

Chapter 81: End of competition/ possessive Alpha_Part 3

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Sebastian's gaze slid from her eyes down to her half-exposed chest, where the claw wound had already healed and her skin gleamed with his saliva. Her buds were arched and pointed, swollen and impossibly sensitive, and the sight made his cock strain painfully against his pants, aching for her touch.

But before he could do anything further, she dragged her trembling, painful hands up and covered her chest, forcing his gaze back to her enraged face.

"How dare you take advantage of my situation?" she grated, her blue eyes blazing now that the poison's toxicity had left her, her wound was closed, and her senses were finally clear of the fog that had left her barely conscious of everything he had done. He had known she would hate his methods, but it had been the only way to save her without dragging anyone else into it.

Sebastian snapped out of the haze of his arousal and blinked at her before letting out a short, amused smile.

"Take advantage? I was trying to save you, four eyes. You should learn to say thank you to someone rather than jump to conclusions," he remarked, even though, in truth, he had indeed taken a little advantage by licking more than was strictly required to heal her. But who could blame him? She was just too perfect for him to ignore.

"You are shameless. You disgust me," Viola gritted, embarrassed and furious because he had clearly taken advantage of her weakened state and done what he wasn't supposed to.

She wasn't so naive; her wound hadn't reached the top of her nipple, yet he had clearly licked and sucked all the way there. The thought made her flush with embarrassment and sent another flip through her stomach, for no man had ever done anything like that to her before. But this shameless Alpha had taken advantage of her weakness, stripped her half-naked, and put his mouth all over her. Though it was for healing, he could have done it in other ways that didn't require him to suckle her like that.

Furthermore, why the hell was he healing her with his mate bond connection?

"Funny. You moan when I disgust you, darling," Sebastian taunted, watching her cheeks grow even redder and her eyes flare with rage as she tried to hide her embarrassment.

She was acting like an innocent virgin, but Sebastian doubted she was, considering she had dated Evan for years in Moonwillow. Though she didn't have a wolf, she still experienced heat seasons like every she-wolf, and he doubted Evan hadn't been there to tend to her during them. Still, the

thought of Evan having his hands on her body, or seeing her exposed the way Sebastian had, sent a curling surge of anger coursing through him.

I think it's time to get back at Moonwillow, Sebastian thought. Blacklisting them alone isn't enough for what they did to me years ago, and for what that little shit did to my mate.

Viola couldn't help the surge of anger at his words and she said,

"You are the worst of your kind, Alpha Kade, you—"

"Sebastian," he cut her off.

She looked at him in confusion, blinking. "What?"

"You can call me Sebastian," he said evenly.

Viola scowled at him, taken aback. Was she hearing things, or was it really true that this arrogant, pretentious bastard was actually giving her permission to address him by his name? His behavior was really starting to make her think he was touched in the head, but the even look on his devilishly handsome face told her he genuinely meant for her to begin calling him Sebastian.

Viola almost let out a dry chuckle. She wasn't about to play along with whatever game he was trying to start. Someone who had once clearly almost left her to die, and wouldn't have saved her at all if not for the mate bond controlling him, couldn't convince her that she suddenly mattered to him now, or that he was helping her without expecting something in return, or that she had permission to use his name.

"Alpha Kade," she said coolly, lifting her eyes to lock with his silver ones, "would you turn around so I can wear the clothes you took off without my permission?" She arched a brow, deliberately using his title because she didn't trust him or his intentions.

Last night he had sent her a box of gifts without explanation, and now he had healed her, and knowing people in power, especially him, and everything she had been through in her life, she couldn't help but believe he had a hidden intention and an agenda for helping her because he definitely wasn't doing it from the pureness of his heart. It was better to be safe than sorry, and being safe meant getting him off her back without getting herself too familiar with him.

He could be doing all of this because he had thought of a way to banish her to the human world, just like he had said more than once, despite their contract agreements and everything, especially for the fact that she was ahead of his Laila, the ideal choice for his Luna.

She was still deeply displeased with him for licking her like that, and even more disturbed by the fact that she had allowed herself to let out a sound of pleasure, or had even found it pleasurable. She wanted to really knock her head against the wall for being so stupid to moan!

Sebastian's lips pressed into a thin line when she refused to use his name. Still, he turned around, partly because her stubbornness irritated him now, and partly because her half-dressed state was affecting him far more than it was affecting her.

Viola hastily pulled her suit back on without her bra, which lay next to his feet. She wasn't about to bend down and expose herself just to retrieve it, especially when her entire body still ached like hell. She slipped her arms into the sleeves, tugged the suit up over her shoulders, and then struggled to reach the zipper at the back, straining and grunting as pain shot through her.

Sebastian heard her struggling and immediately knew it was the zipper. He let out a quiet sigh and turned back to her. Before she could tell him not to touch her, he bent down, gently swatted her hand away, and pulled the zipper up for her, moving her hair aside so it wouldn't catch.

When he stepped back, he was met with her dark glare. He lifted a finger and flicked her reddened nose lightly.

"You don't have manners, *niñita*. You should learn to say thank you when someone helps you, instead of glaring at them like a hellcat."

Viola fought the urge to bite his finger and show him just how much of a hellcat she truly was. She had perfect manners, all right; it was just that saying thank you to someone like him made her tongue feel as though it were made of heavy stones. If it were anybody else, gratitude would have come easily and quickly, but not him. He got under her skin even without trying, and that alone made courtesy feel like surrender.

She looked up at him with a simple, cool smile and replied, "I never had anyone to teach me manners being a nobody, Alpha Kade," she said calmly. "And you can't be my teacher when you can't teach what you don't have or don't know yourself."

'Damn, she's never going to forget you called her a nobody. Didn't I warn you?' Muffin put in.

"Are you calling me mannerless?" he asked her, without even a hint of offense in his tone, only a faint trace of amusement curling beneath the words. She didn't seem like the kind who would easily forget his past behavior and start over again, even as friends.

Viola only snorted, ignoring him.

Just as Sebastian was about to respond, the sound of footsteps reached them, followed by the rattle of the doorknob. He had already locked the door so whoever was trying to open the door wouldn't be able to do so.

"Vee, are you in there?" Zoe called, Nick's worried voice joining hers.

They had taken longer to reach the room because the moment Viola left the arena, the audience stands had erupted into chaotic chatter and movement. People rushed down, eager to confirm whether it was true that a wolfless girl had killed two Black Howlers. Nobody wanted to miss something that happened once in a lifetime, a wolfless killing something that strong.

By the time they reached the resting room, after pushing and shoving their way through the crowd, they were surprised to find the door locked.

"Is she inside?" Nick asked Zoe. "Why is it locked?"

Inside the room, Viola pushed herself off the sofa and began to limp toward the door, but Sebastian suddenly reached out and grabbed her arm, stopping her. She turned to glare at him, only to realize his eyes were fixed on her chest. She followed his gaze and saw that, without her bra, the side of her breast was exposed through the claw tear in her suit.

Her eyes widened in embarrassment. Before she could even think to cover herself, Sebastian reached up and loosened her ponytail, his fingers combing gently through her hair as he pulled the thick strands forward over her shoulder, covering the exposed skin.

Once he was satisfied she was properly covered and no one would look at her bare skin, he released her. Her face had gone as red as ripe tomatoes, making her look far too adorable for someone who had displayed such terrifying strength earlier that day.

She limped past him and opened the door for her friends, who were already growing impatient. Nick was even muttering about breaking the door down, the dense fool who clearly didn't know how to back off from another man's mate.

One of these days, Sebastian thought as he watched Nick walk into the room and pull Viola into a hug, he would break the young wolf's neck and legs. Maybe without his legs, he wouldn't be able to come looking for Vee again.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 82: End of competition/ possessive Alpha[1,830 words]

Chapter 82: End of competition/ possessive Alpha

"You were fire out there, Vee," Nick remarked, still hugging her and stroking her hair, Viola's arms wrapped around his waist.

Sebastian's expression darkened like a brewing storm in the heavens, about to descend upon innocent mortals. He let out his Alpha energy, releasing it without restraint. It was his suffocating presence that finally made Zoe turn toward him, noticing him in the room, which also caused Nick to step back from the embrace, startled by the sudden pressure of the Alpha's energy.

