

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 401: Making out on the couch_Part 1[1,376 words]

Sebastian remained in the dungeon, where screams and blood surrounded him, yet he felt nothing within himself as he gathered all the information he could on Nick. The elders had been stubborn at first, thinking he'd been bluffing about the punishment he'd promised to administer personally, but they quickly realized they had awakened the devil inside him, a man who felt no compassion or mercy for anyone. Had this been his twin instead, they might have gotten mercy, for Alex always had that to give.

"Send the men to every location," he ordered the warriors standing guard, taking note of every scrap of information.

From what Halvrek had said, Nick was rallying a number of notorious, heartless packless men, those who had lived their whole lives as hired killers, to work for him. Not only that, he kept them at his side with the promise that once he became Alpha, he would give them a place in Silver.

There was a reason people like that were packless in the first place, either they had committed unforgivable crimes that got them cast out of a pack, or they simply preferred a lawless, rebellious existence without a leader.

Bringing people like that into a pack would ruin its order and invite more crime and criminals back with them. Halvrek had also confessed that he sent resources and weapons out to them every month from Silver, and that if Nick couldn't be found any other way, they could get information from those packless men, as they were always in contact with him and addressed him as their Supreme Alpha.

Sebastian wasn't satisfied with that information alone and resumed his torture, clipping off fingers like carrots and listening to them scream like pigs about to be slaughtered. He gave up only once the elders had lost their voices entirely, and it became clear they genuinely knew no more about Nick, who was building an empire of disaster in the werewolf world.

Sebastian dropped his last torture tool at 4:38 a.m. and walked to the sink to wash the blood from his hands. The water ran as he stared at his reflection, still feeling hollowed out and emotionally empty.

He couldn't help but long for normality, but then he realized nothing would ever feel normal again until he fixed the mess he had allowed to accumulate into a monster by trusting him enough to allow him linger around his wife in the past.

Sebastian cleaned his hands, and as he began to stride out of the dungeon, even the bravest warriors shivered and trembled at the aura he left behind, his presence growing darker with every passing second, like a ticking time bomb.

Many already knew he had always been heartless and cold, but this was reaching another degree entirely, many could barely stand to be in his presence. Some even began to fear speaking to him directly, choosing instead to wait for Matt to come and deliver reports on their behalf.

Sebastian remained completely oblivious to the terror he was instilling in the hearts of his warriors as he made his way to his office to shower and change before setting out to confront the packless himself.

He stepped into his office, about to head into the adjoining room, when his eyes fell on a bright yellow envelope on his desk, where every file was normally digital. He belatedly recalled Matt mentioning a yellow envelope and walked over to it, grabbing it with an annoyed motion. His eyes caught on the stamp bearing the Grim Pack symbol, and he opened it.

When he read the contents, an alliance and promise agreement from the Alpha heir, sealed with his blood signature, an oath that carried great weight among werewolves, his eyes narrowed as he realized they had secured this because of his wife.

He was absolutely sure it wasn't because of him, for he hadn't done anything to make Kenny consider an alliance with him. It was his wife who had taken the time to compose a song and even sing with the man. Somehow, she had made this possible without doing much at all, simply by being herself...

Sebastian stared at the contract and realized he had been so consumed by his fury that he hadn't thought of her once in the past several hours, not since meeting with the elders, which was very unusual, and now he was about to personally embark on a journey into packless territory without having seen her since yesterday.

Sebastian almost convinced himself it would be better not to see her, not wanting to be reminded of his failure, but then he caught a whiff of her scent lingering on the envelope, as though she had hugged it to herself, and he lost a battle he hadn't even realized he was fighting.

He carefully locked the contract away in a safe, knowing it would be something his pack could use one day, once the Alpha heir took his seat. Grim Pack, as strange as it sounded, held more loyal alliances with other packs than Sebastian, the Supreme Alpha, did, many called him a tyrant for the way he ran things.

His wife had made it possible for him to no longer be a permanent enemy of the second-largest pack, even though it had cost her something. He felt his heart constrict at the thought.

He went into his bathroom, took a shower, and came out changed into a plain black shirt and trousers, a color he hadn't worn in a while, since his closet at her place was flooded with new, brighter clothing sets. But Sebastian didn't think a bright color was the wisest choice for facing the packless, when blood was bound to be spilled.

