Camila and her children included. It seemed, however, that he had just broken yet another promise, just like he had broken Alex's.

Sebastian's fingers clenched inside his trouser pocket as Camila looked up at him with a grief-soaked rage.

"You killed him because of an outsider who has committed a crime that should have gotten her killed? Your so-called Luna is a jinx who doesn't even belong among us Silvers!"

Camila might not have supported everything Javier had done, he had long since pushed her out of the control she once held over his life and her plans to place him in the Alpha's seat, but she never would have imagined or wanted him dead like this. A humiliating death he didn't deserve, at the bottom of a punishment pool!

"Watch the way you speak about my Luna, Aunt Camila," Sebastian warned, momentarily forgetting that he needed to tone down his possessive protectiveness toward her in public, lest everyone present realize just how deeply she mattered to him as his mate, because he would not tolerate a single word of insult or disrespect directed at her, and every person in this room could see it plainly on his face.

Sebastian had never been a man with deep familial connections, and he searched inside himself for remorse, for grief over his cousin, but none came. The only things he felt were the quiet weight of a broken promise and the gnawing sense that something about Javier's sudden death didn't sit right, the same way Ember's hadn't but he decided to look into it later.

Camila let out a sharp, bitter laugh. "Can you all see it with your own eyes? The Alpha chooses a wolfless nobody over his own family. It will only be a matter of time before Silver crumbles under his rule. He will ruin us all! Because once that wolfless bitch becomes a target of his enemies, they will come for him too, and Silver will be left with no Alpha! We will all suffer and fall under the rule of the very packs we once ruled over!" Camila cried out, deliberately planting seeds of doubt and fear in the hearts of everyone present.

The Alpha didn't have an heir. He didn't even have a brother or any other relatives carrying the supreme Alpha bloodline, and without a supreme Alpha bloodline to inherit his power, the next generation would no doubt fall back into a normal werewolf hierarchy, with no one possessing the power to be supreme and control the entire werewolf world. All the pack members who currently felt high and mighty in Silver would one day fall from their position and be forced to serve other packs.

"He will ruin us all because of a wolfless woman. Silver no longer has any sense of future security or safety." Camila sobbed, then bowed her head over her son's body once more. "Javier! My son!"

Murmuring broke out among the bystanders immediately, more than a few of them unable to deny the truth threading through Camila's words, because it was beginning to look very much as though Silver was sliding toward ruin because of the path their supreme Alpha had chosen.

Everything had been fine until that competition, until the day a wolfless girl was chosen as his Luna, and now things were unraveling one thread at a time. The peace they had once enjoyed was cracking apart, and nobody felt safe anymore, not even within the walls of their own home.

They had to do something about this before it was too late!

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 308: The Alpha's choice[1,455 words]

Silver had no backup Alpha to protect them if something were to ever happen to the Supreme Alpha, who they had all believed until now was dead, only to have him suddenly standing before them again. He didn't even have a son, nor did they have anyone else to stand as a backup.

If Silver truly lost its supreme Alpha bloodline, then everything they had built over generations could come crashing down around them. The fear of that possibility settled heavily over the crowd, making Camila's words sink even deeper into their hearts and minds.

"That wolfless has been nothing but bad luck to us. She has brought nothing but the falling apart of our pack." Murmured one of the Kade relatives from somewhere in the crowd.

"She should be thrown out of our pack before we lose more of our people. Now because of her, the North pack has taken us as enemies and it is only a matter of time before they recruit the others and we are attacked and turned against by everyone around us!"

"We do not want her as our Luna or as anything in our pack. She's bad luck! She has to go!" More voices echoed in agreement, and the more Sebastian stood there listening, the darker his eyes became, his jaw tightening incrementally with every word, his aura beginning to flare and bleed slowly outward through the room, pressing down on every person present and forcing them into a silence that felt very much like submission.

"Anyone who is against her being my Luna, or has any objection to it, should raise their hands now." Sebastian said, his voice dangerously calm as he looked around the room. "It seems we have not yet come to a complete agreement on the Luna."

Everyone exchanged uncertain glances, was he finally going to listen to the majority and remove that nobody from their pack? They did not want a Luna who brought nothing but bad luck to them and if he was finally listening, then it was about time.

Without hesitation, some of the important distant and close relatives of the Kade family began raising their hands. It was time they set things right and removed the outsider who had offended the North pack by killing their daughter.

