

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 91: Clingy Alpha_Part 2[1,648 words]

Chapter 91: Clingy Alpha_Part 2

Elder Halvrek, who had been trying unsuccessfully to talk everyone out of crowning this girl as their Luna before her arrival to the hall, or at least persuade them to consider a rematch for the competition when Laila regained consciousness, scowled openly at Viola.

Meanwhile, Camilla, who had finally decided to join the gathering because she wanted this girl to be crowned, smiled kindly at her. She had never known the girl was this beautiful. It was only unfortunate that she lacked the most important thing of all, a wolf, but fortunately for Camilla, that was exactly what she believed Sebastian needed, something that would eventually bring about his future downfall.

"Have your seat, dear," Camilla said, finally breaking the silence as everyone seemed to have lost their tongues at the sight of the girl. Even her own sons were gawking like fools. But then, she couldn't entirely blame them. The girl wasn't bad to the eye.

Viola turned toward the woman who had spoken to her so warmly and smiled politely in return before making her way to her seat.

She sat where she had once sat the last time she came there for dinner, on the right side of the Alpha's seat, even though he wasn't present, which, truthfully, she was more than grateful for. She had no idea how she was supposed to face him after what he had done yesterday. The shameless bastard.

There were more unfamiliar faces in the hall than she remembered seeing before, but she chose not to dwell on them.

The moment she took her seat, one of the elders spoke. "The Alpha is not here yet, but he has given us permission to make our decision without him."

"He's clearly not here because he doesn't care and doesn't like the fact that a wolfless is in the lead and would be his Luna. No Alpha would want that," said Elder Brennan, sounding slightly bitter that her daughter had cowardly forfeited because she feared Laila, while a wolfless had been brave enough to face black howlers and even kill them.

But even then, she couldn't help thinking that her humiliation was still better than Elder Halvrek's, who had foolishly wagered half of his wealth only to be disappointed, ridiculed, and left as the laughingstock of the pack members.

"But it's not like we have a choice when the majority of the Silver Pack wants you as their Luna, especially Mrs. Kade, who has personally come here for your sake," Elder Brennan continued, casting Camilla, who never usually interested herself in anything that had to do with the Alpha, a curious look. No doubt the woman was up to something.

Camilla smiled and addressed Viola directly. "How could I not personally come after watching how remarkable you were in the arena? It would be terribly unfair if the system decided to remove you simply because you lack something werewolves here deem important. I dislike injustice and wanted to make sure our elders would not practice that on you. Not to mention, I have learned that you are friends with my son," Camilla spoke kindly, ensuring she warmed up to the girl she was certain would either bring about Sebastian's downfall or perish herself.

Viola, who was meeting Camilla for the first time, managed a smile she hoped was convincing enough to convey that she appreciated the woman's support. Though she couldn't fully trust her, or any of the elders, hearing that she was Nick's mother made her feel slightly at ease. Nick was kind; surely his mother must be genuinely kind as well.

"Thank you, Mrs—" Viola began, but Camilla quickly interrupted.

"There's no need for formality. You can just call me Aunt Camilla, like Zoe and the Alpha do. We are now a family, since it is so clear you will be our Luna, don't you agree, elders?" She turned a smiling face toward the elders, who were privately wondering what the woman was up to by being so kind to the wolfless girl. Still, they all nodded in agreement, as they had already decided to crown Viola.

Not just because of her victory, but because everyone believed she wouldn't last. There was no need to worry about her ruling over them when Sebastian's curse would eventually kill her, just as it had killed the previous Lunas.

In fact, she might even end up being the one to lift his curse as the so-called "wrong" third wife, just as many former Alphas had sacrificed three Lunas in an attempt to pass the curse on to the next generation when they failed to find the prophesied one on their own.

The Kade family's curse had existed for as long as many members of the Silver Pack could remember. However, not everyone truly believed it was a curse, because it had been prophesied that a certain she-wolf would one day lift it and permanently take it away. Many of the Supreme Alphas were fated to have multiple mates, but only one of them was destined to be the right one, the true prophesied Luna.

Though no one fully understood why the curse had skipped over certain past Alphas who had made no sacrifices at all, many were aware of the grim pattern that followed.

If the true prophesied mate was not found, the Alpha would be forced to sacrifice the lives of three Lunas. The fourth would remain alive, and the curse would then be passed down to the next heir. The cycle would continue in that same cruel manner until the right she-wolf was finally found.

However, none of the Alphas had succeeded in finding that one.

Although most of the pack did not know the full details of the curse or precisely how it killed the Lunas or the description given about the prophecy, since only the Alphas carried that forbidden knowledge, they all understood one undeniable truth: not just anyone could survive becoming their Luna.

The few elders who had allowed their daughters to participate were convinced that their own blood would be the prophesied Luna. Elder Halvrek, in particular, already had a calculated plan in mind if Laila turned out to be the wrong one. But it seemed everything was not going his way.

"We have all come to an agreement to crown you as the Luna, and a public announcement will be made to the world once the Alpha picks a date for the ceremony."

Viola, who had been dreading this moment, felt a great wave of relief wash over her. This was what she had wanted with everything inside her. She felt the back of her eyes sting and the strong urge to weep in relief, but she knew this was neither the right place nor the right moment to openly celebrate that she was one step closer to being free from the past that had been haunting her life.

A step away from finding her sister, a step away from making Evan pay.

