

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 61: Stubborn woman/ persistent Alpha[1,234 words]

Chapter 61: Stubborn woman/ persistent Alpha

Viola ignored his presence and looked around the room for clothes she could change into to leave the place, but there was none in the neat, fancy room. She couldn't leave in this thin healing gown and find her way back to where she stays.

Seeing her searching, Sebastian realized what she was looking for. He took off his coat, walked forward and draped it over her shoulders from behind.

Viola jumped in surprise at the sudden warmth wrapping around her. She turned around, only to realize it was his coat. His intoxicating scent immediately hugged her senses, enveloping her in a way that made her breath hitch for a brief moment.

Before she could take it off to rid herself of his scent, he pulled her closer within the coat, her body colliding with his and causing her to gasp softly in surprise. She quickly stepped back, trying to put some space between them, but he didn't release the front of the coat, not allowing her to get far away from him or escape his presence so easily.

"You are not a very easy person, four eyes," he sighed, beginning to button up the coat after forcefully fitting her arms into its sleeves. The long sleeves swallowed her hands because he was so much taller than she was, but it did its job well, and he made sure she was comfortable and fully covered. He couldn't help but notice how cute she looked in his oversized coat, and a faint smile tugged at his lips.

Viola opened and closed her mouth, at a loss for words. She didn't know what to say to him. He was unpredictable, one moment mocking her, the next acting kind and considerate. What were his motives? She needed to know so she could guard herself against future harm and scheme accordingly.

"You are also stubborn. So stubborn," he added, staring down at her. Her head barely reached the top of his chest, and he towered over her. Yet she met his eyes without a hint of fear, glaring at him in clear displeasure.

Viola frowned, forming lines on her forehead. "I am not a stubborn person," she denied, refusing to give him any satisfaction by agreeing with him on his claims, even though she knew many people had called her stubborn in the past.

Sebastian chuckled at her displeased expression and words. "I see," he said, tapping her forehead and using his finger to smooth the frown. "Stop frowning. It will give you wrinkles earlier than necessary."

"Don't touch me," she warned, moving her head backward from his hand. Why did he always touch her? She didn't like being touched that much, yet he always seemed to do it. Couldn't he keep his hands to himself whenever he was talking to her?

Sebastian stared at her, mirth dancing in his silver eyes at her fierce glares. He couldn't help but think she acted like a stubborn little kitten he wanted to keep poking, just to see her show her claws and bite. What would it take to make this stubborn woman not hate him anymore?

Viola moved completely away from his grip, turned toward the door, and began to hurry out. She expected him to stop her again but was surprised when he let her go.

When she stepped out the door, she subtly turned over her shoulder, and her heart gave a thud when she noticed him trailing after her. Why on earth was he following her again? Viola thought in displeasure, hastening her steps.

Sebastian already knew she needed to leave the healing house to prepare for tomorrow, so he didn't try to stop her. But seeing her almost running, trying to escape when she noticed him behind her, he couldn't help but call out:

"Those short legs can't take you faster than that. Slow down before you hurt yourself, *niñita*," he said. "What are you even hurrying away from?"

"Isn't it obvious? I am getting away from you. Stop following me," she said bluntly, without looking back. She didn't want to be in his presence because he was confusing, and the confusing act was annoying her.

Sebastian's brows rose. Did she just say that? Though he shouldn't have been surprised when it came to this crazy little woman, he was. He was an Alpha, the supreme Alpha who commanded attention everywhere he went, and people would give anything to have his notice. He avoided many gatherings because everyone wanted to get close to him and be in his good graces, but here was someone running away from it.

This was the first time he had seen it, a female actually trying to get away and escape him. He'd never experienced anything like it before.

He had thought he would never see a day when someone would try to ignore his presence. And now, rather than finding it pleasing like he had been certain he would if no woman clung to him and try to always seek for his attention and disturb his time, he found himself hoping she wouldn't try to get away from him every time.

He didn't like it. The bond inside him didn't like it at all.

He watched her reach the elevator and begin repeatedly pressing the button, as if pushing it more than once would make it arrive faster and carry her away from the hallway he was walking down.

He nearly laughed but bit it back, clearing his throat. With her small frame almost swallowed by his coat, she looked like a child from behind, trying to escape a strict father. It wasn't like he was going to eat her, yet she acted as if that was exactly what would happen if he caught up to her.

When the elevator arrived, she dashed inside and began pressing the button again and again, as if to make it close before he could enter and join her. She wasn't even hiding the fact that she was trying to get away from him.

Sebastian used his long legs to reach the elevator before it could close completely. He entered and turned to see her glaring daggers at his back, then moving to the far end of the space, as if she could pretend he wasn't there. Really?

"I am going down as well, you know. This is not my house, and I need to use the elevator too," Sebastian remarked.

Why was he even explaining himself to her? Didn't he own this entire place? He didn't owe her an explanation for sharing an elevator. He never even shared his lift and always had it cleared of werewolves before he entered. This little woman...

Viola pursed her lips. "I wasn't saying anything. Don't talk to me." She turned her head to the side, as if the walls were far more interesting than he was.

Viola didn't mean to sound childish, but he was annoying, and she really didn't want to talk to him. Not to mention, she had so much on her mind about tomorrow that she didn't want his thoughts in her head, because his unpredictable behavior confused her. Whatever his motives were, it shouldn't be him sabotaging her goals and her fight for tomorrow. She was okay with everything else, but not that.

She felt him watching her, but Viola pretended she didn't notice at all.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 62: The first of her type[1,600 words]

Chapter 62: The first of her type

"You could at least pretend to be comfortable. Your dislike for being in my car is too plain obvious, niñita." Sebastian mused, tilting his head slightly to the side to look at the woman curled up at the far side.

She was sitting so close to the window, practically glueing her body to the car door, as if she would rather be outside than in here with him. He was even surprised she hadn't jumped out already while the car was still moving.

When they had stepped out of the healing house earlier, she hadn't wanted to even sit inside his car at all for a ride. Instead, she had begun to walk down the road, intending to walk all the way back to the High Tower where she stayed.

Sebastian had offered her a ride, and she had bluntly and forced-politely said no, thank you, claiming she needed the exercise from walking and insisting that he should leave her be and return to his work instead.

It had taken him using his Alpha strictness and authority, issuing a clear command, to order her into the car. "Get in."

She had glared at him, gritting her teeth before childishly storming into the passenger seat and slamming the door behind her with a force that made him internally grimace. He hated people, anyone, slamming doors in his face or presence.

Normally, he would have been so annoyed and irritated that he would have thrown the person out of the car without hesitation. But for some odd reason, or perhaps because of the damn fact that she was his mate, a woman he was destined by fate to protect and provide for, he hadn't.

Instead, he found himself silently amused, again.

She always did the unexpected and went against his wishes. Unlike most people who catered to his every word and order, she argued against them, resisted him, and acted like someone who had been thrust into his life solely to defy him.

Most men, especially wolf shifter men who had already rejected a mate for being wolfless, would find it exhausting to spend time with a woman like her. But Sebastian actually enjoyed it to a little extent.

Too many people had readily agreed with him for far too long, to the point that he had come to find people predictable and boring, especially the she-wolves. Having a woman who refused to bend, who thought for herself and challenged him openly, he realized, was something he had never truly experienced, until now.

For some reason, he found himself looking forward to tomorrow. He hoped she wouldn't disappoint him, though there was a very real chance she could die.

The trial was nothing like the virtual system he had witnessed her play through before; the real thing was twice as brutal and unforgiving. Still, now that he had put his new plan into motion, having her stand as his future Luna, even though she wasn't what prophecy dictated he should choose, he wanted her there for his future plans to work.

She was already willing to die for the position, which meant she was willing to look past every single danger sign presented to her. He only hoped she could convince the elders and the people of Silver tomorrow.

When she didn't respond to his words and instead kept inching farther away from him, Sebastian mentally shook his head.

