

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 31: The Participants[1,373 words]

Chapter 31: The Participants

Sebastian returned to his own penthouse, in the same luxurious building as the one given to the girl and every other she-wolf who would now participate to become his Luna, where Matt was waiting for him with the report he had sent him to collect.

"Man, I've been here for an hour waiting for you. Where did you go?" Matt, who had been dozing off on the sofa in the living room, asked as he sat up to look at the Alpha who had called him an hour ago to come here, yet wasn't even around himself.

Sebastian didn't tell him and instead asked, as he began to take off his shirt to rid himself of a delicious scent that still flamed his blood like gasoline on fire,

"How many participants this time?"

"Six. Two of them are from the elders and three are silver pack elite members. Laila is part of them," Matt reported, which made Sebastian pause at his attempt to remove his shirt. He scowled at his friend, who only gave him a shrug.

"How is that?" Sebastian asked. "Was she forced to take part?"

Laila was among the she-wolves with whom he had a fated mate bond and had taken to bed a few times. Even though he tried to avoid having females he shared a bond with next to him, she had been different, because Laila was the type who didn't believe in mating or long-term commitment to one person. She believed the Moon Goddess could never control her fate.

She had never been interested in wanting to be his wife, so he was surprised that she was now part of the participants.

"She told me her parents want her to settle down, and if they would force her to it, she would rather have someone above all others, which is you. She also said the Luna position is tempting, and that life is boring while your life is exciting because she would have the power to control."

Just like every one of Sebastian's fated mates, it was always one-sided, where he was the only one who truly felt the bond, and many of them could still have another mate. His fate worked in a very backward way, where his fated mates had another fated mate of their own, which was why he didn't expect Laila, who had said more than once that she didn't want to settle, to want to participate for him.

He had once thought, more than once after the second Luna's death, about making her his Luna, because she fit what he searched for more than the others. She had an Alpha wolf, a very powerful

one, and her only problem was not wanting to settle and falling for every man who caught her interest, always wanting to explore life.

Among the she-wolves in silver Pack, she had the second most powerful wolf.

'This isn't good. She will hurt our little girl,' his wolf exclaimed, and Sebastian's fist clenched automatically.

He didn't want Laila in the competition, nor as his Luna anymore than he wanted the girl. But that decision had to do with the elders, especially when Laila was one of the elders' relatives.

"Laila will crush them all, Seb," Matt remarked gravely. "You know how she never fails in anything she sets her mind on, and guess what, she's already interested in the wolfless girl who wants to compete to be your wife."

'Let's kill her before she hurts our girl!' his wolf growled, but Sebastian pushed him back, not wanting him controlling his irrational thoughts with mate possessiveness. Laila was also his potential mate, whom his wolf didn't like because her wolf lacked attachment issues, given the amount of men Laila had taken during her heat seasons.

"There's nothing I can do about it. I have already given my word to marry and make whoever wins my Luna. If Laila wins, then she earned the title."

"Perhaps Laila could be the one, since she has a strong wolf? Maybe I should root for her among the others. I can't wait for you to be cured," Matt said uncertainly.

"Hm, maybe," was all Sebastian said as he took off his shirt, which still had the damp spot of the girl's tears on it, along with her daisy scent.

"Have you made the fake pack identity for her?" Sebastian asked, not looking away from the spot of tears on the white shirt.

"Everything is arranged. To the elders, she is from the North Pack and not Moonwillow, and Zoe will let her know tomorrow. If she wants to be accepted into this, she will have to play along by claiming another pack. No one would confirm anything about this since you have blacklisted the North Pack," Matt informed, then smiled as he added, "Zoe has really taken up to the girl, Seb."

Sebastian finally threw the shirt onto the sofa and then walked over to the glass wall as he said, "She always takes to liking every helpless person. Sometimes I wonder how she turned out like that when I was the one who raised her. Always wanting to help everyone."

Zoe had been a baby when they lost their parents to that brutal accident, and since then Sebastian had raised her. The only time he left her for a year was during his time in Moonwillow. Sebastian felt a bitter anger consume him at the thought of Moonwillow and what had happened years ago, so he pushed it away, because the thought always made him want to crush them all to death.

"Just like I always say, she took after the late Luna Katarina," Matt remarked in a matter-of-fact tone as he busied himself browsing through the TV channels to watch the human cooking shows that always came up at eleven at night in their world. And since Sebastian had made him leave his house to come here, he might as well spend the night here.

Luna Katarina.

Sebastian's mother was one of the kindest she-wolves in the world, and while Sebastian had been hardened by everything that had happened as they grew up, his sister had been sheltered by him, and her innocence and kindness still remained intact.

Sebastian had bathed in blood. He had done many questionable things to keep himself Alpha and to survive in a world where every day was a fight for his life. He had been poisoned countless times and nearly assassinated. His enemies were all around him, and if he wasn't the way he was, he would have long been dead, just like his parents.

Allowing any weakness into his life wasn't an option, not when he carried a descendent curse of the Silver Wolves. Love, a mate, caring too deeply, those things could easily ruin what he had spent years building.

He had lost, and he had learned that loss had the power to break, just as pain did. And this girl, who was already beginning to tug at the strings of weakness in him, shouldn't be anywhere around him, shouldn't even have come into his life.

He knew it was utterly cruel and despicable to have these thoughts, but Sebastian wished she wouldn't win. She carried her own pains and nightmares just as he carried his own, and this hell of a life of his was no place for a delicate little teen like her.

'She's twenty-three,' his wolf put in.

'It doesn't matter. She doesn't look a day older than sixteen.'

His fingers rolled the button of her pajama shirt, the one he had taken from her room, around in his pocket as he stared at the clear night sky through the glass without blinking, hating the fate that had pulled him to her that night in that forest.

'When I care, I care too deeply, and when I want, it can be deadly, because nothing could ever stop me from having what I want once that desire takes root. I can't want her, nor can I afford to care for her. If you know what's best for you, Viola, run away from my life at the very first chance you get. Hell is no place for little girls.'

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 32: Preparing for the dinner_Part 1[1,594 words]

Chapter 32: Preparing for the dinner_Part 1

Viola woke up the next morning feeling strangely well rested. It had been a long time since she had slept this long through the whole night, usually she was always haunted by nightmares and would wake up in the middle of the night.

But she hadn't only slept well, even when she recalled having a nightmare, she had not felt that all-consuming loneliness after waking up, the one that gnawed at her heart and soul.

She also vaguely recalled being held and soothed, and not just that. Viola's hand flew to her neck, where she remembered feeling something biting and licking her.

Had she imagined it, or did a warm dog creep into her room to lick her neck? One of her friends in Moonwillow had a dog, and that dog annoyingly liked to lick her anywhere it found. The licking and biting in her sleep had felt exactly like that.

How did a dog get into this luxurious paradise of a penthouse?!

Viola blindly reached out for her glasses on the nightstand over her head and put them on before making her way to the mirror in the room, which she didn't like to look at but needed to, to confirm if a dog had entered her room and if the bite was real.

Her blue eyes rounded faintly when she noticed that the bruises on her face had not only looked faint and less obvious, but there was also redness at the side of her neck, shaped like a bite. What could have bitten her in her sleep?!

Viola's finger rubbed the spot with a frown on her face when she noticed her pajama top button was missing, and that the dog, or whatever it was, had gotten access to her neck because it had been opened in her sleep.

"How did I get this? Did a dog really enter the place?" she thought to herself while looking at the redness and also feeling impossibly better than she had yesterday. Her head felt clearer, and her skin looked a little more radiant in the mirror. Perhaps a good sleep was all she needed after all to look more alive...

She couldn't help but wonder how she could have slept through that nightmare. She never slept after it. Sometimes she would feel like dying from the pain and remorse it gave her, not to mention the bitterness that filled her with deep self-loathing whenever she saw the memories her mind conjured up in her sleep, or her twin sister blaming her for everything.

The Ivy she knew as a child would never have blamed her, but then Viola's mind had a way of haunting her and giving her more pain for her betrayal years ago. Whatever kind of creature had come into her room to cuddle next to her and even lick and bite her, Viola would gladly keep it if it would take the nightmares away every night and let her sleep.