He grabbed a silver gun loaded with bullets and took extra magazines, tucking them into his trousers. He worked swiftly, then left his office and made his way toward her penthouse, meaning only to look in on her briefly to make sure she was doing fine before he left.

He contacted his warriors and told them to wait for him, he would meet them in five minutes. When he reached her penthouse and unlocked the door, the living room was dark, with no light at all, since all the thick curtains had been drawn shut across the glass walls.

Sebastian didn't need light in the dark, his eyes were sharp enough. He began walking carefully toward her room and up the stairs when he realized she was lying on the couch, whimpering in her sleep. He stopped and carefully changed directions toward her.

She lay curled up without a blanket, still in the clothes he assumed she had put on that morning after the journey from the Grim Pack, jeans and a t-shirt, which he was certain were uncomfortable to sleep in.

She whimpered again, and he quickly realized she must be having a nightmare. He dropped down beside the couch, studying her as her face scrunched up in displeasure, sweat gathering against her forehead.

"No..." She whimpered, so softly that he wouldn't have caught the words if his hearing weren't so sharp. What was she dreaming about? He wondered, reaching out as if to smooth the frown from her brow, when she called out,

"Wave..."

Sebastian's expression soured immediately, and his hand stopped, hovering over her face. So she was dreaming about that blasted creature? What was she dreaming about him for? Had he taken some form in her sleep?

"Don't leave me..." She cried out again, and Sebastian's mood, already ruined, turned even worse. She didn't want Wave to leave her? What was he doing in her dreams? He thought with displeasure, until he saw tears gathering at the corners of her eyes, and something inside him melted. His hand finally settled against her face.

"Amor?" He called gently, smoothing back her hair. Sebastian had only planned to look in on her and leave, but he found he couldn't leave her trapped in a nightmare without waking her first.

"My love..." He called again, this time leaning down to kiss away her tears, and she jolted awake with a start, her eyes opening and looking up at his face, first with confusion, before she registered him.

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"Seb... is that you?" She asked, shrinking backward until he confirmed with a hum, and she relaxed. Sebastian belatedly realized she must have mistaken him for Nick, since the two of them shared a similar build and hair, with a handful of similarities in their features.

"It's me, honey. You were having a nightmare." He told her, reaching out to take the hand resting on top of her stomach. "Go back to sleep..." He whispered, kissing her earlobe as he began to stand, intending to bring her a blanket, but then she grabbed his hand.

"I saw my sister... Wave took me to her..." She said quietly. "And I felt at home where she was." She told him in a very small voice.

"Where is that?" He asked, taking her hand back into his, wanting her to feel that he was her home, and that he was going to make that home safer soon.

Viola was quiet for a moment before she said, "The sea... Wave took me to her, and I finally got to hug her. She had... she had a tail, and looked like a mermaid, a very beautiful blue mermaid, but I couldn't breathe for long, and Wave pulled me away from her, back to the surface. She didn't look happy, and I wish I could be with her..." Her voice grew thick with emotion.

"It's just a dream, honey. If your sister is a mermaid, you'd have inherited the ability to breathe underwater, and Wave would have actually met her. Don't let it get to you." Sebastian said, stroking her hand with his thumb and leaning down to kiss her cheek, but she turned and offered him her lips instead.

"Kiss me on the lips," she whispered against his suspended mouth, pulling her hand free of his and wrapping it around his neck. She didn't pull him down, waiting instead for him to take the step and kiss her, and when he hesitated, Viola felt hurt, slowly lowering her hand as it confirmed her suspicions and insecurities. He no longer wanted her after all.

That wasn't the case, though. Sebastian knew he had somewhere to be in three minutes, and kissing her was a risk in itself, since he might lose himself entirely, but the moment he sensed her hurt, his lips fell onto hers, and he kissed her passionately, putting everything else aside and out of his mind.

He fit her hand back around his neck and braced his elbows on either side of her head against the couch, kissing her comfortably, showing her exactly how much he was dying for it, for her.