After the elders finished speaking, they didn't stay behind to ask questions or get to know her. It was as if they had been forced to make the decision, and now that it was done, they immediately rose from their seats and walked out of the hall, speaking in their native language about how this would be a disaster for their pack. Camilla, however, was quick to defend Viola from any lingering disapproval.

The elders left, leaving behind Viola, Zoe, Nick, Javier and his wife, Sofia, along with a few other distant relatives of the Kade family. Javier did not linger either. He rose from his seat, took his wife's hand, and then walked toward Viola. He gently took her hand and lifted it to his lips, pressing a light kiss to the back of it.

"I can't wait to welcome you into the family. If you ever need anything, sister-in-law, you can always reach out to me. Nos vemos."

Javier then left, pulling his wife along with him like one would a stubborn mole. Viola fought off the strange energy this particular man gave her and the unsettling way he treated his wife. She pushed the thought aside as Zoe came around the long table and exclaimed,

"I can't wait to start designing your dress, Vee! You're going to be my sister-in-law!" She hugged Viola from behind, wrapping her arms around her neck.

Viola smiled, feeling more excited about being Zoe's sister-in-law than about becoming a certain someone's wife, someone who clearly still didn't want her but shamelessly sent her expensive gifts. What did he expect her to do with his gift if he made it so obvious by not being present that he didn't even want this?

"I brought some sample designs with me for your ceremony. Look through them before we leave because I'm too excited to wait," Zoe said, shoving her tablet eagerly in front of Viola.

Viola had nothing pressing to return to in her penthouse but the emptiness, so she took the tablet and began looking through the designs.

As she scrolled through the screen, someone quietly entered the hall. Because she didn't have a wolf to sense his aura, she remained completely unaware and focused on the stunning designs before her. Zoe was talented, far more talented than Viola had originally thought and she found herself sincerely immersed in looking through the gowns and other designs.

At the entrance, Sebastian had just arrived. He had purposely come late so he wouldn't accidentally reveal anything to the elders in the hall that might hint she was his mate.

He had seen them leaving and told them he needed to discuss some matters with the future Luna. They had simply nodded and bowed quickly, still visibly displeased with the outcome but having no power to send her away after she had won publicly.

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Chapter 92: Clingy Alpha_Part 3

Now, as Sebastian entered the hall, his eyes naturally went straight to her, where she stood looking down at the large tablet on the table, her head bent in concentration.

Sebastian was stunned into immobility by her appearance. He had known she was beautiful, but not to this extent, and something inside him stirred possessively, wanting to have her all to himself, the way it should be with a mate.

Viola was so focused on the designs she was studying that she was completely unaware of the new arrival, until she heard a collective greeting from the few young werewolves still left in the hall, who had been talking with Nick.

"Supreme Alpha!"

When Viola heard the dreaded title, her heart gave a small thud but she didn't look up from Zoe's tablet. Instead, she kept her head down and continued to scroll, sincerely admiring the different kinds of gowns displayed on the screen.

It wasn't as though she was looking forward to her own wedding or feeling excited about it the way her younger self had once imagined she would when she eventually got married. But the gowns were far too beautiful for her not to carefully select and admire them.

When a few strands of hair fell over her face like a curtain, she brushed them behind her ears and swept them over her shoulders, unintentionally revealing her slender neck.

The sight of a woman dressed so strikingly, then revealing her elegant neck so carelessly, drew the attention of the men in the hall, including Nick. Some of his other male relatives even allowed lecherous gazes to linger on her.

Sebastian noticed their gazes immediately.

One warning stare from him was enough to send the men stiffening, their bodies trembling slightly as they bowed their heads in submission and quickly looked away from Viola.

This hall was not only used for general meals and important meetings; it was also a common space for some pack members who lived inside the high tower skyscraper. They often sat there to discuss matters or simply laze around. That was why, even after the gathering had ended, a few were still present.

But a single sharp look from Sebastian had several of them hurrying out of the hall and escaping his energy that forced them into submission.

'How could she be so oblivious to the effect she's having on these fools?' Sebastian thought, deeply displeased that anyone would dare look at his mate with such hungry eyes.

He began walking toward her, his polished leather shoes echoing sharply in the quiet room.

Viola could sense him approaching, but she pretended not to notice and continued to immerse herself in her task, determined to pick the most perfect dress for Zoe's sake.

Nick discreetly observed the Alpha as he came to stand beside Viola.

"Hey, little twig. Aren't you going to greet me?" Sebastian mused quietly so that only she could hear, positioning himself right beside her and deliberately blocking her view of Nick, who was still standing in the room. Not even Nick had the right to look at her, and for that petty reason, he intentionally obstructed Nick's line of sight to her.

He stood with his hands tucked into his pockets, staring down at her. His eyes traced the graceful curve of her swan-like neck, and he even caught a glimpse of the swell of her chest above the open neckline of her dress. When she continued to ignore him, he lightly reached out and touched her hair, using it to cover her neck again and letting it fall over her exposed shoulder.

Once more, Viola, who had fully immersed herself in scrolling through the designs and blocking out his presence, felt her hair fall heavily over her face like a thick curtain, obstructing her view of the screen and irritating her further.

She pressed her lips together in visible frustration before finally raising her head.

Sebastian and his wolf were instantly delighted when she lifted her gaze, but his satisfaction was short-lived when she didn't look at him. Instead, she turned toward his overly amused sister on the other side of her.

"It's so hard to pick, Zoe. If you ask me, I would choose every single one of them on the screen. I never knew you were this talented. Your designs are truly out of this world. I honestly can't pick just one," Viola said sincerely as she handed the tablet back to Zoe and told her she would wear whichever design Zoe thought best.

