Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 561: Don’t panic[1,431 words]

(Music Recommendation: This Quiet Violence by David Chappell.)

"Why are you so quiet?" Viola asked Sebastian as he ran the soap over her back in the bathtub, washing her body in the steaming hot water that left her muscles relaxed and a little at ease.

She had been in discomfort last night after the fight, but waking up to her husband licking her so deliciously, Viola had barely felt anything beyond his love and care. Afterwards, the discomfort in her bones, strained from shifting so fast, had come back, and Sebastian had noticed her grimace as she left the bed, and without her having to say a word about her discomfort, he carried her into a hot bathtub.

He had insisted on bathing her, but the whole time he did it, he had been quiet, and Viola couldn’t help but feel guilty and uncomfortable about his silence, thinking it was because she had talked to him about his nature of overprotectiveness and how he should tone it down. Had she hurt his ego or pride?

It was natural for a mate to protect his mate, and she was fine with it, but not to the extent of making her practice cowardice. Yet at the same time, she didn’t want him to think that she was ungrateful or that she didn’t appreciate him.

Though he had hugged her after the discussion they had, she had noticed the change in his mood ever since, and it worried her enough that she had to ask.

At her question, he dropped the soap and began to use his fingers to massage her back and shoulders, and Viola almost forgot about everything and closed her eyes to the soothing feeling, until he parted his lips and replied,

"I am processing things, that’s it." Came Sebastian’s deep, quiet voice, which made Viola open her eyes to stare at the rising fog of the hot water.

His hands came around to massage her belly and then slowly moved to her breasts and under them, and she thought that if he continued to massage her like that, she would lose track of the conversation and simply close her eyes again. But Viola got a hold of herself.

"What are you processing?" She asked curiously, biting her lower lip as his fingers rolled around her hardened nipples before moving back to her shoulders.

"A lot of things." He sighed, looking down at her soap-glistening skin, unable to help but smile at how she looked like a drowsy cat under his handiwork and enticing.

He had never in his life given a massage before to anyone, but he would do it again and again for her, as long as she wasn't in the kind of discomfort she had been trying to hide it from him earlier.

She didn't even need to tell him for Sebastian to know that being forced to shift forms between fights had put a strain on her bones, just as it would on the body when one worked out after a long time of not doing it. Sore muscles were natural for new wolf owners, and Viola's wolf had only just awakened months ago.

Though the soreness would pass naturally in time, she would have to sit with it for a while, and Sebastian had decided a massage would relieve her. But while he worked his hands over her, his mind couldn't stay in one direction.

"Tell me..." Viola urged him to share his thoughts, and Sebastian didn't hold it back.

"Yesterday morning when we had sex, and this morning," he looked down at her and continued, "I realized I didn't suffer from any urge to mark your skin. Now that I think of it, I have felt less and less of that urge ever since you awakened your wolf."

Viola's heart gave a thud at that information, because it wasn't a good sign from what she believed and knew about mates. The urge was supposed to grow stronger the longer they lived together unmarked, and when the urge died, it usually meant the spark between mates would dim along with it. She tensed, turning around to face him, but he stopped her by placing a hand on her shoulder.

"Don't panic, I still feel the spark like crazy, and I enjoy every damn time we have sex like it's the first. The only thing changing is the urge to mark." He assured her, using his fingers to move her damp hair to her back so he could wash it.

Sebastian took a bottle of her mixed fruit scented shampoo and pressed it onto his palm, rubbing it into her hair gently as he heard her sigh and then ask him,

"What do you think causes that? Does that mean...you can't mark me if the urge doesn't rise?" She looked down at the bubbles in the tub around her as his long, slender fingers massaged her scalp as though he were handling delicate cat fur.

"I don't know what the reason may be, but I believe it has something to do with the awakening of your wolf and the fact that...Vaelor's mark is already on your wolf." He sectioned her hair into two parts, massaging as he added, "If I was him, like we concluded, then maybe my mark has already been left on you, just not on your skin."