She had turned sideways, staring out the window at the blue holographic screens and floating billboards lining the roads and side streets, with cars moving through the screens. They displayed tomorrow's competition, sliding images of the three participants, and the location where it would take place, and the little twig's eyes were glued to the screens, even adjusting her glasses to see better.

Sebastian's eyes also went to the screens, and immediately his gaze fell on one particular display showing her image. His eyes narrowed darkly. Who the hell had done such a thing?

Viola was no longer even aware of the Alpha sitting beside her in the moving car. Her attention was fully captured by the screens appearing in midair along Silver's streets, screens that showcased everything about tomorrow's event, including the memes made of her that flashed repeatedly across them.

She was still getting used to Silver's advanced technology and their impossibly beautiful world. Though she desperately wanted to admire the streets just to numb herself against the Alpha's delicious scent wrapped around her senses, she couldn't. Not with what she was seeing displayed so openly about her.

There were edited images of her hanging herself with a rope in the middle of a fight. Others showed her transformed into a helpless cat while Laila's wolf loomed over her, tears streaming down the kitten that had her head and glasses, with written words coming from the kitten's mouth: I forfeit to your mighty Supreme Luna.

A WOLFLESS CAN NEVER WIN TO RULE US was written boldly across many of the screens.

Nobody still took her seriously. Not that she actually knew what she was getting herself into without a wolf. It would be a lie if Viola said she wasn't terrified of tomorrow, especially knowing she had wasted two full days sleeping instead of training. She didn't have a wolf like the others, and her chances were so slim that she didn't even want to think about them.

A cold shiver ran down her spine at the thought that she could actually die in this trial and never have any chances. She quickly pushed the thought aside and hugged herself tighter, looking away from the screens when she suddenly felt a vibration inside the pocket of the coat.

She frowned.

Sliding her hand into the pocket, she fished out a phone. Without looking at it properly, she began to hand it to the Alpha, assuming it was his phone that he had left inside his coat. But then she noticed the pink case, Zoe's gift to her, with the little bunny ears attached, and her eyes dropped to the screen.

It was her phone!

How did it get into his coat? she wondered, glancing sideways at him. He wasn't looking at her. Instead, he was focused on the green, transparent holographic screen projected from his wristwatch, sliding through data with a cold expression on his face, as if he didn't like whatever he was reading.

How did he have her phone when she clearly remembered leaving it in her bedroom?

When the phone began to ring again, Viola looked away from him and answered immediately upon seeing Zoe's name. She had completely forgotten about Zoe, and guilt washed over her. Zoe would have been worried sick. No doubt she didn't even know Viola had been unconscious in the healing house, or she would have been there already.

The moment Viola picked up the call, she didn't even have time to say hello before Zoe's angry voice burst through the line.

"Hermano, I swear to the Moon Goddess, if you don't bring back Viola—"

"It's me, Zoe," Viola said quickly, realizing at once that the Alpha must have answered one of Zoe's earlier calls, making her think it was him on the line.

"Vee?" Zoe, who was curled up on her bed crying her eyes out as she stared at the designs she had made for her friend for the competition, but designs Viola would never get to wear now that her brother had ruined everything, shot out of her bed and exclaimed at the sound of the voice. "Is it really you, Vee?!"

Viola couldn't help but smile at Zoe's shocked words. "Of course it's me. Who else were you expecting?" she said gently, but her smile faded when she heard Zoe suddenly sob on the other end of the phone. "Zoe... are you okay?"

"Oh my Moon, I thought you were dead! I couldn't sleep for two days, Vee," Zoe cried out. She crouched down in the middle of her room, crying so hard that her voice became broken and unclear through the phone.

Viola immediately became worried. She sat up straighter in the seat, completely forgetting for a moment that she wasn't inside her own car, or one she had any right to command. Still, fear for Zoe overrode everything as she leaned forward and spoke to Matt, who was driving them.

"Could you speed the car up, please?"

Her voice came out urgent, firm, and slightly commanding, fueled by concern. Matt's brows lifted in surprise before narrowing sharply.

Since when had he become a driver for a wolfless woman to command? He wasn't even Sebastian's personal driver, he was only driving now because he needed a ride back to the High Tower after being stuck in that healing house, keeping rumors at bay for the woman and enduring sleepless nights that had left him a little irritable.

Did she really think he took orders from anyone but the Alpha? Matt thought irritably, already intending to ignore her request. She might have earned his respect for winning an A-Plus, but he

still firmly believed she didn't belong here, and he certainly wasn't going to take orders from her. His pride as Beta, and his wolf's pride, would take a hit if he did.

But the moment he lifted his eyes to the rearview mirror, he was met with Sebastian's cold gaze and arched brow. Then the Alpha's voice cut through their link.

'Do I need to repeat her words? You heard her. Speed the car, Matt,' Sebastian ordered calmly. 'Zoe is in distress.'

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 63: Better become his wife[1,866 words]

Chapter 63: Better become his wife

By the time they reached the High Tower skyscraper, Sebastian had completely forgotten his original intention to drop Viola off discreetly where no one would see her stepping out of his car. Zoe's sobs, which he had clearly heard through the phone, erased that plan entirely.

He stepped out of the car with her.

Viola, on the other hand, didn't care in the slightest that the Alpha was hurrying behind her. She broke into a run toward the elevators, desperate to reach Zoe, still confused as to why she believed she had died and sounded so broken and distressed. But just as she was about to step into the public elevator, a firm grip closed around her hand.

Sebastian intertwined their fingers and pulled her in an entirely different direction.

"Let's use my private elevator. It's faster," Sebastian told her as he guided her away.

Using the public elevator would only draw attention and make people see them together. He didn't want that, not yet, not when she hadn't officially become his Luna. Being seen close to him would make people immediately realize she was his mate, and his private elevator was the safest option. No one else used it. The entire floor was reserved solely for the Alpha.

Sebastian could tell the stubborn woman was too worried about his sister to fight him or even attempt to pull away from his hold. She allowed him to lead her to his elevator, her small hand tucked inside his.

The simple contact sent a hum of pleasure through his entire body. It felt right, so right, that he tightened his fingers around hers without even realizing it as they stepped inside his elevator after he swiped his keycard.

Even once inside the elevator, Sebastian didn't release her hand. He kept it firmly in his, enjoying the feel far more than he should have. Her palm was small and rough, cold against his warmer ones. He had never held a woman's hand with edges so rough and calloused like hers. Just what kind of hardship in Moonwillow had turned her palm this calloused?

He turned to look at her and noticed her distressed, worried expression for his sister. Many reports he had dug and read about her past described her as heartless and the meanest young woman in their pack, but her concern right now for his sister was undeniably genuine. She was even fidgeting on her feet, biting her bottom lip, and counting the number of grounds they had covered.

None of his past Lunas had ever cared for his sister this much. They all thought he had spoiled Zoe too much, and Zoe had disliked them in return, never getting along with any of them for reasons she never shared, even though he had wanted her to feel at home with his Lunas.

His thoughts quickly drifted back to Zoe. His sister must have assumed the worst about the situation again when he had picked up the girl's phone. Zoe might be his lovely sister but she had deep trust issues when it concerned him.

She wasn't supposed to cry. Crying made her sick. He had made sure she never had a reason to cry again. Yet the trembling sound of her voice on the phone was a clear indication she was crying herself into another sickness, just like years ago when his twin brother...

When the elevator opened on Zoe's floor, Viola immediately tried to run out, but was stopped by the tight grip still holding her hand, something she was only now becoming aware of. She looked down and saw her hand completely enveloped by the Alpha's large, darker one, their fingers tightly intertwined.

When did he hold my hand? she wondered, startled.

Frowning, she yanked her hand free and dashed down the hallway toward Zoe's room, without noticing the look of loss that settled in Sebastian's eyes the moment he lost the warmth and feel of her hand in his.

