

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 311: Steamy shower[1,727 words]

Hearing his words made her heart skip a beat, though this time it wasn't from nervousness. Instead, it was the thrill of anticipation and excitement that fluttered through her chest.

Viola was willing to do anything within her power to make him feel better and help him regain whatever he had lost, and taking a bath and eating breakfast together wasn't something she couldn't do. So she cupped his cheeks and gave him a nod, a smile on her face.

"Shall we go back to my place or yours?" She asked, since in the high tower they had separate living spaces and hadn't yet established whether they would be staying together or keeping up the pretense.

Sebastian rubbed her back as he replied, "We don't have to go anywhere. I have a lounge room here with everything we need. Let's stay there and use the bathroom." Saying that, he lifted her off his lap by the waist as though she weighed nothing, then got up from his chair, his arm coming to rest possessively around her hip as he walked with her toward a plain wall in his office, where he pressed a button and the wall slid aside to reveal a door.

He led her through the concealed door that connected directly to his private adjoining suite, a place he had in the past used when he preferred to keep working rather than make the walk back to his penthouse.

He hadn't used it in a while, but now that his wife was here, Sebastian didn't see why they needed to go all the way back. He was drowning in emotions and feelings he didn't want, and if there was anyone who could help him and distract him at the same time, it was his mate.

Having her walking this close to him, her scent drifting to his nose with every step, was already soothing something deep inside him while simultaneously stirring his arousal. With her, he didn't need any seduction to get worked up, she could turn him on with anything she did, and that was wild in itself, because it had only ever happened that way during his heat before.

When they entered the room, Viola took in the space. It was laid out just like his bedroom, everything set up identically to it, including a king-size bed in the center of the room.

One would never have guessed a place like this was tucked away behind his office. As she looked around, she felt him come up behind her, and before she knew it, his arms wrapped around her from behind, his chin coming to rest against her shoulder, and her heart beat faster at the closeness of him, her skin humming warmly everywhere they touched.

"Let me hold you for a little while," he whispered, kissing her neck before licking it, tickling that sensitive spot and causing her to squirm.

"That tickles, Seb," she chuckled softly.

He smiled against her skin and licked her again.

Despite the ticklish sensation, Viola didn't try to pull away from his mouth against her neck because she liked the feeling. She let him hold her, feeling his weight and warmth at her back like a comforting blanket. She laid her hands over his where they rested around her waist and across her abdomen, feeling his grip tighten in response.

As he held her, Sebastian couldn't help but think about how small she was compared to him. He could have sworn there was no way she should have been able to handle him, and yet she had taken him in so perfectly that night. Even now, holding her like this, feeling her body against his and breathing in her scent, his thoughts drifted to how she would one day carry his pups in this small body.

Kade Alphas always had twins, it had never been otherwise, and she was a twin herself, so no doubt their first would come in two. The thought of it made him wonder how she would look, heavy with his children, how that small body of hers would carry the weight and still move around the way she did. The image sent his blood roaring and his erection rising, the way it always did when a mate pictured his female carrying a part of him, marking her completely and irrevocably as his with their little ones.

"Do you like children, sunshine?" Sebastian whispered into her ear, and she blinked at the sudden question.

Viola's heart thudded. Did she like children?

Honestly, she hadn't thought about it much recently, but in the past she had been among those who found children to be a nuisance, annoying to be around. She had always told herself that if she ever had a child in the future, it would be to secure her position beside her Alpha. A very selfish way of thinking, and one she was not proud of having carried for so long.

But recently... the idea of having her own children still terrified her. She was afraid of being a terrible mother, of failing an innocent being the way their own mother had failed them both, giving them away as though their lives meant nothing to an orphanage that killed children like her.

Viola didn't hate children. Not anymore. They were innocent, vulnerable beings who needed their parents' protection more than anything else in the world. She just wasn't sure she was fit to be what they needed. Still, she answered Sebastian's question honestly.

"I like them. Do you?" She returned the question.

"If you give me pups, I will love them." He kissed her neck again, nuzzling against her. "I like everything about you. What do you think about having some of our own someday?" he teased.

Viola flushed crimson and cleared her throat, not knowing what had brought on thoughts of children now when so many other things between them had yet to be established. The thought of having his children sent a thrill through her body and filled her with a surprising warmth.

However, if she was ever going to bring children into the world, she wanted to know her own origins first before bringing them into a world that might want their heads for the very same reasons it would want hers once it came out that she wasn't one of them...

She was still living in fear of Sebastian finding out and turning on her, hating her, and looking at her with the same disgust every other werewolf had shown to sea creatures before she was slaughtered and sold out.

She slipped out of his arms and said, "Let's get on with it so you can eat on time. You didn't have dinner last night."

She made her way toward the bathroom and felt him follow close behind her. She was afraid that if she stayed wrapped in the warmth of his arms while talking about children, she would be reminded once again of how easily her secret could be revealed through the children she might one day have with him.

She didn't want to bring any sons or daughters into an unsafe world, and talking about it made the possibility feel so real. It transformed it from a distant thought into something tangible, something that could one day happen. And if that day came before she discovered the truth about herself, then she wouldn't only be putting herself at risk, she would be putting her children at risk too.

That was a future she was terrified of...

Sebastian noticed immediately that she had pulled away from the topic, and he found himself wondering whether she simply didn't want children at all, or whether it was the thought of having his specifically that she shied away from.

The former was acceptable in a way. Having children was not something he had ever strongly desired before her, and if she truly didn't want any, he could live with that.

The latter, however, made his mood sour. The thought that she might want children one day but not with him settled heavily in his chest, leaving behind a bitterness he couldn't quite ignore.

She had said she liked children, but she hadn't wanted to discuss having any with him, not even in passing, in a future where he would have made his final sacrifice with the mermaid so that she could remain by his side forever.

Sebastian decided not to push the topic for now and instead let them enjoy their wonderful first bath together. He didn't want to ruin their moment in any way.

The bathroom was a marvel of high technology and very spacious.

Viola's heart fluttered wildly. She had never bathed with Sebastian before. She had never bathed with any man. The intimacy of it sent a shy, thrilling nervousness racing through her veins, because no matter the fact that they had been together before, it hadn't been in a space as brightly lit as this bathroom, where she would be completely bare before him with nowhere to hide.

Sebastian led her to the shaving station, holding her hand as he said, "You volunteered to take care of me, sunshine. Will you help me shave then?" He asked, looking at her with that quiet, steady gaze of his.

If it gave her something to focus on rather than standing there watching him and thinking about his words on children and the fact that she would shortly be naked under the full light of this room with him, Viola didn't hesitate to nod. "I will help you. Have a seat."

Sebastian settled onto the edge of the sleek marble counter and pulled her gently between his spread thighs, handing her the shaving foam for her to apply.

Viola lathered her hands with the scented foam and rubbed it carefully over the several days' worth of beard covering his jaw.

The dark stubble scratched pleasantly against her soft palms. She had never shaved for anyone before, but she knew she would figure it out, especially when the man seemed to trust her so completely with his face.

He sat perfectly still, his large hands resting lightly on her hips.

Sebastian watched her activate the razor, her face drawn into an expression of serious concentration, and he parted his lips and announced,

"The elders want me to take another Luna."

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Sebastian told his wife what they had discussed in the meeting, and he watched her freeze, the razor hovering beside his jaw as her eyes slowly lifted to his in quiet, wide surprise.

