Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 551: Everybody Out![1,143 words]

"Good," Price praised his mate for her determination. "There are no rules to this fight, you can use any old trick you want against her. End result, we win the right to stay here, and put the Alpha and his people to shame while we're at it."

Price was well aware that if he had chosen to fight Sebastian directly, he would have had little chance of winning. The man possessed true Supreme Alpha strength, and Price could tell that Sebastian had been seconds away from issuing exactly that challenge himself.

That was precisely why Price had taken the easier route instead, targeting the weaker opponent by pitting his own wife against theirs. He had framed the challenge so that if the little she-wolf refused to fight, she would be branded a coward in front of her own people, backing Silver into a corner they couldn't easily escape.

And Price had gotten them exactly where he wanted them. His wife wasn't just any ordinary she-wolf, which was precisely why he'd married her in the first place. She was a true hybrid, born to a lycan father and a werewolf mother, and her strength far surpassed even his own. She was so powerful that Price had sent her to fight on his behalf more than once, even while pregnant, and each time, she had returned victorious.

"Do you want me to kill her?" Elizabeth asked her mate, aggressively ripping into another piece of chicken, and Price laughed.

"No rules, honeycomb. You can, if she doesn't forfeit or back down first. All I actually want is a piece of this fancy pack for myself. Hurry up and eat, the sun's going down, and the arena's already opening up."

He patted her hair affectionately, and she bared her teeth at him in irritated warning, since she hated being touched while eating, and Price only laughed in amusement, pulling his hand back as he wandered over to the glass wall to look out over the pack soon to be his.

Looking out over the territory he was already certain would belong to him, he felt almost giddy, already mentally picking out which building he'd claim as his own personal quarters, fully convinced, in his own mind, that they'd already won, for that little bitch could never stand up to his wife.

(Music Recommendation: Fear Not by Efisio Cross.)

In the building where Viola was surrounded by family and friends helping her get ready, she turned and found her husband still watching her with the dark scowl he'd worn ever since she accepted the challenge. His expression alone told her just how displeased he was with her, even without him saying a word.

The sight made her so anxious that she bit the inside of her cheek before guiltily looking away from his face, knowing he was upset that she'd come outside when he'd specifically told her to stay indoors.

But why should she have to hide inside while everyone else had been outside where all the chaos was happening?

No matter how she looked at it, she belonged out there, not hiding away from the situation. She had never been the kind of person who could comfortably stand by and let others face a problem, and she certainly wasn't about to start acting like a coward now.

She had her reasons for refusing to hide, even if she understood why Sebastian was upset with her. She just needed to make him understand her point of view, too, and why hiding away wasn't the right thing to do.

She knew that after losing his sister, Sebastian's protective instincts had grown even stronger, making him all the more determined to keep her away from danger. But he needed to understand that she wasn't weak, that she could protect herself and stand her ground when necessary. The responsibility of protecting the pack wasn't his burden alone to carry.

"I could fight in your place, Vee. You don't have to do this yourself," Laila offered as she helped Viola tie her hair back, carefully brushing the melted snow from its strands.

Privately, however, Laila was practically itching for a good fight herself. Her mind had been a whirlwind of thoughts since morning after she left the Doctor, and she would have gladly taken on Elizabeth, a woman known throughout the werewolf world as Elizabeth the Barbarian.

"That wouldn't count, Laila. If we want them gone, I have to be the one to do it myself. Besides, plenty of other Lunas have found themselves in situations like this before, it shouldn't be anything new, and I have my wolf now, on top of it." She reminded them, her eyes drifting to her husband, who, at her words, stepped forward and flicked her forehead, making her wince and rub the spot while glaring at him.

"What was that for?" She pursed her lips.

"Everybody out!" Sebastian barked, sending the whole room scattering, and within moments the couple stood alone.

"You're being naive if you can't see what that bastard is really planning. This is a no-rules fight, and it isn't limited to fighting in wolf form. It's a shifting fight, which means both forms will have to participate. That's exactly why Darkbur trains its people to fight in both forms. It's their style of fighting, and their people look like they live in a gym. When was the last time you went out to train your human form, honey?" Sebastian asked, his tone nowhere near soft.

Had she simply stayed inside like he'd asked, he would have challenged Price himself and ended this already, but instead his wife had put herself forward and complicated everything.

As much as he trusted she wasn't weak, she was in a fragile condition right now, and he would have far preferred her resting in bed over fighting at all.

Viola flushed at his words, dropping her gaze to her feet, fingers curling tightly at her sides. "I see you don't have faith in me either. I didn't want you starting a war, especially with Silver still in mourning. War costs people, I know. I know I haven't trained properly since the competition last year, but you didn't have to throw that in my face like that." She said, her voice carrying a hurt so plain that Sebastian felt an immediate, sharp prick of guilt in his chest for having wounded her, even unintentionally, with his words.

Sebastian's anger dissolved instantly, flying right out of him, and he reached for her, pulling her into his arms. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it the way it came out. I just hated that you took on that challenge, and—"

"Do you believe in me, Seb?" She asked calmly, pulling back from his embrace to look up at his torn expression as he dragged a hand through his hair.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 552: Not helping[1,219 words]

It wasn't that Sebastian doubted her abilities. His concern was that Elizabeth was a half-breed, and lycans were naturally stronger than ordinary werewolves. Their superior strength had made them a force to be reckoned with for generations, and they had once posed such a threat to the werewolf world that they were eventually driven out many

years ago. Had they remained, there was no telling how much of the werewolf world they might have come to dominate by now.

Sebastian cupped her cheeks, his thumb stroking gently over her smooth skin. "I have faith in you. Just not while you're in this condition. I need you to forfeit this fight and let me handle it my own way."

Viola's face scrunched up in displeasure, and she pulled away from him entirely to finish dressing herself, since clearly he didn't have as much faith in her as she'd hoped. She was terrified, if she was being honest with herself, and had wanted his belief in her to steady her nerves, but it seemed she wasn't going to find that strength here, not when he didn't even want her fighting for their own pack.

She changed into one of Zoe's designer suits, made specifically for occasions like this, the thought striking her unexpectedly, that if Zoe were here, she'd be her loudest supporter, standing right at her side, and Viola missed her fiercely in that moment it sent a prick into her chest.

Sebastian watched his wife dress herself with sharp, jerky movements, understanding full well she was furious with him, and dragged a hand through his hair, at a complete loss for what to do next.

If it were entirely up to him, he'd cancel the fight outright, but doing so would brand his wife as weak in front of everyone, and though he didn't give a damn what anyone else thought of her, he cared deeply what she thought of herself, and he knew she wouldn't forgive him for taking this from her.

This was her honor, her fight to take, and Sebastian couldn't bring himself to support it, not with the fear of something going wrong sitting so heavily in his chest. He took a slow breath and crossed to hug her from behind anyway, and even as she tried to shrug his arms off, he held on.

"If that barbarian hurts you, I will have her head, do you understand me? Don't let yourself get hurt, or this will be your first and last fight for this pack. I don't care whether you like it or not. Next time, you're staying in this room," Sebastian said firmly.