The moment Viola reached the door and Zoe opened it, Viola was instantly enveloped in her embrace and muffled sobs.

"I—I'm g-glad you're f-fine, Vee," Zoe cried, hugging her tightly, relief in her words.

Still confused about why Zoe thought she had died, Viola hugged her back, rubbing her shoulders soothingly, as if she could ease away all the fear and worry.

No one knew how much this she-wolf truly meant to her. After four years of rejection and torture, Zoe had been the first person to show her even the tiniest ounce of kindness, and over the past month, she had become one of the most important people in Viola's life. Because of that, Zoe had carved a deep and irreplaceable place in Viola's once-empty heart, a place no one else could touch.

One could say Viola was as fiercely protective over her as a mother hen, just as Zoe had been for her.

"Shh... I'm fine. It's okay," Viola whispered, stroking Zoe's hair even though Zoe was far taller than her and had to bend down slightly to fit into the embrace.

They were still holding each other when Sebastian arrived in the hallway, but he stopped several steps away, watching the scene unfold.

His sister was crying in his mate's arms, his sister, who trusted and liked so few people, was this deeply worried about Viola. The last person she had ever cried this much for was his twin.

"I thought my brother killed you too..." Zoe sobbed through her tears.

Something tightened painfully inside Sebastian's chest at those words and he balled his fists as his eyes darkened.

"No, he didn't," Viola said softly. "He can't do that. We have an agreement. I'll compete for the position of his Luna." She pulled back slightly, wiping Zoe's tears away with her fingers. "Why did you think he killed me?"

Zoe sobbed even more at Viola's gentle touch. Why shouldn't she think the worst of her brother?

Sebastian had raised her, but all along, she had never liked him the way she liked his twin brother, who was the complete opposite of him.

While Sebastian had been cruel in his ways, his twin had been kind. He had the kindest heart and mind. He was her favorite brother, her everything, but Sebastian had taken his life overnight and gotten rid of the body.

Zoe had called Alex the next morning, but it was Sebastian who had picked up the phone. When she'd asked him about Alex, he had said Alex was in a peaceful place and then ended the call.

He had promised her that he would never hurt their brother for the Alpha position, that the three of them would live together as a family, but Sebastian had gone against that promise. He had done it. He had gotten rid of Alexander overnight, his own twin. So why shouldn't she believe he had done the same to Viola?

Zoe wiped her tears and said, "Because he picked up your call. Forget it, I am glad you're fine."

She sobered up immediately, realizing her tears would do nothing but distress Viola further. If she were to explain why she had thought the worst about Sebastian, she would only plant fears in Viola's heart, and Zoe didn't want that. She liked how Viola was bold and unfearing of her brother.

"Don't mind my tears. I've called Nick and told him you're fine, and he's on his way," Zoe said, attempting a note of cheerfulness.

They were still standing outside the room, with Zoe hugging Viola again, when Nick came running toward them from the direction of the public elevator.

"Vee!" he exclaimed, and when she turned to him, he immediately crushed her into his embrace, lifting her swiftly off the floor and swirling her around like a princess.

"Hell, you got us worked up!" he exclaimed, relief thick in his voice.

Viola giggled at the way he spun her around and tightened her grip around his neck so she wouldn't fall.

"Nick!" Viola chided smilingly. He finally stopped spinning, but he didn't put her back on her feet and held her.

Sebastian, who had been watching from a distance in front of his personal elevator, narrowed his eyes at the sight. Displeasure was clear on his face at how her arms were around Nick's neck, and Nick's arms were wrapped around her waist, holding her up and pressed against him.

Sebastian clenched his jaw.

He was even more surprised that she didn't try to get away from Nick's hold the way she had with his. She allowed him to hold her.

Something inside Sebastian clenched and burned straight to his bones, anger, rage, possessiveness.

How dare he touch his mate like that? How dare she laugh with Nick but never with him?

Sebastian started walking toward them, but then immediately stopped himself.

What was he doing? Why was he letting this damn mate bond control him?

He shouldn't care. He hadn't even officially chosen her, or been officially named his Luna. Tomorrow was the trial, and everything could change. She could fail. She could die. She hadn't even proven herself worthy to the people of Silver pack, and yet the thought of her in someone else's arms made something primal rise inside him.

'Let's go and bite that stupid Nick for touching our mate!' his wolf snarled, clawing at him. Possessive.

Though everything inside Sebastian wanted to do so and break Nick hand for touching his mate, he fought it and reigned in his temper and possessiveness.

Sebastian watched as the three of them laughed and moved inside Zoe's place, Nick still carrying Viola in his arms before the door shut closed behind them.

His anger boiled over.

But he forced himself to calm down and think rationally. He shouldn't get worked up over a woman he was planning to use in his schemes to manipulate his prophecy; she hadn't even won yet for that plan to be set in motion.

Yet, even with that thought, a part of him refused to let go of the sting her laugh had left behind. She had the audacity to smile and lean on someone else, when she hadn't done that with him.

He would not tolerate this, but there was no way he could let it be known that he disliked it, unless she became his Luna, his wife, and carried his name. She better become it tomorrow.

With that thought, Sebastian turned on his heels and left the hall, not even seeing his sister as he had intended, already trusting her in the hands of the little twig.

He needed to check what the game would be tomorrow to know what chances Viola has.

However, when Sebastian arrived at where the game had been set for the competition by the collective elders, what he saw made him realize something utterly gripping about what the elders had done.

Viola's chances of winning without her wolf... were impossibly slim.

This game was different from the last one. This one was designed so that only those with a wolf had a chance.

'Fuck. She can't pass any of this, man.'

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 64: A gift[1,225 words]

Chapter 64: A gift

Viola spent the rest of the day with Zoe and Nick. After they had finally gotten over the shock that the Alpha hadn't killed her, and that they hadn't reported her missing to remove her from the competition, she trained a little in Zoe's personal gym room with Nick. While training, they talked about how the Alpha, of all people, would have been the one to take her to a healing house.

Zoe, in particular, had seemed and looked so worried that she kept telling Viola to be careful next time around the Alpha. Viola couldn't help but notice how Zoe always seemed to think the worst of her brother, even though she liked him enough not to tolerate Nick calling him the most heartless wolf shifter in the world and a cursed one everyone should be wary of.

Zoe had glared at him and snapped, "Don't call him cursed. He's still my brother, and he's not cursed."

Nick had immediately raised his hands in surrender. "Sorry. I just can't help it. He got me so worried that I was blaming myself for two days straight that he had done what he did to Alex to—"

"Nick!" Zoe had warned sharply, and the topic was dropped immediately. It left Viola curious, but she was unable to ask who Alex was or why Zoe looked so angry, as Nick quickly changed the topic to feeding her strength tonics he had bought for her instead.

By the time she returned to her penthouse, she was tired and exhausted.

This wasn't right, she shouldn't be this exhausted when tomorrow was such a big day for her. She had wanted to know what the competition would be like, but Nick had said he couldn't access it. The elders were strict about keeping it a surprise for the participants. No details could be leaked to prevent cheating, and at this point, only the Alpha knew what it entailed.

The Alpha, Viola thought, forget it. He would never tell her what it was, especially when he was probably rooting for her failure with their contract agreements already waiting, where she planned to hold him against the three wishes once she won.

She entered her penthouse carrying a bag given to her by Nick for tomorrow's preparation. Not wanting to stress herself thinking about the day ahead, she sat down on the floor of her living room and opened the bag to see what he had gifted her and said she would need for tomorrow.

He had told her he'd personally designed it for her, and Viola had been a little excited to see what it was, but he had instructed her to open it only when she was alone.

She couldn't help but wonder what it could be. It had been so long since she had received a gift that her heart warmed slightly, and a small smile appeared on her face as she eagerly opened the bag to find a wrapped box inside.