Viola quickly composed herself and acted as though his words hadn't rattled her or sent panic rising through her chest. She resumed her work with a passive expression, carefully continuing to shave him. She had anticipated the coming of this day, when she would be deemed unfit and he would have to replace her, but she hadn't expected it to come so soon. Was it already time for her to leave and step out of the picture of his life so another Luna and mate could take her place? She wasn't ready for this and didn't think she'd ever be.

She wanted to be his mate and wife for the rest of their lives.

"Have you picked the one you want?" She asked flatly, continuing to shave his jaw with careful strokes, her trembling hands doing their best not to betray her emotions and give away the fact that the news had wrecked her from the inside out. How could she live away from his life?

Sebastian frowned. He noticed the way her expression had shut down completely, and the way her question made it sound as though if he were to take another Luna, his wife wouldn't even fight him on it, would perhaps even help him find the woman to replace her. And that sent a sharp twist right through his chest. Shouldn't she want to fight for her place beside him?

"Do you want me to pick another Luna?" Sebastian asked, scowling down at her.

Viola's hand paused. She could pretend as much as she wanted, but she couldn't hide the truth or the fact that she couldn't bear the thought of him casting her aside for a replacement.

"Does what I want matter when the elders have already decided?" she asked quietly, holding his silver gaze. "If you've decided to take another Luna, could I even stop you? I don't have the authority to control your decisions or determine what's best for you and the entire pack."

Sebastian's hands tightened around her hips, and he pulled her closer, whispering fiercely, "You can, amor. A kiss from you is enough to stop me from doing anything. You have more control over me than you give yourself credit for." He brushed his cheek against hers, smearing some of the lather onto her skin in the process.

"I told them I am not taking another Luna. You are my Luna and my wife." He kissed her cheek. "And you are the one I am willing to keep beside me until the end. Now tell me, do you want me to replace you?" he asked.

Viola didn't even hesitate before replying. "No. I don't."

Sebastian smiled in satisfaction. "Now, was that so hard to say, my darling?" he whispered against the shell of her ear. "I am not replacing you with anyone because you are enough for me."

Viola's cheeks warmed at his words, and relief washed over her in a quiet wave. She quickly composed herself and pushed him back as he began to nibble on her earlobe.

"You are getting foam on me. Stay still," she whispered, resuming her task while he watched her with a smile on his face, his hand still playfully smearing the remaining lather along her jaw.

"Silly woman." He tasked playfully pinching her cheek.

Viola glared at him, though with a faint smile on her face.

"So what was the outcome of the meeting? Did the elders agree with your decision?" she asked curiously. "Elders like to feel as though they control the Alpha rather than the other way around."

"You are right. They don't agree, but they can't change my mind. They also believe they are doing it for the good of Silver. After everything that happened, they realized that Silver isn't secure enough

if something were to happen to me. They need an heir to feel assured, and they urged me to have one as soon as possible. That was what brought up the idea of another Luna," he told her, watching the warm color still lingering in her expression.

"Oh..." was all Viola said because she didn't know how else to respond to that. If she was to remain his wife and Luna, it seemed she would eventually have to face her fears and give him children or risk losing him to another. And that was something she couldn't afford to let happen.

With gentle precision, she guided the razor along the sharp line of his jaw, tilting his chin up with her other hand. Each careful pass revealed more of the smooth skin beneath.

She shaved him steadily while his words circled endlessly in her mind. She would need to reach out to that water form somehow and try to get answers from him one last time about her origins. Now that the topic of having children had resurfaced, it no longer felt like something she could avoid, especially if it was what the elders demanded in order to stop urging her husband to take another Luna.

And quite honestly... the thought of having Sebastian's children sent a warmth through her core.

The act of shaving him felt incredibly intimate, her standing between his legs, caring for him in such a domestic, tender way, while his dark gaze never once left her face. When she finished, she wiped his jaw clean with a towel from the dispenser, her fingers tracing the now-smooth skin reverently, feeling proud of getting it right.

"Better?" she whispered.

Sebastian caught her wrist and pressed a slow kiss to her pulse point. "Much better. Thank you, amor."

"You're welcome." She smiled up at him and he stared down at her, his eyes reflecting the light around them.

The air between them thickened again. Viola stepped back slightly, her hands moving to the belt of her silk robe. She began to loosen it in preparation for their bath, her cheeks warming, but Sebastian rose to his full height and towered over her.

"Let me," he said, reaching for the belt. "We are taking care of each other, remember?"

Sebastian took over with tender slowness. His fingers untied the robe and slid it from her shoulders until it pooled at her feet. Then he reached for the hem of her nightdress, drawing it upward inch by inch, his calloused palms grazing the backs of her hips, the curve of her waist, up the sides of her breasts before taking it off her head.

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The cool air kissed her newly exposed skin as the fabric lifted over her head and joined the robe on the floor. She stood in only her panties for a moment before he hooked his fingers into the waistband and slid them down her legs, kneeling briefly to help her step out of them, his head coming level with her sex.

Viola's breath hitched as he suddenly pressed a kiss right there, making her jolt backward, almost tripping, but he caught her, steadying her as he straightened back up.

"Careful, baby." He whispered, smiling teasingly, fully aware that he was unnerving her. "Now my turn."

Viola didn't think it was natural to feel unnerved when it wasn't the first time his mouth had been on her, but she found herself blushing hard all the same. She moved closer to return the favor of undressing him.

Her hands explored the hard planes of his tattooed chest as she unbuttoned his shirt, pushing it off his broad shoulders and down his powerful arms. She unbuckled his belt, unzipped his trousers, and helped ease them down along with his boxers.

His erection sprang free, already half-hard from their earlier kiss and from her closeness, and it startled her, the thickness and hardness of it, the way it was already growing fuller and heavier right before her eyes.

Heat warmed her cheeks and stirred low inside her and she straightened back up quickly, her gaze flickering away before inevitably being drawn back. She found herself genuinely marveling at the sheer size of him, quietly stunned that something this large had fit inside her the last time they had been joined. By the moon, he was impossibly huge.

They stood naked together beneath the wide shower. Sebastian activated the water with a low command.

Warm water cascaded from the multiple rainfall heads like a gentle tropical downpour, steam rising around them in the bright bathroom. There were no shadows to hide in here. Everything was exposed. She was exposed to him completely.

And he stared at her openly and hungrily.

His dark eyes roamed her body with appreciation, from the soft swell of her breasts, nipples tightening under the spray and under his gaze, down to the narrow dip of her tiny waist, the gentle flare of her hips, and the long, toned length of her milky-white legs.

Droplets of water traced shining paths over her smooth skin, making it glow beneath the light. His own body reacted instantly, his erection hardened fully, engorged and upright against his abdomen, veins prominent as desire surged hot through his blood.

Viola felt heat flood her face and chest. Self-consciousness crashed over her beneath his gaze. She was too thin in places, still too marked by the recent stress and the bruises that hadn't fully faded yet from her skin. Her arms moved instinctively to cover her breasts and stomach.

"Don't hide from me, sunshine," Sebastian growled softly, stepping closer. He gently caught her wrists and lowered her arms back to her sides. "I want to see you. All of you. You're beautiful."

His hands began their slow exploration of her body. Starting at her face, he cupped her cheeks, his thumbs brushing water from her lashes.

They trailed down the elegant column of her neck, over her collarbones, then circled her breasts with reverent pressure, his palms brushing the sensitive undersides before his fingers grazed the hardened peaks, and gooseflesh erupted across her skin in a visible, rippling wave.