"Hermano?" Zoe called, her gray eyes narrowed and her hands on her hips as she watched him watching her friend. The moment she addressed him, he turned to her with a dark scowl.

"What are you two doing here?" Sebastian asked before he could stop himself, the question escaping without thought.

Zoe looked taken aback for a moment at his question. What was she doing here? she thought, trying not to eye her elder brother for asking her that in the first place.

"I should be the one asking that. What are you doing here?" Zoe countered incredulously.

She and Viola were friends, and she had every reason to be here, to make sure her friend was fine. He, on the other hand, had absolutely no reason to be in this room, looking angry as if they had invaded his privacy.

Her question made his silver eyes darken, and she swallowed hard, stepping back behind Nick to hide away. Her brother was terrifying when he looked at her like that, a clear sign that he was furious. Not to mention the crushing weight of his Alpha energy, which pressed down on everyone in the room and forced weaker wolves toward instinctive submission.

"I am the Alpha, and I can be wherever I like, little sister," Sebastian mused, his tone calm but cold.

Zoe pursed her lips, speaking from behind Nick, who was narrowing his eyes at his cousin's torn shirt and bloodstains, wondering exactly what the Alpha was doing in here while releasing that suffocating presence that made one want to hide lest they couldn't breathe.

"Vee is my person, and I have every right to be here, hermano. Your beta has been looking for you, shouldn't you go to him?" Zoe added with a small smile.

Didn't her brother tell her a month ago that he despised Viola? Didn't he insist she wasn't one of his many mates? So why was he here with her blood on his shirt? Could it be that he had attended to her?

Zoe knew her brother better than anyone, and she had a feeling he had lied to her about Viola not being his mate. If she wasn't, why had he been the first person to reach her, even before any of them?

Though Zoe would be happy if Viola truly were her brother's mate, and that for the first time he hadn't discarded her after a night together like he did with many of the she-wolves who were his mates, she couldn't help but worry for her friend, who had endured and was still enduring so much in her life.

She'd seen how Viola struggled with trauma and deep internal scars. Being her brother's mate, she could be used as a weapon against him once it became public. Her life would be in constant danger; she would have to watch not only her back but every morsel of food she ate.

It wasn't that Viola couldn't defend herself, she had already displayed her strength in the arena, which Zoe was so proud of, but what if Sebastian himself harmed her or took her life?

Zoe loved her brother, but he was a living disaster, with secrets that even she, his only remaining blood relative, didn't know. Just like where he went every three months, disappearing for weeks only to return as if he had fought the devil himself through sleepless nights. And then there was his cursed, rumored prophecy, one that constantly killed his Lunas...

"Matt is a grown man and knows where to reach me if he's urgently searching," Sebastian remarked to his sister, glaring at Nick, who quickly moved to hide behind Viola as if she could shield him from the Alpha's terrifying gaze.

Though they were relatives, Sebastian was not only older than Nick but far more powerful, and their deep familial feud meant they had never been close. Javier and Sebastian were always clashing, and Nick, who had nothing to do with their fights, was always caught in the middle.

"I didn't do anything, Alpha. She's my friend, and I came here to see if she's okay," Nick quickly explained, hoping to stop the Alpha from scowling at him in a way that made his wolf cower inside him.

Ever since Nick was a pup, he had always feared Sebastian more than he did even his own older brother.

Viola, caught between the two sides with her friends hiding behind her in fear of the Alpha, pursed her lips. Not having a wolf made Sebastian's presence less overwhelming for her, but the way he was making her two best friends cower in fear drew her eyes and narrowed them in displeasure.

"Stop it, Alpha Kade. You're making them nervous for no reason at all. They are my friends and they have the right to be here, unlike you," she told him firmly. She didn't have time to deal with him or question his motives for being here anymore.

She had too much to do to secure her position as his Luna, and his presence unnecessarily unnerving her friends was not something she could overlook. They were her people, and he was an outsider, she would always stand by her people.

Sebastian's gaze moved from Nick to Viola, but instead of calming, his aura flared, turning the air frigid like winter had descended into the room, freezing everything. His silver eyes darkened at the fact that she still treated him like an outsider despite his efforts. Hadn't he just saved her life? Couldn't she at least accept his presence like she had his sister and cousin?

"Are you sending me away?" Sebastian asked, his brows drawn together in displeasure, especially when he saw his sister nodding and gesturing for him to leave. That little brat he had spoiled with his own hands. He would have threatened her with her monthly allowance if she hadn't grown into an independent young woman and no longer depended on him.

"Isn't it obvious? I believe I don't need to spell it out for you to leave. I need to prepare for the next round, and my friends are here to help me if you—"

"There is no next round," Sebastian cut in, taking satisfaction in seeing her indifferent face shift to confusion. At least she wasn't looking at him angrily.

"What do you mean?" Viola asked, her heart dropping into the pit of her stomach at the sudden thought that he might be disqualifying her for talking back. But he wouldn't dare, not after she had put her all into it and was only a step away from achieving her first goals.

"He is right, Vee. The third round was canceled a few minutes ago. Didn't you see it on the screens?" Zoe asked, glancing toward the walls where the arena screens displayed the view.

Viola blinked in confusion, looking at Sebastian, who was returning her gaze with the faint lift of a smile on his face.

While she had been barely conscious and Sebastian had been busy trying to suck out the poison and heal her, an announcement had appeared on the screens: the third round had been canceled, and the winner would be announced tomorrow. Laila Serrano had fallen into a state where the healer had to put her to sleep to remove the poison that had entered her heart from the numerous claw wounds and bites she had received from the black howlers.

"So there is no more competition?" Viola muttered as Nick explained it to her. She didn't know whether to feel relief or fear at the third round being canceled.

"Yes, we thought you must have seen the screens. You're more than one step ahead of everyone, Vee, and I believe my bet isn't about to go to waste and you will be announced the winner tomorrow," Nick said with a smirk, about to hug her again out of happiness.

But a certain someone's look stopped him, making him shove his hands into his pockets. What was it with cousin Sebastian? Why did it feel like he was staking a claim on Viola even without saying a word? It wasn't like she was his Luna already, and even if she were, everyone was aware that he liked Laila and preferred her more, seeing as he had placed his bet on her, which he would now lose.

"We don't know if she has won yet. We'll have to wait until tomorrow to know after the announcement and the council meeting between the elders," Zoe said, her gray eyes glimmering with excitement as she imagined designing Viola's wedding dress and preparing for her crowning ceremony as Luna.

From what she was noticing, there was a strong chance Viola might indeed be Sebastian's mate. Though scary as it was, Zoe knew her friend was capable of protecting herself against any enemy, even Sebastian himself.

Viola, who had heard everything, didn't know whether to feel relief that there were no more trials or happiness that she was at least ahead of the other participants.

She still didn't feel any sense of accomplishment or relief of securing a better future, nor did she feel as though she had done enough.

Not to mention that winning didn't mean she had achieved anything yet. There was still so much to be done: enduring a life married to a man who, according to rumors, could kill her; carrying the responsibility of an entire pack; and pursuing her revenge against the North Pack and Moonwillow. She hadn't forgotten what Ember, Evan and Leni had done to her, the beatings and the humiliation.

Though the elders might suddenly decide to banish her even after she had proven herself in this competition, Viola realized she needed to rest her aching body and wait until tomorrow to hear the outcome. Her head was still pounding, and her legs felt unstable.

She absentmindedly massaged her temple, where the contact lenses still caused a mild headache and eye pressure, combined with the bumps and falls she'd taken in the arena.

"Let's go, Vee. I'll drop you home, and we can stop at the healing house to get you checked," Nick said, reaching out to take Viola's hand so they could leave before the Alpha's dark presence overwhelmed them. But just as they began to turn, Sebastian stopped them.

"She will come with me. I'll drop her home. You and Zoe can go ahead."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 83: Start a good relationship_Part 1[1,429 words]

Chapter 83: Start a good relationship_Part 1

Few minutes later, Sebastian sat inside his car with Viola, who looked to be purposely ignoring him as she stared away from him. Just like days ago, she was sitting so far away, with her head turned the other way so he couldn't see her face. It hadn't taken much to get her to ride back with him rather than go with his cousin and sister.

She had begun to argue with him, but then she pressed her fingers against her temple like she was having a headache and stormed away to get into his car, as if she knew arguing wasn't going to make him let her leave with Nick.

