Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 481: Coming together[1,550 words]

"I want you to know something, whether this works or not. If it doesn't, you will swear and promise to remain blindfolded every moment you're with me, and we'll continue our lives as normally as we can." She looked up at him, making sure he understood how serious she was.

"I won't be me with—"

"Promise me." Viola cut him off before he could finish. "If I were in your place, and I wanted to kill myself just to get away from hurting you, how would you feel?" she asked.

The question made Sebastian pause.

He had never thought about it that way before. In his mind, dying had been the only way to keep Viola and their unborn child safe from him. But imagining Viola making that same choice, choosing death because she was afraid she might hurt him, made his chest tighten.

He finally understood how it must feel for her to watch him willingly choose death rather than stay and fight for their life together.

And somehow, that realization made him feel like even more of a coward.

"I promise," he finally said, his voice quiet but firm.

A warm summer breeze stirred the leaves around them, carrying their soft rustling through the forest and lifting strands of Viola's hair around her face.

She stepped closer and leaned forward, pressing a gentle kiss against the bruise on his cheek.

Then she pulled back.

Without hesitation, she raised the sword and made a small cut across her palm, watching the blood begin to pool against her skin.

"Part your lips," she told him.

She let the blood drip into his mouth, watching his Adam's apple bob as he swallowed. When he was certain he had taken enough, he caught her wrist and gently pulled her hand away.

"That’s enough."

He tore a strip from his ruined shirt and, without being able to see, carefully wrapped it around her injured palm before holding her hand in his.

"I can’t believe we just fought and you beat me up," he mused, his lips curling into amusement despite everything they had just been through. "I can barely feel my cheeks."

Viola bit the inside of her cheek as she looked at his bruised face. "My wolf told me beating you up would wake you." Her expression softened with concern. "Are you okay?" she asked suddenly when she saw his face scrunch up as if he was feeling discomfort.

"Stand back."

Sebastian pushed lightly against her shoulders, trying to get her to move away from him as pain shot through his body after her blood began to settle in, but Viola immediately swatted his hands away.

"Open your eyes," she said calmly.

When he didn’t, her annoyance flared again. He was already pushing her away, despite the promise he had just made to her, and it frustrated her more than she wanted to admit.

"I didn’t know you to be a coward, Sebastian. How long do you plan to stay like this? I can’t run a pack this size without you, and I certainly can’t do it while carrying your child!" Her voice rose with every word. "I should be resting through all of this, and instead, you keep pushing me away. Now open your eyes!"

"Don’t say that to me! Can’t you see I’m trying?" he yelled, his voice strained with pain and frustration. "I don’t want to be the reason—"

"Then open your goddamned eyes and stand up for your family!"

The anger that had been building inside Viola seemed impossible to control lately, and this time, she let it spill over completely.

He took the jab square to his pride, and suddenly it was too much. It was all too much, the wanting and not having, the constant battle between the part of him that wanted to hold on to her and the part of him terrified of what he might do to her, the needing and not taking.

A red mist swam before his eyes, and his whole body seemed to expand as he reached for her blindly, catching her arm and swinging her against him.

Viola was unprepared for the blurring speed with which he moved. She didn't even have time to take a step back. Suddenly his grip was tight and painful around her arm, and with one motion he pulled her into his hard body, nearly knocking the breath from her.

His mouth came down on hers, hot and ravaging, not waiting for her compliance but simply taking it. His teeth raked over her bottom lip, and when she made a shaky sound, response or protest, she couldn't say, he used the opening to push his tongue into her mouth.

Her heart lunged wildly in her chest as she realized he was out of control, only not out to kill her but to take her. His arms tightened around her, lifting her off her feet, and his mouth claimed hers with bruising force.

Elation swirled through her, and she wound her arms tightly around his neck, kissing him back. He brought her down to the ground and reached for his shirt, tossing it beneath them as a cushion against the hard earth.

In one smooth motion, he slid her backward and dropped onto his knees, then he was pushing her down onto the shirt and lowering himself over her body.

Dimly she realized that once you'd unleashed a tiger, it wasn't so easy to get him back under control again. Of course, she wasn't sure she wanted to. Sunlight sifted through the leaves, dappling his gleaming skin, and his expression was fiercely primitive as he pushed her thighs apart with his knee. He looked wild and magnificent, and she made a soft, needy sound as she reached for him.

It had been so long that Viola didn't care where they were, and now, with her wolf heightening every sensation tenfold, she couldn't have stopped this even if she'd wanted to.

He tore what little remained of her clothes, and she didn't care. The seam of her bra gave way beneath his twisting fingers, and the taut curve of her breasts thrust nakedly up toward him.

He sucked hard at one, belatedly aware of how much fuller they had become, the soft weight of her breast filling his mouth in a way that made him crazy. He wanted more of it, wanted to draw the whole peak deeper, to feel the tight bud against his tongue. So he did, nursing greedily, his lips sealed tight as he flicked and rolled the stiffened nipple, then scraped it lightly with his teeth before sucking harder again.

She moaned, the sound low and broken, her fingers tightening in his hair.

While his mouth stayed busy, his hands shoved the torn remains of her trousers, now little more than a ruined skirt, up to her waist. His fingers hooked into the delicate waistband of her underwear. She lifted her hips to help him, and a sharp rip of lace cut

through the quiet as he tore the scraps away completely, tossing the shredded fabric aside into the bush.

He moved his mouth to her other breast, sucking the nipple in, while he worked at the fastening of his own pants. He grunted as the zipper gave way, releasing his throbbing length, and shoved both underwear and trouser down in one motion.

Sebastian no longer cared about the damn spell, whether it still lingered somewhere beneath the roar in his head, whether it might rise again to stop him from wanting her, none of it mattered anymore.

He wanted her, and he would have his wife, come hell or high water.

His entry was hard and fast. Her body shuddered under the force of it, her hips lifting to meet him. He groaned aloud as her body took him in, the exquisite feel of her turning his unbearable ache into unbearable pleasure.

Viola sank her nails into his back as she arched up, driven by a sudden explosion of heat. Coiling tension wound through her body until she thought she'd go mad, and she fought against both him and the tension, crying out as her body strained, half to throw him off, half to pull him deeper, her legs tightening around him.

If he was wild, so was she. He pounded into her, and she took him. Her hips hammered up to meet his, and he rode her, wrapping his arms beneath her to pull her hips tighter against him, driving himself in deeper.

A great, rolling surge overtook her senses without warning, and she cried out, a raw, primal sound slicing through the clear air. He kept thrusting into her, and it happened again, the second wave following the first so closely she barely had time to catch her breath, more powerful than the last, tossing her even higher.

She bit down on his shoulder, sobbing and moaning with the force of her pleasure, and suddenly she felt him grow even harder, even bigger inside her, his whole body beginning to shudder and heave.

He threw his head back with a guttural cry that tore up from deep in his chest as his hips jerked through the spasms of his release.

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A/N

Thank you mbmclawhten for the magic castle!!!