He traced the curve of her tiny waist, his hands spanning it easily, then slid lower to grip her hips. His thumbs stroked her hip bones as though memorizing their shape before his hands slid around to her ass.

Every touch sent electricity dancing across her nerves. Viola shivered, goosebumps rising in the wake of his warm, rough palms despite the hot water pouring over them both.

Her breath came in soft, uneven pants as though she had been running. The spot between her legs twitched and throbbed with renewed need, wetness gathering there that had absolutely nothing to do with the shower.

Sebastian leaned in and pressed a slow, open-mouthed kiss to the curve of her shoulder, his freshly shaved jaw smooth against her wet skin.

His lips trailed lower, brushing the swell of her breast before he placed a lingering, heated kiss over her nipple. His tongue flicked out to taste a droplet of water from the sensitive skin, then he pulled the peak into his mouth and sucked it along with the water, drinking from her like she was something to be savored.

Viola gasped sharply, her back arching instinctively toward his mouth, one hand flying up to clutch his wet hair as she felt him suck at her nipple. Pleasure sparked deep in her belly, her nipples aching, her entire body trembling under the slow, worshipful assault.

"Sebastian..." she whimpered, her voice breathy and needy. She was overwhelmed by the raw intensity of being seen, touched, and desired so completely in the full, unforgiving light of day, and with his mouth working at her breast, her legs turned to jelly beneath her, but he held her steady against him.

"You taste divine, sunshine," he whispered thickly against her skin as he moved to her other breast. He pulled the sensitive peak into his hot mouth, sucking slowly, his tongue swirling around the hardened bud until Viola's knees buckled. She clutched his wet hair tighter, soft whimpers spilling from her lips as pleasure spiraled through her body.

Sebastian's hands never stopped moving. One palm smoothed down her back, cupping her ass and pulling her flush against his hard body, while the other slipped between her thighs.

His fingers found her already aroused folds, parting them gently before sliding two of his fingers inside her with aching slowness. Viola moaned loudly, her inner walls clenching around the welcome invasion.

"Seb... oh goodness," she gasped, her hips rocking instinctively against his hand. The hot water continued to cascade over them, making every slide of his fingers wetter, slicker. He curled them just right, stroking that sensitive spot deep inside her while his thumb circled her swollen clit with firm, relentless pressure.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 314: Lost in ecstasy[1,404 words]

Sebastian released her nipple with a soft pop and straightened, capturing her mouth in a deep, hungry kiss. Their tongues tangled as he worked her with his hand, swallowing every moan and whimper into his mouth.

Viola felt like she was melting, her body burning under his touch. Every stroke pushed her closer to the edge, her thighs trembling, her breath coming in desperate pants.

But he didn't let her fall yet.

Sebastian withdrew his fingers, ignoring her protesting whine at the loss of that touch inside her. He gripped her waist and lifted her against him effortlessly.

Viola's legs wrapped around his hips instinctively as he pressed her back against the cool marble wall. The contrast between the cold stone and the hot water streaming over them made her shiver with pleasure. She was dying from the anticipation of what he was going to do next in the position he had placed her in, her body already wound so tight she could barely breathe.

Their eyes locked. His dark gaze burned with love, hunger, and raw, unfiltered need.

"I need you, sunshine," he rasped thickly. "I need to feel you around me. Do you mind if we do it here?"

"No," she breathed, her arms tightening around his neck. She would never mind anywhere, her body was already going crazy for him, and when he didn't move, just stood there staring at her, she parted her lips and begged. "Please..."

"Please what?" He teased, even though he was dying to bury himself inside her warmth. He licked her lips and she moaned impatiently when he denied her even the kiss. "I want to hear you tell me what you want, baby. Say it and I will give it to you." He whispered hotly against her mouth.

Viola whimpered and finally cried out, "Sebastian... I want you inside me. Please." She bit down on her lower lip and he grinned.

"My pleasure, wife."

He reached between them, gripping his rigid, throbbing shaft and rubbing the swollen head slowly along her wet entrance. Viola moaned at the teasing pressure, her hips desperately trying to sink down onto him. With a low, throaty groan, Sebastian thrust up slowly, burying himself inside her inch by inch.

The stretch was exquisite and delicious. Viola's head fell back against the wall, a long, broken moan escaping her as he filled her completely. He was so big, so hot, pulsing deep inside her. She felt every vein, every ridge as her walls fluttered and clenched around him, adjusting to his size and pulling him in deeper.

"Fuck... you feel perfect," Sebastian growled, pressing his forehead against hers. He stayed still for a moment, savoring the tight, wet heat of her, their breaths mingling beneath the falling water. "Mine. My wife. My only woman."

Then he began to move.

His thrusts were deep and powerful yet controlled, slow at first, letting her feel every slide of his shaft dragging against her sensitive walls. Viola's nails dug into his shoulders as pleasure built rapidly inside her. Each thrust pushed her higher, the angle perfect, his pelvis grinding against her clit with every roll of his hips.

Water streamed down their joined bodies. Sebastian's muscles flexed and glistened beneath the spray as he held her securely against the wall, driving into her with building intensity. His mouth found hers again in a messy, passionate kiss, then trailed to her neck, sucking and biting gently at her pulse point.

The fierce, consuming urge to mark her, to sink his fangs deep into the soft curve of her neck and claim her completely, surged through him with almost unbearable force, but he fought it back with everything he had.

It wasn't the right time. He would mark her once the sacrifice was completed, once she was safely out of danger of dying from the bond. He forced his fangs back and sucked hard at her skin instead, leaving his mark in the only way he could allow himself right now, while he thrust into her.

Viola was completely lost in him. The feel of his powerful body pinning her to the wall, the relentless drag and thrust of his cock, the way his hands gripped her thighs possessively, it was all overwhelming. She could only hold on, moaning his name like a prayer, her legs locking tighter around his waist as she met his thrusts as best she could.

"Sebastian... harder," she whimpered, her voice breaking apart. "Faster — Ahh—"

He snarled softly against her neck, shifting his grip and thrusting deeper, faster, harder into her. The wet, slapping sound of their bodies meeting echoed off the marble walls beneath the shower. One of his hands slipped between them, his thumb finding her clit again and rubbing tight circles against it until Viola shattered completely.

Her orgasm crashed through her like a wave breaking. She cried out his name, her walls pulsing and squeezing around him as pleasure tore violently through her entire body.

Sebastian groaned at the sensation of her clenching around him, his thrusts growing erratic as he chased his own release mere seconds after hers. A few more powerful, deep strokes and he buried himself to the hilt, spilling into her with a low, possessive roar of her name that bounced off the walls.

They stayed locked together, breathing hard, the water still pouring down over his back and shoulders.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and buried her face in the crook of it, her warm breath fanning his skin, and it surprisingly turned him on all over again. His shaft began to stir back to life inside her, and when she shifted against him and her body responded, his hips began to move again, slow and purposeful.

The second release was just as shattering as the first, and this time they were both left breathing like they had sprinted a marathon. Sebastian pressed soft kisses to her temple, her cheeks, her swollen lips, each one tender and gentle.

He wanted to tell her he loved her right there and then, the words were sitting right at the back of his throat, but he held them back. Not because of any doubt, but because he knew it would feel insincere, saying it for the very first time while he was still buried inside her.

He loved her, that was certain and undeniable now, but the first confession should come at a moment that was worthy of it, not tangled up in the heat of sex.

Afterward, he could whisper it to her whenever he wanted, in the mornings when she was still half asleep and at night when the world had gone quiet around them. He could give her those words as many times as she would accept them. But the first time needed to be special.