Viola shoved his arms away, glaring at him with her lips pressed into a tight, displeased line. She knew he was worried about her, but instead of reassuring her, his words made her feel as though he had no faith in her ability to fight for herself. And the way he spoke about forbidding her from fighting again, as if the decision were entirely his to make, only made her more upset. She wasn't a child who needed to be ordered around, and she certainly didn't want him treating her like she was too weak to stand up for herself.

Sebastian belatedly realized he'd said the wrong thing yet again. All he'd wanted was to comfort her and make sure she understood how careful she needed to be, but somehow, he'd managed to make her even more upset.

"You know what, just leave. You're not helping me right now." She pushed him out of the room, then pulled Laila back inside instead, locking the door behind her. "Don't let him near me until after I win or I will get cold feet."

(Music Recommendation: Don't Forget by Falk Wünsch.)

Laila glanced between the Luna and the locked door, where Sebastian was now knocking, calling for his wife to let him back in, though Viola ignored him completely. Laila finally said, "Are you two actually fighting right now? Because I really don't want to get caught in the middle of this."

"We're not fighting. He's just being annoying and getting on my nerves. Can you help me with this zipper? And do you have any pointers for me before I go out there? Goddess, I'm so nervous."

Laila stepped forward to pull up the zipper while replying, "Your mate would have been a better person to give you pointers, considering he knows more about lycans than I do. Are you sure you know what you're doing by accepting this challenge?" she asked, looking at Viola's reflection in the mirror.

"I know," Viola replied, fastening the protective gear around her stomach. She knew she needed to protect her pups as much as possible during the fight. She could only hope it would be over before her sister returned with Sebastian's brother, who had escorted her out but hadn't returned yet. The last thing Viola needed was more anxious faces watching her from the stands, especially people she cared about.

"Good, because I know you can take that bitch down and make her regret ever challenging you, girl. And while you're at it, make sure she learns the importance of proper hygiene, because that woman reeks!" Laila patted her shoulders encouragingly.

Viola couldn't help laughing a little at Laila's remark about the Darkbur Luna's neglect of proper hygiene.

"Thanks, Laila, for being a good friend to me," Viola said with a genuine smile.

Laila flushed slightly at the words and quickly removed her hands from Viola's shoulders. She didn't consider herself a particularly good friend, and a part of her wondered whether Viola truly meant what she'd said.

"It's time," Laila announced, stepping aside to give Viola room to leave.

Everyone else had already gathered outside, waiting for her. Viola took a deep breath, steadying herself before turning toward the door and finally stepping out.

When Viola stepped outside, she had, for some reason, expected to find her husband waiting for her, but he wasn't there. Her shoulders slumped slightly, and her stomach twisted with nervousness, but she pushed the feeling aside and began walking down the corridor.

It wasn't until a few minutes later, as she was about to step into the arena, that a hand suddenly tugged at hers, pulling her into a dark corner and straight into a warm, strong embrace. She felt him slip something into her gear belt before he leaned down to whisper in her ear.

"Silly, you forgot your dagger. Remember, don't get hurt," he whispered before kissing her lips affectionately, then pressing another kiss to her forehead. He cupped her cheeks, gently making her look at him. "I'll be watching," he assured her.

Sebastian intended to sit right at the front, close enough to intervene if Elizabeth tried to fight dirty. If she crossed the line, he would be down in the arena dealing with her himself. He didn't give a damn what anyone thought. This was his world, and Viola was his world. He would gladly silence the entire audience with a knife to their throats if they dared to speak against her. But if allowing his wife to fight for their pack would make her happy, then he would let her do so, even though she had nothing to prove to him.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 553: Defeating Silver Luna[1,309 words]

(Music Recommendation: Flag Draped Coffin by IMAscore.)

"Don't even think about interrupting the fight, Seb. Let me see it through to the end, no matter what happens. Just trust me. The pups and I will be fine."

She pressed a kiss to his neck before pulling back with a smile and a playful wink. Sebastian, however, looked anything but amused, his handsome face still set in a dark scowl.

"I'll see you in a few minutes or an hour," Viola said before walking out into the open arena.

This was a different arena from the one used for the previous year's Luna competition. The entire grounds were blanketed in snow, with more still falling from the night sky.

Elizabeth was already there, sitting on a boulder, biting at her dirty nails and trimming them with her teeth as she waited for the little Silver Luna to show up. She wore a pair of black shorts, a ragged red crop top that looked as though it had seen better days, and a pair of sturdy winter boots. The moment she spotted Viola approaching, she got to her feet.

Viola couldn't help noticing that Elizabeth was still dressed in very little clothing despite the freezing weather. Unlike the werewolves of Silver, the people of Darkbur seemed to have adapted their human bodies to withstand the winter cold without needing extra layers.

Even the gear Viola wore did little to keep the icy air from seeping into her bones, and she had to bite back the urge to let her teeth chatter.

"Took you long enough to come out. I almost thought you'd chickened out," Elizabeth said, looking at Viola with disdain as the audience from both Silver and Darkbur erupted into loud cheers.

Meanwhile, in the audience stands, Alpha Price made his way over and sat down beside Sebastian at the front.

"If I were you, I'd be taking my mate off that arena right now, because my Liza is a hard nut to crack, and she won't stop until your wife's life is lying before her. She's built like a rock!" he laughed over the roar of the audience.

Sebastian turned to look at him.

"Since when do we judge strength by size, Price? You're bigger than me, but you can't stand against me in a fight, can you? That's why you sent your wife to do it for you. What a coward." Sebastian's words came out nonchalantly, and Price's laughter faltered, though he tried to maintain his smug expression.

Sebastian continued. "So, if you're so afraid of me, you should know that my wife has beaten me up before. If she can beat me, she can beat your wife, too."

"Don't run your mouth too soon, Alpha Sebastian. My Liza has beaten me too in a fight more than once. She's stronger than I am, and I'm not ashamed to admit it. You'll see for yourself how she's going to make your little wife kiss the snow and her ass." Price lit his cigar and brought it to his lips, turning his attention back to the arena. "How about we let time tell us who's right instead of running our mouths?"

The horn soon sounded, signaling the beginning of the fight, and the two women began circling each other in the arena.

Price couldn’t help finding the contrast in their sizes hilarious. He burst into laughter as though he were sharing a private joke with himself, his eyes fixed on the arena.

Sebastian would have gladly punched him to the ground right there, but his attention was drawn to his wife’s face. She looked pale, and the cold was clearly affecting her, her breath coming out in thick clouds of fog. His teeth gritted in annoyance. She was sensitive to the cold and chilled easily.

’Will you stop panicking, man? You’re going to send your nervousness straight to our girl,’ Muffin scolded him through their mind link, sensing how badly his human’s emotions were getting out of hand even before the fight had properly begun. ’You just told the bastard that size doesn’t matter, so why don’t you trust our mate’s abilities?’

Before Sebastian could respond, Elizabeth made the first move.