The kiss deepened the second their mouths opened for each other. Sebastian's tongue slid against hers with a hunger that had been buried under blood and duty for too long, and Viola met it just as fiercely, her fingers digging into the back of his neck as if afraid he might still pull away.

The taste of her warm mouth, the familiar feeling of his bond sparkling under his skin, cut straight through the hollow emptiness that had been eating at him since the dungeon. He groaned into her mouth, a low, rough sound, and shifted his weight so his body pressed fully against hers on the narrow couch.

Her legs parted for him without hesitation. She bent her knees and drew them up along his sides, the denim of her jeans scraping against his hips, then higher still, until her thighs framed his waist and her calves locked across the small of his back.

The position opened her completely, the heat of her core pressing against the hard line of his groin through the layers of clothing, her jeans rubbing against him more as she arched up into him.

The movement told him everything, she was already wet, and he could smell her arousal so thick in the air that he couldn't deny either of them this any longer. The same starved need that had been clawing at him since the moment he smelled her scent on that envelope stripped Sebastian of all control.

Sebastian's hand dropped between them, his fingers working the button and zipper of her jeans with impatient tugs. He shoved the fabric down just far enough, taking her underwear with it, baring her from the waist to the tops of her thighs. His own trousers and briefs followed in the same rough motion, pushed only to mid-thigh so he could free himself.

He didn't waste time, he didn't have any to waste, even if he'd wanted to give her all the time in the world. One hand braced beside her head while the other shoved her t-shirt and bra up in a single motion, exposing her breasts to the cool air of the dark living room.

His mouth left hers only long enough to latch onto one peaked nipple, sucking hard, his teeth grazing just enough to make her gasp and arch harder. The moment the head of his shaft found her entrance, slick and already wet, he pushed in deep, one smooth, claiming thrust.

Viola's legs tightened around him, her heels digging into the backs of his thighs as she took every inch. The tight, wet heat of her wrapped around him as though it had been waiting for him, and Sebastian's hips snapped forward again, burying himself to the hilt.

He kept his mouth on her breast, his tongue circling, sucking, while his body moved in hard, deep strokes that rocked the couch beneath them. No words. Only the liquid sound of him sliding in and out of her, the soft, broken noises she made against his hair, and the low, guttural sounds that tore from his throat every time her walls clenched around him.

He switched to her other breast, sucking the nipple into his mouth with the same relentless hunger, and drove into her faster.

Viola's hands slid down his back beneath his black shirt, her nails scoring his skin as she lifted her hips to meet every thrust. The angle of her raised legs let him go deeper, and he took full advantage, grinding against her clit on every inward stroke until her body began to tremble beneath him.

Sebastian's control frayed. The days without this, without her, made every sensation sharper, hotter. He drove into her harder, the slap of skin against skin filling the quiet room, his mouth never leaving her breast as he chased the tight, desperate pleasure coiling at the base of his spine.

Her inner muscles fluttered, then locked down around him. Viola's head tipped back against the couch cushion, a silent cry parting her lips as she came, pulsing hot and rhythmic around him. The feel of her orgasm milking him pulled Sebastian over the edge with her. He thrust deep one last time and held there, spilling into her in heavy, pulsing waves, his mouth still sealed over her breast, sucking through the last shudders of her climax.

For long seconds, neither of them moved. Sebastian kept his face buried against her chest, breathing her in, still buried deep inside her as the aftershocks faded.

The urgency that had driven him here, the packless, the men waiting outside, the empire Nick was building, hovered at the edges of his mind again, but for this moment he stayed exactly where he was, wrapped in the only thing that still felt real, the only person that still mattered to him.

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A/N

Here is this month's redeem code to the first ten readers to unlock this Chapter.

<ABDHYFXJLHSWEDB7B>

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 403: Handle things just fine[1,301 words]

For long moments, neither of them moved from the couch. His hips stayed pressed flush against hers, their bodies still joined, chests heaving against each other.

The only sounds in the dark room were the soft, wet noise of their breathing and the quiet drip of their combined release onto the couch.

Sebastian kept his face buried against the soft curve of her breast, his tongue occasionally flicking her sensitive nipple as the aftershocks faded, unwilling to pull away from her, for she made him complete, and he knew that the moment he was out of her, he would feel as empty as a dead man. He wanted to stay exactly where he was forever, but he knew duty was waiting outside.

