Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 461: Never let you go[1,269 words]

"They make me so mad, I want to hit them all in the face!" Viola groaned in frustration as she walked with Matt and Elder Ysara, leaving the hall behind.

Did they really think she would jump at the chance to accept them killing her husband without any hesitation? What did they take her for? Viola thought, feeling the urge to hit something, or someone, and fighting against the intense anger bubbling inside her. Lately, every single one of her emotions had been hitting her hard, and having to constantly control them only built another layer of frustration inside her.

"Likewise, Luna. But I am glad you didn't accept their agreement," Matt said, turning to look at her as they walked through the long, glass-walled hallway.

Viola turned to him. "You know I can never betray Sebastian, and killing him is out of the picture. But we have to look for another solution to free him. Elder Ysara..." Viola looked at the Elder walking beside her, moving as slowly as ever. Her blonde hair held more gray than blonde now, and her green eyes looked a little watery as they met Viola's, with the wrinkles around her eyes prominent with age.

Though werewolves were supernatural, they were not immortal. They grew old too; it simply took them much longer than humans. If Ysara had grown this old and wrinkled, she must have lived for more than a century.

"Is killing him our only option?" Viola asked quietly.

"It is the fastest option I know of, and if you don't do what the others say, you stand a chance of losing both the fight to break the curse and the fight to protect the one you carry. But if you believe in your heart there is another way... you can free him of the witch."

"How?" Viola asked desperately. If it was something she could do, she would do it in a heartbeat without having to listen to the Elders tell her that their only way out was his death.

"I don't know." Ysara shrugged her little shoulders. "Nerrisa, the witch, was Azmira's twin, just like it says in the history. You are the one mentioned in the prophecy, and you carry the spirit of Azmira who was the Child of the Sea. Do you know what that means, child?" the Elder asked, and Viola shook her head.

"I don't know. I've only heard about it recently."

Ysara looked ahead with an understanding nod, her walking stick clicking against the floor as she said, "Quite understandable. You grew up with werewolves, so you wouldn't have known, because werewolves don't learn mermaid history. We only know how to eat them," she remarked with a click of her tongue.

"But the Children of the Sea are a special kind of mermaid. They are born with powers beyond those of any other sea creature and can control every being of the water. Not only that, they can connect with the Sea Goddess in a way that was said to allow the Goddess to possess the body of a Child of the Sea during festivals to give blessings to her merfolk. She could even bring the dead back to life beneath the sea if she wanted to.

"Azmira brought so many of her people back from death that they worshipped her until she eventually gave up all of that to come to land for love."

Ysara paused briefly before continuing, "I don't know about the rest, but she was the last of her kind because she never gave birth to pass her powers down. And by giving up her tail, she became powerless on land."

Viola listened to everything, trying to picture Azmira, but then realized she didn't even know what the woman looked like. She had been inside her body during the dreams and had never gotten the chance to see her face. However, if Azmira had possessed all that power, it meant Vaelor must have become greedy for it and killed her to take it, just as the mermaids believed.

"Why are you telling me this? Is it connected to how I can free him from Nerrisa's curse?" Viola asked.

"I tell you this because Azmira could easily defeat her twin. You carry the powers of the Child of the Sea just as she did. She was great in her time, and beautiful too. Unfortunately, she died a needless death that caused all this trouble in our world today. She should have stayed in the sea," the Elder said with a distant look, as if she were remembering something.

"What do you mean? Did you meet her before?" Viola asked, remembering that it had been said this Elder had lived the longest among all of them. She just hadn't realized Ysara's life stretched all the way back to Azmira's time.

"No, I didn't meet her. I was born a generation after her death. I only saw her spirit, which lingered around for one generation before disappearing forever because she didn't get what she wanted," the Elder said with a tired sigh, gripping her walking stick tightly.

"What did she want?"

Elder Ysara looked at Viola with an ironic smile on her aged face. "That is for you to find out, dear. You carry a part of her. Every prophecy mate carried it, but they were killed

before they could let it grow. Now you live, at least until now. How about you find out what it is? Maybe you can free him then?"

Saying that, the Elder looked ahead and placed a hand against her waist. "Well, if that's all, I need to rest. And if it helps you, I can sense the aura her spirit carries within you. Unleash her powers, and you will be unstoppable."

"Wait!" Viola called, as the woman began to walk ahead without explaining what she meant exactly about how Viola carried Azmira's aura and part of her. Azmira was killed centuries ago and shouldn't have anything to do with this... or did she?

After all, this curse had started after her death, when her twin sister had gone and stepped into dark powers to avenge her. Viola watched the elder walk away around the corner and knew Elder Ysara was making it obvious that she couldn't help anymore.

"What should we do now?" Viola muttered, feeling a headache beginning to build in her head.

"You should rest first." Matt, who had been listening to everything the Elder explained and had become curious as well, spoke up. "I will talk to Elder Ysara again. I have a way with the elderly, and I can probably get her to tell me more."

He looked away from where the Elder she-wolf had disappeared before turning his attention back to the Luna.

"Will you be fine on your own?" he asked.

Viola nodded. "Sure, I will be. Go ahead, I will check on Laila's condition before I retire to rest." She told him, and she saw him frown, but then he said nothing. He gave her a nod and then hurried after the elder.

Once Matt was gone, Viola turned her head to the glass wall beside her, looking at the night sky, something she usually took time to admire, but lately she couldn't recall the last time she'd sat down to do that, because there was no longer that luxury.

She looked down at the wedding ring around her finger and slowly curled her fingers inward, using her other hand to touch the gold band. "I will never let you go, no matter what they say." She promised quietly.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 462: Powers of a mermaid _Part 1[1,188 words]

Viola tried to put everything she had discussed with the elder out of her mind so she could have a clear head when she went to visit the she-wolf who had taken a bullet to protect her, something she had never expected. It was said that Laila was in critical condition, and Viola knew she couldn't bring herself to stay away while she was lying in that state because of her in the first place.

The proud, once-arrogant, and self-centered she-wolf had protected her from something that could have killed her, especially since Viola didn't have her wolf's protection yet.

However, Viola's mind was still working overtime, trying to piece together the puzzle surrounding Azmira's death: how it had been her own lover who killed her, and how her sister, Nerrisa, had turned evil and was now making everyone's lives a living hell in her quest to avenge Azmira.

If she was certain that Nerissa would lift the Silver Pack curse and the spell on Sebastian, Viola would have gone down to the sea to visit her where she was held prisoner. But Viola knew someone who had killed so many of her kind before her just to close off a way out for the Silver pack and Sebastian's bloodline, would never listen to her no matter how much she begged for it to end. Viola feared she would only be opening herself up to be killed by one of the mermaids, or by the witch herself.

After all, she carried the bloodline of the very people who had killed the Child of the Sea and left the merfolk afraid of death, with no way out of it. No wonder their hatred for the werewolves ran so deep, Azmira had been an important, irreplaceable figure to the merfolk, and going there now, when word must have already spread about her pregnancy, wasn't a good idea.