She launched herself into the air, shifting mid-leap into an enormous, strange-looking wolf with thick brown fur. Her transformation revealed her lycan heritage in the sheer size and power of her wolf form. The attack came so suddenly that Viola barely had time to react before Elizabeth crashed into her, knocking her down into the snow.

But Viola didn’t hesitate to shift, either. Her black wolf emerged, and she planted her hind legs against Elizabeth, using the force to shove the larger wolf away before springing forward to attack.

Elizabeth, however, shifted back into her human form in a flash, twisting her body to escape Viola’s attack. Before Viola could recover, Elizabeth seized her wolf by the neck. As though Viola weighed nothing, she lifted her and slammed her back into the snow, tightening her grip around her neck and forcing her head down, pressing it into the snow.

"I will bruise that smart mouth of yours, shorty!" Elizabeth said, a wild grin spreading across her face as Viola’s wolf struggled beneath her.

Sebastian’s entire body tensed.

"I told you," Price said smugly, taking a drag from his cigar. "She’s built like a rock. Though I have to admit, I didn’t expect your mate’s wolf to be that big and black. I thought all the black wolves died in Mooncreek?" He asked but Sebastian ignored him.

Down in the arena, Viola felt as though Elizabeth’s powerful hand would crush her wolf’s neck at any moment. Unlike Elizabeth, she hadn’t mastered shifting so quickly that she could change forms in the blink of an eye. Having gone so long without her wolf in her life, the pain that accompanied her transformations made the process more difficult, and

every second she spent struggling to shift was another second Elizabeth had to squeeze the life out of her.

Just when it seemed Elizabeth was about to succeed in strangling her, Viola managed to shift back into her human form. Her smaller body slipped out of Elizabeth's loosening grip, and the moment she was free, she twisted around and kicked the back of Elizabeth's knees with all her strength.

Elizabeth dropped down like a sack of grain.

Viola didn't waste the opportunity. She threw herself onto Elizabeth's back and wrapped her arms around the larger woman's neck, attempting to choke her into submission.

But Elizabeth was far from finished.

With a vicious jerk of her head, she struck Viola across the face with the back of her skull, catching her nose with enough force to make her recoil. Before Viola could recover, Elizabeth grabbed her and slammed her into the snow-covered ground.

Then she shifted, and one enormous paw came crashing down toward Viola.

The audience watched in a mixture of excitement and dread. The Darkbur wolves roared and cheered for their Luna, while some of Silver's members watched with growing horror, fearing for their own Luna's life.

Others looked on with disappointment and anger, convinced that allowing Viola to accept the challenge had been a terrible mistake. Elizabeth was too powerful, too ruthless in her attacks, and far too experienced. At this rate, she would stomp their Luna into the snow before the fight was even halfway over.

Price was practically on his feet, clapping and cheering for his wife. Sebastian, meanwhile, was only a step away from storming into the arena himself. Every instinct in him screamed to get Viola out of there, but the thought of disrespecting her by interrupting the fight she'd insisted on finishing kept him rooted to his seat.

"Poor thing is struggling for her life!" Price laughed. "My Liza will stomp her to the ground."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 554: Don't Hold Back[1,164 words]

(Music Recommendation: The Evening Fog by Twelve Titans Music.)

Viola was indeed struggling in the arena. She caught Elizabeth's enormous paw with both hands just before it could come down on her stomach, holding it back with all the strength she could muster. Her arms trembled under the pressure, and she could feel herself losing ground against the crazy woman.

Though Viola had an Alpha bloodline, so did the other woman. If Viola had mastered all the tricks of being a wolf and learned to shift swiftly, she wouldn't be struggling this much alongside Cyan. Elizabeth wasn't only older than Viola; she was also far more experienced and had mastered every angle of attack.

'Come on, baby,' Sebastian encouraged her through their mind link, his voice reaching her through the chaos.

As though his words had given her a sudden burst of strength, Viola managed to shift back into her wolf form and shove Elizabeth away. She sprang forward immediately, aiming for the vulnerable spot at the back of Elizabeth's neck, where an attack could interfere with her ability to shift swiftly.

Viola clamped her jaws down and bit hard.

Elizabeth's blood filled her mouth, and the brown wolf let out a furious snarl, thrashing violently as she tried to shake Viola off. For a moment, Viola held on, refusing to release her grip even as Elizabeth twisted and bucked beneath her.

Then Elizabeth struck out with one of her powerful hind legs, catching Viola and throwing her off.

Viola landed hard in the snow and rolled before scrambling back onto her paws.

Blood stained the white ground, dripping from Elizabeth's neck and spreading across her fur. Her eyes flashed with fury as they met Viola's, who had already recovered and was circling her again, watching every movement.

"You little bitch!" Elizabeth gritted out, shaking her head to rid her fur of the snow and the blood, where Viola had gripped her weak point.

"And you big bitch!" Viola retorted pettily.

Despite her cheeky response, she never took her eyes off Elizabeth. The other she-wolf's movements were unpredictable, and she had already proved that she could change forms and attack in the blink of an eye.

Viola wasn't going to let herself be caught off guard again.

As though reading her thoughts, Elizabeth suddenly leaped into the air, shifting mid-flight. But this time, Viola was ready. She braced herself and began shifting at the same moment, timing her movements so that when Elizabeth came crashing down toward her, Viola was already prepared to counterattack.

Her legs struck Elizabeth squarely in the face. Though Viola had lost much of her training and hadn't had time to keep up with it, she was still well-trained, and the strength of her wolf remained in her human form, giving her kick enough power to hurt Elizabeth.

The kick landed with such force that Elizabeth was sent sprawling backward, crashing into the snow with a heavy thud.

The crowd erupted.

Viola didn't give her a chance to recover. She charged forward and delivered another kick on the woman, then another, forcing Elizabeth to remain on the defensive. She made sure to avoid Elizabeth's stomach, no matter how tempting an opening presented itself. Whatever happened between them, Viola wasn't going to risk hurting the pups Elizabeth was carrying, not even if their mother was a savage who seemed to have no problem putting hers in danger.

But that restraint came at a price.

Because Viola was deliberately avoiding Elizabeth's stomach, she left herself open in other ways. Elizabeth seized the opportunity, grabbing Viola by the leg and yanking her off balance.

Viola hit the ground hard.

Before she could scramble away, Elizabeth was on her again, rising over her like a beast straight from hell. She unleashed a vicious barrage of kicks and punches, showing no concern for where they landed. Viola curled up and tried to shield herself, but Elizabeth was relentless, her blows coming too quickly for Viola to defend against them all.

"I will fucking kill you!" Elizabeth snarled.

Then she drove her foot into Viola's stomach.

Pain exploded through Viola's body.

Before she could catch her breath, another kick struck her head. Elizabeth continued attacking, kicking her stomach and face in repeated succession, caring nothing for the fact that Viola was pregnant with the heirs of Silver.

For a moment, Price had thought Viola might actually defeat his wife. But watching Elizabeth turn the tables, he burst into laughter.

"Your wife is a fool for thinking that just because she spared Liza's stomach, Liza would spare hers!" he mocked. "Tsk! She's so naive!"