For now, he kept them locked inside his chest and simply looked at her, at her hooded eyes framed with wet, clinging lashes. I never knew loving someone could feel like this, sunshine. I want to keep you to myself at all times, to love you from morning until night. I never want to come out of you. He thought to himself, leaning in to kiss her lips once more.

Viola could see something shifting and moving behind those silver eyes as they stared back at her, different emotions passing through them like weather, before he kissed her softly.

Her heart swelled up and overflowed with warmth and love. She was in love with him, genuinely, deeply in love, even without the full pull of the mate bond, which was a terrifying thing to realize, because if she ever experienced the complete bond someday, what would become of her then?

The intensity of what she felt was frightening. But then, what in her world wasn't? What he felt might only be the mate bond on his end, but she accepted the affection that poured from it with

open arms and embraced it with her whole heart. She loved him. That couldn't change, and she didn't want it to. Not ever.

Viola clung to him, her body still trembling with the aftershocks of their passion, her heart full and her body completely sated. In his arms, under the warm cascade of water, every worry she carried felt far away and small. For now, there was only them, and this moment, and that was enough.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 315: The woman with the blue eyes_Part 1[1,410 words]

The morning sky brightened as the sun rose to the horizon, birds flying over the city alongside airplanes landing in Silver for the funeral of a Kade, and while all of this was going on, the couple were still cocooned in their own little world.

Camila had cried until there were no tears left in her eyes, and now she sat staring blankly at her son's coffin. She had never once imagined she would be burying him like this someday. Javier had been stubborn, headstrong, defiant even toward her, but she had loved him because he was her son. He had died trying to do something right for Silver, and nobody would give him justice because they were all too afraid of that heartless Alpha.

She ran her hand slowly over the glass of the coffin, beneath which her son had been dressed in silver to honor their pack even in death. Silver Pack could burn to the ground for all she cared now, her son was no longer in it and her chances to make him rule had gone down the drain. She traced her fingers against his face through the glass and a single tear rolled down her cheek and fell against it.

"Ma..."

Camila spun around toward the voice and found her other son standing there with a cup of tea on a tray in hand, watching her with a look of worry on his face, as though he genuinely cared. That only made her throat tighten further with emotion because it wasn't his face she wished to see calling her mother, but the one lying in the coffin, the son who had always been the closest to her.

She had given birth to both boys, but since childhood, her second son had never liked being around her the way Javier had. Not that she would have wanted him to stick around her to begin with. Nick had always looked up to his father like the man was an idol, gravitating toward him rather than her.

Nick had distanced himself from her so completely that she had eventually stopped trying to reach him and poured all of her attention onto the son who had genuinely wanted her and had wanted what she desired for him.

Nick had grown even more distant after his father died, and he had never once stayed around her, until now, standing here looking after her in the wake of his brother's death, as if that would change the way she had always viewed him.

Camila wiped her cheeks and looked at him.

"You haven't eaten since yesterday, Mamita," Nick said quietly. "You should have something before you end up sick." He held the tray of tea and snacks out toward her and she looked at it, then at him.

Camila reached out and took Nick's hand instead of the tray, guiding him to sit down beside her. "Have you eaten?" She asked.

Nick shook his head, but his gray eyes shimmered with a quiet joy at being asked such a question, at the fact that she cared enough to ask. "I am not hungry." He said. "I will find something to eat later."

Camila let out a sigh, reached for one of the snacks, then turned and brought it to his mouth. "You should eat. You have been running around since last night too. Open up."

Nick's heart skipped a beat and he opened his mouth and accepted the food she placed there. His mother had never fed him with her own hands. Not once in his entire life. He had grown up watching from the corners of rooms as she fussed over Javier, making him feel invisible and unseen, as though he took up no space worth noticing. Not once had she ever brought anything to his mouth with her own hands, only her shoe, to hit him when he had made mistakes as a small boy.

He ate the food as though it were the most delicious thing he had ever tasted in his life, his eyes stinging with the effort of holding himself together and not tear up.

"You should eat too." Nick said, picking up a snack and wanting to feed her in return, but Camila shook her head.

"I will eat later. But I need to talk to you, son." She said calmly, and she watched his attention sharpen immediately, his head nodding eagerly, his whole expression open and willing, like he would do anything she asked without hesitation. His face reminded her so painfully of his father, and she hated it, because his father had been a coward who gave up his seat and put them all in this position to begin with.

If only he had fought the late Alpha and killed him for the seat, her son wouldn't have ended up this way. How I hate you so much, Eric, she thought, silently cursing her dead husband and the son who took after him.

Nick would have been born a twin, but his other half had died in her womb, starved of the nourishment needed to survive, as Nick had reportedly taken it all for himself. She had always wondered, if that other child had lived, whether he would have been more like her Javier and less like this boy who was the very image of his useless father.

"I want you to do something for me. Will you do it?" She asked, feeding him another snack.

Chewing slowly, Nick nodded again. He would do anything, give her anything, as long as she kept treating him with even a fraction of the closeness she had once given his brother. As long as she didn't call him a loser and a mistake. "What do you want, Ma?"

Camila's gold eyes rose to meet his gray ones. "I want you to avenge your brother for me." Tears streamed down her cheeks as she watched the eagerness in his expression begin to falter and then fall away entirely, and she could see that he hadn't expected those words at all.

"You want me to... kill my cousin?" He asked, the disappointment settling heavily into his chest all over again.

Camila nodded. "Yes. He took your brother's life and he doesn't deserve to keep his own." She said from between her teeth. "He killed my beloved son."

I am your son too, mom. Nick thought bitterly.

"How certain are you that he killed Javier?" Nick asked, looking at her with disappointed eyes and the quiet, half-hidden pain of a child who had spent his whole life wanting to be seen. "He hadn't put a sliver to his heart to take his life."

"He threw him into that pool. He killed my son. Will you do it for me?" She grabbed his shoulders, her eyes searching his desperately.

Nick's throat bobbed with emotion and he felt the familiar sting behind his eyes, realizing with a hollow, sinking feeling that even Javier's death had not been enough to make her truly see him. "I am sorry, Mom. If I were ever to take a life, it would never be to avenge Javier. He is gone now, and there is—"

Camila slapped him.

"Get out of my sight! From today onward, if you won't do as I have told you, you are no longer my son. I disown you. Get out!" She screamed, her voice carrying across the hall and drawing the eyes of every guest toward her and the son she was casting away with her words.

Nick's head snapped to the side from the force of her slap. The blow barely stung compared to the pain of her cold words. The hurt he felt wasn't on his face but deep within his heart. Silent tears rolled down his cheeks, yet his lips pulled into a slow, bitter smile.

With what little dignity he had left, he rose from the bench and wiped his face, then looked at his mother, who was glaring back at him with nothing but cold fury, and said quietly, "I hope the day doesn't come when you regret this. Because I will not give you a third chance."

With that, he turned and walked away from her, swiping at the tears before they could fall past his eyes. He walked out of the hall where the guests had gathered, their murmuring fading away to nothing behind him as he moved further down the silent corridor.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 316: The woman with the blue eyes_Part 2[1,288 words]

As he walked, Nick's mind drifted back, pulled, as it often was, to the childhood days he had spent living in Javier's shadow.

Little Nick sat outside the pack building alone, staring down at his bleeding knee as it slowly healed, wiping away his tears with the back of his hand. He had been running after his mother and Javier as they headed out to the car to go shopping for their training gears, but he had tripped and grazed his knee on the pavement. They had driven away without him.