Still, everything he needed to return to felt distant now, muted by the warm body beneath him, and Sebastian grew a little greedy for more.

Viola's legs remained locked high around his waist, her heels still pressed into the small of his back, as though she feared he might vanish the second she loosened her hold. Her fingers had softened in his hair, stroking slowly instead of gripping, and every gentle pass of her nails sent a low shiver down his spine.

Sebastian finally released her breast with one last, lingering suck, the nipple left glistening and flushed from his mouth. He lifted his head just enough to look at her face in the dark. Her eyes were half-lidded, her lips parted and swollen from their earlier kisses, a faint sheen of sweat along her hairline.

The insecurity that had flickered across her features when she'd first asked for his mouth was gone now, replaced by something softer, almost dazed. He felt a fierce, possessive satisfaction settle deep in his chest at the sight, knowing he had somehow managed to chase away her insecurities, at least for now, and that everything else would be gone once the marking was complete, for if she could feel his emotions, she would have no reason left to doubt his words or his actions.

Slowly, carefully, he began to ease out of her. The wet slide of his softening length leaving her body made them both inhale sharply. A warm trickle of their mixed release followed, coating her inner thighs and the couch beneath them, and she moaned in protest as he began to leave her body completely.

He stopped moving away at her protest. Instead, he shifted his weight onto one elbow, his free hand moving between them to gently cup her sex, his palm pressing lightly against the slick, swollen folds, as if to soothe the emptiness he had just left behind.

"Is this better?" He whispered into her ear, licking her earlobe slowly and feeling her shiver.

Viola's hips gave a small, involuntary roll into his touch, a quiet sound catching in her throat, and that motion alone made his satisfied body begin to stir again, as though he hadn't just had her at all. She rolled her hips against his hand again, and Sebastian nearly came undone and gave in.

He leaned down and brushed his mouth over hers, soft now, almost reverent. No hunger this time, only the need to taste the quiet after. Her lips parted under his, answering with the same gentle pressure.

One of her hands slid from his hair to the side of his face, her thumb stroking along his cheekbone, where the earlier coldness of the dungeon still seemed to linger. Sebastian closed his eyes and leaned into the touch, letting himself feel the contrast: the blood and screams of the past hours against the warm, living softness of his wife, his lovely mate.

When he finally drew back, he kept his forehead resting against hers. "I love you," he whispered softly, and Viola felt her heart grow warm, completely reassured. All her insecurities seemed to evaporate into the night, vanishing from her heart. Having him close, feeling him near, always fixed her far better than anything else in this world ever could.

"Say you love me too, sunshine." He pecked her lips when she didn't reply right away, still simply staring at him.

Viola felt her lips pull into a smile as she realized this was exactly what he had gotten her used to. Whenever she didn't say the words after him, he would coax them out of her, always. And whenever he didn't do this, she would feel as though something had changed between them, even when nothing had.

He had made it into a habit for her, a habit she had grown so accustomed to that she wanted it to stay that way.

"I love you too."

"Say it with your endearment for me," he insisted, licking the side of her neck teasingly and making her squirm and smile.

"I love you, hubby."

"That's more like it," he mused, bringing his forehead back to rest against hers. He breathed in her delicious daisy scent, now mingled with his own.

Their breaths mixed in the narrow space between them. The black shirt he still wore clung to the sweat along his spine; her t-shirt and bra remained bunched above her breasts, leaving them bare and marked by his mouth. Neither of them moved to fix their clothes. The moment felt too fragile, too necessary to be disturbed by any movement.

Sebastian's thumb stroked once more between her legs, gathering the evidence of what they had just done, before he brought his hand up and rested it against her waist, his fingers splaying over the soft skin there. He could feel the shiver of rising arousal still running through her body, the way her pulse fluttered beneath his palm. For the first time since this morning and dealing with the elders, the hollow place inside his chest finally felt full.

Outside, the five minutes he had asked for had long since passed. He knew the warriors would be waiting, restless, ready to move on to the battle he was about to settle with a building bunch of packless werewolves.

Duty pressed in against the edges of the quiet room once more, but he stayed where he was a little longer, forehead to forehead with her, breathing her in, letting the last of the night's darkness settle around them both before the world demanded him back.