She should look for whatever creature that was, Viola thought. Her eyes searched around the spacious bedroom looking for a puppy or whatever it had been, when her gaze fell on the bed where a brand-new phone box sat. She reached out and picked it up.

When did this get here?

She unboxed it to find the latest phone inside, with everything already set up for her. She was still staring at it when she heard the door downstairs being unlocked with a ringing sound, and Viola almost dropped the phone at the thought of someone breaking in when she had put a passcode on the door.

When she reached the glass railing of the stairs that overlooked the living room, she saw that it was Miss Zoe and four omegas behind her, carrying shopping bags and food packs.

"Good morning," Zoe greeted when she noticed she was up, and Viola returned the greeting with a faint smile. She had almost forgotten that Zoe was here last night when she set the passcode to the door, and that anyone who knew her name could easily type it in and come inside anyway.

She watched as Zoe ordered the bags to be taken to the bedroom and the food to the kitchen, and the omegas walked past her to go in, muttering greetings to her as if she were someone important. It caught Viola off guard, as it had been a long time since she was greeted with respect by any omega. They used to bully her in Moonwillow.

"You look much better this morning, Miss Linden. You must have had a good night's sleep," Zoe commented fondly, taking in how the bruise on her face looked faint and how the bags under her eyes had improved.

"The room is lovely. My sleep was great because of it. Thank you," Viola said, trying to make herself adjust and adapt to talking to people without feeling anxious about getting hit.

Though she didn't know who Zoe was or her position was in the Silver Pack, she looked like a nice person and always carried a smile when talking to her. Just like yesterday, she was dressed in another dress that made her look dazzling and utterly breathtaking.

"I'm glad to hear that. I couldn't sleep last night though, because I was so excited to get here and start with your makeup and prepare you for the dinner tonight!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands, which made Viola notice how the she-wolf was a little too excited, even more than she was about tonight. The thought of tonight always sent her stomach turning, but seeing the fashionista's excitement, Viola mustered a smile.

Without wasting time, Zoe took her hand and excitedly led her to the kitchen, where she said that before anything else, Viola must eat her breakfast because she needed her strength for the day.

Viola wasn't used to people doing things for her, but Zoe didn't even hesitate to serve her food. It was while she was placing a plate of food in front of her that Zoe noticed the red bite mark on her neck.

"What happened to your neck?" she asked with a gasp. That looked like a hickey!

Viola self-consciously placed her hand there and said, "I don't know. I think I was bitten and licked by a dog, and there is no dog in the house. Maybe it was a rat."

When she was in the Hollow quarters, there were mighty rats the size of rabbits that bit and injured people in the dark. She would have said it was one of those rats, but in such a fancy house like this, there was no way a rat like that would make its way in here, not unless—

"Perhaps a dog came in here with you last night when you brought the phone while I was asleep?" Viola questioned Miss Zoe, who was looking at her neck and sniffing it in that way werewolves do to identify something or someone's scent. Was she trying to check if it was really a dog bite?

At Viola's words about the phone, Zoe's eyes narrowed as if confused before they lightened. A dog indeed, a very sneaky dog, a big bad dog, who was none other than her brother!

So Seb had come here last night? Zoe thought.

Yesterday, before Zoe went to the healing house for Viola, she had gone to see her brother. What he told her, and how he reacted to the suicidal wolfless everyone in the pack was talking about, the one who wanted to join the competition, had made it seem like he didn't give one bite about her. He didn't care whether she lived or died, and Zoe had immediately taken pity on the wolfless girl. She knew how it felt to be seen as weak and incapable.

That was why she took it upon herself to help the girl. She was the kind of person who took in abandoned people and gave them a makeover, as her profession was in the fashion industry. To think that he had sneaked in and given Viola a hickey in her sleep...

What was he? A perverted creep?!

Zoe couldn't imagine Sebastian, who didn't care about weak people, doing something like that. Noticing how Viola was looking at her and waiting for an answer about the dog, Zoe smiled awkwardly and said,

"Oh yeah, it must be my dog. That dog always does the opposite of what he says. Sorry for his nasty behavior. I will give him a handful when I get back to him."

Viola's eyes rounded. "Your dog can talk?" she asked dumfoundedly.

Many werewolves didn't keep dogs, as wolves were known to dominate them, and dogs tended to get too annoying when they barked at the sight of a wolf. Only a few people had them, and while Viola liked dogs, she had never heard of a talking dog before. Perhaps they talk like wolf's do...

Zoe laughed, not knowing how to tell her that the "dog" was actually the Alpha, and also not thinking it was right to say that. So she quickly said, "My dog can do many tricks. Hurry up and eat your food before it gets cold." she changed the topic before she was forced to expose her brother.

"Oh." Viola looked down at the vast arrays of food in front of her that Miss Zoe had brought, but her eyes fell on one in particular, and all the blood drained from her face.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 33: Preparing for the dinner_Part 2[1,737 words]

Chapter 33: Preparing for the dinner_Part 2

"Oh." Viola looked down at the vast arrays of food in front of her that Miss Zoe had brought, but her eyes fell on one in particular, and all the blood drained from her face.

Zoe, who was pulling a chair to sit next to Viola and also have her breakfast since she hadn't had the time to do so at home, noticed Viola's sudden paleness as she stared at the food before her.

Her gaze was fixed on the big barbecued fish that had been prepared with fillings and sauce the way werewolves liked them. Zoe followed her stare and then looked back at Viola.

"Are you alright?" Zoe asked when she noticed the slight trembling of Viola's fingers.

At the question, Viola looked away from the fish and blinked before replying,

"Yes... I am fine. The fish looks delicious, but I'm sorry, I don't like fish," Viola murmured, not giving the reason.

Fish was like poison to her body. If she ate it, it caused the most deadly and uncontrollable reaction in her system. Growing up in a werewolf orphanage, where fish was given to them once in a while because it was said to help build a wolf's immune system and many werewolves ate it without issue, Viola had learned that it didn't build hers or her sister's. It had almost killed Ivy once but thankfully she threw up and everything cleared from her system.

Viola had once witnessed a young werewolf who ate fish and had the same reaction as she and Ivy. He had been taken away from the orphanage by the owners of the place, and curious, Viola had followed them, thinking he would be treated and that she could find medicine for she and her sister as well in case they have the reaction again in the middle of the night.

What she saw instead was the boy being brutally killed. The horror of how he died was still stuck in her mind, so vivid that it made her swear never to eat fish again.

It was one of the reasons she hated the orphanage and wanted to leave it at all costs, even though she had done so in the most unthinkable way, one that still haunted her now.

In Moonwillow, when she had still been the pack's favorite, she had told them that fish disgusted her, and no one had ever questioned it. Fish was hard to come by in the werewolf world, and when

one person didn't want it, it became a bonus for someone else. Now, she hoped Miss Zoe wouldn't question her or try to probe further about why she didn't like it when many do.

Oh," Zoe said, quickly sliding the fish tray aside. "I completely forgot you might not like it since you're not from here. You can have the meat instead, it's just as good, and I want you to enjoy your meal."

Viola felt a small relief wash over her, and she realized she had been holding her breath without knowing it. She nodded softly, a faint smile tugging at her lips.

"Thank you," she murmured, grateful for Miss Zoe's thoughtfulness and the gentle way she had noticed her discomfort without making a big deal out of a werewolf not liking fish, though, come to think of it, she didn't even have a wolf, which was unusual enough on its own.

Though she knew it wasn't the same as the orphanage, which had been part of a different and much smaller pack with its own rules and cruel ways, Viola had learned to be careful about letting anyone know that fish gave her such a strange reaction after she had seen a boy get killed for it.

After breakfast, Viola barely had time to sit and lounge around, not that she wanted to, when she was facing such a high-stakes meeting with elders and other she-wolves later that night for dinner. She needed to be well prepared, because it had been a long time since she had been presented at anything important or grand, like a meeting with elders.

She wouldn't give the Alpha or anyone else a reason to see her as unfit, though it would be hard in her current state of mind, especially when she still had a slight limp to her walk.

She had once been someone who could effortlessly be around people without feeling an ounce of nervousness. It wasn't the same now.

Her confidence had been stripped from her the day she was thrown into a place like the Hollow quarters and hurt every single day for keeping her head up instead of bending it. Now, the strongest feelings inside her were fear and anxiety, because the elders could easily decide she wasn't worth being part of their pack or even participating in their activities.

