

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna

Sebastian Kade had assumed the responsibilities of the Supreme Alpha from a very young age, after his parents were assassinated right before his eyes. But one couldn't rule without a Luna. He had found his fated mate at the age of twenty, and they were soon married, but then everything went downhill, and he lost his Luna, someone he had cared for deeply.

The elders had soon begun to pressure him to take another Luna, and Seb had complied, as their pack was one of the biggest in the world. She too had died shortly after, and now, two years after her death, the elders were on Seb again to get another Luna, claiming the pack needed a Luna.

After losing two mates, Seb didn't care about attachments anymore and had begun to live his life the way he wanted, without giving any she-wolf a chance to enter his life. He was done with weaklings who had broken him because of the bond, and if he were to take a Luna again, she would have to be someone smart and strong, someone he wouldn't get too attached to.

That was the reason they were here now, in enemy territory, on their way to meet the she-wolf the elders had recommended and believed would be fit to be his Luna, the daughter of the Alpha of the North, Ember. Seb had heard many things about her and believed she would do well as his Luna.

But then he had perceived the intoxicating scent of another potential mate from miles away when their car broke down, and he had gone straight to that forest, which was in the territory of the pack he despised with every fiber of his being.

"Is she so bad you're looking this pissed? I remember the last potential mate hadn't made you this mad," Matt pointed out as he grabbed another glass and poured the drink for Seb, who let out a cold scoff.

"She's blind in one eye."

Matt grimaced. "Woah."

"And she is wolfless. Not just that, she's short and small. I could break her with a snap of my finger. The worst part? She's from Moonwillow Pack," Seb said, downing the drink as if it could drown out the stabbing ache in his chest.

"Okay, let's scratch her from the potential mates and Luna. She won't survive in our pack. The elders won't even approve of a wolfless who comes from Moonwillow Pack. Those hypocrites of a Pack," Matt said, already disliking this new mate.

Seb had rejected so many shewolves who were his fated mates, who had their wolves, and who were beautiful and perfect in every way a woman should be, not to mention a wolfless one from Moonwillow. She didn't have a chance in hell of being his Luna or carrying their Pack's next heir.

"So do me a favor and let's never mention her again. Tell me about Ember, how is she, again?" Seb inquired. He had tried to avoid learning anything about Ember before this, but now he needed a strong distraction.

He felt slightly more at ease as the strong Scotch began to dull the pain. He was mad at himself; had she not told him where she came from, he would have made the grave mistake of bringing her back with him, even though she had not a single ounce of potential to be a Supreme Luna. She would have been dead before tomorrow. She wasn't the kind he took to bed, let alone a Luna.

"Oh yeah, Ember. Let me show you her pics. She's quite a sight to behold," Matt said, bringing out his tablet. He browsed through the pictures sent to him by the North Pack and then presented the image to Seb, who studied the beautiful woman on the screen, dressed in training gear with swords in her hands. She had red hair and blue eyes.

Blue eyes. Not like the girl in the forest, the kind that had flared at him and shown her displeasure when he touched her. That blind girl might have been interesting if she hadn't been a weakling from a pack he despised.

But Ember's eyes, at least, weren't bad, they were blue as well.

'Aww, you are cruel. She must be broken by now because you rejected her and threatened to kill her. Poor thing. She's blind in one eye, you should have been merciful in your rejection,' came the hypocritical words of his wolf. But Seb ignored him, keeping his gaze on Ember instead, a woman he would make his Luna if she turned out half as interesting as her bio suggested.

"Did you tell her father we're coming?" Seb asked.

He would have never gone out of his way to meet a pack lower than his, but he wanted to see this Ember character in person before she set foot in his territory and began to get delusional with high hopes that he would marry her. It was better he go himself and burst her bubble if she didn't fit while she was still in her father's pack.

"Her father said they are currently attending the moon festival in Moonwillow and would be back in three days. He suggested we meet there so you could get to know Ember, but I told him we don't fancy Moonwillow. So technically, we have three days to stay in this hotel before the meeting," Matt said with a nervous laugh as Seb shot him a glare.

Well, it had been Matt's idea that they come early, since the elders had been chewing his ass off, urging him to tell Seb to take another Luna. He had had enough of their constant pressure and wanted to get away from the pack, forgetting that the moon festival Seb never attended was around the corner and that their potential Luna and her family might be busy.

