# Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 451: Fighting the witch[ 1,425 words ]

While Nerrisa was losing her cool, her Tidekin had indeed been making its way toward her call, traveling through the water in sewer line, only to be blocked by a wall of other Tidekin waiting for it.

One of them was Wave, still recovering from what Edge had done to him only days earlier, now glaring at the older creature with real grudge behind his watery eyes.

"Out of my way!" Edge commanded them.

Tidekin were creatures bonded to their companions for life, growing more powerful the older they became. Unlike the others, Edge was well over a century old, having served the sea witch across generations. It was powerful enough to even mimic the form of another creature's companion to deceive rival mermaids entirely, which was exactly why Wave had come prepared for it this time.

Wave hadn't come alone.

He'd brought Yasmin's Tidekin and Ivy's along with him, and they'd borrowed Natasha's as well. Finn, as Sea Guardian, had sent his own Tidekin to help, at Natasha's request, and even Pearl's little Tidekin had joined the group. Together, they'd made their way down into the underground sewer system connecting all of Silver.

They knew Edge would eventually have to pass through there to reach its master, to deliver her water. With Viola having shut down Silver's entire water supply now, they knew the sea witch would already be weaker than usual. If they could keep Edge occupied long enough, the others would stand a far better chance of reaching Nerissa while she was at her weakest.

That was the Tidekins' mission.

Keep Edge busy.

"We're not moving unless you crawl out and go around. No way through here," Wave said smugly, even though he was internally terrified of this particular creature and its short temper.

"Wave, I can't fight Edge, I'm too small. Can I go back to Pearl and play instead?" Coral, the little mermaid's Tidekin, whispered nervously.

Wave immediately shook his head.

"Pretend to be brave, Coral. We're six Tidekin strong. We can fight Edge and put it exactly where I planned to stop it from reaching the scary sea witch."

He turned back to the creature, faking every bit of confidence he could muster.

"Edge, if you're so strong, come at us then!"

Edge's watery eyes narrowed.

"I'll drain every last one of you dry," it snarled angrily.

It lunged at them all at once, furious that these insignificant little creatures were wasting its time when it needed to reach Nerissa. The sea witch wouldn't be pleased with the delay, and Edge couldn't believe these tiny, worthless things actually believed they stood a chance of bringing it down.

But that had never been their plan.

As Edge swung at them, preparing to knock them all aside in one blow, Finn's Tidekin snapped open its companion-traveling shell at exactly the right moment.

Edge's eyes went wide at the sight of the magical object, one only Sea Guardian warriors carried, used to teleport instantly from place to place, and capable of trapping even the most stubborn prisoner inside its shell.

"Wait—"

WHOOSH!

Before it could stop itself, its entire body was yanked straight into the shell.

The shell snapped shut with Edge trapped inside, and Wave ordered, "Quick, let's take it back to the sea so it can't come help the sea witch!"

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Nerrisa's anger multiplied when she didn't see her companion after she called for him more than five times. She reached out and called for one of Sebastian's men through the fake connection she had created between them, and he immediately came on.

"Do you need something, Luna?"

Nerrisa recoiled in disgust at the word Luna before she ordered, "Go and check what has made the water stop coming into the bathhouse for me. I need to take my bath before my ceremony, but I can't get any water!"

She ended the connection even before he could reply because she was mad. Then, she flicked her fingers against her tail, causing it to turn into legs. She stood up and was about to reach for a towel when the door of the bathroom was knocked down, and the red-haired she-wolf Nerrisa had decided she didn't like walked in with a smug expression on her face.

Nerrisa turned to the she-wolf with narrowed eyes.

"You turned off the water, I see," Nerrisa remarked, fighting the urge to rip the she-wolf's eyes out for the way she was looking at her.

Laila had been momentarily taken aback when she saw the beautiful fake she-wolf transformed into an aged woman whose skin looked as though it hadn't seen a drop of moisture in decades. Then, a chuckle escaped her.

"So, you really are the sea witch." She clicked her tongue, looking Nerrisa up and down. "No wonder you smell fishy. Turns out, you're actually a fish."

Her lips curled into a mocking smile.

"And an old one at that. Honestly, I expected you to be prettier after hearing so much about the legendary sea witch. But now that I see the real you..." She deliberately let her gaze travel over Nerrisa's naked body. "I can see there isn't much beauty to begin with."

Laila's smile widened when she saw anger on the witch's face.

"Then again, I suppose it's hard to expect beauty from someone who's spent her life doing nothing but evil. You're the one responsible for our pack's curse, aren't you? Gods, how disgusting. You really are as ugly on the inside as you are on the outside."

Nerrisa, who valued her appearance almost as much as her desire for revenge and would never have allowed herself to lose moisture if she hadn't been in disguise, made sure to use water to maintain her youthful appearance. She slowly lowered her hand from the towel and turned her furious eyes toward the she-wolf.

"You have come to die, and you have earned yourself a very painful death, wolf."

Nerrisa's fingers grew long claws, and her teeth turned long and jagged, looking sharp enough to rip off anyone's throat. Dark scales began to grow across her skin in ripples.

Laila cringed as the change only made the woman look even more unsightly, but she had volunteered to handle the sea witch before the others could get there after shutting down the water system.

Laila kicked off her shoes.

"Show-off. But you aren't the only one with a form, Cruella. I've got one too, and mine is much bigger than yours."

Saying that, Laila's bones began to shift, and she took on her mighty wolf form. In no time, the two of them crashed into a physical fight because, without water, the sea witch couldn't use her dark magic, unless she wanted to drain her strength and youthful appearance.

Laila had underestimated the bitch. Nerrisa was still powerful even without water, and she soon sank her claws into Laila's wolf neck, ripping into her flesh. But at the same time, the wolf bit down on the witch's leg.

"You disgusting biting dog!" Nerrisa hissed.

"And you smelly fish!" Laila bit down harder on her flesh, tasting the bitter blood on her wolf tongue.

The fight went on as they kept hitting and slamming each other into things, breaking glasses in the process.

Meanwhile, after shutting down all the water system, Viola began making her way to where Laila was in Sebastian's penthouse as planned.

She had wanted to reach Sebastian first, but Viola had been warned not to appear directly in front of him until Matt and Gilbert had made certain that the spell he was under was gone. Hence, she had to help Laila get rid of the witch before she could cause any more damage to their pack.

Gilbert and Matt had said they would handle getting Sebastian to his penthouse so he could see for himself what Nerrisa had done and finally break the spell he was under.

But as she ran, Viola began to feel dizzy. She fought through it and pushed forward, telling herself that once all of this was over, she would get a lifetime of rest.

Even before she reached the place, Viola could hear the sound of things breaking. When she entered, she found Laila's mighty wolf pinned down by the sea witch, who had her claws dug into her side and was repeatedly stabbing into her flesh. However, Nerrisa stopped the moment she noticed Viola's entrance.

Nerrisa’s eyes immediately turned toward her, and her lips curled into a smile, revealing her ugly, jagged teeth.

# Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 452: The end of the beginning[ 1,052 words ]

"Look who is here to die, my long-lost treasure. How wonderful it will be to kill two birds with one stone," the sea witch taunted the moment she saw the half-breed.