Not to mention that she had nothing to her name, nothing she could offer or add to the pack at all.

"Why?" Viola asked when Zoe told her that from now on, if anyone asked what pack she came from, she was to say the North Pack.

"The Alpha's order. Everyone knows how much he hates Moonwillow, and having someone from that pack join the competition would raise questions. The elders wouldn't give you the chance to take part," Zoe said as she parted Viola's full, frizzy hair section by section, carefully untangling the mass with conditioner in preparation for the hairstyle she would do for her tonight.

"So if you really don't want to stir drama, because the elders can be very dramatic sometimes, just stick with this. Viola from the North Pack. Your parents were omegas, which would explain why

your wolf didn't awaken, and you wanted the chance to become something different from a servant life." Zeo informed.

It was totally normal for someone born from two omegas to turn out wolfless, because the wolf could be too weak to surface and for the body to go through shifting. Having that as an explanation for why she didn't have a wolf was good, believable, and accepted among most packs. But just going out straight to say she didn't have a reason, would earned her a banishment immediately.

"They'll find it amusing, even laughable, that you chose to aim for becoming the Luna of the biggest and strongest pack, but it doesn't matter. It's better than not having a chance at all. Are you sure you can do this, Viola?" Zoe asked as she looked at her through the mirror in front of them, where Viola's hair was frizzed out in every direction.

Viola felt a huge lump of dread in her throat at that question. She had feared the fact that she came from a pack the Silver Pack disdained for reasons she had never been told, but now, a solution had been laid before her.

She would have to take on a new identity, one that wasn't entirely a lie, because Evan had indeed given her to Ember. So technically, she belonged to the North Pack, and no one could say otherwise, Evan had rejected her from his own pack to hand her to Ember right in front of everyone that night.

What she found daunting was facing the elders, but she was the kind of person who never let herself get discouraged once she set her mind on something, especially something that could change her life completely and give her a big opportunity to reconcile with Ivy again.

"I can do it. How many elders are there?" Viola asked, pushing away her nervousness.

"We have six elders: two females and four males. The tablet I gave you has their names and positions on it. You can look through them while I get your hair done, because, goodness me, you have so much hair on your head," Zoe said with a light chuckle, easing the tension in the room for Viola, who found herself getting more free around this shewolf.

For the next hour, as Zoe applied a hair mask, face mask, and every other treatment she believed Viola needed, Viola held the frameless tablet and memorized what she needed to know about the Silver Pack's elders.

The more she read and learned, the more she realized how much power they held, even over the Alpha himself, because they had lived far longer than he had and had once ruled during the first year after the past Alpha passed away before giving it back to the current Alpha.

A sudden urge to pick at the skin at the side of her nails grew, and when she gave in, she received a faint flick with a makeup brush from Zoe. Viola looked up to see Zoe regarding her with disapproval.

"Aya. You're ruining your nails with that habit, Viola. Can you at least stop peeling the poor skin for today?" Zoe said good-naturedly, calling for one of the omegas who had come with her to apply ointment to the raw skin Viola had peeled.

Viola bit the inside of her cheek in embarrassment.

"You don't have to be embarrassed. I also have the bad habit of picking at my hair and plucking it out. See?" Zoe moved her side part to show a small balding spot at the side of her head, the baby hairs left behind from plucking.

Viola's eyes rounded, as she had never thought an elegant she-wolf like Zoe could have an impulsive habit too, and she smiled when Zoe flushed.

"I do that when I get nervous, but I try to stop because it's ruining my hairline. So you have nothing to feel ashamed of. By the way, it's a secret between us, don't let anyone know," Zoe added, making a pouty face that made Viola chuckle as she nodded.

"I'm good at keeping secrets."

Viola never thought she would be this free with another person, but she found herself talking and exchanging words with Zoe the way one would with a friend, a normal friend, unlike the ones she had in the past, where whenever they gathered together, they only gossiped and spoke badly of others.

By the time Zoe and the two omegas had finished helping her get ready, the sun had begun to set, and the time for dinner was approaching, along with the growing dread of meeting the elders and the Supreme Alpha.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 34: Dinner with the elders[1,131 words]

Chapter 34: Dinner with the elders

Viola's hair, which she had believed would never look good again with all its tangles, was now strengthened and combed smoothly down her shoulders, reflecting the light and shining like polished ebony.

The faint dark bruises on her face were hidden by the light makeup Zoe had applied, and Viola could barely recognize herself. Though still thin and a little sunken, she looked unbelievably better than the haggard state she had been in last night, a state that had made her resemble a terrifying ghost.

And the dress. Viola stared at it in the mirror. It had been ages since she had worn anything like this.

It was a deep wine-red gown, the color of crushed roses and blood. The bodice fit her closely, hugging her slim shape without being loud, with thin straps resting lightly on her shoulders.

The fabric glittered faintly, catching the light whenever she moved.

From her waist, the dress fell into a long, flowing skirt that draped all the way to the floor, moving like a slow ripple with every step she took. It was a very beautiful dress, designed to emphasize a woman's upper curves, but her current body lacked the fullness to fill it entirely, making it a bit loose at the chest.

Nonetheless, it made her look fragile and elegant at the same time.

Viola bit the inside of her cheek as her gaze fell to the red bite mark on her neck, still bare beneath her hair. Self-consciously, she tucked the hair around it to conceal it, a small gesture that contrasted with the boldness of her transformation.

Lastly, she was injected with pheromone and heat suppressors, as her body produced them every second of the day.

"Oh wow, you look lovely! Are you ready to face your rivals at the dinner?" Zoe exclaimed, clapping her hands in excitement at her handiwork of transforming Viola into a princess and dressing her in one of her latest designs. She couldn't wait for her brother to see the girl's transformation.

Rivals? Viola swallowed hard and bobbed her head, bracing herself.

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The dining hall was in the same luxurious skyscraper building as the one Viola's penthouse was in. It had a total of 103 floors and was the biggest one, with important Silver Pack members living inside it. They took the elevator to the 64th floor, and by the time they stepped out of it, Viola could already feel the strong presence of higher-ranking werewolves in the air.

But what surprised her more when they stepped into the long hallways was the fact that all over the walls of the hallways there were long screen projectors that showed images of participating she-wolves and their wolves on the screens in the background.

As they walked past them, Viola adjusted her glasses to see them better while she listened to Zoe tell her which family each of them belonged to.

Among the she-wolves was one who stood out from the rest. She had ginger hair and green eyes, with an arrogant smile fixed on her face on the screen, and her wolf looked so big and intimidating that Viola felt a shiver run down her spine just from looking into the wolf's eyes displayed there.

"That is Laila Serrano, Elder Halvrek's niece. A little advice, you should watch out for her. She's a little bitchy. Everyone already takes her as the winner because she currently has the strongest wolf among the she-wolves participating."

There was a lacing of scorn in Zoe's tone as she spoke about Laila, as if she genuinely didn't like her, and Viola took note of that, making a mental list of who she needed to watch out for.

Viola could tell, even from the way the she-wolf looked on the screen, that she was trouble and someone completely full of herself. After all, Viola had once been in those same shoes before, and recognizing that kind of attitude in another person wasn't hard for her to do.

When it came to her own turn on the screen projector, there was no image of her. There was only her name, stating that she was from the North Pack and the first wolfless to compete for the position of Luna in the Silver Pack.

Worse, Viola's insides clenched when she saw a small line beneath it that read: the little delusional suicidal wolfless.

"Don't mind that," Zoe said, noticing Viola's eyes on the written words. "Just like I told you, nobody takes you seriously right now because it has never been done for a wolfless to take the position of our Luna through the competition. But I do believe it's time for a change in the Silver Pack."

No doubt many would find it funny, Viola thought, because she would have found it funny too if she were watching from the outside, standing before the projectors and not being the one displayed on them.

She was 5'5 tall, with a very small physique and without a wolf, trying to compete against she-wolves. It would be totally ridiculous. Only now, the joke was on her, and she couldn't laugh, because she was determined to win. It was either she rose high to power or died trying, there was no other way around it with the burning hunger for atonement and revenge churning relentlessly inside her.