"Nickolas, shouldn't you be with your mother?" His father's voice came from behind the small boy. "Did she leave you behind again?"

Little Nick's back had gone stiff at those words. If he were to tell his father that his mother had left him behind when she had been told to take them both, it would make his parents shout at each other, and he hated it when they shouted like that, hated even more that it was always because of him. His father would scold his mother and she would turn around and put all that anger on him.

"No, I didn't want to go with them. I want to stay with you. You're going hunting with uncle and cousin Seb and Alex, I want to do that too." He had lied. His father had smiled and come to sit beside him, patting his little shoulder.

"You like shopping more than hunting, son, and you've been looking forward to getting your new gear so you can join the pack warrior training like your cousins. Tell me, what is it really?" His father had asked, and young Nick had looked down at his dirty hands, the ones that had scraped the ground when he fell.

"I think mom doesn't like me the way she likes brother Javier..." He muttered, then rushed forward before his father could speak. "I understand why she doesn't want me. They say my twin died because I ate all the food in her belly, and that is why I didn't come with Alpha bloodline, because I don't have a twin."

His father's smile fell and a frown took its place as he stared down at him. "People like to say nonsense, boy. You don't listen to their rubbish. You didn't kill your twin, it was simply destined for you to come into this world alone. And as for your mother, she loves you. She is just not good at showing it."

Young Nick pursed his lips, a thoughtful look settling in his eyes before he said quietly, "If I become Alpha one day, will she show me her love the way she shows hermano?"

"Don't ever let that thought take root, son. Being Alpha is not worth what it costs, and you shouldn't want it when your cousins are the heirs. Enjoy your life. Just be you. If anyone can't love you for being you, they are not worth being in your life."

Nick came back to the present with a bitter smile. Being himself had never gotten him a single thing he had ever wanted in life. Being himself had made everyone turn their backs on him. Being himself had never made his mother love him, and being himself had certainly never given him the one thing he wanted with everything in his heart.

His father had told him that whoever didn't love him for who he was wasn't worth having in his life, but Nick couldn't live with not being wanted and always being cast aside as though he didn't belong. The people he wanted never returned the feeling.

Nick stood before the glass wall and retrieved a cigarette from his pocket, staring out at the blue sky that reminded him of a pair of beautiful blue eyes. He lit it and brought it to his lips, taking a long drag before blowing the smoke out slowly, watching it curl in rings around his face as one particular woman's face drifted through his mind.

"I want you too..."

In the Supreme Alpha's office, the couple were still wrapped in their own world. Sebastian held his wife for a long, quiet moment, simply enjoying the peace of having her in his arms as the water continued to pour down over them. Its sound was little more than a distant hum in his world compared to the press of her body against his, her breasts soft against his hard chest, and his nose buried in the crook of her neck. He wanted to stay like this forever. He wanted to make a home in her warmth and never have to be apart from it.

He tightened his arms around her one last time before slowly easing out of her with a reluctant sigh, but he didn't let her go, knowing her legs must have gone numb from the way he had been holding her. He lowered her legs gently to the floor, steadying her when her knees wobbled beneath her.

"Careful, sunshine," he whispered as he pulled her closer to lean against him.

With tender care, he finally washed them both with the body wash, his soapy hands moving over her body with a gentleness that contrasted sharply with the fierce, consuming way he had just taken her against the wall, a position that still left her sore in places and deliciously warm, her cheeks flushed all the way to her ears.

Viola returned the favor by washing his body, her fingers tracing the hard lines of his tattooed chest and broad shoulders as the warm water rinsed away every lingering trace of their passion and carried it down the drain.

Once they were clean, Sebastian turned off the water and wrapped her in a thick, warm towel before scooping her up into his arms, curling her into his warmth. She nestled against his chest, her face tucked into the crook of his neck as he carried her into the bedroom.

The morning light streamed brighter through the glass walls now, casting a warm golden hue over the smooth sheets of the bed. They barely exchanged words, but then, words didn't seem to be needed when their actions were already saying so much of what remained unspoken between them.

He set her down on the edge of the bed and retrieved another towel, moving behind her to dry her hair with the careful, gentle tenderness of a man who didn't want his woman to have to lift a finger.

He had taken her three times in that shower, and now he wanted to pamper her, especially since word had come through his mind link that Camila did not want him or his wife anywhere near her son's funeral. She wanted them far away from Javier's body.

Since he had the morning to himself before he would need to return to his responsibilities, he intended to use every minute of it taking care of his mate and spoiling her the way he had promised he would.

"I have ordered our breakfast, you don't have to cook it like you said you would." Sebastian told her, his fingers working gently through her damp strands and massaging her scalp in a way that made her eyes flutter closed in quiet pleasure.

Viola wouldn't have had the energy to cook for him anyway, not after what their showering had turned into, and as much as she had wanted to be the one pampering him today, it seemed he had turned it around on her again. She could only hum softly in response and make a quiet mental note to make his breakfast tomorrow without fail, or better yet fix his dinner tonight and eat with him.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 317: Sharing happiness[1,534 words]

"Hmm," she hummed, then asked, "Shouldn't we attend Javier's funeral?"

"We are not invited. My aunt will throw a fit of rage if we show up there." He said, his fingers still working through her hair. "I am thinking of sending her to Mexico along with some of my relatives. I don't want her becoming a problem for you in the future because of what happened to my cousin." He added thoughtfully, and Viola frowned.

"Mexico? You mean the human world?" She asked, genuinely taken aback. Mexico had been the land where the Silver pack members had once lived before this world was established, and though

she had heard that some werewolves in the human world had chosen to forsake their wolves and live as humans forever, she couldn't imagine Mrs. Kade ever agreeing to that.

"It is the only way I can neutralize enemies without shedding more blood. If she is far away, she will have no means of taking revenge, and I am quite certain that is exactly what she will want. Her grandparents are in Mexico." He mused, his gaze drifting slowly over her bare shoulders as she turned sideways, the elegant curve of her neck, and the way the towel clung to her chest.

Heat stirred low in his belly again. His erection twitched and began to harden despite how thoroughly he had already claimed her in that shower, not once, not twice, but three times. He pushed the desires away and focused on the topic at hand.

His aunt couldn't stay here anymore. She would be trouble for him and his mate, and that was exactly what he wanted to avoid. He still had enemies he hadn't identified yet, threats lurking in the shadows that he hadn't been able to uncover. Having her around would only complicate matters further and put a target on both his sister and Viola's backs. It wasn't a risk he was willing to take.

"What about Nick? Are you sending him away with her?" she asked curiously, though anxiety laced her voice.

Nick was her best friend, and if he were sent away, there was little chance they would ever see each other or stay in contact again. The thought alone filled her with sadness.

"No. Nick has responsibilities here. He oversees much of Silver's technology, the pack needs his mind more than the human world does."

As much as Sebastian would have preferred to put distance between his cousin and his mate after noticing what was beginning to develop in Nick's eyes whenever they landed on Viola, he had to think practically about the man's value to Silver.

He would, however, make absolutely certain that whatever feeling was quietly brewing in his cousin never got close enough to reach his wife, or he wouldn't hesitate to break every bone in the man's body. Viola was his and his alone, and no other man had any business looking at her for longer than was necessary.