Viola’s eyes went to Laila, who was bleeding and looking weakened, before she looked at the sea witch, who also looked injured but not as Laila who had been stabbed repeatedly and was laying in a pool of blood.

"We don’t have to end this like this, Nerrisa. You can go back to the sea, and we will let you go right now." Viola said with a negotiating voice.

Nerrisa laughed. "You are all under my mercy right now, little girl. What makes you think you can negotiate with me about what I have to do?" she scoffed, still keeping Laila pinned beneath her. "You were never meant to live this long. I killed all the rest the moment they left the womb or while they were still infants. You got away and grew into a woman. And now you dare carry his child..."

Her eyes darkened as her smile faded. "You will all die today, and the bloodline will end, just as Azmira’s life ended!"

Viola didn’t know whether to be thankful that Natasha had fed her suppressants to hide her from this witch or to feel angry that, because of the suppressant, she didn’t have the strength she needed to easily fight the witch. However, she stuck to their plans and said, "I don’t know what happened to Azmira that turned you into this, but all I know is that I won’t let you ruin my family. And I will stop you, even if I have to kill you."

"You, kill me?" Nerrisa found the notion amusing. "You don’t even have the powers the mark was supposed to give you. You’re no different from a human now."

She tilted her head, her expression turning almost conversational.

"Let me tell you something. I tried to kill your foolish mate when he was only a boy, but I ended up killing his parents in the accident instead. If you cooperate with me, I can spare you the grief of having to kill that one in your stomach through another accident." Her gaze dropped briefly toward Viola’s stomach. "Let it die now, and I will let you go free. After all, it’s not you I really want."

Nerrisa spoke in a negotiating voice, as though she were offering Viola a reasonable deal, but her words only added fuel to the burning flames in Viola's heart.

So this witch had been responsible for Sebastian's parents' deaths and that accident? The black smoke he had said flew toward and struck their car had been Nerrisa!

Not only that, but she was actually negotiating with Viola to kill her unborn child in exchange for sparing her own life.

"You underestimated me, Nerrisa. And now, I have so many reasons to kill you."

Saying that, Viola pulled out the gun she had hidden in her trousers. It was loaded with the bullets that had once been used on Sebastian, which he had stored and had remade.

She didn't give the witch time to react before she pulled the trigger twice, shooting her in the chest.

Everything went silent for a moment. Viola saw Nerrisa look stunned before she looked down at her chest, which was oozing black blood. She staggered backward from Laila.

Viola had expected her to fall, but instead, she smiled.

"Killing me won't end this. If I die, your little mate is a done deal, and you will never be able to break the curse."

Saying that, Nerrisa began to mutter words. Right at that moment, Yasmin and Ivy appeared in the tub as their Tidekin made a way for them through portal.

"Shoot her more! She's placing a curse on you!" Yasmin yelled.

Viola pulled all the triggers until the gun was empty, yet Nerrisa didn't stop muttering her words. Yasmin and Ivy exchanged looks before using their abilities to drag the witch into their portal. They disappeared with her, taking her to the sea guardians to finish her off in her weakened state.

When the portal sealed shut, cutting off whatever curse Nerissa had been casting, silence fell over the room, broken only by Laila's groaning as she shifted back into her human form, trying to sit up.

"The bitch is strong as hell," she muttered.

Viola recovered from her shock and looked at Laila before going to assist her up.

"That ended faster than I expected. Is she dead?" Laila groaned, glancing back toward the tub where the mermaids had taken the witch.

"I don’t know. I hope so. Water might restore her strength eventually, but the sea guardians can keep her imprisoned forever, according to Yasmin, her mate has that power." Viola remarked. "Are you okay?"

"Bitch got me good in the chest, but I’ll survive," Laila said with a weak chuckle, looking up at Viola. "I think we did pretty damn well. Can’t believe I actually fought alongside mermaids. Kind of fun, honestly."

She grinned, taking Viola’s hands to pull herself up, just as Gilbert and Matt’s voices carried in from outside, alongside the Supreme Alpha’s, who asked,

"Where is she?"

Viola handed Laila a towel to wrap around herself as the men approached, and though she couldn’t wait to finally see Sebastian, something at the back of her mind kept nagging at her, warning her this had all ended a little too easily.

"You know what, Viola," Laila said, tying the towel around herself as her injuries began to heal. "I don’t think I’ve ever had this much fight before I ever met you. You attract trouble like a magnet, and honestly? I like it. I think you and I are going to make pretty great friends, and—" Laila’s words cut off suddenly as Sebastian and the others walked in, her smiling expression snapping into alarm as she yanked Viola backward, just as two gunshots rang out.

Viola, who had her back turned to the entrance, hadn’t seen anything. She only felt herself being turned, but after the sound came and she was pulled around, she looked up to see Sebastian holding the gun, his eyes hardened with fury.

"You fucking bitch!"

He pulled the trigger again.

# Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 453: Miss you so much[ 1,687 words ]

Few hours later...

Viola never thought that even after getting rid of Nerrisa, things would take such a drastic turn with her husband. She had learned that Nerrisa hadn’t actually died but had instead

been locked away, just as the prophecy had foretold. According to the prophecy, only Viola could kill the witch, and she could do so only after her powers and wolf had fully awakened. Yet, even after everything they had gone through, Viola had never imagined that she would find herself facing this situation with Sebastian.

She looked down at her shaky hands, which had been covered in Laila's blood only hours ago, before looking up again at the other dreadful task waiting for her. She knew she had to do it, or she would have to live for a long time with the fear of him in her heart instead of the love she still remembered so vividly.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Matt asked Viola for the third time, making sure she was certain about what she was about to do.

They both stood outside the room where Sebastian had been imprisoned after his attempt on her life, an attempt that had ended with Laila taking the full force of the dangerous bullet meant for Viola. Laila was now lying in critical condition, with no one certain whether she would survive despite the healers doing everything they could to save her.

"I have to try. He shouldn't be locked up and tied down like a prisoner for something he can't control," Viola mused quietly, her eyes drifting toward him through the one-way glass of the cell. Sebastian had finally stopped fighting against the ropes binding him to the chair.

After firing the gun hours earlier and realizing that he hadn't actually hit his main target, Viola, he had pulled the trigger again, aiming directly at her. Fortunately, the gun had run dry, and he had been unable to kill her.

He had then grabbed a shard of glass, intending to stab her with it, but Matt and Gilbert had reacted quickly enough to bring him down. Even then, he had fought them like a wild, possessed beast, cursing and yelling about how he wanted her dead.

Viola had never been as terrified as she was in that moment. His murderous eyes had remained fixed on her the entire time he fought, and his refusal to calm down had eventually forced the others to strike the back of his head repeatedly until they managed to knock him unconscious.

Viola had watched in pure horror. This wasn't how she had imagined their reunion would be, and all the while, her heart had been throbbing hard in her chest.

She had been torn between two horrifying sights: on one side was her unconscious husband, blood streaming from his head, and on the other was Laila's blood soaking her own clothes after she had taken the bullet meant for Viola. She had been completely overwhelmed by everything that had happened.

Sebastian had been carried into the holding room and restrained for the time being because they believed he was still under an active hijacking spell, with Viola as its current

target. As long as the spell remained active, he would continue trying to kill her until he succeeded, or else there would be no way to break him free from it.