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 482: Blissful moment[1,202 words]

The quiet afterward had a drifting, dreamy quality to it. Viola could feel the sunlight filtering down on her skin, the warmth of the ground beneath her, his shirt pillowing her head now.

A bird sang, and a breeze rustled the leaves and grass. She could hear the faint buzzing of a bee somewhere, and the slowing rhythm of his breathing against her shoulder.

They lay beside each other, his heavy arm draped across her stomach. She might have dozed. The breeze dried the sweat on her body with a gentle, cooling touch that made her want to sleep away the peaceful feeling in her chest.

After a long, long time that might have only been minutes, she turned into his arms and pressed her mouth to his again, kissing him. "Open your eyes." She whispered softly. "Please, look at me..." She pleaded.

Viola felt his arm tighten around her and watched his eyelids twitch before he slowly parted them, revealing the silver beneath. They stared at each other, both of them holding their breath.

A second passed, then a minute, then a few more. Nothing happened. They only stared at each other, seeing each other.

"Sunshine..." he whispered, bringing a hand up to touch her face as though she were some rare, precious jewel. "I can see you now."

His voice was thick with emotion, his eyes taking her in as though he were seeing her for the very first time. His fingers moved through her hair, gently pushing it away from her face before tracing the curve of her cheek.

"You’re glowing," he whispered with a small smile. "I thought you’d look dull and exhausted after everything, but you look even more beautiful."

He touched his fingers to her small nose, then to her lips, seemingly unable to believe that he was looking at her through his own eyes without having to fight for control of them. After all the darkness, the struggle, and the fear of what he might do to her, simply seeing her without the spell interfering felt almost impossible.

It almost felt like a dream.

"It worked. My wolf blood cured you," Viola choked out, her own voice thick with emotion.

She hadn't expected her wolf blood to accomplish what she hadn't been able to do all these days. The realization only made her feel more certain that she had made the right decision by reclaiming her wolf, even if it meant giving up her connection to her mermaid side.

Emotion clogged her throat as she looked at the way he was staring at her, with pure, tender love shining in his eyes. She had missed those eyes so much, and now that she could finally look into them again without seeing the darkness fighting to take him away from her, it felt almost strange.

Without a moment's hesitation, Viola leaned forward and kissed him again, pulling him against her as the kiss quickly grew heated and impatient, both of them overwhelmed by the relief of finally having each other back.

He kicked off his shoes and trousers this time. As rawly frenzied as the first time had been, this one wasn't much less. The force of his restrained hunger had built until, like a flooding river overwhelming a dam, it broke through and could no longer be held back.

He undid what little remained of her clothing and stripped it from her legs completely; then she parted her thighs and reached for him again, and he couldn't wait a moment longer.

The sight of those sleek legs opening for him was an image that had haunted his dreams for days that had felt like years. He'd meant to be gentler with her this time, but the instant he entered her, she made a wild sound in her throat and rolled her hips, and he went mad again.

This time, when it was over, he didn't withdraw, but stayed inside her, continuing to hold her in place.

"Sebastian," she whispered, her fingers sliding into his damp hair. He slid his thumbs beneath her chin and tilted her face up, angling his head so he could drink from her in the long, deep kisses he'd been craving.

He began to grow hard again, still inside her, but there was no urgency now, only steadily building pleasure.

They were both intoxicated by the rush of emotions between them. Sebastian held her close, his hands moving over her with the tenderness of someone trying to reassure himself that she was really there, and that they had finally made it through everything that had tried to tear them apart.

He caressed her breasts, lingering over them as though reminding himself of what she had felt like before everything that had happened between them. He could already feel and see the subtle changes pregnancy was bringing to her body, but Sebastian found himself wanting to memorize every one of them.

He kissed each change with quiet tenderness, moving from her breasts down to the tiny curve of her abdomen where their child was growing safely inside her. His touch softened when he reached the small bump, and for a moment, all he could think about was the life they had created together and how fiercely he wanted to protect both of them, and how much he wanted to make up for lost times.

Her slim hands moved over him like silk, sliding over his broad shoulders and down the taut muscles of his back, finally cupping and kneading his backside.

Lifting himself on his arms, he began a slow, steady rhythm of moving inside her. She rose to meet him too, kissing his throat and chest, licking at his nipples. As her climax neared, she writhed against the twisted bed of clothing beneath her, and he watched, enthralled, as her torso flushed and her nipples tightened.

He caught her hips and lifted them, sliding her along his length, and the sight of her convulsing in satisfaction pulled him to his own peak before she'd even finished.

The hot midday hours slipped away as they sated themselves on each other's bodies. Nothing else existed but sensual exploration and hot satisfaction, and the feeling of becoming one again, of healing, of reuniting, whole this time.

He kissed her from head to toe, tasting the sweetness of her skin, delighting in how she responded to his slightest touch. When her back grew tender from rubbing against the hard ground, he pulled her on top of him, watching her savor the freedom it gave her to take him at her own pace.

He thought he had to be completely spent, and yet he couldn't stop. He didn't know if he'd ever be able to stop. The peaks were no longer sharp and shattering, but slow, strong swells that seemed to last forever.

Viola clung to him, not thinking, never wanting to think. This was the magic she had wanted, the burning intimacy she had always found with him. No part of her body went untouched, unloved by his mouth.

Exhaustion crept in, tangled with pleasure, and at some point they fell asleep together on the forest floor, with only the songs of birds for company.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 483: Wake up, honey[1,103 words]

The sun was low when the couple finally woke from a dreamless sleep, the air growing cooler.

Sebastian pulled her into the warmth of his body and smoothed her hair back from her face. "Are you all right?" He murmured, concern threading his voice as he remembered the violent intensity of their lovemaking. She nuzzled her face against his throat, lifting one slender arm to curl around his neck.

"Mm," she said, closing her eyes again. She didn't feel like moving, didn't feel like ever walking on her own legs again. She was so deliciously tired she wanted to stay exactly like this. He smoothed his hand over her hip and up her side, then cupped her breast.

"Wake up, honey."

"I am awake." The words came slowly and muffled against his throat, sleep still thick in her voice.

It was understandable. Awakening a wolf required a lot of rest, especially while getting used to sharing your body with another being. But his wife, Sebastian thought as he rubbed her back, had gotten up and fought him, a battle that would no doubt leave a toll on her until she allowed herself to rest and let her bones adjust to the changes.

Sebastian had always known he had married a very strong woman, one who didn't easily break and didn't give up on him. When many others might have chosen to take over his world and position with the power of the heir she carried, his wife had fought for him until she saw to it that he returned to himself. She had even gone to great lengths to awaken her wolf all by herself.

Sebastian couldn't have loved her any more than he already did. He couldn't help but bury his nose into the crook of her neck, hugging her tightly against him. She had given him back what he thought he would never have again: control over himself.

His heart swelled with love for her.

Then he realized night was settling around them, and they were lying out in the wild and open, completely exposed to the elements.

"It's almost night. We need to go back and get you into a bed." He whispered.

"We can sleep here." She moved as if trying to sink into his skin, and her hand strayed downward to his groin. He closed his eyes as her fingers wrapped gently around him. Her lips opened against his throat, then slid upward to his jaw. "Let's do it again, Seb. Please."