This possessiveness over his wife was not something that had always lived in him, and though he had caught a glimpse of wolf's fur rising along her skin during the time he was pleasuring her, Sebastian couldn't wait for her wolf to awaken fully, so that she could connect with his own wolf the way mates were meant to and feel repulsed by another man's intimate look or touch. That way he would be at more ease.

"I think I should reach out to Nick, after all, he has lost a brother, and as his friend I should be there for him." Viola remarked, guilt tugging at her as she realized she hadn't even thought to check on him after learning about Javier's death. It didn't matter that he and Javier hadn't been on good terms, they were still blood brothers.

She began to rise from the bed to go and check on him, but Sebastian's face shifted into open displeasure and he pulled her back down. "Where do you think you are going?" He asked.

"To Nick's." She said matter-of-factly, looking up at him where he had positioned himself in front of her so she couldn't stand.

Sebastian reached down and moved the damp strands of hair from her temple, tucking them behind her pink ear as he said, "Didn't you hear what I just told you? My aunt doesn't want us anywhere near her son's funeral, and Nick is most likely there right now. You can't just barge in to be there for him."

Even the mere thought of it sent his possessiveness into an overdrive he didn't bother to rein in. Why should she need to be there for him? Nick was a grown man perfectly capable of handling his own emotions without needing another man's wife at his side.

Viola's eyes went thoughtful for a moment before she relaxed, conceding that he had a point. "I can't barge in there. I will check on him once the funeral is over... I just hope he is doing all right." She muttered, and Sebastian took her chin between his fingers and said,

"Trust me, he is doing fine. Probably a little more than fine, because I cannot remember the last time he and Javier ever truly acted like brothers." He whispered, leaning down to peck her lips before straightening back up to resume drying her hair. "Now don't let him occupy your mind, baby."

Viola let out a quiet sigh and then said, "I don't like to see siblings being torn apart, it reminds me too much of how I was separated from mine. Has there been any word about Ivy's whereabouts?" She asked, looking up at him with hopeful blue eyes.

Sebastian shook his head, and something sad moved across his face. "I'm sorry, there hasn't been any word from the people I sent yet. The moment there is new information, you will be the first to hear it." He paused, then took her chin gently again. "Oh no, don't go sad on me now, sunshine. You were doing just fine a little while ago. Look at me." He said. "Whenever I see you happy, I feel happy too, amor, and when you are sad, it makes me sad. I like drawing from your happiness. We will find her, I promise."

Viola didn't want to let her sadness show, but she had forgotten that this husband of hers was connected to her through their bond and could feel the moment any emotion settled into her. She pushed it down deliberately, knowing Sebastian had already been carrying a heavy mood of his own today, and the last thing she wanted was to pile her sadness on top of his.

"I am not sad. See, I am smiling." She flashed him a wide, silly grin showing every one of her white teeth, and he let out a deep, genuine chuckle before reaching out to pinch her nose.

"If that is a smile then I believe pigs can fly too. Now give me a real one, darling." He teased, and she laughed genuinely at that, the sound light and unguarded.

"You are insane, Seb." She swatted at his hand when he pinched her cheek with amused fingers.

"I don't mind being insane as long as it makes you smile and laugh like that." He said, his voice dropping into something thick and sincere as his eyes settled on her face. "Always smile, sunshine,

no matter what. It puts a light in your eyes that makes a person never want to look away. Like a rare diamond that no amount of money in the world could ever buy." He paused, then added softly, "My diamond."

The words made her flush like a schoolgirl, the color rising warmly on her cheeks and only adding to the kind of adorableness that made something in his chest feel like melted sugar.

"You are going to be the death of me, amor," he murmured, pressing a kiss to the top of her head.

Viola smiled softly and leaned back into his touch, basking in the warmth of him and in the sincerity of his words, words she found herself actually believing, without the old reflex to doubt or dismiss them the way she would have dismissed any praise directed at herself in the past.

The way he looked at her made her feel beautiful for the first time in a very long time. Having someone like Sebastian made it almost impossible to stay sad for long, because he would always find a way to pull you back into the light.

But the thought crept in quietly, the way it always eventually did, the thought that one day this would end. That he would find the one true mate he was meant for, and she would be set aside the way Natalie had been, the way Evangeline had been, the way Laila had been.

The fear gripped her heart for just a moment before she pushed it firmly away, refusing to give it a place to settle and grow roots, refusing to let it stop her from loving him and giving him everything she had for as long as she was given the chance to.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 318: The unexpected mating_Part 1[1,153 words]

When her hair was mostly dry, Sebastian reached for one of his clean shirts from the closet and slipped it gently over her head, guiding her arms one by one into the sleeves.

The soft fabric swallowed her smaller frame completely, the hem falling to mid-thigh, carrying his warm, addictive scent wrapped into every thread.

She looked up at him, her cheeks still flushed. "What about panty, I don't have any here." She said, feeling exposed beneath the shirt alone with nothing underneath, not even a bra, the fabric grazing directly against her bare skin.

Sebastian's lips curved into a slow, teasing smile, his eyes darkening as they roamed over her dressed in nothing but his shirt.

"No panties today," he said huskily. "I like you exactly like this. Nothing but my shirt. Easy access for me later." He leaned down, caught her chin, and stole a slow, toe-curling kiss that left her breathless when he finally pulled away. "Besides, I plan on keeping you in this bed for as long as I can before duty calls again."

Viola's heart fluttered at the promise threaded through his tone, heat pooling low in her belly all over again, and she frowned at how easily he seemed to make her aroused even after that relentless session in the bathroom. Was this normal, or was it just her losing all control over herself? Was it because she had been untouched for so long, and now that she had had a taste she simply couldn't get enough?

Sebastian left the room briefly, returning a short while later pushing a serving trolley of food that an omega had delivered outside his office at his request through the mind link to Matt.

The savory aroma of warm soup and lightly seasoned proteins filled the air, healthy choices he had specifically requested to help restore her strength after everything her body had been through. He hadn't forgotten her favorite ham sandwich on the side, along with a cup of creamy tea with extra sugar.

Sebastian set the food tray on the bed and climbed in beside her. "Come here, amor. Let me feed you." He said, pulling her forward until she was seated comfortably between his legs, her back resting against the solid wall of his chest.

The heat of his body enveloped her, his strong thighs bracketing hers possessively, and Viola bit the inside of her cheek at the pleasure of the position alone.

He spooned some of the nourishing soup and blew on it gently. Steam curled upward, carrying the rich scent of bone broth.

He brought the spoon to her lips and watched intently as she parted them. The soup was warm and slid smoothly over her tongue, a comforting, restorative flavor that seemed to soothe her from the inside out.

Viola hummed softly in contentment, her eyes going half-lidded. "It's delicious, you should have some too." She said, reaching out to take the spoon from his hand so she could feed him, but he moved it out of her reach.

"I will have some too," he murmured, bringing another spoonful to her mouth, and she looked at him with a small frown when it became clear he had no intention of letting her feed him. But then it became very clear to her what he was actually up to.

When a small drop of the creamy soup escaped the corner of her mouth and trailed slowly down her lower lip, he leaned in close.

His breath ghosted over her skin before his tongue traced the path of the droplet in one slow, luxurious lick. His tongue was hot, wet, and sensual, the rough texture of it against her soft lip sent a shiver racing all the way down her spine and straight to her core, which throbbed in response.

He lingered there, sucking gently on her lower lip to catch every last trace, the faint sweetness of the soup mixing with her own taste beneath it.

"Delicious indeed," he murmured against her mouth, his voice low and wicked.

