

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 51: Something terribly wrong_Part 2[1,457 words]

Chapter 51: Something terribly wrong_Part 2

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

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

Sebastian frowned, realizing how much she was straining herself. It was almost like she was planning to torture herself, because by now she should have been asking for rest and not another round.

He looked down at his wristwatch and saw it was 1:31 a.m. His frown deepened as he looked toward her, waiting for the system to activate.

"Four eyes, it's past midnight. You should go back to your house," Sebastian finally spoke, but if she heard him, she didn't make any indication that she did. He pushed himself away from the wall he was leaning against and began to walk up to her.

When Sebastian reached her, he grabbed the bow from her hands and threw it aside, then deactivated the system.

"Return to your quarters—" he began to command, but then noticed her cheeks were drenched with tears, and her blue eyes looked anguished and pained. There was so much pain in her eyes that it caught him off guard.

"Leave me alone. Please. Go away," she said, beginning to reach for the bow again, but she froze, grabbing her temple as her eyes suddenly swam before her, her vision blurring.

Dark dots began to dance at the edges of her sight, and Sebastian's words, at least she knew he was talking because his lips were moving, could no longer be heard as they faded and turned distant in her mind.

She felt her legs giving way beneath her before she could control it, her strength abandoning her all at once, and she began to fall as everything turned dark before her eyes.

Sebastian saw it coming even before she fully swayed and moved instantly, swiftly wrapping his arms around her as she fell unconscious into his hold.

He pulled her up against his body, instinctively securing her, his hand circling her small, tiny waist as if she might fall and hurt herself more if he loosened his grip.

Frowning deeply, he grabbed her shoulders and tried to shake her awake. "Hey? Are you all right?" he asked, but only silence met him.

It immediately dawned on him that she had exhausted herself into unconsciousness. It was deeply surprising that she hadn't collapsed after running a hundred laps and then pulling off that amazing feat of winning an A-plus in something impossible for a wolfless.

He'd never seen such determination in any she-wolf, not to mention a wolfless.

He bent and swiftly lifted her into his arms, carrying her in a princess style without hesitation. Sebastian held her a little too high, her head nestled securely in the crook of his neck, her warm breath fanning his skin and raising his awareness of her presence in a way he didn't want to acknowledge, yet he didn't mind.

"Idiot, you need your strength to fight and win the competition," he scolded softly as her hand unconsciously came up to grab the front of his shirt, fingers curling into the fabric, and a small moan of discomfort slipped from her lips.

For how long had she been pushing herself this much? Sebastian wondered grimly, his jaw tightening. And that bastard Kelvin had gone ahead and trained someone who didn't need it instead of monitoring this one from killing herself.

He didn't even realize how concerned he was until he turned back and began to walk out of the training grounds in long strides, unconcerned that someone might catch sight of him holding and carrying the girl in public, a thing he had never done before, never allowed himself to do, yet now did without a second thought.

Alphas don't carry or touch anyone below them.

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Sebastian first took Viola back into her penthouse, thinking she had fallen unconscious from stress and needed some sleep and rest. But by the time he arrived at her penthouse and put her down on her bed, her body was trembling violently, and she was burning up with a fever, at least he knew it was a fever, as his sister had them occasionally.

He wanted to lay her fully on the bed, but she didn't let go of the front of his shirt, which she had grabbed like a lifeline, her hand trembling. Her face had turned red from the fever, and Sebastian felt his insides tighten with both anxiety and helplessness.

"Fuck, what will I do with you now?" he thought, his deep frown darkening his handsome face as he looked down at her distressed, flushed expression pressed against his chest. Her eyes were squeezed shut and pressed tightly.

'Do something, man, she's sick,' his wolf exclaimed. 'If you let anything happen to her before she participates in that competition and wins, so you can eat my shit like we bargained, I will never talk to you again. I will exile myself from you forever.'

Sebastian gritted his teeth and sat down on the edge of her bed with her on his lap, as she still refused to let go of his shirt. Supporting her with one arm, he reached out mentally to Matt, but realized the line was sealed. He must be sleeping. Damnit.

Sebastian touched his pocket for his phone and realized he had left it at his office because he had left with so much on his mind himself. Muttering a curse, his eyes fell on her phone on the nightstand, with a pink case and bunny ears, and he reached for it.

He tapped the screen and was taken aback to notice that she had used his sister as her wallpaper. Was their relationship really that close? He scoffed in amused disbelief.

She had a fingerprint passcode that required her finger to unlock it. This girl was really careless. She had even put her own name as the password for her door, and now her fingerprint for her phone. If she ever became his wife, there was no doubt it would be easy for enemies to steal her away.

"Careless, mouse," he muttered, taking her hand and removing her glove. He paused at the raw, red skin around her nails, and his insides clenched. It seemed she was fond of hurting herself. He fitted her finger to unlock the phone.

She moaned in distress and rubbed her face against his chest. Sebastian subconsciously tightened his hold around her as he dialed Matt's number. Hopefully, his loud ringtone would wake him from whatever slumber he was in.

The phone rang a few times before it was answered, and Matt's sleepy voice came from the other side. "Who is this? Can't you see it's late for a call—"

"Shut up, Matt. It's me," Sebastian said, cutting off his complaints of being disturbed.

Matt's sleep immediately flew out the window at the sound of Sebastian's voice. A call from Sebastian in the middle of the night, from an unknown number, could only mean he was either kidnapped by his enemy and calling for backup from a captured phone, or something had gone wrong. Shit.

Matt quickly sprang into action. "What happened? Where are you, and how many warriors should I bring?" he asked urgently.

"You don't need to bring any warriors. I need you to get my car ready outside without anyone noticing. I'll be out there immediately," Sebastian said, ending the call. The line went dead, and Matt frowned, staring at the screen. Just what was Sebastian up to at this hour? He should be resting after returning from weeks away.

Why would he need Matt to get his car when he could go down himself and prepare it? Something was definitely wrong, and Matt would only find out by going outside. Without even changing his nightwear, a matching pair of wolf-print pajamas he shouldn't be seen wearing in public but liked because they were comfortable, he slipped on his home slippers and ran out at speed.

Matt had spare keys for all of Sebastian's cars. He grabbed one, brought it to the front of the tallest skyscraper in Silver, and sat inside, waiting to see what had caused this unusual late-night call.

Was Sebastian injured? Had he been attacked inside his quarters? Did...

Matt's thoughts trailed off as he noticed his friend running out of the building, holding something, no, someone, in his arms, with a distressed, urgent expression on his face, one that was starkly highlighted by the glow of the night street lights.

## **Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 52: The pain in her eyes[ 1,341 words ]**

### **Chapter 52: The pain in her eyes**

Was Sebastian injured? Had he been attacked inside his quarters? Did...

Matt's thoughts trailed off as he noticed his friend running out of the building, holding something, no, someone, in his arms, with a distressed, urgent expression on his face, one that was starkly highlighted by the glow of the night street lights.

It was when Sebastian got into the car that Matt noticed, from the rearview mirror, who he was holding in his arms from the black hair. A woman. Not just any woman, but the wolfless. Why was he holding her? Did he kill her and want to get rid of her body in the middle of the night?!

"What the hell, man. Why did you have to kill her when—" Matt began to say when Sebastian growled sharply.

"She's not dead. She's sick. Drive as fast as you can to the healing house. Hurry."

Matt's hazel eyes widened, and without asking more questions, sensing the urgency in Sebastian's words, he started the car and stepped hard on the accelerator, driving like the hounds of hell were chasing them, because Sebastian's distress filled the car so thickly it was almost suffocating.

