

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 41: Give her anything_Part 1[1,583 words]

Chapter 41: Give her anything_Part 1

His words made Viola pause. Everything and anything, he had said? She blinked, then moved back slightly to look at his smirking face. Yet, in that moment, she was no longer bothered by his arrogance, because he had just said something that caught not only her interest but made her mind begin to spin around the three wishes he had mentioned.

What was he, a genie? But in this world of werewolves, he controlled power, real power, and she could ask him to bring down things no one else ever could as a wish. Though being his Luna did not only guarantee she would gain status or security, having him behind her meant more influence and authority that no one would dare challenge.

He would grant her wishes.

Viola knew she should be angry that those words had come from his belief that she would never win, but she wasn't. Instead, she narrowed her eyes.

"You will grant my wishes?" she asked, just to confirm she hadn't misheard the jerk in any way. He calmly nodded his head.

Viola lifted her chin as she declared, "I want it written on paper with your signature. I have learned not to trust words spoken by people with more power than I have. You could easily go back on them and pretend you never gave your word."

After everything that had happened in her life, and between her and Evan, Viola didn't think she could ever trust the words of anybody in power. Evan had given her his words and promises. He had sworn undying love to her and acted the part perfectly, but when the moment came that he wanted to betray her, he had done it as if those words of love had never been spoken at all.

Though this man standing before her wasn't giving love promises, nor was he her lover or ever would be, she wouldn't trust his words. She would never let herself fall for words again. She needed proof, and by him signing it down, it would seal a deal he wouldn't be able to go back on.

Sebastian found the girl even more interesting. She didn't trust just his words, not that he was someone who went back on them, but he himself was also someone who didn't trust words alone and needed actions and proof. Hence, he told her,

"Sure, why not? You will have it down on paper right now."

He pulled out his phone from his pocket and sent a text to Matt, instructing him to quickly and secretly prepare two copies of a contract and keep them ready in the office.

Matt, who was currently planning to go out and have a little fun in Silver City after dinner, and after enduring yet another lecture from his mother about finding his own mate, as if being choked up at home or the office would magically bring one to him, received the message from Sebastian and frowned down at the clauses he was supposed to add to this secret contract he had been asked to print.

"Are you kidding me? Not Viola again," he groaned in frustration. For someone who didn't want to be interested in this weak girl, Seb was getting a little too involved with her, far more than he should have been.

Wasn't Sebastian an expert at discarding his mates and turning his back on the ones he didn't want? He had done it countless times before, without hesitation. So why was he getting involved with this one so much?

Just that morning, he had been forced to dig into Viola's past and background, uncovering everything, every little thing that had once been posted about her before it was wiped away by Evan. He had spent hours doing it, even hacking into restricted information because Sebastian wanted it kept secret from anyone. And now, just when he was considering giving himself a break, he had to print a contract?

"Shoot me! I will never find my mate in this lifetime until my friend finally settles down," Matt texted back, and Sebastian's reply came almost immediately.

"Don't be dramatic. We both know you're not eager to find your mate. We're on our way to the office. Prepare it before we get there."