A few people kept their hands down, not because they disagreed with throwing the wolfless out, but because the more hands that rose, the more a deadly stillness was settling over the Alpha's face, and the temperature in the room had begun to feel like the dead of winter, sending their wolves quivering inside them.

With the tension locked along his jaw and the dark circles carved beneath his eyes, the Alpha looked like someone who had crawled straight out of hell itself.

"Hmm." Sebastian hummed, his eyes moving slowly around at every raised hand, and Matt stood quietly to the side wondering what exactly he was planning to do about his own relatives who wanted his wife gone. This was not going to end well. Sebastian did not look pleased in the slightest, and some of these people were far too oblivious to his mood and his aura to understand the danger they were standing in.

"Since you all don't want her as your Luna and believe she should be sent away, good," Sebastian said, the words landing with a quiet finality that made the room go very still.

Many people began to sigh in relief that the wolfless girl would be sent away, and many who had not raised their hands began to immediately contemplate doing so, adding themselves to the majority. But just as they began to raise their hands, the Alpha continued speaking.

"None of you have to remain under this pack any longer. Gammas, make sure every person with their hand raised is banished from Silver, and begin accepting more deserving, worthy werewolves who wish to join in their place," he declared to his guards, who quickly bowed and moved to obey.

Hands began to quickly come back down, but the Gammas had already noted every raised hand, and those who had not raised their hands but had only been contemplating a moment ago quickly moved themselves away from those who had.

"You can't do this to us, Supreme Alpha. We belong to Silver!" someone from the crowd yelled out.

"I am doing you a favor, tío. You all still have homes in Mexico. There are werewolves living as humans, keeping their wolves hidden forever. You can go back to that life since you can't accept my rules, and if you can't manage that, there is always the option of joining the packless."

Gasps erupted from the people. Mexico had been the first home of their forefathers before this world was created. Going back there meant living as humans and never shifting again.

A look of satisfaction crossed Sebastian's face as he watched their panic.

Did they think they had a choice in the matter? He had already chosen his woman, and whether his pack members liked it or not, for as long as he stood as their Alpha, not one of them would tell him he could not have Viola Kade as his Luna and his wife.

The sons or daughters she would one day give him would be the ones to take over from him, strong Alpha blood or otherwise. When Sebastian Kade made a decision, he did not go back on it, not even if the entire pack went up in flames around him. He would sooner rid himself of anyone who stood against him now than allow them to fester and grow into a problem later.

"If you are all done here," Sebastian said to the elders, who stood stunned into silence at the sight of him banishing his own relatives over a nobody, "let us get back to the meeting. I don't have all

day." With that, he turned on his heel and walked out of the room, his shoes clicking sharply against the floor with every step.

The people he had banished called after him, their voices echoing, begging him to reconsider, but if he heard them, he gave no sign of it, and he did not stop, carrying that deadly look in his eyes all the way out the door.

"How heartless," Camila whispered into the silence he left behind. "He has always been heartless, and you all chose him over his twin. He killed my son without a single trace of remorse in his eyes..." She sobbed into her son's damp hair, holding him tighter.

Nick, who had been standing among the crowd the entire time, watched Sebastian's retreating back for a long moment before his gaze dropped down to his mother.

In all the years he had known her, he had never once seen her sob like this, not even the day his father died. He noticed that nobody paid her anymore attention, as everyone was too preoccupied with their own problems, walking past her as if she were now invisible.

No matter how thoroughly she had cast him aside his whole life, Nick moved toward her anyway and lowered himself to his knees beside her.

"Mami..." He whispered, and she turned to look at him, tears streaming freely down her cheeks. "Let us go and prepare for his funeral. There is nothing we can do now. He is gone."

Camila shook her head, her whole body rejecting the words. "I want justice for Javier. It's not fair. Someone has to answer for this and be punished. I will contact my people if I have to, but Javier cannot die like that. Not like this."

Nick's eyes moved to his elder brother's pale, lifeless face, and not a single trace of grief crossed his own. Because this same man had been his tormentor since he was a small boy, all the way through to adulthood. Every day spent alongside Javier had been pain, abuse, and a constant reminder of what a loser he apparently was by comparison.

Normally, one would lose the bitterness held for someone after hearing of their death, but Nick's own only gripped his heart even tighter, and the hatred his own brother had planted inside him didn't wane even as he stared at his corpse.