From the rearview mirror, Matt saw his friend dabbing his handkerchief gently against her forehead, whispering soft, indistinct words to the girl, and caressing her flushed cheeks with his knuckles like she was the most delicate flower, something fragile he needed to handle with extreme care.

Un-fucking-believable! Matt thought. Since when did Sebastian cared about any of his many mates to even hold one like this?

The healing house wasn't that far from where they stayed, and they soon arrived. Even before the car came to a complete stop, Sebastian had already opened the door and hurried out, carrying her without saying a single word to Matt, who was still frozen in shock and disbelief.

"Okay, I really have to know what all this is about," Matt said to himself as he quickly followed after them.

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Seeing the Alpha inside the healing house at this time of the night immediately got the people working there in open wonder, questioning what could have brought him here and who he was holding while such a terrifying aura radiated from him.

Most of the healers at first believed it was his sister, until they noticed the black hair dangling loosely over his arm. That was definitely not miss Zoe. Who could that person be?

Nobody questioned him, and in no time Viola was placed into a VVIP healing room and assigned the head doctor there, who also happened to be the same doctor who had once operated on her and treated her the first time she was brought here.

When she was laid on the bed, It took so much effort to pry her fingers from Sebastian's shirt that when the doctor began to put more force into it, Sebastian gave him a deadly warning look.

"Get your hands off her," he gritted.

The doctor, who was only being urgent so they could properly treat her, swallowed hard and immediately stepped back, bowing his head slightly.

He wasn't hurting her and was only trying to free her grip. Why was the Alpha so possessive over a wolfless? the doctor wondered, but he didn't dare say a word. Instead, he stood to the side with the assisting omegas, watching in stunned silence as the Alpha firmly and swiftly tore at the front of his own shirt, ripping the expensive fabric and allowing her to cling to the torn cloth still clenched in her fists.

Did he just ruin his shirt, one that everyone knew was worth millions and was part of the Alpha's signature designs, for a wolfless?

Sebastian then stepped back and gave the doctor the space needed to treat her.

Viola was soon stripped of her overall training suit by the omegas and dressed into a blue healing gown, and shortly after she was connected to IV drips.

While her treatment went on, Sebastian stood in another connecting room of the VVIP suite, where Matt soon joined him, his arms crossed over his chest and a questioning look written clearly on his face.

"Are you going to spill it out, or do I need to ask?" Matt demanded. "What was all that about? Did you hurt her and then regret it, so you brought her here?"

To Matt, that was the only explanation that made sense. His friend had rushed here with the very girl he claimed he despised and wanted gone, yet he had still allowed her to join a competition that could easily kill her. In fact, Sebastian knew it would kill her, that was why he had allowed her to join in the first place, so he could finally be free of her and make Laila his Luna. So what was all this about now? Why was he rushing her to the healing house as if her life actually mattered now to him?

The only explanation was that he had hurt her and felt guilty.

Sebastian shot him a sharp glare. "I am not that cruel. I didn't hurt her. She did that to herself."

"Oh, that's expected of a weak—"

"Don't call her that," Sebastian warned darkly. "She's not weak, and I just saw that with my own eyes."

He should have known there was more to those short legs when she killed a werewolf four or five times her size in the North Pack, but he had wanted to believe, firmly, that she was nothing but a weakling. Today proved him wrong. What she did with those arrows, the laps she ran... no she-wolf could do that in human form.

Noticing Matt's growing curiosity, Sebastian told him what the girl had done and how she had earned an A-plus.

"Holy Mother of Nature, you're kidding me, aren't you?" Matt exclaimed in disbelief. "She got an A-plus?"

How was that even possible? Not even he had ever gotten that score, because the wolves always attacked and gathered on him before he could kill even two of them. Yet she had achieved it? He was a Beta, with the second-largest wolf after the Alpha himself, and he still hadn't passed well enough to earn an A-plus. And now Sebastian was telling him that that girl had earned it in less than the required time?

"Are you certain?" Matt asked with a disbelieving chuckle. Just like Sebastian, he had underestimated her, perhaps even more, because he simply couldn't see her as strong.

"No, I'm not," Sebastian replied flatly, deadpanning with heavy sarcasm. "I was dreaming all this while."

Matt raised his hands in surrender. "Hey, don't get mad. I was just finding it hard to believe. It's something impossible for me to do, and you're saying she did it without a wolf. Then how did she end up in that state? She got electrucated?"

Sebastian's eyes darkened. "No. She's been training herself without rest. Do me a favor, shut everyone inside the building who saw me carrying her up, before the word spreads to everyone in Silver."

The last thing he wanted was for people to begin speculating that she was one of his many mates, especially after seeing him carry her. The easiest way to get to an Alpha was through his mate, and not to mention, now that he had seen her potential, something in him didn't want her dead at the hands of his enemies just to hurt him.

Everybody knew he never cared for any woman, nor was he ever seen with one in his arms in public. If word of this spread, it wouldn't take a genius to know that she wasn't just anyone, but a mate.

From her eyes alone, it was clear the girl was suffering from deep, unseen pain, and making her a target for his enemies wouldn't be wise. Sebastian recognized that kind of inner pain when he saw it. Because he carried a similar one himself that still hunt him every night.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 53: Got rid of her[1,612 words]

Chapter 53: Got rid of her

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After Matt left him alone, Sebastian stood still and looked out through the glass wall, where the sky was slowly brightening into the first light of dawn, birds flying quietly through the muted dark-blue sky. He remained staring outside, deep in thoughts, when the phone in his hand suddenly vibrated.

It was then Sebastian realized he was still holding her pink-cased phone, and it was ringing insistently in vibration mode. He glanced down at the screen, his brows drawing together when he noticed who was calling her at this hour of the morning.

Nick.

Nick?

She had even saved his contact with a heart emoji, along with his picture on the calling profile where he was blowing a kiss. How the hell did Nick have her number, and why did she save it with a heart? What exactly was their relationship? he wondered, picking up the call before it ended and placing the phone against his ear without saying anything.

But, typical of his cousin, the idiot immediately began to speak.

"Hey, Vee. Where are you? It's time for our morning training, but you're not at home, and that is definitely unusual. Are you playing hide and seek with me? Hello? Are you there? Why aren't you saying anything... ah, what's wrong with the signal?"

Beep.

Nick ended the call, and Sebastian stared down at the screen with a dark scowl.

He calls her a nickname? What kind of name was that? Who gave him the right to do so? And did he just say morning training?

Sebastian slowly put two and two together, realization settling heavily in his chest. Nick must have been helping her train all this while. Despite his intelligence in advanced technology and his obsession with creating unnecessary things in Silver, Nick was still part of the Kade family, skilled in fighting and training in human form. But he wasn't skilled in archery or daggers, which meant he hadn't taught her the skills she displayed.

He didn't need to think too deeply to know Zoe was responsible for putting Nick in the position of her trainer after Kelvin had gone and trained the wrong person. If Kelvin had trained her, she wouldn't have become this close to Nick, to the point of a nickname and heart emoji. Sebastian thought about it with deep displeasure.

When someone is your mate, another male being close to them is always a threat. The deep instinct to mark your territory, to make sure no other male ever thinks of her intimately, was overwhelming, and hard to suppress.

Suddenly displeased at the thought that she had been close to Nick, Sebastian unlocked her phone. Along with the fingerprint option, there was a password, and, just as he had expected, she had used her own name. Didn't she know how dangerous it was to let people in Silver have free access to her things? They could dig into it and use it to make her miserable.

He dialed a number, and it was immediately picked up.