"Don't worry about that," he said beneath his breath. There was no way he could restrain himself now, not after tasting her passion again after so long, and no way she'd let him

even if he tried, the intensity had doubled now that she could feel the mate bond, even without the mark yet rising on her skin.

With a mixture of pleasure and despair, he knew he'd never be able to keep his hands off her now. But the temperature was dropping by the second as the sun sank below the horizon, and even though he was tempted to stay there with her, he didn't want her getting chilled, forgetting, for a moment, that she had her wolf now, and that was unlikely to happen.

Still, Sebastian wanted to save the rest of this for their room, to savor the wild, reckless joy of finally being free after days imprisoned inside his own mind. The last thing he wanted was for someone to walk on them and seeing his mate unclothed.

He sat up and drew her up with him. "Home," he said, his voice husky. "Your body has had about all it can take. I want you in bed next time, somewhere soft and comfortable."

Her eyes were heavy-lidded, her lips swollen from his kisses. "As long as it's soon," she whispered, feeling him lift her from the ground and slip her arms into his coat, which had been tossed somewhere on the ground while they fought hours ago, or was it minutes ago? Viola had lost all track of time. She dozed off and was barely aware of when they finally left the forest and made their way back home...

Home. The thought gave her a warm feeling that made her smile even in her sleep, like a huge burden had lifted from her shoulders. Though the echo of everything they'd been through still lingered in the back of her mind, it felt less pressing now, softened by the love filling her heart.

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Viola's spirit was willing, but her body had already given in to sleep.

She slept in his arms that night, her head on his shoulder, one leg thrown over his hip.

Sebastian let her sleep, feeling contentment settle through his own body, along with a certain wry amusement. If Viola had been seductive before, even without trying, she was doubly so now while asleep.

When they returned home through the back entrance to avoid unwanted attention and curious questions of the elders, Sebastian didn't think she should be seen looking the way she did right now, he took her to shower and wash off the dust and dirt from the forest floor.

She had woken up in the bathtub, smiling at him as she said, "I thought I was dreaming, Seb..."

And to make sure she wasn't, his wife hadn't held back. Throughout the bath, she'd kept reaching out to touch him somewhere, a lingering hand sliding along his ribs, a gentle brush against his hand or arm, a light ruffling of his hair, a tickle at his ear, a quick kiss to his chin, an appreciative pat on his backside, even a bold caress across his crotch.

After being denied that closeness for so long, he couldn't keep his hands off her either.

By the time they had showered, eaten dinner he heated up from her refrigerator, and went to bed with her at long last, the accumulated effect of all those caresses, given and received, had him hard and aching again.

She had gone sweetly into his arms in bed, and he had made love to her, this time with lingering gentleness, until she fell asleep before he'd even withdrawn from her.

He stayed inside her for a long while afterward, dozing himself, luxuriating in the closeness. When he tried to move, she muttered a protest and turned with him, burrowing closer, refusing to let the connection break.

So he hooked his arm around her bottom, holding her locked against him through the night, and he slept better than he could remember sleeping in a long time.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 484: Forgiveness[1,168 words]

The sky began to turn a lighter shade of midnight blue as the first light broke along the horizon, signaling the approaching dawn. Bats flew back to their hiding places as the night gave way to morning.

Silver Pack remained quiet and still, with no one yet aware of the outcome of what their Luna had achieved with their Alpha. The couple had slipped back into the pack secretly, wanting to steal a few more hours together, just a little time to enjoy each other without the weight of pack matters, the elders, and everything else waiting for them outside.

Sebastian was on his back on the bed, his wife's body sprawled over his, when the alarm he'd set for dawn went off the next morning on the nightstand.

He quickly stretched to shut it off while she wiggled sleepily against his chest like a cat. He ran his hand down her back. "Go back to sleep, honey..."

His voice, thick and rough with sleep, rumbled beneath her ear. Viola settled her head into the hollow of his shoulder again, opening her eyes to look up at him as she reached up to hold his jaw, and found him already looking down at her.

"Is it morning?" She asked, watching him dip his head to kiss her forehead.

"It is, but it’s still early. You can sleep a little longer. I’ll get up and start on breakfast. Is there anything you want to eat?" he asked, his hand trailing down her spine and over the curve of her backside.

"I don’t have any cravings, if that’s what you mean. I’ll eat anything that’s available," she told him with a smile, resting her chin against his hard chest so she could look properly at his face.

She had read that pregnant women often experienced cravings, but so far, Viola hadn’t had any. Maybe she simply hadn’t been paying enough attention to her symptoms yet.

"I’ll get something made. You can sleep a little longer," he assured her.

But Viola pursed her lips.

"I want to stay like this a while longer. Stay in bed. Breakfast can wait a little while as we talk. How are you feeling now?" she asked, her brow furrowing.

Yesterday hadn’t given her a single moment to ask how he was doing internally or whether any trace of the hijacking spell still lingered in his mind and required some special process to remove completely.

"I feel like myself. Though Muffin hasn’t fully come back yet, I think I’ll be fine, as long as I have you." He told her, then slowly shifted, sliding down until their faces were level. He cupped her cheeks gently, looking deep into her eyes as he spoke, earnest.

"I didn’t know how to say this, and I don’t think my words will ever be enough to convey it, but, Viola Kade, from the bottom of my heart, even though I sometimes think an asshole like me doesn’t deserve a woman like you, I want to thank you. For everything. For being in my life. For fighting in that competition to become my Luna, even when I did everything I could to break you down then. For giving me your trust and your love. I want to thank you for fighting for me against the elders and the pack, for fighting for me even when I wasn’t fighting for myself, for bringing me back when I was ready to give up... for this."

His voice grew quieter as he struggled to put everything he felt into words.

"I know my words might not be as big as I want them to be, but if I have to spend the rest of my life proving to you how much you mean to me, I will. And I will give you my world, if that’s what it takes."

He whispered the words with such sincerity that Viola could hear it in every syllable, her blue eyes glimmering as she stared back at him.

"And I am sorry for everything I put you through. For every time I hurt you, and especially for the things I did while I wasn’t myself. I know being under the spell doesn’t

erase what happened. I can’t expect you to simply forget it, just because I’m myself again."

His thumb brushed gently beneath her eye.

"Viola Kade, I, Sebastian Kade, swore to give you all of me. So..." He swallowed, his voice dropping into something almost vulnerable. "Do I have a chance to prove to you that I can be the man you deserve? That I will never be that asshole to you again?"

Sebastian knew he couldn’t put this off. He could never forget the memory of hitting her with his own hands, and just because he was finally back to himself didn’t mean he could use the spell as an excuse, or pretend those things hadn’t happened. He didn’t want to take advantage of the fact that she was his mate and that she loved him, expecting that love to make her overlook everything he’d done wrong.

If anyone deserved the right to be angry, to demand something outrageous from him, or even to tell him she needed time before she could forgive him, it was Viola. And if she didn’t get that chance, Sebastian knew he’d feel like an even bigger ass for letting his love for her become an excuse for her pain.