So Viola was stuck having to figure out other ways she could help Sebastian, and one of them would be summoning the other Natasha she knew, her aunt, and addressing the suppressant inside her body and how to get rid of it since she was the one to feed it to her. But first she needed to see and check on Laila.

Viola went to the healing house inside the High Tower, and when she reached there, she found Laila's parents sitting in the waiting area. When she arrived, they both turned to look at her.

For some reason, Viola expected them to insult her or blame her for what had happened to their daughter, but she was surprised when the couple simply looked away as though they hadn't seen her.

Viola wouldn't have known what she would tell them if they had confronted her and blamed her, so she felt a jolt of relief. However, as she parted her lips to greet them anyway, a door opened, and Doctor Gilbert and a few other pack healers walked out of the room, all of them looking grim and worn out.

Laila's parents immediately got out of their chairs and rushed toward Gilbert.

"How is my daughter? Has the bullet been removed?" her mother asked worriedly, grabbing the doctor's hand and looking past him toward the door he had just walked out of. Her daughter was lying inside that room, looking almost like a dead person, and the sight of her had only made them panic and worry even more.

Gilbert turned toward them and shook his head. His eyes were red-rimmed, Viola noticed, and the sight sent panic through her own heart. Had Laila not made it?

Guilt immediately washed over her because she had been dealing with Sebastian's situation instead of staying with the person who had taken a bullet meant for her in the first place.

She didn't know what she would feel if she learned that the she-wolf hadn't made it. Laila had somehow started to grow on her, just like Zoe had, and the thought of losing her now made her chest tighten with guilt.

She hurried forward as she heard Gilbert begin explaining the Serranos' daughter's condition to them.

"I am sorry, but I have never seen bullets like these before. They are melting the more we try to remove them, and her organs are dying, refusing to heal... I... I don't think she will survive this."

Though Gilbert was trying to keep his composure, the cracks in his expression showed as his eyes filled with moisture. He blinked repeatedly, trying to get rid of the tears gathering there.

After all, no matter how much he had turned her away and had refused to claim her for his family's sake, she was still his soulmate, a she-wolf destined for him by the Moon Goddess herself. Seeing her in such a critical state was bound to affect him and twist something deep inside him.

Viola walked up to the group just as Laila's mother collapsed against her husband's chest, sobbing uncontrollably, and she walked up to Gilbert, who noticed her even before she got close and moved away from the group to meet her, his blue eyes looking relief at the sight of her.

"Supreme Luna..." He greeted, with a slight shake to his voice, before he composed himself to say, "I was hoping to find you, and I am glad you came here at this moment. I need your help."

Viola, who noticed how he looked, was quick to offer, "What do you need? I will help however I can."

"I heard you saved the Alpha once when he was shot with that same kind of bullet. Is there a way you can help her? Please, Luna, how did you do it? I want to save her. I've

tried everything I know, but I'm only causing her more pain," Gilbert pleaded, looking down into her blue eyes with a desperation that mirrored her own desperation to save Sebastian.

Viola understood it completely. Helping him to save Laila was no longer something he needed to ask of her.

Viola hadn't realized Laila's condition was this bad, or that Sebastian had used that bullet on her, she had been consumed by her own problems. She looked at the doctor and gestured for him to lead the way to the patient's room.

When they entered, she found Laila lying on her stomach on the bed, looking pale and barely managing to breathe. An oxygen tube rested beneath her nose, its thin tubing running around her ears to help her breathe. The two bullet wounds on her back were exposed through her open gown, smoking just like Sebastian's had and filling the room with the smell of burnt flesh.

"They're sinking deeper the more I try to pull them out, and I fear they'll soon hurt her vital organs," Gilbert explained, reaching out to carefully touch his trembling hand to her red hair. Her face was turned to the side, her eyes half-closed as she struggled to remain conscious. "She's suffering so much..." he muttered almost anguishfully, and Viola looked at him, seeing how he wasn't hiding his feelings for his mate.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 463: Powers of a mermaid_Part 2[1,256 words]

"Can I take a closer look at the bullet holes?" she asked, stepping forward. He stepped back to give her space, though he continued hovering nearby worriedly.

She looked down at the holes that had burned through Laila's flesh as she explained, "When I removed Sebastian's, I did it unintentionally, so I can't promise you that if I do it intentionally, it will work."

"I'll take the chance. I'll give half my blood if it will cure her. A mate's blood can cure their mate sometimes," he said, already reaching for a needle to draw his blood, but Viola grabbed his wrist.

"There's no need. I don't need blood. All I need is water and clean rags."

Though she was aware that using this part of her ability would drain some of her energy, she knew it was the only way to save the she-wolf.

"I'll get them for you," Gilbert said as he hurried away.

It didn't take long for the doctor to return with the water and everything else she needed. Viola took them from him and placed them on the stand before sitting at the edge of the bed. She soaked the clean rag in the water, then brought it toward the wound and squeezed the water into it.

"Won't that cause an infection, Luna?" Gilbert asked worriedly.

"No. We are no longer doing this the medical way, Doc. We're doing it the mermaids' way. I hope you don't mind me using that here," she said, glancing at him over her shoulder.

Gilbert scratched the back of his ear awkwardly and shook his head.

"I don't like mermaids, and I never will. But I believe you are an exception now and if it will save her, do your thing."

"You personally don't like mermaids or is it the history?" Viola asked conversationally.

"It's a personal dislike for me. Mermaids are a bunch of beings who cause trouble and unnecessary death in innocent people's lives, then play the victim afterward when they get a taste of what they give," he said, his eyes fixed on what she was doing as his voice revealed just how much he despised them.

"I never knew you held such strong feelings toward mermaids. I might have thought the same in the past, but I believe they might have a lot of reasons to hate our guts, judging by the fact that werewolves eat them and use them like livestock," she remarked, soaking the rag in the water again to fill the other bullet hole.

Viola didn't find herself hating mermaids the way she once had. For some reason, she wished for peace between the two creatures, but it was starting to seem as though she was the only exception to their hatred for each other.

Gilbert's blue eyes met hers briefly before he said, "Do you want to know something, Luna? It's something I don't let people know, but I feel like sharing it with you."

Viola paused, curious, and looked up at him. "Be careful with the secrets you whisper, Doc. You don't know; I might let them leak," she said with a small laugh that made Gilbert smile.

"I trust you wouldn't. And even if you did, it wouldn't ruin anything. It would only make you understand why I can never be okay with mermaids and why I never object to their sacrifices being made," he told her, seeing the interest in her expression.

"I'm all ears. Did one of them attack you in the past, making you unable to ever consider forgiving them?" she asked, knowing that was usually the reason behind such hatred.

Gilbert’s aqua-blue eyes turned grim, and his smile fell away.