He wanted to sink back into her, to feel that wondrous feeling again, but Sebastian knew he would only delay his departure further if he did. So he stayed exactly as he was until he saw her eyes begin to flutter, her lashes finally dropping as she let out a contented sigh.

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Viola opened her eyes smiling, for a reason she couldn't quite place at first, until it suddenly came to her, and she turned to look for him. She belatedly realized she was lying in her bed alone, with no trace of his scent anywhere around the bed. She quickly understood that he must have carried her back to bed and left. Why hadn't he woken her before he went? She thought, her smile falling away as she turned to find a note on the nightstand and grabbed it quickly.

[I'm going to be out of Silver for a while. I may not make it back today, but I'll do my best to return tomorrow. Something important came up that needs my attention, but Matt will be on duty with you while I'm gone.

I know you'll handle things just fine in my absence, Amor. Don't hesitate to make whatever decisions you need to make for the pack. You're my Luna, and I trust you completely to take care of things until I return.

And use my office if you need it. Consider everything in there yours.

Take care of yourself for me.

Love,

S.K.]

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 404: Sebastian's office[1,211 words]

Viola read the note twice, wondering where he had gone and whether she had somehow missed the part where he mentioned what had urgently called him away from the pack. When she found no explanation, his words about her taking on the responsibility of looking after the pack in his absence quickly pulled her attention back to the matter at hand and left her a little stunned.

He was giving her full control of the pack?

Normally, the Luna and Alpha were meant to share the responsibility of overseeing everything, but Sebastian hadn't given her much work up to this point. Even though she was fully capable of handling it, he had simply insisted on doing it all himself.

At first, Viola had thought he simply didn't trust her with Silver completely. It wasn't until later that she realized he hadn't wanted to burden her with anything. Unlike her ex, who had burdened her with every single responsibility in his life, her husband wanted to give her a burden-free life. It was almost ironic, considering that her days had grown rather boring, and she had actually begun longing for real work before discovering her mermaid side.

Now, however, he was finally giving her that chance.

Only, she was suddenly deeply concerned about what had taken him out of Silver.

Was it because of Nick again?

Even though the name still triggered a surge of anger in her, Viola realized that the shame she had carried because of him was slowly fading. She didn't want Sebastian to go after Nick, because she feared Nick could do anything to hurt her husband.

Now that she was certain he had been the mastermind craving the Supreme Alpha seat all along and had been sending assassins after Sebastian, Viola knew it would be dangerous to go after someone like him head-on.

She didn't want anything to happen to Sebastian, even though she wanted more than anything for Nick to pay for the lives he had so heartlessly ruined, including what he had done to her.

Viola could only hope Sebastian hadn't gone after Nick.

As her mind returned to the work he had left for her, however, she pushed those worries aside for the moment. Despite everything, she felt a strong urge to make sure everything was handled perfectly in his absence. She wanted Sebastian to come home to a pack whose workload had already been cleared, with nothing waiting for him to deal with when he returned.

Yesterday had been chaotic at first, but today felt different after Sebastian had come to her last night. He had reassured her in a way words alone couldn't have, and it amazed her how different today felt because of that.

Viola looked down and saw she was no longer in her jeans, but in his t-shirt, under the blanket, and she smiled a little before getting out of bed. A bolt of dizziness hit her hard, and she fell back onto the bed, holding her head and waiting for the black polka dots in her vision to clear.

This damn dizziness, Viola thought in sudden irritation, since it had been occurring more frequently lately. She got up more slowly this time and went about getting ready to head to his office, to read through his mail and documents, and maybe dig around a little to see if she could find a way to reach Alex.

The contact he had used to message her at Grim Pack was a private number she couldn't reach. Her nightmare about her sister last night had made her realize how much she still missed and longed to see Ivy again, and it struck her that Sebastian, who knew his own twin was alive, shouldn't let his relationship with Alex fall apart the way it had.

Viola took her shower, and while at it, reached out to call for Wave, but there was no reply, and the creature didn't come to her, which made her frown, since Wave always answered her calls.