Viola subconsciously adjusted her glasses again and tried not to wipe her suddenly sweaty palm against her beautiful dress as they drew nearer to the hall.

When they arrived at the hall, which was at the end of the long silver-polished hallways filled with wall projectors, the doors automatically slid open for them to enter.

Inside the hall was like stepping into another world of its own.

Unlike the modern, advanced design of the building, this space carried an ancient, solemn atmosphere. The presence of the werewolf elders made the air feel heavier, colder, almost frigid.

Large chandeliers hung from the ceiling, casting a muted glow over the room. There were no glass walls here, only solid stone and polished silver.

Quiet conversation filled the hall, but it paused the moment Viola and Zoe entered.

All eyes turned toward them.

Viola quickly realized they had arrived a bit late, and it made her gulp anxiously, knowing that wasn't a good first impression. Hadn't they rushed everything to come on time?

Everyone was already present, seated around an impossibly long table. More than twenty werewolves sat there, including the participating she-wolves... and the Alpha himself.

The six elders were seated along the right side of the table.

The Alpha sat at the head.

And unfortunately for her, the head chair faced the entrance directly.

His cold silver eyes locked onto Viola the instant she stepped inside.

## **Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 35: Dinner with the elders\_Part 2[ 1,737 words ]**

### **Chapter 35: Dinner with the elders\_Part 2**

His cold silver eyes locked onto Viola the instant she stepped inside.

No matter how much she looked at him, Viola could never look past the fact that his eyes were utterly terrifying, like they were made of ice, stone-cold and completely soulless. It was as if the world owed him a great debt, and he intended to collect it simply by wearing that expression.

An involuntary shiver went down her spine when she noticed how those cold eyes subtly trailed her from head to toe before settling back on her face. Then, as if he hadn't seen her at all, he looked away and resumed the conversation that had stopped with the others.

The bastard. Viola didn't care whether she was acknowledged or not by the Alpha. Her only goal here was the elders, who, just like the Alpha, had already resumed their conversation, ignoring her presence.

"Oops, we took too much time getting ready. We came late," Zoe whispered the obvious. "Find your seat as quietly as possible. I'll go sit over there."

There were only two empty seats left with the guests already seated, one at the edge of the table, far away from Sebastian, and the other one right next to him. Viola silently hoped Zoe would take the seat beside him.

Before Viola could say anything, Zoe had already strode toward the seat Viola had been hoping would be hers.

Almost immediately, Zoe leaned toward one of the men and began talking easily, mingling as if she belonged there, because she did. Viola already had a feeling Zoe was related to the supreme Alpha, who had many relatives present in the hall, judging by the silver strands of her hair and her striking grey eyes.

"I'll be damned, Zoe. She's smaller than I thought. Did she get drunk on the wrong wine to come here?" Zoe's cousin, Nicolas, whispered as he watched the wolfless girl make her way to the only empty chair remaining, on the left side of the Alpha. A big mistake. That chair was empty for a reason. No one wanted to choke on the supreme Alpha's overwhelming pheromones, not unless they were asking for suffocation.

They watched her sit down with her chin held at the right angle, and one wouldn't know she was intimidated by the aura of the powerful wolves if it weren't for how slightly stiff she held herself.

"Don't judge a book by its cover, Nick. You might be looking at our next Luna. Who knows?" Zoe said, nudging her cousin's arm and chiding him for looking down on someone she had already taken as a friend.

Nick gave Zoe a sideways look as he chewed his juicy, half-cooked meat. "You and I both know what the competition is like, right? Do you see her winning it?" he asked, almost believing his cousin must be out of her mind for thinking the little woman could win without a wolf.

However, Nick couldn't help but admire how she was holding herself together, sitting beside the Alpha with that suffocating pheromone surrounding him.

"I like her, though. At least she didn't come in with arrogance like someone here," he murmured, referring to Laila, who was sitting opposite Viola and staring at the wolfless for daring to sit so close to Sebastian.

"Wolfless," Laila muttered with a shake of her head. If she had a wolf that could properly sense the Alpha's aura, she would have sat on the floor rather than take that seat next to Sebastian, Laila thought with faint amusement as she said to her uncle, Elder Halvrek, in Spanish,

"Approve her joining, uncle. We all know she has no chance of being our Luna. I would like to see her live up to her new title, the suicidal wolfless. It would be really heartless if we didn't grant her wish to kill herself right before everyone."

Elder Halvrek had been worried that they were giving a nobody, someone who would contribute nothing to their pack, the chance to rule over them. But seeing her now, he realized just how much those worries had been for nothing, because this girl doesn't stand a chance.

His niece still had the biggest chance of winning and making their bloodline proud, and this little wolfless would get nothing but death. All that worry had been for nothing.

With that, Elder Halvrek announced to the others in Spanish his decision to finally agree to a wolfless participating, and everyone around the table had no objection after seeing her. Some of the she-wolves even let out a laugh, because she was the biggest joke in this game.

Viola, on the other hand, would have chosen to sit anywhere other than beside Alpha Kade, but there had been no other empty seats available. She wasn't immune to his overwhelming presence, only capable of ignoring it because she didn't have a wolf sense.

She tried not to falter and maintained her composure, even though her insides were quivering with both anger and nerves.

She hadn't learned Spanish in school or during her Luna practice, and the language flowed around her now. Even without understanding the words, she knew they were discussing her rudely right in her presence, using a language she had never bothered to learn because she hadn't thought she'd ever need it. Now, she realized she should have added it to the four languages she had learned.

The she-wolves who would be participating were included in whatever discussion was happening around the table, everyone except her.

Still, she didn't let it bother her and tried to eat her dinner, even though she was clearly bothered by not being addressed, the very reason she had been invited here. But even eating proved difficult, as her right hand was still unstable and couldn't properly cut the meat or hold a fork, having only recently been freed from the sling.

Viola gave up on the meat and reached for the soup instead. But as she used her left hand, which was trembling like a baby learning how to use it, the soup spilled over her lap as she brought the spoon to her mouth. The hot liquid soaked into her dress, making her gasp softly.

"Idiot," she heard someone mutter under their breath beside her.

Viola jerked her head to look at the Alpha sitting to her left, but he wasn't looking at her. He was busy cutting the meat on his plate as if he were cutting an enemy, all aggression and force, yet she could have sworn she'd heard him call her an idiot. Did she imagine it?

No one else was looking at her. Everyone was too busy to pay attention to a little wolfless who, after seeing her, they no longer cared about, having already decided she was a failure. That alone made Viola seethe with silent rage, and as hungry as she was, she didn't touch the food again, though her stomach growled softly.

It wouldn't be anything new to go hungry tonight, she hadn't come here for the food, exactly, but to hear if the elders approved of her joining their pack and having a big opportunity to belong somewhere and secure a home where she would bring her sister to.

Still, she couldn't stop her stomach from letting out little noises.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, or perhaps because she hadn't been paying attention, a plate slid in front of her.

Viola lowered her head and saw a plate of neatly arranged, juicy red meat placed before her. She adjusted her glasses and turned to look at the Alpha with a deep frown, but he wasn't paying her the slightest attention, as he was busy speaking in Spanish with the elders.

Did he put this in front of her? She wondered, but the idea was so unimaginable and outrageously impossible that she turned to look at the quiet she-wolf sitting to her right, who had been watching her this whole time.

It was as if the she-wolf was sick or something, because she dressed strangely and wasn't talking like the others. She looked no more than eighteen years old.

When Viola met her gaze, the she-wolf quickly ducked her head as if she were shy, her hair falling like a curtain around her face.

"Thank you," Viola muttered to the she-wolf, who seemed just as left out of the conversation as she was.

At her words, the she-wolf stiffened slightly, glanced toward the Alpha again, then lowered her head without answering, her fingers tightening in her lap.

Viola found the girl's behavior strange but didn't think much of it, telling herself the she-wolf was simply kind, perhaps like Zoe.

She began to eat the sliced meat, now able to pick it up easily with her fork. When she took the first bite, she found it impossibly delicious, and she couldn't help but feel a quiet gratitude toward the kind, silent she-wolf sitting next to her. Kindness hadn't come easily to her over the past four years, so even the smallest gesture warmed her heart. She ate the meat slowly, savoring it along with that unexpected warmth inside her.