Viola picked up the box and unwrapped it to reveal a glass box. She marveled at the fancy presentation and opened it to find a glimmering black wristband inside. Curious, Viola picked it up, and immediately a note fell from it that read, "Put it on and be wowed, mi amor."

She turned the strangely shaped wristband back and forth before putting it around her left wrist. Almost immediately, as it touched her skin, its blank screen lit up, and a voice activated a holographic triangular display showing her blood vessels and beating pulse.

"Welcome, Vee. I am designed especially for you by your lovely Nick. I can monitor your energy and blood pressure. I can tell you when your energy is draining and when you need to stop and take breaks. I can also serve as your inner voice and answer all your questions if you connect me to the earpiece. I can even be your personal language translator if you get stuck where people speak Spanish all around you."

"Wow," Viola murmured quietly, finding the gift both cool and useful. Though she had been learning Spanish on her phone during her free time for no more than an hour a day, she was far from fluent, but this wristband would help.

She smiled, feeling grateful and yet a little undeserving of such a wonderful, priceless gift, and Viola made a mental note to pay this back by making sure Nick wouldn't lose the millions he had bet on her tomorrow.

"I will cherish this..."

"Yeah, you bet. I was made to be cherished, Vee," the robotic voice said, causing Viola to smile even more.

"I am glad you are smiling. My master told me that you don't smile often, so I should keep you company. I was also designed to remind you not to be afraid of this competition or failure. Whatever the outcome tomorrow, he still has you covered. He is single and searching for a wife, and you two will make a perfect couple. You will have beautiful pups."

Viola shook her head in amused disbelief. She couldn't help but find it silly that he had programmed all of this into the band.

If she hadn't been heartbroken to her very soul, Nick would have been the type of man she would have wanted for herself, someone who could easily make her smile and never think less of her.

But love and relationships were far from what occupied her heart and mind now. If she failed tomorrow, it would be a death sentence for her, whether she survived physically or not, because she had signed a contract agreement with the Alpha to walk away from his pack if she were to fail.

A person without a pack would be nothing but a breeding machine for packless wolves, a free body to be used and violated without protection or consequence.

Her entire life depended on tomorrow's competition, or there would be no future at all. Her life would mean nothing because she wouldn't be able to save and protect her sister or find her wolf. She pushed the depressing thoughts aside.

"Tell me about your hobbies, Vee. We could establish a fun and great way to make you happy. Your mood is declining, and I can feel your sadness."

Viola stared at the device, wanting to respond, but the weight of tomorrow's events pressed too heavily on her mind. She deactivated the device for the moment.

She was rising from her sitting position when she realized she was still wearing a certain someone's coat, the Alpha's scent clinging thickly to her. Her nose had grown used to it since this morning, learning to ignore it for the moment, until she moved and that sinful, expensive scent drifted into her nostrils, sharply reminding her of the annoying Alpha. Why had he even been following her around today?

She wondered about it, irritation mixing with confusion.

She began to take off the coat, thinking she would send it for laundry if she came back alive tomorrow and then give it back to its owner, as she didn't want to owe him anything, not even something as small as this.

But just as she reached for it, her doorbell rang, causing her to pause mid-action and look toward the door. Who could that be?

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 65: Shameless Alpha[1,085 words]

Chapter 65: Shameless Alpha

But just as she reached for it, her doorbell rang, causing her to pause mid-action and look toward the door. Who could that be?

Both Zoe and Nick, whom she knew were the only ones who ever came here, didn't bother with the doorbell when they knew and used her passcode instead. Not to mention, she had just left their place after hours of training in Zoe's large personal gym.

Warily, she subconsciously pulled the coat closer around her. She walked to the door and peeked through the peephole. A frown immediately creased her forehead when she saw the hallway was empty all the way to the elevator. Who could it be, then?

Wanting to make sure, Viola opened the door slowly and looked left and right, still no one. She was stepping back inside, about to close the door, when her eyes fell on a gray box sitting right in front of it. Who could have put this here? she wondered, unsure whether to ignore it or pick it up, as it was clearly intended for her.

Knowing tomorrow was a big day, Viola was on edge, her senses alert for lurking trouble. Any harm or interference that might slow her down could have been sent to her. Having lived in a world full of schemes and having schemed against people herself far too many times in the past, she had a deep distrust for a strange package left outside her door without any sender in sight.

Zoe had said the gift she had for her was for tomorrow and she would be given it tomorrow, while Nick had already gifted her his for good luck. So who would have sent this?

After contemplating for a while, she picked it up and brought it inside, but not far into the house, only far enough after she closed the door.

She was staring at the box when her phone vibrated in the coat pocket, and she jumped, startled, before quickly fishing it out. She was about to pick it up thinking it was Zoe or Nick, but saw a strange caller ID she didn't remember saving on her phone.

Sebastian.

Confused and utterly stunned, she stared at the caller.

How on earth did his number get into her phone? She didn't recall having his number there, and she frowned deeply because, along with his name, there was a heart emoji that made her eyes narrowed down at her screen.

She picked up the phone at the last ring without hesitation. "It seems the supreme Alpha himself doesn't know the boundaries of personal things. How did you get to unlock my phone to save your contact?" she asked immediately after picking up, without bothering to greet him.

She didn't like her things being invaded, especially by people she didn't trust, and she couldn't help her anger at the fact that he had dared go through her phone to save his number. What else had he done when she was unconscious?

"What are you talking about? I have no idea." Sebastian purposely acted dumb and oblivious to her accusations, when in truth he had indeed saved his number and added the heart emoji just because he saw that he could. She had saved Nick's contact with the heart emoji, so why shouldn't his be saved like that?

"You're utterly shameless and have no respect for one's personal things and space. You don't—"

"Don't cross more lines, four eyes. You should be happy that you have the supreme Alpha's contact. I don't see anything wrong with having my contact on your phone," he said, genuinely confused about why she sounded angry. Did she know that only a handful of people had his personal contact, and that they had to first reach his Beta before they could even speak to him?

"I have your contact, and you have mine, no big deal," Sebastian said matter-of-factly.

Viola bit back a sharp rebuke he very much deserved to hear after those words. No big deal? Did he mean it was perfectly acceptable for him to snoop through her phone, which she had locked, save his number himself, and even add a heart emoji to it? Really?

How shameless was this man? Viola thought, completely speechless. Did he think that just because he was the supreme Alpha, she would care about having his number on her phone and feel privileged to have it? She didn't actually want anything from him right now, no more than she wanted to constantly talk to him on the phone.

This opportunity hadn't been given to her freely by him; she was earning her position as Luna, not begging for favors or access to him.

"I don't want your contact on my phone, get it, and I certainly don't want you calling me. I am blocking you!" Saying that, Viola ended the call and put it on Do Not Disturb. She took off his coat and threw it, along with her phone, on the sofa, and then she turned to the gray box.

She was already conflicted with doubts about tomorrow and didn't need the Alpha adding to it by reminding her of how incapable she was, because to her, that was the real reason for his calls.

She had seen his betting poll on Nick's phone hours ago, and he and his Beta were betting millions on Laila, openly backing her with their cheers for tomorrow. So why should she talk to someone who was clearly on her rival's side?

She went to the kitchen, retrieved a knife, and then returned to the box. Bending down, Viola tore at the seal and opened the top of the box. What she saw inside made her stop, pursing her lips and blinking in confusion.

What the hell, Viola thought as she stared at the contents inside. They were three things neatly arranged in it, and Viola brought them out one by one. Each item had the same initials on them:

S.K

Sebastian Kade? she thought, completely taken aback. Did he send this? For whatever reason?

One was a bottle of liquid with contact lenses inside, the exact color of her eyes. Another was a similar wristband to the one Nick had given her, only this one looked even more grand and was in her favorite color, maroon. The third item was a sheet displaying the cheat code for tomorrow's competition, and seeing it, Viola turned pale, her heart falling into the pit of her stomach.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 66: Competition_Part 1[1,502 words]

Chapter 66: Competition_Part 1

The day of the competition that many in the Silver Pack had been anticipating for months finally arrived. The entire 1,000+ members of Silver, ranging from warriors to Gemmas, Deltas, elite citizens, and working Omegas, began to make their way to the grand arena where the first competition would take place.