Matt rolled his eyes and took off his black leather jacket to get what Sebastian wanted done. Anyway, he wasn't really that interested in going mate-searching. After what he had seen people with mates go through in their lives, he didn't think he was ready for it. If he were truly determined to search, nothing would have stopped him, not even Sebastian and his contract.

~~~

Viola silently followed the Alpha into the elevator that took them to the hundredth floor of the building. They didn't say another word to each other and walked in silence out of the elevator when they reached the floor.

Her legs were already sore. She hadn't rested them well, and she still had a lingering painful limp. Though she wasn't wearing heels but flats, it was becoming increasingly uncomfortable.

Nonetheless, she wasn't about to let this golden opportunity slip by her. A chance to have this handsome devil grant her three wishes, if she ended up being his Luna, was not something that would ever come her way again.

She needed those wishes badly enough that she didn't mind the mild ache spreading through her legs.

The floor of his office was a little different than the others, Viola took note. There were no ordinary projectors on the walls; instead, the walls themselves were screens displaying a rotating forest scene, wolves scattered between the trees as if hunting.

The leading wolf was massive and mighty silver. Viola stared at it with slightly horrified eyes, because between its jaws hung a person, blood dripping down as if the beast were about to chew.

Was that him in his wolf form? she wondered, and belatedly recalled his words once spoken to her—

'I've killed for this pack,' he had told her. 'I've been challenged ten times and emerged victorious, with the flesh of my rivals filling my belly.'

Viola grimaced at the mental image, though she didn't even need to imagine it. There it was, displayed across his walls. She tightened her arms around herself and deliberately looked away from it.

"You can't even watch that, and yet you say you can be a Luna," came his words as he stopped before a door, his head turning slightly in her direction. "Being my Luna, you will fight beside me and watch me do more than what is on that screen, *niñita*. You are not only physically weak, but your mind is as well."

Viola raised her head to look him straight in the eye. "You do not know my mind or know what I am capable of doing. Can we proceed to your office, please?" she reminded him, wanting to get away from his judgmental gaze and his constant attempts to talk her out of this.

If only he knew what she was capable of. That she could kill to get her way, yet never wanted that part of herself to rise again or exist within her anymore. That was her past, her selfish, desperate self, and it didn't belong here.

And if only he knew that without this hope, without this competition offering her even the smallest chance to rise above those who had hurt her and ruined her life, she would have preferred death. He would have understood then that she had absolutely nothing to lose in this competition.

She watched him press in a code on the door in front of him, and it slid open. He didn't step inside but instead gestured for her to proceed ahead of him into the office. She warily walked past him into his cold, gloomy office, stood aside, and took in the vast space.

Though the space was beautiful, it felt empty.

There were framed images of wolves lined neatly along the long decorative brick wall at the side, but she belatedly realized there were no frames of any of his past Lunas, nothing of them at all, like she had expected, especially with how much he seemed to have favored the first Luna, Natalie. Despite of herself, she couldn't help but get curious about his relationship with his first Luna but then she pushed the curiosity aside. It was none of her business.

He walked over to his desk and picked up the papers lying there, then turned over his shoulder to order, "Have a seat."

Viola would have said she was fine standing, but her legs were already killing her, cramping painfully from strain and exhaustion. She didn't argue with him and made her way to sit down in the chair he gestured to at his desk. Everything in the room smelled like him, and she tried not to breathe in too deeply as she watched him perch his hip against the desk while he read through the contract.

She hadn't expected everything to be arranged this fast and had thought she would need to wait longer. When he began to reach for his pen on the desk as if to sign it immediately, Viola hurriedly spoke,

"I would like to read what is written there before you sign it."

He gave her a narrowed look. "You really do have deep trust issues, don't you?" he questioned with a scoff.

## **Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 42: Give her anything\_Part 2[ 1,326 words ]**

### **Chapter 42: Give her anything\_Part 2**

He gave her a narrowed look. "You really do have deep trust issues, don't you?" he questioned with a scoff.

Viola didn't deny it. "You give me no reason to trust you, Alpha Kade. Can I see the contract?"

This had become important to her now, and she didn't want anything to mess it up. He was the most powerful werewolf in all of their world; having him give her an opportunity she could possibly use in the future wasn't easy. She knew that if he didn't truly believe she would fail, he wouldn't have given her this chance in the first place.

He turned and placed the papers in front of her on the desk.

"Fine, have it your way, *niñita*," he told her with a faint smirk, and that name made her grit her teeth slightly.

Viola picked up the papers and, ignoring his intense stare, began to read.

[Clause of Contest and Consideration]

Should Viola Linden emerge victorious in the sanctioned competition set forth by the Silver Pack, the Alpha shall grant her three wishes, to be fulfilled in full, without delay, condition, or refusal. These wishes may be of any nature, material, social, political, or personal, regardless of how unreasonable, excessive, or unconventional they may be.

Upon victory, Viola Linden shall be entitled to all rights, protections, privileges, and standing afforded to the Alpha's Luna and lawful wife, lacking nothing that such a position commands.]

That was exactly what she wanted, Viola thought as her fingers trembled slightly while reading those words. She continued to the next section.

[Should Viola Linden fail in the competition, yet survive its completion by miracle, she shall forfeit all claims to Alpha Sebastian Kade, his pack, his territory, and his protection. She shall leave the pack lands immediately and never return, nor seek aid, compensation, or acknowledgment from the Alpha or his people for the remainder of her life.

This agreement is binding, final, and irreversible upon signing.

Signed this day by both parties in full awareness of the risks, consequences, and obligations herein.

Alpha Sebastian Kade

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Viola Linden

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

"Satisfied enough, four eyes?" came his words, making her look up at him.

She placed the papers back down on the desk and pushed her annoying sliding glasses up her nose before nodding. "With this, we both know you can't take back your words," she said as she took his pen from the desk and leaned forward to sign her name.

"Don't worry. There will be no words to take back when you have no chance, Miss Linden," he said, watching her fingers curl around his pen. His gaze lingered as he noticed the raw skin around her nails. Did she do that to herself? he wondered with a frown.

Viola finished signing and slid the papers toward him so he could add his own signature.

Without looking away from her, Sebastian swiftly signed both copies of the agreement, one for each of them.

"Done." He slid her copy back toward her and placed his inside a desk drawer. He watched as she clutched the papers to her chest and let out a sigh of relief. Did something like this truly mean that much to her?

Sebastian knew that many shewolves would give anything just to have a single wish granted by him, and anyone who received it would be ecstatic, over the moon. Yet as he watched her, he couldn't help but notice and realize that this little woman wouldn't be asking for half his money or his properties in the future. She looked genuinely relieved simply to have the contract in her hands.

That realization made an unfamiliar heaviness settle in his chest. He couldn't help but feel bad that he was allowing her to walk straight into something that could very well kill her. Still, he suppressed the feeling. He had given her a choice, and she had chosen to step into this on her own.

When she didn't immediately stand to leave, Sebastian guessed her legs were troubling her. So, out of what little goodness he still possessed, he decided to distract her so she could rest a moment longer. He pointed toward her neck.

"What happened to you there?"

'Are you kidding me? Didn't you creep into her room to bite and lick her neck yesterday?' his wolf scoffed.

Viola, still marveling at the fact that this document promised her protection and power if she became his wife, couldn't help but feel a strange sense of safety in those written words. When she heard his question, her hand immediately flew to her neck.

"I got a love bite from Zoe's dog," she said without thinking.

Sebastian nearly choked on his saliva. 'Did she just call us Zoe's dog?' his wolf gasped, deeply offended, as being referred to as a dog was a serious insult to any werewolf.

"Zoe's dog?" Sebastian arched a brow. When did Zoe have a dog? And how on earth did she come to that thinking believing him a dog?

Viola, strangely buoyed by the contract, found herself talking more than she should have. "Mm. He was so warm and cozy, and his bites and licks made me—" She stopped short, suddenly realizing who she was talking to.

"Made you feel what?" Sebastian asked, his voice dropping low as he came around the desk and planted his hands on either arm of the chair, caging her in when she began to stand up.

Had she felt it too, what he had felt last night? The intense desire to have her naked, to have his cock buried deep within her warmth. To press her body against his, to kiss her, lick her, taste her, and claim her even though he despised the bond?

Did she—

"Safe..." Viola said softly, looking up at his face now dangerously close to hers. She saw his brows draw together in confusion and repeated herself. "Zoe's dog makes me feel safe. So I don't mind if he bites and licks me in my sleep. Now please move back. I need to go."

So she hadn't felt what he felt. Sebastian exhaled slowly as his wolf mocked him. 'Of course, you perverted creep. She can't feel your desires, and she certainly doesn't feel the bond the way you do. Her wolf isn't there. This is all you.'

Sebastian studied her eyes, wary, guarded, unyielding, and felt something inside him soften against his will.

"Did Zoe tell you she has a dog?" he asked quietly, unsure why his voice had softened.

Viola nodded. She didn't understand why he was speaking so gently now, but she found herself tensing all the same. No one had spoken to her softly in a long while, and it unsettled her more than harsh words ever did.

"Do you want a dog of your own?" he asked, his gaze flicking briefly to her pale pink lips as her tongue peeked out to lick them.

Something inside him clenched at the way her tongue swept across her lips. His fingers tightened around the arms of the chair.

'Ahem, you have forbidden dogs in your pack.' his wolf reminded.

'Shut up.'

At that moment, with how small and innocent she looked, with those lips so distracting and those eyes holding the confusion of a woman who had learned not to expect kindness, he knew, if she asked him for a dog as a pet, he would give it to her. He would give her anything, damn it.

And that was the problem. She was a weakness to him.

Viola blinked at his question. "I—"

She didn't get to finish. A sharp ding sounded as the door slid open, followed by the clicking of heels against the floor. They both turned toward the entrance at the same time. What Viola saw made her eyes widen as she pushed Sebastian away and rose quickly from the chair.

## **Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 43: Will you be her dog again tonight?[ 1,426 words ]**

**Chapter 43: Will you be her dog again tonight?**

She didn't get to finish. A sharp ding sounded as the door slid open, followed by the clicking of heels against the floor. They both turned toward the entrance at the same time. What Viola saw made her eyes widen as she pushed Sebastian away and rose quickly from the chair.

Standing at the doorway was Laila, a deep frown on her face, as though she hadn't expected to walk in on them.

But it wasn't just her presence that shocked Viola, it was her attire. Laila wore a black net lingerie dress with thin spaghetti straps, the hem stopping just below her most private area. She wore no bra, and the panties beneath could barely be called such. In her hand was a bottle of wine and two glasses.

Viola couldn't help wondering how she could walk into the Alpha's office dressed like that. Then realization dawned on her, hot and uncomfortable, and her cheeks flushed. The Alpha must have been expecting her.

"What are you doing here?" Laila demanded, her eyes narrowing at Viola. This nobody wasn't supposed to be with her man.

Before Sebastian could speak, Viola recovered. "I came to collect this. I am already leaving," she said quickly and moved toward the door.

Without thinking and almost instinctively, Sebastian reached out and grabbed her arm, but she jerked free and hurried past him towards the door.

As she passed Laila, the she-wolf grabbed her arm, forcing her to stop and leaned closer then whispered darkly, "You and I have so much to talk about, wolfless. But right now, I'm here for a hot fucking with the Alpha. We will meet again."

Viola tightened her fingers around the papers and walked past her, leaving the office with an uncomfortable, displeased knot tightening in her chest.

Just before the door fully closed behind her, she heard Laila purr, "Have you been waiting for me long, darling? I got caught up preparing for you."

~~~

Viola hurried back to her penthouse, unable to understand why she felt so uncomfortable after the encounter with Laila entering the Alpha's office like that, and what they might be doing there by now.

Inside the elevator, she looked down at her palm, where the fork had left four small puncture marks on her skin. The wound had already healed with the Alpha's saliva, yet she still rubbed her palm against her dress, remembering the fact that it had been in his mouth.

She pushed his thoughts from her mind, along with how his gentle voice earlier had made her feel like she could tell him anything. The man was confusing as hell. One moment he was this way and the other moment he was another way. Was he bipolar or simply touched in the head?

She shouldn't be surprised that he might be sleeping with one of the participants for his Luna position, after all, she knew that despite how he had shown that he loved Natalie in the past, and despite having watched them and envied their love story, it had all been for show. She doubted any man with many mates could remain faithful, capable of long-term restraint, or remain loyal to a dead mate.

Now, she began to question all those rumors about him being the one who killed his mates, but she pushed that thought aside. It was none of her business.

He could do whatever he wanted with his life, and even if she won and became his Luna, she wouldn't care if he carried a harem of other mates outside, as long as she found the protection she needed from being his wife, as long as nobody would ever beat or hit her again, and as long as she had the power to travel to the Nightshade Pack to find her sister and make him grant her a wish to let Ivy live here.

Though she didn't want to think about the possibility of Ivy no longer being there, as the moment children turn ten without adoption, they are thrown into the rogue life and forced to become breeding mates to packless wolves, she shuddered at the thought but pushed it away.

She needed to win this. Only then would she be able to find Ivy and give back everything that had been stolen from her twin sister.

When Viola reached her penthouse, she was immediately consumed by the empty loneliness of being there alone.

She let out a sigh, realizing it was part of the reason she had remained sitting in that chair in his office, because she hadn't wanted to return here, seeking company, even if it came from an infuriating man, who annoy her to no end.

Before anything else, Viola went into the bedroom and placed the contract in a safe, locking it with a code. It was now a treasure she couldn't afford to let anything happen to. Because she couldn't trust that Alpha.

She didn't allow herself to dwell on the silence and proceeded with her nighttime routine to freshen up. She put on another set of bunny pajamas and looked at the soft bed with an ache in her heart. She could never sleep here alone.

Knowing sleep would bring nightmares, and nightmares would bring pain, Viola grabbed her new phone and returned to the living room, sitting down on the piano bench with her legs pulled up in front of her chest.