Zoe nearly burst into laughter at how determined Vee was in ignoring her brother. She had never encountered any woman who would deliberately ignore him, and that was precisely why she liked Viola more than anyone else, even more than the late two Lunas.

Natalie had carried an energy that was far too strong for Zoe's liking. She had possessed an aura that suggested she would bend for no one, likely because she came from a powerful family background despite not having an Alpha wolf. It wasn't that Zoe wanted her to bow or submit to anyone, but Natalie had always carried a certain arrogance. Her brother had loved her because she was obviously his mate, but Zoe had never truly warmed up to her for the years she was married to her brother until her death.

And Evangelina, Zoe nearly scoffed at the very thought, had been no different from Laila when it came to looking down on others. Her brother had never surrounded himself with women who naturally drew Zoe toward them or made her feel comfortable in their presence. Instead, they had only repelled her and pushed her away.

It was almost as though he were a magnet for terrible women with bad attitudes, because every single one of his mates she had encountered so far had been nothing short of a complete disaster.

She couldn't help but doubt whether her brother had ever truly had a genuinely good woman standing faithfully beside him at any point in his life.

But Viola was different in every way. She wasn't clingy, nor did she treat her brother as though he were a god whose footsteps she needed to worship.

Zoe's gaze drifted toward her brother, who was standing there eagerly, waiting for Viola to finally look up and meet his intense stare.

Would she continue to ignore the man beside her who now looked like a desperate puppy begging for its owner's attention? Zoe couldn't help but feel a hint of pity for him. She even wondered if her brother realized he was completely captivated by the very woman he kept denying was his mate.

She held back her laughter, firmly believing Sebastian deserved every bit of the treatment he was receiving now.

Viola straightened and said to Zoe, "If that's all, I will be returning to my place now." She couldn't wait to leave, for it felt as though an annoying hovering fly was persistently disturbing her peace now.

"Since we no longer have any training sessions keeping you from exploring the city, how about we go out with Nick and grab some breakfast at my favorite eatery? I haven't eaten this morning, and I

know you haven't either, and it's already approaching lunchtime. Will you come with us?" Zoe asked, fully aware that Viola had nothing urgent or pressing to return to in her penthouse.

As if perfectly on cue, Viola's stomach let out a loud, unmistakable growl that echoed in the room, causing the two siblings' eyes to immediately drop to her flat stomach. Heat quickly climbed up her cheeks in embarrassment, spreading across her face. Really? Of all places and all moments, her stomach just had to make such a loud and humiliating noise at the mere thought of food, and right in front of this man of all people!

But then she couldn't exactly blame her poor stomach; she hadn't eaten anything since yesterday and had skipped both dinner and breakfast last night and this morning without realizing how hungry she was until food was mentioned.

Sebastian, on the other hand, found the sound her stomach made strangely cute, almost endearing. One look at her tiny waist was enough for him to know that she hadn't eaten since the previous day. Watching the faint color rise to her otherwise indifferent face made him fight the urge to smile, because it almost felt as though she were incapable of blushing at all with the coldness she constantly showed toward him.

Feeling the Alpha's eyes on her, Viola was suddenly grateful for the opportunity to leave, even if it was simply to escape his hovering over her and filling her senses with his expensive scent, which made her subconsciously hold her breath to avoid inhaling him. She didn't even hesitate to agree to have breakfast with her friends.

"I haven't eaten either. I'll come along," Sebastian's quick response followed immediately, causing Viola to turn and glare sharply at him.

'Man, you have no class. Why are you acting like an eager puppy now?' Muffin complained internally about his human's lack of restraint. Didn't he know he was coming out as too shameless to their mate?

Zoe was quick to agree for him to come along, not because of any hidden motive, but partly because she felt sorry for her brother, and partly because she was curious to see how long Vee would remain immune to him and whether she truly was his mate.

"You can come, as long as you don't have any pack matters to handle."

"I don't. I have some things to discuss with her, so we might as well do that over breakfast. Shall we?" He began to reach out to hold Viola's arm, but she stepped away from him as though his touch might stain her.

"Don't touch me," she warned under her breath.

Then she turned toward Zoe, intending to scold her for giving him permission to join them for breakfast when it should just be the three of them. But the she-wolf was already humming softly to herself and slipping her tablet into her bag, and Viola bit back her words.

She had been trying to get away from him, at least for today until their marriage, but it seemed there was no escaping him now.

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Chapter 93: Clingy Alpha_Part 4[1,499 words]

Chapter 93: Clingy Alpha_Part 4

They all went to the restaurant Zoe had suggested in two separate cars, Zoe and Viola in one and Sebastian in his own. Nick had suddenly been called away by his mother just as they were about to leave, and he had left immediately, unfortunately unable to come along with them.

The restaurant they went to was not that far from the High Tower skyscraper, but just like many of the other buildings in the pack, every wall was made of glass and the floors were glimmering white marble that reflected the light above.

The entire restaurant was free of customers, yet they were welcomed immediately by the werewolf who managed the place. Viola soon learned that the restaurant was not open for use by all pack members but was reserved strictly for the Alpha's family and a few important pack members, as most people in the Silver Pack preferred home-cooked meals or takeout rather than dining out.

The place was luxurious and spacious, with curling, extravagant chandeliers hanging from the ceiling and comfortable-looking seating arrangements placed along all sides of the glass walls.