"They did attack me. I lost my family because of them. Not just my family, but my entire pack and relatives," he said, looking away from her as he blinked repeatedly again, only this time it was to suppress other emotions behind his eyes.

Viola frowned. "How is that possible? I thought the Rodrigos were still perfectly fine, and your family is here. Isn’t Natasha, the Elder, your aunt?" she asked curiously, as that was what she knew about the doctor. She also knew his family had initially objected to him following this path but had later become proud of him because of all he had achieved.

Gilbert turned back to look at her. He came forward now, standing beside Laila’s head and placing his hand on her back as he spoke without looking directly at Viola.

"I was adopted by them when I was five years old. My real family came from Mooncreek Pack, and my mother was the Mooncreek Alpha’s younger sister." He turned to her with an ironic smile. "You know the history of what happened to Mooncreek, don’t you?"

Viola stared at the doctor in surprise. Of course she knew what happened to Mooncreek. Everybody did in the werewolf world.

"They were flooded, and many died. Some were lost in the flood, with their bodies never being found..." she whispered.

Mooncreek Pack had been said to be as large as Silver, and had it remained in existence, it would have been competing head-to-head with Silver Pack by now, for it held some of the greatest werewolves. But the flood had caused so much irreversible damage that by the time the other packs came out to help them, many had already lost their lives and homes.

"Did it occur to you that the flood wasn’t normal? I did my research years later and found large splits in the grounds where the pack had once been. The water had come from the ground, and only mermaids have such powers for that," Gilbert said, his voice no longer carrying any emotion. He had taught himself not to hold on to the family he had lost there.

"The Rodrigos took me in when Silver went to take in refugees. They said I was holding on to my dead mother’s hand and refusing to let go after the storm passed," he said in a quiet voice, his eyes turning toward Laila. "And if you’re also wondering why I am so hard on myself and so unwilling to accept Laila, it’s because her family and the Rodrigos are not on good terms, and they would never want her for me."

Gilbert felt it was his duty as a good son to repay them for their kindness in raising him and to end up with a woman they would approve of without causing any problems between them. He had once defied them to pursue a career as a doctor in order to save lives, just like the late great-grandfather of the Rodrigo family, instead of becoming a

warrior, and that had already caused some strain within the family. He didn't want to be the one to crack that bond further by mating with the daughter of their enemies.

But lately, he had begun to wonder if he really wanted to keep trying to please them to that extent when he could enjoy a life with his fated mate, just like everyone else.

Gilbert let out a sigh as he glanced back at Viola, a smile that didn't reach his eyes on his face.

"So you see why I can't easily forgive the mermaids. If they hadn't caused that flood... I would be with my real family. Not that I don't consider the Rodrigos my real family; they have done so much for me. I hope you understand it if I don't accept any mermaids."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 464: Hubby...[1,133 words]

Viola stared at the doctor, now understanding so much more about him from this and everything he had done. No wonder he hadn't wanted to get closer to her twin and Yasmin when they were making plans to get to the sea witch, and no wonder he studied the creatures so much that he knew their hearts were treasures and was helping Sebastian with it without so much conscience.

"I'm sorry about your family," she muttered, understanding that as an adopted child, one might want to do everything possible to please their adoptive parents. "They didn't deserve to be flooded..."

Viola couldn't help but briefly wonder why the mermaids would flood Mooncreek and not Silver, since most of their hatred was with Silver's ancestors. Mooncreek was said to be a peaceful pack then...

"It's in the past. Besides, I didn't even know them that much, so it doesn't bother me. Mooncreek is no longer a place now," he told her, turning back to the bullet wounds before pointing at them. "The water is boiling. Is it supposed to do that?"

Viola snapped back to focus and turned toward what she was doing. The water in the wounds was already drying up because she had paused.

"It did that with Sebastian's as well. I'll just add more water and extract it out."

Viola wiped the surface of the bullet wounds with the rag, then raised the bowl of water and began pouring it into the wounds. All the while, Gilbert watched. Closing her eyes, Viola reached out her hand and held her open palm over the wounds.

At first, nothing happened. She remained like that for a minute before trying to curl her fingers inward to see if anything changed.

Immediately, the bullets began making their way upward, enclosed in a ball of water, as Laila's body began to convulse on the bed.

Viola opened her eyes as she felt the energy of her powers holding the bullets in place, and a small smile came to her face. She dropped the bullets into the bowl and finally released the breath she had been holding.

But the moment the bullets hit the bowl, it felt as though some of her energy had been dropped along with them. She shook off the strange feeling and got up from the bed.

"It's out. Now we just have to wait for her body to heal the damage left behind. I'll leave the rest to you, Gilbert. If that's all, I'll be going."

"Thank you, Luna. Not only for this, but also for understanding why I can't be okay with the mermaids," he said as he came to take her place beside Laila.

Viola gave him an understanding nod, though she was beginning to feel lightheaded. "I understand. And, Gilbert," she added when he looked at her, "just because we are adopted doesn't mean we should spend the rest of our lives trying to please our families. Feel indebted to them if you have to... but don't let it ruin your life choices. After all, it is your life, and you will be the one who ends up living with the consequences if you make the wrong choice. And if they love you like their own, they will understand why you made that choice. And if they don't..." She paused, her expression softening. "I guess then they aren't worth you ruining your life for.

"Take it from someone who has been there," she advised before looking at Laila. "Take care of her. She will need a lot of rest and maybe a little support from the right person."

Gilbert, who had already known that this Luna was different from many others, saw her in an entirely different light now. Mermaid or no mermaid, he felt more connected to her after hearing how easily she had understood his dilemma.

"I will. I will see you around again?" he asked.

"Sure."

Saying that, Viola turned and left the room, but the moment she stepped into the hallway, the dots in her vision began to blur together. She fought to stay upright, intending to find somewhere to sit and rest for a moment.

However, as she walked past the sobbing family in the waiting area, she couldn't leave them in that state. She stopped long enough to tell them, "Your daughter will be fine."

Then she continued on, even as the dizziness in her head grew stronger.

Rather than return to her own penthouse, Viola made her way back toward the room she had left an hour ago and knew the elders wouldn't like her being there. She unlocked it, stepped in, and closed it behind her, her eyes going to him, exactly where and how she had left him.

Viola walked forward. "Hubby..." She muttered softly, and as though he knew she was back, just as she had promised, his lips pulled into a small smile.

"Missed me so soon? Come over here, amor." He said to her, and Viola went to him without wasting a second, kicking off her flip-flops and sitting on his lap before curling up against him, resting her head against his chest. But as if that wasn't enough, she sat up and turned to his binds, and recalling how Matt had removed them, Viola undid them to free his wrists before curling back against him. This time his arms came around to hold her to him, where she belonged and wanted to be every night for the rest of their lives. She felt his lips press against the top of her head, lingering there.