She looked down at the phone screen, a luxury she hadn't known she would ever own again after four years of suffering. For a moment, she marveled at the possession before turning it on, steadying herself as she brought herself to text the person she wanted to reach.

She had saved Zoe's number that morning.

Biting the inside of her cheek, she gave in with a sigh and typed a few lines of messages, then sent them and waited, watching until she saw they had been delivered.

'I hope she wouldn't think of me as demanding...' she thought, looking out at the glass as lightning strikes flashed across the night sky, their light reflecting against the glass wall. She couldn't help but wish that same light could reach her empty heart...

Zoe was currently sitting at her desk, drawing a new design inspired by an idea that had come to her tonight, when her phone beeped. She put her pen down to look at the message, and her eyes widened before she facepalmed.

"Shoot! She wants to borrow my dog for the night?" Zoe exclaimed to herself. "But I don't have a dog!" She bit down on her nail as she stared at the text, wondering what she was supposed to do after blatantly lying about a dog she didn't have, not to mention that dogs weren't even allowed in the Silver Pack.

That brother of mine. What could he be thinking?!

"Oh no, he won't get away with this," she muttered, immediately calling her brother. The phone rang a few times, but he didn't answer. Well, she wouldn't be Zoe Kade if she gave up after calling the first time, she called again and again until the phone was answered, and his annoyed "Hello" came through.

"Why did you have to creep into her room last night, hermano?"

Sebastian, who had just stepped out of the shower and noticed the many missed calls and ringing phone, pretended ignorance as he asked, "Creeped into whose room? Be specific, little sister."

Zoe groaned. "Viola, of course! You didn't just creep into her room, you left a hickey on her neck, and now she's asking about my non-existent dog. What am I supposed to do?" She facepalmed again. Of course, Zoe could simply use her authority as the Alpha sister to tell Viola no, but she wasn't that kind of person.

Not to mention, she didn't understand why Sebastian did such a thing when he had said and acted like he didn't care! This man, she could never understand what went on inside his head!

"Why did you tell her you have a dog?" Sebastian remarked nonchalantly, placing his phone on speaker on the bed as he began to get dressed, buttoning up his shirt.

"Well, she was looking for a dog that licked her. I should've just told her it was you, that would've saved your image in real time, hermano," Zoe said sarcastically, rolling her eyes. When her brother didn't reply, she added, "Are you there? Will you be her dog again tonight?"

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 44: Because I want her to win[

1,515 words]

Chapter 44: Because I want her to win

"Well, she was looking for a dog that licked her. I should've just told her it was you, that would've saved your image in real time, hermano," Zoe said sarcastically, rolling her eyes. When her brother didn't reply, she added, "Are you there? Will you be her dog again tonight?"

"Watch your tongue, young lady. I am your Alpha," he warned flatly, sitting down on the edge of his bed to put on his shoes. "Tell her your dog died or something. It's your lie, find something to say, and don't bother me with her again."

Zoe sensed he was about to hang up, so she quickly spoke. "Wait," she said, then asked the curious question that had been bothering her ever since she learned that he had brought Viola to their pack, when their pack didn't accept people from Moonwillow.

"Is she among your mates?" she questioned curiously, idly tapping her fingers against her desk when the silence on the other side of the phone seemed to stretch a little too long.

She knew about her brother's multiple mates and was aware that he wouldn't have brought back someone like Viola if she wasn't his mate and the bond hadn't forced him to. Not that her brother hadn't already learned how to ignore his mates and push them away. She had seen and caught her brother with many she-wolves, women he was never found with twice, because they were mates he had rejected.

So why would he bring Viola, especially when she came from a pack that had offended him? Not to mention, Zoe didn't want Viola to be the next Luna they would lose. She already liked her.

She truly didn't want a repeat of what had happened years ago to Sebastian.

"She's not," Sebastian replied indifferently, dismissing Viola as his mate, because it was something he would never acknowledge publicly lest she was used against him.

"Have you taken your medication?" he asked, deliberately changing the topic away from the little woman he couldn't get out of his mind, and had been unable to even have sex with Laila because of the scent Viola had left behind on his chair and the lingering taste of her palm on his tongue.

He had found Laila's vanilla scent somewhat irritating and far less appealing after breathing in something as fresh as daisies. He had turned her down with the excuse that he needed to attend to something important, which wasn't entirely a lie. That was new; he was never able to resist or reject Laila.

"Yeah, yeah, I've taken the medication," Zoe replied, not liking that he had changed the topic.

Though Zoe had a wolf, she had been a late bloomer, and her wolf had been weak even when it finally surfaced. But an incident years ago had caused her wolf to disappear completely, forcing her to rely on medication to make its presence known inside her. Her immune system had also become very poor after she had taken a silver bullet for Sebastian years ago.

Being the Supreme Alpha, he had enemies scattered both outside and inside his pack, always after his life. There had been so many assassination attempts on him that he had lost count of them all, and most had failed. But the one years ago had almost been successful, because it happened during the time he had allowed himself to show weakness for his first Luna's death.

He hadn't even seen it coming when the gun went off. All he had realized was his sister's body falling over him as she jumped to take the bullet meant for him, her blood splattered all over his hands and body before he fully understood what had happened.

Since then, she had become one of the weakest wolves in their pack, and he constantly feared that if she stopped taking her medication to heal her wolf, she would become even weaker, and a target his enemies could exploit to get to him.

Which was why he needed a capable right Luna, so he wouldn't ever fall to weakness himself. If only he could find the one he had been searching for, everything would have been easier. And if only that damn prophecy didn't exist.

"By the way," Zoe continued, "You remember you owe me a debt for saving your life, right?"

Sebastian massaged his temple, hearing those words for the hundredth time from his sister, who used them whenever she wanted to ask for something, or blackmail him.

"What do you want? Hurry up. I have something to do," he said tonelessly, and Zoe grinned.

"You know I have placed a bet on Viola, and I have a feeling she—"

"Go straight to the point, hermana menor, or I will end the call," he warned, looking down at his wristwatch that showed 11:30 pm. He couldn't afford to be here by 12:00.

Zoe pursed her lips. "I want you to help Viola get a good trainer. She'll need it if she's going to compete against that arrogant Laila, who I pray with everything in me won't become my sister-in-law. And—"

"Why should I? I don't want her to win," Sebastian scoffed.

Why would he want her to win, knowing that he would have to grant her three wishes? And what if that wish was something he couldn't give, yet he had already signed and agreed to grant her everything and anything she wanted? With the way she had affected him earlier, he couldn't bring himself to root for her, when she had nothing that pointed her to the one he was supposed to find by his prophecy.

If she turned out the wrong one, she would only end up like the others, dead by his own hands.

"Because I want her to win. Not for anything else, but to prove that we weak wolf people also have a chance to rule and change the ways of the Silver Pack, hmph.

Just so you know, I'm gathering people to bet on her and cheer for her on the day of the competition, because she'll need it. Hermano, she must not fail or die in this competition, or else, if I leave home this time around, I am not coming back. I will disown you, and—"

Sebastian cringed away from the phone and ended the call, scowling down at it.

"I think I've spoiled her too much to have her talk to me this way," he muttered, his fingers flying across the screen already to send a message to his really good personal trainer, tapping on his phone like it was his enemy.

"If she wants to live in my hell, I will welcome her into it with open arms, and even help her," Sebastian said as he finished sending the message and then left his house, contacting Matt through their Alpha-Beta mind link.

'What is the situation?' he asked.

Matt's grave voice came. 'Not good, man. I found out from Mom that Mrs. Kade is indeed having a secret meeting with some of the elders, telling them that they are wasting too much time and resources on you, when Javier is strong, healthy, and carries the Alpha blood as well. She wants them to vote you out.'

Sebastian's expression barely changed at that information. Javier, Nicholas' older brother, were both his cousins, born from his father's brother. Unfortunately, none of them inherited one hundred percent Alpha blood as he had, but their mother, his aunt Camilla, didn't think so. She would find any opportunity to put her son on the throne seat to rule over the Silver Pack.

He had thought she had given up on that when she hadn't voiced any words of protest so far, but Laila had said something earlier about his cousin, Javier believing his mother would make him the next Alpha very soon, because Sebastian's next Luna would die in his hands again.

No wonder she and her son hadn't been present at the dinner tonight. Camilla had other plans to make the elders turn against him, again.

'What did the elders say?' Sebastian asked as he left the building.