'People who are unjustly killed are the ones who deserve justice, Mami. Some are not, and some are simply meant to be forgotten,' he thought to himself as he stared at Javier's lifeless face. 'He is not your only son. You have another one. Perhaps the Moon Goddess simply wants you to finally see and notice the one you have neglected all his life. The one who also needs you.'

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 309: Caring for husband[1,298 words]

The soft glow of dawn was just beginning to creep through the heavy curtains of the bedroom when Viola stirred awake, and she immediately looked to her side.

The bed beside her was empty. Her brows furrowed together in concern. Sebastian had not come back last night. She had waited for him even when he had told her not to, she had decided to wait not only because she had hoped he would return and continue where they had left off, but because she had genuinely been worried about the outcome of his meeting.

So many things had happened within the pack during his days of absence, and she had been the cause of at least one particular problem. But no matter how long she had waited, and even out of sheer boredom at some point, she had found herself drifting into the bathroom and filling the tub with water, trying to coax that creature out to see if she could get anything from it, but it hadn't come. It hadn't shown itself at all.

That worried her almost as much as Sebastian's absence did, because she had no way of knowing when it would next decide to appear, and the last thing she wanted was for it to surface when Sebastian or anyone else was nearby.

She had waited for hours until she couldn't keep her eyes open any longer, and now it was morning, and from the absence of his warmth and his scent beside her, she knew he had not come back at all. Had work kept him? She reached instinctively for her phone to call him, then remembered, it wasn't here. It was still back at Zoe's place.

Viola bit the inside of her cheek, thinking, before she slipped out of bed and pulled a silk robe over her nightdress, her bare feet padding quietly across the floor as she hunted for something to put on her feet.

She needed to check on him. If he wasn't in his office, she would come straight back, she wasn't entirely sure it was safe for her to be moving freely through the pack after everything that had happened yesterday, with so many people still harbouring hatred toward her.

The worry gnawed at her all the way out of the penthouse and into the elevator. When Viola reached his floor using the special key card, she stopped in front of the office door and hesitated, second-guessing herself. Was she even supposed to be here? What if he was in the middle of something important and she walked in and disturbed him?

It wasn't unusual for Alphas to need time alone, to get buried in work through the night, and coming here uninvited... Viola took a slow, deep breath and shut down her overactive mind, the one that always seemed to come alive at the worst possible moments, talking her out of reaching for Sebastian first. If she let it run, it would drag her in circles until she had convinced herself of every worst-case scenario and backed herself into a corner.

Right now, this wasn't about her. It was about her husband. What if something had gone wrong in the elders' meeting? What if Javier's case had taken a turn she didn't know about?

She swiped the key card and pushed the door open gently.

Her eyes went immediately to his desk, but he wasn't there. He was standing before the massive wall of glass that overlooked the pack city, his back to her.

However, he wasn't looking out. He looked to have drifted somewhere far inside his own head, lost enough that he hadn't even noticed her come in.

His broad shoulders were rigid, his hands tucked deep into his trouser pockets. Days' worth of dark stubble shadowed his strong jaw, making him look rougher and more feral than usual. She had never seen him with even a single day's growth until yesterday, and now it had thickened further.

His silver hair was tousled and his dark circles had deepened, and she stood quietly watching him from the side, taking in the papers scattered across his desk, the half-empty glass of whiskey sitting forgotten among them. He looked every inch the burdened leader who had carried the weight of an entire pack on his shoulders through the night while she had slept on peacefully.

Guilt tugged at her heartstrings.

"Sebastian?" she called out softly.

He turned quickly, blinking as though surfacing from a deep fog. Those silver eyes found her immediately. A look of momentary surprise crossed his face before it softened, just a fraction at the sight of her standing there in nothing but her silk robe. When had she gotten here? He hadn't even sensed her come in, which was so usual of him.

"Sunshine..." He straightened with a faint smile, though the tired lines carved around his mouth didn't shift. "What are you doing up? I told you not to wait for me and to get some rest." He scolded her, but the tenderness beneath it gave him away as he stepped closer to her.

"I rested all through the night. But you never came back to bed and I was worried." She said as he came to stand before her, leaning down to press his lips briefly to her forehead before his gaze moved to the clock on the wall, and his expression shifted into genuine surprise.

"It's already morning..." He ran a hand through his hair and exhaled heavily. "I lost track of time entirely. There was so much to work through and the elders' meeting alone had taken hours." He hadn't kept any track of time at all, and even though he had been standing before that wall of glass, Sebastian had somehow failed to notice that the day had already broken, not until she walked in and brought the world back into focus.