"Elder Ysara says it's an ancient witch's spell used to weaponize people against someone specific. He's been weaponized to kill you now, if his eyes land on you, what he feels won't be love. It'll be murder." Matt explained the grim reality to her, though she'd insisted on going in to see him anyway, despite everyone warning her it wasn't safe, not until the Elder found a way to counter the spell and free him.

"I can't just wait around while nothing gets done, Matt. And I won't go too close to him, besides, he's blindfolded. He won't be able to see me. Open the door so I can go in." Viola said firmly, when Matt hesitated to let her through.

As much as Matt was Sebastian's closest friend, he understood the man tied to that chair wasn't the friend he'd known, not entirely, he might look calm now, sitting there like a statue, but Matt knew he could lose control the instant Viola stepped close, and there was no telling what he might do to her then.

The real Sebastian would have wanted Matt to protect his wife and unborn child above everything else, but seeing she wouldn't back down until he let her in, Matt relented, typing the code into the door, which cracked open slowly.

"Be careful. I'll be right out here watching. If he starts losing control, I'll hit this button, and the chair will inject a sedative straight into him." Matt told her, and Viola nodded her understanding before stepping into the darkened room, the only light hanging directly above Sebastian's head.

She could feel her heart throbbing within her chest, and she could even hear it in her ears. Her palms had turned sweaty, and she nervously wiped them against her trousers.

Her flip-flops barely made a sound against the floor as she stopped a few feet away from him, staring at him.

He sat there, unmoving, still as stone, as though he weren't even a living being anymore. Her heart ached for her husband, even though she knew this wasn't truly him. She hated seeing him restrained like a criminal, but every Elder of the Silver Pack who had witnessed the brutal nature Nerrisa had turned the Alpha into, the moment they learned that Viola was the true mate mentioned in the prophecy, had immediately agreed that he needed to be held there before he killed her and destroyed the werewolf world entirely.

The prophecy had stated that if the Alphas of Silver kept failing to find his true mate to break the curse, there would come a time when the Alpha would destroy his own world with his own hands, and the werewolves would cease to exist.

This wasn’t just about her own safety, but everyone else’s too, and as much as she wanted her husband back, wanted to lose those binds keeping him down, she couldn’t afford to. Her fingers curled into fists at her sides as she watched him from a safe distance.

A thick blindfold covered his eyes, so thick she couldn’t even tell if he was conscious or still out cold. The chair itself was bolted to the floor, his hands and arms bound with hard rope that had already rubbed his skin raw and red beneath it.

Slowly, almost hesitantly, Viola stepped closer, reaching out to touch the harsh binding around his wrist, her heart twisting painfully at how inflamed the skin beneath it had become.

She carefully let her hand travel up his arm until she reached his thick neck, then moved her fingers into his disheveled hair. She felt him stir beneath her touch, slowly turning his head toward her.

For a moment, Viola froze completely, holding her breath, sensing he’d noticed her, his whole body had tensed like an animal readying to strike, until, surprising her entirely, he whispered,

"Mi amor..."

Viola looked down at him, stunned, hardly believing he’d called her that, and answered,

"Sebastian," she murmured quietly, not daring to move, afraid of provoking him into attacking her, as that fear was still in the back of her mind.

But he didn’t move and kept his head turned toward her instead. She almost thought he’d slipped back into unconsciousness, until he parted his lips and said,

"You shouldn’t be this close to me. I can’t seem to control myself. There is something inside me, taking over whenever I see you..." Sebastian told her. "Go away from here."

Viola hadn’t expected him to speak to her at all, and belatedly realized the spell truly did only activate through sight, exactly as the Elders had concluded. She glanced back toward Matt through the glass, then turned back to Sebastian, resting her hand gently against his arm.

"How are you feeling right now?" She asked, giving his arm a gentle squeeze.

Sebastian stayed silent for a long moment, his head bowing slightly, as though trying to see her hand resting on his arm, even though the blindfold left him nothing but darkness, only her presence, felt rather than seen, calming him, making him feel, for a moment, like he could trust himself again.

"It doesn’t matter. You need to leave. I’m not safe for you anymore, Viola. If my eyes aren’t covered, I’ll kill you." He told her, his voice thick with self-loathing, hating himself in this moment more than he’d ever hated anything. Something was shifting inside him, blotting out his own sense of self, and for the first time in his life, Sebastian was truly afraid of what he might do to the people he loved most.

"Go away." He said coldly, determine to push her away before whatever was inside him shifted again, before he did something unforgivable to her to add to all the unforgivable things he had already done.

Though he wanted her gone, wanted her safe, far from him, his heart twisted painfully in his chest the instant her hand left his arm, loneliness crashing back over him all at once, but he told himself, firmly, that it was safer that way.

Viola pulled her hand back, but rather than leave the way he’d told her to, she walked around to face him instead, stepping between his parted legs, and without a word, wrapped her arms around his head, pulling it against her chest, burying her nose into his hair as she whispered,

"I miss you so much, I can’t find happiness in anything anymore, hubby. I want you back. I need you to fight this, for us. Help me save you, and let’s get out of this together. I need you with me..." She said, tears she hadn’t cried since he’d first turned against her finally spilling from her eyes.

# Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 454: Being there for each other[ 1,124 words ]

Viola could sense her Sebastian more strongly than ever, which was why she hugged him rather than leaving him to protect herself. Now that she knew they were meant for each other and that Nerrisa was the one keeping him from completing the final act of marking her and breaking the curse, she no longer believed that his words alone could push her away from him.

She felt his jaw work against her breast, felt him swallow convulsively, as though fighting back his own emotions, and she understood, no matter how deeply the spell had taken hold, her husband was still in there somewhere, his love for her hadn’t vanished.

But she couldn’t save him alone, not if he wouldn’t fight alongside her. He had to fight for them too, even if it was by him not trying to push her away.

She was exhausted, but that didn’t mean she was ready to give up on him, to let him go. If staying with him meant staying blindfolded together, then that was exactly what she would do until a solution was found.

"I feel like a blind man, honey." He said against her chest, turning his head further into her hold, as though silently asking her to hold him tighter, since he couldn’t move any of his own limbs to do it himself.

"I can’t use my own eyes to see anymore," he groaned in frustration.

"Is it because of the blindfold?" Viola asked, and he shook his head firmly.

"No. Even before the blindfold. When I close my eyes, I feel like myself, but when I open them, it’s like I’ve gone to sleep and something else is living inside me, using my eyes to see." His voice was filled with frustration as he gritted out, "I can’t even feel my wolf anymore. The presence has taken over it. It’s become my eyes and my mind."

His honest feelings finally spilled out, the very thing that had kept him from being himself around her, and he knew keeping it to himself wasn’t going to help here.

"Keep telling me what it feels like, and we can try to work through it together." She remarked, running her fingers through his hair, down to the back of his neck, and if only she knew how much her touch alone was helping him fight to stay himself and to talk about the feeling.

"I don’t know. One moment I’m me, and the next I’m not. It comes and goes, something is trapping me inside. Sometimes I feel like I’m dead, like I can’t even feel myself anymore." He told her.

"What about right now?" she asked, lowering her head to look down at him.