He was actually stunned that she hadn't tried harder to talk him out of it, but then, seeing how pale and exhausted she looked, Sebastian figured she must be physically in pain and lacked the energy to fight him.

It was understandable, with everything she had gone through. It was a surprise she hadn't suffered more injuries than she currently sustained, considering how the black howler had pulled her off the wall and hurled her against it. Sebastian mentally grimaced, recalling the brutal scene.

He wasn't the only one who agreed that she wasn't weak, because the holographic screens on the streets were still showcasing that fight, as if nobody could believe a wolfless was capable of anything but weakness among werewolves. Yet she had not only proven them wrong, she had become a threat to those who didn't want a wolfless to rule as their Luna.

Thankfully, the time they had spent in the resting room had allowed the crowd to clear away from the arena, and the elders and the Kade family had already returned to the pack's main building. Hence, he had been able to step out with Viola without anyone noticing or raising rumors and scandals about why he would let her ride with him.

"You are going to hurt your neck sitting that way, *niñita*. Sit up straight," Sebastian said with a hint of scolding in his tone as he slightly craned his neck in her direction when he noticed her head had turned at an awkward angle. How could she sit that way? Didn't she know she would strain her already battered body further?

When she didn't reply nor move to adjust herself, Sebastian reached out and touched her shoulder, only to be met with silence and no reaction. Knowing her, she would have hit him or warned him not to touch her, so not receiving any reaction made him belatedly realize she had fallen asleep, curled in the corner of the car with her neck bent. How fast had she fallen asleep?

Sebastian shook his head as he carefully adjusted her and took his neck pillow from the seat in front of him, placing it against the side of her head to support her properly.

Being this close to her, her daisy-like, delicious scent assaulted his senses and made him take a deep inhale to calm himself, but that turned out to be a grave mistake. Inhaling her scent only brought back the vivid image of her bare torso exposed to his eyes, her flesh as white as snow and as smooth as a baby's skin. She was beautiful, so breathtakingly beautiful that he felt himself losing his grip on the iron-hard restraint he had always prided himself on when it came to his mates, the memory threatening to shatter his composure.

That was a dangerous memory he shouldn't allow to resurface, or he would lose the reins of control he had tightly placed upon himself over the years. He couldn't remember the last time any woman's bare skin had this kind of effect on him. Why was it that she was so different from the rest of his mates? What made her so special when she didn't even possess a wolf?

Sebastian forcefully pushed the memory of her bare breasts into a locked, private corner of his mind to be revisited later, when he was alone and better prepared to handle it, and then carefully adjusted the pillow to make her more comfortable, ensuring she remained undisturbed in her sleep.

He had intended to stop at the healing house to let her get some treatment and medication that might help with the body aches he was certain she was bound to suffer later after everything she had endured in the arena. But her being asleep would not only make that difficult, the fact that the elders might be at the healing house to see Laila was another reason he shouldn't go there and be caught with Viola.

The last thing he wanted was to arouse suspicion among his pack members about her being one of his mates. Though many knew Laila was among his mates, they couldn't use her against him because she had the strong backing of her uncle and parents.

Furthermore, her father's brother was the Alpha of the Red Moon Pack, another pack allied with the Silver Pack. She had a strong family background that no one could use to get to him unless they wanted to poke the flames of the Red Moon Pack, a pack rumored to have werewolves with extraordinary abilities, and many in Silver were wary of them.

Meanwhile, Viola, on the other hand, didn't have any family backing or anyone's protection. She was vulnerable in terms of support.

There would be no one to shield her if she were used as leverage to reach him. She was like a lone wolf, abandoned even by her own family, who had thrown her into the hollow system when, in truth, a Beta could have spoken up and stopped his daughter from suffering under that cruel arrangement they imposed on wolfless werewolves in some packs.

What kind of father would let his daughter be thrown into that system to suffer?

Sebastian despised the entire Moonwillow race, but the reason he had not despised this woman as deeply was because she herself had been cast aside by them, abandoned and rejected. If she had been loved by her family and the Moonwillow, he would have used her to get his revenge on them.

If it became known to the public that she was his mate, she would become an easy target, no matter how much power she possessed to fight. So the safest course was to never let anyone suspect it, though Sebastian knew that would be difficult, as his mate bond with her was somewhat different, so different that he couldn't fight it.

Fighting it hurt him, and being in constant pain wasn't ideal for a Supreme Alpha who carried so much responsibility.

Sebastian's eyes took in her small, curled form, and he noticed her shiver as though she were cold, curling into herself even more. His brows knitted together as he spoke to Matt, who was currently driving them back.

"Turn down the air conditioner, Matt," he ordered as he reached for the spare, frequently replaced folded blanket on the seat, the one always kept there for emergency shifting in public, so one wouldn't be stark naked and would have something to cover up with before proper clothes were brought to them.

Matt, who was focused on driving, heard Sebastian's order and frowned slightly. The air conditioner was always set to the highest level because Sebastian was known for always running hot due to his Alpha wolf's temperature. He never turned down the air conditioner in his room or car. In fact, his cars were built with multiple cooling systems because he hated sweating and feeling warm.

Matt parted his lips to ask why Sebastian was suddenly asking for the air conditioner to be turned down, but then he saw in the rearview mirror that Sebastian was unfolding the blanket and meticulously placing it over the sleeping woman beside him, tucking her in properly like one would a child.

'Oh, I had forgotten, his little woman is in the car,' Matt thought to himself, already defeated and entirely proven wrong about the woman after what had happened in the arena today.

However, he couldn't help but notice that, among all the mates he had met so far, Sebastian was giving Viola far more attention and care, especially after the night he had taken her to the healing house in the middle of the night and stayed there until she regained consciousness while allowing Matt to take over his office and not let anyone know that Sebastian was away.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 84: Start a good relationship_Part 2[1,311 words]

Chapter 84: Start a good relationship_Part 2

Matt turned down the air conditioner as he slowed the car at a red light, then glanced again at the rearview mirror before saying, "I still can't believe we lost the bet, Seb. She surprised me, really," he remarked good-naturedly, but internally he was mourning the massive amount of money he had just lost because of her victory. Why hadn't he believed it when Sebastian told him she had earned an A-plus and was a hard nut to crack?

"I knew we were in danger of losing the bet since I saw her train. She's remarkable, isn't she?" Sebastian asked without looking away from her sleeping face, where his neck pillow was now pressed against her cheeks, pushing her lips forward in a way he found strangely adorable. Was it normal for an adult woman to look this cute even while in sleep?

"I can't lie, she is remarkable. So are you going to make her your Luna or send her away because she will become your Luna?" Matt asked, driving forward when the lights turned green and keeping his hazel eyes fixed on the road ahead, but his ears trained on his friend's decision on the outcome.

Actually, Matt had nothing against the girl except for the fact that she was wolfless, and he believed that made her weak. In Sebastian's life, someone weak didn't last long. That was why he had been so adamant about Sebastian forcing her to leave and live with the humans before, so she could at least have a peaceful life rather than waste it here, where she would not be fully accepted and would constantly be in danger.

But now that she had proven to everyone that she didn't need a wolf to be their Luna, it left them with another worry, Sebastian's prophecy, and the fact that the described prophesied mate meant to cure him wasn't her. And if it wasn't her, then she was in danger of falling into the same fate as the other two.

"I have given her my word that if she passed, she would be my Luna, my wife and get everything that comes with that position, including my protection. I can't send her away anymore," Sebastian muttered, his eyes shifting to the wristband around her wrist that bore Nick's initials. He scowled at the fact that she wasn't wearing the wristwatch he had sent her to monitor her health. Didn't she like it, or was she deliberately refusing to wear anything from him?

"What about the prophecy?" Matt asked, glancing at his friend through the rearview mirror as Sebastian continued watching the sleeping girl. "What if she also dies?"

Sebastian's expression immediately darkened. Because of that damned prophecy that fell on every Alpha born a Kade in Silver, his life had been a mess. He feared weakness like a disease. He had killed two Lunas, one of whom it was said he had loved, but Sebastian could barely remember her because he had taken a potion to wipe her from his memories right after her death. He only knew her name, but nothing else about her.