He had spent the entire night worrying more than he had actually worked. Things were changing faster than even he could keep up with. He had to protect his wife through all of it, and on top of that there was still the matter of his twin, and now Javier's death, and the guilt of having broken yet another promise to yet another person.

Everything was pressing in on him at once, making him feel like a completely wrecked and hollow version of himself, someone no one should trust with anything of value.

He was the Supreme Alpha. He was supposed to have everything figured out. But things were piling up in ways that were beginning to make him quietly wish he wasn't the ruler of the largest pack in existence.

He had to put his people first, and yet he found he could not put his wife behind them, and the more he placed her before anyone else, the more hatred and enemies he accumulated in return.

Of course, Sebastian could end all of it by sending Viola to the human world, far away from his chaotic life and world, away from all of it, and never seeing her again, never having her near him or in his arms. But that would be like taking a blade and driving it straight through his own chest and carving out his heart with his bare hands.

He couldn't bring himself to send her away to protect her, not when he had already fallen this deeply, not when they had already come this far together. Had this been months ago, when she first came into his life, Sebastian wouldn't have hesitated, he might have done exactly what Matt had once suggested, drugged her and had her quietly removed from silver before any of this could have taken root.

But that version of himself felt like a stranger now.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 310: Caring for husband _Part 2[1,601 words]

Sebastian looked down at her concerned blue eyes, framed with sparky lashes, blinking up at him as she said,

"What did the elders decide about Javier's claim to punish me? If you can't stop it, it's fine, you shouldn't stress about it. I can handle the punishment." Viola said, looking up at him, able to see the stress sitting plainly in his eyes.

Sebastian's lips curled up at one side as he raised his hand and tucked her frizzy morning hair behind her ear. "You are always ready to take punishment, amor. You did the same thing when Javier once wanted to punish you for interfering. Have you forgotten what I told you then?" He hummed, bringing his hand to her cheek and grazing it gently.

Viola hadn't forgotten. He had told her he would never allow anyone to hurt her, but if this was causing him unnecessary trouble, she truly wouldn't have minded taking whatever came. She leaned her face into his large, warm palm.

"Then how did the meeting go?" She asked. "Is it something bad?"

He withdrew his hand from her face and tucked it back into his pocket.

Viola's chest ached at the exhaustion etched into every line of his face as his smile disappeared at her question.

"Is it that bad?" She asked quietly, watching as he turned and made his way around the desk to sit down behind it.

"Javier passed away last night in the pool."

Viola's eyes widened. Javier died in the pool? She found it genuinely hard to believe that a man who had come so close to becoming the Alpha of the most powerful pack in existence had died so easily in an electrified pool. How was that even possible? Weren't Alphas supposed to be strong enough to withstand things like that?

Furthermore, if Javier had died, then it meant Sebastian would be blamed for it...

Her heart immediately went out to Sebastian. She hadn't known Javier well, nor had they been on good terms, so she couldn't bring herself to grieve for him. But she could see clearly enough that his death was weighing on her husband.

"You didn't intend to kill him, did you?" She asked, recalling that he had once told her he had made a promise never to take the life of any Kade.

"It doesn't matter now. He is dead and I can't change it." Sebastian said, his tone flat and emotionless in a way that made it clear he wasn't grieving for his cousin. "And if I were to go back in time and find him punishing you in that pool again, I would take the exact same action and throw him in."

Was it the breaking of the promise then that was eating at him? Viola thought to herself, and then she heard him say, "You should go back and rest more. I will finish up here and try to have lunch with you." He forced a soft smile as he said it.

Sebastian needed to sort through a great deal and try to reach Alex before his twin also decided to turn on Viola over yet another perceived betrayal, Sebastian coming out of hiding instead of him.

Viola wasn't satisfied. He wanted her to leave when he looked like this. If she walked out now, he would sink straight back into that sea of work and responsibilities, burying himself alive in it without eating, without resting, without a single moment to breathe.

Instead of turning and leaving the way he had told her to, she moved around behind his chair. Her small hands settled on his broad shoulders, feeling the rock-hard tension knotted beneath his shirt.

"I will leave after I know you have freshened up and eaten something," Viola murmured as she slowly began to massage his shoulders, her fingers pressing firmly into the stiff muscles, working in slow circles.