Viola pursed her lips. "But that wouldn't count in the eyes of everyone who would first look for your mark on my neck. Not to mention... your prophecy would be completed after you mark me." She said, feeling the shampoo suds drop to her shoulder and slide down one swollen breast, which Sebastian reached for, cupping the foam off and bringing it back to her hair as he mused,

"Now, I’m no longer so sure about our pack prophecy and the prophesied mate. A lot of things I believed to be true have been contradicted by the possibility that we might have lived another lifetime. When we first learned about the prophecy, we knew nothing about its connection to Azmira and Vaelor, and I had no idea that two people could share a connection without a mark," Sebastian told her.

Viola’s brows furrowed. "But everyone still believes in the prophecy and the mark. They need to see it to be reassured about everything, including our relationship."

"I don’t know since when you started to care what others think of our relationship, amor, but I want you to know I don’t give a fuck about them. I only care about what you think and what this means to you." He told her, squeezing the foam from her hair and taking the hand shower to rinse it.

Viola heard his words and realized he was right. She had started to care about what others thought ever since she realized she had a responsibility over Silver, and ever since she learned that if she held firm authority in the pack, then should anything like what had once happened to Sebastian when the sea witch played with his mind happen again, she could use her powers over the pack members to command them.

And what other way would that command land than with the pack seeing a visible mark of him against her neck, proving she was truly his mate?

They had made everyone believe the temporary mark he had placed on her was real, but it had disappeared a few days later, and now that everyone knew she hadn’t yet carried his true mark, they expected it to happen after their children were born. Not having it would only give everyone a reason to make things harder for not just her but her children.

Viola didn’t want to care, but being in her position, she had to learn to care and do what benefited the only home she now had.

As though sensing her spiraling thoughts, Sebastian’s soapy fingers slid around the back of her neck, and she felt them resting possessively over her pulse as he said,

"If it makes you happy and puts you at ease, I can still mark you. Just because the urge is gone doesn’t mean I can’t place my mark on you." He sprayed the shower of water to rinse the foam from her body as he spoke. "Vaelor’s mark could never count as mine, and I still don’t accept that that mark counted as anything, since he killed the one who carried it. Mine will be on your skin, so rest assured, my beloved." He kissed her freshly rinsed neck and sweet-scented hair.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 562: Is she going Into labor?[1,326 words]

"The water is getting cold, let’s get you out." Sebastian said after some more massage, pulling the drain to let the water out and then rinsing off all the remaining soap before he went to get a towel from the rack.

However, as Sebastian turned around to get the towel, Viola decided to stand up on her own to take it from him, but a sharp pain shot through her back and all the way down to her lower abdomen. She bit back a moan, and Sebastian immediately swirled around, worried at her sharp in take of breath.

"What’s wrong, honey?" He held her against him as she squeezed her eyes shut.

"Nothing...I am..." But she moaned in pain again, grabbing her stomach, and Sebastian didn’t wait for her to try to pretend to be fine. He carried her out of the bathtub and into the bedroom, where he had already called the doctor through mindlink.

Sebastian’s head was a whirlwind of worry, so much so that his face had turned deathly pale and his throat had turned sandpaper dry as he asked her where it hurt. But she slowly began to relax, her hold on his arm loosening as she said,

"It’s subsiding...I don’t feel the pain anymore." She said it honestly, confused about what that pain had been, since it had almost felt like the labor pain she read about. But her assurance did nothing to calm Sebastian. He ran into the closet and came back with her clothes and began to help her into them.

"You’re still seeing the doctor. You don’t look all right." He said firmly, even though his stomach was turning and he felt sick himself from panic, his fingers trembling.

Viola didn’t argue with him at all, and she allowed him to dress her in a shirt and shorts. It didn’t take long for the doctor to arrive, looking like he had run all the way to her, and Viola felt guilty, because of her, Sebastian had ordered Gilbert from returning to the healing house. He was to stay in the building until after the children were born, which meant he couldn’t attend to other patients.

"What’s wrong with her?" Sebastian asked after a few minutes of examination.

Gilbert straightened, putting away his stethoscope. "Her muscles are strained from shifting repeatedly during the fight, and the physical exertion may have caused temporary uterine tightening. It’s not unusual for a pregnancy like hers, especially with multiple pups."