'None of them listened to her, of course, because many believe the one they had chosen for the Luna position would win the competition, so they still have hope in you for now. Mrs. Kade is not so much trouble for now. Are you ready to leave the pack already?'

Sebastian stepped into the light, drizzling rain outside, where lightning flashed across the night street and faint, distant sounds of thunder followed, as he made his way to his car, which was ready and waiting for him outside the skyscraper.

'Yes. Make sure nothing goes wrong in my absence, and make sure the girl stays away from Javier.'

'Which girl?' Matt asked.

'You know who I mean,' Sebastian deadpanned, and Matt questioned incredulously, 'I thought we are rooting for Laila?'

Sebastian was silent for a while before he said, 'We are. Laila is my choice. It's for Zoe's sake.'

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 45: Someone to avoid[1,473 words]

Chapter 45: Someone to avoid

When Viola woke up the next morning, it was with tormenting neck and back pain because she had slept off on the piano bench, her head resting against the closed piano cover. Though she had slept a little, it didn't feel like she had slept at all, and she still felt unrested. She groaned as she rubbed her neck and stretched her head back and forth to get rid of the aches, but it only seemed to make it worse.

She had sat there last night waiting for Zoe's dog, but Zoe had texted her, saying the Alpha had taken the dog.

The Alpha?

She had wondered in disappointment. What would he do with a dog and why would he take it at a time she needed the creature?

Knowing she wouldn't be able to sleep, she had tried to use her new phone. Unfortunately, she was no longer used to scrolling through werewolf social media, especially when everything there showed people she didn't want to see, people who had once tortured her, doing well and living happily.

Viola had put her phone aside to look out at the drizzling rain and the flashing of low lightning in the sky while she absentmindedly played herself a sad song on the piano, which was now her only companion in this big, empty space. She had done that until dawn, and then, at some point, her lids had shut, and she had dropped over the piano, sleeping off in a very torturing, uncomfortable position.

She groaned as she disentangled her limbs from that stiff sitting position. She looked up at the glass walls, which had automatically turned tinted to keep the morning light out, and she spoke to the house system to untint them.

Immediately, a robotic female voice answered,

"Right away, Miss Vee."

Zoe had set the entire house system with her identity registered as Miss Vee.

The dim glass immediately changed, and she was washed by the warm morning sun, its golden rays falling over her as she opened her arms and took it in.

But just then, there was a ding at the door as it opened, and Zoe, whom she had been somewhat expecting, came in. Only today, she was alone without the omegas, carrying packages in her hands just like yesterday.

"Good morn—oh my goodness, Viola, you look like you didn't have a good night's sleep today," Zoe exclaimed, noticing the bags under her eyes through her round glasses and the slight dullness on her face.

"Was it because of my dog?" she asked with an awkward smile, because Viola had told her she needed the dog last night to be able to sleep, and now she couldn't help but feel deeply guilty for lying. She should have just told her it was her shameless, creepy brother.

Viola managed a smile as she tucked the strands of hair falling over her face behind her ear. "Don't mind me. I didn't sleep early. Good morning," she greeted.

Zoe put the bags down on the polished glass countertop in the kitchen and said, "You really have to get all the rest you can whenever you can now. It's going to get intense from here on. Your training starts today until D-Day. Breakfast?" she asked, looking at Viola.

Viola had been worrying that she wasn't fit for a competition in her current body physique, and hearing about training made her feel relieved. She replied, "Sure. I'll just freshen up and come back, if you don't mind?"

Zoe nodded and motioned with her hands in a shooing gesture, urging Viola to hurry.

After her bath and breakfast, where she was given a black overall training gear suit to wear and her hair was packed into a ponytail, they left the penthouse.

Viola felt way too exposed in the gear suit because it clung tightly to her current skinny body, which was still recovering. It made her feel a little self-conscious, as her bones poked out in places, and her breakfast made her look bloated in it, so she kept hugging her midriff to hide it.

She knew she needed to work on her self-confidence again, but for now, she was glad she was getting somewhere, starting somewhere, and slowly reaching her goals.

"The training hall is located at the lower grounds of this building," Zoe informed her as they stepped out of the long-ride elevator into a large hall filled with rooms, VIP rooms.

Omegas moved about the space, working, cleaning, and carrying out their duties, occasionally casting curious glances at Viola and whispering among themselves.

Almost everyone had seen her participation profile by now, and they couldn't help but believe she was delusional for thinking she could win the competition, because even omegas like them considered themselves stronger and more capable than her.

Viola ignored the glances and snickering behind hands of the Omegas.

It was while they were walking down that hall that Viola's eyes fell on someone familiar standing before a door, her head bowed and her hair falling like a curtain around her face.

It was the young woman, the shewolf, who had sat beside her in the dinner hall last night, the one Viola believed had given her a plate of sliced meat when she noticed her struggling.

She was standing there, trembling and hugging herself. Just as Viola was about to speak and ask Zoe what was wrong with the shewolf, the door in front of the woman opened.

A man walked out, and he looked so much like Nick that Viola almost thought it was him, until she noticed this one looked older and had light gold eyes. He was shirtless, and the next thing she knew, he slapped the girl so hard that she fell to the ground.

"You little slut, what are you doing disturbing me?" he growled, bending down to grab her hair and hit her again.

Viola's insides clenched as though it were her being hit. Without thinking, she unconsciously moved forward, as if to stop him from beating the she-wolf, when Zoe grabbed her arm and said,

"Nope. Wrong person to mingle with. If you don't want to get hit yourself, pretend you didn't see anything. Let's go."

She pulled Viola away, dragging her from the scene. As she was being pulled away, Viola turned over her shoulder and saw the man's light gold eyes lift to them, his gaze narrowing on them before a smirk slowly formed on his face.

The man was none other than Javier Kade, the Alpha's cousin and his rival for the Alpha position.

"Why was he hitting her like that? I thought she was one of the important people here?" Viola asked, remembering that the girl had sat with the elders at the table and didn't seem to be an omega.

She could barely contain her shudder at the sight of someone being beaten, because she had been there herself and didn't like to see it.

"Well, let's say it this way," Zoe mused. "That was Sofia, the daughter of the Alpha of the South, and the man hitting her is her husband, Javier Kade."

Viola's eyes widened. "Why was he beating his wife like that?" she asked, reining in her outrage, knowing more than anyone that in the werewolf world, people were expected to look away from couple's matters.

"Well, I haven't stayed here long, and I didn't really know Sofia," Zoe said with a thoughtful look. "But from what I've heard, they say she cheated on him, and he decided it was his life's duty to punish her for it because it broke his soul, since she was his wife, someone he had marked. Javier is my cousin, but I'd like to warn you to stay clear of him. He's always in a bad mood and wouldn't hesitate to strangle someone to death for interfering in his personal affairs."

Her brother had always warned her not to get involved with Javier like she did with Nick, but Sebastian didn't even need to say anything. Javier's resentment toward her brother was plain as day, and she made sure to stay away from him and his wife, who many said she had lost her sanity from his constant beatings.

"We're here!" Zoe announced as they finally arrived at the massive underground training hall.

Viola, who couldn't help the strange unease that settled in her chest after the way Javier had looked at her, made a mental note to mind her business and stay out of everyone's way here before turning her attention to the hall they had arrived in.

She hadn't expected the training ground to possess such grandeur, with rows of advanced, high-tech equipment spread across the vast space, immediately making her blood pump with a mix of nervousness and exhilaration.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 46: Team Vee[1,733 words]

Chapter 46: Team Vee

She hadn't expected the training ground to possess such grandeur, with rows of advanced, high-tech equipment spread across the vast space, immediately making her blood pump with a mix of nervousness and exhilaration.

"Shoot, Kelvin is not here yet," Zoe grumbled, looking around. She was referring to the trainer she had asked her brother to get for Viola today, someone who was supposed to be waiting here for them.

Viola moved further into the space, her gaze drifting over the equipment lining the hall, when the door slid open again. This time, three she-wolves and one male walked in together, their voices light with laughter as they talked among themselves.

"...I trust you, Kelvin. You have trained with the Alpha," came Laila's voice as she walked into the training grounds with Kelvin and her two friends who were here to give her moral support. Her eyes immediately fell on Viola, and a displeased frown settled on her face. What did she think she was doing here?

"It is my pleasure to help the future Supreme Luna in this game, Miss Laila. In no time, I will get you more fit and make your wolf stronger than it already is," Kelvin, a very large man dressed in training gear, assured her, eager to remain on the future Supreme Luna's good side, just as he was with the Alpha.

Viola turned around at the sound of the voice and noticed Zoe gasp as she marched toward the trainer.