However, rather than taking a seat near the glass walls where the city view could be admired, they were led into a more private section where the walls were brick instead of glass and a single glass table stood to the side, surrounded by two plush chairs on either side and a wide sofa along the wall.

"This is the Alpha's private section," Zoe explained to Viola, who had been wondering why there was such an isolated seating arrangement with no other tables nearby.

"Though I would prefer us to eat where we can watch the city through the glass walls, the Alpha cannot be exposed in the open where everyone could see him and an attempt could be made on his life," Zoe added in a low whisper to Viola, who arched her brow slightly at that piece of information.

Was the Silver Pack Alpha's life truly in that much danger that he couldn't even sit and eat wherever he pleased? But then, come to think of it, he was the Supreme Alpha, with many enemies outside this pack who disliked or even hated him.

Yet it seemed that even inside his own pack, his life and safety were not guaranteed. From what she had learned about him, every single year he survived more than twenty attempted assassinations and murder attempts, all of which had failed.

She couldn't imagine living a life where one had to be cautious at every single step, always watching over one's shoulder. But then she herself was about to step into that same life, where an attempt at her life would be a step away from her.

Though she was aware that being his wife would not come with affection or warmth but rather a life built on transaction, where she would carry the title and eventually birth his heir, a part she didn't even want to think about yet, as she didn't know how someone like her could ever have a pup and raise it properly.

She still felt so broken and miserable that she was certain she might ruin another child's life the way she believed she had ruined the life of her only family. She didn't even know the first thing about caring for someone else, yet she could not hide from that truth, for she had known exactly what she was stepping into before she joined that competition to become his wife and Luna.

One thing Viola was certain of was that he did not want her and that she had never been his choice. If it were not for the mate bond, whatever he had done to help her recently, he would not have done at all.

Their marriage was not going to be sunshine and rainbows, but more like a business arrangement, where she gave him what he wanted and he gave her what she also wanted, with nothing more and nothing less in between.

Which was why it was becoming increasingly baffling that he had been following her around lately and doing things for her. She had heard that he was a master at resisting his mate bond and had gotten rid of many she-wolves in his life before; he had rejected many without hesitation. So why was it that he kept staying on her trail these days?

He had made it clear himself that she was not his type, and he had heartlessly rejected her that night in the forest when she had been desperately in need of help and a way out of her pack. He had not helped her then, when she would have felt deeply indebted to him. Instead, just like everyone else in her life, he had left her there, even threatening to kill her if they ever met again.

Many times, he had dashed her hopes and insulted her, looked down on her, and made her feel not only less than a person but like an invisible ant beneath his notice.

His sudden change of heart was confusing and annoying as hell, because it was nowhere near enough to convince her that she had suddenly become something significant to him when he had turned down so many others who were far better than she believed she was.

Viola thought all this with pursed lips as she made her way to sit down on the inner side of the sofa closest to the wall, expecting Zoe to sit next to her. Instead, Zoe slipped into the opposite side, and before Viola could stand up and move to sit beside her, Sebastian took the seat next to Viola, effectively blocking her escape.

He casually took off his coat and draped it behind his chair before settling comfortably into his seat, then turned to flash her a harmless smile that only made her look away from him, gritting her teeth in frustration.

After they had all settled down, Zoe picked up the menu, a thin glass tablet that lit up with a blue screen displaying a wide array of meals, and said, "We can't have fish dishes because you don't eat fish, Vee, so let's cancel those options." Zoe murmured this gently, though Sebastian, who had heard her clearly, was quick to take note of it.

She didn't like fish? He had never encountered any werewolf who disliked fish. The thought surprised him, but he quietly stored that information in his mind, tucking it away carefully for the future so that no one would ever make the mistake of serving her fish again.

"These have your favorites, Vee. Look through them and pick what we'll have. You and I have almost the same taste. Whatever you choose is what I'll order as well," Zoe mused, handing the glass-like tablet menu to Viola, who accepted it and lowered her gaze to the screen. She needed something to focus on, anything at all, rather than remain painfully aware of the stare burning into the top of her head from the man sitting far too close beside her.

The moment her eyes scanned the menu, Viola's eyes rounded in pure delight. They truly had most of her favorite dishes, meals she had not tasted for four long years. Nick and Zoe had once insisted she tell them what she liked most back when they were trying to help her gain weight, carefully filling her plate day after day.

Her stomach immediately let out another humiliating growl, louder than before, forcing her to bite the inside of her cheek and duck her head in embarrassment.

Really, stomach, why are you doing this to me in his presence?!

Sebastian bit his bottom lip to suppress his amusement. Could this little woman get any cuter than this? he wondered, mentally shaking his head as he caught her peeking at him from beneath her lashes to see if he was watching her reaction.

When Viola marked the dishes she had chosen for them, Sebastian's eyes were fixed on the screen, silently taking note of her preferences among the many options displayed. Lamb chops, beef stir-fried rice, Beef Wellington, fresh orange juice. No wine. He discreetly pulled out his phone and typed the details into his notes, intending that after their marriage she would always have her favorite meals whenever she desired.

Likes every beef dish. Noted.

As the saying went, the more satisfied your mate was, the happier you became. Sebastian was determined to keep her satisfied enough that the mate bond would never twist against him again or make his days miserable as it once had. He was tired of carrying a constant heartbreak because he was denying her.

Instead of ordering something different for himself, as Viola had assumed the Alpha would do after she had placed the order for herself and Zoe, he simply told the waiter that he would have exactly the same as what she had chosen.