He stared into her eyes, waiting, a stone lodged in his throat as he silently braced for whatever answer she was about to give him, for he would take anything.

Viola stared at him for a long moment, her blue eyes glistening as she took in every word he’d said. She could see the sincerity in his gaze, and somehow, that only made her heart ache more.

"You really are an asshole," she whispered, her lips trembling into the smallest smile.

Sebastian let out a shaky breath, almost relieved to hear her insult him again.

"But you’re my asshole."

A soft laugh escaped him, but the smile faded quickly when she reached up and placed her palm against his cheek.

"I won’t lie to you and say I wasn’t hurt, Sebastian. I was. There were moments I was terrified of you, and moments I wondered if the man I loved was really gone." Her thumb brushed gently beneath his eye like he was doing to her. "And I don’t think I can just forget everything that happened, simply because you’re yourself again."

He lowered his gaze, but she gently lifted his chin, making him look at her.

"But I also know you weren’t yourself. I know you were fighting something inside you, and I saw how desperately you fought to keep it from hurting me."

She swallowed, her eyes filling with tears.

"You asked if you have a chance to prove yourself to me." She smiled through the tears. "You don’t need to ask for that, Sebastian. You already have it."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 485: The price they pay[1,397 words]

His eyes softened into something even more tender and warm.

"You’re my husband. You’re the father of my child. You’re my mate, and I love you. None of that means I’ll pretend you never hurt me, but it also doesn’t mean I’ll abandon you because of what something else did while wearing your body."

She leaned closer until their foreheads touched.

"So don’t spend the rest of your life trying to repay me for saving you. I didn’t save you because I expected something in return. I did it because I couldn’t stand the thought of losing you."

A tear slipped down her cheek, and she quickly wiped it away.

"But if you really want to prove something to me, then stay. Stay with me when things get ugly. Trust me enough to show me your fears and your weaknesses, you’re allowed to be weak in this relationship. Let me fight beside you, instead of deciding on your own that dying is the best way to protect me."

Her voice softened. "And never, ever make me fight that hard to get you back again."

Sebastian closed his eyes, his forehead still resting against hers with a relief filled smile coming to his face.

"I promise."

Viola smiled faintly. "Good."

She wrapped her arms around him and pulled him into her embrace.

"Because I have no intention of spending the rest of my life with an asshole who keeps trying to die on me."

"I promise to be a good asshole to my wife," he whispered.

Viola laughed against his chest. "Okay, that sounded weird, Seb."

"Does it?" he teased, shifting their positions in one smooth motion until he was above her, elbows braced on either side of her head to keep his weight from crushing her. He leaned down and kissed her, slow and deep.

Viola slid her arms around his neck and pulled him closer, deepening the kiss until sparks raced under her skin like fire. Her hand slipped between them, her fingers wrapping around his thick shaft. She guided him to her entrance, and with one steady thrust he sank into her, filling her completely without a single word.

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Away from Silver, from the small, quiet world the couple had built and wanted to keep for as long as they could before anything interrupted it, the new pack was rising faster than any other construction, as Nickolas Kade drove every single worker without rest, determined to bring the pack up before his plans could be complete, before he brought his Luna here to rule beside him, so they could destroy Silver together.

He stopped before the glass installed in his office, watching the pack grounds and the workers below, the roar of trucks and machines filling the air. A cigarette rested between his teeth, and he drew in a long drag, blowing the smoke out from the corner of his lips.

Nick brought his hand up to his face, letting his ability flicker to life against his palm, and stared at it with dissatisfaction, already knowing it wouldn't be enough for what he had in mind, he would need more.

Right then, the call he'd been waiting for came through, and he brought his phone to his ear.

"Report." He said nonchalantly, his darkened eyes fixed on the view outside. "Is he dead yet?"

The person on the other end hesitated, stammering a little, but sensing his Alpha's irritation, he pushed on.

"No, Supreme Alpha. I just got word the execution was stopped completely, the Luna found her wolf form, and she's his prophecy. She put a stop to it, but no one knows what happened after, or if the Alpha's still alive with her. I'm trying to get more information to—"

"Fucking incompetent fool!" Nick snapped, his fingers tightening around the phone. "Didn't I tell you to shoot him yourself if anything interrupted the execution? You had one fucking job!"

"We couldn’t get the chance, Supreme Alpha. She transformed all of a sudden, and he went after her, and everything turned to chaos. I’ll—" the man on the phone tried to appease him, knowing full well what Nick was capable of, but Nick only let out a low chuckle that held no humor.

"You’ve failed for the last time, Justin. I hope you got to hug your mate and daughter goodbye yesterday, before you left." Saying that, Nick didn’t even wait to hear whatever the man had left to report, he’d already ruined everything for him by not shooting Sebastian when he had the chance to.

Nick walked over to his desk, pulled open a drawer, and took out a gun. He checked the chamber to make sure it was loaded before leaving the office.

A few minutes later, Nick made his way to the recently finished common building where the she-wolves and children were housed, waiting until the rest of the buildings were done. As he walked, everyone made way for him, bowing low, but he paid no attention to any of them, biting down on the butt of his cigarette as he demanded,

"Bring Justin White’s family forward, to me."

No one questioned why he wanted the family of his informant. They hurriedly brought the woman forward, along with her eight-year-old daughter. Both were still wearing the aprons the she-wolves wore in the public kitchen while mass-cooking for the pack. The woman looked visibly nervous, glancing uncertainly at the people around her as she held her daughter close, but she didn’t dare ask why they had been summoned.

When they reached him, both mother and daughter dropped to their knees in front of him.

"Johanna, is it?" Nick asked the she-wolf, who kept her head bowed as she nodded before him.

"I heard your father was the first werewolf preacher, and that he has been advocating for the construction of a church where we can all pray and wash away our sins. But you ran away with Justin and became packless because they refused to approve of your relationship with a non-believer." He summarized it for her, being a man who knew everything about the people he kept here.

"So tell me, do you believe in heaven and hell, Johanna?" he asked, crouching down to their level. Her daughter stared up at him with tear-filled eyes, as though she already knew what was coming.

"I... I don’t know, Alpha. My parents believe in it..." The she-wolf said, gathering the courage to lift her eyes to his. "Has Justin done something? Is he all right?"

Nick tilted his head to the side. "Justin is fine. But Justin doesn’t seem to love you very much, or he wouldn’t have failed me the way he did. I gave him one job, and he messed

everything up for me." He told her, sighing as he brought the gun forward to rub it gently against her hair. "I want you to do something for me, though. Will you do that?" He asked.

The she-wolf nodded quickly, her eyes flicking to the gun stroking her hair. She had watched him kill so many people with it, and she'd hoped she wouldn't end up here, but since he wanted something from her, maybe he wouldn't kill her after all. "What... do you want?"

Nick smiled. "I don't believe in that heaven bullshit, or hell, or anything beyond this fucked-up world. So, Johanna, I want to give you and your little one an assignment. Find out for me, will you, and you can report back when you come to me as a ghost, and haunt me with it. You have a pretty daughter, anyway, unfortunate that she wasn't lucky enough to have a competent father." Saying that, Nick pulled the trigger on the daughter's head, and when the mother screamed, he shot her through the mouth as well, with a silver bullet.