"Kelvin, it's me. Kade," Sebastian said emotionlessly, knowing the man wouldn't recognize the number.

"Oh! Good morning, Supreme Alpha," Kelvin's delighted voice immediately came through once he realized who was calling. No doubt he assumed the Alpha was calling to praise him for doing a good job training his girl, Laila.

"Kelvin, how long have you known me?" Sebastian asked calmly, trying to rein in his anger at the man's incompetence.

"For ten years, Supreme Alpha," Kelvin replied, slightly breathless as he jogged, speaking through his earpod. Was the Alpha asking because Laila was satisfied and he wanted to reward him with permanent membership among the Silver Pack? For a while now, Kelvin had been requesting

permanent membership from the Alpha, as he was from a neighboring pack that was nowhere near as beautiful or as grand as Silver.

"Tell me, what did you think of the wolfless girl?" Sebastian asked calmly, though anger simmered beneath his tone. If Kelvin had done his job properly, she wouldn't have needed Nick. He waited to hear Kelvin's thoughts on her, knowing that whatever answer he gave would determine the punishment Sebastian would deliver.

"You mean that little thing? She's stupid and utterly foolish for wanting to compete with your girl Laila. The bitch's gonna die in the first round. If you want, Supreme Alpha, I can deal with her for you and—"

Kelvin began to say, eager to please the Alpha and even willing to commit murder and discard the body to remove a pest from Silver, but what he didn't expect was that the question had been a trap. He didn't even finish speaking about everything he was willing to do for Laila and the Alpha before he was interrupted.

"You are fired," Sebastian cut in coldly. "From now onward, you are no longer allowed into the Silver Pack, and I never want to see you anywhere near it again, or I will personally put you in the dungeons and skin you alive with my own hands."

With that, Sebastian ended the call, then blocked and deleted the number from her phone without hesitation. Having someone like him in his pack was a future danger for the girl.

He was about to put the phone away when another call came in.

Zoe.

He picked it up.

"Vee, where are you? Nick and I couldn't find you anywhere, not even in the training grounds. Have you decided to run away because of what I said yesterday? Vee, talk to me, we're worried," his sister's voice quivered on the other end, sounding as if she was on the verge of tears.

"Don't worry. She's safe," Sebastian replied, massaging his temple.

But Zoe's quivering tone instantly turned firm, filled with alarm.

"What the hell? What have you done to Vee? Why are you the one answering her phone, hermano? Where is she?"

So they all call her Vee, he thought darkly, his scowl deepening.

"I said she's safe," he repeated. "She'll meet you once she can. Right now she can't."

With that, he ended the call before Zoe could bombard him with more questions and suspicion.

On the other hand, Zoe could barely believe her brother, and she stared at her phone screen where he had ended the call. She trusted her brother with her life, but not with Viola, since he didn't like

her at all and had even refused to hire Kelvin to train her. From the get go he had wanted Viola to fail.

Her brother could be ruthless when he wanted to be. In fact, he was always ruthless to people he didn't like and wouldn't hesitate to kill them and discard their bodies where they would never be found. What if he had taken Viola in the middle of the night to get rid of her because the competition was approaching and he saw potential in her?

It was something Sebastian could do without blinking an eye, because he had done it before, even to someone of his own blood, someone they had shared a womb with. Zoe had never forgiven him completely for it, because he had never given her any explanation for getting rid of her favorite brother, his twin, overnight. And now, with the possibility that he might have done the same thing to Viola, Zoe felt her heart drop straight into the pit of her stomach.

"What's wrong? Did she talk to you?" Nick asked, concern etched deeply in his voice, as he ran back from checking all the possible places Viola could have gone this early in the morning.

She never skipped a day of training, and certainly not when the competition was approaching. Normally, they always found her waiting for them at the door or elevator of her penthouse, dressed and holding a water bottle, with a small smile on her face.

She always looked delighted and happy to see them, like a child presented with a Christmas gift, and unbeknownst to them, that was exactly how Viola, who had been alone for four years, saw them, her only lights in a world of darkness; friends she had come to cherish and love. They were just like a beautiful present to her.

Zoe shook her head and turned to Nick with teary eyes. "I think we've lost Vee..." she said, her voice trembling.

That could only explain her absence and her brother answering her phone. Did he really have to take Viola just when Zoe had finally made a very good friend? Her eyes filled with more tears, and she hugged Nick tightly, who looked just as devastated at her words as they had both come to like Viola enough to bet millions and half their wealth on her in this competition.

My poor Vee. You were looking forward to this competition like your life depended on it. I have even begun to design a beautiful fighting suit for you... Zoe thought, and then she made a mental note to never speak to Sebastian ever again for this. He always takes away important people from her life.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 54: Make him beg[1,116 words]

Chapter 54: Make him beg

While Viola remained unconscious, receiving treatment, in Sebastian's penthouse high in the skyscraper, Laila was growing more frustrated the longer she waited for him. She had been there since last night, ever since she heard he had returned from his trip. She had wanted to surprise him, because for some reason they had been growing apart, unlike before, when he would seek her out himself often.

She paced the wide space of his penthouse, her heels clicking sharply against the polished floor. One hand rested on her waist while the other repeatedly tried to dial his number. It rang and rang with no answer. She had been calling since last night, and now it was morning, the sun peeking in at full strength, the world awake and working.

She had already checked his office through one of the Deltas guarding that floor and had been told Sebastian had left at midnight. So why on earth wasn't he here? The thought tightened her chest with frustration.

Laila hated being left hanging. Before this, she had been so sure she would be his wife and Luna, and she still was, but Sebastian had been acting colder toward her lately. Could it be that he no longer found her appealing?

No, that couldn't be.

Normally, when he was stressed, he reached for her. He had never turned down her offer for sex the way he had weeks ago when she went to his office to celebrate their upcoming marriage.

He was a man with a hunger that was ravenous. At the time, Laila hadn't thought much of it, because he had told her he urgently needed to handle some things outside the pack. But now that he was back and wasn't picking up her calls and hadn't come to his penthouse after leaving the office, it was starting to truly annoy and worry her.

She had checked his other main quarters too. He wasn't there.

Laila despised uncertainty, and this was beginning to feel exactly like that. To make matters worse, Kelvin had called her in a panic an hour ago, telling her Sebastian had banished him from entering the Silver Pack and asking her to help put in a word for his forgiveness.

Why would he banish Kelvin all of a sudden? Was it because despite being paid he didn't come to train her everyday?

It wasn't Kelvin's fault that she didn't see the need to train every day like some loser she knew, someone who had joined their pack and believed she could win without a wolf. Laila almost laughed at the thought, but her frustration stopped her.

Sebastian didn't have to fire Kelvin for her sake, and she wanted to speak to him about that, as well as enjoy some time together. Yet he wasn't answering any of her calls.

Hadn't he just called Kelvin? Then why wasn't he picking up for her?

She was aware that the Alpha didn't like clingy she-wolves, and she hadn't been one. But now that it was already clear she would be his wife, it was time she began to step fully into her power and position beside him.

She needed to stop testing men and taking every one of them to her bed. Those days were over, the moment she promised her uncle she would become Luna, and the moment she realized none of the men she had taken could give her half of what Sebastian did, or bring her the full satisfaction she craved.

Apart from the pressure from her family to marry and become Supreme Luna, Laila wanted it. And although she didn't even see the reason for this ridiculous competition when she and Sebastian already wanted and matched each other, she was participating for the thrill of it.

Finally, Laila decided to call his Beta.

The call rang longer than her patience could tolerate, and the moment it was picked up, she cursed.

"Fuck me. Finally! Where is Alpha Kade?"