Sebastian rubbed his face against her like a kitten seeking comfort as he replied, "I feel like me, but I can’t stop myself from seeing everything terrible I did to you while I wasn’t aware of it."

His jaw clenched in anger as his mind relentlessly tormented him with memories of shoving her against the glass wall, grabbing her by the hair, and hurting her with his own hands. Hands he had once sworn would protect her had been the very ones to hurt her.

It seemed that whenever he wasn’t himself, he did horrible things to her and everyone around him. Then, once he returned to himself, those same horrible actions haunted him and tortured him all over again, just like they were doing now. They played over and over in his mind like a movie stuck on repeat.

"I’m sorry..." He rasped out, a torturous whisper, the memory still replaying at the back of his mind. He saw himself grabbed her hair again. "I am so fucking sorry!" He said

fiercely through his teeth, sounding almost mad with fury, but Viola knew that anger was aimed entirely at himself, not her, and she held him even tighter against her, running her fingers against his neck, earlobe and jaw.

"Shh, don't." She kissed the top of his head, letting her lips linger there, then rested her chin against his hair, closing her eyes, giving him the comfort of her closeness, drawing some of her own strength from his presence too, as she assured him,

"I'll find a way to break you free of this, I promise. But please, don't try to shut me out of your life. I can only stay strong knowing you're still there, still standing with me, Seb."

Sebastian gave her a small nod. Though shame over everything that had happened weighed on him, though he felt he didn't deserve her love or her care right now, Sebastian selfishly held onto it anyway, because he couldn't survive without her forgiveness, not after everything he'd put her through.

Though he'd been blindfolded, he hadn't been deaf, he'd heard everything said around him, understood exactly the damage he'd caused this woman, who was still holding him even now, after all of it. How could he ever make this up to her? Sebastian thought, closing his eyes behind the blindfold, feeling miserable inside.

"Viola," he called her name, after letting himself be held for a moment longer. "Can you loosen my wrists for a moment?"

Viola glanced down at his bound wrists, then looked toward Matt, who was still watching like a hawk, and waved him in. Matt opened the door, peeking his head through, and she said, "Please loosen his wrists."

"I don't think that's a good—"

"I won't hurt her. I promise. Just my hands." He told his Beta, turning his head toward the sound of Matt's voice.

Matt came forward and unlocked the restraints around Sebastian's wrists, freeing him from the binds. For a moment, Sebastian didn't move, and neither did Matt. They both remained alert, waiting to see what he would do.

Then, without warning, Sebastian shot his hands out and grabbed his wife, pulling her toward him. Matt immediately tensed, ready to intervene, until he realized that Sebastian had only pulled her into his arms to hug her. His arms tightened around her waist as he drew her closer, holding her comfortably against him.

"Mi amor..." He said, holding her as though he wanted to fuse their bodies together, refusing to leave any space between them.

Viola wrapped her own arms around him in return, smiling through tears, even though she knew this was only temporary, only until his eyes opened again, turning him back into whatever Nerissa had left festering inside him, her weapon to destroy the prophecied mate to break her curse.

But none of that mattered right now, not in this moment, because he was holding her exactly the way her Sebastian always had, and she could feel his love radiating from him.

# Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 455: Can’t feel you[ 1,237 words ]

"Did you know," Sebastian began, still hugging her, "that I wasn’t that much angry at you when you let the mermaid go? I figured out that just like how I was trying to save my brother and our relationship, you were also trying to save your sister. I decided I would fight the curse this month and let us work out another way together, until I stumbled over the witch. She came to me in your form at first to keep me off guard."

Viola looked down at him, glad he was telling her this even though she already knew he hadn’t been that much angry at her for what she did, she had carried doubt that he would never trust her again.

"I know I don’t deserve it, but... will you ever forgive me for everything I put you through?" he asked, his voice earnest even though he believed he didn’t deserve her forgiveness.

Viola chuckled softly as she looked down at his head. "This is the second time you’ve asked for my forgiveness after Nerrisa’s mess. The first time was when she manipulated you into believing I was working against you, and now..." she said.

"I was a fool, and I think I still am. But I won’t blame you if you don’t forgive me. If you’re still angry with me, I will accept it," he whispered, understanding how much everything had fallen on her because of him.

"There are times when I get angry, Seb," Viola confessed. "You made me angry when you didn’t listen to me, and you also made me angry when you let Nerrisa control you. But I realize how powerful she is now, especially after she refused to die even after I shot her, and..."

Viola felt Sebastian’s hands come around her and pull her down until she was sitting across his lap, and his hands were moving across her body, feeling her, as he said, "Did she hurt you?" He asked darkly, and she shook her head.

"I am fine," she assured him, resting her head against his chest and letting out a contented sigh of relief of finally being in his arms. "I just missed you." She whispered,

and then, as though remembering something, she pushed her head back and looked up at him, but then, seeing Matt still in the room, she told the beta, "Can you excuse us for a moment? Please."

Matt saw how Sebastian held her on his lap protectively and then gave her a nod, "I will be outside, Luna. Scream if you need me or if he tries anything funny."

Viola was silent until he was gone and the door closed behind him before she turned back to Sebastian, who said, "I don't blame him for not trusting me. I don't trust myself with you right now either. You should listen to him, amor, you need a protector when you are with me now." He mused, his hand moving through her hair at the back of her head even as he said that.

Viola pursed her lips, "I trust you right now, and I know you won't hurt me." She said, and then asked the question she had wanted to ask, "What about Alex? Is he all right?"

Viola watched his lips turn into a grim line as he replied, "I don't know. I never made it to him before that happened."

"Can you use your mind link to reach him?" She questioned, not wanting anything to have happened to his twin while everything had been going wrong here.

"I can't use any of my wolf abilities right now, but I will try the mind link." He said, and then began to try it, but immediately his face scrunched up in pain and he groaned that made Viola stop him.

"Don't force yourself, we will figure something out soon." She put her hand against his neck, stroking it with her thumb to calm him when she saw his breathing had begun to turn labored and weak, and his skin was looking red.

"Viola, I think I am losing my strength, and what made me the Supreme Alpha along with it. How can I ever protect you if I am becoming useless? And..." His voice trailed off as he placed his hand against her stomach, spreading his fingers over it. "Are you really carrying our pup?" he asked, wishing he could break out of this and be himself again, be the husband she needed and the man he had been before all this, so he could stand by her and the unborn child he had almost killed himself.

"I am," she replied, placing her own hand over his and looking down at it. "Sometimes I forget about it, and when I remember, I feel guilty," she told him.

She felt his hand lift from her stomach, only for it to slip beneath her shirt and rest against her bare stomach, without the fabric of her clothes between them.

"Don't you feel it?" he questioned quietly, running his hand gently over her flat belly. He couldn't believe a pup was growing inside her and that it was theirs. A strange feeling

tightened in his chest as the memory of him shoving a bottle of medicine into her mouth returned to haunt him.

"It's too early for me to feel it, I think. If I didn't get tired so easily, I wouldn't have been aware of it," she said, wanting to close her eyes at the way he stroked her stomach down toward her lower abdomen. The feeling seemed to relax something inside her.

"What did Gilbert say about it?" he questioned, realizing that she liked what he was doing, so he continued. "Are you healthy?"