He remembered the feeling of loneliness after her death, the emptiness and occasional pain, but he didn't remember the she-wolf herself. He couldn't afford to let himself fall for another woman who

wasn't the right one. But he had already thought about everything along with Muffin, and he had come up with a plan of his own.

"She won't die as long as I don't mark her. She can be my wife and Luna without my mark. I have thought about it. Marrying her will make everyone stop pressuring me, and while she is still my Luna, I can continue searching for the one meant to cure the Kade curse. She's one of my distraction mates, after all."

He had already made plans since the day he saw her train and had come up with a temporary solution. His prophecy was more than just words, it carried a curse within it that only one she-wolf could break.

But finding that she-wolf was like searching for a lost needle in a mountain of hay, because what was described of her in his prophecy was almost impossible. The only thing he knew for certain was that she possessed an extraordinarily strong wolf, while the other descriptions were things Sebastian considered absolute nonsense, as they made no logical sense at all and he would rather not even consider it as a clue to find that shewolf.

He hadn't met anyone who matched what the prophecy described. And to make things worse, the Moon Goddess had given him so many mates as distractions that it became even harder to find the one truly prophesied. It was a generational curse that none of his ancestors had managed to break, allowing it to keep falling upon the firstborn males of the Kade line until him, and now he was suffering just like every Kade Alpha before him.

However, while he searched for the true one, he had decided that if Viola won, he would let her become his Luna and grant her the protection that came with that title.

"Damnit, Seb. You shouldn't have let me bet on Laila then, especially since you already had everything figured out. You should have given me a heads-up, like, 'Hey Matt, don't bet at all because I have a feeling this wolfless will win'—but no, you didn't warn me. Now I've lost ten fucking million," Matt said, sounding on the verge of tears, as he had followed Sebastian's lead and voted for Laila because he strongly believed she would win, given her powerful wolf and solid reputation.

"It doesn't matter. I didn't withdraw my bet because it's better for everyone to still think I wanted Laila as my Luna. It will take the attention away from this one here," he mused, looking at Viola's peaceful sleeping face and realizing he could watch her like this for hours without growing tired. Was that normal or was he starting to lose his damn mind?

"Does that mean you're cool with her? I mean, the wolfless?" Matt questioned cautiously.

"She has a name. Learn to use it. Viola. No more 'blind girl' or 'wolfless' or even 'weakling.' She will soon be the Luna," Sebastian stated firmly, before answering Matt's earlier question. "Just because she doesn't match my prophesied mate doesn't mean I can't have a normal relationship with her, like friendship."

Having her hate him wasn't only distracting; it was hurting him through the mate bond. A happy female mate meant a stable male. Now that there was no escaping the fact that there was a great possibility she would be his wife, he might as well try to build a natural relationship with her, or at least a friendship, rather than constantly argue and subject himself to unnecessary pain.

But forming a friendship with someone who clearly disliked him wouldn't be easy. He would have to make her trust him, the same way she trusted his sister. As much as he would have liked to seek Zoe's help in getting to know Viola and making amends for everything he had done, he knew his sister was far too dramatic and would turn it into a spectacle. It was better he figured out how to make Viola forgive him on his own.

Sebastian wasn't looking forward to a marriage filled with daily fights, resentful looks, and her using the mate bond to hurt and distract him from his responsibilities, because he had a feeling she was fully capable of doing just that.

Perhaps he should get her a gift? What did she like? He wondered, only to belatedly realize he knew nothing about her except the information he had uncovered by digging into her background and past.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 85: Put her to sleep[1,301 words]

Chapter 85: Put her to sleep

'Let's get her presents, lots of them. Women like gifts. Let us shower her with them until she stops hating us and likes us more than Nick,' Muffin said. 'That Nick, we should cut off his legs.'

'I saw an image of a piece of jewelry on her phone. Should I buy it for her?' Sebastian asked Muffin for advice, as they had agreed that Sebastian would listen to him when it came to Viola, especially if it meant finding ways to make her warm up to him the same way she had warmed up to his cousin.

He wasn't doing this because he was looking forward to a romantic love-life relationship, as Sebastian was far from that kind of man and even farther from believing he wanted that kind of relationship with anyone who wasn't his prophesied mate.

He simply wanted to build a friendship rooted in trust and mutual understanding between them, for he had a strong feeling that Viola would make a far better ally than an enemy. He did not want to create hostility where partnership was possible, nor did he want to make an enemy out of her, out of his Luna, the woman who would stand beside him whether the elders approved or not.

'It won't hurt to get it for her and see. Though I doubt she will like it, as she hadn't liked those white roses. Maybe we should start studying her likes and dislikes.' Muffin remarked happily.

"Seb?" Matt called to gain his attention, and Sebastian looked away from Viola to Matt with a questioning look.

"What about Laila? What are you going to tell her once she regains consciousness? I mean, she is one of your mates and she failed the competition. You know how she can be, especially when she is used to winning. She will target the wol— I mean, Viola."

"I know. That is why no one must know that Viola is a mate, not even Laila and every other woman with whom I share a mate bond. If I don't show any interest in Viola in public, they won't target her as much," Sebastian replied as he reached out his hand to stroke Viola's hair gently.

"Thankfully, she is strong, and I believe she can protect herself against any bug like Laila and the others."

By the time they finally reached the high tower skyscraper building, the sky had darkened to a muted shade of deep blue evening, with the streetlights flickering on one after another.

Sebastian told Matt to go ahead first and check if the coast was clear of people so he could carry Viola back to her penthouse without having to wake her. Though he believed she needed to eat and take some medication, Sebastian couldn't bring himself to wake her up and make her walk back to her place.

Matt went ahead first, and while he waited, Sebastian carefully gathered her into his arms and let her rest her head against his chest, laying her across his thighs for a moment before lifting her fully into his arms. She kept sleeping peacefully, her face serene even though there were heavy bags of exhaustion beneath her eyes.

Sebastian let himself enjoy the delicious spark of holding his mate, rubbing his chin against the top of her head and feeling the electric-like current travel through his body, easing the tension coiled inside him and relaxing him in a way nothing else could. This girl was going to be the death of him. She smelled heavenly, sweet and warm, and he found himself burying his nose deeper into her hair as though he could memorize her scent and carry it with him.

Not long after, Matt's voice came through their link, jolting him out of what he was doing as he forced himself back to awareness.

"Coast is clear."

Only then did Sebastian exit the car and walk into the building with her tucked securely in his arms. Just as Matt had said, the coast was clear. No doubt many had returned to their main quarters since the competition was over. It was the competition that had brought everyone together in the main pack building.

When the Silver Pack was first founded and built, the pack house had been here until Sebastian's father took over and began constructing individual buildings for every pack member and their families. Sebastian had followed his father's example and made the pack even more grand, taking inspiration from the human world.

What was the need to live in the same building when they could all live like humans did in their own world? That was why, unlike the other packs, the Silver Pack was grand and expansive, for the pack members were not required to live under the same roof.

The high tower skyscraper was the biggest and tallest building, so they used it to house the meeting council and to gather there whenever something important was about to happen.

That was why it was quieter now that many had most likely returned to their respective houses.

When he reached Viola's penthouse, he typed in her name and the door unlocked with a soft click. He went inside and was immediately hit with her scent. She had stayed in it for month, so everything now carried her fragrance.

When he reached her bedroom, Sebastian found her bed neatly made, as if she had never slept on it before, and at the side on the floor were two folded blankets he suspected she used to sleep on, as he had once caught her sleeping there.

Hadn't she gotten used to the bed yet? he thought as he carefully placed her down on it. She instantly curled away in the other direction, thrusting her rounded, inverted heart-shaped backside toward him in a way that made his fingers itch to caress and touch, to stroke and grab as though he had the right to, especially when it was emphasized by the leather-like material of her suit.

His Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he looked at her and found her sexy as hell and almost impossible to resist. It took everything inside him to bend down and cover her body with the blanket rather than follow the instinct to take off his shoes and bloodstained shirt and get into the bed with her, holding her back to his front and feeling that round bottom graze against his stupid erection.

It was while Sebastian was covering her up that he noticed her loose fists and saw something blue within them.

He narrowed his eyes and then gently reached out to uncurl her fingers to see what it was. It was then he realized it was her contact lenses. He hadn't even noticed when she had removed them from her eyes in the car.