"Kelvin, what's going on? I thought the Alpha said he spoke to you already. So how come you're here with Miss Serrano?"

Kelvin turned to Zoe with a mild surprised expression, not expecting to see her here as she wasn't the training type. "Oh, Miss Kade. What are you doing here? Of course the Alpha spoke to me last night, that's why I'm here. He told me to help Miss Serrano train for the competition and make her stronger." Kelvin said.

In truth, the Alpha hadn't mentioned any name. In his hurry to leave, and with his lingering annoyance at his sister from the previous night, he had only said, My girl is participating in the competition. Make her stronger.

Kelvin had automatically assumed it was Laila, without giving it a second thought. She was the one everyone knew stayed close to the Alpha for long, the one everyone already considered the likely winner, and the one seen as the future Supreme Luna.

Because of Laila, two participants had already forfeited, and many had even said there was no point in the competition, they might as well crown Laila.

So what was Miss Zoe talking about?

"He told you that?" Zoe questioned, silently cursing her brother in her mind. So he had sent the man for Laila?

"Of course he did," Kelvin chimed in confidently. "Who else would he send me here to train if not our future Supreme Luna?" he asked with narrowed eyes.

Zoe bit her lower lip as she looked back at Viola, who stood almost innocently to the far side looking at them, her arms wrapped around herself. Kelvin and the others followed her gaze, and they all burst into laughter as if they found it funny that the Alpha would ever send someone as prestigious and important as Kelvin to train a wolfless.

"That thing?" Kelvin sneered in disbelief as Zoe's assumption felt like an insult to his honorable self. "That thing is nothing but fucking suicidal. She will no doubt die in this game, and there is no way in hell the Alpha would have reached me here for her."

Was Miss Zoe trying to insult him? He was one of the strongest warriors of the Silver Pack, a very expensive trainer hired only by Alphas and Betas. Why would the Alpha call him for that thing,

someone he had heard didn't even have a wolf and stood no chance at all? The Alpha he knew would certainly never do that.

"Zoe," Laila finally said. She had been glaring at the wolfless girl before turning to her future sister-in-law, who, for some reason, had never liked her. Not that Laila liked Zoe either. If she hadn't been the Alpha's sister, everyone knew where a weak she-wolf like her would have ended up, serving alongside the pack omegas and working herself to the bone. But the Kade blood running through her veins had saved her from that fate.

Laila didn't give a fuck whether Zoe liked her or not. Whether Zoe wanted it or not, she was looking at the future Luna here, her brother's future wife. And the sooner the she-wolf learned to side with her, the better it would be for her once Laila married the Alpha.

"Could you please tell the girl that a wolfless has never participated in this and that she should apply for the cleaning position here instead?"

To Laila, Viola wasn't someone worth bothering about or worrying over winning. That was why, even though she had walked in last night on the wolfless girl and the Alpha in that position, she hadn't concerned herself with it. Still, the girl really should know what suits her better.

Zoe looked at Laila, a smile playing on her face, as she replied, "How about you get your head out of the clouds for once?"

With that, she glared at her brother's personal trainer and Laila, then huffed and turned away, walking toward Viola on the other side of the hall.

How could Sebastian do this? Zoe thought angrily. She had never liked Laila, but it seemed her brother had made his choice, and was even helping her prepare to become his wife. Couldn't he see that her Viola needed training more than that bitch?

"I don't really need a trainer, Zoe," Viola said when Zoe returned to her side, looking pissed.

Zoe's expression softened as she smiled when she noticed Viola's unconcerned look. She really should be concerned, especially since Laila was going ahead of her.

Viola had heard bits and pieces of their conversation from where she stood, how they were making fun of her. Though it didn't bother her anymore to be insulted and looked down upon, she didn't like Laila so much, nor the way she was looking at her.

Seeing the woman now dressed in training gear reminded her of last night, and her time with the Alpha, before the she-wolf had walked in half naked. No doubt the Alpha had gotten her the best trainer because he wanted her to win.

"No way. You need a professional werewolf trainer, Viola. It's a deadly competition that requires strength, and Kelvin is the best trainer anyone could have train them for this. I am so sorry I didn't arrange for someone else—" Zoe trailed off when her gray eyes suddenly brightened. "I know who can help you train!"

Viola hadn't expected who Zoe called to train her.

"Hola, chicas bonitas," came Nicholas's singsong voice as he strode into the noisy hall, where Laila's cheering friends were hollering, stomping, and clapping so loudly that it nearly drowned out the sound of her sparring with Kelvin.

Zoe and Viola stood at opposite ends, trying not to be intimidated by Laila's presence, which seemed to suffocate the entire atmosphere. Viola's inner coward whispered that she was no match for this she-wolf, and even if she trained for years, she doubted she could ever measure up to her strength, but she pushed the negative thoughts aside.

"We meet again, Miss Viola."

"Indeed. You're also a trainer?" Viola asked, noticing Nicholas had come prepared in the same training gear as everyone else, a grin spreading across his handsome face.

"What can I say, Miss Viola? I'm more than just a tech person. And since I placed my bet on you, I have to see you try to win. What's up, Zo?" he greeted his cousin, ruffling her hair like she was a child. She immediately glared at him.

Zoe didn't know anyone in the Silver Pack who could train Viola without the Alpha's orders, as everyone considered her a loser. Nicholas, however, who had trained with warriors like many of the male Kade family were required to do growing up, was the only person she could rely on now.

"Can you get her fit in three weeks? This is more than just a game, and we have to crush Laila with our victory, or we're doomed," Zoe said, her voice sharp with dramatic intensity. There was no way she would want Laila as a sister-in-law.

"Battle. I like that," Nick grinned, looking Viola over and taking in her skinny form with a challenging look.

Though both he and Zoe's elder brothers didn't get along, neither of them let that stop them from being close and none of their elder siblings stop their closeness.

"But first, we need to start with a strong diet to build her muscles. What do you say we run a little, Vee?" Nick asked Viola, who gave him a nod.

For the next minutes of training, Viola thought she would collapse, but she ran and did every workout Nick told her to do without stopping. Her entire body was quivering so hard by the time it was finally over that she couldn't even stand on her feet anymore for the second round after rest time, and both Nick and Zoe had to hook their arms around each of her arms and force her to keep running a little longer.

Were these two planning to kill her before she even got the chance to fight for the position?!

Though she had once been so fit, four years of imprisonment, coupled with a lack of nourishment and proper feeding, had caused her body to deteriorate so much that even a short run felt torturous.

"Go, go, go, Team Vee! That will be our motto from now on," Nick suggested as he and Zoe chanted the words loudly, running at her side and refusing to let her slow down. They raised their voices even more, making sure it drowned out Laila's team irritating voices, at least a little.

Everyone in the hall, who had come to watch Laila train, couldn't help but wonder why these two important figures of the Silver Pack were hanging around, and even helping that nobody, instead of Laila, the obvious choice.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 47: I'll make you my wife[1,483 words]

Chapter 47: I'll make you my wife

For the next days that followed, Viola's life became centered entirely around the training grounds, so much so that she barely spent any time in her empty, lonely penthouse anymore. She worked out from morning until evening and used the rest of the night hours to familiarize herself with the pack, its system, and its rules.

Along with these two people she now considered friends, Nick and Zoe, the two of them never failing to make her smile and push harder even when her body screamed in pain.

Her diet was given to her by Nick, and strangely, she found that it was actually helping her muscles and body recover to their old shape faster than anything else ever had. She was forced to eat more than three meals a day, along with protein powder and shakes. She was also given supplements recommended by a healer of the omegas to help her recovery, and the supplements didn't only aid her body, they helped her skin as well.

It was exhausting, painful, and demanding, but she could feel her former strength returning to her body little by little each day. She didn't only train her body; she also honed her dagger and bow fighting skills, sharpening techniques she knew she might need.

Two weeks and few days passed in her training life, and she never once set eyes on the Alpha, nor Laila, who she had heard believed she didn't need the training anymore after that first and second day Kelvin had worked with her.

From what Viola learned, the Alpha was backing Laila fully and had hired Kelvin specifically for her to win, and that knowledge only added to Viola's determination because she couldn't afford to lose, not when he had promised her wishes, and certainly not when her new friends had bet on her with millions.

"It's three days to the competition. Are you nervous, Vee?" Nick asked as they sat around the kitchen in Viola's penthouse after the evening's workout. Both of them had started calling her Vee, and she found that she liked the name, so she didn't stop them from using it.

Nick and Zoe were peeling bananas for her to eat while she sat between them, exhausted but still sitting upright.