"Can I sleep like this? I feel so sleepy and tired, and I don't want to return to my place knowing you're not going to come to me..." She muttered, her eyes already closing from exhaustion, her fingers curling into the front of his shirt to hold onto him.

"You can. Sleep, I'll hold you, I won't let you fall." Sebastian whispered, glad that she had come back to him, and glad that he would get to hold her through the night and know that she got to rest well, rather than worry here about whether she was sleeping or not.

His own body, which had been fighting the spell and spitting blood from his mouth, had been worked up as well, but holding her like this, without her face flashing before him to trigger what was inside him, made him feel calm.

Sebastian knew he had a battle for his own self and freedom ahead of him, but everything blurred away the moment he realized she was here with him now.

He put one arm to support her head against his chest and the other to hold her body tightly, before he too closed his eyes behind the blindfold to rest.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 465: True colors reveal[1,363 words]

As the night sky slowly began to split into dusk, with birds flying over the brightening horizon and the air turning colder with the morning weather, a little far away from Silver, beyond the trees that separated the packless from the largest pack, a new pack could be seen building up, with modern skyscrapers under construction.

While the rest were still under construction, one in particular had already been completed, and some of the floors were in use, though there was no elevator working yet. In one of the new rooms, Zoe could be seen getting off the bed she had been sleeping in ever since she arrived.

Though the building was starting to look like home, it didn't feel like home, and she was beginning to think maybe it was time to head back and stop this silly game of seeing if anyone would notice her absence and come looking for her.

Zoe pursed her lips as she sat up on the large bed, one leg folded on the mattress and the other on the floor, as she stared at the breaking dusk. She'd been here for days now, though she hadn't planned to stay, she had only come to visit Nick, who she believed was living with the packless, but she'd been stunned speechless when she was driven into this new place instead.

Zoe reached out to grab her phone from the stand and turned the screen on, her eyes falling immediately to the signal bar, and she was yet again disappointed by the lack of signal in this area. So even if any of her family called, she wouldn't have received it anyway.

Zoe had meant to let Nick know since yesterday that she'd be leaving today, but she hadn't gotten the chance to see him, actually, she barely saw him here at all anymore, as he was too busy to give her the time he once had, back when they were in Silver.

He had begun helping the packless build a new pack, and she had wondered whether they even had the right to do that. But he had assured her that they were doing it legally, giving homes to those who had nowhere to go. They had welcomed him kindly, an argument Zoe couldn't push back against, since she supported that kind of help and wished for everyone to have a home and a roof over their heads.

Only something about Nick was beginning to make her feel slightly uneasy whenever she caught him talking to the others, they feared him and trembled like they were talking to the devil himself, when he wasn't even the boss of them.

And just yesterday, he had come to tell her, "Very soon, we will be complete here, Zoe. Vee will soon come join us once the buildings are all up. I don't want her coming here while it's still a work in progress, so the boss, who is now my friend is making everyone hasten things and move faster."

Zoe had thought he was joking and said, "Yeah, right. You don't really think Vee will leave my brother and come live here. Besides, I don't plan on staying here much longer myself."

Nick’s smile had turned stiff at that, and he’d looked at her strangely as he said, "You don’t think I’ll let that happen, do you? Watch and see me make the impossible happen, dear cousin. This pack will flourish, and we will live here together, like a family. This work will be finished in the next two months."

Zoe had thought that impossible, but she hadn’t argued, and now, looking out the window, she could see he wasn’t bluffing, the workers had been laboring overnight without rest as though they indeed intended to finish in two months.

She didn’t like how this was already unfolding. Her short visit was starting to stretch out, and she had a life she wanted to return to in Silver, one she couldn’t even keep up with because of the lack of signal here, not to mention her job. Her employees would be worried sick if no one could reach her.

With that thought in mind, Zoe got off the bed and put on her shoes to go find Nick. If she was going to catch him, it would have to be now, before he left to do his work.

However, as Zoe stepped out onto the floor she was on and made her way down the stairs, she passed workers cleaning and talking. Zoe greeted them the way she usually greeted the ones back in Silver whenever she saw them working, but they didn’t answer, too absorbed in their gossip. By coincidence, she caught the topic of their conversation and slowed down to listen more when she realized it was about her family.

"...how did you hear that? They’re going to execute the Supreme Alpha, for his own pregnant Luna? That’s absurd. What happened to him?"

"I don’t know. I heard it from Michelle, apparently Silver hasn’t been the same, and the Luna has some kind of powers, and her pregnancy is important." Said another, with an uncertain look that made the one listening roll her eyes and mutter,

"It’s probably just a rumor. Killing the Supreme Alpha for the sake of his heir? That’s crazy, and I don’t want him to die like that. It would be better if he died by our own Alpha’s hands for heartlessly banishing us from Silver for stealing from rich guests to make ourselves better, and..." The Omega’s voice trailed off when they noticed Zoe, and they immediately fell silent.

Zoe, who had already heard everything they’d said, began descending the stairs with speed now, determined to request she be taken back home. What was happening back there? Vee was pregnant, and her brother was going to be executed?

She knew it sounded too absurd to be true, and it didn’t make sense at all, but Zoe knew she had to go back home regardless. Even if the execution part was absurd, the pregnancy part wasn’t, and there was no way in hell she would miss out on being part of her niece’s nephew’s, or both’s, pregnancy journey.

Zoe ran to Nick’s place, and when she entered, she stumbled upon a horrific scene that brought her to a halt and left her pale with horror.

Nick stood there, his claws grown out and buried in the neck of one of the big men she’d seen around him, men he’d told her were the ones running the place and giving him a home here as they were friends. Right now, his hand was buried deep in the man’s throat, and right beside his feet lay another dead body.

Nick’s face was menacingly cold, but upon seeing her, he pulled his hand free, and the body dropped to the floor next to the other. Zoe belatedly noticed another man in the room as Nick ordered,

"Get out, and make sure you bring me back good news."

The man bowed and hurried out of the place as though there was fire on his tail, and Zoe realized there was no doubt about who was in charge here. She stared at him, and Nick gave her his charming smile as he reached for a wipe on his desk, saying,

"What brings you here, Zoe? You don’t normally wake up this early." He wiped the blood from his fingers as though the bodies on the floor were nothing, and when he noticed her eyes drop to the sprawled bodies, Nick cursed under his breath and then said,

"I can explain. It’s not what it looks like, I promise. Do you want to eat breakfast with me? We can talk there, and also discuss how you’d like your fashion house built here, and which direction suits you better." He set the wipe aside and pulled a cigarette from his pocket, placing it between his teeth before flicking a lighter at the tip. When it caught, glowing orange, his cheeks hollowed as he took a drag and blew the smoke out from the corner of his lips, all the while, Zoe watched.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 466: A rabbit and a wolf[1,630 words]

"I never knew you smoked," she said in a small voice, her fingers grabbing the side of her palazzo night pants, looking at this stranger in the form of her cousin, who had just killed.