Matt, who was currently running around in his pajamas, bribing people at the healing house who had seen the Alpha carrying the wolfless girl, and receiving strange looks because of his wolf-print pajamas, cringed slightly at Laila's angry voice.

"Um... the Alpha is currently busy at home," Matt lied smoothly.

Laila scoffed. "Tough luck, Matt. I am currently in his living room. I've been here since last night. Where is he? As his future Luna, I shouldn't be kept in the dark about his whereabouts, and we need to start establishing those rules right now."

Her voice was firm, authoritative. The position of Luna was higher than that of a Beta, and no matter how well she and Matt had gotten along before, Laila was furious now to care about her tone of voice.

"Where is he?" she demanded. "I need to speak to him. Put him on the phone if he's with you."

Matt's brow arched at her commanding tone. That was new. She had never raised her voice at him or used authority like this. He had always known her to be even-tempered and playful, but power changed things. She already believed herself the winner, already acting like Luna, and talking down to him like one.

True colors. He thought.

Truthfully, Matt wouldn't have chosen someone like Laila for Sebastian. She treated the sacred bond of a fated mate like a joke and slept around with everyone. But she fit what Sebastian was searching for more than anyone else, and his prophecy.

Matt had strongly supported her, rooting for her to marry the Alpha and save him from himself, as the prophecy demanded.

Still, he knew she had a rotten attitude beneath it all, even with an Alpha wolf. Her tone surprised him.

And how was he supposed to know she was in Sebastian's penthouse before he lied?

Not in the mood to deal with her while juggling the situation at the healing house at the same time, he said quickly, "I'll call you back. Bye-bye," and ended the call. He immediately put his phone on Do Not Disturb.

Laila stared at her screen in utter disbelief.

Matt couldn't tell her that the Alpha was currently at the healing house, waiting for a certain someone to regain consciousness. That would bring nothing but trouble.

On the other hand, seeing that the morning was already waning and she had been waiting for hours, Laila angrily grabbed her purse from his sofa and stormed out of the Alpha's penthouse.

No problem.

When he fall into heat and became hungry for sex and a female body, he would come looking for her.

And when he did, Laila knew she would make him beg.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 55: Whatever It Takes[1,113 words]

Chapter 55: Whatever It Takes

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And when he did, Laila knew she would make him beg.

It wasn't hard for her to make Sebastian grovel; after all, he had a mate bond with her that made him unable to tolerate seeing her displeased, and she knew exactly how to use that against him when it suited her.

When Laila reached home that morning, her parents and her terrifying uncle, Elder Halvrek, who made her heart thud involuntarily in fear, were deep in discussion. The moment they noticed her enter the house, they beckoned her into the living room.

"You're finally home, dear. Come over here," her mother called, gesturing for her to sit beside her. "Your uncle has come to see you."

Elder Halvrek coming to see her wasn't always good news, she thought warily, a faint unease settling in her chest.

Laila wasn't really in the mood for these family moments, but she wouldn't dare say that aloud. No matter what she thought of herself, her family had engraved fear deeply into her, especially of her uncle, who was known for his strictness and cold authority.

When Laila sat down beside her wary mother, her uncle spoke to her, his tone calm and somewhat pleased.

"I am hoping you are coming from the Alpha's place? I smell him on you."

Elder Halvrek had once been part of the last generation to command warrior of their pack, and though he no longer held authority over them after taking the elder seat, that commanding presence still clung heavily to him that made him scary and calculative.

"Yes, uncle. I spent the night there," she said, deliberately leaving out the part where the Alpha himself had not spent the night in his own place.

He nodded, looking deeply pleased and satisfied. "Good. I do not want to regret that I did not support Camilla when she wanted my support to use this opportunity to bring Alpha Sebastian down and place Javier on his seat, then marry you off to Javier, especially when that wife of his, Sofia, is completely useless with her insanity. I am glad you are still in good standing with the Alpha."

Laila grimaced internally at the thought of marrying Javier, but she hid the reaction to listen to her uncle talk. No shewolf in her right senses would want to marry Javier with his hot headedness.

"Now that we are all certain you will be our Supreme Luna, after three of the participants have forfeited and the other two competitors are nothing but people you could easily outshine, especially that wolfless girl, I have come here to speak with you about ways to secure a brighter and even greater future for our family."

No matter how much influence their family held within the Silver Pack, they did not own the place or the authority. The Alpha, whose bloodline had built Silver from the ground up, could replace them at any time. This was especially true for elders who had served for so long and were slowly becoming old-fashioned in their ways. The only way to continue holding control within Silver was by placing their bloodline in a position of undeniable power.

And from Elder Halvrek's bloodline, that person was Laila, someone in whom he had complete faith, especially after she had frightened Elder Brennan's daughter into forfeiting the competition.

"As you know, the Alpha has grown stubborn and no longer listens to our way of doing things for the pack," Elder Halvrek continued. "I want you to understand that once you become his wife, it will be your responsibility to be our voice, my voice, to be exact. We haven't had the chance to speak since you returned permanently to Silver for this competition, and now that it is only two days away, I already have faith that you will win."

The elders, especially Elder Halvrek, rarely smiled, but he did now as he reached out and held Laila's hand.

She looked surprised, because despite him being her uncle, he was never one to show affection to family and was always burdened with pack affairs. To be more precise, he had never truly liked her, simply because she was not a male child.

He had no wife and no children of his own, yet he placed the full weight of his hunger for power upon his sister's daughter, Laila. He was one of the main reasons she wanted to become the Supreme Luna and finally settle into a position that would satisfy him enough to make him stop insulting her mother, his own sister, for failing to give birth to a male child.

His eyes met hers, and she felt even more important under the intensity of his proud gaze.

"Don't disappoint our family," he said. "We are all placing our hope in your victory. And remember what I once told you."

Of course, Laila remembered.

She didn't believe in curses, but her uncle clearly did. He had once told her that the Alpha was indeed cursed to kill his Lunas until he found a certain one, someone none of them knew how to identify except him, as the prophecy was meant for the Alpha alone and must not be told out to the public.

And if she turned out not to be that one, the Alpha would kill her, just as the rumors claimed he had killed the previous two. But before that could happen, her uncle had told her she was to end the Alpha first and take his life with a dagger driven straight through his heart.

Though Laila didn't believe it would ever come to that, because she knew she was the one meant for the Alpha, and Sebastian would never hurt her, she smiled at her uncle.

"Do not worry, Uncle. The position is already mine. I only need to make it official the day after tomorrow after the games."

Elder Halvrek laughed, a hearty, proud sound.

"Now that's my girl. I have absolutely no worries," he said, though he had worries he wouldn't voice out. "But I want you to know that I have wagered more than half my wealth on you. If you lose, I will lose half of everything I own. Still, I already know you won't disappoint me, because if you do, I will not forgive it."

He said this with a smiling face, patting the back of her hand as if offering reassurance rather than a warning, before adding,

"I trust you. Do whatever you have to do to become his Luna."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 56: Support her_Part 1[1,147 words]

Chapter 56: Support her_Part 1

Viola felt herself drowning in a very deep, bottomless water, the water burning her lungs and head. She knew she was in another nightmare, but just like all the others, she couldn't wake up from this one. This was why she hated sleeping. She hated being alone.

She gasped and moaned, trying desperately to wake up, but she couldn't. The more she opened her mouth, the more water forced its way into her lungs.

When she began to drown completely, with the world fading around her, she was suddenly pulled out of the water by a force and thrust into another, even worse place, the orphanage.