Nobody knew what this competition would be like or what the participants would face to sit beside the Supreme Alpha and rule over the thirty-something packs that currently existed in the werewolf world. The Supreme Alpha was the king of all, holding control over the entire world like a string keeping them in line.

No normal she-wolf could ever sit in that position, which was why, during the morning of the competition, many members of the Silver Pack were wearing T-shirts with Laila's or Emilia's wolf pictures on them, showing support for the two of them. To everyone, only someone like them deserved to rule.

They hadn't found a Luna balance for two decades since the new Alpha's ascension, and it was high time they had someone who could last long enough to bring balance. A Luna was not only in charge

of standing by her Alpha but also tasked with ruling and supporting the she-wolves in the pack, helping them with their problems.

The entire streets of the Silver Pack were showcasing screens that displayed the arena, so even those who didn't attend in person could watch from their workplaces, like the less fortunate Omegas who come from a low background or were accepted into Silver.

The competition was restricted to be displayed only within the pack, and once the winner was chosen, the other packs would be informed of who was currently ruling, which was why none of the Moonwillow or others knew of it.

Nobody among the Silver members carried anything of the wolfless girl, as nobody had any hope in her. The only thing they carried related to her were the mocking meme shirts. She didn't even have a wolf to be cheered on, so what was the use? This competition was solely for she-wolves, yet the delusional wolfless girl didn't know what was best for her and carried the grand dream of ruling in her head.

This isn't the cleaning house she thought she could easily win and rule, and many were certain today was the day she would die, for they didn't see how someone who was no better than a human could compete with people with mighty wolves.

"I heard she's some Omega's daughter from the North Pack and thought she wanted to do something different from her parents," said someone among the werewolves making their way into the arena grounds. That remark caused those within hearing distance to laugh.

"Poor thing will find herself six feet beneath the grounds before the day ends."

Wasn't she supposed to aspire to mate with a good warrior or an important werewolf so she could rise from a lower position? But no, the useless thing was aiming for the Supreme Luna position! What a joke.

Laila, whose car was just arriving at the destination, heard all these words with her sharp hearing senses and couldn't help but smile as her car door was opened by a Gamma, who immediately bowed to her as she stepped out, enlightened with pride, alongside her two omega helpers and her best friend.

"Good morning, future Supreme Luna," the Gammas guarding the big, mighty gate of the arena greeted, and Laila beamed in pleasure as she acknowledged their greetings with regal satisfaction.

"Wow, Laila, everybody is already chanting for you and saying the competition should be dropped because there is no use, as we all know who the winner will be, and it's going to be you!" her best friend, Eleanor, remarked excitedly as they walked into the circular large arena where the elders were making their way to the higher enclosed seats, along with the Kade family, while the members of Silver were walking in orderly lines to the benches.

"I actually like the competition taking place. It's a good way to remind some people who deserves to sit beside the Alpha and what it takes to earn that position. It's been long since I did anything

fun other than shopping and traveling. My wolf misses challenges," Laila mused as they walked down the long, dimly lit tunnel connected to the arena that led to where the participants were required to change and then be directed to where they would wait their turns for the competition after changing.

"And I know you will kill it, especially since even the Alpha is behind you," Eleanor boasted proudly, as expected of a loyal best friend, causing Laila to smile in satisfaction.

She had been mad at Sebastian days ago, but then she had received his text last night saying he had been busy with important matters and that they would talk better after the competition if she turned out to be the winner.

That was enough encouragement for Laila and enough to let her believe Sebastian was being distant because of the competition so people wouldn't say he was playing favorites, not that she cared what people thought. She was his woman, after all, and that was all that mattered to her pride.

"Is my gear suit ready?" she asked, excited and anticipating the challenge ahead.

Eleanor bobbed her head eagerly and indicated one of the bags the omegas following them were carrying. "It's grand! You're going to look stunning in the profile picture!"

Laila smiled at her friend's words. Though she would barely need the overall gear suit when her wolf would be doing most of the fighting today, she had been given a cheat sheet of what the competition would entail by her uncle and knew she needed to give a good show in her human form as well. So she had ordered the grand training suit to display both elegance and strength.

When they entered the changing room, where she planned to change into the suit and take a picture for her profile in the arena, she was taken aback to find the wolfless girl and her future sister-in-law already inside the space, along with Emilia, the other participant, who was already dressed in her gear and adjusting her gloves.

But Laila was not bothered by Emilia. Her green eyes brightened with delight when they turned to the wolfless.

So the wolfless girl had appeared? Laila thought, believing the girl would have grown enough sense to run away before today. After all, she hadn't heard of her training for the past three days, but it turned out the girl hadn't the faintest sense of survival and was still seeking death. Is she really suicidal or just foolishly delusional?

The wolfless girl was sitting on the bench with Zoe fixing her hair, but she turned in their direction when they entered the changing room.

Laila almost laughed at the exhausted look on her now beautiful, delicate face. No doubt, the short thing was afraid, so Laila decided to be a little nice, after all, she would die today anyway.

"Hello, guys," Laila greeted first, taking the other space beside the wolfless girl, who acknowledged her greeting with a small nod that made Laila immediately drop the idea of being nice, for the girl was rude for not greeting her properly with respect.

"Zoe, you shouldn't stress yourself too much over a loser, you know. All your efforts will go to waste when her dead body is pulled out today and buried."

Viola, sitting down in her towel and trying not to think about what she had discovered last night regarding today's competition, didn't even blink at Laila's words, nor did she show any sign of nervousness. She intended to pay no heed to her insult or provocation. But Zoe spoke up with a smile that carried both grace and warning.

"I would worry less about Viola and more about the embarrassment waiting for you if today doesn't go as you rehearsed in your head, Miss Serrano."

Laila laughed so hard, holding her stomach and covering her mouth with her other hand as she found Zoe's words ridiculously amusing. "I never fail in anything, Zoe, and I will never fail to your Violin."

"Viola," Zoe corrected with a tight smile as she said, "Everyone fails eventually. The difference is whether they fall with dignity or drag their pride down with them along the way, Miss Serrano."

"That will never happen, and if it ever did, I would go down on my knees and apologize to the wolfless, and that should tell you how much I know I will win. By the way, Zoe, it will soon be Mrs. Kade. I will soon be your sister-in-law, and all those high designs you made and refused to sell to me in Silver in the past, you will be the one to make my wedding dress with your brother. Mark my words."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 67: Competition_Part 2[1,137 words]

Chapter 67: Competition_Part 2

"That will never happen, and if it ever did, I would go down on my knees and apologize to the wolfless, and that should tell you how much I know I will win. By the way, Zoe, it will soon be Mrs. Kade. I will soon be your sister-in-law, and all those high designs you made and refused to sell to me in Silver in the past, you will be the one to make my wedding dress with your brother. Mark my words."

Everyone knew Zoe to be a top fashionista, a model, and a designer. That was why she lived outside the Kade family house and ruled the fashion world in the werewolf realm. Over the years, she had made grand designs and sold them both inside and outside the pack. Not once had she ever sold her finest designs to Laila, always claiming they were sold out, even though she allowed them to be sold to others without hesitation.

Laila was known not to tolerate omegas in her circles, no matter how influential their families were. But Zoe was different. She wasn't just anyone; she had made her name known to many in Silver through her fashion career. Though her wolf was no different from that of an omega, she was still an important and influential figure within the pack and beyond.

However, Zoe never gave her the chance to be friends, given her extreme pickiness with people and the company she chose to keep.

Zoe hadn't even been close to the last two Lunas but still hung around this wolfless girl like a tail, which was somewhat annoying to Laila. Shouldn't she be hanging around her at this point, especially considering she would soon marry her brother? Why was she always helping the wolfless loser instead of supporting someone worthy?