"I picked up the habit recently. I learned it can be calming, especially when you have those crazy thoughts of wanting to strangle someone in your mind. Do you want to try?" He held it out for her between his fingers, and Zoe shook her head.

"I’m good..." She watched him shrug and bring the cigarette back to his lips to take a long drag and blow out more smoke as he crossed past the dead bodies to come toward her, but Zoe took a step back, and he paused.

"Are you afraid of me now, Zoe? You know I won't hurt you if you don't deserve it. We are family, and we stick together through thick and thin. Can you pretend you didn't see me kill that bastard just now?" He asked, his voice coaxing, already determined that he would never use his powers on her to make her forget or to force her to love him like family.

If Nick was going to keep her here, he wanted his little cousin to like him on her own, just the way he was, and for her to still be his best friend, just like before. So he tried to appease her further with what he knew she liked.

"I have a blueprint of your fashion house, if you want. We can go take a walk, and you can pick a site. I'll have it done before you know it. And the fabrics, I'll make sure you get the best, including models and—"

"I want to go back home, Nick. I believe I am overstaying my welcome. My brother and Vee will be worried sick by now if they can't reach me." Zoe said calmly, not wanting the panic inside her to show, nor her sudden terror of this new Nick standing before her.

Zoe hadn't suspected anything of him so far, how could she? She had known him since childhood and had thought she knew what he could and couldn't do, but seeing him kill, and the look in his eyes as he did it, was enough to confirm what she hadn't wanted to believe since she started noticing people trembling before him.

"What home?" Nick asked, tilting his head sideways to look at her, as though he didn't understand the words she'd just uttered. "Didn't we agree this would be your new home?"

"We never agreed on any such thing," Zoe remarked.

"Then why do you think we're discussing your fashion house? Oh, come on now, dear cousin, do I have to spell this out for you too? This is our new home now. Are you still interested in breakfast?" He questioned calmly as he smoked, watching her and sensing she didn't agree with his view and his plans, and immediately he felt his blood begin to boil at that.

Not her too. What was wrong with people, that they couldn't see him as the nice person he was trying so hard to be for them? What was so hard to accept about him that they ran from him? Hadn't he done and given his cousin enough since she came here? Why did she suddenly look terrified of him?!

Nick wasn't building this pack for himself alone, he was trying to save the people he cared about, to give them things Sebastian never had and to show them that he was more loveable. He'd recently learned that Vee would soon be a widow, because the elders had begun agreeing to kill his bastard cousin.

In truth, Nick hadn't been able to keep up with the news in Silver, since he no longer had spies there, but he'd sent some men in disguise to gather information, and he'd learned

everything that happened, including that fucking Sebastian had nearly gotten the love of his life executed!

Oh, Nick had wanted to storm in there and kill the bastard, but he'd been told the tables had turned, and they were now considering killing Sebastian instead, to replace him with the heir Viola would birth.

The bastard had put his seed in her before Nick ever could, and that news alone had pissed him off. And then his men had reported that they couldn't get the equipment they needed from Silver, because that motherfucker Hugh was in prison, having been caught.

That was why he'd killed the two men Zoe had walked in on, and now he had to deal with appeasing her. He couldn't afford to let his relationship with Zoe break down, not when he was so close to getting Vee here as well, and he needed Zoe on his side to be able to get Vee.

Pregnant or not, Nick intended to have her regardless. The least he could do was wait until the pup was born, then kill it and make it look like an accident, and then he would have his own pup in her instead. That plan gave him a strange sense of calm and happiness, and his mood brightened as he said to Zoe,

"I know you're not used to seeing dead bodies, but these two deserved it. You never have issues with your brother killing, you overlook it, you can overlook this too." Saying that, he mind-linked his men to come take the bodies away and to arrange a big breakfast for the two of them.

Zoe forced a smile onto her face and said, "There's no need for you to make arrangements, I believe I can walk back to Silver myself. By the way, Nick, you're building quite the pack here." She chuckled softly, even though deep down she was calculating her escape route, and acting like she hadn't seen anything seemed like the best course of action until she was safely away from him.

"I'll see you again next time, now that I know my way here." Saying that, Zoe turned on her heels and hurried out of the room. And when she didn't feel him following her, she let out a sigh of relief and broke into a run.

Zoe ran down the stairs, her heart pounding loudly in her ears, and she understood now that he had lured her here to this pack with lies. Sebastian must have banished him after noticing this side of him, and she realized with a sinking feeling that he must have done something to Vee that night too.

Oh, I have been so foolish, Zoe thought. But I will make it right. Only her throat was tight with a hurt she pushed down, grieving who Nick had turned out to be, her best friend, her cousin.

Zoe ran out of the territory and into the forest of tall trees, hoping to get far away, prepared to walk all the way back home if she had to.

However, just as she began to feel relief at escaping without trouble, men started emerging from every angle of the trees, holding guns on her and forcing her to stop.

"You still run like a rabbit, cousin. I wanted to see how far you could get, but goodness gracious, you are slow." Came Nick's voice from behind her, and she turned to him as he added, "How fortunate I am that you don't have your wolf to speed you out of here. I never thought I'd say this, but I'm glad your wolf is useless, just like your human body is weak."

Zoe's fingers tightened around her pants again, his words hitting her harder for coming from his mouth, striking right at the insecurities she usually kept hidden.

"Let me go, Nick. I don't want to stay here." She said, swallowing her hurt.

Nick's smile fell. "And that's where you're wrong, Zoe. I want you to want to stay here. Now you're forcing me to take this next step to make you stay. Take her back and lock her in the room." He ordered his men with a flick of his fingers.

Zoe began to back away, but she was caught in no time, and she tried to pull her hand free as she looked at Nick. "You can't keep me here. I will get away the first chance I get, Nickolas. Sebastian will come for me too, just let me go."

"Sebastian? Yeah, right. Your brother is well on his way to death. Just let me take care of you, cousin."

Zoe couldn't help but feel a fresh wave of fear at hearing the confirmation that her brother really was going to be executed.

"What have you become, Nick? What happened to you? This isn't you!"

"All of you fucking hypocritical assholes happened to me!" he yelled through gritted teeth. "You pretend to care, but you never did. And over one little thing, you want to leave me just like that, just like that bitch Camilla!"

His eyes turned murderous with all the pent-up anger he had been carrying toward his family and relatives.

"Nick..." Zoe muttered in disbelief. Not once had she ever faked her affection for this cousin of hers.

"Now if you don't want to annoy me further, don't push my buttons. And don't you dare think you can escape me." He turned to his men to announce, "If she tries to escape, you have my permission to shoot her, if that's what it takes to stop her." He then turned back

to look into her tear-filled gray eyes and said, "If you won't stay with me willingly, I'd rather have you dead than let you go back there. Accept my kindness, or receive my wrath. Take your pick."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 467: Waking up together[1,213 words]

Viola was having one of the most peaceful sleeps of her life, so comfortable against the warmth she was lying on, when she felt butterfly-like touches against her face that woke her. The hand moved from her cheek to her neck and stroked it tenderly before trailing down her arm to her hip and settling against her ass, squeezing it teasingly. She opened her eyes to the faint smile of her husband's face below the blindfold.