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Chapter 94: Hold him tight_Part 1[1,800 words]

Chapter 94: Hold him tight_Part 1

It didn't take long for their food to arrive. There were other varieties of dishes as well, since Viola had picked some she knew Zoe also liked to eat, but the ones that truly caught her own interest were her favorites, and the lamb chops practically fell apart upon her first bite, so tender that she almost smiled in pure delight.

Viola ignored Sebastian's obvious stare as she happily devoured the food in front of her. After everything she had gone through, she had become the type of woman who cherished even the simplest meals given to her, not to mention her absolute favorites.

There was a time in her life when she had been an extremely picky eater, so much so that she would throw away food that had been carefully cooked and prepared just for her simply because she was not in the mood to eat it.

In truth, she had been a very spoiled and short-tempered person back then, to the point that many of the omegas in the Linden household were constantly wary of her temper and avoided provoking her in any way. Yet her adoptive parents had always supported her spoiled behavior and even encouraged it to some extent rather than correct her ways.

Now, however, she knew better and understood the weight of her past actions when it came to wasting food.

To stop herself from eating too fast the way she had grown accustomed to over the years, she occasionally forced herself to slow down by placing different side dishes onto her soon-to-be sister-in-law's plate, while visibly pretending not to notice the man who was, for some reason, adding more beef onto her rice plate as though he had carefully observed just how much she liked it.

Did she ask him to serve her more food? Viola thought.

Zoe watched the exchange in open amusement. Her friend appeared completely nonchalant about the fact that her brother kept refilling her plate. Viola acted as though she didn't see him at all or notice what he was doing.

What was wrong with her brother? Why did he seem to care so much now about Viola?

After a while of watching Sebastian stare and serve Viola, looking almost as though he were silently hoping she would reciprocate and place something onto his still nearly empty plate the way

she had done for his sister, Zoe decided to put in a few words for her poor brother. She had never seen him behave this way, not even for his many former mates.

For goodness' sake, he looked like a pitiful dog abandoned by its owner, and it was starting to make her feel guilty for him!

Zoe had no idea what Viola had done to unknowingly capture her brother's interest like this when he had clearly stated he didn't like her. But then again, any man with functioning eyes would be drawn to Vee. If Zoe had been a man herself, she would have snatched Viola up at the first available opportunity.

When Viola placed another dish onto Zoe's plate as she finished what was already there, Zoe finally spoke up. "Vee, I think the Alpha's plate is missing some beef. Don't you think he might need some as well?" she asked in an obvious attempt to include her brother in the moment. No matter how much Zoe enjoyed seeing him unsettled by her friend and slightly miserable for once, he was still her brother.

No matter his ruthlessness or the broken promises he had once made to her, Zoe still loved him deeply and wanted him to be happy. For the first time, she found herself believing that Viola might actually be the one for him.

Viola pursed her lips as she glanced at Sebastian, who was looking at her with a neutral expression, though his silver eyes betrayed a faint trace of hope. For the first time, she noticed how ashen his complexion looked and the heavy bags beneath his eyes that revealed someone who hadn't slept properly in a while.

Does this man even sleep at night?

Though he annoyed and confused her most of the time, and though she could never quite figure out why he kept following her around when his other mates had been far better than she believed herself to be, especially Laila, seeing the exhaustion in his eyes made her release an internal sigh.

Slowly, Viola picked up the serving spoon and placed some of what was on her plate onto his, adding a couple of lamb chops before setting the plate gently in front of him. The moment she finished, he picked up his silverware, and she watched as he ate the meal as though it were the most delicious thing in the world, even though she had deliberately given him the least flavorful portion.

She decided that at the very least, it was better to treat him decently during their meals, and as long as he did not insult her or make her feel small, she would try not to be openly hostile toward him. With that thought in mind, Viola served him more.

Sebastian, who only a few hours earlier had been strictly warned not to eat anything for at least six hours after waking up with an illness this morning, accepted her servings with a small smile. "How did you know I was this hungry? I could eat even more," he said lightly.

"Well, you can serve yourself more rather than starve yourself. Help yourself," she murmured, looking away from his intent gaze and missing the way his complexion briefly turned greenish, like someone on the verge of nausea.

'You are going to kill yourself, man. Just because I told you to make her warm up to us didn't mean you should eat beyond your limit in your current state of health!' Muffin exclaimed internally, fully aware that Sebastian was under strict medication after he had foolishly sucked the poison of the Black Howlers out of Viola's chest the previous day. And because he had been a reckless pervert, he hadn't spat all of it out, swallowing some instead just to taste her on his tongue, which had eventually settled into his own system and caused him intense pain this morning.

He had been instructed not to eat for at least six hours that day, yet he had gone ahead and done exactly the opposite. Muffin could only sigh internally as his human's gaze never left Viola throughout the entire meal, while Viola kept self-consciously checking her face to see if any food had gotten stuck there.

"Do you want more?" Viola asked, assuming he was staring because he had finished eating, seeing his plate was now empty.

Sebastian simply nodded.

Viola served him another portion, hoping to keep him occupied long enough for her to enjoy the rest of her food without his constant gaze making her feel awkward and overly aware of herself.

After the meal was finished and they had dessert, Viola remained seated, talking with Zoe in the hope that whatever the Alpha had said he wanted to discuss with her during breakfast would finally be brought up.

But when he made no attempt to mention anything regarding their upcoming marriage and what he wanted to discuss, she concluded that perhaps he had nothing to say after all and decided it was time for her to leave. She couldn't keep sitting here after their meals were over.