"Silly mouse," he muttered. Taking the lenses from her hand, he slipped them into his pocket, as he had noticed they didn't match her eye prescription and that she had been itching her eyes some minutes ago before they got into his car.

Knowing he couldn't stay there for long lest he give in to his urges to climb into the bed next to her, Sebastian found her glass case on the folded blanket on the floor and placed it on the nightstand so she could easily reach it when she woke up.

"Good night, little twig. I hope you get ready for what tomorrow will bring for you in the silver pack," he whispered into her ear, and she swatted at him like he was an annoying fly disturbing her sleep before curling deeper into the blanket.

Sebastian's lips pulled up slightly at the corner before he straightened and then reluctantly left her room.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 86: Viola all the way[1,673 words]

Chapter 86: Viola all the way

A few minutes earlier.

When Sebastian was walking across the polished grounds toward Viola's penthouse, he didn't realize that just as he stepped in the direction of his private elevator, the public elevator doors were sliding open.

Javier walked out of it at that exact moment, grabbing his wife's wrist and dragging her along like one would pull a stubborn dog reluctant to follow its owner. He had been turning to warn her to hurry up when his gaze landed on his cousin's back, and on the fact that Sebastian was carrying someone in his arms.

Javier's brows arched as he watched Sebastian's retreating figure disappear around the corner.

"I'll be damned," he muttered under his breath. Dropping his intention to scold Sofia for walking too slowly if she didn't want to get a slap, he instead yanked her roughly and changed directions, heading off to find his mother and tell her what he had just witnessed.

When he entered the room where she was staying, he found her just ending a phone call. She looked visibly annoyed, her expression tight with anger, and she slammed the phone against the wall before turning around to face him.

"What's got you all worked up, mamita?" he asked casually, releasing Sofia's wrist before ordering her sharply, "Go sit right there. You and I have so much to talk about once I'm done discussing things with mami."

He had told Sofia to wait for him at their car after the competition was over, but the fool had gone ahead and gotten herself lost in the crowd, causing him endless trouble as he searched for her and wasted his time. Then again, he realized that if she hadn't wasted his time, he wouldn't have seen his cousin walking in while carrying the wolfless girl. At least he believed it was the wolfless girl, he had caught a glimpse of black hair, and not many women in the Silver Pack had hair that dark.

He gave Sofia a shove to make her sit down properly before turning toward his mother, who said to him in a low, irritated voice, "It's that bitch, Elder Ysara. I tried to talk to her, to convince her to give a false verdict, that the Moon Goddess wanted a change in the silver pack and that a new Alpha should be placed on the seat."

Javier let out a dry chuckle. "The bitch threatened to tell the others if you approached her again, didn't she?" he asked as he walked over to sit on the couch, crossing one leg over the other and stretching his arms along the backrest in a relaxed posture.

Camilla narrowed her eyes at her son. "Have you spoken to her before?" she questioned, because there was no way he should have known what the elder had said.

Elder Ysara's words were never ignored, as many believed they carried messages from the Moon Goddess herself. The old shewolf never lied, and no one could bribe her into speaking false prophecies or words, not even an Alpha. Camilla had only wanted to test whether there was any weakness she could exploit to sway the elder in her favor. But the shewolf elder had called her a bruja. (Witch) How dare she call her a bruja when all she was doing was helping her son?

Javier shrugged. "I spoke to her a while back when the late Luna died. But let's forget about her right now. I have some news for you that will make you happy."

That immediately caught his mother's attention. She moved to sit beside him, turning to face him with sharp curiosity in her eyes. "What? The Alpha is dead?"

"I wish," Javier replied with a smirk. "Unfortunately, he's still very much alive. But I saw him carrying the wolfless girl in his arms when I passed by. Do you know what that means?"

Camilla grew thoughtful for a moment, her golden eyes narrowing before glimmering with calculation. "Why would he carry the wolfless girl? Sebastian doesn't concern himself with people beneath him. Now, isn't this interesting?" she hummed slowly, her mood visibly brightening as possibilities began to unfold in her mind.

"Interesting indeed, Mami. From what I can tell, the wolfless might end up being our Luna. And honestly, I believe she's better suited to be our Luna than anyone else. If Seb marries her, no doubt she will also die like the others. And if she doesn't die and manages to bear his heir, she'll give birth to an heir whose wolf won't be strong enough to become our Alpha."

Camilla couldn't help but agree with her son. This wolfless girl was not a threat to them at all. In fact, Camilla would be pleased if she became the Luna instead of Laila. It would serve as a sharp lesson to Elder Halvrek for rejecting her proposed alliance when she had confronted him with her carefully laid plans. Laila had lost the competition despite her uncle being so confident that she would win and become their Luna that he had signed away half his wealth in wagers.

Camilla did not know how that wolfless girl had managed to win against participants who possessed wolves of strength and rank, but however it had happened, she did not particularly care. Fate, luck, strategy, whatever had aided the girl was irrelevant now.

What mattered was the outcome. In the end, she would have the last laugh at those who had refused her schemes and dismissed her ambitions to remove Sebastian from his seat.

"I like where this is going," Camilla mused. "I am pleased."

Javier was more pleased with the outcome of today's competition than anyone else. It meant his cousin would likely be tied to a wolfless mate who, if she somehow survived the prophecy, would never pose a true threat to them. Instead, she would unknowingly work in favor of their long-term

plans, his plan to rule the Silver Pack in the future and claim what he believed was his rightful place.

Sebastian's father and Javier's father had been twin brothers. They had cared for each other deeply, deeply enough that Javier's father had willingly given up his right to become Alpha without a fight, without even considering the future of his own children and the position they would be born into.

Being twins, his father had not lasted long after the late Alpha died; he had followed him into the grave two years later. Javier still believed it had been unfair of his father not to fight for his birthright and to let it pass so easily to his twin.

Just as Sebastian had fought for the position years later and killed his own twin to secure it after their parents' tragic accident, Javier believed his father should have done the same.

If he had, Javier would not be sitting here now, plotting and waiting, craving the Alpha seat that he felt should have been his by blood. But then again, if the Kade family did not constantly produce twins in every generation, perhaps none of this would have unfolded this way. Perhaps Sebastian would never have existed, and only his own father would have been born. In that case, Javier believed, he would already be Alpha.

Still, with this new turn of events, Javier had a strong feeling it would not take long for Sebastian to lose his position.

"Mamita, I think you were right when you told me to marry another wife since Sofia has clearly lost her sanity," Javier remarked, his eyes shining like a lightbulb that had just flickered on with inspiration. "Imagine if I marry a shewolf with an Alpha wolf. We would have a son with strong Alpha blood, while Seb ends up with one who is weak in blood because he is stuck with a wolfless."

Camilla glanced at her son and then at his wife, who was sitting silently on the other couch with her hair spilling over her face, obscuring her expression.

"You do realize I made that as a passing comment, don't you?" Camilla said coolly. "According to our culture, you cannot marry another wife without your current wife's permission to do so. Is Sofia going to allow that?"

Being dragged into the conversation, Sofia stiffened her spine, her fingers clutching her dress tightly when she felt her husband's eyes turn toward her.

He scoffed coldly. "You're kidding, aren't you? She's crazy, completely unhinged and senseless. She can barely take care of herself, can barely wash or bathe properly, and you're telling me I need her permission? When the bitch was cheating on me, did she ask for my permission before opening her legs to other men?"

"Javier," Camilla scolded sharply. "No matter what you do, you must remember our ways. If you want them to choose you as their Alpha, you must do it the right way, even if it means coaxing your unstable wife into making a public announcement supporting your remarriage."

Javier fought the urge to scoff directly in his mother's face and tell her to hell. He knew he was no longer a pup, but that didn't mean she wouldn't still hit him with her shoe or the back of her hand if he crossed the line.

Instead, he turned his glare toward his wife, the crazy bitch he had once loved deeply before she betrayed him. He should kill her and hang her body for what she had done, but he still needed her family's political backing and influence within the pack.

"Don't worry," he said at last, his voice lowering into something far more dangerous. "I'll teach her how to agree to my wishes." His gaze lingered on Sofia in a way that made the shewolf want to run away. "And Mami, make sure you openly support the wolfless becoming our Luna during tomorrow's meeting with the elders. We don't want Laila. A wolfless is exactly what my cousin needs. Viola all the way."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 87: The first man[1,234 words]

Chapter 87: The first man

Viola woke up the next morning with a light headache and the strong urge to roll herself deeper into the warm blanket and continue sleeping, but having disciplined herself for the past years by waking at the first light of dawn before the deltas would wake her up brutally in the Hollow Quarter, her body had learned to arise early even before her brain fully did, no matter how tired or drained she felt.