She had been so consumed by her own troubles yesterday that she had, for a moment, forgotten about Wave entirely, until now. Viola decided to give him some time, since she was already running behind on her new responsibilities at the office.

Wave always knew where to find her, and this wasn't the first time he had arrived late after she called for him. He always claimed that he got caught up redirecting the evil sea witch away from the land, hence she didn't worry about her little water companion.

She made a quick toast and coffee and ate after showering, keeping an eye on every water pathway for any sign of Wave.

Viola made her way to Sebastian's office a little past 9 in the morning. When she arrived, Matt was already going through some documents on his tablet, and he glanced up from the screen at her, a displeased frown on his face that quickly melted into a smile once he saw who it was.

He got to his feet and gave her a respectful bow of his head. "Supreme Luna."

"Beta Matt," she replied with a smile, then looked around the office, where he had been occupying the couch rather than the desk. "Where's my husband's schedule for the day? Can I see it, please?"

Matt didn't waste time and nodded, going to retrieve it for her as she made her way over to sit at Sebastian's desk. Had it been anyone else, Matt would have warned them against putting their ass in the Supreme Alpha's chair, but she was the exception, and just that morning, Sebastian had strictly warned him to keep her busy in his office, so she wouldn't step out of the building or start asking about his whereabouts.

Sebastian had embarked on a dangerous journey with his warriors to face the packless and those working for Nick. It would be a bloody battle, and having her wander outside was too great a risk. Hence Sebastian had given his word to have her oversee the pack from his office, with Matt assisting her.

Viola sat for the first time in Sebastian's comfortable leather chair behind his glass desk, watching as Matt brought out a tablet and pressed a button, summoning a holographic screen in front of her.

"Here are the pending mails the Supreme Alpha hasn't had time to look at, requests from other packs. If you go through them and see that some requests are unnecessary, you can reject them, and accept the ones that will benefit Silver. Can you do that?" He asked, the question mostly unnecessary, since he trusted she could handle it. He had been the one to dig into her background in the past, and he'd found out about all her achievements at Moonwillow, and how she had helped Evan win his seat.

She had been trained her whole life for a Luna position and had even attended school for it.

"I can handle that," Viola replied, already reading through his hundreds of emails, determined to clear his workload before he returned. "By the way, do you know where he went?" she asked casually, making sure her question sounded offhand so Matt wouldn't suspect that she was probing for information.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 405: Discovery at the doctor's_Part 1[1,129 words]

Matt's heart nearly jumped into his throat at the question he'd hoped to avoid, but he quickly composed himself and replied, "He went to handle something urgent."

"Urgent where?" Viola pressed, watching him carefully. Something about the way he'd answered so quickly, without quite meeting her eyes, made her uneasy and suspicious. Did he really go out to hunt Nick by himself?

"Just... pack business. Nothing you need to worry about." He said, and before she could push further, he added, "Oh, before I forget, you have an appointment with Doctor Gilbert at 2 o'clock."

Matt knew he shouldn't have mentioned the appointment before checking with Sebastian on whether it was alright for her to see the doctor, who had contacted him about the antidote breakthrough just an hour ago. He had tried reaching his friend, but Sebastian had kept the mind-link shut, and Matt knew that if he didn't bring up something to distract her, the Luna might corner him until he revealed her husband's location, since she was well aware that Betas always knew their Alpha's whereabouts.

"I do?" Viola asked in bewilderment, unable to recall any reason to meet the doctor, since he usually brought her medication to her rather than the other way around.

"Yes, will you make it, or should I cancel it?" Matt asked, hoping she'd choose to cancel until Sebastian was back.

"No, I'll go. I wanted to talk to the doctor about something anyway, so I might as well get it done while I'm there for the appointment. Thank you, Beta Matt." She said with a smile, turning back to her work, while Matt sweated beneath his skin and sighed in great relief that she didn't insist he told her about Sebastian's whereabouts.

I hope the Supreme Alpha doesn't have my head for not telling him about the appointment first, Matt thought, slowly backing away to his own work on the couch.

As Viola worked, she kept her mind entirely on the task at hand, aware of how important the documents she was reviewing were. If she mistakenly signed the wrong one without carefully reading its terms, she could cause real damage to their pack.