'Aww, she's eating our dinner,' Sebastian's wolf purred, trying to force Sebastian to look at the girl.

He had found her childish and completely against everything he stood for, yet annoyingly cute for being unable to even cut her own meat and for spilling soup on herself like that. The little idiot.

'Killjoy. Isn't she adorable in that dress? I want to spoil her, pamper her until she can't help but depend on us. She's using the same fork we used. Come on, don't be a party pooper and look at her savor the meat. I know you want to look.'

Sebastian ignored his wolf. He had long since considered that part of himself a completely stupid creature, one that would drag him into situations he wouldn't know how to escape or one he didn't want to be in at all.

Viola had just finished eating the delicious sliced meat when she finally realized she was being addressed by one of the elders.

"Viola from the North Pack," a female voice spoke. It was Elder Ysara, the elder Viola had learned possessed a spiritual connection to the Moon Goddess and was a seer. Being addressed by her made Viola's throat go dry.

## Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 36: Demonstration[ 1,438 words ]

### Chapter 36: Demonstration

"Viola from the North Pack," a female voice spoke. It was Elder Ysara, the elder Viola had learned possessed a spiritual connection to the Moon Goddess and was a seer. Being addressed by her made Viola's throat go dry.

"You claim your parents are omegas and that your wolf has not yet awakened." it wasn't a question but more a statement.

Viola felt her heart give a heavy thud, the food she had eaten moments ago threatening to rush back up her throat. She didn't claim it, the Alpha had made it up!

This elder possessed spiritual powers, and Viola couldn't help but fear that, as a seer, she might see through lies.

Her ability had been said to be granted by the Moon Goddess herself centuries ago to the first generation of seers and had been passed down through the bloodline for generations.

If Elder Ysara discovered that Viola came from Moonwillow, it would mean nothing but death, she would be killed before even stepping fully into the competition she had dared to enter.

Viola wanted to shrink back, to disappear entirely so she wouldn't have to face this particular elder, but she forced herself to lift her chin, letting her eyes meet the woman's piercing gold ones.

"Yes," she answered.

"Hm. It's strange," the elder said slowly. "I can't smell a wolf in you, and yet you don't smell human either. Are you—"

She began to probe further as she could sense something utterly strange and wrong about the girl's aura, but the cold voice of the Alpha suddenly cut her off.

"Go ahead and ask her the important question, Ysara. We don't care where a nobody like her comes from when it's obvious she won't make it."

Viola's fingers clenched tightly around the fabric of her dress as his words sent a ripple of chuckles through the she-wolves at the table.

A fire surged through her chest, and she forced herself to meet the Alpha's icy gaze with her own piercing blue eyes. Every fiber of her being burned with resentment towards him.

The pretentious bastard. Oh, how she despised his arrogance, that cold accent in his voice, the way he looked down on others as if the world owed him obedience. One day, she would slap that cold face with her victory.

'Mama mia! She's got cold eyes! She despises us now. Fuck you, man!' Sebastian's wolf exclaimed inside him. 'You didn't have to insult her just to save her little neck from Ysara's probing!'

Elder Ysara nodded at the Alpha's words, accepting them without protest, then turned back to Viola.

"What do you believe makes a Luna worthy of standing beside an Alpha?"

When Viola answered, it was with a quiet confidence she didn't know she still possessed.

"I don't believe a Luna is worthy because she's the strongest," she said calmly, "or because she has the loudest wolf."

"Easy for you to say when you lack a wolf," came the sneering voice of one of the participants, Emilia. "You know as well as everyone here that what makes a Luna is her wolf. But don't worry, I won't burst your bubble just yet, we'll have plenty of time to do that in the arena."

A smirk formed on the she-wolf's face as she looked Viola straight in the eyes. "Isn't that right, our little suicidal wolfless?"

Laughter rippled through the other she-wolves.

As if Viola's answer had already bored her, Laila, who had been watching the exchange with silent amusement, finally chimed in, answering Elder Ysara's question herself.

"A Luna must be powerful," she said, leaning back arrogantly against her chair. "Strong enough to command respect, feared by enemies, and admired by her pack."

Approving murmurs moved through the table.

Laila continued, confidence oozing from her words and tone. "She must enhance her Alpha's status, through her strength, her lineage, and her ability to produce strong heirs. A weak Luna brings weakness to the pack. That is something no Alpha can afford to have beside him."

Her eyes flicked toward Viola. "So, little girl, you don't stand a chance. Do yourself a favor and forfeit this competition now."

As if to emphasize her words to the wolfless, Laila released her Alpha wolf presence.

Viola's teeth clattered violently as the pressure slammed into her. Her hand jerked against the table, the fork stabbing into her palm. She hissed softly in pain as blood welled up, and Laila smirked.

"You see?" Laila said lightly. "You can't even fight my wolf energy."

She laughed, then slowly withdrew her wolf presence, releasing Viola from the crushing force and allowing her to breathe again, while the others found the entire display amusing rather than unfair.

Viola's chest burned with humiliation and pain, but she didn't let it show. She was used to being humiliated in front of everyone, and this wasn't even close to what she had endured before. Slowly, she lifted her head and looked at Laila.

"That was petty of you, Miss Laila," Viola said calmly, her voice steady despite the burning pain in her palm. "Your display says more about your insecurity than my lack of a wolf."

Her eyes softened into a mock smile, because she wouldn't give any of them the slightest satisfaction of seeing her pain.

"But thank you for proving that intimidation is what you rely on when words aren't enough."

Saying that, Viola pulled the fork out of her palm and clenched her fingers tightly to stop the bleeding, ignoring the heated look Laila shot her in response, and the equally heated look coming from the Alpha seated beside her.

"Enough," Elder Halvrek declared as Laila began to speak again. "It has been decided. The competition will take place in four weeks, and Viola of the North Pack is officially a participant."

Laila looked at the wolfless girl and smiled.

So she won't forfeit, Laila thought.

Her wolf sneered. One of the she-wolves had forfeited just before Viola arrived upon learning Laila was among the participants. Yet even after Laila had demonstrated her power so clearly, this wolfless girl hadn't flinched.

It made Laila wonder what in hell gave her such confidence, to stand among them, to believe she could win and rule over a pack like Silver and marry Sebastian.

'We're going to enjoy this so much,' her wolf purred. 'Sebastian has always been ours. He gives us everything... and we are his fated mate.'

She hadn't been interested in settling down with anyone before, but lately, she found herself unable to stomach the idea of Sebastian taking another woman when he had already given her almost everything she had asked for.

There were rumors of his curse, and that the death of his third Luna was inevitable, since Natalie and Evangeline had already died. Those two had been her classmates at the werewolves' school before Laila had moved to her mother's family pack to explore life beyond it.

But like everyone else here, Laila believed that any Luna who had died so far simply hadn't been smart enough to protect herself against whatever had killed them within the marriage.

Though there had never been any disclosure about what truly killed them, nor was the public ever allowed to see the bodies before they were buried and many said the bodies were never buried, Laila was prepared for this. The Alpha family was tight-lipped about many things that happened within the family, but her uncle was an Elder, and he had assured her she wouldn't die from any curse.

According to him, the curse only befell certain she-wolves, but she wasn't just any she-wolf. She had an Alpha wolf, and none of his past wives had possessed that.

Laila smirked to herself and sent a wink toward Sebastian, who happened to be looking her way with narrowed eyes. She believed he was proud of her for dealing with this wolfless girl, why wouldn't he be?

She was his mate, after all, his favorite woman in the entire Silver Pack ever since he had lost his two previous wives. Unknown to Laila, Sebastian was seething.

She had just hurt the little idiot of a woman he was having conflicting emotions towards, and for the life of him, he couldn't understand why his mate bond toward Viola felt stronger than any connection he had with Laila. Why did he despise what Laila had just done to her right there, in his presence?

'And that is exactly why it's dangerous for Laila to join this competition. She'll have her evil eyes on my girl,' his wolf growled in displeasure.

## **Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 37: Infuriating shameless Alpha!\_Part 1[ 1,660 words ]**

### **Chapter 37: Infuriating shameless Alpha!\_Part 1**

By the time Viola left the hall, her palm was bleeding badly, and she didn't have a handkerchief, or the effortless grace to mingle with anyone. She had already earned the elders' approval, and that was all that mattered. She didn't wait for Zoe, who had been held up by someone Viola had been introduced to as her aunt, and excused herself quietly from the hall.