"Good morning," came his husky morning voice, sending a shiver down her spine even though it wasn't the first time she'd heard it. Viola pursed her lips as she looked up at him, the thick blindfold still around his eyes.

"Good morning," she greeted back, settling her hand against his hard chest as she asked, "How did you know I was awake or that it's morning when you can't see?" She hadn't thought he could sense anything through that thick cloth.

He smiled, revealing his teeth. "I felt it when your breathing changed and you stirred, and I could hear the sound of the busy morning outside. The walls are not soundproof here, and the birds have been making quite a racket outside." He told her, adjusting her on his lap and bringing her to rest more against his chest. But realizing something, Viola shifted back and asked worriedly,

"Are your legs okay? I mean, I've been asleep on you for hours, maybe I should get up and let the blood flow back into them." She said, beginning to swing her legs down to stand, but he pulled her back down, holding her tightly against him and dropping his chin against the top of her head as he assured her,

"My legs are fine. They won't be fine if you get up now. I like your little weight on me and I want to hold you more. Stay here for a while." He dropped a kiss to her temple as she nestled back against him, letting out a sigh of contentment, her warm breath fanning against the skin on his chest through the gap in his shirt buttons and making his morning erection harden, sending arousal into his pulse. But Sebastian tamped it down, just to enjoy this tender morning moment they hadn't had in a long time, knowing no matter how much his body reacted to her, it couldn't take any action in his current state.

It almost felt like years had passed since he had last woken up with her in the morning. Even though this wasn't a bed, he would make do with anything as long as she was there.

He pulled her closer, and as she adjusted herself, she rubbed even more against his erection. He bit back a low groan as a burst of sparks rushed through his veins, but along with it came that familiar pain, like needles piercing his chest, triggered whenever he tried to fight the spell he was under.

Sebastian's hands tightened around her body until Viola felt his discomfort and moved back to look at him with a small frown. "Are you all right? You feel tense..." she asked, placing her hand against his chest, where his heart was beating wildly.

Sebastian forced a smile and nodded, trying to tamp down his arousal to subdue the pain in his chest. It seemed the witch hadn't only made him into a weapon meant to kill his mate; she had also made it so even his desire for her would become something forbidden, ensuring there would be no joy in their union to help them break the centuries-old curse.

"I'm fine. Just a morning erection, love," he breathed honestly.

He felt her move, and her hand slowly drifted lower. Unexpectedly, he felt her touch his groin, and his body stiffened. Though he couldn't see her, Sebastian could almost picture the look on her face as she began to unfasten his fly. But he quickly reached out and stopped her before she could slip her hand inside his trousers to feel him; she didn't need to, anyway, because the bulge was already obvious.

"I can help you with it," she said when he caught her hand.

For the first time since they had become comfortably intimate with each other, Sebastian shook his head.

"There's no need. I just want to hold you. We can do that after I'm free and myself again." He pulled her back against him and rested his chin on top of her head. "Let's save it for when I can see you again without hurting you. When I can touch, see, and feel every inch of your skin, we can go all night," he whispered huskily, his heart aching even as he spoke. Sebastian had fears he couldn't put into words yet about what the witch had done to him.

"I miss it. I miss us taking showers together and waking up late. I wish we could go back to the first time we met. I would have done a lot of things differently, Seb. I won't waste a moment pushing you away," Viola said in a reminiscing voice that mirrored exactly what her husband was feeling.

Sebastian smiled and whispered, "Me too. But don't worry. Once this is over, we'll make a lot of memories again, and hopefully this time with our young one on the way. What do you think? You, me, and our baby go on a trip. We can travel even outside the werewolf world. Name the place, and I'll take us to any country you pick."

He whispered the words against her ear before kissing it, and Viola flushed with delight.

"I like the sound of that. A vacation. A family vacation," she murmured, curling her fingers against his shirt.

"Take your time picking places, and once we have the pup, we can go away there," he said. "Did you sleep well?" he asked softly, wishing he could see her face and kiss her good morning, just as they used to while talking about their plans for the future. A future that was beginning to seem uncertain.

"Never slept better. What about you?" She tilted her head back to look up at him.

Though she had been so exhausted last night after saving Laila, coming to sleep here had done her good. She felt recharged but insanely hungry, like she hadn't eaten once in her life, and before Sebastian could part his lips to answer her question, her stomach rumbled in complaint, since she hadn't sat down to eat and satisfy her hunger, especially now that she noticed she tend to get hungry often.

She felt Sebastian's hand come to settle over her rumbling stomach as he clicked his tongue. "You sure as hell need food, love. Go eat and come back to me—"

"How about we go eat together? I'll sneak you into the closest diner in the building and we'll have a good meal, just the two of us. I miss the days when everything was normal, Sebastian. Can we pretend it is, for now?" She looked up at him, putting her hand against his shoulder and tracing her fingers along the thick, corded vines of his snake tattoo, so close to her now, waiting for him to answer.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 468: Blood stain[1,074 words]

"I don't want to hurt you in any way. I can stay here while you go." He told her, not trusting himself even though he wanted so badly to be normal with her. And again, he was afraid she would see him spitting blood if he tried to picture her face and fight the spell.

"You'll still have the blindfold on, and I'll call Matt to join us there," she said, cupping his jaw and holding his face as she rubbed her nose side by side against his. "Say yes, hubby," she coaxed, and she watched a smile come to his lips as he said,

"Kiss me, and I'll consider it." He leaned forward, and Viola smiled as she leaned in and kissed him. They kissed for a while, until they began to sense each other's arousal and pulled apart.

"I'll untie your legs." Viola said, and she dropped down and undid the binds, then took his hand as he rose to his feet. Once standing, he stretched his arms and legs before reaching out and taking her hand, interlocking their fingers together.

"Lead the way." He mused.

As Viola began to lead the way, her eyes fell on the red stain she'd failed to notice the night before, next to the chair he'd been tied to, and she frowned, looking up at him as she asked, "Did you get hurt?"

"No. I'm fine. Why do you ask?"

"There's blood stains on the floor..."

At first Sebastian was confused by her words, until he remembered the blood he'd spat out and said, "Oh, maybe it belonged to the last person held here before me. Let's go."

Viola glanced once more at the dark blood as he pulled her hand toward the door, but pushed it out of her mind when she saw no injuries on him, and led the way.

As they walked out of the room, Viola reached for her phone in her pocket and called Matt to meet them at the diner. She hung up after he assured her he'd send someone to arrange breakfast for them.