"You can bring the new designs to my place like you said. I'll take my leave now since you still want to remain here and work on your digital designs," Viola said to Zoe as she stood up, grabbing her purse from the sofa and subconsciously smoothing a hand over her slightly bloated belly after the heavy meal she had just enjoyed.

If she had known she would be eating this much, she wouldn't have worn a body-hugging dress, she thought to herself with mild regret.

Viola still had a few things to do in her penthouse, such as searching for information about the orphanage and checking for any details regarding her sister now that she was certain she would become Luna.

Sebastian did not object to her leaving, nor did he insist that she stay. He rose to his feet and stepped aside to give her space to pass. She walked past him, leaving behind her lingering daisy scent that teased his nose and momentarily distracted him. He grabbed his coat, slipped it on, and then said to his sister,

"I'll take my leave as well. I'll see you later," he said, turning away to leave, but his sister called out to him.

"Hermano."

He stopped and glanced back over his shoulder to look at her. "Hmm?"

"No matter what you are planning to do with her," Zoe said, her gray eyes looking distant and filled with sadness, "don't hurt her. She has gone through a lot in life and is still fighting some trauma. She has lost not just a past lover but also her family. She is just like you and me, but you have me and I have you. She doesn't have anyone. Please don't take her life, and don't hurt her if you can't heal her..."

She knew that whatever was wrong with her brother was something even he could not fully control. His ruthlessness was something he had been born with, and killing his twin had been something he had not been able to fight, just like the deaths of his Lunas. But she hoped he would not do the same to Vee, for the young woman had already endured so much, and Zoe could not bear the thought of one day hearing news of her death.

Sebastian's fingers curled into fists inside his coat pockets at the realization that his sister did not trust him with the life of someone she considered important. Though he knew his promises meant little to her after what had happened years ago, he still gave his word.

"I won't hurt her. She will be safe with me. Don't worry," Sebastian assured her.

Zoe nodded her head, even though her heart did not fully believe him. She waved him away lightly. "Hurry up before she gets too far. Vee will walk all the way back to the High Tower rather than ask you for a ride."

Sebastian couldn't help but agree with his sister. That girl would absolutely walk the entire distance back rather than ask him for help. He began walking away in long, steady strides, but soon dark spots started to blur at the edges of his vision. He clenched his jaw and shook his head slightly, forcing the dizziness away as he continued forward.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 95: Hold him tight_Part 2[1,144 words]

Chapter 95: Hold him tight_Part 2

Viola didn't have any money on her to take a cab, nor did she have a wolf she could shift into to get herself back faster. So rather than worry about not having a ride, she decided to walk all the way

back instead, telling herself it would help her digest the big meal and finally give her the chance to tour the city properly and look around on foot.

She didn't hesitate as she stepped out of the restaurant and began walking down the busy streets, cars zooming past her and people filling the sidewalks, a few of them turning to give her curious looks as she passed by.

Many were trying to figure out whether she was the wolfless who had fought the Black Howlers or not, some of them even openly sniffing the air in an attempt to identify her scent. The elders had yet to make a public announcement of her being crowned Luna, but curiosity about her had already begun to spread like wildfire among the pack, and many eyes followed her every movement with undisguised interest.

If she noticed the strange glances, Viola didn't pay them any mind as she continued walking and glancing around.

She opened her purse and felt around inside for her phone and her earpiece so she could listen to her favorite music while walking home and taking in the fresh city air. There was a lingering floral scent drifting from a flowering tree up ahead of her, sweet and light against the hum of the city, when suddenly a car zoomed to a sharp stop right beside where she had paused to check her purse.

Even before the tinted windows rolled down, Viola recognized the sleek, glimmering black car as the one the Alpha had ridden to the restaurant along with them.

Without sparing it another glance, she turned and resumed walking down the clean street, fixing her earpiece into her ears. She longed to be alone and think. Though she knew that since she would soon be marrying him, it was time she stopped escaping his presence like a frightened rabbit, Viola still didn't enjoy his company enough to sacrifice these last few days of freedom before becoming his Luna.

She was browsing through her music app, about to tap on her favorite song, The Blooming Love, to block out the noise of the city, when she heard the car door open and close behind her. Before she could press play, warm fingers suddenly gripped her elbow, stopping her mid-step.

Viola turned around, ready to tell him firmly that she truly wanted to be alone this time and didn't need a ride back. But the words died in her throat the moment she saw the unnatural pallor of his complexion. His skin had turned almost the same pale shade as his silver hair and eyes, his lips carried a dark purplish hue, and beads of sweat covered his forehead.

"What's wrong with you?" Viola asked anxiously, because it was painfully obvious that he was not fine.

When he began to sway slightly, she instinctively stepped forward, allowing him to lean against her much smaller frame. She nearly stumbled over her own feet as she struggled to support his weight.

Sebastian didn't respond to her; he couldn't even if he tried. Instead, he buried his head and nose into the crook of her neck, breathing heavily as though he had just run a marathon.

Viola tilted her head to look at him and noticed his eyes were squeezed shut tightly. His grip on her arm was growing tighter, almost painfully so, pinching her skin hard enough that she was certain it would bruise later.

She glanced around and saw a few passersby staring at them openly. Turning back to him, she called softly, "Alpha Kade?" Her anxiety grew as she tried to understand what could possibly be wrong with him.

With one arm supporting his narrow waist, she lifted her phone with the other hand, intending to call Zoe and ask her to send help. But Sebastian weakly reached out and forced her hand back down.

