

FATED: THE ALPHA'S UNWANTED LUNA

Chapter 6: Mate_Part 1

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

But not being the Alpha of their pack, the Gammas chose to ignore his command, and one of them scoffed, "And who the fuck are you? This is not the way to the event. Find your way around. She wants us to do this because she's in heat."

The person stood with the moon behind him, casting his tall figure into a silhouette. But at the words of the Gamma, his silver eyes shifted to the woman pinned to the ground, who looked nothing like a she-wolf who had asked for this or wanted it.

The sight of her naked torso and the redness around her chest darkened his eyes. She was in heat, he could smell her from miles away, and many she-wolves in heat without mates often ached for others to relieve them and fuck them. But he could certainly tell this one hadn't asked them to touch her.

"Do you want them to continue?" he directed the question at her.

Viola's eyes widened, and she choked out, "No... help me."

And that was all it took for his eyes to darken even more before the flaring silver snapped toward the Gammas.

"Let go of her." This time, he used his Alpha energy and command, and the four men, who had not obeyed him a moment ago, realized two things at once

about the stranger. His aura was stronger than even their own Alpha's, powerful enough to force them into releasing the Hollow, and he was furious, the air around them suddenly turning suffocatingly frigid.

The moment they stepped away from her, the unknown man moved, striking each of them and sending them slamming into trees in different directions, causing them to cry out like wounded puppies.

Viola, trembling and bruised, curled herself into a protective ball, pulling what was left of her shirt over herself. She refused to cry; she refused to shed tears, even though it burned the back of her eyes like acid, the pain born from horror and humiliation. She was still shaking, tried to stop it, but it refused to go away. She bit down hard on her lower lip as emotions choked her.

She was strong, she wouldn't let this break her again and let Leni win, but it did just that. She burst into a soundless sob, only hiccuping sounds forcing their way from her throat.

For years, she had trained herself to be a strong woman because she believed she would be a Luna. And as a Luna, she was not expected to always show her emotions or weakness in public. Her parents had told her she was to be strong to stand beside an Alpha. Viola had done exactly that because she believed she would rule alongside her Alpha, the only man she had loved with everything in her.

They called her the Ice Queen because she rarely cried. She could count the few times she had cried, and even then, it was always small drops shed quietly at night, not this wretched sound threatening to tear itself from her chest now that it had settled on her what had almost happened to her.

She had endured four years of torture, and despite that, she made sure never to break down in front of anyone. But right now, she couldn't. She could no

longer hold on. She could no longer pretend to be strong when everything inside her was splintering.

The man who had finished dealing with the Gammas turned to look at the frail-looking body curled on the ground, trembling, little hiccuping sounds slipping from her throat.

'Wolfless,' his wolf said, with what sounded like disgust. 'We should leave her be. We don't want another weak mate.'

'You led me to her,' the man said dryly.

'Duh. I didn't know she would be a weakling. We can't mate with her, she doesn't even have a wolf. Let's turn around and pretend we didn't notice her sweet scent that brought us here. We will get over her like we got over the others,' his wolf advised, clawing and struggling to control him, urging him to turn around and ignore the sweet scent of daisies mixed with the intoxicating heat clinging to her, a scent that made his stomach clench painfully with arousal despite himself.

Viola felt a hand pull at her arm, and she reflexively jerked away, curling further into herself. When the hand came again, she began to fight it, then stopped. She was done fighting. He could do whatever he pleased with her. He had probably saved her from the Gammas only to do it himself and then blame her for not concealing herself properly.

Though her pheromones were spiraling out into the air, it wasn't to the extreme degree that would make her heat completely uncontrollable. It wasn't her actual heat season, the time when any male would have been enough and her body would have fully betrayed her, driven beyond reason and restraint.

"Ma-make sure you kill me after you're done, because I will hunt you down and kill you myself," came her voice, sounding a bit too clear for someone with

tears streaming down her face. It made the man's brow arch subtly, a flicker of interest settling in his silver eyes.

"I do not think you are in any condition to kill, little wolf," he said quietly. "And might I remind you that I saved you. The words that should leave your mouth are thank you, not threats, especially when you are half-naked."

She curled in on herself even more as she gritted out, "What's the point of being thankful when you only helped me so you could take advantage too? Make it quick and kill me." Her voice was muffled against the ground as she tried to yank her arm from his grip. If she was going to be raped, she wasn't going to beg, nor would she let him see her tears or her terror. If he didn't kill her after he was done, she'd stab him with anything she finds and then kill herself.

His grip tightened around her arm. "You flatter yourself. I don't take what's handed to me out of fear, señorita," he continued, and Viola belatedly noted the faint accent threaded through his words. He wasn't from here. "And I don't touch women who think death is preferable to my hands, especially not one covered in dirt."

'Liar!' his wolf exclaimed. 'She is turning you on with her pheromones, you disgusting wolf. Don't touch her. She's not our kind, and she's dirty.'

Before Viola could register anything else about him or feel insulted that he called her dirty, he surprised her by swiftly, yet somewhat gently, pulling her up from the ground like a small doll. His hands stayed on her arms to steady her when she swayed weakly. Then his arms came around her body. She stiffened for a moment when something warm, something that smelled impossibly good, enveloped her, draping over her shoulders. She belatedly realized it was his coat and her heart trembled.