"So tell me, Matt, now that we're stuck here, what should I do for the next three days?" Seb asked sarcastically, his fine brow raised.

Matt shrugged. "Take it as a holiday from your duty. We could go moon howling as well," he said, but Seb's dark look made him laugh. "Hey, come on, I'm joking. But seriously, there are many things to do out here. Laila is a call away, you can get some steam rising together, and it might help you forget this new rejected mate before you meet Ember."

Seb's cold expression didn't soften at all at the mention of Laila, who was, unfortunately, another female he shared a mating bond with and would have made a Luna if she wasn't the kind who opened her legs to every man during heat. At this point, he didn't want anything to do with women he felt a mating pull toward.

"No, don't call Laila. I don't need another pain to suffer. Tell the Deltas to get a new car if that one won't start. We can go stay in the North territory to wait for them to finish the festival," Seb gave the order and then busied himself going through Ember's profile so he could forget a certain blue-eyed weakling he had met in the forest.

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The Moonwillow Pack.

Viola tried to sneak in through the back door, hoping to avoid being spotted by any of the guests in the moon festival gathering, especially their Luna. But it proved impossible, even with the stranger's coat wrapped around her, a coat she would have gladly discarded in the forest if she hadn't needed it to mask her scent so she could walk in unnoticed.

As she slipped through the shadows of the large yard, keeping an eye on Leni, who was talking animatedly with her friends, Viola glanced behind and around her to make sure no one was paying attention to her. Everyone looked busy, and she began to let out a sigh of relief. That was when she bumped into someone, just as she believed she was getting closer to the back entrance door.

All Viola wanted at that moment was to return to her empty room, nurse her rejected heart and wounded soul, because despite the fact that she didn't have a wolf to share the strong bond, it still hurt terribly for reasons she couldn't fully understand, and then move on. But it seemed the night wouldn't end with a single disaster of her own making, because she had just collided with one of the most important guests of their pack.

The force of the bump surprisingly sent the other person stumbling backward, and Viola reacted instinctively, reaching out without thinking to stop the woman from falling. Her grip, however, caught a handful of the woman's dress instead.

A tearing sound split the air, followed by a sharp yelp and a heavy thud as the woman toppled onto a nearby set of tables under the moonlight. Drinks and glasses clattered to the ground, drawing the immediate attention of everyone nearby.

Viola's heart sank. Oh no, she whispered, staring first at the torn red fabric in her hand, then at the she-wolf sprawled across the broken table. I was just trying to stop her fall, she thought as she saw the Luna, the Alpha, and others rushing toward them.

Viola wished more than anything that the ground would open and swallow her up; she knew she was supposed to remain unseen, invisible at this event, but she hadn't only bumped into a guest, her pheromone wasn't properly concealed. Could the night get any worst?

"Oh my Goddess, what happened?" the Luna demanded, rushing forward with her friend to help the she-wolf who had fallen, while the Alpha reached out, grabbed a handful of Viola's hair, and tackled her to the ground with a force that made her groan.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing out here?" he demanded through gritted teeth, yanking her head up by her hair.

Viola grimaced at the pain shooting through her scalp and the resentment blazing in his golden eyes that locked on hers. She still found it unreal and utterly baffling that Evan could look at her with such hatred when he had showed her nothing but affection before.

When she didn't answer immediately, and he seemed to sense her pheromone in the air, he released her in disgust, muttering, "I am going to kill you this time for ruining my event. Just you wait and see."

This was the first time the Moon Festival had taken place in his pack since he was crowned Alpha of the Moonwillow Pack, and now this useless nobody had shown herself, humiliating a very important guest of the event, a guest he couldn't afford to offend in any way. Nothing would stop him from punishing her this time. He would make sure her punishment ended in death.

"Are you alright, Ember?" Alpha Evan asked the she-wolf the Hollow had pushed, whose dress was now torn at the front and soaked in spilled drinks.

Viola's eyes widened slightly at the mention of the name Ember.

Of all the guests present, it had to be Ember, the princess of the North Pack, that she had bumped into. Anyone who didn't know Ember simply didn't live in the werewolf world.