"Is she going into labor?" Sebastian asked, his expression darkening with worry. He hadn't thought they were prepared for a premature birth. They hadn't even bought any baby clothes or supplies yet, and the possibility of the babies arriving this early... Sebastian's stomach tensed up.

"Not from what I can tell. Her pups' heartbeats are steady, and the pain has subsided. She needs proper rest and must avoid strenuous activity for now. If the pain returns or she experiences any unusual symptoms, contact me immediately."

Sebastian finally released the breath he'd been holding, though the worry hadn't entirely left his face. He went forward to sit on the edge of the bed and asked, "Are you sure you're feeling all right, my love?"

Viola nodded. "I feel fine." And as she was parting her lips to assure him more, Gilbert handed her a box he'd brought with him.

"Here is what I promised to bring." He looked at her face. "It's a few things of your father's that I have in my possession. You can keep them safe with you. You have more right to them than I do."

Gilbert had kept his uncle's few personal belongings with him, along with those of his own mother, but now that he knew about his uncle Vincent's children, he had decided to part with the things and hand them to her.

Viola reached out and took the brown box, which wasn't big but wasn't small either, and she placed it next to her on the bed, looking at it like a treasure chest. To her, it was one in a way, for inside it were real items belonging to her real father, a figure she had always dreamt of having and being doted upon by.

"Thank you, Gilbert..." Viola thanked the doctor, who waved his hand in dismissal as if it were nothing, even though he himself was emotionally attached to things from his past in a way.

"Do you want to open it now?" Sebastian asked her.

Viola looked at him with trembling eyes, and he realized she might want to wait until she was emotionally ready. He placed a hand on her arm. "It's okay. You can open it when your sister comes back."

Viola couldn't help but agree. It was best to wait for Ivy's return so they could open the box together and share the memories of whatever was left inside. She looked down at the box, her heart growing heavy with longing, though she did her best to hide it.

As if sensing her emotions, Sebastian intertwined their fingers and gave her hand a gentle squeeze, silently reminding her that he was there for her. He was her family, someone she could always rely on, even when she missed the parents she had never gotten the chance

to know. Through his touch, he wanted her to understand that he would always hold her hand and give her all the support she needed. Viola raised her head to look at him, a watery smile spreading across her face.

Sebastian was leaning down to kiss her when she turned her face away, reminding him that they weren't alone in the room and Gilbert was still there, watching them as though he hadn't finished what he came to say.

Sebastian turned a glare on the doctor, who quickly cleared his throat, feeling awkward. He hadn't meant to stare rudely at the lovey-dovey couple, but who could blame him? He had been speaking to them, yet they seemed to have completely forgotten his presence, as though he were nothing more than air. Even air, however, couldn't be ignored forever.

Gilbert couldn't blame the couple. He knew what it felt like to be around one's mate, and he wanted to experience that feeling too. Unfortunately, he still had a long way to go with his own mate.

"I was saying," Gilbert repeated, picking up where he'd left off. "I've heard that the Darkbur Pack hasn't departed yet. Alpha Price has been demanding to see you before he leaves," he reported, sharing what he'd heard in the building on his way there, since Sebastian didn't seem to know about it.

"The fucker, what does he want?" Sebastian gritted through his teeth, and Viola, knowing he needed to be out there attending to matters, placed her hand on his arm and said,

"I think you should go and hear what he wants. He has signed a contract and shouldn't still be here." Viola said this, but Sebastian turned to her with a frown, as though he didn't want to leave her. He was about to tell her how he wasn't going to leave her side, especially when she had just been in pain, when she said,

"Have you forgotten what we talked about this morning? I can handle myself. And if you would do me a great favor, buy me that strawberry cake you got me a few days ago, a lot of it. I'm craving it." She kissed his cheek, and because she had requested the cake, Sebastian was already on his feet as though he were leaving to get the cake rather than to attend to his duty. But the two errands ran the same path, as the pastry shop was on the way to where the people of Darkbur were.