"How charming," she whispered, fresh heat rising in her cheeks as desire stirred inside her all over again.

"Only for you," he replied with a teasing little smile, feeding her another spoonful.

This time, Viola deliberately let a drop escape the corner of her mouth, and as expected, he leaned in to lick it away even more slowly than before, his tongue tracing the seam of her lips until she parted them on a soft gasp and the spoon was forgotten entirely as they fell into a kiss.

The combination of the warm soup and the heat of his mouth made her toes curl against the sheets.

The simple act felt deeply charged with affection and desire, their skin still warm and sensitive from everything that had come before, and then his hand was sliding under the shirt to find her sweets spots, the food forgotten completely, his attention consumed entirely by her, when the sensor system of his office gave a signal that someone was waiting outside the door.

Sebastian wanted to ignore it. The sound came again, and this time his wife pulled her mouth away from his with a soft pop, pressing her palms flat against his chest.

"There is someone outside. Shouldn't you check it out?" She said breathlessly.

What Sebastian wanted to say was that whoever was out there could go and fuck themselves for all he cared, but then the reality of his pack's ongoing crises settled back over him like a weight, reminding him that he couldn't afford to neglect any of his duties, not even now.

He dropped his forehead against her breasts with a muttered curse, and she patted his back slowly. He genuinely did not want to move from this spot. If he could take even one full day off and spend it entirely with her, wrapped up in this quiet bubble they had built around themselves, he would take it without hesitation.

Viola felt the shift in him immediately. She reached up and cupped his jaw, tilting his face toward hers. "Go ahead," she said softly. "Attend to whoever it is. I'll be right here waiting."

He held her gaze for a long moment, then pressed a lingering kiss to her forehead. "I won't be long. Go ahead and eat, and leave some for me. If I don't get back in time, you can rest in the room."

She gave him a small nod and a gentle push.

Sebastian rose, pulling on a pair of trousers and a fresh shirt before making his way into the office. He opened the door, fully expecting whoever had interrupted him to have a very good reason for it, but the moment the office door slid open and he saw who had walked through it, Sebastian cursed quietly under his breath, and his mood took a sharp turn for the worse.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 319: The unexpected mate_Part 2[

1,655 words]

Sebastian had left his wife at the arrival of someone outside his office, expecting it to be work-related, or perhaps even one of the elders, since he was aware that if it had been Matt, his Beta would have simply spoken to him through the mind link. He should have known better than to answer that call so readily, because the moment the door opened and the very last person he wanted to see walked in, he felt his wolf cringe all the way down inside him, and irritation rose sharply in his chest.

A dark scowl settled immediately onto his face, his eyes darkening and narrowing on the she-wolf who was smiling from ear to ear as she walked toward him, her heels clicking against the floor.

"Seb..." Laila called softly, her throat tightening with emotion as she took in the sight of him standing there, handsome and completely irresistible with a disheveled look that made it seem as though he had just stepped out of the shower moments ago. Though his face looked exhausted, Laila thought it only made him more gorgeous. She would sell her soul to possess him as her man.

But the look on his face brought her to a sudden stop before she could close the distance and give in to any illusions of receiving a heated kiss and a warm hug from him. His expression looked as though he wanted to burn her down where she stood, and she felt that look settle deep into her bones.

"How have you been?" She asked, watching him, still struggling to believe he was standing here, alive and healthy, after she had spent time mourning him.

Seeing him appear before everyone yesterday had left her stunned, and then elated, she had wanted to go to him immediately. But when he had walked past her, he had treated her as though she were invisible, as though she were nothing more than air, and gone straight to Viola instead.

Laila had felt that like a blow. But she had told herself he simply hadn't noticed her in the chaos, and that she would catch him alone later, pay him a visit, and reassure herself properly that he was all right and still her man.

At her concerned question, rather than answer it, he asked her flatly, "What are you doing here?"

Laila's smile slipped from her face and her hand clenched around the fabric of her dress. "I missed you. That's why I'm here. I really thought you were dead, even though something in me never quite believed it." She moved to approach him again, but when she came within five feet of him, he took a step back, and it was only then that she became aware of another scent clinging to his body, layered over his own. Her face soured instantly.

"Didn't I tell you that while I am married, there is nothing between you and me, Laila? You are not to come to my office floor for private meetings with me." Sebastian said, his voice cold and detached.

He had tolerated Laila for far longer than he should have, mostly because he hadn't wanted to create more enemies for his hellcat after marrying her. But there was no reason left to tolerate her now, not when she had lost most of her backing in the wake of Ember's murder accusations, and her uncle had turned his back on her completely.

Sebastian had been thoroughly briefed on everything that had happened in Silver during his absence, and Laila's fall from grace had been among it. He couldn't have been more relieved. From the very beginning, he hadn't even been the one to bring her into his life.

That had been Alex, back when he lost Natalie and convinced himself that being with another woman might dull the pain. He had turned to Laila, who happened to share a mate bond with Sebastian but he had initially tried to keep her at a distance.

Alex had been immediately consumed by guilt afterward, having slept with another she-wolf so soon after his wife's death.

He had punished himself harshly for taking Laila to bed twice in the wake of Natalie's death and using it to mask his grief before eventually deciding to leave it all behind and disappear into the underground world they had built for themselves.

Alex had always been the type to give a woman whatever she wanted. He had treated every female he discovered a mate bond with that way, simply so they wouldn't become a complication in the life he shared with his wife. After taking Laila to bed, the guilt had driven him to give her gifts twice as expensive as those he gave his other mates.

It had been Alex who first showered Laila with gifts, long before Sebastian inherited that particular habit, and it had given Sebastian, early on, the mistaken belief that every she-wolf could be bought with expensive things. That belief had held, right up until he met a certain someone who proved it wrong entirely.

Sebastian had adopted many of Alex's habits and made them his own, being naturally the kind of man who had never quite known how to treat women properly.

But now that Laila no longer posed any threat to Viola or to his reign, now that the pack she had once used as leverage had abandoned her, Sebastian had decided it was time to draw a permanent line. He would give this she-wolf no more hope, none at all, that there could ever be anything between them again beyond what had already happened in the past.

Sebastian watched her expression shift into something hurt, but the bond between them had grown so faint over time that he could barely feel it the way he once had.

"I just wanted someone to talk to. Your company." She said, masking the hurt as best she could. "I thought you'd always need me, that you wouldn't turn me away."

In truth, Laila had wanted to attend Javier's wake, but Mrs. Kade had thrown her out the moment she arrived. And everywhere she went afterward, it felt as though she was carrying some invisible filth on her body, something only other people could see, something she couldn't, because all she could hear was whispering behind her back and feel the weight of fingers being pointed at her from every direction.

Laila had never once felt self-conscious in her life. But today, she had, and she hadn't known where to go, where to hide from people in general. Her so-called friends had been quick to turn their backs the instant the advantages she once offered them disappeared.

She had come here clinging to the wild, desperate hope that Sebastian would at least be glad to see her, that he would welcome her presence the way he once had.

Somewhere in the back of her mind, she had been hoping for something else too, crazy, mindless sex, something to bury all the bad thoughts and anger churning inside her. Sebastian had always turned to sex when he was carrying too much, and she could tell, just from looking at him, that he was carrying a great deal right now.

"I'm busy, Laila. You should leave, and please don't come back to this floor. If you need to relay a message to me, you can go through Matt." He set the boundary firmly, already making a mental note to instruct his warriors stationed on this floor to revoke whatever free access she had been granted in the past, effective immediately.