Viola walked out of the hall and, thankfully, at the far end of the sliding doors, she spotted a sink attached to the wall. She hurried toward it, clutching her bleeding hand.

The mirror of the sink wasn't glass but a technological screen, showing images of the Luna participants just like the wall projector. The moment she stepped in front of it, the screen shifted to reflect her own face like a proper mirror.

She stared at her reflection and shuddered inwardly. Her makeup was fading, revealing sunken cheeks and tired eyes behind her round-frame glasses. Had she looked like this the whole time in the hall? She cried silently inside. So much for a first impression.

Unable to look at herself any longer, she lowered her head toward the sink, where the faucet had no handle, only a curved silver object. She was already frustrated, and discovering a headless, strange tap did nothing but intensify her helplessness. Did the Silver really have to make everything this complicated? Even a simple sink couldn't escape their overly complex technology!

She reached out, about to slap the tap, but as her hand came close, water suddenly sprang from the curved object.

"Messed-up technology," she gritted furiously, holding her bleeding hand under the flow, letting the blood mix with the water and wash down the drain.

"I actually designed that system."

A male voice suddenly spoke, and Viola turned her head to see who it was. She recognized him immediately.

Though Zoe had given her a tablet to study the elders, Viola had also seen the profiles of many of the Alpha's relatives. She remembered seeing this person's profile, he was one of the Alpha's cousins.

He was tall, impossibly handsome, with silver hair and eyes, but unlike Sebastian, his face carried a more approachable, less intimidating aura. But to her shame and displeasure, she had to admit he wasn't as strikingly gorgeous as that cold Alpha. Was there anyone here as unnervingly good-looking as him? She hadn't seen it yet, because the Alpha's presence was the kind that unsettled you.

"Oh, sorry," Viola said quietly, flustered. "I was just... having trouble with it."

He smiled warmly. "No offense taken. It responds to proximity and temperature."

"Oh," Viola muttered. She couldn't help but wish he would leave her alone so she could wash her hand in peace.

After her life as a Hollow, she was no longer used to having one-on-one conversations or being in the presence of people the Hollow system had taught her were above her in werewolf society, before whom she was supposed to bow her head. The habit was still ingrained in her, and she had to fight herself many times not to bow or cower before the people in the hall, or this man approaching her.

"Viola, right?" he asked, his eyes briefly flicking to her bleeding hand beneath the running water.

She nodded, pulling her hand away from the water, which stopped the moment she removed her hand.

"Cool, right?" he said, unable to hide his enthusiasm at how the faucet worked. "I spent three months convincing the elders it wouldn't flood the buildings in our pack if we made it this way."

"Oh..." she replied, speechless, unable to find words to hold a conversation. She had read that he was a nerd, part of those responsible for creating most of the technology in the Silver Pack, and also quite talkative, judging by how she had noticed him chatting away inside the hall earlier. What did he want from her?

He laughed softly as if reading her discomfort. "You're not much of a talker, I see." He reached into his pocket, pulled out a neatly folded handkerchief, and gently took her bleeding hand.

"You're bleeding. Let me help."

Viola stiffened instinctively, her fingers twitching as if to pull back, but she stopped when she realized he was only tying the handkerchief around her palm. Perhaps it was time to make herself familiar with the people here.

The more friends and allies she had, the easier life would be in the future. She couldn't afford for every single person to despise her as much as she despised herself and everything that had made her who she was. It was time she learned how to live among people like this again, not for herself this time, but for her sister and for her mission of becoming the future supreme Luna, where no one would cause her anymore pains.

"I find you interesting, Viola. Though you don't have a wolf, you still talked back to Laila in there. Tell me, what's the secret behind your confidence?" he asked, letting go of her hand and leaning slightly to look down at her with keen interest, as if he were waiting for her to whisper the secret of the universe.

Nick was certain the girl must have a plan, some hidden strategy to win without a wolf. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been so bold in front of Laila. Not to mention daring enough to come into the Silver Pack and wanting to rule them.

Didn't she know she was at risk of dying even if she won the challenge? Didn't she know about the Kade's curse? His cousin's Lunas, who had been strong, were already gone. And what he found most interesting was catching a glimpse of Sebastian sliding his own meal in front of her.

Wasn't that interesting? Sebastian, who acted as though he were allergic to weaklings, paying attention to this one? There had to be some kind of secret. And Nick liked listening for secrets.

Viola bit the inside of her cheek, raising a hand to tuck strands of hair behind her ear, struggling to process that someone actually found her interesting. If only he knew how disappointed he would be, there was nothing remotely interesting about her.

"I don't have any secret," she replied finally, her voice calm but firm. "I just know I have to win at all costs."

"Aha!" he suddenly exclaimed, startling her and making her eyes widen. "That's the spirit! Determination! Now tell me, do you have any plans of escaping before the day? Because I just bet millions on you in there."

Viola stared at him in astonishment. "Mr—" she began to speak, but his dramatic gasp cut her words off mid-throat.

"Oh no. Absolutely not. 'Mr.' makes me sound old," he said, his expression earnest, almost puppy-like in its intensity. "Call me Nick."

"...Nick," she repeated cautiously, taking note that this Nick had apparently lost all sense of reason to bet on her.

"Nicolas if I'm in trouble. Nick if I'm not," he said, stepping back and raising his hands in playful surrender. "And don't worry, I'm not here to judge you for not having a wolf. I'm here to tell you that I bet on you, and please don't disappoint me, because I'll go broke if you do. And if you ever need anything at all, I will be a call away."

Before she could say anything else, he had already turned to leave, adding casually, "Try not to break my inventions. I'm very emotionally attached to them."

Few minutes later, Viola was still reeling from the strange encounter with Nick, thinking him utterly insane for betting on her when she herself was not certain about her decisions and actions anymore.

She made her way back to her penthouse, the hallway impossibly silent, her company only the flashing projectors and the restless feeling of loneliness creeping back in.

When she stepped out of the elevator onto her penthouse floor, Viola stopped before the glass wall, staring out at the night city spread beneath her. She didn't want to go back inside the penthouse, knowing loneliness awaited her in that vast space, a biting, bitter loneliness paired with heart-wrenching regret and relentless nightmares. Not to mention the creeping self-doubt that had begun to rise inside her.

Once, she would have thought herself capable of anything and everything, just like someone like Laila, arrogant, full of herself, and willing to go down any vile path to get what she wanted.

She had once been that bad, once been that fearless, but years of suffering had not only changed her; they had dimmed her light and confidence, much like a melting candle that reduced its glow around a space the smaller it became. She felt unbelievably small in this new world.

Now, she wasn't only humbled by life, but by her own internal demons, demons that crept in whenever she was alone. The demons of her past and the demons of her sins whispered constantly, never letting her forget, never letting her feel joy.

Now, standing in this silent hall and looking out at the city, Viola didn't even know who she was anymore, or who she was supposed to become.

The day she didn't get her wolf had made her lose a sense of identity and self-assurance she had once relied on. It felt as though something essential had been torn from her, leaving a hollow space she couldn't fill with anything.

She wished more than anything that she could go back to a time when she had someone who genuinely loved her beside her, her poor sister, the only person who had ever made her feel whole.

She stared up at the night sky, tears burning her eyes, refusing to fall but threatening to spill at any moment.

"I can't afford to fail you again..." she muttered softly, her voice trembling.

# Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

## Chapter 38: Infuriating shameless Alpha!\_Part 2[ 1,378 words ]

### Chapter 38: Infuriating shameless Alpha!\_Part 2

She stared up at the night sky, tears burning her eyes, refusing to fall but threatening to spill at any moment.

"I can't afford to fail you again..." she muttered softly, her voice trembling. "But I am afraid I might."

No matter her fear, Viola knew she couldn't give up now just because she was a little intimidated by her competitors. She wasn't afraid of death as much as she feared a long, miserable life filled with pain, remorse, loneliness, and endless pain. That kind of existence terrified her far more than dying ever could.