That was the last straw.

Sebastian's fist slammed into Price's face before the man could even finish laughing. The punch sent him flying sideways off his seat, his cigar falling from his mouth as he crashed to the ground.

Sebastian barely spared him a glance.

His eyes were already back on Viola, who was still taking blow after blow in the arena.

'Don't hold back on that bitch. She doesn't care about you, love,' he told her through their mind link, his voice hard with fury.

Viola was struggling to protect herself from Elizabeth's relentless assault when her fingers brushed against something tucked into her gear belt.

The dagger.

Sebastian had given it to her just before she'd entered the arena.

With Elizabeth's attention fixed on beating her into submission, Viola seized the opportunity and pulled it free. She kept it close to her body, waiting for the right moment.

Elizabeth's foot lifted again, aiming straight for Viola's stomach.

This time, Viola didn't try to block it.

As the foot came down toward her, she thrust the dagger forward and drove its blade into Elizabeth's leg.

Elizabeth screamed.

The blade had been coated in wolfsbane, and the moment it pierced her flesh, the poison began to take effect. She staggered backward, clutching her injured leg as a wave of pain tore through her body.

Viola didn't waste the opening.

Blood running from her nose, she pushed herself up and lunged forward, stabbing Elizabeth in the thigh before pulling the dagger free again.

Elizabeth fell, her strength faltering as the wolfsbane spread through her system almost immediately.

But Viola wasn’t finished.

She moved over her fallen opponent and drove the dagger down once more. "This is for my pups, bitch!" Viola gritted out ruthlessly, pressing the blade downward.

This time, the blade struck Elizabeth where she wouldn’t be able to fight again.

The entire arena fell silent.

For a moment, nobody moved. Even the cheering Darkbur wolves seemed to have forgotten how to make a sound as they stared at the two women in the snow, one standing over the other with a bloodied dagger in her hand.

"Oh my God! Did she just stab her in the chest?!" someone cried from the audience, as it was unclear where Viola had stabbed last.

"Did she kill her?" Another asked when Elizabeth went motionless.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 555: Taking her out[1,136 words]

(Music Recommendation: Tell Her I Wasn’t Scared by Dan Thiessen.)

Viola, breathing hard, slowly backed away from her opponent, staggering slightly as she moved, the bloody dagger still gripped tightly in her hand. In that moment, her eyes held nothing but ruthless resolve, not a trace of mercy left in them as she looked down at the bleeding she-wolf.

The arena fell into complete silence, so quiet that a pin could have been heard dropping, broken only by the howling wind and the snowflakes swirling through the air.

Elizabeth had made the mistake of believing she could break Viola simply because she was smaller, and supposedly less capable. Now, Viola stood over her, battered and exhausted but still holding her weapon, unwilling to back down or show an ounce of regret for what she had done.

"You weren’t willing to show me mercy, Elizabeth, but for the sake of the pups you’re carrying, I’ll show you mine. Being a mother isn’t easy, and carrying them is even harder. I hope you’ve learned not to underestimate someone smaller than yourself next time."

Came Viola's words, reaching not only the stunned, bleeding Elizabeth, but the entire audience, who finally registered that Viola had only stabbed Elizabeth's shoulder, not her chest, not anywhere fatal.

Even Elizabeth looked genuinely surprised the other she-wolf hadn't finished her off, since had their positions been reversed, she wouldn't have shown the same restraint.

Even as she lay there bleeding, with the wolfsbane already working its way through her blood, Elizabeth knew that if she still had the strength, she wouldn't have spared Viola. She would have killed the little bitch outright. The mercy Viola had shown her now gnawed at her, and she glared at the Silver Pack Luna, feeling insulted by the very mercy that had been granted to her.

"I will fucking kill you!" Elizabeth gritted out, and Viola let out a sigh, looking down at her hopeless opponent.

"If you can still stand to fight me again sometime, come find me. Next time, I'll aim for your chest instead." Saying that, she turned to Alpha Price, whose face had twisted into open disbelief and fury, having just lost his entire chance to claim a piece of Silver, along with whatever larger ambitions he'd been building toward.

"You have thirty minutes to pack your people and get the hell out of our pack!" Viola yelled out for him and his people to hear her words.

The entire Silver audience erupted into cheers, many of them genuinely impressed as they watched their Luna stand victorious over Elizabeth the Barbarian.

Viola's name was already being chanted throughout the crowd, the deafening noise making her head spin. Her body ached. She tightened her grip on the dagger, struggling to remain on her feet as exhaustion weighed heavily on her. She had won, but all she wanted now was to leave the arena, find somewhere quiet to rest, and let her body recover.

Seeing that Elizabeth couldn't even manage to stand, Viola finally turned away. That was when she spotted her husband already vaulting down from the stands into the arena like a skilled monkey leaping from a tree. She couldn't help smiling at the sight of her man.

She waved at him, only for him to glare at her, his expression clearly displeased with how badly she'd been hurt and how much she was bleeding.

As she attempted to walk toward him, her legs suddenly felt like jelly, weak and unsteady beneath her. Only then did she fully register the injuries covering her body, the places that were still bleeding, and how deeply the cold had settled into her bones after fighting in such inadequate clothing. She placed a protective hand over her stomach, silently apologizing to her pups for putting them through such a frightening ordeal.

In no time at all, Sebastian was standing in front of her, pulling her into his warmth. The moment she was in his arms, her body finally seemed to realize that the fight was over and it no longer had to keep going. She melted against him, shivering uncontrollably as though she'd just been pulled out of freezing water.

"You're so warm. It's delicious, hubby..." she whispered against his chest.

His arms tightened around her as he scolded her. "And you're so cold I could freeze a drink on your skin. Silly woman, who doesn't know better than to fight in this damn cold."

Despite his scolding, his voice held no real harshness, and Viola smiled against his chest.

She might have held her ground against Elizabeth, but once she was with her husband, her body could no longer maintain the illusion of strength. The moment Sebastian wrapped his coat around her and lifted her into his arms, she finally surrendered to her exhaustion. Secure in his embrace, she drifted into unconsciousness, a faint smile of victory still resting on her face.

Sebastian looked down at his unconscious wife, who was smiling despite everything, and he didn't need to ask what had made her smile to know exactly why, she'd proven him wrong about her ability to handle herself.

Just as Sebastian had stepped into the arena to carry his wife out, Price had done the same, though not to carry his own, but to demand, "Someone get a fucking doctor to pull the wolfsbane out of her system!" He yelled, his voice nearly swallowed by the roar of the crowd, but Sebastian, already walking away, heard him perfectly clear.

Sebastian glanced back over his shoulder. "No doctor from Silver will touch her. Take your wife and leave my pack. Next time, you'll think twice before messing with my pack, or my wife." He said, then paused to add, "And if anything happens to my wife, or my pups after this fight, I will come for your head myself, Price."

With that, Sebastian walked away, snow drifting softly down around them, settling over his shoulders and across his wife, and he shifted her closer into the curve of his chest, where he knew, without question, she would always hold a bigger piece of his heart than anything else ever could.