Walking down the corridor, hand in hand, almost gave Viola the illusion that everything was perfectly fine and that there was no other crisis looming in their lives, until she looked up at his blindfold as he asked her,

"How is Laila? Did she survive?" Sebastian asked, remembering how she had taken the bullet meant for his wife to protect her. Whatever dislike he had once held toward the she-wolf had dissolved the moment she had saved Viola for him.

"She'll survive. The bullets are out." She told him, stepping into the elevator with him and pressing the panel for the floor she was taking them to, to avoid running into any of the elders.

"Has Gilbert said anything about your suppressant after your discovery?" Sebastian inquired. No matter what condition he was in, he hoped Viola would awaken all the powers spoken of in the prophecy so she could protect herself, not only from their enemies but... from him.

"There hasn't been a chance for him to recheck, but the last time, before we came here to get Nerrisa, I told him about what my mother's sister said and did. He said if it is a spiritual suppressant, no medical treatment can cure it, but knowing what kind it is might help," she explained with a sigh.

As though she had suddenly remembered something, Viola asked, "Did you know Gilbert was originally from Mooncreek?"

She heard him hum as he leaned against the elevator wall. Then he pulled her toward him until her back rested against his chest, wrapping his arms around her as though he couldn’t bear to be away from her.

"He told me when he started treating Zoe and wanted permission to step into the Mooncreek territory to check something. I hold the permit, since the grounds where Mooncreek once stood are no longer safe, floods still happen there occasionally."

Because of the unsafe ground, Sebastian and the other packs had built a large wall around the territory and sealed the place off with a dam gate, to prevent any future flooding from reaching them, but the doctor occasionally went back there for his research.

"Did he tell you about it?" Sebastian asked, resting his chin against her shoulder and looking at the opposite wall.

"Yes, he did. He told me the mermaids flooded the place, and I can’t help but wonder why they did that. After we eat, I’ll speak to my sister so I can see Natasha and ask her about some things, and how to help get you out of this too. The elders are planning to get rid of you, Seb." Viola said worriedly, as she brought her hand to rest over his, around her, belatedly remembering the dreadful details of yesterday.

As much as she wanted to pretend everything was normal and fine, it was hard to do that with everything happening and so much still unresolved between them. She hadn’t gotten to talk to him about this last night, and now was the best time.

"I see," Sebastian muttered, as if he wasn’t surprised by that. "Was that the emergency yesterday?" He asked.

"Yes. Elder Ysara said there’s no way she knows of to break you out of the hijacking spell. Unless you kill me, the spell won’t break. She also said I could help you because I have Azmira’s aura, but I don’t know how. Do you ever have dreams from the past? I mean, do you ever see Azmira or Vaelor?" she asked, turning slightly toward him.

Sebastian was silent for a moment before he said, "No, I don’t. But now that you mention it, after we had that accident with my parents, I passed out for a moment, and during that time, I heard a voice calling Vaelor in my subconscious. That’s the only thing close to a dream I’ve ever had about those two."

Sebastian had never thought much about that feeling back then, nor had he paid much attention to the name, because unlike the mermaids, werewolves didn’t preserve the history of Vaelor, the second Alpha since the werewolf world was created, in the same way the mermaids spoke of the Child of the Sea. If it weren’t for everything happening now, Sebastian might never have remembered their ancient ancestor.

"Do you think we’re connected to them?" he asked her.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 469: Missing sister[1,245 words]

"I believe we are. You have the powers he gained from killing Azmira, and Elder Ysara said I have her aura. She said only the person with her powers could break the curse and save the cursed bloodline," Viola muttered thoughtfully. "We're in danger because of the mess from the past, and now..." Her voice tightened with frustration. "I absolutely won't allow them to kill you just because they know I'm pregnant and our child will be your heir."

She felt him squeeze her tighter against his chest, his lips brushing gently against her earlobe.

"Shh, let's not talk about that for now... let's have breakfast first, and then we'll talk, okay?" He said tenderly, and Viola was forced to nod.

Sebastian knew that if they started talking about this now, before she ate, she would lose her appetite. Just as he had finally gotten her to sleep, he wanted her to eat as well before anything else. She should have been gaining weight with the pregnancy, the way he had noticed other she-wolves did when they started expecting, but his mate seemed to be doing the opposite, only losing weight and looking smaller than she already was.

Since he couldn't help her in the ways he wanted to, Sebastian wanted to make sure she stayed strong. He would make sure she had a full meal before anything else could ruin her morning.

By the time they arrived at the diner, breakfast was arranged on the long table, and Matt was already in the room, waiting. When they entered, he stood up to his feet and greeted them.

"Good morning, Luna. Alpha Sebastian," he said, looking briefly at his friend before turning to the woman holding his hand and leading him inside.

"The Elders will go nuts if they find out you let him out, Luna," Matt said, and Viola rolled her eyes.

"Let them be. They don't expect him to go all day without food. I'll take responsibility for anything." She said, guiding him to sit down, and rather than take another chair for herself, Viola sat on his lap, planning to feed him since he couldn't see well enough to eat on his own. But as she began to arrange the plate and food, Sebastian told her,

"Let's feed each other." He took a spoon, and Viola was about to point out how impossible that was, but she soon found that though he couldn't see, his senses were still sharp, and

he began arranging things on the plate as though he could, and a spoonful of soup was suddenly at her mouth.

Viola stared at him in wonder as she parted her lips and took the warm soup in, feeling it slide comfortably down to her empty stomach.

Viola took a spoon of her own, and while he fed her, she returned the favor. Still blindfolded, he reached out on either side of her, cut her toast into two, and brought a bite to her mouth before taking the other half for himself. While they ate, Matt, seated to the side, was essentially watching the couple feed each other like lovesick fools and licking bread crumbs from each other's fingers, and he tried to mind his own business and act like he wasn't there until Viola addressed him,

"Did you get to talk to Elder Ysara?" She looked in his direction as she held a cup of coffee to Sebastian's lips, and he took a long sip, as though he'd been thirsty for ages.

Matt chewed his toast as he nodded. "I did, but all she had me do was arrange her oracle beads while she rested. She said she doesn't have answers about the creatures of the sea, that's the domain of the Sea Goddess's own creatures. She said you should seek answers from your own people and not from land dwellers."

Viola, who in the past hadn't wanted to accept her mermaid side, now knew she had to fully embrace it in order to know herself and unlock everything that had been locked away, and everything kept leading her back to the sea for answers.

"Bring the elder to me after breakfast." Sebastian suddenly ordered his friend as he now had question of his own he wanted answers to, but Matt said,

"Seb, you no longer hold that authority over the elders right now, not until you're back on your feet. None of them will take orders from you while they're planning an execution." Matt told him the grim reality, even though he knew it was wounding Sebastian's pride and dragging him down further.

Viola turned to Sebastian and watched his jaw work, but he said nothing. To change the subject away from his lack of authority, Viola asked, "Has Zoe come back?"