Gilbert had said a lot of things, and she knew she couldn't cover everything with him right now, so she told him the most important part.

"He advised me to take better care of myself and said it's a wonder the pregnancy is still there with the way I handle things. But Yasmin also told me that mermaids don't usually miscarry because their pregnancies are different. The egg is protected by their abilities. She said that since I am part mermaid, it could be protecting the baby because my wolf abilities aren't there. I think I will be fine," she assured him.

But her assurance only made his lips tighten with worry.

"What is it?" Viola asked, looking up at him.

Sebastian's hand stilled on her abdomen.

"I... I can't feel you the way I used to anymore, just like I can't feel Muffin. I want to recover right now and be there for you and this too," he said, resuming the gentle stroking of her stomach.

"Rome wasn't built in a day, Seb. You are under a spell that has made you weaker. You won't be like this forever."

"What if I never recover from it?" he whispered, the weight of his hand still resting on her stomach.

Viola understood something then. Just like every male werewolf, her husband believed that his strength was what made him who he was and what made their relationship what it was. After all, male werewolves were created with the natural instinct to protect, to carry the weight of their pack and their family, and without the strength that made him who he was, he believed he would lose everything, including her.

# Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 456: Sharing a profound moment[ 1,577 words ]

"I didn’t know you to be someone who gives up so easily, you will recover, Sebastian, and if you don’t, I will protect you. Nobody says the woman can’t be the protector. You should focus on getting better and leave the rest to me, do you understand?" She pinched his jaw, and he raised his hand and grabbed her wrist, bringing it towards his lips to kiss her fingers one after another.

"If it comes to a time where you have to pick between me and your safety, pick your safety, even if you have to stab me. Don’t ever let me hurt you again, never." He said against her hand, knowing deep down that he was unpredictable now, even as he strived for normality and wanted to be there for her.

Sebastian had never thought he would regret something this fiercely, but he regretted the day he had turned weak and given the witch the power to control him. He missed the days he could proudly and confidently tell and promise Viola that he would love her forever and be her protector.

Furthermore, it wouldn’t be only her now and there was another inside her...

Even now that he knew she was his real true mate, something had kept that from being fulfilled, and he hated it as much as he loved her.

Viola lightly hit his lips because she didn’t like the words he spoke. "That time won’t come, silly. I won’t need to pick. I think Nerrisa’s spell is making you think too negatively. Can you not talk like that again?"

Sebastian only smiled bitterly as he nodded, and then he pressed her head against his chest even more, resting his chin on top of her head. "Have you been taking care of yourself the way you should?" He asked her.

"I am trying, but I keep failing because you are not beside me to remind me always." She told him trustfully, and she felt him tense as he held her tighter.

"Go easy on yourself, honey. After you leave here, you should eat and go to sleep. Will you do that?"

Viola knew that would be close to impossible with the responsibilities that had fallen over her head now, but she said, "I will try." And then she rested against him again, closing her eyes and wishing time would stop and everything outside here would disappear, and it could just be the two of them, like this, holding each other.

But those were just wishful thinking, because outside this place, where she wasn't held by his arms, was a world of responsibility and uncertainty. She had just found out that her Suppressant might not be something easily cured and would need Natasha to give her the kind of thing she'd been fed so they could know, but Viola wasn't ready to face the mermaid yet.

Not just that, her mate was currently under a hijacking spell to kill her whenever his eyes set on her, and she would still have to be with him like this.

Everything in her world was changing, and many things she had never thought would fall on her were now on her in Silver, and it was up to her to save him from the spell and the negatives that seemed to come with it.

Viola was tired and wanted to stay there, away from reality for a little while. She wrapped her arms around him and closed her eyes, but after a moment, she remembered something she had wanted to talk to someone about. She knew that person had to be him, so she slowly opened her eyes.

"Seb..." she called.

He hummed in response, the sound vibrating against his chest and reaching her through the ear resting against it.

"I just found out that my real mother never really hated us. She didn't give us away to the orphanage herself."

Sebastian, who was also lost in thought about everything he wanted to do but couldn't do right now, looked down at his wife, even though he couldn't see her. "How did you find out?" He asked, aware of how much she hated her real mother, to the point she would never accept anything about her.

"I found out when I was trying to find ways to get you out of Nerrisa's control," she told him.

She told him everything Natasha had told her about her mother, and then ended in a quiet voice, "Her name was Madeline, and I am afraid to ask about her more. I have lived all my life without knowing her and hating her. I am afraid of the grief it will bring me now if I find out how she died... They said a werewolf killed her. I think you were right about escaping grief by not remembering the dead and holding on to the memories."

Viola might appear brave, but she was a coward when it came to some things, and the topic of her mother was another thing she was afraid of, especially knowing that she had died at the hands of a werewolf. She had shut off all her emotions about finding out about her mother with everything else happening, and now that she had this quiet moment with Sebastian, she couldn't help but voice her feelings to him.

Sebastian stroked the back of her head as he said, "Don’t fight your grief the way I do mine. I turned away from mine, but every time I get a glimpse of it... it hurts me anew until I escape it again. Besides, I lived with my parents and knew what they were like before they were killed. You never knew yours. Maybe this is an opportunity for you to know her, even if it’s through someone else." His nose was buried in her hair as she curled up on his lap.

Viola took in his words and stared into space, realizing how right he was and how escaping it wouldn’t help her. But with everything happening, she needed time.

"Can I do that when you recover? I want you by my side. I don’t want to be brainwashed into hating every werewolf because one of them killed her."

"I am sorry she was killed by a werewolf," Sebastian said, feeling ashamed about his own actions in the past. Even though he had never killed a mermaid, it didn’t change the fact that he had almost done so.

"And you can do it anytime you want, as long as you have made the decision, but don’t turn away from it. I turned away from mine so much I run away from the good memories sometimes." He let her know. "And I think I will only make complete peace with them after I find out who was responsible for their accident."

At his words, Viola remembered Nerissa’s words and she decided not to keep it from him. "Nerissa was responsible for that accident, Seb. The black smoke you told me you saw... she sent it your way to kill you, so you could never break the curse she placed on your bloodline."

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A/N

To all the readers who have been complaining about the slow pacing or saying that several Chapters have passed without much progress, I want you all to understand something about this book.

In my other books, my Chapters are usually much longer. Some are around 2,000 to 3,000 words, and the books usually end up having 300 or more Chapters. However, for this book, I was asked to cut down the Chapter word count because of the cost of unlocking Chapters for readers, so I made each Chapter around 1,000 words instead.

Because of that, some Chapters may end in the middle of a scene or continue directly into the next Chapter. When you’re reading one 1,000-word Chapter a day and then have to wait until the next update, it can make the pacing feel slower than it actually is. But if you read several Chapters together, you’ll see that the scenes flow much more naturally.

I also admit that, unlike with my other books, I haven't been able to write as quickly or build up a large number of Chapters ahead of time that would allow me to give you longer updates. But I hope you can understand that if even my beta readers had complained about the pacing being too slow, I wouldn't have written the story this way. I've also had people read and review the book from the beginning, and I've received feedback that it's bingeable and that the pacing works well when read continuously.