She didn't let her mind wander to her husband's whereabouts or dwell on thoughts of Nick, at least for now. She remained focused on her work until the timer she'd set for two o'clock beeped. She looked away from the screen and rubbed her eyes, only to realize, somewhat embarrassingly, that she was relieved to have a break from work. She was suddenly exhausted, her back aching, and all she wanted to do was lie down.

Since when had she become this lazy?

Viola thought in disbelief. She had always been a very active, hardworking person, someone who could sit at a desk for an entire night without complaining. Yet now, after only a few hours, she was already longing for a break when she should have been working.

Still, she was satisfied with her progress. She had gotten a great deal done, but she knew she needed to work on her tolerance for sitting at a desk for long periods.

She stood, picked up her purse, and told Matt, "I'll go meet the doctor now. I'll be back before three. You can review my replies and the contracts I signed or rejected if you think it would benefit Silver."

"Sure, I will. Though I trust you wouldn't accept any bad contracts, Supreme Luna. And don't let the doctor use you for any experiments, by the way." He added it just in case Gilbert wanted to take advantage of Sebastian's absence and use her for one of his lab experiments.

Viola smiled and nodded. "Sure."

She left the office, and the moment she stepped out, her personal bodyguards, the ones Sebastian had assigned to her, fell into step behind her on the way to meet Gilbert. Their bulky shadows standing protectively like walls at her sides.

Doctor Gilbert had two offices, one at the healing house, and another inside the High Tower building. Her meeting with him, however, was within the tower, in a section separate from the emergency healing house, and when she arrived, an apprentice led her through his small lobby and into his lab.

The glass doors of the lab slid open, and she walked in to find the doctor hunched over a microscope. At her entrance, he turned to look at her with a look of surprise. "Supreme Luna, what a pleasant surprise. Please, have a seat."

Gilbert hurriedly gestured for her to sit while he pulled off his white gloves. He had spoken with Matt about the antidote, but he hadn't actually expected her to come, he'd been certain her overprotective mate wouldn't allow her to visit him alone, so he was caught off guard to see her, and Viola noticed it too.

"Did I come at an unexpected moment?" She asked uncertainly, taking the seat he'd pulled out for her amid his neat lab.

"Not at all, I just didn't expect you to come without the Supreme Alpha, that's all. Is there something you'd like? Coffee, juice, anything?" He asked, wanting to put her at ease, since there was a lot they needed to discuss now that she was here, and this might be his chance to finally complete his testing on her.

"The Supreme Alpha has something urgent to attend to. And if you don't mind, a glass of water is enough."

Gilbert immediately mind-linked one of his assistants to bring the Supreme Luna some water, then turned to sit behind his desk and began going through his reports on her.

"I'm not certain the antidote will work the same way for you, but so far I've tested it on one of my patients, I gave her a suppressant, then administered the antidote, and it worked well overall. It did cause a side effect, though, since unfortunately it happened to be during her heat, and the antidote triggered a bad reaction because of the Supreme Alpha's blood mixed into it, and—"

Viola, listening to him, grew more confused by the second, and she didn't hide it. "What antidote?" She asked.

Gilbert immediately caught himself, stopping mid-motion as he reached for her personal tablet record, she was, after all, a very special patient, and he swallowed, belatedly realizing something. The Alpha hadn't told her about the suppressant yet. He had simply assumed her coming here meant she already knew why he'd sent for her, but her words clearly said otherwise.

He couldn't very well take back what he'd said, could he? She was regarding him with a look of impatient confusion, and Gilbert felt the need to explain now, even if he'd have to answer to Sebastian for it later.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 406: Discovery at the Doctor's_Part 2[1,098 words]

"A few weeks ago, I discovered that your body was carrying a huge amount of suppressant, the kind used to keep a wolf spirit from rising. I couldn't help but bring it to the Alpha's attention, and he asked me to create something to counter it. I've been working on it ever since, and I only had my breakthrough yesterday, which is why I sent for you."

Gilbert watched her expression shift from confusion to even deeper confusion as she asked, "Are you telling me I have... a wolf inside me?"

"As far as I know, only someone with a wolf would have such a thing used on them, and I'm assuming you didn't know you'd ever been given a wolf suppressant." Gilbert had assumed she might already know, but it was clear now that she didn't.