This woman had walked into his life at a time he never expected to need her, let alone want her, and more than once now, his mate had proven herself, even when she hadn't needed to prove a single thing. His eyes darkened at the sight of the injuries she'd sustained, and without hesitation, he ordered through the mind link to his men,

"Feed the Darkbur Pack before they leave, and make sure wolfsbane's mixed into the food, call it extra seasoning. I want them crawling home in agony." He ordered, already leaving the arena behind with cold determination to get his wife out of there.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 556: The darkness underneath the sea_Part 1[1,135 words]

That night, after the fight, all of Silver couldn't stop talking about what had happened. Many praised their Luna for showing mercy by choosing not to stab her opponent straight through the heart, while others believed Elizabeth deserved to have the dagger driven into her heart.

The snowstorm that night was so severe that most people hurried indoors after the fight, seeking shelter from the heavy snowfall and the howling winds sweeping through Silver's streets and blanketing everything in white.

However, while Silver was caught in a mild snowstorm and everyone was still talking about the fight, Ivy was busy down in Aquaville, trying to obtain permission to bring the Silver Alpha beneath the sea so he could finally see his sister.

"This is exactly why I said it was a terrible idea to let that she-wolf into our graves in the first place. Now we're expected to welcome that no-good, black-hearted Alpha into our waters too. What do you think our ancestors, the very ones he betrayed, would say about that?" Yasmin protested, clearly unhappy with the idea. She was convinced that neither Sebastian nor any Alpha from his pack should ever be allowed into their home.

Ivy had been here since the previous night, trying to get answers from her aunt as she'd promised her sister she would. She hadn't brought up the subject of Sebastian coming down to the sea until now, and, as expected, Yasmin wasn't happy about the idea.

Ivy turned to her cousin. "You have no idea what it's like to lose someone you love, especially a sibling. He's not coming here to cause harm, only to see his sister. Is that really too much to grant him, Yas?"

Her words only made the other mermaid angrier. Yasmin swam right up to her, her blue eyes flashing with resentment.

"Don't you dare say that to me, Ivy. I know you protect that selfish sister of yours like she's a pearl, but that doesn't mean you get to throw shade at me. We all know we wouldn't have ended up living in fear if it weren't for those Silvers, and now you want to bring him right into our home so he can turn around and betray us by bringing their machines here to kill us all! You—"

"Yasmin!" Natasha scolded, cutting her daughter off.

Yasmin fell silent, but she didn't stop glaring at Ivy with heated blue eyes.

"Mama, you can pretend all you want that your sister's children have both chosen the wrong side, but I won't. I'm done," Yasmin said, as though she'd been holding these feelings inside for a long time. But this was going too far. After everything the Silvers had done to their bloodline, she couldn't accept the idea of allowing their Alpha into their home.

"Your sister made her choice and picked a side, and we didn't stop her. Now she wants to go even further? Absolutely not. It's not going to happen. If she wants to be welcomed here again, she should have joined us in the first place."

Ivy was stunned by everything coming out of Yasmin's mouth. She knew her cousin had been bitter toward Sebastian ever since he'd caught her, but she hadn't realized Yasmin would object so strongly to him coming down to see his sister.

Rather than continue arguing with her heated cousin, Ivy turned to her aunt.

"Aunt, can I bring him down here? He won't stay long, and Serena asked me to make this possible. I promised her I would. It'll only be for a few minutes," she pleaded.

Yasmin immediately turned to her mother, giving her a pointed look as though silently demanding that she refuse Ivy's request outright.

"He's not coming here, Mama. Not to Aquaville, and certainly not to the grave where my son's body rests. If that selfish, now-werewolf Viola wants her husband to be welcomed here, she can return to her home and take responsibility for us as the Child of the Sea, or forget it," Yasmin said firmly, refusing to back down.

"You... lost a child?" Ivy asked, stunned.

But Yasmin was already too consumed by her fury over Sebastian's proposed visit to answer. Instead, she turned to her mother, who had remained silent throughout the entire exchange.

"I hope you know what's best for our people. I need to swim and clear my mind."

With that, the mermaid swam out of the cave, leaving Ivy alone with Natasha, who watched her daughter's retreating figure in silence.

"She lost a child?" Ivy repeated, turning to her aunt.

"Yasmin lost her second child, a boy, to sea fever. It struck him hard because he was still only an infant. We did everything we could to save him, but we couldn't, and he died," Natasha explained. "Ever since then, she's prayed and hoped for the return of the Child of the Sea, believing that one day she'd have the chance to see her son again. I don't think she's ready to accept that your sister has chosen to turn away from that destiny and throw away the very chance Yasmin has been waiting for all these years."

"Viola didn't throw any chances away, Aunt. She has her own family now. I don't see how she could leave them behind and abandon the life she's built for one she didn't even know existed until recently," Ivy said in defense of her sister.

Her aunt sighed.

"I know. That's why I'm trying to remain neutral. She's so much like Maddy, and just like Maddy, I know we can't do anything about her choices. But you have to be patient with Yasmin, too. A lot of the merfolk are still bitter about your sister's decision, especially Yasmin, who still hopes she'll get to see her son again someday."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know she'd lost a child," Ivy said quietly. No one had ever told her any of this before.

"It's all right. It's not your fault," Natasha assured her. "As for the Alpha of Silver, if you can promise he'll only stay briefly to visit his sister before leaving, you can bring him down. You can use the same method you used to sneak the shewolf body in here months ago."

Ivy was fairly certain her sister's husband wouldn't come here looking to cause trouble, that all he wanted was to see his sister, and hopefully, that reassurance might help keep his heart's corruption from ever triggering again, knowing she was somewhere safe.

The last thing Ivy wanted was for him to slip into a corruption she couldn't cure, dragging her sister down with him through pain and agony. If there was any way to avoid that disaster with Sebastian, she intended to try everything she could to protect her sister from it.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 557: The darkness underneath the sea_Part 2[1,297 words]

Ivy was handed the liquid meant to let Sebastian breathe underwater, should he come down to Aquaville, and she thanked her aunt before swimming back out of the cave, glancing around for her cousin, hoping to apologize, but Yasmin was nowhere in sight. Ivy decided it would have to wait until tomorrow, when she came back down again.

She called her Tidekin and opened a portal through the thick ice covering the surface, breaking through it with ease. When she emerged, she found Alex sitting beside the frozen water, keeping a section of the ice broken open to make a passage for her, though she hadn't come through there.

She'd been gone since the previous night, right through to morning, and hadn't expected him to still be waiting for her, especially after spending hours trying to keep part of the ice from freezing over.

"You're still here, Alexander?" Ivy asked as she crawled out of the water onto the ice, shivering from the cold. She frowned up at him, stunned that he'd been sitting out in the cold for hours.

Alex glanced over his shoulder at her, noticing that she'd emerged from another section of the ice, before getting to his feet. "Yes. I brought you here, so it's only right that I wait and take you back. Hold on a moment," he said.