Gilbert was not used to seeing the Supreme Alpha this way and he felt awkward, but they soon left the Luna on her own.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 563: The items in the box[1,013 words]

After Viola was left alone, the weariness in her bones became so overwhelming that she grew sleepy and couldn't help but lie down for a nap. Her drowsy eyes drifted toward the view outside, where the snowfall had eased that morning and the sun hung in the sky, its rays reflecting off the glass wall and spilling into the room.

She was glad the curtains hadn't been drawn completely, allowing her to see outside. She gazed at the sky, letting her mind wander lazily, even though a few thoughts lingered at the back of her mind.

She wondered faintly why she had felt pain in her stomach earlier and hoped Sebastian would handle the Darkbur Pack before they caused them any trouble. Then she wondered what was taking Ivy so long to return.

Before long, she drifted off to sleep, her gaze still resting on the view outside.

Nonetheless, just as she was drifting into a deep slumber, she shifted on the bed, knocking the box she had kept beside her onto the floor, and the sound of it crashing instantly woke her up.

Viola sat up on her bed in alarm, for a moment not knowing what had made the sound and wondering if it was another invasion alarm, until she noticed the box that had fallen and opened, spilling everything inside it onto the floor. Her heart pricked, thinking she might have broken something precious.

She moved away from the bed, and knowing that bending down was almost impossible in her bone-weary state and condition, she went down and sat on the floor with her back resting against the bed.

Viola had wanted to wait until her sister was here to check whatever was stored in the box, but as she found its contents scattered on the floor, she reached to right the box and began to pick the items up one after another to look at them. She first picked up a folded picture, unfolding it to see a picture of her father, grinning and holding a boy on his shoulder, who she instantly knew was Gilbert from his hair and eye color.

Just as she had seen before, Vincent, her father was a very handsome man, and looking at her father's well-kept picture, it almost seemed like he could still be alive. She touched his face with her fingers, imagining what life would have been like had they grown up knowing the man.

She wouldn't have spent half her life longing for a real family and a normal home. Perhaps, if her parents had been there, she would have learned so much from them, including how to handle the anxiety of becoming a mother herself. Instead, she was facing motherhood without any guidance, having never been around many pups or experienced what it was like to grow up with a loving pair of parents.

She wished her mother were still alive, or even her father. She wished at least one of them had lived long enough to be there for her, to guide her through this new Chapter of her life. Her throat tightened, and she swallowed hard, overwhelmed by a longing for the parents she had never truly known. It felt foolish to miss them so much when she was already heavily pregnant and about to become a parent herself, but she couldn't help it.

"I wish I knew you and what you were like, Dad," she murmured to the photograph.

Viola immediately decided she would put the picture in a bigger frame and hang it somewhere her pups would see it and know their grandfather. She had always wanted a family of her own to show off, and she was glad she could show him to her children.

Viola put the picture back in the box and picked up a gold ring, turning it over in her palm and wondering if it had belonged to her father. She admired it and also put it away in the box.

She reached out for every single item in it until there was one last one. It was something like a silver chain locket necklace, and she picked it up, smiling as she pulled it open and found tiny pictures of her mother and father on both sides of the love locket.

Now that she looked at the locket necklace, she could recall always seeing it around her father's neck in her mother's memories of him in her grave.

Viola was basking in the fact that they had loved each other, and was thinking of having such a locket made for herself and her husband to hold, when she noticed something about the locket.

It felt heavy for a chain holding just tiny pictures, almost as if the locket held a stone in it, and she looked closely at it out of curiosity, turning it around in her palm, when it slipped from her hand and fell to the floor, breaking off another section that sprang open.

Viola's heart shattered at the thought that she had ruined the locket, but when she picked it up, she saw it hadn't broken. Another section had simply opened in it, and in that section it held the strangest, tiniest bottle she had ever seen in her life.

She picked it up, seeing the blue liquid moving inside the small thing. "What is this?" She wondered, turning it around until she figured out an opening and screwed it loose, and immediately smoke began to emit from it.

For such a small bottle, Viola thought, it was making quite a lot of smoke, and she wanted to close it up immediately and return it. But soon the smoke got into her nose and she began to sneeze repeatedly, her eyes watering and burning as she couldn't control her reaction to the smell.