Nick hadn't thought the girl's body could change so much in the course of just two weeks, but he had worked his magic, though perhaps it was also because of her determined stubbornness. She already looked like a healthy woman now, more beautiful and radiant than he could have imagined possible. He truly was a genius.

"I am," Viola replied honestly as she took a banana from Zoe and began to eat it slowly. Who wouldn't be nervous in such a situation, where she could either die or emerge a victor?

"I've wanted to ask you guys something," Viola began, looking at the two people she had grown comfortable enough to speak freely with, something she still couldn't quite believe herself after the hell of her life in Moonwillow.

At her words, they both turned their attention to her, Nick with his head propped on his hand against the countertop, and Zoe looking at her curiously.

"What was the competition like in the past?" she questioned. All this while, she had focused solely on training and learning the ways of the Silver Pack, but not the competition itself.

"Actually, since our generation, I mean, since Alpha Kade took the position, it has only happened once," Nick told her as he sipped through the straw of the milkshake he had made. "That was when he picked and married the late Evangeline, his second Luna. There were four participants then and four rounds of games played, and two of them died when it came to the part where they were supposed to fight a dark howler wolf."

Viola felt her throat go dry at his words, her heart giving a heavy thud. A Dark Howler wolf? They were another breed of werewolves, born from a lycan and werewolf lineage, known to be enormous and frighteningly strong.

Weren't they said to be extinct, and that only the strongest wolves could ever face them?

"Hey, don't look so pale already," Nick said quickly. "I heard the games aren't always the same. During the last game before Alpha Kade, I heard it had been much simpler. Hopefully this time the odds might be in your favor, or else..." He trailed off before sighing. "It would really break my heart if we lose you—hey!"

He yelped when Zoe hit his arm sharply.

"You're scaring her," Zoe snapped. "Shouldn't you be leaving now before Aunt Camila starts wondering where you've been spending your time lately?" she added, knowing that despite them being family, her aunt took her, and anything that had to do with her brother, as rivals, and she definitely wouldn't like the fact that Nicholas was helping one of the competition participants instead of being at his workplace.

"Shit. I totally forgot Javier said I should see him tonight," Nick said, rubbing the back of his neck. "See you tomorrow, my pretty girls. And Vee," he added with a grin, "don't forget what I said, if you fail and somehow still survive, I'll make you my wife just to keep you in our pack. You won't be packless. See you tomorrow, mi amor." He winked at her and hurried out of the penthouse.

Viola smiled at his words, waving after him. She couldn't help but wonder how she had ended up with these two wonderful people in her life. Though she knew Nick wasn't joking about marrying her just to make her stay in Silver, Viola had already signed a contract that wouldn't allow that. If she failed and survived, she would have nothing to do with anything or anyone in the Silver Pack and would be forced to leave, never allowed to step foot in it again. That was why she had to push herself, she couldn't afford to fail and be banished.

Once Nick was finally gone, Zoe turned back to Viola, her expression growing serious. Now that he wasn't around to soften everything with jokes and playful remarks, she was ready to speak her mind properly.

"I'm not talking you out of this because I know you're determined, Viola, and you're ready to die for it. Though the Alpha is my brother, it doesn't mean I really hope you'll marry him and become his third Luna. But you say this is what you want, no matter the consequences."

Viola had already found out that Zoe and the Alpha were siblings. She had been shocked when she learned the truth, because she had believed them to be cousins from how completely different they were. While the Alpha was night, his sister was day, a complete opposite of each other.

Zoe had voiced her concerns to Viola more than once about the rumors that the Alpha's third Luna was bound to die as well. Though no one was certain, after all, their grandfather's third Luna hadn't, Zoe couldn't shake the fear. She didn't want anything to happen to Viola.

"I just hope you know what you're getting yourself into," Zoe added quietly.

Viola understood her concern and smiled gently. "I know. And whatever the outcome is, I hope you won't blame yourself for it because it's what I chose."

That night, after Zoe left her, Viola didn't linger in the penthouse either. She quickly changed into another set of her training gear, put on her headphones, and left.

She headed straight for the underground training gym. It had become part of her routine, every day after the two of them left, she would come down here to train on her own. With the competition so close, being idle was no longer a luxury she could afford.

When Viola reached the training grounds, she set her bag of daggers and arrows down to the side. She stretched her back and arms, then started running around the large space, chanting quietly to herself the reasons she was doing this and why she needed to see it through.

She ran a hundred laps without rest or even a water break, because she didn't deserve to enjoy any breaks while her own sister was still out there suffering, a suffering she had caused with her own hands and selfishness. What was the use of a rest that filled her mind and heart with guilt?

While Viola ran around the hall, she was completely unaware of the person standing at the entrance, watching her with a hint of fascination on his handsome face. His silver eyes followed her movements closely, counting her runs without her knowledge.

'Damn, she's going to kill herself running like that, man,' his wolf said.

And Sebastian finally decided to intervene and make his presence known.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 48: She looks different[1,758 words]

Chapter 48: She looks different

Hours ago.

Sebastian walked out of the council meeting room looking more than a little pissed. He had returned from his days of absence from the pack only to be met with countless pack matters that gnawed at him relentlessly, all while he was already in a state of mind that should not be crossed.

Being the Supreme Alpha, he was in charge of assisting and sending aid to smaller, abandoned packs. He had just learned that one of the packs he had planned to take under Silver, to expand their members, because he had noticed so much potential among those wolves who were dying from poverty and lack of resources, had been under attack by unknown werewolves. Women and their pups had been killed, their heads sent to him as a message, a warning meant to force him to back off from his idea of expanding Silver more than he already had.

Sebastian didn't need to dig any deeper to know that one of the elders, or even someone from Silver itself, was behind it. They did not want him to rule the right way, nor did they want him to bring in more members who, in the future, would support his reign as Supreme Alpha for giving them a chance to strive in a place like Silver. A place where he had built more apartments and towering skyscraper condos that now stood empty, waiting to be filled.

With their current werewolf population, they couldn't afford to have their kind killed more and more, or the werewolves would decline further in numbers and give humans the strength and confidence to walk into their world. Humans were sneaky, endlessly curious beings who would always find a way to experiment, poke, and pry at anything they found strange or unexplainable.

Sebastian wanted to protect and secure the werewolves as a whole, while also giving chances to those with potential, especially the ones who had been left behind and forgotten in small packs. But some of the silvers don't agree with that.

As he and Matt, his Beta, whom he had left in charge during the weeks of his absence, walked back toward his office, he asked, his voice tight with restrained fury, "Did you send the troops to assist them?"

"Yes," Matt replied. "But it was too late. Many of them had already died from wolfsbane. Still, we managed to save a few by sending our healers there."

Sebastian's jaw clenched.

"Are you thinking what I am thinking?" Matt questioned as they stepped into the office, and without waiting for Sebastian's reply, he continued, "Do you think it's Mrs. Kade again? She didn't succeed in getting the elders to follow through with her plans to remove you. Perhaps she's using this method to make them see that you are to blame for the deaths of those packs, for openly sending them assistance?"

"I don't know. I don't want to point fingers without any evidence. After all, she's still a Kade." To Sebastian, who had already lost more than he ever wanted to, the few relatives he had left were not people he wished to lose as well. They had once meant something to his parents, despite how little they meant to him anymore.

Matt sighed, knowing there were many things Mrs. Kade had done that should warrant her death, but Sebastian always let it go for the sake of kinship and blood ties that refused to loosen their grip on him.

"Hell, thank goodness you're back. I can't handle these pack matters like you do, man. Take your place," Matt said, gesturing for Sebastian to take his desk seat, where he had been glued for weeks in his place and was dying to finally get away from. Matt couldn't understand why people fought so hard for the Alpha position when it carried this much responsibility and never-ending pressure.

Flopping onto the couch, he took in Sebastian's haggard face as he settled into his chair behind the desk. To every member of the pack, Sebastian simply went away on business for weeks every month, but only Matt, the elders, and the Kades knew what he truly went away to do during those absences.

"You look worse this time around. Was it that bad this time?" Matt asked, his tone lowering slightly as concern slipped through.

Sebastian simply ran his fingers through his hair as he hummed in response to Matt's question. "How's everything in the pack in my absence?" he asked instead, immediately scanning the digital documents on the transparent holographic blue screen that appeared out of thin air in front of him at the press of a button.

"Everything was steady, thanks to the approaching competition, which has currently sealed the elders' mouths for now," Matt replied. "No more pressure coming in, demanding your marriage."