Viola's entire body tensed as she looked around at the colorless walls of the broken-down orphanage, then down at the clothes she wore on her small, seven-year-old body, clothes that were far too fancy for a shattered place like this. Her heart throbbed in panic, already knowing what awaited her here, in this part of the nightmare.

This was the moment of her life she hated and regretted the most. The moment she would give even her life to change, to relive, just to make things happen differently.

She hated reliving these moments in her sleep, this exact moment, where she was stepping into a fancy car belonging to the Lindens, dressed in attire meant for Ivy, and looking back only to see her twin sister watching her from a window, blue eyes filled with tears.

'Serena...' she saw her sister's lips form the word. 'Come back...'

But she stepped into the car, never looking back again. Never allowing herself to turn, never allowing herself to look back at that little girl standing by the window, tears pooling in her eyes.

Viola's fingers balled into tight fists as the nightmare shifted again, and she found herself in the Moonwillow Pack, enjoying life, until she was suddenly back on the cold floor where Evan had rejected her.

She relived the moments she was being tutored and beaten in the dungeons, moments where people told her she deserved it, that she was paying for all her sins and cruel ways, and deep down Viola agreed she deserved it, she deserved it all and even more. Only, she hated being haunted by those moments repeatedly, hated being dragged back into them again and again.

Moments that tore into her soul and carved out every reason to be happy. She saw everyone turning their backs on her, mocking her, spitting cruel words at her, and the more cruel the words became, the more they pushed her away from herself, until she was falling deeper and deeper into an empty darkness.

When she began to fall into a deep abyss of darkness, just like every time she had this nightmare, she suddenly felt a gentle caress against her brows that stopped her. If she fell into that empty darkness, she would wake up feeling more empty and dead.

The touch was so soft, so different from all the hands that had beaten her, shoved her, and dragged her. She felt her body stop falling into the darkness, leaning instead into that soft, gentle touch against her brows and forehead.

Her heartbeat impossibly calmed, and she began to see a faint light emerging from somewhere deep within her darkness, filling her with a fragile sense of hope.

When the light suddenly began to grow faint and drift away, Viola did the only thing she could, she reached out and grabbed it fearfully, terrified it would vanish and leave her alone in the consuming darkness, afraid of what would happen if she fell into the abyss below.

"Don't leave me... I need you," she whispered to the light, holding onto it with trembling hands. "Please. Stay with me." She sobbed, anguish wracking her small body.

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While Viola struggled with her nightmares, she had no idea she was clutching Sebastian's shirt sleeve with such desperation.

He had come to check on her before he would leave the healing house, but then saw her whimpering in her sleep, her brows deeply creased in distress.

Sebastian acted without thinking and began to soothe the deep crease on her forehead formed by the anguish she was experiencing in her sleep.

He couldn't help but wonder what always troubled her this way. This was the second time he had seen her like this. But then, she must have endured a deep horror within the Moonwillow Hollow system. Four years of relentless torture would break anyone, even the strongest of souls, and he frowned in displeasure at the way it haunted her sleep. Would she ever overcome it?

He doubted it. He had lived through something similar twenty years ago and still had never fully overcome it.

When he finally tried to withdraw his hand after her frown had loosened its intensity, she suddenly reached out and grabbed his sleeve, whimpering softly.

"Don't leave me... I need you," she whispered. "Please. Stay with me." Tears spilled from the corners of her eyes as anguish wracked her small body.

Sebastian's inside clenched at the sight.

He knew that whatever she was experiencing in her sleep likely had nothing to do with him, but being her mate, and possessing all the instincts that came with it, instincts even sharper than normal, his heart leapt in his chest. As a mate, the one thing one always reacted to, the one thing the body responded to instinctively, was being needed by your mate.

The mate bond was formed in a way where the male didn't only feel possessive over his female, but where the strong urge to protect and provide was deep and unyielding. And though Sebastian was used to fighting his instincts, and winning, over all the scattered mates the Moon Goddess had placed in his path, there was something about this little one here that was different, even though she didn't fit the kind of mate his prophecy had given and marked for him.

He tried to pull his hand back, but she held onto his sleeve tightly. Sebastian's expression softened just a little.

This was the third time she had grabbed onto his clothing, and it seemed he would have to tear this one off as well if she didn't let go. How could such a little woman have so much strength? he wondered in curiosity.

"Little twig with the strength of a tree," he mused, looking at her fingers gripping his sleeve.

Sebastian perched his hip at the side of the bed, gazing down at her face as it turned peaceful again, all because she was holding onto him.

The mate side of him was deeply satisfied that she found peace in his presence.

The rest of him was not.

He wasn't the kind of person who brought peace to people. He destroyed. He killed. He could kill her.

## **Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 57: Support her\_Part 2[ 1,366 words ]**

### **Chapter 57: Support her\_Part 2**

Sebastian was aware that she was a very smart and intelligent woman, as he had seen through her phone the way she spent her time, solving even the hardest puzzles.

He had even dug deeper into her life himself and realized just how much more foolish Evan had been to let someone like this slip away for someone like Leni, who had no academic achievements and no Luna potential, unlike this one who had clearly displayed both in the past during their academy days.

If Sebastian were an ordinary Alpha of a normal pack without a prophecy, he could see himself keeping and protecting this little woman and having her rule next to him. He liked smart, intelligent women who didn't shout about their achievements or capabilities but let them speak for themselves.

Only he wasn't an ordinary Alpha. He thought this as his gaze drifted to the IV drip attached to her wrist, the clear liquid sliding steadily into her veins. Her being stronger than he had initially assumed still didn't change the undeniable fact that she was wolfless, for reasons even he could not understand or explain.

Being wolfless was almost unheard of within their kind unless one was born between a very weak omega and a human, a rare and unfortunate pairing that often resulted in diluted bloodlines. But her parents were not omegas at all, her father was a beta, and her two siblings in Moonwillow both possessed their wolves without issue.

So what, exactly, was wrong with her?

If she were merely a late bloomer, she should have received her wolf two years ago after the day of her Awakening, at the age of nineteen, when the Moon Goddess granted them their inner beasts and marked them as complete.

Yet that clearly did not appear to be the case here. She carried no wolf scent at all, none of that faint, underlying presence that even the weakest wolf could not fully conceal. There was only her own human-like fragrance and essence, without the layered undertone of a second soul dwelling within her.

The doctor had said she had fallen into this condition because she had pushed her body beyond its limits and hadn't been getting enough sleep due to all the stress. That, combined with exhaustion, had led to her collapsing and developing a fever.

Her hands were covered in blisters when her gloves were removed, and so were her feet, proof of how much she had worked herself to exhaustion. Though wolfless, if she could hold on to such strength, Sebastian couldn't doubt that she would do fine in the Silver.

'Are you there?' Sebastian said, reaching for his wolf who had gone quiet since that afternoon. Of course, the wolf didn't answer, not after the decision Sebastian had made hours ago that deeply upset his wolf.

After seeing the pain in the girl's eyes and everything she was doing just to be his Luna, which he was impressed by in spite of himself, he had decided to send her away to the human world and disqualify her from the competition the moment he returned home today.

Not because she was weak, but because now he was certain there was a great chance of her winning it. And winning would bring her nowhere but closer to him, and closer to death.

If his prophecy didn't take her life, his enemies would use her against him and bring about his downfall. And Sebastian feared weakness more than he feared anything else.

Laila would be great for him, because despite the mate bond, he didn't feel any risk of attachment to her that went beyond physical attraction. Meanwhile, this one made him curious and stirred his protective side awake. She made him want to protect her, to keep her away from anything harmful, even from himself.

So she has to go. Far, far away from his life and fight and heal her inner demons.