A tiny drop of the blue liquid fell onto her hand as she kept sneezing, and immediately the skin there turned blue, growing scales like those of a mermaid and spreading to her forearm, and Viola’s eyes fell on it, widening in dread.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 564: Servant Of The Sea[1,205 words]

(Music Recommendation: This Quiet Violence by David Chappell)

Before Viola could react to the scales growing on the back of her hand and creeping all the way up her arm, she began to feel light in her own body, almost like she was floating in and out of water, losing her senses until her eyes closed and then opened almost instantly. But this time, she was back in the past, as Azmira.

Azmira was in a chamber underwater. Its entire surrounding was blue in color, with a large tree-like thing in the center that grew all the way up, its vines and leaves emitting blue light. One of the many vine-like roots was attached to a floating mermaid, pouring its light into the creature, and Azmira floated in the water with her hands held up, controlling the life energy.

Her eyes had been closed, and once she opened them, the mermaid gasped awake and the Life Root immediately detached itself from her, her glow beginning to subside.

"How are you feeling now?" Azmira asked the young mermaid, who had just experienced death and a resurrection at the same time and looked confused.

"I...I believe I just died." Said the young mermaid, looking at the life tree.

"Yes, you did, and I hope next time you will take care to avoid the poisonous plants in the north sea." Azmira said as she swam towards the mermaid, offering her a kind hug, since she still looked dazed from the experience.

The mermaid recovered and then immediately became aware that she was hugging someone regarded as great as the Sea Goddess, and she moved back, bowing her head in respect. "Y-you are too kind, Azmira. Thank you for giving me back my life."

To Azmira, kindness was instilled deep within her, and giving it to her people came so naturally that she waved the thanks off and escorted the mermaid out of the Life Root

cave. When she swam back, her smile fell and the void returned inside her, and she stared at the Life Root tree until her twin came in saying,

"It was good you came back on time, Azmira, or that poor mermaid would have lost her life. I don't know why the merfolk don't listen when they are told not to eat the leaves growing in the northern part of the sea." Nerrisa said, swimming around with the jellyfish like she was one of them.

"How could they listen when the plants there are the most delicious in Aquaville? Not everything there is poisonous, it's just that one can't tell them apart, and eating the wrong one could cost one their life." Azmira said without taking her eyes off the tree she was bound to for life as the Child Of The Sea, gifted to the merfolk by the Sea Goddess.

"Just like you are treading on a thin thread on land." Nerrisa said offhandedly to her twin. "I don't know how long I have to keep telling you that we both belong to the sea. We were not born like other mermaids, the Life Root gave us life and birthed us for the merfolk." Nerrisa reminded her sister, who had been away from home for a month now.

"I know," Azmira said, still not tearing her eyes from the tree. "But sometimes I can't help but think we are servants to the sea, prisoners held in the clutches of responsibility."

Nerrisa frowned at her sister's profile. "How are we servants to the sea? You have the power to bring back the dead, and I have the power to heal. To me, I see that as a gift and nothing else, and I know you liked it before. What has changed in you to see it as a burden?" She asked, sensing the changes in the Child Of The Sea, who should have been proud.

"I want to give up my tail. I...I don't want to be The Child Of The Sea anymore." Azmira said finally to her twin, whose eyes went wide as though she couldn't believe what she was hearing, because everyone wanted that power. Nerrisa jumped up from where she was playing around with the jellyfish.

"You can't be serious, are you? Why in the name of the sea would you do that?" Nerrisa asked, and Azmira swam around looking distressed.

"You won't understand even if I tell you, just help me find a way to become fully human or something that doesn't have a tail. Being the Child Of The Sea means I can't get what I desire." Azmira said with clear resolve. "There has to be another to take my place, because I can't do this anymore."

Nerrisa, on the other hand, believed she must be joking or out of her mind, because her sister had always loved being what she was and had always loved helping everyone. "Is it because of that man you have been with? You want to give up yourself for him?"

Azmira looked guilty at the accusation, but she denied it. "It’s not because of him, I find more life out there, don’t you understand? So will you help me?"

Nerrisa stared at her twin. "You do know the only way to give up what you have is by giving birth to another Child Of The Sea, and that can only happen if you give yourself to the Sea powers to have a baby with the powers. We were brought forth by that root, and the root can give you another seed to carry and pass your powers on to."