Though, as much as Laila liked to pretend otherwise, she would very much like for Zoe to fawn over her. After all, who wouldn't want a famous fashionista and the Alpha's sister to be their friend and supporter?

"In your precious dreams," Zoe said, "I will never make any designs for you with my own hands. Perhaps you can wear the copies, but never my originals." Saying that, Zoe pulled out a package of the special gear suit she had made for Viola, then pressed a button on the package to make the suit unfold itself, rising upward like a display on a mannequin.

Viola, who was calculating and barely aware of what was being said above her head, was presented with the fighting overall suit in front of her. She blinked in wonderment at the fancy attire and its detailed craftsmanship.

"Let's get you into your attire, Vee," Zoe said, completely ignoring Laila, as well as Eleanor's small gasp of astonishment at the beautiful suit that looked far grander than what she had collected for Laila from her designer.

Before Viola could even admire the exquisite fighting gear properly, she was gently but firmly pulled behind the screen that divided the space so the participants could have the privacy of changing behind the many screens that lined one wall of the changing area.

"I know today is daunting, Vee. But you have to try your best to survive. I don't know what the competition will be like, but I truly hope you come out alive."

Zoe whispered as she helped Viola put the suit on, starting from her legs and pulling it carefully up over her hips, waist, and chest. She guided Viola's hands into the sleeves before pulling it up completely and then fastening the invisible inner zipper at the back with careful fingers.

Survival...

Viola raised her hand and touched the suit. It was maroon, with strips of black running along the sides, and a waist belt that held a dagger sheath securely in place. The material felt leather-like, strong yet flexible, with a faint glowing sheen that reflected under the lights. It hugged her body completely and emphasized her shape, where her body had recovered to her normal form, even looking far more shapely and toned than four years ago. Her hair was held neatly in a ponytail.

"It's beautiful..." Viola said, raising her eyes to the mirror and meeting Zoe's teary gray eyes staring back at her through the reflection.

Viola smiled softly and turned, pulling Zoe into a hug. "Don't cry. I am not going to die, and you said it yourself to Miss Serrano. I won't die," she whispered firmly, even though she didn't fully believe it herself after seeing the cheat code sheet the Alpha had secretly sent her.

She didn't have a wolf, and she had no idea how she would survive all three different competitions, which was why she had seemed absentminded since last night, trying to figure out a way to stay alive. She hadn't even slept a wink after she saw the sheets and understood what she would be facing.

And everywhere her thoughts led seemed like a dead end because this competition was no ordinary one. She felt Zoe's tears soaking into her neck and gently stroked her back in comfort. "Shh. Don't. No tears, Zoe. No tears."

"I am afraid for you, Vee. You are really strong for daring to want to join this competition, I could never. I wish you could have just listened to me days ago and come with me to my fashion house or my apartment. We could work together, and I would protect you and not let my brother banish you from Silver..."

Zoe had already proposed this before, knowing Viola was fighting to have a place to belong and live, a protected place where she wouldn't ever fall into banishment among the packless. Zoe believed she could give her that protection. Though, as cruel as Sebastian could be, he wasn't entirely heartless and wanted to fill the silver pack with more members. He accepted people into Silver every month and gave them work and lodging in the many empty buildings in their city.

If Zoe spoke to him personally, he would likely make Viola a member without her going through this deadly competition.

Just as Zoe had expected, Viola replied, "What I want in life could only be possible if I become your brother's wife. As much as I want to accept your offer, Zoe... I can't. Thank you for being my friend and partner. You were the first best thing that walked into my life in years, and I truly appreciate it."

Viola pressed a gentle kiss to Zoe's cheek and then wiped away her tears as she mustered a smile and swallowed the tight lump lodged in her throat. "No more tears. Now let's get back to business. Could you go get the photographer ready for my profile picture?"

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 68: Competition_Part 3[1,117 words]

Chapter 68: Competition_Part 3

Zoe nodded and then made one last adjustment to the sleeves of the gear as she said, "I made it thick so it helps if you have to face a wolf. It will give a little resistance against bites and claws. You look beautiful, Vee." She said this while looking at her friend through the mirror, admiring her perfect figure that many would envy or even kill for.

She had the most beautiful face and features that one couldn't help but stare and admire, and Zoe hoped it wouldn't be a waste today.

"Thank you," Viola said as she watched Zoe leave the space, wiping her cheeks as she stepped out.

Her own throat burned from how Zoe had been sobbing silently, which only made her more fearful, and Viola couldn't afford fear and tears now. She needed to think straight and carefully calculate her strategy.

After Zoe left, Viola turned to the mirror, looking deeply into her own eyes. Despite how much she didn't want to take anything from the Alpha, she had worn the contact lenses so she could face this battle without worrying about her glasses falling off in the middle of it. The last thing she wanted was turning blind in the middle of a fight or critical moment.

She didn't know why he had sent her those things last night, and after she had hung up the call on him, her pride couldn't bring her to call him back and ask him about it or seek clarification.

Viola was acutely aware of what she would face because of the cheat sheet. She stared at the suit Zoe had given her, then at Nick's wristband, and finally at the Alpha's contact lenses resting in her eyes, adjusting to her vision perfectly.

"Gifts from people, and I can only repay them with my victory," she whispered softly, then added internally, except the Alpha, of course, who she knew had ulterior motives that she would have to uncover by surviving this. The Alpha remained baffling and unpredictable to her, a man she couldn't understand yet.

Viola reached for her daggers and carefully fitted them into the belt sheath. Her heart beat a little faster, pounding steadily against her ribs, but she pushed every ounce of fear, every pang of doubt, deep down into the darkest corner of her mind. She couldn't afford them, not today, not when everything was on the line.

She left the room, and soon she and the other two participants were photographed. The moment their pictures were uploaded onto the large screen inside the arena and across the entire holographic display screens throughout Silver, many people couldn't help but admire the suit the wolfless girl wore and her powerful stance.

Instead of a wolf image standing behind her like the other participants, she stood holding her bow and daggers firmly in her hands, looking battle ready.

The fierce look in her blue eyes as she stared directly into the camera made many almost believe she might not be as weak as they had assumed. Only, she was unfortunate enough not to have a wolf, because bows and daggers alone wouldn't be enough to save her from what awaited her today.

Sebastian, who was seated in the high seat reserved for the ruling family inside the arena, stared at her on the massive screen in front of him with a completely expressionless look masking his thoughts.

"Man, bows and arrows won't save her," Matt commented from beside him, watching the screen with mild skepticism and feeling somewhat sorry for the wolfless girl who should have simply taken the offer to go to America months ago. Had she gone, she would have owned a house of her own and secured a steady source of monthly income from the Alpha, but she had let that chance slip away for this. And those damn elders were already bent on getting rid of her today in this competition and blocking any chances of her winning.

As much as Matt didn't personally like her that much, he didn't wish for her to die. "Who advised her to pick those weapons? They won't help her, Seb."

Sebastian's lips twitched slightly at the corner.

"You will be surprised what she could use them for," he said calmly, though his tone carried a hidden layer of meaning.

She was beautiful, he thought while looking at her on the screen. Her beauty was something one wouldn't have noticed months ago, but it was surfacing now, especially with that pretty little nose that added to her delicate features. She was not only gorgeous, but daring, stubbornly daring.

'And she's my girl. My girl will win, she must not die,' Muffin said with unwavering confidence.

'Her stubbornness might be her downfall today. She might not win,' Sebastian replied with a silent sigh.

'Are we back to that again?' Muffin asked, annoyed that Sebastian was returning to underestimating their mate.

Sebastian wasn't underestimating her; he was being realistic. He had seen the game, and she would need her wolf to stand a real chance, but she didn't have one. It was missing from her body or hiding for reasons he didn't know or understand.