Viola shook her head. "I have never taken anything like that. I would never have taken it..."

"Then that makes it clear you were either injected with it as an infant, or fed the substance a couple of times, since it's a very effective substance, even two doses could do the job, as long as it was administered at an early age."

Viola was speechless for a moment, digesting his words carefully as she leaned back in her seat. So she had a wolf? Viola had already given up any hope of ever awakening one, ever since discovering she was half mermaid, and in such cases, only those with an Alpha parent stood any real chance of having a wolf at all. Knowing there was no way she could have come from an Alpha bloodline, that hope had died inside her long ago.

She had been so disappointed, so sad about it, that she'd tried not to think about it at all. And Sebastian knew exactly how much she'd wanted that hope, yet he hadn't told her there was still a chance she might have one. Not only that, he had kept from her the fact that something had been wrong with her all along...

She had wolf suppressant in her blood, administered at an early age, but how had it gotten there, and since when? Why had Sebastian kept it from her, when he knew this was something huge, something they should have been working through together to figure out who could have suppressed her wolf in the first place?

Viola wanted to be angry at Sebastian, but then she realized he must have been thinking of her when he made the decision to keep it from her. If he had wanted her wolf to stay suppressed, he wouldn't have ordered a cure to be made in the first place, that was what mattered. And now that she knew the truth, she might as well get to the bottom of it all.

"I was adopted, and my adoptive parents wouldn't have given me a suppressant, because more than anything, they wanted me to awaken my wolf. I can't say whether it was given to me at the orphanage, since I don't remember taking anything like that, so I can't tell how it got inside me." Viola said quietly, knowing that piecing this puzzle together might take some time, when she didn't even know who her real parents were, only that they were a werewolf and a mermaid, and that their mother had given them away to be killed, only for them to end up in an orphanage instead.

Now that she thought about it, that memory of the blue-eyed woman telling someone to kill the cursed one if they had to, to never let her grow into the curse, made her wonder, had that person been responsible for the suppressant, or had it been their mother herself?

Viola pushed the thought aside when Gilbert spoke again. "You don't have to stress yourself over who gave it to you, Supreme Luna. The important thing is that we can get rid of it now, if you're ready."

Viola looked at the doctor with bewildered eyes. "I can get rid of the suppressant now, and my wolf will come out?" She asked, unable to keep the hope out of her voice, because a wolf meant everything to her right now. She would finally get to belong, to feel complete, and not only that, she would be able to trace her werewolf parentage and finally know where she came from.

"Absolutely, as long as you're not approaching your heat cycle, which I'll need to test for before administering the cure through an IV drip to wash it out of your blood. Everything is ready, whenever you are." Gilbert said, watching as stars practically lit up in her blue eyes.

Viola couldn't have been any more ready than she was in that moment. She had spent years hoping for a day like this, for the day she would finally have a wolf spirit, to shift and feel whole beside her husband.

"I'm ready. We can start now." She said. "What do I need to do?"

"Nothing, really. You just need to let me run a few tests, and then you'll be admitted here for a few hours until the IV bag finishes. Though... I'm starting to think maybe we should wait for the Supreme Alpha." Gilbert suggested, sensing that Alpha Sebastian might not appreciate this happening in his absence. But Viola couldn't wait any longer and quickly shook her head.

"No. If it's going to work, I want to surprise him with my wolf when he comes back. Let's get started now, please."

Viola was afraid that if she was made to wait any longer, she would burst from excitement and anxiety. She wouldn't be able to rest either way.

Gilbert could see how impatient she was and knew there was no way he could stall this until the Alpha returned. He gave a nod. "Sure. If you'll move to the bed, then, I'll get my testing equipment in a moment." He gestured to the small bed in the room, one that could shift between a chair and a bed.

Viola made her way there on shaky legs, weak with excitement, and half sat, half lay against the backrest, her hands resting on her stomach as she watched Doctor Gilbert move around, pulling equipment from drawers. Silence fell between them, and she felt the need to fill it with the other matter she'd wanted to discuss with the doctor.

"Doctor Gilbert, if you don't mind, I'd like to talk to you about something." She said, and he gave her a nod to go ahead.

"Sure."