Azmira gulped. "I know, but I don’t want to do it that way...I can’t join with another, he won’t like it. It would be like cheating on him."

"Who won’t like it?" Nerrisa questioned with narrowed eyes. "Your lover on land? You can’t be serious, are you? Why would you even love someone who I saw shoving you and almost hitting you just a few days ago? You are willing to give everything up for that strange creature on land?" Nerrisa grabbed her sister’s hand to make her look at her.

"Azmira, I thought your coming back here today was for good and that we could go back to our normal life, but you come here telling me you are giving it up. Why would you do that for that person?"

Azmira looked guiltily away, avoiding her sister’s eyes as she said, "You won’t understand. Whatever happened between us was—"

"I think it’s time I let everyone know what you have been up to, to talk some sense into you." Came Nerrisa’s angry words to her sister, who was clearly losing her mind. Azmira pleaded for her not to let anyone hear about this.

"Don’t, they will be disappointed. I am not supposed to love even an ordinary merman, not to mention one who isn’t our kind. I want to do this without announcing it to the world, and I can’t do this without you, Nerrisa. Help me put this misery out—"

"What misery?" Nerrisa asked, looking worried. "Is there something wrong you are not telling me?" She cupped her sister’s cheek, but Azmira tried to hide away, saying,

"Nothing. Just help me please."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 565: Don’t touch me[1,190 words]

Nerrisa dropped her hands from her sister’s cheeks, swimming backwards. "I can’t help you, you are clearly not even happy on the land. If you won’t tell me what brought about these changes, then..." Nerrisa swam away, returning to what she was doing and pretending indifference to get her twin to spill the truth. But Azmira didn’t. She only looked even more miserable before swimming away from there.

Azmira swam to the shore, sitting on the sand and watching as her beautiful tail separated into legs. Then she got up and put on the clothes she had left there before returning to the village, which she was starting to consider more of a home than her real home. But the weight on her shoulders was so strong she couldn't hold it in.

She went to her meeting place with Vaelor, her heart beating in dread and an unexplainable fear, which brought confusion to Viola, who was living the moment without any control over changing the events and actions happening.

When Azmira reached his favorite tree, she looked around for him until she sensed him standing behind one of the trees, and she went there. But the moment she reached him, it wasn't his hug she received but a heated slap to the face that jerked her backwards.

She gripped her throbbing cheek, turning to the silver-haired man looking at her in fury, his silver eyes burning at her, and something dawned on her, and she trembled backwards.

"I am sorry, there is no way out." Azmira said.

"I will mark you as mine if it's the last thing I do in my life." Came his words, falling in her ears, breaking her heart to pieces and making her afraid of him at that moment.

"You can't force what is not there." Azmira said to him, tears flowing down her cheeks as she began to back away while he advanced on her. "You can't mark me, we can't be together." She said.

"Then let's see you try to stop me, my dear. This is my world and I will do as I please." He reached out and grabbed her, and just as she was fighting him, the scene changed.

And for Viola, who couldn't fully grasp the events happening and was being tossed around in them like she held no control over them, she felt a cold blade go into her chest just as the pain of a marking was settling against her neck.

"Don't go back on your words." Came his whisper as he twisted the dagger into her chest, causing her more pain.

She felt that floating sensation again, as though her body was leaving her, only it was her soul flowing away and watching her heart being devoured by Vaelor, who did it with tears flowing down his cheeks, as though he was being forced to do it. He looked so heartbroken that it was as disgusting as it was confusing to Viola, who watched.

The scene changed again, and Viola found her body hanging with chains all around it for all to see before the waters, as though to lure the mermaids out so they could be caught and meet the same fate as The Child Of The Sea.

"Alpha Vaelor grew an ability and a power that no other Alpha could ever defeat by eating this creature's heart. We have to make sure we catch ours too." Laughed the greedy werewolves setting the trap at the river to catch mermaids like fish.

"Who would have thought things like this were real, a fish and a human. I can't wait to have mine." Said another, and as the words flowed into Viola's subconscious, she felt her fingers clenching, anger flowing into her veins, and it dawned on her why she was seeing this.