Blood splattered across his face, and he clicked his tongue in annoyance, firing a few more rounds into the dead bodies for ruining his clothes and face with their blood. "Someone clean this mess up, and send a picture of it to Justin, my gratitude for his hard work."

No one said a word. They didn't dare, this was the price they paid for having a roof over their heads, and as long as you didn't cross the Alpha, he'd never so much as notice you existed.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 486: Gain and lost[1,411 words]

As Nick rose to his feet and turned away from the long, open-air corridor of the common building that opened onto his own, his eyes locked with his cousin's. She was watching from behind the glass wall, and he saw the horror written across her face.

Nick closed his eyes, cursed under his breath, then opened them, turned on his heel, and went to her.

When he reached her door, he unlocked it easily and found her still standing exactly where he'd seen her from outside.

"Seems like every time you and I run into each other, you catch me in a bad mood, Zoe." Nick remarked, smiling as she turned to him.

"Why did you do that to them?" she asked, disbelief and clear horror written across her face. The sight made Nick narrow his eyes at her.

"Can you stop acting like you've never seen anyone kill before, Zoe? Those people just made our plan to get Vee here harder because..." He paused, realizing he shouldn't tell her about his plan to kill her brother. He knew how much she loved him, no matter what a bastard he was.

Zoe parted her lips to speak. "I am not in this with you, no matter what this is, Nick. Vee is happily married to my brother, and they're expecting. If it will make you happy..." Her voice wavered as she forced herself to continue. "I'll stay here, but you have to leave her be and let them live their lives. Please..." she pleaded.

If there was one thing Zoe knew, it was the pain her brother had suffered after losing their parents, the pain that had turned him into who he was. Then he had found Vee, and her friend had changed him. Somehow, she knew and believed those two deserve to be together to make each other complete, and she couldn't bear to watch this heartless man take Vee away from him.

Nick smiled at her words. "The ever-so-self-sacrificing Zoe. Only this time, you don't have to be selfless, because it can't stop me." His eyes fell on her untouched breakfast. "You still haven't eaten. Are you planning to starve yourself, or is the cooking not to your liking?"

He walked over to the tray holding the coffee and French toast, made just the way she liked it, then took her hand and gently pulled her down to sit on her bed.

"Come here, you need food. Eat." He told her, holding the toast to her mouth. "You should be healthy by the time Vee gets here, so she sees that I took good care of you and doesn't blame me for not looking after you." He nudged it toward her sealed lips.

Zoe turned her head away from the food, wiping her lips clean of any crumbs. "You need help, Nick..." She whispered quietly, turning to look at him, emotion filling her eyes. "How could you kill a mother and her child like that and act like it's nothing?"

Nick set the toast back down on the plate, looking at her tear-filled eyes. "Is that why you're not eating? I didn't just kill her, I sent her on a mission. You shouldn't worry yourself over insignificant people, dear cousin, but worry more about yourself."

"I want to go home." She said, fighting back the hurt and tears. "Please, let me go..."

Zoe hadn't been able to step outside this pack since she'd been placed here, and the more she saw this side of Nick, the more desperately she wanted to be away from him.

Nick's fingers tightened around the tray as he stared at her tearful eyes, controlling himself from lashing out. "Do you remember when we were little, and you once told me you'd always be my best friend?"

Zoe remembered, it was when his father had died, and his mother had poured all her attention into Javier, leaving Nick alone in his grief. She stayed silent as he continued,

"You gave me hope when I had none, and I promised myself I'd repay you someday. Now is that day." He patted her head gently, the way one might pat the head of a younger sibling. "I can finally repay you by giving you a home, because Silver won't stand forever, nor will your brother. Don't work against me, cousin. Eat your food."

He rose to his feet, then added, "It's only a matter of time before I lure him here to die. And trust me, I know he'll come looking for you soon."

•••

Back in Silver, Viola opened her eyes for the third time that day, feeling deliciously exhausted and content, even with her bones sore. She stretched her arms above her head as a sweet aroma drifted toward her from the open bedroom door, and she looked toward it, catching the sounds of movement all the way from the kitchen, where her husband was preparing a meal.

She was still adjusting to the sharpened senses that came with having a wolf, her eyes felt like they could zoom in on the tiniest details, her ears caught the faintest sounds, and she could smell things from miles away if she focused. Though it made her head feel chaotic at times, Viola knew she'd get used to it eventually.

Her eyes went to the clock, and she saw that it was almost noon, though she still didn't feel like getting up. She'd woken earlier to shower with Sebastian, a shower that had taken much longer than expected because neither of them could seem to keep their hands off each other. They had explored each other as though it were their first time before finally showering, and afterward, she'd come straight back to bed to rest, only to fall asleep again.

Now, however, she knew it was time to eat. She was absolutely starving.

However, before Viola left the bed, she tried reaching out to her wolf, just to confirm. 'Cyan, are you still there?'

Cyan's lazy voice came immediately. 'Where else would I be? I'm still here with you, holding you to that promise of a chase. But I still can't connect with his wolf yet.'

Viola got out of bed, finding herself fully dressed in Sebastian's shirt and a pair of shorts, and felt a warmth at the thought of him dressing her while she slept.

'He's just come off a hijacking spell, Cyan. Give it a few days, and you'll feel Muffin whole again, and we can have our chase then with him.' She said, sliding her feet into her flip-flops, though walking still made her bones feel a little sore.

’Muffin? Don’t tell me that’s our mate’s wolf’s name?’ Cyan said, laughter in her voice.

’It’s a good name. That’s his name, and I like it. You will too,’ Viola replied, realizing that talking to her wolf tended to pull her attention elsewhere, and as she was mid-conversation with Cyan, she suddenly remembered Wave, and her steps toward the room’s door stopped short. She turned toward the bathroom instead.

She went in, turned on the water in the tub, and waited for it to fill before dipping her hands in to summon Wave’s portal. But Viola was struck with a realization she hadn’t fully considered, she no longer had the power to call forth water, or anything tied to the sea.

She tried a few more times, as though she couldn’t quite believe it, until her hands grew tired and she finally stopped.

’Are you trying to reach the sea creatures?’ Cyan asked, and without waiting for her human’s answer, went on, ’You can’t do that anymore. When you awakened me, I’m afraid they had to suppress your mermaid side to bring me out.’

’Suppressed it?’ Viola asked, confused, she hadn’t thought it would come to that.

’Yes. The suppressant used on you was meant to last forever, unless the one who placed it removed it herself, but she’s dead, your mother. So in order to bring me out, your aunt had to redirect the suppressant onto something else, your mermaid side. That’s why she told you to choose one or the other. There was nowhere else for the suppressant to go.’