'Fuck you, man! I am never speaking to you again. In fact, I will break our ties. You saw how she was willing to die and how determined she is aiming to be your Luna, but you want to make her miserable by disqualifying her after she has worked this hard! Don't you know people like her, who are willing to die for something, could kill themselves if they don't get it?' his wolf had said incredulously, before withdrawing to the back of his mind and shutting him out completely.

'Fuck yourself!' the wolf had said.

Now, Sebastian tried to reach for his wolf again, but no matter what he did, he couldn't. So he took a deep breath and then slowly said,

'Muffin, stop sulking. We need to talk.'

Immediately after he said that, the wolf came forward and scoffed, 'You finally decided to use my name.'

'And that would be the first and last time,' Sebastian mused, disgusted.

When he had first found and awakened his wolf's spirit inside him at the age of fourteen, his wolf had introduced himself as Muffin, a name Sebastian thought was ridiculously outrageous and one he would never use to address something inside him. But the wolf hadn't been adamantly unwilling to change it, so Sebastian had simply never addressed him by name at all.

Muffin? How could the supreme Alpha bear a wolf named Muffin? That was a good insult to not just his pride but power.

Now he had no choice but to use it to draw the wolf out so they could talk.

'From now on, you will call me by my name or I won't answer you. What do you want?' Muffin grumbled.

'I have decided to let her stay and let her participate,' Sebastian declared, expecting his wolf to be happy, but instead, Muffin only scoffed.

'You keep changing your mind nonstop like an old hag today. What makes you change your mind again now? I can't become hopeful knowing you'll just change it again and send her away while she's unconscious.'

What made him change his mind? Sebastian wondered. She would make a good Luna, yes, but more than that, he wanted to see if she could survive the game without her wolf. Someone like her, facing the Silver's trials as a human... it was unprecedented. He needed to know just how far she could push herself, how much strength and cunning she really had.

There was another reason entirely, one buried deeper than he cared to acknowledge, one he wasn't ready to confront. Yet for now, he would let her participate, and watch closely.

She wanted to be his Luna, right? Fine. He would let her fight for it, so the elders would have no reason to oppose a wolfless as their Luna. If she won the competition, no one could stand in the way of crowning her.

'She wants it. I will let her fight for it, but on one condition,' Sebastian said to his wolf.

'What condition?' Muffin asked suspiciously and when Sebastian told him the condition, the wolf hesitated a little bit before agreeing.

'Deal. No more talk of sending her away then?'

'No more,' Sebastian agreed.

'And you will eat my shit if she wins?'

'Shut up.'

Sebastian closed the connection and then turned his eyes to the peacefully sleeping girl, who was still holding onto him.

"It seems you have earned yourself another supporter, four eyes. Wake up soon before you miss your chance to fight," he whispered.

Using his other free hand, he gently moved the hair that hovered and covered half of her face, disturbed when she had turned restlessly in her sleep. He smoothed the strands away from her face, then traced her porcelain-white cheek with the back of his finger, letting it slide slowly down to her parched, slightly parted lips. He felt the uneven edges beneath his touch and fought a stupid, foolish urge to lean down and soften them with his mouth and tongue, to lick, taste and sooth the dryness.

"You are going to be trouble, little twig."

'But I like trouble and I like her. She will make you miserable. He he he.' Muffin said.

## **Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 58: White Roses[ 1,615 words ]**

## Chapter 58: White Roses

Viola groaned awake, her entire body feeling sore and unusually heavy. When she first opened her eyes, everything was blurry, as expected with her terrible vision, so she instinctively reached out to the nightstand for her glasses without thinking too much about the fact that she was on a bed, when she usually preferred the floor.

Thankfully, her hand closed around her glasses immediately, and she brought them up and slipped them on.

The instant her vision cleared and her surroundings came into focus, her eyes rounded in astonished disbelief. What was she doing back in the healing room she had once spent months in? she thought, looking around almost panickingly, before her gaze fell to her wrist, where an IV drip was attached and machines beeped softly beside her.

How did she end up here again? What was she doing here? she wondered, glancing toward the glass wall that was unfortunately covered with thick curtains this time, preventing her from seeing outside and judging the time.

She calmed herself enough to let the cobwebs clear from her mind and brain and to process things slowly. It came to her, little by little, what had happened the last time she remembered being awake. She had been training, like every night, and had suddenly felt dizzy. Then everything had gone blank, only for her to wake up here now.

Oh no.

Viola gasped softly. She shouldn't be away from her training, not with the competition so dangerously close!

This, this beautiful healing room, was a place she couldn't afford to remain right now, with the competition so near. Viola thought this as she pushed herself into a sitting position, but she paused when she finally took note of something about her surroundings.

Unlike the last time she had been here, there were fresh white roses placed in different kinds of vases. They just so happened to be her favorite, their sweet scent filling the air, soothing something inside her and making her want to lie back down.

How did white roses get here? They were her all-time favorite. She found herself staring at the one placed in the vase on the stand beside her bed and instinctively leaning down to reach for it without thinking. However, she stopped herself midway, her fingers curling in midair before slowly withdrawing back to her side.

This beautiful atmosphere and those lovely roses were a luxury she couldn't allow herself.

Viola quickly snapped herself out of it before she could give in to her lazy side and lie down again, or worse, reach for the bundle of white roses on the nightstand beside her and inhale their scent.

She had always liked them, but they were rare and expensive flowers she could no longer afford. And even if she could, she would never buy them for herself. This new chance at life she had been

given, this life she was now living, was no longer about her, and that was a promise she intended to keep.

No more selfishness.

With that thought, her eyes turned away from the roses and dropped to the IV needle in her wrist. Without hesitation, she reached for it, ready to pull it out and get herself out of here, when a displeased, deep voice suddenly warned,

"Don't even think about it, four eyes. Leave it be."

Viola snapped her head toward the entrance. She hadn't even heard the door open. Alpha Kade walked in casually, his black leather shoes barely making a sound against the polished, gleaming floor. One hand was thrust into his pants pocket, while the other held a takeaway food bag.

She frowned. He still looked as annoyingly handsome as she remembered, silver strands of hair falling messily across his forehead, cold eyes that looked a little less hostile yet just as blank. What was he doing here? she wondered, recalling only a vague memory of seeing him while she was training.

That didn't explain his presence now.

As someone beneath him, Viola was supposed to bow and greet him, but instead she deliberately remained still, refusing to offer the respect expected of her before the Alpha. He was the last person she wanted to see the moment she woke up.

She watched him curiously and warily as he approached. When he removed his hand from his pocket and raised it, Viola flinched instinctively, ducking her head and lifting her arm as a shield.

"Don't!" she warned, even before she fully understood what he was about to do.

Sebastian's hand froze midair. His eyes narrowed in displeasure at her immediate assumption. Did she really think he would hit her? He wasn't the kind of man who struck women, and he certainly wasn't about to start with her.

Noticing that she had raised the arm with the IV still attached, Sebastian reached out and pulled it back down. She immediately yanked her arm free and sat up, cheeks flushing with embarrassment at her reflexive reaction, one born from years of being tortured. From the way she glared at him now, Sebastian knew she would never have wanted him to see that moment of weakness if it hadn't happened purely on instinct.

He bit back a smile as he raised his hand again. This time, she didn't flinch or blink. She watched him through the round frames of her glasses, blue eyes blazing, waiting to see what he would do.

Viola braced herself as his hand swung down toward her face. She balled her fists, fighting her body's instinctive reaction to raised hands. Evan had done that many times back in Moonwillow,

slapping her without warning after she became a hollow. She didn't see why this heartless Alpha wouldn't do the same for her failure to greet him when he entered.