Elder Ysara had said Azmira's presence had lingered even long after her death, as though she had some unfinished business and something she desired, and now the memories of the soul were playing out to Viola, who was Azmira in a way, though without full memories of this lifetime.

Stuck in it, Viola saw Vaelor coming towards the men at the shore who were hanging the decaying body, and at the sight of him she felt a rekindling of rage in her heart and a hurt so intense she wanted to hit him and hang him alongside the mermaid he had killed, though she didn't know why something in her was holding her back and looking at him with longing instead.

What was this? Was it some sick puppy love? Was Azmira like Sofia who had loved her husband to the end even when he hurt and try to kill her? Viola wondered miserably watching Vaelor.

Then she was jolted awake by a hand, and Viola took a sharp inhale, seeing her sister's face coming into focus before her eyes, her lips moving as though she was speaking. But Viola couldn't hear her. All she heard were the words of those cruel werewolves wanting to catch mermaids out of greed, just like their Alpha, and a consuming feeling of resentment.

Then she took a deep breath, and the voice of her sister returned.

"...Viola, are you all right?" Ivy asked, crouching down before her and smoothing her hair away from her flushed face.

"Honey?" Came another voice that made Viola turn to see Sebastian next to her sister, and she looked at him hazily, her mind still stuck between reality and what wasn't, unable to grasp onto either one.

Looking at her husband, she saw him with a blood-smeared face, the blood of her heart, and when he reached out as though to touch her, Viola recoiled from his touch and moved closer into her sister's arms.

Sebastian, who noticed it, paused and looked surprised. He had run all the way here after Alex told him they couldn't wake his wife, who seemed to have fallen asleep on the floor, and worry had gripped his heart like a vine, so much that he had thought the worst.

He was now taken aback by her reaction and the look in her eyes. It was almost one of hate and hurt, and it stabbed at his chest and confused him.

"I...I got you the cake. Do you want to have it now? Come, let's get you off the floor—" he said, reaching out, but she moved away again fearfully, her eyes widening in horror.

"Don't touch me." She whispered.

Ivy took note immediately and held her sister to herself, looking at Sebastian and wondering what he had done to make her fearful of him. She had just returned from the sea with Alex to the news that her sister had fought last night and was resting now, but it didn't look like it. Did he force her to fight for his pack against her will?

When Sebastian tried to reach for his wife and she moved away again, Ivy was quick to grab his wrist. "She doesn't want you to touch her. Stand back." Ivy warned, glaring at him in a way she never had before.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 566: What's that?[1,225 words]

(Music Recommendation: Now or Never by Audiomachine.)

Sebastian didn't like being kept away from his wife and stubbornly tried to take her into his own arms, when Ivy shoved him away, using her mermaid ability to strike his chest, causing him to cough out blood and fall back, gripping his chest at the pain that stabbed him.

"Get away from my sister!" She said, holding Viola protectively, but as though Ivy's shove and the sound of Sebastian coughing had snapped Viola back to her senses, she moved away from Ivy and went to her husband.

"Seb, are you all right?" She asked, helping him sit back while his eyes glared over her head at Ivy. His lips were smeared with dark blood, which made him look almost exactly like he had in the memories, and Viola had to fight mentally not to run backwards, reminding herself that this was Sebastian and not the twisted Vaelor.

Viola turned to her sister, who looked like she hadn't meant to use her powers and felt guilty for it.

"I...I am sorry, I didn't mean it. It was an accident." Ivy said, looking down at her palm and wondering what the hell she had done to her brother-in-law. It was almost like she

had been overtaken by some instinct to protect her sister from him when Viola looked scared, but she hadn't meant it.

Sebastian's darkened eyes narrowed suspiciously at his sister-in-law before he turned to his wife, looking at her worriedly even though he was the one who had coughed blood and was in pain.

"Are you alright, love? What was that for?" He cupped her cheeks, caressing them with his thumb, worried and not liking how she had reacted to him a moment ago.