Viola had willingly given up her mermaid side, but hearing this now, she never expected to feel such a tightness in her chest at the loss of those powers. She stared at the water. "That means Wave is no longer mine..."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 487: Special breakfast[1,155 words]

Viola stepped down the stairs, her hand trailing along the glass rails as she made her way to the kitchen. When she got there, she paused, looking at her husband’s broad back where he stood at the stove, frying pancakes and flipping them, and felt the ache in her chest ease as she watched him.

He’d lost a bit of weight, and though it didn’t make his muscles look any less defined, it gave him a different, more striking appeal. He wore a tank top and above-the-knee black shorts with a tiger print, his tattooed arms flexing as he turned the pancakes, silver hair disheveled and a little longer, falling around his ears.

The sight of him carried her back to a day so long ago, when she'd gone to his main quarters after he had passed out from draining the poison from her chest. The memory felt so distant and out of reach now, but looking at him reminded her of how she'd come down to find him cooking back then, just like this.

She felt her heart swell, but her throat tightened with emotion as everything began settling over her at once, everything she had lost and everything she had gained since that time. She hadn't felt this way yesterday. She had been mostly numb to everything that had happened, but today felt like a wake-up call, and the emotions came rushing in with an intensity that overwhelmed her.

Sebastian, on the other hand, kept cooking, though his mind had wandered as he thought through the different ways he could put everything back to normal. First things first, he needed to meet with the elders and contact the people searching for his sister's whereabouts. The thought had been sitting at the back of his mind like a weight he couldn't shake.

During his time under the witch's spell, he had done a lot of damage, not only to his wife but to his pack. He had signed contracts he never would have signed in his right mind, and now he needed to fix the mess they had created.

Then there was his personal grudge against the witch, who had killed his parents and destroyed his life. He would kill her, but before any of that, he wanted to make sure Viola had eaten and was comfortable. Afterward, he would take her to the healing house for a checkup to make sure there hadn't been any complications with her health or pregnancy after regaining her wolf.

'You awake?' he reached out to his wolf, who had been stirring and disappearing since yesterday. 'Muffin?' he called again, even though he hated using the name. Somehow, saying it always seemed to make his other half happier.

'What?' came the croaky voice from inside him. 'You almost killed me. Don't "Muffin" me now because I can barely feel myself,' the wolf complained, having been forced into a sleep that had felt like death the entire time by the witch.

'Will apologizing make up for everything?' Sebastian asked, his narrowed eyes directed at the pancakes.

'If you want to apologize, you know the way to do it. But for now, let me recharge and don't bother me until you mark our mate or let me take over.' Muffin shut him out and went back to rest.

Marking.

Sebastian thought about it. He hadn’t marked her yet, even though he could feel her much more clearly now. The crescent mark had appeared on her wolf, but it hadn’t appeared on her human skin, and Sebastian knew it would once he marked her.

If he was going to mark her, then he needed a renewal of their vows and a big ceremony for it. He wanted to do it properly.

Sebastian was so deep in his thoughts that it took him a moment to become aware of her presence, and then her sweet daisy scent reached his nose.

The effect was immediate.

The scent curled through him, tightening every muscle in his body before the sensation traveled lower to his groin, sending a sudden surge of heat through him. It was the uncontrollable physical and sexual reaction of a werewolf sensing his mate, so intense that it almost felt as though he had been thrown into a sudden heat.

Sensing her more strongly than he ever had before, he spoke without turning, adding more butter and batter to the pan as it sizzled.

"Good morning, love," he said, about to turn toward her when he heard her footsteps.

Then her arms slipped around him from behind.

She hugged him, resting her cheek against his back and tightening her arms around his waist, and the simple touch sent another electric awareness through his body.

Sebastian let her hold him, feeling her against him with her soft breasts pressed against his back, but he also sensed the turmoil inside her, as though she were overwhelmed by feeling, and he turned the heat down a little, laying a hand over hers around him.

"Are you all right?" He asked tenderly, and felt her nod, then shake her head again. He began to turn so he could see her, but she held on tight, keeping him from turning, and he belatedly realized just how much stronger she’d grown.

"Don’t move, I just want to hold you. Are you done cooking?" She asked, her hands unfolding against his chest, flattening there.

"Almost. Do you want a taste of the pancakes?" he asked, and she nodded.

Sebastian reached for one, cut it in half, and drizzled honey over it before bringing the piece toward his lips to blow on it and cool it down. Once he was certain it wasn’t hot enough to burn her mouth, he asked, "Are you going to let go so you can eat the pancakes?"

She wordlessly released one arm from around him and held out her hand. He placed the slice he'd cut into her palm, and she popped it into her mouth, chewing without letting go of him.

"Do you like it?" he asked, glancing half over his shoulder.

She nodded.

"Hmm, it's delicious. Give me more."

That was how Sebastian ended up cutting pancakes and feeding them to her without even seeing her face. To his surprise, she ate more than he thought she would. He glanced at the plate where the pancakes had been, and only four pieces remained now.

"More?" he asked her.

She shook her head. "Not now. Maybe in a while. Can you make more?" she asked with a sigh.

"Sure."

Sebastian could picture her pouting, and the thought made his lips quirk despite everything, yesterday she'd fought so hard he might have expected her to grow closed off and hardened afterward, not soften into him like this. But sensing she was working through something emotional, Sebastian didn't move, staying still until she finally parted her lips and said,

"Seb..."

"Yes, honey?" He answered.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 488: Another relation[1,174 words]

"Why do I feel so sad about losing my mermaid side when I never wanted it in the first place? I thought being part mermaid was just a burden I could've done without, something that made my life miserable. I thought I'd finally feel complete once I had my wolf... why does it feel like there's a lump in my throat that refuses to go away anytime I think about

it?" She whispered against his back, fighting back tears. She listened to the steady thrum of his heartbeat and the sizzle of the pancakes in the pan.

"You lost your mermaid side?" Sebastian asked, surprised, he hadn't realized what she'd given up to help him, to save him yesterday. They hadn't talked about this part yet.

He felt her nod against his back.

"I was told to pick one. Natasha, my aunt, said I couldn't keep both sides of myself. She said if I chose the mermaid side, I'd unlock the full potential of the Child of the Sea, I will be able to bring back the dead, grow close to the Sea Goddess, and so much more, but I could never come back to you...

"She said if I chose the werewolf side, I'd lose my ability to return to them... but I never realized that meant losing the abilities themselves, and Wave. I tried this morning, and I can't control water anymore..."

Sebastian was quiet for a moment, letting her words settle. They had come as a surprise to him. Though he had hated mermaids for most of his life, everything that had happened had changed his perspective, especially his view of the creatures with tails who had helped him against the sea witch.

He had never minded that Viola was part mermaid, and he wouldn't have thought any differently of her because of it. But he could tell from her voice and the emotion behind her words that she had come to accept that part of herself enough to grieve its loss. So, he chose his words carefully.

He gently turned to face her, guiding her arms from around his waist and up around his neck before placing his hands on her waist and drawing her closer.

"Shouldn't I be relieved? I finally got rid of the part of me I never wanted and became a full werewolf, just like I've always wanted. So why don't I feel happy about it?" she asked, looking up into his eyes. He was the only person she could confide these confusing feelings in.