But instead of a blow, his large, warm palm settled gently against her forehead, covering it entirely.

She frowned and quickly moved her head slightly back, away from his hand, resisting the strong urge to swat it away.

What was he doing?

"Hm. No more fever. That's good," Sebastian muttered, removing his hand. "Don't remove the IV drip. Let it be." he told her gently.

But she continued to watch him warily, like a cornered little puppy, waiting for an attack so she could bite. Really? Did she still think he would hurt her?

"What are you doing here, Supreme Alpha?" she asked with narrowed eyes, unable to understand why he would be here at all when he clearly didn't like her. Shouldn't he be busy at the pack house or something?

Sebastian placed the takeaway food bag on the nightstand. His silver eyes drifted to the white roses in the vase on the stand, their sweet scent filling the room. He had noticed from her phone gallery that she liked white roses and had ordered the strongest, sweetest ones to her room.

Instead of answering her question about why he was here, he asked calmly,

"Do you like the flowers, niñita?"

Viola was momentarily thrown off by his question, her eyes drifting to her favorite flowers on the nightstand before returning to him.

Did he really get these flowers? Why would he do that? White roses were so expensive that even Evan had never bought them for her back then, he would paint a red rose instead. She saw no reason why this man, who clearly didn't like her, would get them for her sake. She assumed he must be asking for her opinion on his unnecessary purchase of something she had already chosen to deprive herself of.

"No," she said curtly, then looked away, missing the displeased look that crossed his face and how his darkened gaze shifted to the flowers. Before she could process it, he grabbed the vase, walked to the bin, and tossed it, along with every single flower in the room, into the trash.

The sound of the vase hitting the bin pulled her attention back to him, and she gasped in disbelief, staring at him. Was he crazy?

Why on earth would he discard something so beautiful and expensive?

Viola's heart went to the roses, but she forced herself to look away. She wanted to say something, to chide him for wasting something so costly, but she bit back the words. It wasn't her place, and it wasn't her business if he threw away something he had bought with his own money.



It wasn't like he bought it for her. There was no way he would even know it was her favorite.

Instead, she turned away and began to silently wonder for how long she'd been unconscious? Probably half a day. She could make up for a missed day of training once she got out of here. She still had two days left before the competition, Viola thought, pleased with herself.

However, before she could even think about removing the needle from her hand, Viola noticed Sebastian grab the small foldable table at her side. He carried it closer and placed it across her lap, effectively trapping her, and said almost grudgingly, "You need to eat."

She didn't like the flowers? Sebastian thought. Then why the hell did she have so many of them on her phone?

Sebastian was still annoyed that he had wasted his time arranging the flowers just to please her when she wakes up. It was something he would never get caught doing in his life, but the damn mate-bond instinct to care for his female had led him to it. Now he felt stupid and had vented his frustration on the flowers. What was the point if she didn't even like them?

They belong inside the bin.

## **Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 59: Doesn't trust him[ 1,293 words ]**

### **Chapter 59: Doesn't trust him**

"I am not hungry. I need to go," Viola said quietly, but he ignored her words and began setting the food from the takeaway bag onto the table in front of her.

The sweet aroma of warm eggs and lightly buttered toast hit her immediately, and her stomach growled softly despite herself. She flushed in embarrassment, clutching it in shame.

Sebastian gave her a look and then resumed placing the containers on the table. He added a side of cut fruit, orange slices and strawberries, nothing heavy, nothing that would overwhelm her stomach.

Viola watched him with a frown as he continued bringing out containers, as if the bag were some magic item holding endless food. Who would eat all this food he was bringing out?

By the time he was done setting everything down, the table held more food than she could ever finish. Not that she would eat something offered by him without questioning it. He could have

ulterior motives for being here and buying her food. What if he had poisoned it to prevent her from making it to the competition?

From what she knew, this man had no reason to treat her kindly in any way, he hadn't from the beginning. No matter how hungry she might be, she wasn't going to touch any food brought by him.

"You're eating," he ordered, his voice low and firm, brooking no argument, as he finally straightened and met her gaze, daring her to defy him again with an "I'm not hungry."

"I am not eating. I said I am not hungry," she replied firmly, her deep frown fixed on him. Why would he order her to eat if he hadn't poisoned it? She wasn't so naive to think someone like him, who would have wanted her dead, would suddenly decide to be nice without reason. She didn't trust him in any way.

Sebastian wasn't sure if he should be annoyed, yet to his own surprise, he wasn't, he was amused.

Her stomach growled again, and his eyes flicked to it. "I don't think your stomach agrees with you, four eyes. Eat. You've been asleep for two days, and your body must be crying out for food."

Everything inside Viola's mind froze for a moment. "I have been asleep for two days?" she exclaimed. Oh no. That meant tomorrow was the competition, and she had missed two important days of training! Damn it. This wasn't good.

Viola tried to push the table and the food aside so she could remove the IV drip and get out of there. She didn't need his "poisonous" food to delay her more, but his large hand suddenly pressed against her chest, keeping her in place. She glared up at him, and he gave her a harmless smile. "Not a chance, nifita. You will eat before you leave."

Why the hell wouldn't she just eat the food? She was obviously hungry, and she needed nourishment. Sebastian thought.

'Duh, she obviously doesn't trust you, fool,' Muffin scoffed.

Viola tried not to let her urgency make her forget that he was an Alpha and fought the instinct to push his hand away from her chest, where his fingers were grazing in places they shouldn't.

She spoke calmly, though her fingers balled into tight fists of resentment. "Take your hands off me. I know you do not like me and you want me to fail this competition, but keeping me here is a petty way to go about it, Alpha Kade." She couldn't believe he would stoop so low and try to make her miss her chance after he had given his word.

Really? And he said he never went back on his words. Her chances in life depended on this competition, without it, she had no other hope of helping her sister. And without making it up to her sister, Viola would rather die than fail. She had thought she couldn't dislike someone this much, yet with every encounter, her dislike for him only grew stronger.

Sebastian's frown deepened as he realized what she was thinking. She had misunderstood him. He wasn't trying to stop her; he was making her stay just long enough for the IV drip to finish and for her to eat.

"Foolish woman. If I really wanted to make you fail, there are other ways to do it, and I wouldn't have brought you to a healing house in the first place. Stop being stubborn and eat, or you are not leaving this place."

How was she supposed to fight tomorrow if she didn't eat? And the IV drip contained a special medicine designed to help her recover quickly, giving her the strength she would need for the competition.

"I said—" Viola began.

"Eat. No more talking," Sebastian said, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Viola sighed in despair at the stubborn man before her. Why was he forcing her to eat as if he were her parent? She knew he couldn't possibly be doing it out of concern for her, such a thought was unthinkable and highly unlikely. The only other explanation was that the food had something in it.

But then, thinking back to his own words, she realized that if he truly wanted to prevent her from participating by killing her, he wouldn't have brought her here at all after she had passed out on the training grounds.

She glared at him suspiciously, still not trusting the food, but knowing she wouldn't get out of there without eating it, she gave in.

When Sebastian thought she would argue and refuse to eat, she surprised him by grabbing the spoon, bending her head, and eating like an obedient little girl.

Seeing how she devoured the food, swallowing without chewing properly, Sebastian let out a small sigh. He wanted to tell her to eat slowly, but he knew she would eat even faster if he did, and possibly choke herself to death. He had never been with a woman this stubborn in his life, and instead of being annoyed or irritated by her, he found himself more amused.