"She's here, isn't she?" Laila asked, glancing behind him. "I can smell her on you. Is that why you're sending me away?"

"Don't make me call the Gammas on you, Miss Serrano. Find your way out, please." Sebastian said, his tone utterly indifferent.

Laila composed herself and tried again. "I'll leave. But I want to speak to the wolfless girl, and—"

Sebastian's eyes went darker, and his aura flared outward as he cut her off. "The next time you call her that again, Serrano, I will make sure you lose your tongue. It's Luna. To you, and to everyone else."

He would not tolerate that word from anyone's mouth anymore, not from Laila, not from the elders, not from anyone. She was his Luna. Their Luna. Whether the rest of them wanted to accept it or not.

Laila felt cold sweat break out down her spine, and her body bent into a bow of submission before she could even fully process it. "The Luna, is she here? I want a word with her."

"She's not." Sebastian lied without a flicker of hesitation. "And if you want a word with her, you can speak with her once she's back among the she-wolf council." With that, he turned his back on her and made his way to sit behind his desk, dismissing her completely. There was nothing more he had to say to Laila.

Laila knew the sound of a door closing when she heard it, even one that hadn't physically shut yet. Her fingers curled into fists at her sides until her knuckles turned white, and then, slowly, she released them. She bowed and backed away, leaving the room.

She had seen this coming from the moment that woman had walked into his life. She had felt him drifting, piece by piece, further and further away from her.

But Laila hadn't expected it to happen now, not when she needed someone, anyone, on her side this badly. And the worst part was that she no longer had a single thing left to hold over him, nothing to use to drag his attention back to her the way she once could.

She had lost everything until she stepped out of that office and came face to face with her fated mate, someone she had never expected to be.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 320: The unexpected mate_Part 3[1,214 words]

Tears flowed down her face as Laila realized something bitter. As much as she wanted to blame the wolfless girl and take all of this out on her, Viola had actually protected her from being electrocuted that day. She had saved her from becoming part of it all.

The realization made her feel less hostile toward the wolfless woman, which was also something so unlike Laila, and she hated it.

"Bitch..." She muttered, wiping aggressively at her face as she walked down the hallway without looking where she was going, and collided straight into someone.

"Watch it!" She cried, gripping her shoulder and glaring at the person, only to find it was their pack's head physician, Doctor Gilbert.

Gilbert clicked his tongue, his tablet having slipped from his hands and hit the floor when she crashed into him as though she were blind. He hadn't been looking ahead either, too absorbed in his tablet and going through the Luna's report he intended to submit to the Alpha and as a result, he had collided directly with the pack's most arrogant she-wolf, a woman he had heard so much about from random people, Zoe in particular whenever she came for a checkup and began blabbering.

Though she had collided with him just as much as he had with her, he knew he hadn't been paying attention either, so he decided to be the gentleman he was and looked at her with brief concern.

"Are you all right?" Gilbert asked, bending to retrieve his tablet while still looking at her.

He noticed she was still gripping her shoulder and glaring at him as though she wanted his head, which he was thankful she couldn't have.

Gilbert expected her to lash out at him, but her glare suddenly softened into a look of confusion, and her hand tightened around her shoulder. When he reached out as if to check on the injury, she immediately stepped back, putting distance between them instead.

The doctor pursed his lips at the reaction and lowered his hand.

But then she moved forward suddenly, leaning in to sniff the air around him, and his entire body went rigid as stone.

What was she doing? He thought, turning to follow her movement.

"Miss Serrano—"

"I'll be damned!" Laila gritted out, a sensation rattling through her entire body as her wolf reacted, unprompted, to this handsome doctor that half of Silver seemed to lose their minds over.

She had never been this close to him before, in fact, she had never seen him in person at all until now. She had only ever heard of him and seen news on the screen. And now that she was standing in front of him, her wolf was reacting to him.

And worse, he didn't seem affected by her at all, which meant this might be entirely one-sided.

"Do you feel me?" Laila asked out of nowhere, stepping closer to the doctor, who looked thoroughly taken aback and began backing away from her.

Gilbert didn't have time for this. He was busy, he needed to get to the Alpha, and now this she-wolf he had never exchanged a single word with in his life was acting strangely. What did she mean, did he 'feel' her?

"My apologies, Miss Serrano. I didn't make contact with your body when we collided, so I wouldn't have felt anything." He said, assuming she was referring to some immature schoolyard taunt, the kind where a girl hits you and asks if you felt her boobs. Gilbert was well past that sort of thing.

Laila rolled her eyes. "What are you, a little boy? I'm talking about 'this'." She said, grabbing his collar and yanking him forward with surprising strength. Before Gilbert could even register what was happening, she crushed her lips against his in a bold, demanding kiss.

Gilbert froze, his entire body going rigid with shock, his eyes flying wide. He tried to push her away, but she held on tightly and kissed him harder.

His first kiss. On the lips.

Stolen by the most infamous she-wolf in the pack.

Growing up in the werewolf boarding school, Gilbert had been so skinny that he was constantly bullied, and girls had avoided him. They used to call him Tower and all sorts of other names. He

had never dated a girl, let alone thought about kissing one. He had spent years working on his body, becoming a healthy young male, and then focusing on his career. Eventually, he decided that looking for a mate or getting involved with a random she-wolf wasn't worth his time.

He had suffered enough at the hands of female bullies to convince himself that he could live without ever finding a mate. Yet here he was, being kissed by a beautiful she-wolf he knew most men wanted but couldn't have because she chose her partners carefully. Not to mention, her arrogance alone would have been enough to repel someone like him from pursuing her.

And yet, none of that changed the fact that she was kissing him.

His mind blanked completely at the unexpected assault, his eyes wide with pure disbelief as her soft, insistent mouth moved against his.

Gilbert had treated hundreds of wolves, delivered countless pups, stitched wounds that would make seasoned warriors go pale, but nothing in his life had prepared him for the sudden heat of Laila Serrano's mouth on his.

She didn't give him a chance to pull away. With a low, frustrated growl, Laila shoved him backward until his back hit the wall with a dull thud.

The tablet slipped from his fingers again, forgotten completely on the floor. Gilbert's hands came up instinctively, at first to push her off with his full strength, but then they stopped, hovering uncertainly at her waist, neither pushing her away nor pulling her closer.

His wolf stirred suddenly, deep inside him, something tugging it awake that he had never felt before.

Laila kissed him harder, pouring everything into it, her desperation, her anger, and the sudden, rattling need that had taken hold of her body. Her fingers tightened in his collar, keeping him pinned as her body pressed flush against his.

For one heartbeat, Gilbert's resistance cracked. A low, involuntary sound escaped his throat, and his lips began to move, tentative at first, then mirroring hers as warmth flooded through his veins and returned the kiss.

His wolf surged forward, drawn to her scent like a moth to flame, and his hands finally settled on her hips, gripping just a fraction too tight as an overwhelming feeling consumed him.

That was when Laila pulled back.

She broke the kiss with a sharp inhale, her face inches from his, her breath ghosting over his damp lips as she kept her tight grip on his collar. Her eyes gleamed with a wild mix of triumph and hunger as she took in the stunned look on his face.

Gilbert's chest heaved erratically, his usually calm and professional composure shattered into bewilderment. His lips felt tingly, swollen and warm from her assault, and something deep in his core was roaring awake, something he had never felt before in his entire life.

Mate.

"Do you feel me now?" she whispered, her voice low and husky, laced with dark satisfaction.