Matt shook his head. "Not yet. I reached out to her fashion house, and they told me they haven't been able to reach her either. I've been meaning to bring this up, I've lost contact with her bodyguards too, but I don't want to raise a false alarm yet. I've sent men to check the places she usually goes, and they haven't reported back."

Matt had been trying to reach her since last night, but it had been hopeless. Still, he didn't want to worry yet, or assume the worst. Zoe was an adult, he kept reminding his uneasy heart, he'd told himself since last night, when he couldn't reach her, that she wasn't that little girl he used to hover over protectively.

"That is so unlike Zoe," Viola muttered, setting her cup of coffee down on the table. "She wouldn’t turn her phone off for days while traveling, and with everything going on, she would have reached out to us by now. I think something’s not right. Matt, we need to send a search team out of silver." Viola said, turning to Sebastian when she heard him curse under his breath.

"Everything is falling apart because of this fucking spell. We need to find my sister, and I need to fight this spell too," Sebastian said, putting his arm around his wife. He was beginning to realize it was time for him to do something. It wasn’t only Zoe anymore; he also needed to check on his brother, and sitting here under a spell was already making him feel too helpless.

"Take off my blindfold, honey. If I can’t even fight this much, then I don’t deserve to have you protecting me all the time. I should be standing beside you through this."

"Seb, don’t act impulsively. Let me handle finding Zoe," Matt cut in, standing up from his chair and coming toward them in alarm when he realized his friend was about to take off the blindfold. "That spell is no joke, and you shouldn’t fight it on a whim. You—"

"You have no fucking idea how much it’s killing me to be useless right now! I want to stand by my wife and do something. If I don’t try now, how will I ever know if I can fight it?" Sebastian said, his frustration raw enough that Viola felt a tug in her chest as she looked at Matt.

"There’s no harm in letting him try, Matt. Zoe might be in danger we don’t even know about, and don’t forget about Nick. He’s still out there, and he has full, unguarded access to Zoe, who has no idea what he really is capable of doing"

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 470: The Luna had one job[1,111 words]

Viola, who had been sitting on Sebastian’s lap until now, got to her feet and reached out behind his head to loosen the blindfold, even though her stomach was quivering with fear over what might happen once his eyes were free. She swallowed and felt Matt position himself closer, and then, in one tug, she removed the thing that had kept those silver eyes from her.

When the cloth left his face, Sebastian didn’t immediately open his eyes, he kept them closed as he said, "Step back, honey." He couldn’t trust what he might be capable of, and Viola didn’t argue, taking a few steps backward as he rose to his feet and opened his eyes slowly.

Viola held her breath as his head turned slowly in her direction, and for a moment it felt as though her breath had been suspended inside her by some force born of the anxiety in her stomach. When their eyes finally met and he froze, she clenched her fingers against her clothing, counting down from ten, and when nothing happened, Viola frowned up at him in question.

"Sebastian, do you feel your—" the question hadn't even finished forming in her throat when he moved from where he'd been standing. It was as if he'd teleported, given the speed he used, one second he was standing and looking at her, and the next he was in front of her, his hand around her throat.

Before Viola knew it, he lifted her off her feet and slammed her straight down onto the table, squeezing the life out of her neck, her neck bones cracking under his fingers, it sounded clear In the room.

Everything happened so fast that not even Matt could have stopped it in time, but the moment he registered what was happening, Matt moved, his fist clenched, and threw a blow at Sebastian to knock him off her before he killed her. The punch did nothing but earn Matt a hard kick to his gut, sending him flying across the room and into the wall, the brick side he hit cracked, dust falling as a dent formed in the surface.

"Die, you fucking bitch! Take your bastard with you!" The words tore from Sebastian's mouth as he kept squeezing, and Viola's hands flailed, trying to push him away, but she could barely move them as her vision blurred and her neck began to feel detached from her body. She knew that if he didn't stop, she would soon die by his hand.

Matt was quick on his feet again, this time grabbing a chair, and he came at Sebastian with force, slamming it against his head with the intention to put him out. But rather than knock him unconscious, the chair broke, and Sebastian's eyes only turned angrily red with fury as he added his other hand around her neck, until she was making gurgling sounds.

"Die!" He gritted out, and Viola put her hand against him as she felt herself losing consciousness. "Seb, please..."

As those words left her lips, Sebastian's hands loosened, and his face scrunched up in pain as he closed his eyes and staggered away from her. At that same moment, Matt knocked him down to his knees and pressed him to the ground as he began to cough up dark blood, and as though summoned by the commotion, guards and elders began crowding into the room.

The elders came in, stunned by the scene. "Why the hell did she let him out here?!" Elder Brenna demanded, since the new monster Nerissa had made of their Alpha wasn't supposed to leave his imprisonment in the first place. If the guards hadn't told them the Luna had released the Alpha, they wouldn't have known about it at all to come here.

The Luna had one job: to stay away from him, and she had just had to go and release him! Elder Brenna thought furiously.

"You see what I told you, Nat," Elder Brenna complained. "She's going to doom us all by allowing him to kill her and the heir. I really don't think we should waste time and let—"

"Bren!" the head Elder snapped, glaring at her in annoyance before turning to the guards. "Take him back to his cell!" she ordered.

Her eyes then fell on the Luna, who was sprawled limply across the middle of the long dining table, her body turned sideways and her neck red as a sausage from where she had been strangled.

Natasha rushed toward her, immediately ordering someone to get her nephew.

Meanwhile, the guards came to take Sebastian, but upon hearing the elder send for the doctor, he blindly tried to reach for Viola, only to be dragged back away from her. "Is she all right? Matt, did I kill my wife? Is she going to be fine?" Came his anguished voice as he questioned the people around him, but no one gave him answers as more men came to drag him away. No matter how tempted Sebastian was to open his eyes, he kept them closed, repeating his questions and resisting the arrest.

Until Elder Natasha said, "She's breathing, but I'm afraid you've done damage to her neck. If you don't want to cause any more harm than you already have, please go willingly with the men so we can attend to her."

Sebastian heard the words, and his chest felt as though a blunt blade had driven down into his heart, pricking little by little to cause him agony. He had hurt her again. The thought settled into his chest and made him stop resisting, and he went limp, allowing them to take him away.

"Take care of her for me." He said, and then, as though on afterthought, added, "Change my cell. Send me all the picture frames of her I have in my place, and put them up all around the new cell. Don't tell her where I'm locked in, I'll fight the curse without having to hurt her again. Send people to look for my sister too, she's missing."

As though he wanted to see her one last time, or simply feel her presence, Sebastian's head turned toward the sound of the other elders whispering, asking whether her neck bone was still intact. He reached out, searching to feel her the way he used to, but she was nowhere to be found inside him, and he began to feel himself turning hollow, like his heart was carving a hole into itself.

His Adam's apple bobbed, and his lips parted in her direction. "I am sorry..."

With that, he was dragged away and out of the room.