"Maybe it's not that you hated being a mermaid, amor. Maybe you hated what being one brought into your life."

She frowned deeply, tears still clinging to her lashes without falling. He stared into her orbs, which shimmered so beautifully that they made him wish he were an artist, just so he could capture their depth on canvas, where they glowed like diamonds.

"You spent so long thinking of it as a burden that you never got the chance to wonder what it would feel like to lose it. Now that it's gone, you're realizing it was still a part of you. That's bound to hurt."

His thumb brushed beneath her eye, tracing the curve of it.

"And you didn't just lose the ability to control water. You lost a connection to the sea, and to a part of your own history. You don't have to pretend that doesn't matter, just because you chose your wolf."

Viola swallowed, her gaze dropping to his throat as she fought against her own tightening one.

"I just don't understand why it hurts this much..."

"Because sometimes we don't know what something means to us, until it's gone." He gave her waist a gentle squeeze. "Give yourself time to sit with what you're feeling. You don't have to figure it all out this morning, mi amor."

He leaned down and kissed the corner of her lips. "And for what it's worth, sunshine, I don't think you've lost that part of yourself forever. Maybe you just don't know yet what remains." He pulled her into a hug, and she rested her head against his chest, closing her eyes.

"Maybe I'm feeling this way because I've finally learned to accept my mother. Sebastian, I met my father and my mother. I saw them fall in love, saw how they met, and how they lost each other. It was saddening to watch."

"When was that?" He asked, pressing his lips to the top of her head.

"I saw their memories, through my mother's preserved body. My aunt took me there. My father was so handsome, and she was so beautiful... if he'd only been able to accept her, Ivy and I would have grown up with parents who loved us, and we would have been happy children." She said bitterly, and went on to tell him everything, the memories, and how her grandparents had flooded the pack her father came from because they believe he had hurt their daughter.

"All these years, I lived without knowing who my parents were, and now that I've seen them... I can't help wishing there was something I could have done," she confessed. "My father was loved by his people because he was so easygoing."

"Your father was the Mooncreek Alpha..." Sebastian muttered, finally understanding why she had an Alpha wolf, and where her father's bloodline came from.

Gilbert had always claimed the flood was caused by mermaids, though few had believed him, it turned out he'd been right all along. And Sebastian realized that if Mooncreek had still stood, if she'd grown up with her father, they likely still would have met, his own

father and Vincent had been close friends before Vincent’s death, sharing ideas for how to build their packs in similar ways.

"What a small world," Sebastian muttered. "My father always told me Vincent was one of the kindest men he ever knew. I remember him telling my mother once that Vincent had fallen in love with an omega, and that the love ended in tragedy, that he was forced to marry another woman to protect the one he truly loved. If I’m remembering right... the woman he loved was your mother."

Viola’s eyes trembled at the realization that her father had never stopped loving her mother, that he must have married someone else just to protect her, somehow.

But rather than feeling comforted, she felt only pain, she had always wanted a father, and now she’d lost the one she might have had. She could have saved him from that sea, alongside her mother, but Viola knew there was no way she would have let her husband go in his place, and that only made everything feel worse, given how things had turned out.

"Amor... if Vincent was your father, doesn’t that make you related to Gilbert? Clara, Vincent’s sister, was his birth mother." Sebastian put the pieces together, and felt Viola stiffen slightly in his arms, as though she hadn’t made that connection until just now.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 489: Comfort in the mates way[1,215 words]

Clara, Viola thought, recalling the she-wolf from her mother’s memories. She had seen the she-wolf with a toddler more than once, alongside her husband. The boy must have been Gilbert...

"Oh my... he... he’s my cousin, then?" She muttered in disbelief, and her grandparents had killed his family. "I don’t know what to do with this information."

"You don’t have to do anything with it, love. Just let it sit, we’ll handle everything slowly, and if you don’t want to tell him, you can keep it a secret. Whatever you choose, that’s what will happen." Her husband assured her.

"He deserves to know the truth." Viola mused, feeling even more overwhelmed by everything instead of clear-headed.

The new weight of this blood tie settled over everything else she was already struggling to carry. Sebastian felt it, and held her tighter, one hand sliding up her back in slow, steady strokes. The heat of his palm soaked through the fabric of his shirt she wore against her, warming her.

"We will figure things out together," he murmured against her hair, his breath stirring the fine strands at her temple. "We can visit Mooncreek, if you want, and I'll be by your side through all of it."

She didn't answer with words. Instead, she pressed closer, burying her face against the side of his neck. His skin was warm, slightly damp from standing over the heat of cooking, and she could smell the faint trace of butter and clean body wash mixed with the deeper, familiar scent of him, and it stirred her awake.

Her hands, still flattened against his chest, began to move in small, almost unconscious circles over the hard muscle beneath the fabric of his tank top. The steady thump of his heartbeat pulsed under her palms.

She told herself she was only seeking comfort, allowing herself to sit with everything she felt.

But the moment her hips shifted, and the soft curve of her lower belly brushed the growing hardness beneath his shorts, a low, unexpected pulse of heat flared between her thighs.

Her newly awakened wolf stirred restlessly beneath her skin, sharpening every sensation until the simple press of her fuller breasts against his chest sent a soft, aching throb through her nipples.

The thin fabric of her sleep shorts dragged over the thick ridge of him, and the friction made her breath catch, surprised that she could still feel aroused while so emotionally raw.

Sebastian noticed the change at once, the way her breathing deepened against his throat, the subtle roll of her hips that was no longer purely for comfort.

He could scent the shift in her, warm, sweet, unmistakably arousal, and his cock thickened in response, straining against the clothes between them. He'd heard of the maddening pull of arousal between fated mates, and now he was feeling the full force of it himself.

He should stop this. She was emotionally raw and needed comfort. And yet the thought whispered through him that maybe this was exactly what she needed, something physical

and consuming enough to pull her out of the spiral. Something that belonged only to the two of them.

His hand at her back slid lower, settling at the curve of her waist, then slipped beneath the waistband of her shorts to touch her bare bottom. The heat of his fingers seeped into her.

Viola felt the restraint in him and, almost defiantly, rubbed against him again, slower this time. She rose onto her toes to meet his height, and the fabric of her shorts dragged over the hard length of him, already damp where she pressed closest.

A quiet, helpless sound escaped her throat. She was wet already, she could feel the slick heat of it between her thighs.

"Seb..." she breathed against his neck, the word half plea, half apology. Her lips brushed the warm column of his throat as she spoke.

He exhaled hard, the last of his resistance fraying. "It's getting stronger, amor. The mate pull we haven't felt, all this time is now coming back to us." His voice was rough, vibrating against her mouth. "You're hurting, and I'm supposed to be comforting you, not—"

"Then comfort me," she whispered, rolling her hips once more, grinding the aching heat of her against the thick ridge of him. The pressure sent a sharp spark of pleasure through her clit. "Please. I need to feel something that isn't this... this feeling of loss and sadness."

That was all it took.

Sebastian turned them in one controlled motion, lifting her onto the edge of the kitchen island. The cool marble kissed the backs of her bare thighs, a startling contrast to the heat of his body.