She could feel the heat of his skin through the fabric. Her thumbs dug into the tight spots near his neck, easing the knots with careful, steady pressure, while her palms smoothed down the slope of his shoulders.

Sebastian let out a low, involuntary groan, his head tilting forward slightly as her hands worked the tension out of him. "You don't have to—"

"Shh," she whispered, continuing without pause, pouring her care into every touch and wanting to be there for him in even the smallest way, the way he had always been there for her. "After this, you can shower and shave while I prepare your breakfast. I will leave you to your work once you have done both." She said, feeling his scent wrapped around her as she worked.

His muscles gradually loosened under her hands, and she heard him groan in quiet pleasure before he reached up, took her hands gently from his shoulders, and slowly pulled her around and drew her down onto his lap.

"I will feel much better having you in my arms. Stay here for a while." He whispered, tucking her hair away from her face.

Viola didn't argue. She nodded and let her arms come up to wrap around his neck, cuddling into him and pressing her face against the side of his stubbled jaw. "For what it's worth, Seb, you didn't break your promise intentionally. You shouldn't blame yourself for it."

Sebastian smiled, but it was bitter. "That's the problem, sunshine. I didn't break it intentionally. It's a cycle that always repeats itself." He whispered into her hair, kissing it and breathing in her daisy scent, the one that eased the tension in his chest while simultaneously raising a very different kind of tension in his body. "I am a man who never keeps his word, and my promises stop meaning anything even when I want them to mean something. Very soon, no one will trust me anymore." He whispered fiercely against her hair.

The rough scratch of his beard against her soft cheek sent a shiver through her, but his words made her frown. She could feel the steady thrum of his heartbeat against her chest, the solid warmth of his body seeping into hers, but his words told her he was battling something deeper inside him than exhaustion.

"What's going on, Sebastian?" she murmured against his skin, her breath warm. "Talk to me. Whose promise did you break apart from your father's?"

He stiffened at first. Everyone's. His mother's, his sister's, his brother's, and now his father's. And somewhere in the back of his mind, a quiet fear sat that one day he would break hers too, and he knew he would never forgive himself for it.

His large hands came up to rest on her waist, holding her close. For a long moment, he simply breathed her in.

But then his gaze dropped to her lips, plush, slightly parted.

Something in him snapped.

With a low, hungry growl, Sebastian captured her mouth in a searing kiss. He would rather lose himself in her than sit with the things that were tearing him apart inside.

This was nothing like the slow, savoring kiss from before. This was desperate and devouring. His lips crushed against hers, hot and demanding, the scrape of his stubble adding a sharp, delicious bite to the sensation.

His tongue swept into her mouth instantly, tangling with hers in deep, possessive strokes that stole her breath clean from her lungs. He tasted of whiskey and raw, male hunger, and Viola moaned softly into the kiss, her fingers threading through his hair as she kissed him back with equal fervor.

Heat flooded her body. She could feel his desire surging beneath her, his erection hardening rapidly against her. The solid length of him pressed right where she ached most, making her hips rock instinctively, once, twice, drawing a guttural sound from deep in his chest.

Viola's mind spun with want. Her nipples tightened against the silk of her robe, her core growing wet and needy as memories of his fingers inside her the night before flashed unbidden through her thoughts. She wanted him, wanted to feel him stretch her, claim her completely, but the intensity of his kiss left her dizzy, utterly lost in the storm of their mouths moving together like a silent, breathless dance.

Sebastian's hands roamed her back, one sliding down to grip her hip possessively and pull her tighter against his growing erection.

The friction made her whimper, her body trembling with the effort not to grind down harder against him. He kissed her like a man starved, like he could devour her whole right there at his desk. And though she could feel him trying to bury his vulnerability, his weakness, inside the heat of the kiss, Viola gave herself over to it completely.

His tongue stroked deep and his teeth grazed her lower lip, sucking it into his mouth before plunging back in with a groan that she felt in her bones. Every movement spoke of barely leashed control, of the raw, accumulated desire he had been holding back for days, and all through last night.

When they finally broke apart, both were breathing hard, their lips glistening and swollen. Viola's cheeks were deeply flushed, her eyes dark with arousal as she felt him throbbing hot beneath her.

"Let me take care of you, Seb..." Viola whispered.

Sebastian rested his forehead against hers, his voice rough and low as he said, "Then take a bath with me, sunshine. You can take care of me there, and we can have breakfast together afterwards, just the two of us. Will you do that with me?"