Noticing how intensely she was shivering, he walked over to his car, where he'd left the heater running, and retrieved a blanket and her boots. He returned to her and draped the blanket over her shoulders, which she immediately pulled tighter around herself.

"You didn't have to wait. What if I'd gone back through a bathtub instead?" Ivy asked as Alex helped her to her feet and knelt to help her put on her boots.

As much as she had helped cure half his corruption, Ivy hadn't done it so the man would always be waiting on her beck and call, eager to help her with everything. It made her uncomfortable in a way she couldn't quite put her finger on.

Her brother-in-law was always at her beck and call, and the moment he noticed even the slightest discomfort in her, he would be there to ease it. She didn't know what to make of his behavior, but she was certain it had nothing to do with romance or matters of the heart. At least, she didn't think it did. The mermaid had been born with a heart guarded against love, though she had no idea why, and she didn't like finding herself in situations that made her feel this way.

Alex replied as he worked on helping her with her boots.

"You told me on the way here that you don't have reliable access to a bathtub anywhere in High Tower, so I figured you'd come out this way instead."

"Oh, I'd forgotten I mentioned that. But next time, I hope you won't stay out in the cold waiting for me," she told him, slipping her feet into the warm boots.

"I don't mind waiting. And in some ways, we're both helping our siblings, don't you think?" Alex mused, speaking as naturally as though whatever Sebastian chose to do with his life didn't bother him at all. "My brother has shut me out of his mind and his life, but

he’s still my brother. And I’m older than him by a few minutes, so I need to be the sensible one between us. Not to mention that you went down there for our sister’s sake. What kind of person would I be if I didn’t wait for you?"

He looked up at her from where he knelt, the morning sun catching in his silver eyes.

Ivy sighed and looked away from his gaze. "If you put it that way, then I guess you’re right. We are both trying to help our siblings..." she said. Then, as though something had just occurred to her, she pulled the blanket tighter around herself before speaking again.

"Do you ever feel... like you were born into this world for the sole purpose of protecting your brother from harm?" she asked curiously.

Alex’s fingers froze for a moment.

"You feel that way too?" he asked, narrowing his eyes.

The mermaid nodded. "Maybe that’s how it is with twins. I don’t know, but whenever I’m away from her, I feel drawn to her like a magnet. I always want to protect her, and I’m afraid she’ll make the wrong decision, so I feel like I have to be there to watch over her. It’s a strange feeling."

Alex’s expression grew grim as he helped her into her other boot.

"Mine is different. I feel like I have to make it up to him somehow, even though I’ve never intentionally done anything wrong to him that I need to make up for."

He paused, then suddenly frowned as he noticed the dark scales spreading across her feet before fading away.

"And... why do you have black scales on your feet?" he asked.

Ivy glanced down at her feet, biting her lower lip. "I’m not sure why it’s happening, but after spending time on land, every time I shift forms, my scales flash black before settling back to normal."

"Huh." Alex finished helping her with her boots before asking, "Is that normal?"

Ivy shrugged. "It doesn’t hurt, so I guess it might be. I wanted to ask my aunt about it, but I forgot."

"Must be some kind of side effect from being on land, then," Alex said. "Did you get what you came down for?"

He stood and took her hand as they walked back toward his car. Her legs were still wobbly from transforming, so Ivy carefully followed the footprints he'd already left in the snow.

"Yes, I got it. We'll come back here, with your brother." She showed him the small bottle, and Alex looked at it before asking, "Can I come too? I want to see her. I haven't seen her in so long."

Ivy wanted to explain how much convincing it had taken just to get her aunt to agree to let Sebastian down at all, but then she thought, Alex deserved this chance just as much, and she'd find a way to sneak them both in together.

"Sure."

Meanwhile, back in the waters, a blue mermaid could be seen swimming through the darker depths, a faint glow flickering in her palm to light her way, checking carefully over her shoulder to be certain no one had followed her, before slipping into a dark, abandoned cave.

Yasmin had no good reason to be here, and yet here she was anyway. She told herself it was all for the good of her people and her family, and that once everything played out the way it should, they'd eventually thank her for it. She couldn't understand why everyone was okay with Viola making her own choice when destiny had already chosen where she was supposed to be.

The Child of the Sea shouldn't turn against them and choose the enemy when her home was here. Yasmin was going to fix everything and make it perfect again, so Aquaville would no longer have to live in fear of death, the mermaid thought.

Once she reached the far end of the dark cave, she opened her other palm, where a small, enchanted object glowed to life in her hand, and almost instantly, the wall ahead became permeable, letting her pass through it like water, sealing shut again behind her as she entered.

The moment Yasmin entered the cave prison, she was greeted by the dark energy radiating from the prisoner locked inside.

"You're back." Came a voice from the darkness, carrying an echo, and something close to a smile.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 558: Time will tell[1,215 words]

"You know I'd come back, Nerissa. Don't act amused about it." Yasmin gritted out, annoyed, since she hated coming here at all, hated even more that Nerissa seemed to find amusement in her sneaking around behind her own family's back. This was her third time being here.

"Hmm. I can't help it, my dear lovely one," Nerissa said calmly, still hidden somewhere in the darkness, though her eyes remained sharp as they fixed on the young mermaid. "After all, you all locked me away here when all I've ever done is try to protect you from our enemy."

"I realized that too late, Nerissa. If you can still make things right the way you told me last time, by bringing Azmira back without hurting the rest of our family, then we can begin our plan to make that happen. It seems we really do share the same goal after all," Yasmin said.

Nerissa laughed softly.

"I would never hurt our own bloodline unless they chose to help our enemies first. I warned my sister not to trust them, but she never listened..." Nerissa said, genuine hurt threading through her voice as she glanced down at her chest, at the dark scales staining her skin black instead of their natural blue, the mark of her corruption. "Until he killed her and ended her life."

Nerissa had been left with the unbearable pain of watching her sister's body hang before the eyes of all the werewolves. Vaelor had done it to show them that killing a mermaid would grant them an unstoppable ability like the one he had developed.

"I watched her body decay where it hung. I could smell it from the waters, knowing what they were doing to her, turning her into something for everyone to look at," the sea witch said, her words sounding almost as though she were talking to herself.

Because of him, Nerissa had become corrupted, selling herself to darkness so she could survive and avenge her sister. And now, the girl who carried more of Azmira than anyone else was following the same path as her twin. Nerissa wouldn't allow it. She had to set things right and let the curse she'd placed on the Silvers run its natural course.

The Alpha had to destroy his own people, just as she had cursed him to do. He was never supposed to find his savior, Azmira's reborn, who had been reborn in this time as Viola.

"Are we still going to do it as you said the last time, Nerrisa?" Yasmin asked the sea witch.

A barrier now stood between them in the cave, and Yasmin knew she had to be careful around her and not open that barrier yet until she knew they were on the same level.

Nerrisa looked at the young mermaid, who had no idea that the sea witch was no longer targeting only the Silver bloodline but also Azmira's, determined to prevent her from returning.