Actually, she still felt body aches in different angles and corners of her body, soreness settling into her muscles, however she knew she shouldn't be sleeping.

Viola opened her eyes, instinctively reaching for her glasses on the nightstand and putting them on, biting back a yawn and stretching the back of her neck as she moved her legs away from the bed to the floor. That was when she paused in her actions, her eyes narrowing slightly as they slowly took in her surroundings before she looked down at the bed beneath her.

Wait, how did she get here? Viola questioned internally, rising from her bed in a jerky, abrupt movement. Yes, this was her room. She was inside it, and it was absolutely normal that she would be in it in the morning, but what stunned and confused her was how she had gotten there in the first place. She didn't remember herself coming back the previous night at all.

In fact, she was still wearing her torn maroon suit with bloodstains marking the fabric, which meant she hadn't walked herself back here, because if she had, she would have taken a long shower and changed into one of the many pajamas she kept neatly arranged in her enormous walk-in closet.

The last thing Viola recalled was stepping into the Alpha's car without arguing with him, because she had been so tired that even talking caused her headaches.

Hence, she had not argued with him in any way and had simply let him drive her. While inside the car, her eyes had been watering and itching, so she had taken off those dreadful lenses and then put her head against the window. She had felt so drained and overwhelmingly sleepy that she couldn't keep her eyes open any longer.

When was the last time she had felt that kind of sleepiness, and that too without any nightmares chasing her into the dark? Viola thought, and then realized it had only been on the day Zoe's dog had snuggled beside her and licked her neck. But that wasn't the point now. The point now was how the hell she had gotten back here, and she quickly realized it could only mean that he had brought her back and personally put her to bed.

That meant he had unlocked her door and come into her house without her awareness. How the hell did he know her—Viola paused her thought there. She had been about to wonder how he knew her passcode, but then she remembered it was embarrassingly easy to guess because it was simply her name.

A deep frown creased her brows together in displeasure as she realized it was absolutely time to change her door passcode and perhaps even the passwords on her phone, for it seemed someone did not understand the concept of personal space or how not to enter a place without explicit permission.

She didn't even want to think about the Alpha first thing in the morning after waking up, for he only baffled her and made her want to avoid him as much as possible, until it became inevitable because of the fact that she would be his Luna, hopefully.

The thought of what he had done yesterday was still as fresh and vivid as if it had just happened seconds ago, where his shameless mouth had been roaming across her skin and his warm, wet tongue had glided over her nipple in a way that had stolen her breath.

The memory sent a hot wave curling into her stomach, and she gritted her teeth in irritation, forcefully pushing the feeling away and commanding herself not to think about the Alpha and the undeniable fact that he was the first man to put his mouth anywhere close to her skin like that.

In the past, Viola had given no man a place or even a chance to date her, for her eyes had been set on only one man, Evan. He had been her savior and her lover, her savior because being with him had made her adoptive parents adore her more and give her all the attention one would normally give a real daughter.

Her father would praise her openly and tell her she was his princess, all because they believed she would one day become their Luna.

She had taken Evan as her savior and had done her absolute best to please him, to give him everything he ever asked of her, her time, her energy, her sleepless nights spent awake going through piles of pack documents and solving complicated matters for him while he slept peacefully

in his bed. She had worked herself into exhaustion and deep insomnia, becoming someone who could no longer sleep without pills.

She had loved him because she believed he was her entire world, the man she would marry, bear children for, and then rule beside as his equal.

She had given him her mind, her heart, and her soul, but never her body. And now that she thought about it, Evan had never seemed all that interested in her body either. Not once had he gone beyond kissing her softly on the mouth or hugging her with gentle restraint.

Viola had never thought too deeply about why he didn't go beyond soft kisses, because she had simply believed he was a gentleman who was reserving sex for the time when she would awaken her wolf. Many believed that moment made intimacy even more meaningful and intense, and she had accepted that as the unquestioned truth.

The most intimate moment they had ever come to, beyond simple kisses, was the day he had climbed into her room through her window with an assignment that was required to be submitted in the morning. She had worked tirelessly on solving his assignment until almost dawn at her desk while he slept comfortably on her bed.

It was only when she was done that he had coaxed her to come to bed and sleep for a while next to him so she wouldn't exhaust herself too much.

Viola had been so happy that he cared about her and her health that she had melted into his side when he held her on the bed after placing a soft kiss on her lips. They had slept together until the rest of the morning, when her adoptive mother had come to wake her up and found her in bed with the Alpha heir.

Rather than scolding her for bringing a boy into her bed, her adoptive parents had praised her and even gifted her another car as a reward.

Viola had suspected that she was receiving all that affection and generosity because of Evan, but she had never truly cared, for she had believed she and Evan were destined to be a pair forever and ever, bound by love, ambition, and a future she had once thought unbreakable.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 88: Something fishy[1,241 words]

Chapter 88: Something fishy

Recalling all that now as she looked through the floor-to-ceiling window of her bedroom at the dawn sky, where pale gold bled softly into blush pink as the first light of morning crept over the horizon, she realized she had been so naïve and utterly foolish to think she would get a happily

ever after after she had destroyed the life of someone else, after every crime she had committed for herself and for Evan.

Whenever Evan got insulted by any member of their pack, Viola would take matters into her own hands. Being a woman without morals at all and knowing no mercy, she would pay notorious, strong men in their pack to attack and break their wolves so that shifting would become painful for them, all for daring to insult her man.

She had been so unhealthily possessive over Evan that thinking about it now scared her deeply, just how far she had once been willing to go for him.

She had schemed against she-wolves, making their lives miserable all in the name of love and fear, the fear of someone snatching away the man who had become the absolute reason she had a family who adored her and treated her kindly.

Viola couldn't help the slow crawl of disgust that crept into her chest at just the thought of how cruel she had once been and how she was now paying for it in ways she had never imagined.

Not wanting to fall into any wave of depression early in the morning when she had just woken up to a new day after a competition that had almost killed her, she sighed softly, taking in the lovely morning and the rising orangish-yellow sun that shone its rays over her room. She allowed her mind to rest for a moment and breathe.

This was a new morning, one where she would find out if she had finally made it into her first goals in her path of repenting and making atonement for her past, for getting her sister back and giving her the life she truly deserved.

The thought that she would finally get to see Ivy again and make a request for the Alpha to give her a home here lightened her spirit a little and made her look forward to the announcement of who the winner was.

Viola watched the sun rise completely into the sky and observed the birds flying in groups across the yellowish-blue horizon before she finally turned away and began to fix and arrange the bed, as she wasn't yet certain what to do for the day until the announcement was made.

For as much as she wanted to go back and train again, her muscles were still sore and aching from yesterday, and she knew she needed to take a proper break. Maybe she could call Zoe or Nick and ask them when the announcement would be made and in what manner it would be delivered?

Viola arranged the bed neatly and fluffed the pillows. Once upon a time, she hadn't even known how to make her own bed and had omegas doing everything for her when she was still the princess of Moonwillow. Now, cleaning and fixing things after four long years of suffering was what she knew best and what came to her almost instinctively, like second nature carved into her bones.

She made everything spotless again before heading into her bathroom to finally take the bath she desperately needed and wash away all the dried bloodstains from her body.

As Viola took off the suit, she felt a small, painful ping in her heart at the ruined fabric, for Zoe must have spent a lot of money on it for her sake, and now it was torn beyond repair.

If she got to become the Luna, Viola thought, biting her bottom lip, she would repay Zoe and Nick for everything they had ever given her and for being there to make her feel that they were still people who could see her, who still wanted to be friends with her instead of distancing themselves from her like others had in Moonwillow.

Just like always, when Viola got into the bathtub without her glasses, her vision somehow became clearer in its own strange way, and her sore muscles gradually began to feel relaxed and at ease, causing her to let out a long, relieved sigh. She never knew why water made her feel more at home than anything else in this world.

Maybe it was because she had been deprived of it for four long years, and now she had it in abundance? she thought, shrugging off the notion.

