

FATED: THE ALPHA'S UNWANTED LUNA

Chapter 4: "Step away from her." _Part 1

The next morning, Viola felt sick and weak, unable to wake up early before the brutal ways of the Deltas method to wake them. She gasped as cold, freezing water dozed on her head and a kick landed in her gut, as the Delta ordered harshly,

"Get up! You are called to join the omega helpers to clean the hall for the moon festival!"

Urg, I can't do anything today, I am sick, Viola thought, but she soon found herself roughly hurled from the floor and shoved outside to dress in the workers uniform. There were many omega workers today, perhaps due to the special occasion.

The moon festival was the time of the year when many packs came together to celebrate and to also find their fated mates. Because sometimes werewolves' fated mates didn't always come from the same pack, it was customary to gather at every moon festival.

It was a big event where the Hollows were kept away from the celebration after they finished cleaning and preparing the guests' rooms, the large halls, and the outdoor area where the moon howling would happen deep at night.

Viola had never been to any moon festival, because only those with a wolf were allowed to attend. However, she was not looking forward to this one as a Hollow, because it always meant double the work, and encountering familiar people from her past, those who would insult her and sneer at the position she had fallen to.

She could see the omegas getting excited for the event, as they would get to peek at the handsome Alphas and Betas who would come from different packs, and some of them still held the ridiculous notion of being noticed and becoming a mate to an Alpha from another pack. Lucky them, they had wolves, could still hope for mates, and still had a real chance of joining another pack, unlike the Hollows, who could not even sense their own mates.

This was the first time the festival was happening in Moonwillow after Viola's fall from grace and her reduction to the lowest position. In the other years of her being a Hollow, the festival had happened in other packs, and the werewolves of Moonwillow had traveled to attend elsewhere, leaving only the Gamma to protect their territories.

Now inside the big, mighty neoclassical estate hall, Viola tried to ignore the omegas peeking at the arriving guests through the windows, whispering and gushing at every new arrival.

"Look, he's so handsome!" One of them squealed.

"That's Alpha Enzo from Blue river pack. I've seen pictures of him online, he looks even more handsome in person." The Omegas were allowed to own communication devices but the Hollows weren't, it was another downside to being among the lowest possible ranks in the pack. Viola didn't get to see gossip news or internet discussion about other packs because they couldn't own a phone or any device at all.

"Alpha Enzo might find his mate here today, I've been praying to the moon goddess to find my mate in Blue river pack because their pack is so beautiful, if the moon goddess is generous and decides to give me Alpha Enzo as my mate..."

They all squealed at the same time as if it was something they all collectively wished for. They all shared the same dreams anyway, to be miraculously paired with an alpha.

"Don't worry girls, our mates will be some of the best males out there."

Viola didn't blame them from dreaming, the only problem she had was that their daydreams made them step on the very floors she was mopping.

"Hey, Hollow. Did you just spill mop water at me?" Their attention was suddenly drawn to her when one of them yelled.

Viola looked at the Omega's leg where a tiny drop of water sat. Technically, she didn't spill the water they had just decided to gather exactly where she was cleaning and wouldn't move away, the drop of water had accidentally fallen on her.

Instead of arguing, Viola reached to a table and grabbed a paper towel then handed it to the girl who looked pissed, but rather than taking the paper towel she merely scoffed.

"Are you expecting me to wipe that off myself? You're a Hollow, by rank you're lower than me so shouldn't you get on your knees and clean that up?"

The other omegas giggled instead of rebuking their friend for bullying someone below her in the pack.

"Elsie, you'll make a perfect Luna. So bossy." They praised her still enforcing the daydreams of being mated to an alpha today.

Viola didn't say a word, instead she turned to leave choosing to ignore them but someone yanked her hair backwards pulling her.

"I can't believe a Hollow can be this disrespectful. I said, wipe that off." The drop of water must have dried off by now, but it was evident this omega just wanted to put her down to fulfill her fantasy of being a Luna.

One would always believe omegas were the most innocent, pitiful creatures in a pack, until they found someone lower than them, someone they, too, could step on.

Viola gritted her teeth, feeling fury beginning to well up within her. Her gaze on the omega was sharp and something merciless suddenly glimmered in her deep blue eyes.

Such a sharp gaze from a nobody in the pack further infuriated the omega. "Lower those eyes, how dare you look at me like that?" She said through gritted teeth, further yanking Viola's hair even more harshly.

In this moment, someone suddenly burst into the room. "What is going on here?" One of the head housekeepers walked in and the omega immediately released Viola rushing to stand aside as if nothing was going on.

"Nothing, Miss Kelley." They echoed.

The woman didn't seem to care what they were doing, whether they hurt the Hollows or not didn't concern her.

"Hurry up and fix the guest rooms. The guests will be arriving soon. Leave that window. Viola, Luna Leni has asked for you in her room immediately. Leave what you are doing and go," the head housekeepers ordered.

Viola felt her feverish, hot body suddenly turn even feverish at those words. Why her again of all the workers? She didn't have the strength to go through more of Leni's petty subtle insult and harsh torture.

Viola left the mop and bucket at the side and went to the Luna's room, where she found Leni preparing for the event. A makeup artist was caking her face with thick layers of foundation, making her look like a pale ghost.

Leni gave Viola a sweet, innocent smile in the mirror reflection, waving the makeup artist aside.

"What a pity your first moon festival in our pack will be as a Hollow. And that too, you won't even be attending. I want to feel sorry for you, really, Viola... but I can't help enjoying watching you suffer every single day."

Viola remained silent, staring at Leni in the mirror as she twirled a strand of her brown hair around her finger. Her expression revealed nothing. She only clenched her fingers tightly, the slight tightening the only sign that she had heard Leni's words.

However, Leni hated that she wasn't getting the reaction she wanted. She was now the Queen of the pack, and this nobody should always show she was miserable and envious of her, just like Leni herself had once been envious of Viola.

"You were adopted by my uncle and have no blood relation to the Lindens, yet you took all the love and attention. Arrogant, taking over the Luna practices of our pack... I told myself one day I would bring this bitch down into the dirt if it was the last thing I did. And I have won, Viola. I will always win. Villainesses like you..." Leni turned to face Viola, her eyes cold, "belong in the gutter. No one will ever genuinely want you, especially now that fate itself has brought you down."

Viola said nothing. She made no sound. Her fists tightened until her fingers dug crescent marks into her palms. The back of her eyes burned with unshed tears, and her throat ached with the words she wanted to retort, but she couldn't. For the first time in her entire life, she agreed with Leni. She was right. Viola Linden was no longer worthy of a voice, nor someone anyone would genuinely want without what she could give them. A bitter laugh almost slipped, but she bit it back and bowed her head instead.

"How may I be of your service today, Luna?" she asked. Dignity, pride, and self-respect had all been stripped from her, four years ago.

Leni laughed, a hearty, beautiful laugh. "You won't be serving me today, Viola. There are other tasks for you. You will join the workers who go down the cliff to arrange and decorate the place before the moon rises. I want you back before the ceremony begins, so you won't soil it with your presence."

"Yes, Luna," Viola said, and she was dismissed with a wave of Leni's hand. She didn't notice the smirk on Leni's face as she left, nor did she hear the Luna calling for someone and asking,

"Did you do as I said?"

The Delta she asked bowed slightly. "Yes, Luna."

"Good. I can't wait to get rid of her." Leni thought to herself with a smirk.