"Did I do something to make you suddenly scared? Did you have nightmares or something?" He questioned, his voice filled with worry even though his chest was hurting like hell and the urge to cough was so strong he had to fight it, just to find out what had happened to his wife.

"I am sorry, I wasn't myself for a moment." Viola told him guiltily as she took his handkerchief out of his pocket and began to use it to wipe at his jaw and lips, cleaning the blood from his face. "I was looking at the contents of the box one moment, and the next thing I knew I was being thrown into memories..." She turned to the little bottle now lying empty on the floor, and Sebastian and Ivy followed her line of sight to it.

Ivy picked it up, examining it, as she heard Viola ask, "Do you know what that is? It touched my hand and then pulled me into experiencing some of the things that happened to Azmira...it was an awful experience."

Sebastian turned to his wife at that, and he immediately understood what had happened. She must have experienced the stabbing by Vaelor, the one he saw almost every day as a nightmare that wouldn't ease away from his heart and haunted him restlessly.

This was why he was afraid of digging into that past. He turned to Ivy, in whose blue eyes he had glimpsed a fierce look that had flashed as though she would murder him, and he wondered what that was about until he pushed the thought aside for now to focus on the bottle.

Ivy brought the bottle to her nose and sniffed it before she grimaced. "It's a Ker liquid." She muttered, frowning.

"What's that?" Viola asked, and Ivy looked up at her. "It's a rare liquid mermaids used to change their form. Not everyone can make it, but I heard our mother was good at making it. It could also be used to reveal one's true hidden form. If a mermaid used it to have legs, it can be used to reveal the hidden tail and identity."

No wonder it revealed scales on her hand, Viola thought, feeling suddenly wary of the liquid that had made her see what she would rather not have seen. She understood that

her mother might have kept it safe in that locket before she gave it to their father, forgetting it was there.

"Where did you find it?" Ivy asked.

Viola pointed to the box. "In father's belongings..."

"You opened it?" Sebastian asked her, and she turned to him, nodding and looking guiltily at him. He looked pale from the blow of her sister's power, and she couldn't help but ask, "Are you okay? Do you feel pain?" She rubbed at his chest with her hand, but he grabbed her wrist as her rubbing made it worst.

"I am fine." He smiled at her despite the discomfort pricking at him, and at that, Viola thought he looked so different from the monster who had stabbed her in that memory. She moved closer and hugged him, tightening her arms around him and resting her head against his chest, where his heart beat was strangely slow.

"I am sorry..." She whispered, and he put his arms around her, still holding back a cough in his throat and wondering what the mermaid had used to attack his chest. He glared at her over his wife's head.

Ivy, who was studying the liquid, watched him, her eyes narrowing on Sebastian's arms around her sister, and she suddenly began to imagine many ways he could hurt her. She met his glare, finding herself glaring back heatedly, until she realized what she was doing and looked away.

She pushed the feeling away before it made her do something stupid, because it was unnecessary and so unlike herself. Before she could act on hurting him, she left the couple after telling them that they would leave for the sea before the sunset.

Ivy stepped out of the penthouse to find Alex waiting in the corridor, and the moment he saw her, he walked up to her.

"How is she?" He asked, looking over at the door, where he hadn't entered to avoid the awkwardness between him and his brother.

He almost assumed something terrible had happened, because the mermaid looked pale and lost, and even as she answered him, the expression stayed on her face.

"She's fine. She will be fine."

"Then why do you look...scared?" He asked, looking down at her questioningly, and Ivy blinked.

"I am fine, I think I need to rest before we go to the waters again. I don't feel too well." She said, already walking away, and Alex started to follow her worriedly.

"Do you need a healer or—"

"No, I just want to be alone. If you'll excuse me, please." She hurried past him, almost running back to her room, and when she got there, Ivy shut the door and leaned against it, trembling as she looked down at her hands, still wondering what kind of ability she had just used on her sister's husband.

She stared at her hand and noticed the flashing of black scales, and her insides clenched as tears filled her eyes. "No, no, no, this can't be what I believe. I don't want it." Ivy whispered, her body trembling in fear and her fingers shaking at the fact that she had just wielded a black ability a moment ago, when she'd always had a pure royal mermaid blue powers.