

FATED: THE ALPHA'S UNWANTED LUNA

Chapter 8: Found another one

Then he added, colder still, "And one more thing. I hope we never meet again, because if we do, I will be forced to wring your neck and kill you to break the bond. Goodbye."

Something inside Viola died as she watched his shadow disappear into the night without once turning back to look at her. She wasn't stupid; she knew the signs, and she knew as clearly as she knew she was doomed that her fated mate had just rejected her in the cruelest, most backward way.

She had only suspected him to be her mate because he had been gentle and kind, but his last words made it painfully clear. He didn't want her. And though she was spared the heartbreaking, wrenching realization of rejection because she didn't have a wolf to share the deep bond, it still twisted something inside her and made her heart feel like it was breaking all over again.

Her throat burned and the backs of her eyes pricked, but Viola didn't look away until his shadow disappeared completely. She was left consumed by the silence of the night, his coat and sweet scent lingering all around her. Just then, Leni's words came back to her, hitting her harder than ever:

'No one would ever genuinely want you. A villainess like you deserves to be in the gutter...'

Viola let out a bitter smile and then raised her head to look at the moon, now at its peak in the night sky.

"Really? You gave me a little hope and then snatched it away in the worst way possible..." She laughed, a hollow, humorless laugh. "You really are hellbent on seeing me suffer."

Only a fated mate would threaten to kill someone when rejecting them just to break the bond. Evan's rejection hadn't been any better, but at least Evan hadn't been her fated mate. This one had been. And if he could threaten to kill her to sever a bond that would tear his soul apart before it finally faded, then it showed just how deeply, how completely, he did not want her at all.

Though she didn't understand why he had only said that after she told him her pack, it didn't matter so much when he had already turned his back on her. He was her only hope out of this nightmare, and he had also turned his back on her just like everyone, but she didn't blame him. She had also turned her back on many people in the past just to keep herself safe; she had even turned her back on her twin.

If he had accepted her in her current state, she would have thought him blind and foolish. She had seen her reflection in Leni's mirror that evening, and even she had not recognized herself. She didn't just look malnourished, she looked utterly unsightly. When was the last time she had taken a proper shower or eaten a good meal? Viola couldn't recall it.

Some Alphas, despite the mate bond, would not take just anyone as their mate. She knew that well, and she knew she didn't fit that standard in any way in her current state. The notion of someone taking her as a Luna sounded outrageously ridiculous.

She, a woman who had once prioritized beauty and cleanliness, who had always kept herself healthy and had been praised for it, had turned into this, someone everyone looked at as dirt. Though she knew she didn't meet the standard of being any Alpha's Luna, it didn't make the pain or heartache any

less, especially knowing she had lost her chance at ever ranking above the Hollows and finding her wolf.

If he could turn his back on her, when she knew how the mate bond hurt those who had it, then he wasn't worth the tears she shed. Viola told herself this, but the silent tears came anyway when she inhaled his intoxicating scent lingering on his coat around her.

"I hate you... I hate you so much. You shouldn't have been nice to me for even a moment, or shown yourself. You should have let them rape me." She covered her face with her palms, shielding her silent tears, and when she was done, she walked back to her pack, to her nightmare, because there was nowhere else to go.

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"Where have you been, Seb?" Matteo, known as Matt, and the Beta of the Silver Pack questioned Alpha Sebastian Kade the moment he returned to the hotel they were staying in for the night before arriving at their destination.

Seb walked into the suite and began to take off his coat, but then realized the coat was not on him anymore. He cursed under his breath and turned to his Beta-slash-best friend, remarking blankly,

"I went out to get some fresh air." He then made his way to the private bar in the big VVIP suite and grabbed a bottle of Scotch and a glass, beginning to pour himself a drink. His fingers shook slightly around the glass, causing some of the liquid to spill onto the pristine bar from his unsteady emotions, and he cursed.

Matt rolled his eyes as he grabbed a towel and wiped off the spilled drink while he spoke. "If we were anywhere but close to the Moonwillow Pack, I would have believed that you went out to get some fresh air, Seb. Not to mention, tonight is the Moon Festival. And if you haven't noticed yet, you have

blood on your sleeves," Matt pointed out, his gaze flicking to his friend's white shirt sleeves, stained with small spots of blood.

Seb's eyes lowered to his sleeves. He stood up and swiftly ripped off his shirt, buttons and all, revealing a strong, hard, tattooed chest and arms. He flung the shirt across the room, then grabbed his glass and poured himself another drink.

"Another thing, Seb," Matt continued. "You're carrying another scent now, mixed with your own. Where exactly have you been? You know you shouldn't be out anywhere near where the Moon Festival is happening in Moonwillow."

"Sometimes you act just like the elders who watch my every movement, and it's fucking annoying, Matt. Where I go should be my own problem. Have you contacted the Alpha of the North and told him we're delayed on our way?"

Alpha Seb said, downing the Scotch in one swallow to suppress the relentless ache in his chest from turning and rejecting his mate. Mate-bond was a curse in his life, and he wished it didn't come with this unbearable pain. But he reminded himself, he wouldn't be the Supreme Alpha if he couldn't control such feelings, a test he had endured more than once in his life.

Matt, instead of getting angry at Seb's words comparing him to those pesky elders, merely leaned his back against the bar and crossed his arms over his chest, fixing Seb with a knowing look. They had practically grown up together; Matt's father had been the beta when Seb's father had ruled as Alpha of the Silver Pack. Because of that, they knew each other like the backs of their hands.

"You found another one, haven't you?" Matt asked, noticing how Seb's fingers tightened around the glass until it cracked, confirming his suspicion.

Matt sighed. "I knew it. The way you ran out of the hotel when we were checking in, I had a feeling it was another mate. So, did you like this one?"

"I wouldn't have asked you to contact the Alpha of the North if I did. No, I don't like her, and she doesn't fit the standard at all," Seb said through gritted teeth, hurling the glass across the bar. It shattered against the wine shelves with a resounding crash.

"We shouldn't have stopped around here if you had picked a good car that wouldn't break down in the middle of our journey and force us to stop in this fucking territory."

Matt was accustomed to the Alpha's rage whenever he encountered a mate he didn't like and the bond got to him. Unlike normal Alpha wolves, Alpha Kade was different. He wasn't just an average Alpha; he was the Supreme Alpha, born into the bloodline.

A Supreme Alpha was the kind who held authority over almost every werewolf pack, even those beyond his own territory. To earn that title, they had to come from the strongest bloodlines, descendants of the very first werewolves.

Being a Supreme Alpha came with immense advantages, and even greater disadvantages. One of them was the ability, and the burden, of having multiple mates. He was fated to many, not just one.