I know everyone has their own opinions, and I'm completely fine with you saying whatever you want about the characters or criticizing the things they do. That's part of being a reader, and I genuinely appreciate honest feedback.

But I also want to remind you that there is a human being behind the story you're reading. Please be mindful of being unnecessarily mean or harsh toward authors. You never know what someone might already be dealing with in their personal life, and words that seem small to you can affect someone much more deeply than you realize.

I'm doing my best to tell this story and bring it to you, even when writing isn't always easy. I hope we can continue this journey together with a little more understanding and kindness.

Have a wonderful day, everyone.

—Ash20

# Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 457: An emergency[ 1,007 words ]

Viola watched as he froze for a moment, and even without seeing his eyes, she could imagine them darkening behind the blindfold.

"She killed them... I should have known," he muttered with bitter irony. "I have even more reason to want her head on a platter now. I suspected everyone of being responsible for their deaths, but she was the culprit. She wanted to stop me from meeting you, and yet I still met you."

Sebastian's hand pulled her even closer as he began to recall the grief and pain he had gone through when he lost his parents in that accident, especially the memory of his mother's head resting in his hands.

Nerrisa had been causing damage in their lives even before she made herself known, and not once had he thought that the sea witch had been after his life and now his unborn child, because she wanted to finish his bloodline.

"Her hatred for your bloodline runs so deep, Seb. It began with the old history, and I saw glimpses of the history in my dreams, only it didn't match a lot of the things the mermaids believed, and I think the history had been twisted. I wish I could see more of it to know what happened to Azmira, maybe it would help us more." She told him, as right now she didn't understand Nerissa's hatred or the mermaids' determination to keep her away from Sebastian's marking to break his curse.

Though the mermaids had helped her get to Nerissa, they hadn't done it because of the werewolves but because of her, and they all still wanted her back on their side, except for her sister. The rest didn't want her to be with Sebastian and break his curse.

Viola would need to see Natasha again whether she wanted to or not, because only the woman could tell her the way to get rid of this suppressant and awaken her true powers.

"Don't go digging into things that don't come naturally to you, amor. Can you wait for me to get better and help you with this?" Sebastian asked, now realizing more than ever that he needed to be with his wife and figure out these things about their past history that had led to the curse.

Viola smiled, looking up at him, "I am glad you are planning to get better and not remain like this. I won't go digging without you, so get better soon." She patted his cheek.

Whatever else remained unresolved, they would face it together from here on. She straightened slightly, cupping his face in her hands, tilting his head down, before leaning up to kiss his lips gently.

Viola had only meant it as a soft peck, but his hand went behind her head to steady her, fingers threading into her hair, and he fit their lips together more comfortably before he ran his tongue against the seam of her lips, coaxing them apart. He sucked on her upper lip gently, slow and deliberate, before releasing it to catch the lower one between his teeth, tugging just enough to make her breath catch.

One of his hands stayed cradled behind her head while the other pressed flat against her lower back, keeping her steady on his lap, wrapped around her where she sat sideways across his thighs. She could feel the tension in his arms, the barely-restrained want in the way his fingers pressed into her, like he was holding himself back from pulling her closer than he already had.

Matt, still standing guard and watching through the glass, cleared his throat awkwardly and turned away from the couple as Viola wrapped her arms fully around Sebastian's neck, parting her lips to kiss him back properly, chasing the taste of him.

Their lips moved together in a wordless dance as their tongues met, slow and unhurried at first, relearning each other again, the shape of him, the way he tilted his head just slightly to the left, the small sound that escaped his throat when she pressed closer.

His mouth moved against hers with a softness that made her chest ache. There was no rush, no demand, only the quiet, desperate need of a man and woman who had gone too long without the one person who made them feel whole.

But beneath the softness they could both feel it building, a current straining against their control, and it sent a shiver curling down Viola's spine.

She felt it in the way his lips trembled slightly against hers, in the way his hand came up to cradle the back of her head properly, like he was afraid she might slip away. His grip on her waist tightened, fingers digging in slowly, and she gasped softly into his mouth, the sound swallowed between them.

Viola closed her eyes and kissed him deeper, pouring into it every night she had spent missing him, every moment she had wondered if she would ever feel this again.

Her fingers slid into his hair, gripping gently, holding him close, and she felt him shudder beneath her touch, a full-body response, like her hands alone were undoing him.

She tasted the quiet apology on his lips, the love that had never left even when everything else tried to take him from her. She felt his hand go back under her shirt but this time it trail from her stomach up to cup her breast, and it made her toes curl inside her shoe and her heartbeat stutter in her chest.

It was when she was getting lost in the feeling of his hand slipping into her bra, her lower abdomen throbbing for more of him, boldly exploring his mouth as she felt his chest with her fingers, that she heard the loud knock against the door and Matt's words,

"Luna, there is an emergency that needs your attention."

Their lips slowly pulled apart, leaving a reluctant trail between them, and Viola cupped his jaw as she heard Sebastian ask Matt, "What's the emergency?"

# Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 458: Meeting with the elders_Part 1[ 1,076 words ]

"I’m sorry, Supreme Alpha, but it’s an emergency that doesn’t concern you for as long as you remain in that state of mind," Matt said deliberately. He knew that saying something like this would upset Sebastian and make him more aware that his wife needed him to be sane, hopefully pushing him to fight harder and break free from whatever was holding him back from being beside her.

Just as predicted, Sebastian felt the jab of those words in his chest. He wished he could punch Matt, even though he knew the man was right.

"I have to go, Sebastian," Viola said, looking up at him and not wanting to go. She saw him give her a nod, but yet he didn’t release her from his lap.

"Will you come back?" He asked her, wishing he could trust himself enough to get rid of the blindfold.

"As fast as I can, I will try to come back. I will send someone to bring you food, okay?" She said, running her hands all over him.

Sebastian didn’t give a damn about food at this point, not like he did for her. "Don’t forget to rest, don’t take on all my responsibilities. Matt, take care of her or I will fucking have your head."

"I’d like to see you try that when you’re tied up like that. Luna, let’s go." Matt said, rolling his eyes.

"Sebastian," Viola said when his arms only tightened around her instead of letting go.

"Hmm," he hummed as he slowly released her, and he felt her get off his lap. He suddenly felt empty without her little weight on his thighs and the warmth of her curled against him. He wanted to tell her he loved her, but Sebastian felt that he needed to earn that ease of saying those words again after everything he had done.

Matt grabbed his wrists and put them back under the binds, tightening them as though he wanted to punish him, but Sebastian was barely aware as his attention was on his wife’s hand against his shoulder.

"Take care of yourself and... the baby. Sleep and eat on time." Sebastian told her, and he felt her hand against his shoulder briefly as she said, "I will. I will see you again." She leaned down and pressed her lips against the side of his mouth.

"Elder Ysara will try break the spell on you. Look forward to that for now." Saying that, he heard her footsteps fade away, followed by the sound of the door closing and separating them again. Something twisted inside his chest, but along with it came the pain that always struck whenever he fought against the spell. It shook his entire body, and he turned his head to the side and spat out black blood.

"Fuck," he cursed, belatedly realizing that every time he fought against the spell, it was killing something inside him that he couldn’t control.