When Viola was done bathing, wrapping her washed hair up in a towel, and doing the facial care Zoe had kindly given her products for, she wrapped another towel securely around her body and was leaving the bathroom when she suddenly heard the ringing of her doorbell.

Viola's brow naturally arched at the sound. She always felt a flicker of worry whenever her doorbell rang, for the people she knew and who were close to her in this pack didn't need to ring the door and could always come in freely. Even the shameless Alpha seemed to already know her code, so who was it now?

Viola quickly put on a robe around herself, tying the belt firmly and slipping her feet into the fluffy home slippers at her bedside before making her way downstairs into the living room and toward the door. She first peeked cautiously through the peephole and grew wary when she didn't see anyone outside.

Then who had rung the doorbell?

She thought to herself as she began unlocking the door, which opened with a soft click. She readied herself to fight whoever might be there, but something told Viola there was nobody standing outside.

The moment she opened the door, her eyes instinctively moved downward rather than upward, and as expected, just like the last time something like this had happened, there was a gray box placed neatly at her doorstep.

Viola looked around the hallway, but it was completely empty and silent. Then she looked at the box grudgingly, already having a feeling it was from that man again. Just what was his problem, and why did it seem like he wanted to make it a habit of sending her things repeatedly without a sender in sight?

Though she thought that, she couldn't help her curiosity about what he had sent this time. Perhaps he had sent another item that might warn her about today and the outcome of the announcement, just like he had somehow warned her about the competition's yesterday?

If that was the case, then she shouldn't waste time insulting him in her mind and wondering what it was he had sent.

Viola bent down and quickly carried the box back inside her house, locking the door firmly behind her before going down on her knees next to it.

Subconsciously biting her lower lip out of habit, she tore at the wrapping carefully and then lifted the lid, expecting and being certain he had sent her some warning sheet that contained the elders' announcement outcome inside. But what she found within made her freeze, the cover held midair in her hand, her brows furrowed deeply together and her lips slowly pursed in stunned disbelief.

"What on earth..." She muttered.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 89: Priceless gift[1,885 words]

Chapter 89: Priceless gift

Just what the hell was that man thinking? Had he gotten drunk on the wrong wine to send her this? Viola thought to herself as she looked down at the beautiful transparent jewelry box containing a blue diamond set lying inside the large gray box she had just opened.

Though she had a strong feeling he had sent this to her by mistake, she still reached out and carefully opened the jewelry box, instantly getting dazzled by its shimmering light that reflected against her eyes.

The necklace chain was platinum, crafted with tiny, intricate detailing, and then there was the paddle-sized blue diamond pendant with delicate white diamond craftsmanship surrounding it and highlighting the center stone. It had the same exquisite design for its matching pair of earrings and a single elegant ring.

Viola gently took the necklace out, feeling its noticeable weight in her hand. She didn't need to examine it closely to know it cost a fortune, because she already recognized and knew the jewelry set. The Blue Seraphim set.

Back when she was still the princess of her pack, she had seen countless she-wolves in Moonwillow desperately trying to get their hands on it.

But the staggering price, combined with the fact that only four sets had ever been made in the entire werewolf world, and only two had ever been sold because almost nobody could afford them, was enough to make her gulp down her saliva.

She had never even considered buying it herself, though she often admired it whenever an image of it appeared on the TV.

This set of jewelry could change the life of a rogue; it could even buy a house and a luxury car. Viola had kept an image of it on her phone not because she ever dreamt of buying it, but simply because she had thought it was breathtakingly lovely.

Not even the Linden family or Evan's pack could afford this set, which only strengthened her belief that the Alpha must have sent this priceless item by mistake.

She found a folded note right under the jewelry box and unfolded it to read, but what was written there only made her frown even more deeply in bewilderment.

[Do you like it? I believe it will look good on you and go well with your eyes. You can wear them for today's event.]

Was this man insane or what? What event? Viola wondered in confusion, but just then her phone, which she had left on her sofa since yesterday when she had been picked up by Zoe to go to the arena, began to ring.

She got up almost in a trance, still holding the very expensive necklace in her hand, and walked toward the phone. She had almost assumed it was the Alpha calling so she could tell him he had sent his gift to the wrong address, but when she looked at the screen, it was Zoe.

"Hello," Viola answered the call, still staring at the jewelry sparkling in her palm and unable to figure out how it had ended up in her house.

"Hello, Vee," came Zoe's cheerful voice from the other end. "Why do you sound off? How are you feeling this morning? Did the bruises get worse or—" Zoe began to ask, her tone quickly shifting into worry.

"No, no, I am fine," Viola hurriedly assured, snapping out of her trance-like state. "Sorry, it's just that I was lost in thought."

Zoe let out a relieved sigh as she went back to scrolling through dress designs on her tablet, her phone pressed between her shoulder and ear. "You scared me for a moment. I am glad you are fine. So what got you lost in thought?" Zoe asked curiously, already knowing that Viola was not the kind to hide her thoughts from her ever since they had become close friends.

"The Alpha," Viola blurted out, almost sounding frustrated, which caused Zoe to blink and wonder what her brother had done this time to make Viola sound irritated so early in the morning. Couldn't her brother leave her girl alone since he clearly always told her he didn't care?

"What did he do? Did he disturb you again? Do you want me to call him and force him to apologize and—"

"I believe he sent a gift to the wrong address," Viola interrupted, scowling down at the necklace in her hand.

"A gift?" Zoe asked curiously. "What kind of gift? And how would he get the wrong address?"

Her brother was not the type of person who messed things up, especially when sending items to someone. In fact, he barely ever made mistakes, so she didn't see him sending something to the wrong person unless the gift had indeed been meant for Viola all along.

"The Blue Seraphim set," Viola told her, still finding it difficult to believe she was actually holding it.

Zoe, who had been sipping her morning coffee while listening, suddenly spat it out in shock and disbelief. "Did you just say The Blue Seraphim set? Are you seriously telling me my brother sent you that set?" she exclaimed loudly, shooting up from her seat in pure astonishment.

Just like every other she-wolf, Zoe had seen that set and wanted it desperately, but she neither had the connections nor the absurd amount of money required to get her hands on it. She even recalled that a year ago she had asked, no, practically begged, her brother to get the set for her for her new design collection, but he had told her he was too busy to go through the long and complicated process of acquiring one for her.

The hypocrite! How did he get it now? Zoe thought before calming herself enough to ask, "How do you know he sent it to the wrong address?"

"Because he would never send me this priceless item. I do believe it is meant for Laila or someone else," Viola voiced her thoughts, even reading the note aloud for Zoe, who suddenly smiled knowingly and said,

"Are you kidding? That's clearly for you. You are the one with blue eyes to match those diamonds. Laila has green eyes, remember?"

Viola didn't feel any reassurance knowing the gift was meant for her, because she didn't want anything from the Alpha other than what she had worked for and earned. She had learned the hard way not to be indebted to people who could later use it against you, and more than ever she didn't understand why he would send her such an expensive, priceless gift.

"Then I believe I will have to send it back to him, I have nothing to do with it," she told Zoe firmly.

"Why would you do that?" Zoe exclaimed in disbelief. "That's a gift anyone would kill for, Vee, and you can wear it today to the council meeting where the announcement of the winner will be decided."

Viola was taken aback by Zoe's words. "I am invited to join the meeting?" she asked, not expecting this at all, as she had assumed the result would simply be announced to the pack through the public screens.

"Yes, you are. That was why I called you, to inform you about the event at ten o'clock. All the Kade family members and the elders will be there," Zoe explained. Then, after hearing Viola let out a soft sigh, she added teasingly, "So are you going to wear the diamonds?"

Viola didn't hesitate for even a second. "No. I am returning them to him. I don't want his gift."

"That's such a waste. You know you could just give them to me if you don't want them? I can wear them in my next fashion collection photoshoot," Zoe said shamelessly, though her tone sounded entirely convincing.

Viola's frown softened into a small smile. She couldn't help but notice that shamelessness clearly ran in the family. Just as the brother was shameless in his own way, so was his sister. However, she found Zoe's version adorable and harmless, for every woman wanted this diamond set, and if it had been her in the past, she would have wanted it too and given almost anything to own it.