For some reason, Sebastian realized that if she had been so submissive and so quick to give in to his orders and commands, he would have found her predictable and boring. She was a feisty one, and he had never realized he was into that type until now. This little fire intrigued him far more than he had expected, and it drew his attention in a way he couldn't ignore.

'She's interesting, isn't she? That's why I like her more than all the others who try to please us. She's adorable. My beautiful fighting girl,' his wolf purred. Sebastian could almost imagine the creature's melting eyes at the stubborn girl forcing the food down her throat, her cheeks bulging from how full her small mouth was.

That mouth. His insides clenched, because whenever he looked at it, he imagined things that drove his blood to a white-hot blaze and made him instantly hard in his trousers. Not only was her scent addictively intoxicating and maddening, but her mouth, and her eyes, were just as dangerous. Watching her chew, lick her lips, a thread of heat coiled and dissolved in his groin, and he cursed under his breath.

Did she have to look so damn enticing even when she wasn't trying? The little idiot had no idea the effect she had on him, or how badly he wanted to...

Sebastian found himself agreeing with his wolf. Unlike the many she-wolves he had encountered, she was the first who didn't try to please him blindly and dared to talk back when he ordered her.

She was interesting indeed.

Very interesting. His little spitfire.

## **Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 60: Change of heart[ 1,424 words ]**

### **Chapter 60: Change of heart**

Viola finally ate as much as her stomach could hold. While she was wolfing down the food, the Alpha had gone out to answer a call, leaving her with an omega monitoring the progress of her IV drip.

When she finished eating, Viola waited for the poison to take effect, but nothing happened. She found it strange to accept that he had given her that food out of some kindness of his heart. She almost laughed at the notion; surely there was a motive behind his actions, and she needed to find out, unfortunately, she didn't have the time now.

Viola glanced at the IV drip, which was only halfway through, and at the omega assistant silently taking notes of her condition at the side.

"Can you please remove this from my wrist? I'm feeling fine now," she asked politely, addressing the omega she recognized as one of those who had roughly handled her during her last stay here months ago.

"I cannot remove it. The Alpha has ordered it to finish before it's taken out. If you know what's best for you, let it finish and don't disturb me," the omega warned grudgingly, her tone angry and bitter.

She was upset that a half-blind wolfless was getting all the attention of their Alpha, someone she had never personally set eyes on until he had rushed in with this supposedly useless wolfless who actually believed she could become their Luna. A wolfless as a Luna? How delusional and unrealistic.

But what was even more unrealistic was their Alpha giving her any attention at all.

What was better about a wolfless than an omega like her? At least an omega had a wolf, unlike this one here, the girl thought, glaring at Viola and wishing she could strangle her on the bed for how

much she had recovered and how beautiful she looked, far more than the last time they had mocked her as "Miss Ugly."

Her silent resentment toward the wolfless woman made her sneer.

"You can never be our Luna. I'll wait to see the report of your death after tomorrow's competition, wolfless," the omega girl grumbled under her breath as she adjusted the IV drip with jerking movements that hurt Viola's hand where the needle was inserted.

Viola's brows drew together at the hostility and resentment on the omega's face and in her words, but it no longer fazed her. She wasn't surprised by it anymore, because if anyone knew how much she herself disliked herself. Yet she didn't believe that was enough reason for the omega to act so rude and speak to a patient in such a manner.

Viola smiled faintly as the girl glared down at her. "Unfortunately, your bitterness can never change your situation, nor can it make you better than you already are. A bitter person never moves forward in life. I will be your Luna, whether you agree to it or not, and the first thing I do when I make it is replace you with someone with a better attitude." Saying that, Viola reached out and pulled the needle from her skin, unwilling to spend another moment in this healing house and endure a rotten attitude from an omega when she has important matters at hand.

She was standing when a deep, displeased voice warned, "What do you think you're doing?" Sebastian walked into the room, his hand tucked inside his pocket like a local thug, but instead of looking cheap, he looked dangerously handsome and breathtakingly unreal.

The omega nearly swooned in awe. Goddess, he was stunning. Wearing a dark gray suit, his silver eyes blazing, his hair messily swept back as if he had run his fingers through it repeatedly to leave it that way, he looked like he had stepped straight out of a billboard. But the aura of rage around him made the omega bow her head in submission, silently rejoicing that he would deal with the wolfless.

While the omega marveled and shivered at the sight of him and his anger, Viola barely spared him a glance and grabbed the nearest tissue, pressing it against her wound to stop the bleeding.

Sebastian's angry eyes blazed like fire, ready to spill flame.

"Do you have a death wish?" he hissed, walking toward her and grabbing her bleeding hand. Despite his rage and harsh tone, he handled her hand with care and gentleness.

"Take your hands off me," Viola warned, trying to pull her hand back. But his grip tightened as he tugged her closer, grabbed a tissue and a bandage, and pressed down on her wound. "I told you to fucking let it finish," he scolded, bandaging the spot and glaring at her.

"And I told you I need to leave. I feel fine already," she shot back, glaring at him with blazing blue eyes.

She didn't like how he thought he could control her or keep her here when she had things to do. What was he up to? She didn't like him doing anything for her, because nothing in this world came for free, especially not from someone who wanted her gone.

"Get out!" he barked at the omega girl, who had been waiting for the Alpha to kill the wolfless. Hearing his harsh words, she quickly straightened and dashed out of the room as if running for her life.

Sebastian's hardened eyes softened slightly as he said to Viola, "I know you're fine, but that IV drip is meant to give you the strength to fight tomorrow, and you've thoughtlessly wasted it now," he chided softly, leaving Viola even more confused.

She didn't understand his change of heart. Why on earth would he give her something to help her tomorrow? Staring at the tall and incredibly handsome man before her, she wondered why he would want her to have strength for the competition. Wasn't he against her victory?

Why was he helping her now?

When he finally let go of her hand, Viola blinked and asked,

"Why are you suddenly helping me? I thought you hated me and didn't want me to win."

Her words made Sebastian arch a brow. She was right, he had wanted her not to win because he had thought she had no chance and was nothing but a weakling. But she had proven him wrong days ago.

Though he still didn't like the fact that she could make him weak if she won, one thing he was certain of was:

"I do not hate you."

For once, Viola didn't know what to say. She stared at him, studying his expression. With his firm eyes and unwavering face, she could tell he wasn't lying.

"But I do. I hate you," she quietly mused, turning her back and beginning to tidy the bed out of habit. She didn't understand this person at all.

Sebastian was taken aback. He knew she didn't like him, but he hadn't expected her to say it to his face, that she hated him, even after everything he had done.

Hadn't he brought her here, risking his own position, and stayed longer than necessary in the healing house just to ensure she was safe? Wasn't that enough to make her drop the hate and see him in a new light? Furthermore, he was the Alpha, she should see this as an opportunity and want to use his niceness to her advantage. Many wouldn't let such an opportunity go.

But then, would he still find her interesting if she used him the way others would?

But damn it, he didn't want her hate.

'Damn. She still hates you. Tsk, you'll have to fix that, or you two won't be able to rule side by side in peace and coordinate properly,' Muffin said. 'It was all your fault. If you hadn't looked down on her and insulted her, it would have been easier. You even almost left her to die in that forest months ago. Serves you right.'

'Are you supporting her hate for us or what?' Sebastian asked darkly. 'Besides, she hasn't even won yet. She could still fail.'

'Duh. I am always supporting her because you are a heartless jerk. Make it up to her and fix things. She's our mate, and her hate will only hurt us deeply.'

He had never encountered a female who hated him before. She was the first one, and though part of him found it intriguing and utterly strange, Sebastian didn't like it that much. He didn't want her hate anymore.