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"Did you have to tie him up again?" Viola asked Matt as they left the corridor of the prison room, her eyes going worriedly toward the door they were walking away from and the man behind it.

"If I don’t tie him up, he might try to remove the blindfold to test some theories and unleash that psycho who’s after your life, Luna. We can’t take any chances now that everyone knows you are the one mentioned in the prophecy. If he kills you, Silver will kill him without mercy."

Suddenly, her life had become more important to everyone in Silver than even Sebastian himself. And though Matt wasn’t doing what he was doing simply because the Elders believed she should be protected at all costs, he was also doing it to get under Sebastian’s skin, hoping it would push him to fight the spell keeping him down and break free for the sake of his wife.

Viola, meanwhile, was now caught in the middle of everything, with the Elders and pack members who had suddenly begun to like her and wanted to worship her as though she were their savior, people who had once dislike her and called her a nobody.

"I don’t like how everyone is disregarding him for me. He is still their Alpha, Matt. I don’t even have the powers mentioned in the prophecy yet, but they are already acting like this," she said in frustration.

Ever since the news had spread that morning, clearing her name and putting an end to any talk of her execution, everything had changed. People were already forgetting Sebastian just like that.

"The sea witch had calculated everything, I believe. She weaponized Sebastian against you because you are the one mentioned in the prophecy who is supposed to save the werewolf world from vanishing at the hands of the cursed Alpha. So, they will pick you over him right now because you are the one they believe is their savior."

Viola didn’t want to be a hero to them when she didn’t even have the powers mentioned in the prophecy yet. All she cared about was for their lives to return to normal and for everything to be behind them, even though she knew that would be difficult to achieve right now.

"It still doesn’t make sense why I am suddenly more important when he is their Alpha, and without him, there is no use for the prophecy’s mate. What is the emergency?" she asked Matt, turning to look at him.

"You know it. The Elders wanted a meeting with you because there has been some breakthrough from Elder Ysara, and they needed to talk to you first. And as for why you are now more important, let's just say you carry the heir, possibly the next Alpha of this bloodline, and you are the one mentioned in the prophecy. That's two important things you hold, and Sebastian..." Matt trailed off, unable to say what he was thinking.

"But, Luna," Matt stopped walking and turned to Viola as he said,

"The elders are selfish and tricky, they only think of things that benefit them. You are the only one left to fight for Sebastian, whatever conclusion they've come to..."

"I understand, Matt. I know how elders are and how they think. I will handle them. Shall we?" She gave him a reassuring smile as she allowed him to walk her toward the meeting room, already having a feeling she wasn't going to like this meeting.

# Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 459: Meeting with the elders_Part 2[ 1,702 words ]

In the Elders' meeting room, all four remaining elders were seated, already coming to a conclusion about what they would do after Elder Ysara, the pack's spiritual person, had done her findings on the spell over Sebastian and told them what it meant. However, what she told them had already made them discuss among each other even before Viola arrived.

"I wouldn't have believed she was the prophecy mate if the footage of her shooting the sea witch hadn't leaked around Silver," one of the female Elders said to the others.

Silver had cameras in almost every room, and the footage had been released for everyone to see. After hearing the sea witch talk about how she had tried to keep Viola and Sebastian apart, everyone now knew that Viola was their long-lost savior, the one all the Alphas had spent so long trying and failing to find and mark. One would think that would make this particular Elder happy, but instead, she was sour about it.

"To think that she's part mermaid, creatures we eat and use to make ourselves stronger. Isn't it ironic that the same kind of creature was responsible for the curse, and now we are going to rely on that kind?" the she-wolf added, the disdain in her voice impossible to hide.

Elder Natasha, the head of them all, glared at the she-wolf as she continued complaining.

"Is that what you're all concerned about, Brenna? We are at risk of perishing without the prophecy mate, and all you care about is the fact that she is part mermaid?" Elder

Natasha narrowed her eyes at the she-wolf Elder, clearly displeased by her insensitivity toward the matter.

The prophecy had mentioned how, in each generation, the curse would worsen until it built into a monster who would destroy them all, and as much as they all wanted to play ignorant, they were aware that Sebastian's curse was different from his father's, and indeed he was becoming a monster, which was why he left the pack every month to conceal what he was becoming and keep the pack members from panicking.

"I am just stating a fact about what and who she is," remarked Elder Brenna as she looked the head female elder dead in the eyes. Just because they had figured out their savior had come in a form they didn't expect, didn't mean they should all be okay with it, thought the she-wolf.

"Next time, keep your facts to yourself, Bren. We are here to discuss important matters and come to a good conclusion that will benefit everyone." Said the head elder as she turned her attention back to the other two, who looked uninterested in joining this argument.

Elder Brenna had a lot to say, but she kept it to herself, knowing the head elder probably found it so easy to accept this because her nephew, Doctor Gilbert, was now close to the shewolf mentioned in the prophecy, and it would benefit her so much some way.

"Are we all in agreement, then?" asked Elder Calum, the only male Elder left in the circle now that the traitors had been taken out. He wasn't interested in the women's unnecessary argument; all he cared about was the outcome of the discussion they had had moments ago, and the seriousness in his brown eyes made that clear.

But before the rest could agree, the door of the meeting room opened and the Luna and Beta stepped in, forcing all of them to quickly rise to their feet and bow to her.

"Supreme Luna!" They greeted.

Viola, who wasn't used to this sort of respect from elders, felt awkward receiving it, but she masked the awkwardness as she made her way in, acknowledging their greetings with a nod of her head the way she knew people of high ranking did.

As she made her way to sit on the chair next to the high chair, Elder Calum was quick to say, "How about you sit on the high chair? It will be easier for you to face us all while you speak, and you won't have to trouble yourself turning." He said, coming around to pull out Sebastian's head chair for her to sit on.

Viola's brows pulled together in a frown, but she still moved and sat on the chair he pulled out for her, muttering a "Thank you" to the elder, who brushed it off with,

"I am humbly at your service, and if there is anything you ever need, you can turn to any of us. How is the pup doing? I hope he is healthy in there and getting everything he should." The elder added, with a look on his face that was obviously only for the heir they all knew she was carrying, and who would likely be the next Alpha to carry on the bloodline of Silver.

Viola adjusted her hair, tucking it away from her face, and she looked up at the elder, her eyes still holding a displeased scowl. How naturally he had assumed the pup she carried was male was amusing, as was his concern for her because of it. The last thing she wanted was for these greedy, selfish elders to begin fussing over a child that hadn't even come into the world yet, and if they thought she would give them the free reins to control her or the innocent being inside her, they had it all wrong.

Hence, Viola made sure not to let that discussion about her unborn child carry on.

"You can have your seat, please." She gestured him back to his seat, and then turned to face the rest as she said, "I heard you talking about being some agreement. What was that, if I may know?"

Elder Calum cleared his throat, displeased that his concern for their heir had been brushed aside without an answer, before returning to his seat. His eyes almost held a glare toward the Luna, though he dared not let her see it. They needed her more than she could ever know. What she didn't know was that the Elders also raised the heir, training him to understand his responsibilities, just as they had done with Sebastian after his parents died.

But she would understand that when the heir was born.

Elder Natasha spoke next, "It's about our next step now that our Alpha is under a spell and your powers are suppressed to make you be what the prophecy said."