He had called to help her last night and to tell her to meet him at the training grounds for a few survival tips, but she had cut the call on him and even dared to block his contact afterward, testing the limits of his patience. Nobody ever ended a call on him, not even his closest allies. Sebastian had been so annoyed last night that he had texted Laila afterward and was back to rooting for her, as it was beginning to seem she might truly be the winner today, just as the elders had already predicted would happen.

Viola's chances today were not only slim but almost entirely impossible. He stared at her profile picture, feeling his heart constrict painfully while his insides burned at the mere thought of losing her today, yet being unable to do anything now that it was far too late to interfere or help her the way he had intended last night.

'Stubborn little idiot, you better win and not let me go through the intense heartbreak of losing a mate. You better become my wife and get your three wishes.'

With the little time he had spent with her, he found her far more interesting than all the females he had encountered so far and felt an unfamiliar desire to know her better. But then again, if she didn't win this competition, it would mean she didn't have what it takes to be his Luna and didn't deserve it.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 69: First round_Part 1[1,516 words]

Chapter 69: First round_Part 1

In another part of the arena, not far from the Alpha and the six elders, another section of the Kade family sat. Camila Kade and her son, Javier Kade. Just like the other important werewolves, their side also had a roof that shielded them from the muted sunlight, and they sat on plush seats, looking up at the screens where the participants were being displayed.

"She looks different from how you told me," Camila remarked to her son with a frown, her eyes fixed on the wolfless girl on the screen. Her son had described her as a tiny teenager who barely looked older than sixteen, and Camila had found it amusing at the time that a teenager without a wolf would even want to become a Luna of their pack.

But the woman on the screen didn't look like a mere teenager. In fact, her eyes looked fierce, and she gave Camila an uncomfortable, unsettling aura. This was her first time seeing the girl, as she had never bothered to pay attention to a wolfless.

Her only concern had been Laila, who, if she won today, would solidify Sebastian's power and influence among the elders, ensuring that all the elders would support everything he did in Silver for Laila's sake.

Now, as she looked at the wolfless girl, a curious feeling stirred within her.

Camila had married into the Kade family, to the late Alpha's brother, but her two sons had never been given the chance to hold any important position within the pack. They were only known for the Kade blood running through their veins and had been given roles in developing the pack, rather than being entrusted with ruling a section of it or holding positions like Betas.

Javier, sitting next to his mother, narrowed his eyes at the screen. "She's changed. The last time I saw her, she was so skinny and tiny. I bet she's been fed," he said with a nonchalant laugh. The wolfless girl was no threat to him or his wish to be Alpha, so he couldn't be bothered to care about her or keep track of her changes.

"It doesn't matter, does it?" Javier replied, shaking his head dismissively.

"She's not going to make it as his Luna, but then, Mamita, imagine if she did. Sebastian, who doesn't like weak people, getting forced to marry a weakling who passed the competition. I'd give up anything to see him insulted and stuck with a wolfless as his partner." Javier remarked, turning to his wife sitting next to him, her gaze still locked on the screen.

She had her head raised as if she had the right, after everything she'd done to him.

Javier gritted his teeth in frustration, then raised his hand and slapped the back of her head with such force that her neck cracked.

"You are not allowed to enjoy this competition or the show, bitch. Lower your head," he warned, his voice cold.

Sofia whimpered and bowed her head, her fingers trembling as she clenched them tightly in her lap, silent tears falling onto the back of her hands.

"Javier," Camila scolded her son with clear displeasure in her tone, her eyes flashing toward her daughter-in-law and then back to her son. "What did I tell you about hitting her?"

Javier turned to his mother with a grin, his golden eyes, the same as hers, glimmering with feigned innocence. "Yes, Ma?"

Camila raised an eyebrow, her voice sharp. "What did I tell you about hitting her? If you want to punish her for her sins, you should do it in the privacy of your room, not out here where everyone can see. Someone's bound to witness it. Couldn't you control yourself?"

She'd warned him countless times, but the boy never listened. If only her other son, Nick, was interested in the Alpha position, he would have been the one she supported, as he listened to her and didn't act recklessly, unlike her older son, who did things without considering the consequences.

Yes, Camila was aware that Sofia had sinned, and it had twisted her sanity, turning her into a fool. The girl's family was still influential, as she was the daughter of an Alpha from another pack who was strongly backing Javier. But her son was simply too hot-tempered.

At his mother's scolding, Javier smiled and put his arm around Sofia, who flinched at his touch and trembled. But he brought his hand up and stroked her hair lovingly, kissing the top of her head before saying, "I'm sorry, mi mujer. I didn't mean to hit you. Have you forgiven me?"

Sofia quickly bobbed her head, then hugged Javier sideways, her body still trembling. "I-I f-forgive you, mi vida..."

Javier smiled and turned to his mother, "You see that, right, Ma? I am her life, and she forgives me. She always does. You worry too much about image and what people think. Now, can we enjoy the competition and see who dies and who lives to marry my cursed cousin?"

Camila shook her head, then turned back to the screen, which had gone blank, signaling that the competition was about to start.

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Viola and Emilia were directed toward a room where everything, from the walls and ceiling to the ground beneath their feet, was silver in color, with a long black sofa placed at the center.

They were directed to sit by the guard who led them there. Viola sat down first, and Emilia followed suit. As soon as they settled onto the comfortable sofa, the omegas served them refreshments, treating them like guests at a party.

Soon, the plain silver walls transformed into screens, giving them a clear view of the arena grounds and the first competition.

Laila was assigned to go first in every round of the three competitions, as it was plainly obvious she was the most important candidate, and they were to sit here and watch.

Viola was assigned the last place, which, for some reason, she was grateful for, as it meant she could observe the two before her turn. Being last wasn't always that bad.

When the walls suddenly transformed into screens, it startled Viola a little, but she adjusted almost immediately, masking her surprise at the advanced technology of this pack and how they seemed to use it everywhere. Though she'd been here for months, she still wasn't used to it.

She glanced over at Emilia, who was relaxed beside her, stretching her legs across the table in front of them. Emilia wore heeled shoes over her overall suit instead of flat boots, and her omegas were massaging her legs.

Viola couldn't even relax enough to breathe, not to mention resting like that, receiving a massage, and eating the snacks served to them. She feared that if she ate anything before stepping out into the arena, she would be utterly sick. Perhaps having a wolf gave one another sort of confidence, because she wasn't feeling it at all. Thankfully, she had numbed her feelings.

"Watch and see what you'll never be able to do, wolfless. This is relaxing," Emilia remarked with a smile as she noticed the wolfless girl's eyes turn away from her.

If Viola heard her, she gave no sign, not even a blink, as her eyes remained fixed on the screen in front of her, where the crowd was cheering their throats and lungs out for Laila Serrano, holding up banners with her picture.

The arena wasn't like the normal arena Viola knew in Moonwillow. This one was built with some kind of advanced technology, something typical of the Silver Pack. It was large, about the size of a village, with barricade walls around it and wires running along the structure like spider webs.

She couldn't understand what they were there for at first, but as she studied them, Viola soon realized their purpose.

Right in the middle of the arena, a platform slowly began to rise from underground, and on top of it were more than a dozen people in tattered clothing, ranging from old women to little children. There was blood on their clothes, and some of them were injured, the little children looking fearfully around at the crowds.

Another platform rose next to it, revealing Laila. The moment she emerged, the cheers of the crowd increased into deafening cries that made even Viola cringe internally.

She saw Emilia sit up straighter beside her, narrowing her eyes on the screen at the old women and children.

"What the hell? What are they doing up in the arena?" Emilia muttered, her voice tinged with confusion as she tried to make sense of the sight. There were children and women, people who looked like they hadn't eaten in ages, and it made no sense to her why they were there.

Unlike Viola, who had been given insight into what was about to happen today, Emilia was completely ignorant, as expected of the participants. Viola didn't give her any spoilers and remained silent, leaving Emilia to find out on her own.