"Don't... call anybody... I'm fine," he breathed against her neck, his warm breath fanning her skin. Viola, however, was far more concerned about the strained weakness in his voice than about the warmth of his breath.

"You're not fine. You're clearly sick. Let me call someone—" Her words were cut short when she felt him whisper again.

"Matt is coming..."

Just as he said that, a blue car sped toward them and came to an abrupt stop in front of them, blocking the view of the onlookers. Matt stepped out quickly and hurried around to open the passenger seat door, his hazel eyes sharp and filled with urgency.

"Get in before they recognize it's the Alpha," Matt said as he held the door open, scanning their surroundings for any possible threat.

It would not be good if those who wanted Sebastian dead caught wind of this weakness, or worse, discovered that he had sucked the poison out of Viola's body the previous day to prevent her from needing medical attention like Laila, who was still currently receiving treatment at the healing house for the poison of the Black Howlers.

Many could twist the situation and claim favoritism, saying the Alpha had helped a wolfless girl. If they connected the dots and realized she was his mate, it would cause unnecessary trouble and drama among the elders, and Viola herself would suffer the consequences.

It was fortunate that Sebastian had called Matt in time, knowing he was beginning to feel dizzy.

Without waiting for Viola's permission, Matt stepped forward and began to half drag, half carry the Alpha's heavy body toward the car. But even in his weakened state, Sebastian clung tightly to Viola as though she were his only anchor, refusing to let go no matter how much Matt tried to separate them.

It seemed he would not get into the car without her. Matt lifted his head slightly and gave Viola a silent, pleading look to get into the car with them, though he didn't truly need to, because Viola was already giving in to Sebastian's stubborn insistence on having her beside him.

With Matt's assistance, they finally managed to get Sebastian into the car. Even once seated, however, he still refused to release his grip on her.

"I hope you don't mind being his pillow, Miss Linden, because it seems he won't let go of you," Matt said as he reached into his pocket and pulled out something that looked like a medical injection.

Turning to Viola, who was staring at what he held with a frown of confusion and concern, he spoke firmly, his tone losing its usual lightness. "Hold him tight. It's going to hurt him like hell."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 96: Will he be fine?[1,323 words]

Chapter 96: Will he be fine?

"Hold him tight. It's going to hurt him like hell."

Saying that, Matt quickly uncapped the injection, parted Sebastian's shirt at the chest area, revealing the head of his snake tattoo and without hesitation, he stabbed it straight into his chest, right where his heart was beating erratically fast beneath his ribs. It was an antidote that would fight the venom reaching his heart.

Sebastian groaned deeply, burying his head further into Viola's naturally scented neck, inhaling instinctively, and tightened his hold around her waist painfully while Matt pressed the liquid from the syringe directly into his system, emptying it without hesitation.

Viola had no choice but to hold onto the large man like one would hold a feverish child taking an injection, her arms straining slightly as his body trembled uncontrollably for several long seconds before the violent shaking gradually subsided and his grip on her slowly loosened.

She looked down at his face and noticed that his complexion had remarkably improved, the ashen tone fading little by little, and so had his ragged breathing. He shifted weakly, resting his head more comfortably against her shoulder and bringing his arm around her waist in a protective yet exhausted gesture. She felt him let out a long breath before his body slackened further, and then he drifted into sleep.

Viola released a breath she hadn't even realized she had been holding the entire time he had appeared so ill and convulsing. She had genuinely been scared. Though she didn't like him and often found him frustrating, she had never wished harm upon him.

And she had no reason to wish him any harm, and genuinely this man had not done anything more than verbally make her feel insignificant and small in his presence, because even when he had wanted to banish her from his pack, he had still offered her an option to move into the human world with a house and a monthly allowance provided for her comfort and survival.

It was only after her nerves began to calm that she became acutely aware of their awkward position in the back seat of the car. She was not comfortable at all, and she was also aware that he wasn't either. Realizing this, she shifted slightly, trying to adjust herself and make the man more comfortable.

He was far taller and broader than she was, and his muscular frame was bent awkwardly to fit against her smaller body. She had to support part of his weight with her arm to prevent him from slipping.

Her gaze trailed over his now peaceful sleeping face. His lashes were strangely black and thick, curling slightly at the ends. She had once assumed they would be silver like his hair, but they contrasted darkly against his pale cheeks, casting faint shadows beneath his closed eyes. His lips had returned to a normal pale pink, but the heavy bags and dark circles under his eyes made it difficult for her to consider pushing him away or waking him to make herself comfortable.

Being the supreme Alpha must be incredibly stressful, she thought with a sigh, because she had never seen him without those shadows beneath his eyes. Sleepless nights were something even she was familiar with, and she would grab any chance to sleep.

Seeing that he was finally sleeping after looking as though he had been in so much pain, she simply couldn't bring herself to wake him up just to change positions.

Matt, who had resumed driving the car, glanced at the rearview mirror and caught sight of the intimate position they occupied in the back seat. Anyone looking in would assume they were a couple, but thankfully the windows were tinted for anyone to see. Not unless they were married, such position would rise gossip steams in silver.

The interior of the car grew quiet, almost uncomfortably so, thick with unspoken tension. Viola was not very familiar with Matt, even though she had seen him a few times before. To break the silence and ease the awkwardness, she cleared her throat softly and asked, "What happened to him? I mean, why did he suddenly become sick?"

She could have sworn the Alpha had been perfectly fine while they were eating breakfast, at least until he had stepped out of the car to grab her elbow. What could possibly have happened within the span of just a few minutes?