Viola kept her face composed as she asked, "What is there to agree on when you all know we will have to wait until the Supreme Alpha is cured of the spell he is under before we can take any step forward?"

"Waiting for him might no longer be possible, Supreme Luna," Elder Natasha said. "As much as I hate to bring up what we all came to agree on, we have to put everyone first in this situation, not only Silver, but the rest of the other packs." She said, and watched as Viola's blue eyes looked at her in confusion.

"What do you mean?" Viola asked.

"How about Elder Ysara tells you everything she has discovered?" Elder Natasha said, turning to the other female Elder, who preferred to keep to herself and rarely said a word unless she was spoken to.

Viola's gaze turned to Elder Ysara, who sat with the composure of a lazy cat. She couldn't help but think that even the way the woman walked was like that of a lazy cat. Ysara had lived longer than all the other Elders and had been gifted by the Moon Goddess herself with the power of wisdom, as well as the ability to connect with her and perceive spiritual things that many couldn't see or touch.

She used to be the pack shaman in the past, until time progressed and the title was lost, leaving her simply known as Elder Ysara. If there was anyone who could find a cure for Sebastian's spell, it was her.

Viola stared at the spiritual Elder, who took her time turning her attention toward her before speaking without even beating around the bush.

"I looked at him an hour ago, and there is a dark aura around him that has locked away his wolf spirit and everything that makes him the Alpha. He shares his body with a dark being that isn't going anywhere unless it has your blood or kills the Supreme Alpha himself," Elder Ysara said, her voice devoid of emotion. She had lived for so long that very little seemed capable of affecting her the way it affected everyone else. "I have tried to chase it out with a counterspell, but the spell used on him is ancient and far beyond my time."

Viola looked at the Elder, her fingers curling into tight fists beneath the table as she asked, "Are you telling me there is no way out of this for him?"

Elder Ysara nodded. "Unless he stays blindfolded forever, which would mean he wouldn't have access to his full powers and would be unable to shoulder the responsibilities he once carried, leaving him useless and a threat to your life and whatever you carry in there, or..." She trailed off. "We do as the rest suggested."

"Which is?" Viola looked around at the others, who carried grim expressions on their faces. "What did you suggest?" She asked them.

"We don't enjoy this either, Supreme Luna, but it is the only way out now, for everyone. Alpha Sebastian would be the last Alpha carrying the curse in this life, and he holds the danger of your life and the one you carry within you," Elder Calum said seriously. "Which is why we have all agreed to allow him to mark you while still blindfolded, before the rest of his powers finish declining because of the spell. He will break the curse forever, and your child can carry on his legacy and name."

"What happens to my mate, then?" Viola asked calmly, even as her fisted hands trembled fiercely against her lap.

"We kill him." Elder Brenna spoke what the others were hesitating to tell the Luna.

# Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 460: The decision[ 1,041 words ]

"We don’t enjoy this either, Supreme Luna, but it is the only way out now, for everyone. Alpha Sebastian would be the last Alpha carrying the curse in this life, and he holds the danger of your life and the one you carry within you," Elder Calum said seriously. "Which is why we have all agreed to allow him to mark you while still blindfolded, before the rest of his powers finish declining because of the spell. He will break the curse forever, and your child can carry on his legacy and name."

"What happens to my mate, then?" Viola asked calmly, even as her fisted hands trembled fiercely against her lap.

"We kill him." Elder Brenna spoke what the others were hesitating to tell the Luna.

It wasn’t that they enjoyed making the decision, Elder Brenna thought with a grim look, but in order to protect everyone and the child Viola carried, who was now more important to them than anything, they would have to go down this path.

"At this point, he is nothing but trouble to everyone, especially you and the unborn child. We Elders can carry on ruling the pack until the child is old enough to take on its responsibilities." She looked around at the others for their agreement. Only Calum nodded, and she continued, "After all, we did that in the past for Sebastian himself, when the late Alpha died while he was ten. We took on most of the responsibilities until he was old enough to take them from us. We can do the same for the next generation."

Matt, who had been sitting silently since they entered, looked around at the Elders and the seriousness of the decision they had made. There was no doubt in his mind that every single one of them had come to this conclusion after considering all the advantages it would bring them if Sebastian died now and took the curse with him, so they would no longer be threatened by the spell.

"Did you all really think killing him is the only solution we have here? Alpha Sebastian has ruled and given twenty years of his life to Silver, and just because of a little spell, we suddenly decide to kill him?" Matt remarked with a scowl that darkened his face for the first time in the presence of the Elders, who knew him as a calm and easygoing person.

"I will not allow that to happen," Matt declared firmly, and the Elders turned their attention to him. He had known they would come up with something like this, but he had never thought they would actually agree to kill Sebastian just to get rid of what he had become.

"I don’t think we asked for your permission, nor do we need it here, Beta Matt. The Elders hold the council, and after a long discussion, this is the only way out," Elder Calum said with a chiding expression.

But before Matt could reply, Viola’s voice came forth.

"If that is the case, then, Elder Calum, I hold the higher council here, don’t you think? If you believe Beta Matt can’t have a say, I can. And as the higher-up, I object to this stupidity you have all agreed upon."

She looked each of them in the eyes.

"You can all scratch it off your books, because I will never agree to it."

"This is for your own good, Luna. A hijacking spell has never been broken unless the person is killed. If you care about the pack and the heir, you will agree to this." Elder Brenna said, hoping to talk some sense into this senseless girl, who didn’t know a Luna ought to be selfless at times.

Viola let out a dry laugh that only made the choking feeling in her throat intensify all the way to her heart. "I know what is good for me better than any of you, and my child will grow up seeing his father and being a child before taking on any pack responsibility. The Supreme Alpha will not be executed, that is my final verdict, and anyone who brings it up again will be banished from Silver." Saying that, Viola rose from her seat, pushing the chair back. "I will have a meeting with you in private, Elder Ysara. Matt," she turned to the beta, who was looking at her proudly, "let’s go."

Matt was on his feet in a second, trailing after her and reaching out to open the door for her. She didn’t even need to shout or scream, she left the Elders speechless in their seats as they stared after her until the door closed behind her.

"This is what happens when you give a rabbit teeth to bite with." Muttered Elder Brenna with a displeased look. "She is going to destroy our world, I tell you."

"We don’t know that yet." Elder Natasha said with a sigh. "Maybe we should give it time. After all, we still have a few more days before the next full moon comes around and turn him into what he is cursed to be. If by then she hasn’t found another way out, we will take matters into our own hands again." The Elder she-wolf turned to look toward the door again. "Even if we have to talk to the Supreme Alpha himself."

Elder Natasha didn’t like what she was doing either, as she had watched the boy grow from childhood into adulthood, and he had protected them all as the Supreme Alpha. He had also been the reason she was given this position, even though she was the first female Head Elder. She didn’t want to resort to having to take off his head just to kill him.

But being in her position, she had learned to make sacrifices for the good of the many, and it seemed the Luna hadn't learned that lesson yet. However, she knew Sebastian understood that, and he would also understand why he might need to be taken out of this life to protect his unborn child and mate.

If it came to a time when there was no other way, Elder Natasha thought, then she would have to speak to Sebastian himself.