"Yes. Vaelor carried a corrupted heart that developed after he killed Azmira. My curse was meant to activate that corruption with every full moon, subjecting him to endless pain and making him turn against his own people. The cure was supposed to be Azmira's return. If you want to draw her back into the water, we can only trigger his corruption through loss. That will make her want to end his suffering somehow. She will have no choice but to embrace Azmira's powers and leave him," Nerrisa explained calmly.

Yasmin nodded, not shy away from hurting the werewolf in anyway as long as it would pull The Child Of The Sea back to their side.

"Who are we going...to attack to trigger him?" The mermaid asked.

"Time will have to tell, dear. Only, I don't have much time left," came the sea witch's reply.

Nerissa swam around her barrier, moving closer to Yasmin, who couldn't help noticing the age that had suddenly become apparent on the witch's face. Her skin was wrinkled and weathered, and her eyes looked droopy and watery with age. She looked so hideous that the younger mermaid had to fight the urge to flinch.

Nerissa smirked. "I'm starting to look my age because I no longer have enough energy to maintain a youthful appearance."

Yasmin swallowed nervously. She knew the sea witch maintained her youthful appearance by draining the youth from younger mermaids, and the thought of becoming her next victim suddenly terrified her.

"Worry not. I won't take your youth. You're working with me," Nerissa assured her. For me, the witch added silently in her mind, watching the younger mermaid.

"My time is running out. According to the natural order of things, I wasn't supposed to live this long. Just as my twin has been reborn, so have I. But before I let go, I have to make sure things fall in order..." Nerissa said, swimming slowly within her prison.

A body lay sleeping beside the barrier, and she glanced at it before continuing.

"I won't be here much longer, but I have to make sure my reborn self follows my path, inherits my powers, and finishes what I started. We can't have Azmira without having Nerissa, can we?" she asked with a smile, revealing her gnarled teeth and sharp fangs.

"I... don’t understand what you mean by your reborn self," Yasmin muttered, her eyes falling on the body inside Nerissa’s barrier.

Then the light from her palm fell upon the figure, and her eyes widened in recognition.

"H-how did you get him? My mother and the others have been looking for him. He’s a killer!" Yasmin exclaimed.

The sea witch burst out laughing.

"I have my ways of getting what I need, even locked away here. We need him, to trigger Sebastian’s corruption properly, this man is his worst enemy, the one person capable of truly destroying him. Don’t worry, once he’s done what he needs to do, we can kill him ourselves, for our family’s sake." Nerissa lied smoothly, looking down at Nick’s preserved body, soon to wake.

As much as Yasmin wanted Viola brought back fully to them, she didn’t love the idea of involving this particular werewolf in any of it. But Nerissa had lived far longer than she had, and surely knew exactly what she was doing.

"Is... is he your reborn self?" she asked, and the witch smiled.

"He wishes. But fortunately for me, he’s not. He’s just a means to an end."

"What do we do now?" Yasmin asked, her eyes still fixed on Nick’s peacefully sleeping face. Dark smoke rippled around him like a protective barrier as she wondered who could be the sea witch’s reborn self.

"For now... nothing. Let him enjoy her while it lasts and build a stronger bond with her. That’s what I need. We’ll let time take its course, and eventually, the version of me living in this life will realize what she’s here for." Nerissa smiled, looking down at the werewolf. "What’s destined to happen will happen. History will repeat itself." She chuckled.

Yasmin swallowed hard before speaking. "Whatever you’re planning, remember that she isn’t the enemy."

She reminded the elder mermaid, who only nodded.

"I know. She’s my twin sister, after all. How could I ever bring myself to hurt her?"

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 559: Mischievous husband[1,296 words]

Viola woke to the cool, wet trail of a tongue gliding over her skin.

For a long, hazy moment she floated between sleep and waking, her body still heavy and her mind processing things slower than usual.

The sensation was soft at first, warm breath fanning against her skin and the deliberate drag of a wet tongue just beneath the heavy curve of her breast, then higher, circling the fuller, sensitive flesh where pregnancy had made every nerve ending sharper. Her lower abdomen clenched with desire as the tongue sucked on the tip of her nipple, the warmth of his mouth so delicious she didn't want it to leave.

The moisture left behind cooled in the air of the bedroom, tightening her skin and pulling a low, helpless moan from her throat before she was fully conscious.

Her eyes fluttered open.

Sebastian's silver hair was the first thing she saw, his face lowered to her chest, his mouth still working slowly over her skin. He looked up just enough to meet her gaze, his lips glistening with the mischief of what he was doing to her so early in the morning.

"You're being a cat this early in the morning, hubby..." She whispered, looking down at his handsome face, at the disheveled hair falling over his forehead and the smile curling against his lips.

When he spoke, he whispered it against the damp place he had just kissed and licked. "I'm trying to heal you, amor. You were covered in bruises last night."

Viola's breath hitched in her throat, caught between a moan and a cry when he bit down on her neck and then sucked on the place tenderly, making her wonder if he was trying to heal her or bruise her with his teeth. Whatever it was, she liked it.

Another soft moan slipped out as his tongue traced the underside of her breast again, then closed over one tight, swollen nipple and sucked hard on it.

The pull was deep and wet, sending a pulse of heat straight between her legs. "I'm no longer wolfless," she managed to say, her voice still rough with sleep. "My body can do the healing on its own now..."

Despite her reminder, her husband only hummed against her skin, the sound vibrating through her breast, and began to move lower, kissing downward over her protruding belly.

The covers had already been pushed aside by now as he moved. Cold air kissed her bare thighs and the soft, rounded swell of her belly as he settled carefully between her legs.

Before she knew what he was about to do, she felt the heat of his breath and the first slow, open-mouthed kiss he pressed to the soft skin of her inner thigh. Then another, higher. Then the wet, deliberate slide of his tongue parting her folds.

Viola's head fell back against the pillow with a broken sound.

He licked her like a man who had all the time in the world, long, thorough strokes from her entrance up to the swollen bud of her clit, then circling it with the flat of his tongue before drawing it between his lips and sucking gently.

The wet sounds of his mouth working her filled the quiet room. Every pass of his tongue sent sparks racing up her spine; every soft, rhythmic pull of his mouth made her hips try to lift, though the weight of her belly kept her mostly still. Her fingers found his hair, threading through the silver strands as another moan spilled from her throat.

He pushed his tongue deeper, moving it into her in slow thrusts, tasting how wet she already was, before returning to her clit and sucking harder. The dual sensation made her thighs tremble around his head and caused her to grab at his hair.

Sebastian stopped what he was doing to part her folds with his hands, and he said, "I told you not to come out yesterday, but you still came out, risking not just yourself but the babies to fight. Do you know how worried I was that that she-wolf would stomp you to death?" He looked up at her from between her legs, where Viola's head was muddled and hazy and all she wanted was for him to continue. But he didn't, and her nerve endings were on the edge.

"Seb... please, don't stop, we can talk later..." She breathed, her voice cracking as she had been left on the edge of something, but her husband was anything but done talking.