And as much as she would like to give it to Zoe, Viola didn't want the Alpha to believe she had kept his gift and then assume that because of it, he could talk down to her or claim ownership over her choices next time. Whatever she took from the Alpha, it would be something she had worked for and earned, not something given freely that might come with invisible strings attached.

"When I become Luna, I will have almost the same power and influence as your brother, Zoe. I will use that connection to get you another set, but this one has to go back to that arrogant brother of yours. I am sorry," she said sincerely.

Rather than feel angry, Zoe was surprisingly understanding and even squealed excitedly as she replied, "I will hold you to that, Vee. Hurry up and start getting ready. I would have come over to help you dress up, but I am caught up with some important matters concerning my fashion house and my new designs. We will meet at the gathering. See you then, muah!"

Zoe said the last part playfully, blowing kisses through the phone, which caused Viola to smile faintly before she ended the call, still holding the impossible blue diamonds in her hand.

She understood that the she-wolf also had many responsibilities she had neglected in order to help Viola with her training and give her moral support through the long process of recovering her body, so Viola completely understood her attending to her work now and focusing on her own matters too.

Viola had come this far and could manage on her own. Besides, she had a closet filled with clothes she hadn't even tried on yet because her body had been malnourished back then, and now that she had recovered properly and regained her strength, it was finally time to give herself a little makeover for this gathering. She had already regained some of her self-confidence through the month of healing and pushing herself beyond her limits.

However, before anything else, she needed to package this beautiful diamond set back into its box and figure out a proper way to return it to its buyer and sender. With that thought firmly in mind, she carefully placed everything back inside the jewelry box and sealed it securely, making sure it looked untouched.

Viola glanced at the time on her phone and saw that it was 8:59 a.m. She still had some time to dress up, but knowing she had stubborn hair and that fixing it always took extra time and patience, she realized she had better start now instead of wasting another minute.

She skipped breakfast without hesitation and hurried back into her room before walking into the closet she had put on hold all this while, as she had known the clothes wouldn't have fit her starved body back then.

'Well, here I come, dresses and shoes. It's been a while since I dressed fancy,' she thought to herself as she began to browse through the closet.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 90: Clingy Alpha_Part 1[1,442 words]

Chapter 90: Clingy Alpha_Part 1

Viola took more time than she had expected it would take her to find a proper dress. It reached a point where she almost gave up, for everything in the closet was either too fancy or too casual for the gathering.

She had forgotten the struggle it took for one to find the perfect dress, as it had been so long since she had browsed through a closet built like a private boutique, not that she had ever once owned such a closet herself.

Just how was someone supposed to pick a dress from all this much?

When thirty minutes passed without her settling on one particular dress, she let out a sigh of despair and grabbed one at random from the dress section. She didn't even wait to examine it, because she knew that would only lead to more indecisiveness and second guessing.

Instead, she took it, throwing caution to the wind, and began to work on her hair and makeup, leaving the dress on the bed and a pair of black Jimmy Choo heels set neatly at the side.

Viola applied light makeup, just enough to enhance the dull areas and add color back to her face. It had been a while since she had done her own makeup, but she managed to get it right. At least, it covered up anything she considered a flaw and brought back a glow to her complexion. She then wore her hair down, because she didn't have enough time to attempt any fancy or complicated style.

When Viola finally put on the dress she had picked, she immediately regretted it. But with only a few minutes left before ten, she knew she couldn't risk going back into that closet to search for another option. But this one...

She stared at herself in the floor length mirror, biting the inside of her cheek. The midnight blue dress was a pencil design that stopped just above her knees, with a small slit at the side that gave her free movement without the usual restriction of such a cut. It had an off-shoulder top that left her collarbones and shoulders bare, and the waistline clung perfectly to her waist, outlining her figure.

The material of the dress had tiny shimmering stones embedded in it that caught the light like scattered stars in the night sky. It was a very beautiful dress, undeniably elegant, but Viola felt it was somewhat too much for the occasion. However, did she really have a choice with only a few minutes left before ten?

She sighed and slipped her feet into the black heels she had picked, which added several more inches to her height and changed her posture entirely. Then she grabbed the black purse where she had placed her phone inside and left the penthouse, hurrying toward the elevator so she could arrive on time and push the dreadful fear of not being chosen as the winner out of her mind.

Being a nobody with no power backing her up, they could easily suppress her and announce someone else as the winner. And then she would get banished from the place she was trying so desperately to make a home for her sister. That thought sent her stomach flipping violently, so Viola forced it away and decided to let the event unfold naturally without getting ahead of herself with fear and anxious assumptions.

When Viola stepped out of the elevator onto the floor Zoe had texted her that the meeting was happening, she didn't expect to find so many people moving about the smooth hallway, including working omegas and a few pack members whose rank she didn't know.

But the moment she stepped out, all eyes seemed to turn in her direction like moths drawn to a flame, causing her to almost fluster and lose her balance. Still, she quickly composed herself and kept her head high, her chin lifted with quiet determination.

Viola didn't want anyone to see through her anxiety in any way, even though she believed they must be judging her.

Unknown to her, most of the people barely recognized her as the wolfless, skinny girl they once used to mock among themselves ever since she joined their pack. To them, a diva was walking out of the elevator with such elegance and grace that it made them pause whatever they were doing just to look and admire.

Beautiful was an understatement. She looked astonishingly different from what most people recalled the last time they had paid attention to her, back when they didn't think she was capable of competing in the Luna trials being a wolfless.

For the most part, no one had paid her any real attention during those times because they believed she was nothing more than someone suicidal and insignificant. However, now that she had proven them wrong yesterday and did the unbelievable, they began to see her in a completely different light, especially as they watched her walk confidently past them now.

Her dress didn't just complement her hourglass figure; her exposed, fair, perfectly toned legs in heels made some stare in envy.

Was this the same girl who once looked skinny and starved, with barely any flesh on her body? How had she transformed so remarkably? Were they finally noticing her beauty because many had

admired her in the arena for how she carried herself like a true Luna and gained almost all the omegas' support in silver?

Come to think of it, she had risked her own life to go back and save another person, something even Laila, whom they had all once admired, wouldn't have done.

Laila had abandoned ten people because she believed them useless. Though Viola was wolfless, she had won many people's hearts with her bravery and selfless display. However, some still saw her as someone who should be banished and not given any chance at all in their pack. She was an outsider, a wolfless with no significant family background.

Feeling the intense eyes on her as she walked toward the hall, Viola began to second-guess whether she looked inappropriate in what she was wearing, which was why people weren't taking their eyes off her.

She fought the strong urge to wrap her arms around herself and hug her midriff protectively, but instead she let her fingers clutch her purse tightly, her heart drumming loudly in her chest as the door of the hall drew closer with every step.

Even the guards standing at the sides couldn't help but follow her with their eyes as she approached. Who was this elegant woman?

When Viola reached the door, it automatically slid open for her, and she realized that despite the fact she still had ten minutes left before ten, almost everyone was already present inside the hall.

Only the Alpha's seat remained empty, while the elders and the Kade family were seated around the long table, conversing among themselves until they felt her presence and slowly turned in her direction.

"Buenos días," Viola greeted them, using Spanish, as it had been the language everyone was speaking before her arrival abruptly brought their conversation to a halt. Though she wasn't fluent in the language, she was no longer as ignorant as she had been the first time she heard it spoken so confidently around her.

Zoe, who had just arrived as well, was already sitting next to Nick. She hadn't even fully settled into her seat when Viola entered, and she paused mid-movement, a small gasp leaving her lips at the sight of her friend before a bright smile bloomed across her beautiful face. Now that is what we call a grand entrance!

She thought to herself, noticing how no one could take their eyes off Viola. Even Nick was staring as though he were seeing her for the very first time, because she looked far too gorgeous to be real. He even blinked twice, just to confirm that it was indeed Vee standing confidently at the entrance.

"Is that really her?" Nick asked his cousin in disbelief, his voice low but stunned, as Zoe continued grinning and waving enthusiastically at Viola.

"Of course, it's her. I was worried she wouldn't pick a killer dress, but it seems I didn't need to worry at all, because she chose the perfect one," Zoe mused proudly, watching Viola like a protective mama hen. No one could truly understand just how proud she felt seeing that Viola had

fully recovered physically, looked healthy and radiant, and appeared even more beautiful than she had been before.

Now she would like to see her brother bully her!