## **Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 70: First round\_Part 2[ 1,774 words ]**

### **Chapter 70: First round\_Part 2**

Immediately after Laila fully stepped into the arena, the top of the arena slowly began to close, and the wires along the walls connected to the ceiling. It closed in a way that separated the audience from the field below, blocking their view of the arena floor while still allowing them to see what was happening below in the many holographic screens.

At once, a technological illusion was created inside the enclosed space, and the crowd watched from the screens as the arena transformed into the Silver Pack world.

Everything happening in that space was now controlled by technology.

Viola recalled Nick telling her that there would be people behind computers, operating everything and making it all feel real and believable to the audience.

The arena transformed into a literal battleground, where an illusionary version of the Silver Pack world was created. However, the world crafted by the system was now being destroyed by enemies, with every building burning to the ground.

From what Viola had read in the sheets sent to her, this first trial was called the Luna Emergency Evacuation Trial. This competition was designed to test a Luna's ability to lead during urgent, high-pressure situations.

The elders framed the scenario as a simulated pack attack, where the Alpha was occupied fighting the enemies, and his Luna was responsible for securing the safety of the weaker pack members.

It was said that something like this had happened many, many years ago, when an attack struck the Silver Pack and many were lost, including a Luna because she couldn't think fast in a high stake situation. That was why they now needed to test a future Luna through such trials.

Though the arena had turned into nothing but battlegrounds filled with fire and burning houses, there was a safe ground that led to an underground safety chamber that truly existed for emergency purposes within the Silver Pack.

Now, the Luna was required to lead the injured women and children to that safety before they died in the attacks.

Only the safety ground was not something an ordinary she-wolf could open. The chamber was an emergency shelter used during attacks or wartime. The entrance was sealed by a heavy mechanical cover that could only be lifted once.

Once the cover was released and closed fully, it would automatically lock and could not be reopened again. It was made that way to prevent enemies from following the pack members underground.

So the Luna had to use her wolf to hold the cover open while her people made it to safety. This was explained to Laila, as she was the first candidate and Viola noticed how the shewolf was smiling as if she found it simple.

Having an Alpha wolf must have made it look easy to her. She was to lead the most vulnerable members to safety, and among those she was expected to evacuate were older she-wolves with reduced strength, wounded werewolves, and young children.

The Luna was allowed to leave people behind if necessary, but she was expected to save as many lives as possible before sealing the shelter.

What made this trial even more daunting was the fact that not everything was fabricated by the system. The people left behind would genuinely feel the pain of whatever attack struck them, and even the Luna herself would suffer if she was hit.

Viola glanced at the people posing as vulnerable members, the ones the Luna was meant to protect. They had been taken from the packless with the promise that, if they survived the trial, they would be given a chance to join and become official members of the Silver Pack.

That was why their clothes were tattered, and why some of them were already injured and looked starved, from running, hiding, and living in the wild for years, without the protection of a pack or an Alpha. These were individuals who had been banished from other packs.

If they survived the trial and made it to safety with the Luna, they would finally have a home in Silver.

No normal werewolf would volunteer for something like this, knowing the risks of injury in the Luna trial. But these people were already hurt, already packless, already homeless, and desperate for a chance to belong, even if it meant enduring more pain in this trial.

Everything was designed to feel incredibly real, like a movie playing out before a live audience. Did they really have to go to such lengths? Viola wondered, finding herself feeling sorry for the people and the way they looked thin, starved, and frightened. It struck her deeply, because she had been there before herself and knew exactly what being that hungry and malnourished felt like.

From what she had read on the sheet, this was the most easiest among the three competitions.

Viola heard Emilia scoff and then relax back into her seat as the rules were announced, and she understood the purpose of the people inside the arena.

"Easy-peasy," Emilia said. "But unfortunately, not for someone without the strength of their wolf."

Viola was aware Emilia was talking to her, but she was too focused on the screen to pay any heed to the she-wolf next to her. She wanted to see how Laila would handle this.

There was a time setting displayed on the screen. She had thirty minutes to bring as many people as she could to safety, and there were fifty women and children who genuinely looked terrified inside the arena.

Laila was now standing at the far end of the arena with the women and children, while the underground chamber was miles away from where they were currently positioned.

"Get your asses ready to run for your lives. If any old person gets left behind, don't expect anyone to stop for you, understand?" Laila said to the terrified people behind her, who quickly bobbed their heads, the women clutching tightly onto their children.

Immediately, the trumpet signaling the start was blown.

Laila shifted into her wolf form, reddish and dark fur coating the mighty beast. She loomed powerfully over the people, so much so that the little children began to cry in fear. She snarled at them before barking, "Silent!" Then, looking up at the bombs and arrows being fired, she ordered, "Run to safety!"

Viola watched without blinking as Laila's wolf sped ahead of the people toward the chamber door so she could open it ahead of time.

Using her front legs, she grabbed the chamber's seal chain with her paw and then used her mouth to pull it. The strain of lifting it could be seen clearly on her body, and Viola could tell the seal was immensely heavy if such a large wolf like Laila couldn't lift it swiftly.

When Laila managed to lift it an inch, she fit her head into the narrow space she had created, then moved forward and used her back to push it the rest of the way open. Viola frowned as she realized the cover was not the kind that could stay released once lifted. It couldn't remain open on its own and would automatically close and seal shut.

That meant Laila had to remain there, using her back to hold it open, waiting for the people to reach her.

Viola watched as the older women with injured legs fell behind, while the children were urged by their mothers to keep running ahead. The less injured ran with all their might as Laila snarled for them to hurry the fuck up because the weight was burning against her back.

Viola felt her heart beating faster as several weak, older women were left behind on the ground, and Laila grew increasingly impatient as the thirty minutes given to her dwindled down to only three minutes remaining.

When the children and some of the healthier women reached the chamber entrance where Laila was holding up the heavy cover, she ordered them to get in. When one of the children hesitated at the opening, crying for her mother who was crawling behind them and couldn't run because her ankle was twisted, Laila used her hind leg to shove the child inside.

Then, without waiting for the ten weaker women left behind, knowing that the moment the time stopped, she herself could get hurt by the arrows being fired, she entered the safety chamber behind the others and shut the cover with a loud bang.

The moment the cover sealed, the remaining women were shot down with none wolfsbane but extremely painful arrows, knocking them unconscious instantly. Viola's stomach turned and her eyes widened in shock. Though the arrows weren't meant to kill as they were not humans, the pain inflicted would be severe.

"Well, that is a good way to go about it!" Emilia exclaimed with amused laughter, and Viola couldn't help but shoot her a dark look, though the she-wolf only found her glare entertaining.

If this had been her in the past, Viola would have laughed at the sight of weak and innocent people suffering, just like Emilia was doing now. But this new version of her was no longer that kind of person. This new her knew what pain felt like. She knew suffering.

"Aww, don't feel sorry for them, wolfless. This is a lifetime opportunity given to them, to be part of a pack. The pain will be worth it when they wake up. They'll have a roof over their heads, food, and assigned work for the pack," Emilia remarked, biting down on a ripe, fresh apple.

Viola watched the screen as a camera followed Laila underground, showing her smiling and panting after she transformed back into her human form, people quickly covering her with a blanket.

When she was asked why she chose to leave the weaker ones behind, Laila replied,

"As a Luna, I am forced to make sacrifices to save the majority. I believe it is more important to save those who can survive, grow stronger, and rebuild the pack after a disaster. The old and injured no longer serve a purpose and cannot contribute to a pack's future. Saving the pups and the stronger ones is more logical than having them all killed."

Laila's answer earned her thunderous applause from the audience and the approval of all six elders, because that was what they believed made a true Luna. They all agreed with her view and her decision.

Viola watched this, a deep crease forming on her forehead as she silently calculated her strategy for her own turn. Something inside her rebelled against that viewpoint entirely.