He stepped between her legs, the hard plane of his stomach brushing the soft insides of her thighs as he shoved her sleep shorts and underwear down in one impatient tug.

The fabric whispered against her skin before dropping to the floor. Cool air touched the wet heat between her legs for a fleeting second before his hands replaced it, warm and rough-palmed, stroking and spreading her open.

Then his shorts were shoved down just far enough to free his shaft, already hard and heavy, the flushed head glistening with precum that made her blush, aware that they were in the kitchen, out in the open, where anyone who entered would see him, and she prayed no one would come and disturb them.

He moved to the shell of her ear, brushing it with the tip of his tongue. Viola made a soft noise in her throat as he closed his teeth around her earlobe.

He sucked her earlobe gently into his mouth, liking the way she shivered under his touch. He loved the scent of her, the taste of her, and he'd never be able to get enough.

Sebastian kissed his way back to her mouth, one small kiss at a time, until he parted her lips and stroked across her tongue. He loved her tongue. He caught it gently between his teeth, then suckled it softly.

He moved his finger inside her as his lips worked against hers, and then, as though that wasn't enough, he pulled her hips to the edge of the table and positioned himself.

The thick length of him rested hot against the soft folds of her. He dragged the broad tip through her slick, once, twice, coating himself in her wetness. The slow glide made her hips twitch.

Then he pushed in with a single, deep thrust that tore a broken moan from both of them, and Sebastian looked down.

The sight of his cock disappearing inside her, her folds damp around him, sent his blood and body scalding hot.

Viola's head fell back, her lips parting on a gasp as he filled her completely, so fully that her mind emptied of every thought, exactly as she'd wished it would, and all she could think about was him, filling her.

The stretch was deliciously intense, made more so by the position, almost too much, her body still adjusting to how sensitive everything had become, to this feeling itself.

She could feel every ridge, every thick inch of him as he sank to the hilt, the heat of him throbbing deep inside her.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 490: Morning sickness[1,085 words]

Sebastian gave her only a second to adjust before he began to move, long, slow strokes that dragged against every sensitive place, as though he wanted her to feel every inch of him. The wet sound of their joining filled the quiet kitchen, mixed with the soft slap of skin and the faint sizzle of the forgotten pan still cooling on the stove.

His hands gripped her hips hard enough to leave marks, marks that would fade with her healing, holding her steady on the cool marble as he thrust into her with growing urgency.

Each thrust pushed a soft, helpless sound from her throat. She wrapped her legs around his waist, heels digging into the flexing muscles of his thighs, pulling him deeper.

The scent of sex rose between them, salt and heat and the faint sweetness of her arousal.

"Look at me," he rasped.

When her glassy eyes met his, he leaned in and kissed her, a deep, claiming kiss, swallowing every broken sound she made into his mouth.

One of his hands slid up under her loose shirt, cupping a fuller breast. His thumb swept over the tight, sensitive peak, and the dual sensation, his thickness driving into her, the rough pad of his thumb circling her nipple, made her arch hard against him.

The soft weight of her breast filled his palm, and he realized how much he liked this new fullness.

The dual assault pushed her higher, faster than she expected. Her wolf surged beneath her skin, heightening every thrust, every brush of his skin against hers, every wet slide of him inside her.

She came with a sharp cry, her walls clamping down around him in pulsing waves, her nails raking down the sweat-damp plane of his back. The tight, rhythmic squeeze of her body milking him dragged a low, guttural groan from his chest.

Sebastian groaned into her mouth, his hips stuttering as her climax milked him.

He lasted only a few more deep thrusts before he buried himself to the hilt and came hard, flooding her with heat, his forehead pressed to hers as he rode it out.

For a long moment, they stayed locked together, breathing hard, the scent of sex and pancakes hanging in the air.

Sebastian’s hands gentled on her hips, his thumbs stroking soft circles over the marks he’d left there from holding her too tightly.

Viola’s arms stayed wrapped around his neck, her body still trembling with aftershocks. The heavy ache in her chest hadn’t vanished completely, but it had loosened, edged aside by the raw, grounding heat of him still buried inside her.

He pressed a slower, softer kiss to her lips.

"Still with me?" He murmured, looking down at her with a smile.

Viola bit the inside of her cheek, nodding against his mouth, her voice hoarse. "Yeah... I’m with you."

"Good. Now let’s clean up and have breakfast, before we talk about anything else."

Sebastian helped clean her up, then cleaned himself, reining himself in before he started something that would take a while to finish and let the whole day slip past with nothing but the two of them finding excuses for more sex.

He wiped and cleaned down the kitchen island, then took her to the dining area, where he’d set out the rest of the meal alongside the pancakes. He served her himself and fixed her coffee before starting toward his own seat, but he suddenly heard her retch and gag, and his eyes snapped to her in alarm.

Viola bolted from the dining table and dashed into the restroom closest to the dining room, and soon the sounds of her retching and throwing up could be heard.

Sebastian was right on her heels. He reached out, pulling her hair back as she brought up everything she’d eaten, patting her back gently, his face tight with anxiety and fear, unable to stop himself from wondering if she’d eaten something bad, food poisoning, maybe!

Sebastian reached for his phone to call Gilbert, but she grabbed his hand, still retching, her eyes turning teary as vomit came from her nose as well, her fingers digging into his skin.

"Love..." Came his worried voice, as he bent over her, holding her hair back, but she shook her head as if to reassure him.

It took a while before she finally stopped throwing up, her head falling weakly against the toilet seat, breathing hard.

"I’m fine..." she said hoarsely.

"I need to take you to the doctor. You don’t look fine." He began to lift her, but she pulled him down until he was on his knees, and rested her head against him instead.

"Morning sickness... Gilbert said it’s normal. It happened to me once before, but never this intense. My stomach feels sick..." She moaned, burying her nose against his neck, breathing in his scent to calm the nausea. "The pregnancy is finally making itself known..."

Sebastian cupped the back of her head, holding her close, his eyes narrowing down at her stomach, not liking that she’d thrown up everything she’d just eaten, when he’d been relieved she’d finally had a full meal.

"How often is this going to happen?" He asked quietly.

"More often, from what I've read online... but I'll be fine, just like every other she-wolf out there. Don't you have a meeting with the elders? I think you should go ahead," she said, feeling her energy suddenly drain and realizing she wanted to rest.

But knowing him, he would probably choose to stay with her rather than attend to his duties. As much as Viola wanted to spend the entire day with him, the pack needed to know that he was back on his feet and ready to rule them again as their Supreme Alpha.

"Not while you look this green." He bent down and lifted her into his arms, and she nestled against him.

"I'll be fine once I get some fresh air. Don't take me back near the food, or I'll throw up again." She groaned, burying her nose against him before the smell could trigger the nausea all over again.

"Then let's step out. I know just the place to take you." He said, a quirk pulling at his lips as he carried her out of the penthouse. Viola wondered where he might be taking her, but as long as it wasn't anywhere near pancakes, she was willing to go, the thought of them alone was enough to turn her stomach now.