

FATED: THE ALPHA'S UNWANTED LUNA

Chapter 5: "Step away from her!" Part 2

Viola gladly left the estate with a few of the Gammas and Hollows, who went in different directions so they could get the work done on time, as they would be using two cliff locations for the moon howling. She couldn't help but appreciate the fresh air outside.

Four Gammas escorted her to meet the others at the cliffside. The estate was already filled with luxurious cars of the arriving guests, and the sun was setting, casting its rays on the sparkling vehicles. She missed the time when she had her own array of cars and Gammas at her beck and call, but now she could only walk the long distance to the cliffside.

The Moonwillow Pack community was arranged in such a way that skyscraper apartment buildings lined the sides of the smooth roads, with the Alpha's estate being the largest structure. Many packs built their communities differently. Unlike human countries, werewolves didn't live away from their packs, they stayed and lived in the same city under the Alpha's rules.

Currently, Viola and the Gammas didn't take a car and walked into the forested part of the city. The walk was a little longer than she had expected it to be.

Viola was already feeling strange inside herself, but she didn't think much about it and blamed it on working and walking on an empty stomach. Since the day Evan had hit her with the idol, her vision in her right eye had been blurry and slightly unfocused and trying to force herself to see from it only caused her pain and headache.

"Is this the way to the cliff?" she asked, noticing that the Gammas were leading her deeper into the trees with no cliff in sight.

If they heard her question, they gave no indication and continued to walk.

They seemed to be leaving the pack's territory as the city sight and noise became distant. She had never attended the moon festival and didn't know the location, but a strange feeling inside her told her they were walking the wrong way. Could the cliff where the festival happened be this deep and far away? she wondered.

The sun had completely set, and the cricket sounds could be heard from the bushes. Her hand holding the flower basket was already growing numb, along with her headache.

Viola slowed her steps as something didn't feel right.

Though she had known these Gammas for years in their pack, she didn't trust them, not when she had no authority over them and they could do as they pleased to her.

She was beginning to wonder what they were up to when she felt a thread of heat grow inside her stomach, spreading all the way to her chest.

She suddenly felt... exposed and unbearably hot. She stopped walking completely, dropping the basket to the ground, the flowers inside scattering around her. Heat rose to her face, spreading across her entire body and settling uncomfortably in the area below her abdomen.

Viola recognized what it was even before the full signs showed themselves. Her pheromones were acting up and forcing her into heat. No, this wasn't good. She had made sure to take the pills this morning, so it shouldn't be acting up now.

The pill was known to be strong and lasted for twenty-four hours. If it wasn't working now, when it had always held for the past four years, it meant she had taken the wrong one. Everything began to make sense to Viola. Leni. Only she could have done this.

Anger washed over her, but it was soon replaced by despair as her body became hypersensitive, reacting in a sexual way that any werewolf nearby could perceive and be drawn to.

She was exposed in the open, stripped bare for predators to sense and hunt.

She hated it, hated how her own body betrayed her, sending out a scent she couldn't hide. She saw the Gammas walking ahead turn back to look at her, lust and anger flashing in their eyes.

"You didn't conceal your smell, did you?" one of them sneered as he retraced his steps and turned toward her.

Among werewolves, there was a belief that any female who didn't conceal her pheromones was inviting to be led, and fucked.

"I... I did, but—" Viola began, but suddenly her body clenched with arousal, a sharp ache rising inside her. No, no, no... not now, please. I can't be in this state.

"Don't worry, we will help you ease the ache, Hollow, and no one will ever know about it. We'll make you enjoy getting fucked like an animal. Isn't that what you wanted for not concealing yourself?"

Viola, flushed and angry by her own strong feelings, shook her head. "No. Don't you dare touch me," she warned as she began to walk backward, hugging her arms protectively around herself.

One of the Gammas laughed. "Let's see who will stop us, because it's definitely not you, a wolfless. Get her."

Viola swirled around, gathered her skirt in her hand, and began to run. She ran into the woods, the sharp thorns brushing her ankles and arms, but she didn't pay attention to that pain, knowing she was in danger of being gang r*ped. No one would stand up for her if that were to happen, because they would say she had asked for it by not concealing her pheromone.

No matter how animalistically aroused she was, she wouldn't let them touch her. But having been starved and working since morning, her energy drained quickly. At the moment she turned her head to see how far away they were from her, she realized her efforts of running didn't matter at all as the four Gammas soon caught up to her.

One of them suddenly landed in front of her, causing her to bump into him with a force that threw her backward into the hands of another, whose arms came around her to crush her breasts.

Terror rose in her, and she twisted violently to escape his grip, but her strength and malnourished body gave her no advantage against their large forms and strength.

"No, no, no, don't do this! Let me go!" she cried as another one of them tackled her to the ground, and the other began to rip off her clothes.

"Don't fight it, Hollow. We know you want it. Your body is asking for it. Look, your nipples are taut and hard, and I bet you are dripping wet for our cocks. We will make it worthwhile." He growled, roughly gripping her nipples and reaching to remove her skirt.

Viola let out a cry of anguish and twisted on the ground like a wild cat forced into captivity. No, no, no, don't do this to me! But none of her struggles managed to push them off, and fear began to grip her tightly. She screamed, but one of them slapped her hard across the face, her head jerking to the side from the force.

"Shut up, bitch! Stop acting like you don't want it."

"Get your filthy hands off me! I don't want it!" Viola cried, as her legs were pinned to the ground. She watched one of them pull down his trousers, and terror flooded her, her heart hammering in fear as nothing she did made a difference.

But just when she thought they would succeed in what they were about to do to her, she felt a sudden shift in the air, and it seemed the Gammas felt it too. They froze, their eyes snapping in a certain direction beyond her.

She couldn't see what made the one removing his trouser or the one pinning her hands above her head stop, but she heard a deep, resounding voice speak: "Step away from her." The voice was not only deep and thick, it carried the commanding resonance that only an Alpha's voice possessed.