At the mention of the competition, Sebastian looked away from the documents on the screen and asked, "Did Kelvin train her?"

Matt grinned. "He sure did. But Laila said she didn't need a trainer, and she is well capable. You wouldn't believe it, three she-wolves have forfeited the competition, including Elder Brenna's daughter. They—"

"Laila?" Sebastian asked with narrowed eyes. He hadn't hired Kelvin for Laila because he already had complete faith in her strength to win this competition. It was that little idiot who lacked the sense to see that she was walking herself into hell for whom he had hired the trainer, because Zoe wanted it.

"Yep, Laila. What's wrong?" Matt asked. "Kelvin claimed you hired him for her. Didn't you?"

Sebastian didn't answer that question and instead asked, "What about the girl? Who is training her?"

Matt shrugged. "I have no idea. I haven't left this office more than necessary to go home and return here. All I know is that she and Zoe have been hanging around the training grounds often. I heard that from the cleaning Omegas."

Sebastian's cold expression barely changed at that information, but he couldn't help thinking it was too late, the little idiot would indeed die in three days without training. His sister didn't know the first thing about training someone, and yet she was assisting the girl.

So all the two weeks had gone away without her training?

He pushed her from his thoughts and focused on the documents, sighing as he signed those that required his signature and approval.

When Sebastian finished his work and began to head back to his own quarters to finally rest, he caught sight of someone walking on the other side of the hall.

He wouldn't have recognized her if it hadn't been for her scent, which immediately slammed into him unexpectedly, causing his muscles to coil like springs and goosebumps to rise on his skin. Heat pulled low in his stomach.

Her scent shouldn't have done this to him. It shouldn't have made his pulse throb slow and deep beneath his skin after he had already taken a piece of her, something that belonged to her, and kept it with him so his body would grow accustomed to it, so he could force himself into immunity.

But immunity, it seemed, was not something he possessed when it came to this certain mate of his.

She still affected him more than he wanted her to. She still reached into him, stirred him, claimed a place inside him she had no right to occupy, and refused to let go.

She wore a maroon overall training gear that hugged her body like a second skin. She carried a bag slung over her shoulder and had headphones on her head. The shape of her body was so different from the skinny girl he remembered that Sebastian began to doubt it was even her. Was this woman really her?

This person had the body of a perfect goddess, her feminine curves clearly defined, a rounded backside shaped like an upside-down heart, a cinched, narrow waist, and a graceful sway to her hips, while the girl he remembered had been a skinny teenager with barely any flesh on her.

'Mama mia, she looks different!' his wolf drawled in delight.

But Sebastian refused to believe that was her in any way. She hadn't had a trainer, nor was it possible for her to change so much in the course of just two weeks and a few days.

His wolf let out a tired sigh. 'They say you are the strongest Alpha, but my, my, my, man, you sure do lack sense if you believe that is not my girl. She has a natural swing now, and I want to see more, go after her.'

Intrigued, Sebastian found himself moving toward the underground gym space. By the time he reached the entrance, he saw her set her bag down on the side and stretch lightly before she began to run the long stretch of the training grounds.

From his vantage point, the space seemed endless, over a hundred meters from end to end, and wide enough that several fighters could sprint side by side without ever brushing shoulders.

The polished floors gleamed under the harsh overhead lights, reflecting her small, determined figure as she cut across the expanse. He doubted she could run it more than five times, for her short legs would surely break under the strain of that long distance.

This place was not made for a wolfless in mind, it was made for strong werewolves.

One full lap took several minutes at a steady run, the reinforced track looped endlessly around combat zones, equipment bays, and closed training rooms.

But when he thought she wouldn't be able to run it, she completely caught him by surprise, and Sebastian was rarely surprised or taken aback by anything.

He watched her run it again.

And again.

By the time she reached her twentieth lap, he was certain she would give up or pass out.

But she didn't stop. She didn't even slow.

And Sebastian began counting the laps she ran, one after another, until ninety-nine. If he said he wasn't surprised, it would have been a plain, blatant lie. He wasn't only surprised, he was impressed, because what she was doing bordered on the impossible for anyone, even a shewolf, let alone a wolfless.

'And you call her weak,' his wolf scoffed. 'No weak person could do what she is doing without rest.'

Though Sebastian rarely agreed with his wolf when it came to her, he found himself both fascinated and a little concerned. Was she planning to kill herself?

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 49: Have you been crying?[1,519 words]

Chapter 49: Have you been crying?

When she completed her hundredth lap, he finally decided to step in, noticing that she hadn't realized she was no longer alone in the hall.

As her figure came around the stretch, lost in her own thoughts, he moved into her path. She was so distracted that she didn't notice him until the last second, nearly crashing into him.

She noticed him too late and wanted to stop, her body reacting on instinct, but she lost her footing and pitched forward.

Before she could hit the ground, Sebastian effortlessly caught her against his chest and steadied her with firm arms. The moment he touched her, a violent burst of sparks surged through his entire body, racing through his veins and snapping tight like a live wire.

The sensation raised the hairs on the back of his neck and ignited his fierce, mate-possessive, protecting instinct, roaring awake as if it had been waiting for this exact moment of contact.

He felt her heart drumming wildly against his front, her muscles quivering beneath his grip from her run, and she was drenched in sweat from head to toe.

Being this close, too close, he could hear the music blasting from her headphones, the muffled rhythm vibrating faintly between them.

For a moment, her head dropped against his chest as if surrendering to the support, as if to rest there for a moment, but then, as if suddenly becoming aware of who he was and where she was, she jerked away sharply, taking three unsteady steps backward from him.

Sebastian's arms suddenly felt empty without holding her, the sudden absence startling him, and he clenched his fingers slowly at his sides.

She was staring up at him with a small frown, her hairs sticking to her sweaty forehead and neck, damp strands clinging stubbornly to her skin. Her cheeks were flushed rosy from exertion, and her plump, pale pink lips were parted as she dragged in more air.

Looking at her up close, he realized how much even her face had changed. The sharpness of youth that had made him mistake her for a teen had softened; her cheeks had filled out just enough to give her features a gentle fullness. Her face had settled into a graceful oval, balanced and utterly striking, carrying a beautiful maturity that caught him off guard.

In short, she looked... alluring.

There was something undeniably different about her now, something that made his gaze linger longer than it should have, and he found himself staring without realizing it.

Viola raised her hands and took off her headphones, the sudden absence of sound making her finally notice the silence of the night around her, broken only by her own rapid, ragged breathing. When had he come here? she wondered, glancing up at his handsome face, which looked a little dull, the heavy bags under his eyes betraying someone who hadn't slept properly for a while.

She tore her gaze away from him and took another step back.

"Supreme Alpha Kade," she managed to greet, as expected of her, through her burning lungs, her chest rising and falling rapidly. She also hoped that her tears had mixed with her sweat so he wouldn't notice she had been crying while running.

She didn't appreciate that he had interrupted her training, or the moment she had allowed herself to release her emotions in private. Tears were a weakness she couldn't afford in front of him, someone who looked down on her more than anyone else ever had.

Sebastian blinked back to his senses, the strange pull snapping abruptly, and he thrust his hands into his pants pockets to resist the urge to step closer, to brush away the strands of hair clinging to her silky, sweaty neck and forehead.

"What is the mouse doing out here when she should be in bed sleeping? It's a surprise to see you haven't given up, four eyes," Sebastian remarked. A surprise indeed. When had he last seen a shewolf as determined as her? He couldn't remember.

Viola tried not to glare at him because she wasn't in the mood to take more of his jabs, not tonight. But she kept her voice calm as she replied,

"I am not a quitter, especially not when I know what I want and have a way of getting there. If you are here to insult and taunt me, could you please save it for when I am in a state where I can answer you? Right now, I would like to be alone, please," she said indifferently to hide the raw emotions he had interrupted.

She had been glad that she hadn't seen or heard his judgmental words for weeks and had almost forgotten what it felt like to be under his cold gaze. And now he just had to show up and ruin her routine with his cold, annoying face. What was he even doing here, watching her like this?

Sebastian's lips fell into a grim thin line of displeasure. Was she asking him to go away? Ever since he had been, no woman had ever asked him to leave her presence like this before, not until now.

Mostly, women fawned over him and wanted his presence and attention. They would even kiss the floor he walked on for a single word or a glance. Yet this one was dismissing him without so much as acknowledging the weight of who he was, without even the smallest hint of pleasure at his presence here.

"You—" Sebastian began to speak, mild irritation edging his voice at the fact that the mate bond made him glad to see her in spite of himself, and that thought alone twisted something tight in his chest.