She was the only daughter of the Alpha of the North, known not just for her strength but also for her deep arrogance. Rumors had it that she possessed the strength of an Alpha female, a result of her parents not having a son to inherit the position. Long ago, in a time when Viola had still been a princess herself and the pride of her pack, she and Ember had been silent rivals online. That had been before either of them had awakened their wolves.

Now, while Viola had no wolf to make her fit in, people said Ember's wolf was among the most powerful of all the she-wolves when it finally emerged.

"I am fine, Alpha Evan. I was looking down at my phone when she bumped into me, or else she wouldn't have had the strength to push me down," Ember said with a tight smile, wanting to maintain her composure after the fall. Her eyes flicked to the useless Hollow as two omegas covered her with a blanket.

"Isn't that Viola Linden?" Ember asked as she looked down at the malnourished, skinny woman on the ground, bowing her head. But Ember had already recognized her face, despite how much it had changed and how much uglier it had become, her right eye looking strange and red.

"It's her. Don't worry, I'll deal with her. I've been looking for the right opportunity to get rid of her completely, she's been making things difficult for my Luna," Evan said, putting an arm around Leni, who clenched her teeth, fuming at Viola's presence.

How is she here? Leni thought. I made sure this useless thing would have been raped and killed in the forest. And wait a minute... what is she wearing? And that scent... isn't that a male scent?

"Where are you coming from?" Leni demanded with authority, glaring down at the Hollow.

Viola, resigned to her destiny and whatever the moon Goddess had planned for her, didn't show any emotion as she replied, "You sent me to go and decorate the cliff—"

Her words were cut short as a leg kicked her square in the face, sending her tumbling to the side.

"You lying bitch! My Luna would never send a Hollow to decorate the cliff! You were meant to stay in your quarters the moment the moon rose and the guests came out, but you—" Alpha Evan trailed off as Leni whispered to him, pointing at the black coat Viola was wearing.

Everyone noticed the coat and the faint scent and strong aura that suppressed the rising pheromone.

"Where did you steal that coat from, Hollow?" the Alpha demanded.

Viola belatedly remembered the coat she was wearing and gritted her jaw. Meeting the man in the forest hadn't only shattered her hope of a fated mate and broke her heart, it would also be the reason she would now be labeled a thief, with no explanation to offer for where she got it. No one would believe her anyway. Viola decided to stay silent, only clenching her fingers around the fabric, hating its owner along with everyone around her.

"It seems she won't talk. Take the coat off her and see who it belongs to," Alpha Evan ordered the Gamma, who had already stepped forward.

Though Viola hated the coat's owner, she didn't hate the coat itself, she loved it, and its scent. She tightened her fists around the fabric, unwilling to let them take away the only good thing that had happened in her life in the past four years. But it was soon ripped roughly from her body, revealing her torn shirt and exposed torso.

When she was exposed, she didn't even bother to hide her naked torso. What was there to see, anyway? There was nothing to see except skin and bones. She looked like a skeleton, and she feared that even a skeleton would look better than her own malnourished body.

Without the coat, her pheromone sharpened and strengthened, radiating from her more intensely to hit the guests.

"Fuck, she looks disgusting, but the pheromone is delicious and inviting," someone muttered.

"Could you at least give her the suppressor before you start punishing her for stealing? She's fouling the air!" another complained.

Viola was quickly given an injection to suppress it, instead of a pill.

All this happened without her fighting or speaking. If only they knew how disgusted she was with herself.

"Where did she steal the coat from?" Leni asked the Gamma, who was sniffing the fabric. His face froze in shock as he turned to speak.

"I-it belongs to the Silver Pack Alpha, Alpha Kade," the Gamma announced.

Everyone gasped and turned toward Ember, who they already knew was the future Silver Pack Luna, chosen because Alpha Kade had asked for her hand in marriage from her father. Ember had openly shared this with everyone, which instantly elevated her status and earned her even greater respect, after all, who wouldn't respect the future Supreme Luna?

"Did she steal it from you?" Leni asked, baffled.

It was impossible, nothing belonging to Alpha Kade should ever be anywhere near their pack, not after the bitter feud between them that had lasted for two decades, a conflict so severe that the Supreme Alpha had blacklisted the Moonwillow Pack entirely. Now, in an attempt to repair that old enmity, they had invited Ember, the future Supreme Luna as a special guest. His future Luna didn't come with his coat.

So how could a nobody like Viola possibly have his coat?