"Will you disobey me next time?" He asked, bending down to lick her, running his tongue once over her wet folds but not going deep enough to please her, and turning to look at her as she bit down on her lower lip.

"If you're asking me to stay hidden from a fight you're involved...then I can't promise." Came her breathy voice, for despite being on the edge, Viola Kade would still remain stubborn and not accept defeat, and Sebastian's lips turned grim.

"Then you will have to take my punishment, darling. I will take this at my own pace now." He said with a smirk, determined to make her understand just how much she had kept him on edge the whole of last night while she was fighting and he couldn't interfere, because he had given her his word and wanted her to have her honor and respect in the pack.

However, all of that would have been avoided if she hadn't come out. Remembering how hard his heart had been thudding the whole time last night, even as he held her to keep her warm after the dreadful fight, Sebastian bent his head and sucked against her

warmth, running his tongue in a way that would bring her to the edge but not satisfy her enough.

"Please... keep going. Right there—" she cried out, trying to arch towards his mouth so he would touch her more right there. When he avoided her, Viola began to bring her own fingers down to please herself and stop his torment, but he grabbed her wrists, pinning them at her sides.

"Seb..." She said in frustration.

Sebastian’s low chuckle vibrated against her most sensitive place, the sound sending another jolt through her. "Yes, my love? Are you enjoying your punishment?" He teased her with another kiss there.

"Let go of my wrists." She tried to wrestle them from his grip, but he didn’t budge.

"I can’t have you use your fingers when I am here." He said, changing his position in a way that pulled the blanket completely off the lower part of his body.

Only then did Viola fully register that he was completely naked. He had stripped last night to keep her warm against the winter cold, and now the lean, powerful lines of his body were on full display between her thighs: broad shoulders, the flex of tattooed arms, the heavy, flushed length of his cock already hard and resting thick against the sheets, which made it obvious he was tormenting himself along with her.

The sight alone made her clench around nothing, fresh slick coating his tongue as it slowly licked her.

He gave her one last slow, deep lick that made her thighs shake and brought her even closer to the edge, but then he pulled back. Just when she thought he would leave her like that, he rose over her, bracing his weight carefully on his forearms so he wouldn’t press against her belly.

His mouth found hers in a deep, claiming kiss that tasted of her own arousal. Viola kissed him back hungrily, her arms sliding around his neck, already aching to be filled, aching to have his hardness inside her welcoming body.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 560: Delicious punishment[1,075 words]

When he finally pushed into her after teasing her with the tip of his penis, it was slow and careful, but there was nothing gentle about the intent behind it.

The thick head of his cock stretched her open, then the long, hard length of him sank deeper, filling her completely until she was gasping against his mouth. She could feel every ridge, every inch of him as he bottomed out, the heat of him throbbing deep inside her.

Then he began to move in deep, measured strokes that dragged over every sensitive place, each one a deliberate reminder that he was going at his own pace.

"You put yourself in danger last night," he murmured against her lips, his voice rough with restraint and something darker. His hips rolled again, harder this time, the wet sound of their joining loud in the quiet room. "This is what happens when you don't listen."

Viola's nails dug into his shoulders as pleasure coiled tight and fast inside her. She welcomed every thick, punishing thrust, every low growl against her throat, the way he held her open and took what he wanted while still protecting the life between them.

Heat built low in her belly, sharper because of how full she already was, how sensitive pregnancy had made every inch of her cunt. Each time he drove into her, she felt the stretch, the wet slide, the way her walls clung to him on the withdrawal.

'If this is the punishment,' she thought dazedly as he thrust into her deeper, 'I'll disobey him every chance I get.'

Sebastian's hand slid carefully between them, fingers finding her swollen clit and rubbing in tight, slick circles that matched the rhythm of his cock, a technique he used often with her. The dual sensation shattered her, as expected. She came hard against him, her walls clamping down around him in pulsing waves, a broken, helpless moan muffled against his shoulder as pleasure ripped through her.

He followed moments later with a deep, shuddering thrust, burying himself to the hilt as he spilled inside her, hot, thick pulses flooding her, the feeling of it making her clench around him all over again.

His forehead pressed to hers, his breath ragged, his body trembling with the force of his release.

For a long while they stayed locked together, the winter morning light slowly filling the room. His hand stroked slowly over the curve of her belly, gentle now, while his mouth brushed soft, lingering kisses along her jaw and the corner of her lips.

"Have you learned your lesson?" He whispered against her ear, kissing the tip.

Viola, smiling and knowing that she loved his punishment more than he knew, wrapped her arm around his neck, her lips curved against his skin, her body still trembling with aftershocks, the wet heat of him still buried deep inside her.

"I have learned my lesson."

"Good, because if there is a next time, which I'll make sure there isn't, I won't let you off easily." He told her this as he withdrew from inside her, and she let out a moan of protest.

But Sebastian knew he couldn't stay in there or he would take her all over again and forget it was morning and they had things to handle in the pack and damage to repair.

However, he wasn't in a hurry to attend to any of that, so he lay next to her instead, turning to face her after pulling the blanket over their bodies. She moved closer to him, placing her hand against his thick, corded neck as she said,

"We need to come to some agreement, hubby," making sure she used the endearment so they wouldn't end up arguing about what she wanted to talk about. But this couldn't be avoided, in case it happened again in the future.

He placed his own hand around her waist, whispering, "About what?"

"About yesterday, about how you think it is alright for me to hide like some coward—"

"You—" he began to say, cutting her off, his face already turning hard, but Viola placed her fingers against his mouth.

"Shh, let me talk so we won't end up talking over each other and arguing. I know you always want to keep me safe, but I don't like how you handle it, or your reaction to me coming out yesterday. I understand that you are doing it for my own good, but hubby, when will you start to accept that I can handle myself and that I am not helpless?" She said calmly, caressing his skin with her thumb. She could feel his defensive aura flaring around her, and she understood she had touched him in his most sensitive spot.

He had always had a protective nature and she was alright with it but his overprotectiveness had only grown stronger. In the past, Zoe had complained to her about how overprotective Sebastian was of her, how he would get so mad that everyone would feel it when she disobeyed him. He had been mad yesterday with Viola herself, too, and had spoken to her in a way he didn't normally do before.

And she knew that if she didn't address this now, it was bound to get even worse in the future.

"That's the way I am, I can't change it," he said, his defensive wall still so heavy in the air that Viola stroked the side of his lips with her thumb to let him know she wasn't attacking him or asking him to change himself.

"I know, and I am not asking you to change who you are, my love, but can you not always make me feel like...like I can't handle things? If it's something I can't handle, I will always turn to you to help me, and I won't put myself in unnecessary danger." She mused,

looking into his gray eyes, which were watching her steadily now with the hardness gone from their depths.

"I can’t promise you that," he said, and when he saw her face changing and becoming sad, Sebastian quickly added, "But I will try my best. Is that okay?" He asked, cupping her cheek, not wanting to upset her or make her sad.

Viola nodded, and Sebastian pulled her into a hug, knowing it would be hard to tone down his protectiveness towards her, or his emotions regarding it, but he was willing to try.