This morning, she had woken up feeling impossibly better because of Zoe's dog, who had stayed beside her and nibbled at her. She didn't mind his gentle biting and licking, as long as she could feel the kind of peace she had experienced last night, her first ever sleep that had soothed something restless inside her.

Perhaps she should ask to bring the dog to stay with her again tonight, because she was afraid to sleep alone. She would call Zoe and—

"I would give a million to know what's so interesting outside that wall you're staring at with such intensity."

A deep voice suddenly spoke from behind her. Her soul almost jumped out of her body; she hadn't expected anyone to be there at all!

Viola didn't even need to turn or wonder who it was. His accented voice and familiar, delicious cologne rushed to her nose the moment she became aware of him, making her insides clench and her fingers tighten subconsciously around the handkerchief-wrapped palm.

She swirled around to find him leaning casually against the wall beside her door, his hands thrust into his trouser pockets like a thug, yet the stance did nothing to detract from that out-of-this-world presence he carried so effortlessly.

His silver hair looked messy, as if he had run his fingers through it countless times, and he stared at her intensely with those same expressionless, cold eyes. Did he have to look this angry every time? she wondered, momentarily forgetting her own pain and sorrows.

What was he even doing here? Hadn't she left him behind in the hall with the elders? Viola frowned deeply, refusing to let his presence, or the way he was looking at her, affect her.

She pursed her lips, returning his stare. She almost shot the sarcastic remark, "take a picture, it lasts longer," but belatedly reminded herself that this person wasn't Evan, who looked at her with so much genuine love that one would never doubt it. She pushed the thought of Evan aside, knowing it only stirred her anger.

Sebastian's eyes narrowed as he caught the brief flash of rage across her face, wondering if it had been his presence that had provoked it. If it had, then all the better.

When his gaze roamed over her from head to toe, Viola felt the urge to hug herself tighter, to hide her unhealthy body from such intense eyes, eyes that probably found her lacking in every possible way. Not that she cared about what he thought of her body. The last thing on her mind was caring about what this handsome, heartless devil thought of her.

Sebastian's eyes took her in slowly before finally settling on the handkerchief-wrapped palm. His eyes darkened visibly.

"Come here," he ordered.

Viola heard his command and arched a brow at him. She would be dense to obey that order. She didn't move, remaining where she was, one arm hugging herself defensively as if to shield herself in case he struck her. It was a subconscious action, one that came naturally whenever a command was given like that.

"I need to get inside. Could you step away from the door?" Viola asked indifferently, since he was blocking the code panel with his back.

"And what if I don't?" he asked, a slight lift tugging at the corner of his lips as he looked at her standing there like an abandoned child, arms wrapped around herself, her face blank and unreadable.

He had watched her for some time, standing before that glass wall with a sorrowful expression. He had gotten Matt to do a little more digging into her past, and he had seen what she had looked like before this. If not for her blue eyes in the pictures, Sebastian might have thought the confident woman in the pictures wasn't the same as this small, lost figure before him.

It was said she was intelligent, having always emerged at the top of all her classes in the werewolf academy in Moonwillow. Sebastian understood why that dense Evan had placed her beside him until he found another woman, one who, Sebastian realized, wasn't nearly as academically sharp as Viola Linden.

She came from his enemy pack, and the only reason he hadn't killed her wasn't just because she turned out to be his unwanted mate, it was because he saw the same hatred he held for the Moonwillow inside her eyes.

Still, that alone wasn't enough for him to want her in his life.

"Come here, little girl," he repeated, his tone commanding, but if she heard, she gave no sign of obedience.

Did she just defy his order to come to him? Did she have any idea what he could do to her? Little idiot.

She frowned in displeasure. "I am not a little girl," Viola said coldly. "And if you don't move away from the door, you can stand there all night, it's your building after all. I wouldn't mind waiting for you to get bored and leave." She said, holding his gaze steadily.

She wasn't afraid of him throwing her out anymore for talking back; the elders had approved her participation now. The least he could do now was beat her. He had already gotten under her skin enough with the way he constantly looked down on her and called her "little," as if she were still a child.

Sebastian's eyes narrowed at her. "What if I never get bored of your stupidity?" he drawled in sudden irritation. "Has anyone ever told you how stupid you are?"

"It takes one stupid person to recognize another stupid person, Alpha," Viola shot back, making an effort not to give him the satisfaction of seeing her grit her teeth in annoyance. He wouldn't be getting any reaction from her.

"Did you just call me stupid?" His silver eyes darkened further, and his accent grew more pronounced, making Viola acutely aware that he didn't like being called stupid. Well, hadn't he called her that first?

She only shrugged in response and said calmly, "You called me that first. You shouldn't call someone something you don't want to be called in return."

'Kiss my ass! I like her even more!' his wolf howled with laughter inside him, prompting Sebastian to seal him off to the back of his mind immediately. The creature kept siding with this girl far too often now, and he wanted nothing more than to rip it from himself and match them together, just so he could have some peace.

He didn't know whether he found her defiance amusing or annoying, but he wanted to see just how long she could hold onto it. Sebastian pushed himself away from the wall and began to walk toward her. She wouldn't come forward, yet she had the nerve to call him stupid, right?

Let's see if she wouldn't walk backward and just how brave she truly was.

Viola's attempt at maintaining an indifferent expression immediately shattered and went straight out the glass wall when she saw him approaching her.

Why was he coming forward? Didn't he want to stay there and block her entrance? she wondered. Despite her desperate attempt to show him she wasn't afraid and wouldn't be intimidated, her stupid legs betrayed her, taking a step back as he stepped forward.

"Why are you backing away?" Sebastian asked cluelessly, watching her closely, his head tilted slightly to the side.

"Wh-why are you walking towards me?" she retorted, earning a careless shrug from him.

"I don't know," he replied lazily. "Perhaps because you just ignored my order to come to me, so I decided I'll come to you instead."

## **Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 39: Infuriating shameless Alpha\_Part 3[ 1,293 words ]**

### **Chapter 39: Infuriating shameless Alpha\_Part 3**

"I don't know," he replied lazily. "Perhaps because you just ignored my order to come to me, so I decided I'll come to you instead."

"Don't come any closer," Viola warned as her back hit the cold glass wall behind her, the chill of it sending a sharp shiver down her spine and making her realize there was nowhere left to retreat.

She glanced to the side where the elevator doors were and attempted to dash in that direction, but of course the predator moved faster. He blocked her path by slamming his palm against the glass wall beside her ear, half-caging her between his body and the unyielding surface.

Viola gulped down her saliva and tried to move in the opposite direction to escape, but his other hand came down just as fast, slamming against the wall on her other side and completely trapping her now between him and the glass.

She turned to glare at him, though a tight coil of nerves wound through her stomach the moment his cologne hit her senses, filling her lungs. She liked it, and hated that she did. But the warmth and proximity of his hand grazing her scalp set her pulse racing uncontrollably.

"Run, niñita," he rasped. "I can still catch you with those short legs of yours."

Viola clenched her fingers against her dress. "I am not short, and I refuse to be called names whose meaning I don't even know," she snapped, glaring at him.

Everything that ever left his mouth about her was an insult. If he wasn't so tall, like a towering structure, she wouldn't appear so dwarfed by him in the first place.

Sebastian arched a brow. "You are little and look innocent, but you have fire on your tongue that will get you in deep trouble, niñita. I don't take it good when I get spoken back to like that. And I

will call you whatever I see fit you, little, short, and even four eyes." He said this bringing his hand to push her sliding glass back up her nose bridge. "Hmm, too big for the small face."

He said the small just because she didn't like to hear it and he watched the rage simmer on her face. He had heard so many people saying short people have so much anger, and it seemed to be true because this one has it in abundance and she couldn't let it flare freely because she still has the Hollow system restraining her.

"Take your big, giant hand off my glasses," she said calmly, realizing her anger was only stroking his provocation. If he called her small, she would call him giant and big. Two could play the game of giving names.

Sebastian laughed coldly. "I like that, being big. At least I am not something anyone can step on and walk over, dwarf."

"Tower," she glared at him.

"Rat," he shot back.

"Colossus," she said, realizing how he wanted to play this insult game with her.

"Shrimp," he retorted, eyes narrowing as if daring her to find another name and call him.

"Skyscraper," she bit out.

"Rabbit," he mused, lips curling slightly.