But Viola put her headphones back on, as if she were done talking to him, and began to sidestep him.

Before she could pass, Sebastian caught her arm firmly and removed the headphone with his other hand, drawing her back toward him.

"Do you have a death wish, walking away while I speak to you?" he asked with a dark expression that sent shivers down her spine, the cold authority in his voice unmistakable, but she didn't let it faze her, or at least she didn't show it.

Viola gave him a clueless look, trying with everything inside her to hide her wet eyes and flushed cheeks behind her glasses.

"My apologies. I was under the impression that we were done talking, sir? And might I remind you that I am a nobody who shouldn't be seen talking to the Alpha in my current status? If I remember correctly, a nobody should change her path when she sees the Alpha coming," she said with mock politeness. "I am doing just that," she added, lifting her chin as she looked up into his deadly, cold silver eyes.

Her requirements to reach her goals did not involve entertaining him or enduring his taunts; her only requirement was to train and emerge a winner. Her goal was to stand beside him as his Luna and wife, and that did not require them to endure each other's company like this. She was in a very raw state of mind, where the fear of losing gnawed relentlessly at her solace and peace, leaving her nerves exposed and frayed.

She knew losing was not an option in her goals or her mission. She couldn't afford a single second of rest away from training. She couldn't fail Ivy again. And she would rather break herself trying than fail terribly.

Her eyes pricked again when she realized that even this moment with him was a second stolen from her self-discipline, from fighting the trauma of being reduced to a Hollow once more, someone they could beat, break, and humiliate at will.

If she didn't build her strength, she would never escape the possibility of falling back into that life again. And falling back into that life would mean failing her sister and becoming a helpless nobody, tortured every single day without mercy.

She was terrified, and with that terror lodged so deeply in her chest, she knew she could never know peace, not until she was strong enough to protect herself and the one she loved.

"Please let go of me," Viola requested, looking down at his fingers curled firmly around her arm.

No matter how much she wished she could pry his hands away and push him from her breathing space, she wouldn't forget that he was the Alpha of the pack that now housed her.

His dark, stormy face suddenly went blank at something in her expression, and his fingers loosened around her arm.

"Have you been crying?" Sebastian's tone suddenly softened, the edge fading as something unfamiliar tugged at him when he sensed her tears.

Though he couldn't see them clearly against her glimmering, sweat-drenched face, he knew she must have shed them earlier. Why would she cry? Did someone hurt her in his absence? He didn't want her but that didn't mean someone could hurt her.

A/N

Check comment section for Viola's image.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 50: Something terribly wrong_Part 1[1,277 words]

Chapter 50: Something terribly wrong_Part 1

Though he couldn't see them clearly against her glimmering, sweat-drenched face, he knew she must have shed them earlier. Why would she cry? Did someone hurt her in his absence? He didn't want her but that didn't mean someone could hurt her.

Though he found the notion cheesy and absolutely absurd, her eyes were as blue as the ocean and also held a deep abyss of emptiness and anguish that made one want to uncover what emotional torture had carved such look into eyes so clear. She was emotionally troubled. He sensed it and he hated that he could feel it and wanted to protect her from it or any demons eating her from within.

Everyone has their demons; he has his, dark and deep, but hers felt too deep, and it made him frown.

'She's hurting,' his wolf said. 'It's in her eyes, and I smell it.'

Viola yanked her arm from his grip when he wasn't letting go. "No. It's my sweat..." she muttered emotionlessly and began to walk past him again to resume her training, and he let her go without stopping her this time around. She let out a small sigh of relief.

Good that he wasn't keeping her from the only thing that made her sane and steady.

If she remained in her penthouse or became idle, Viola was certain she would end up hurting herself, and her fingers, which she needed for the competition, would be raw with bruises caused by her own hands. This was the only way to escape her inner demons, the only way to forgive herself.

With that thought, she walked to her bow and pack of arrows and picked them up. She straightened her shoulders, grounding herself, then spoke clearly to the AI system embedded in the hall.

"Bring up the target."

Immediately after she gave the order, the hall fell into a heavy, expectant silence as the system activated.

"Virtual combat training system activated."

The walls and floor shifted, dimming as the lighting changed. Large wolves the height of horses and the size of lions appeared around her, formed entirely from yellow light and moving images. They looked so real, so alive with glowing red eyes, that the danger felt real. Good. If she was wolfless, then she needed to learn how to fight wolves in her human form.

There were ten wolves in total, and they circled her slowly, deliberately, like she was prey that had nowhere left to run, like they would tear her to pieces the moment they decided to strike. She had done this before, every night. She had to shoot them before they reached her. If even one wolf touched her, the system would mark her as failed and incompetent, and not to mention she would be electrocuted by the bite or even the slightest touch of any of the wolves.

Viola pulled an arrow from the quiver on her back and fitted it into her bow. The moment she began to pull the string taut, the wolves howled and attacked all at once.

Sebastian, who stood to the side watching her train, found himself unexpectedly invested, his curiosity sharpening as he watched the situation unfold. She was surrounded by enemy wolves while trapped in a human body. She couldn't possibly shoot them all at the same time with arrows... right? he thought.

That was close to impossible. Did she even know how to use a bow and arrow properly?

Then he watched her do exactly that.

They came at her from every angle, but his little, suicidal, wolfless possessed the fastest hands he had ever seen. She pulled and released one arrow after another with blistering speed, so fast it was hard to follow. She turned and twisted, angling her body in different directions, firing arrows with flawless precision.

Sebastian held his breath when he thought she had finally let her guard down and two wolves pounced at her at the same time, but then she did something unexpectedly astonishing.

She pulled two daggers from her waist belt, bent backward with impossible flexibility, and threw them both at once. They struck the wolves at a fatal point, their hearts, made vulnerable in the instant they leapt for her.

Sebastian watched her in complete disbelief, utterly speechless, as she stood there afterward, breathing heavily while the system screen scored her speed and performance after she had brought down every single one of the ten wolves.

A cold mechanical voice filled the hall.

"Combat simulation complete."

The dead wolves on the floor dissolved into light, their bodies breaking apart and fading into the walls and floor. The hall brightened again, returning to its original state.

A transparent screen appeared in front of Viola, numbers and lines moving rapidly as the system analyzed her performance.

"Targets eliminated: ten of ten."

"Time to neutralize threat: four point eight seconds."

"Accuracy: ninety-nine percent."

"Reaction speed: exceptional."

"Threat response: adaptive."

"Close-combat decision-making: high-risk, high-success."

The numbers slowed, then locked into place.

"Overall performance score: A-plus."

A brief pause followed, almost as if the system itself hesitated.

"Warning," the voice added.

"Physical strain detected."

"User operating beyond recommended human limits."

Sebastian stared at the score, disbelief crashing into something dangerously close to awe.

An A-plus.

From a wolfless.

In a scenario designed to kill the wolfless.

This system had been designed to be played in wolf form, those wolves were meant to be fought by wolves. And yet she had faced them in her human body and earned an A-plus? Only Alphas had ever achieved that score.

'And you called her weak?' his wolf taunted darkly. 'I dare you to say it again, and I will bite you from the inside. She just earned the same score you did.'

Viola stared at her score, but no satisfaction came to her heart or mind. She still wasn't good enough; she didn't feel good enough. She let her bow drop from her hand, and she hugged herself as if to protect herself from something, only what she wanted protection from was within, because it ate at her from the inside, and she believed nothing would ever make her feel that deep sense of accomplishment or satisfaction.

She had worked every night to reach this score. She had been electrocuted by the virtual wolves, and she had pushed herself far beyond what her body could take just to earn this score. Viola had expected that when she finally got it, she would feel accomplished, but... she still felt nothing. Nothing at all. The empty, biting feeling was still there, eating at her, killing her from within.

She stood there, staring at the score, completely lost in thought and in the coldness that washed over her.

Hadn't she paid enough for her sins in that Hollow quarter for four years? Until when would she stop feeling this miserable about everything she did? Until when would she feel like she was truly living again? Perhaps until she won the competition and not just against a virtual system...

Until she really fixed things.

She thought this as she tightened her arms around herself, shivering from a sudden chill that ran through her body, completely forgetting that she wasn't alone in the hall and that someone was watching her intensely from the side.

She shouldn't be standing around. She should fight another round.

Viola told herself this and reached for her bow again, even though every part of her body was burning into numbness, her muscles screaming in protest. She didn't care. Ignoring the pain, she spoke to the system again, ordering it to bring up another threat.