"Titan." Wasn't he going to stop yet? She couldn't believe this cold man was petty enough to resort to name-calling.

"Ant," he said simply, knowing this was stupid and that he was lowering himself to her childish exchange. Yet he couldn't stop as long as she continued. He never let anyone have the last say, not even when that person was this little, unfearful woman, especially when that person was her.

Finally, Viola gave up and slid her mouth shut, realizing if she continued, so would he, because he was shameless and a bully! Was this big bully the supreme Alpha everyone fear?

"Tired? Hmm, I thought as much, ant," he said as he slowly moved one hand away from the wall behind her head.

Viola didn't even realize he had lowered it until she felt it grasp her injured hand in his large one. She jolted instantly and tried to yank it away, but he held on firmly, his eyes never leaving hers for a second.

"Let go of me!" she gritted out, trying to push at his chest with her free hand to force him out of her breathing space.

But because his designer signature shirt was open at the front, leaving his ominous, snake-tattooed chest bare, her palm came into direct contact with his warm skin.

She heard him inhale sharply, as if she had hurt him, and it caused her to freeze. She looked up into his eyes only to find that his expression had shifted into something she couldn't interpret, and his grip around her hand tightened reflexively.

Viola gulped. Did such a push hurt him? Though she showed bravery, it took everything inside her not to cower. But the man was insanely annoying, and she couldn't help herself.

Sebastian clenched his jaw, forcing himself to control the intense wash of desire that surged through him from nothing more than the contact of her hand against his skin. The electric spark sent heat waves racing through his nervous system, goosebumps rising along the back of his neck.

He looked down to see her small hand flattened against his chest while she stared up at him, wide-eyed and confused, so clearly obvious she had no damn idea how this troublesome bond worked. She could torment him with just a whiff of her scent and set him ablaze.

Sebastian hated it, but he breathed in her daisy scent deeply. The effect it had on him was powerful, though not stronger than the reason he was here. He would inhale her until she was nothing new to him, until he got so used to her scent that she would never hold such an effect over him again.

She wouldn't be someone he cared about. She wouldn't be someone his mind sought out even in his subconscious.

She wouldn't be the reason he suffered again. Nobody would be. And so he let himself take her in, her scent, her presence, forcing it into familiarity.

Sebastian moved closer, compelled by the need to feel her warmth more clearly, more fully, so he wouldn't be caught off guard by that electric spark again.

"What do you want from me?" Viola asked warily as she shifted and pressed her back harder against the glass, trying to escape his closeness.

There was no escaping him. He still held her painful injured hand and was now studying it with an unreadable expression on his face.

"More like what you want from me, Viola," he drawled, his voice deep and husky.

The way he said her name for the first time sent a strange quiver through her stomach. It sounded different in his mouth. Was it because he had that annoying accent? The sensation was foreign and unsettling, so much so that she didn't realize he had removed the handkerchief Nicholas had wrapped around her palm until he snorted softly.

"Nicholas's possession," he said. "It doesn't belong with you, *niñita*."

She watched him fling the piece of fabric away as if it were nothing but dirt, and she gasped.

"You can't do that!" she exclaimed, trying to reach for the discarded handkerchief.

But he pulled her back before she could take a step. This time, his strong arm slid around her waist, drawing her firmly against him.

"I can do it, and I already did. I can also ease the pain better than a handkerchief," he said calmly. "Now stop fighting and stay still."

He gave her a dark warning look, and without giving her time to prepare, he lifted her injured hand toward his mouth.

## **Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 40: Infuriating shameless Alpha\_Part 4[ 1,098 words ]**

### **Chapter 40: Infuriating shameless Alpha\_Part 4**

He gave her a dark warning look, and without giving her time to prepare, he lifted her injured hand toward his mouth.

Viola's eyes widened when he bent his head, and she felt his warm mouth close over the wound.

Color burst across her cheeks and spread all the way down her neck when she felt his warm, wet tongue run gently against and around the injury, licking it with deliberate care. In spite of herself, a thread of heat coiled low in her stomach, unfamiliar and so disorienting.

"Wh-what are you—" she tried to speak, attempting to pull her hand away, but he whispered against her palm, his breath hot against her skin.

"Stay still, stupid. I'm trying to heal your wound. It's an eyesore."

His saliva and blood carried healing properties meant for his mate alone, and in that moment he realized that no matter how much this little woman annoyed him and how much he didn't want her or welcome her, he didn't like another man's scent lingering on her because it tormented him just as much as her scent did.

According to fate, she was supposed to be his.

When he finished tending to the wound, he lifted his head and looked at her flushed face. Was she angry, or simply embarrassed? He couldn't tell. He only knew that the color suited her far better than the sickly paleness from before.

He felt her fingers curl inward against his own that still held her palm, and just as her action was unconscious, his grip tightened around hers unconsciously as well, neither of them realizing it or being aware.

That spark he didn't like, but his body craved, surged inside him again, and his other hand around her waist tightened even more.

"Where was I again?" he asked, looking into her eyes behind the frame of glasses that made her look innocent. Yet something told him there was more to Viola Linden than met the eye. If he hadn't already been taught a brutal lesson about keeping weaklings close, he would have been into her, curious enough to want to uncover her layer by layer.

"You were about to let me go?" she put in, wanting nothing more than to get away from him.

What was wrong with this man? Shouldn't he be getting away from her since he hated her and didn't want this bond? Why was he invading her space and holding her like this? It seemed he indeed had no sense of what personal space meant.

"Oh, I remember why I am here," he said, releasing her waist but not her hand. "I am curious. Do you see yourself winning against Laila?" he asked, and without giving her the chance to reply, he continued.

"My offer still stands," he whispered, releasing her hand now and using his fingers to move a few strands of dark hair away from her face, tucking them behind her ear.

Viola jerked her head away from him and narrowed her eyes. "What offer?" She had an idea what he meant, but she feigned ignorance.

He smiled, a smile that didn't reach those cold eyes, yet somehow made his face look even more handsome. Only then did Viola belatedly wonder what his face would look like if that smile ever reached his eyes. She mentally shook the thought from her head and focused on what he was about to say.

"My offer to send you away from here to live with the humans. You can forfeit the competition right now, and by tomorrow you'd be out of here without facing anyone," he told her, watching as her expression hardened and she glared at him.

Didn't she know he was trying to save her? This life wasn't meant for someone like her.

Though as much as Sebastian was cold toward people and could kill without blinking an eye, there was still a small fragment of compassion left in him, only not many ever received it. He was showing her that rare compassion now, trying to save her life from the hell she was walking straight into. The hell that came with being the Luna and his wife.

"You're underestimating me again," Viola said with a dry laugh, though if anyone had looked closely at her hands, they would have seen they were balled tightly into fists.

"If I didn't know you were the almighty supreme Alpha many are afraid of... I would say you are afraid I will win. If you're not afraid and don't give a damn about a weakling like me, you wouldn't be here offering me a way to run like a coward. Are you afraid I will be your wife?" Viola asked with a half-smile and deliberately indifferent eyes.

Did he think she was a coward who would flee in the middle of the night? She knew she had no chance, but she wouldn't go down without at least trying.

Sebastian let out a small laugh. "Me? Afraid," he scoffed coldly to her face. "First, have the chance of winning before you can talk about being my wife, four eyes," he whispered, his gaze briefly flicking to the hickey he had left on her neck the night before. He couldn't help but wonder what she thought had caused that mark on her skin this morning.

"If I were not so desperate, I would never have fought to be your wife, because you are annoying and a very unlikeable person," she snapped. "And just because of how much you look down on me, I want to promise you right now that I will be the winner. I will become your wife and share the same quarters and bed with you."

Okay, that came out wrong, but she didn't care.

She spoke with fierce determination, poking at his chest with her finger to emphasize each word.

Oh, she had already imagined how she would get back at him once she became his Luna. How she would make him regret every single moment he had taunted her. He was the one bound by the mate bond, and she would make him suffer so much he would regret these moments.

Sebastian smiled, leaning down to whisper into her ear, his breath fanning her earlobe. "I have withdrawn my offer because of your arrogance, four eyes. But here is another offer. If by some luck you win this competition and become my wife, which I strongly doubt, I will grant you three wishes. Everything and anything you want in this world will be yours. Anything."