Matt bit his bottom lip thoughtfully. He wasn't sure whether he should tell her the truth, but when he saw her blue eyes watching him intently through the rearview mirror, concern written clearly across her face, he decided she deserved to know.

"Yesterday, when he sucked the black howlers bite to remove the venom out of you, some of it entered his own system," Matt explained carefully. "Though he is the Alpha, it didn't take immediate effect. It only started affecting him this morning when he woke up with severe pain in his chest. The doctor advised him not to eat anything until they prepared the full antidote, but I suppose he went against those instructions," he added with a frustrated sigh, still unable to believe how reckless Sebastian had been, not only eating, but nearly collapsing in a public place!

Matt couldn't imagine how words would have spread fast had that happened.

Viola's eyes widened slightly, and her heart gave a sudden thud in her chest at Matt words. He had been poisoned by sucking the venom of the Black Howler out of her body yesterday? Did he swallow it?

She lowered her gaze to his face, pressing her lips into a thin line as if she was fighting the urge to scold some senses into him. He looked so peaceful now, resting against her shoulder as if it were the most natural and comfortable place in the world. Yet she knew that when he woke up, his neck and back would probably ache from bending himself awkwardly just to lean against her. That would teach him a great lesson then.

Why on earth had he eaten the food she served him when he had been clearly instructed not to? He could have simply told her he wasn't allowed to eat. But instead, he had said he was hungry and had followed them for breakfast. Being the Alpha that he was, he didn't need to eat anything she offered him. He could have pushed the plate away and even growled at her for daring to serve him.

But he hadn't done any of that. He had eaten it all and even asked for more.

What had he been thinking? Was he trying to court death?

She had always known that no werewolf was immune to the venom of the Black Howlers, but she had never imagined that sucking it out would allow it to enter his bloodstream instead.

A faint flush rose to her cheeks as she remembered the way he had leaned down and sucked the poison from her skin yesterday. This man was crazy and utterly stupid!

"Will he be fine now?" Viola asked quietly, forcing her gaze away from Sebastian's face and directing it toward Matt.

"He will," Matt reassured her. "The antidote will make him sleep for a while, and once he wakes up, the venom should be completely cleared from his system."

He then focused back on driving, pretending not to notice the way Viola was looking down at Sebastian as though she wanted to scold him severely for his foolishness. In truth, Matt himself believed Sebastian deserved a thorough scolding for being so reckless.

If Matt had not arrived in time, things could have gone terribly wrong. And if this woman had not been there to support him, Sebastian might have collapsed face-first onto the street. Worse still, if the dizziness had struck while he was driving, it could have resulted in a fatal accident!

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 97: The Alpha's main quarter[1,571 words]

Chapter 97: The Alpha's main quarter

Viola didn't say anything anymore after learning that the Alpha was in this state because of her; the least she could do to help was to allow him to use her as his pillow, even though her shoulder was already aching badly. Just how much did he weigh? Only his head was this heavy, and it felt as though a stone had been placed upon her bones.

Viola soon noticed they were heading in a completely different direction from the High Tower skyscraper, and a frown slowly crept across her forehead when she realized the car had left the main city behind and was now gliding along a smooth black road with tall trees lining both sides. This definitely wasn't the way to the skyscraper. Where was he taking them?

As if reading her unspoken question, Matt assured her, "I cannot take him back to the High Tower in his condition. I am taking him back to his main quarter until he is conscious again."

The last thing Matt needed was people looking, whispering, and wondering what had happened to their Alpha.

Viola gave an understanding look at those words. She was already aware that the Alpha had his main quarter away from the fancy, advanced city, but he chose to spend his day and night there because his office was located in the High Tower, and that was where most official matters required his presence.

She relaxed back in her seat, knowing she wasn't getting kidnapped, and began to take in the quiet road while subconsciously stroking a hand over the big baby using her as a pillow, brushing her fingers lightly through his hair.

The road reminded her of Moonwillow, as in Moonwillow they did not have an advanced city like the Silver Pack, and things were still stagnant there, their roads lined with trees at the sides just like this one.

She removed the thought of Moonwillow from her mind as Matt turned the car around a corner, and immediately a big, mighty white mansion came into view. It had a high iron wrought gate with the design of a wolf's head carved at its front, standing proudly like a guardian.

The moment the car came into close proximity to the gate, a red security scanner swept over the vehicle. Almost immediately, the light turned green, and the gate began to open slowly on its own, without any visible guards present.

The car drove in, and Viola marveled at the beauty of the grounds, her eyes taking in everything. The walls around the mansion were so high that she doubted anyone could ever climb them without special equipment.

There was a big fountain in the middle of the grounds with different kinds of decorative flowers planted carefully around it in symmetrical patterns. This was four, if not five, times the size of the Moonwillow Alpha's quarter!

Actually, she had never seen a house this big before, and she gulped down her saliva as she took in the line of warriors in black suits guarding the inner grounds, their presence both intimidating and impressive.

"We are here," Matt announced as he stopped the car in front of the mansion, looking at his friend and the woman through the mirror. He couldn't help but think that Sebastian must be having the best time of his life resting against his mate like that, for every male's safest haven was when he lay next to or even against his mate, and Sebastian had always fought his mate bond like a demon refusing surrender.

"Miss Viola, if you wouldn't mind my request, would you be kind enough to assist me in dragging him into the house? I can't carry him alone," Matt asked with an awkward smile, eager to know if the woman would help the Alpha further, just as she had helped him so far despite the obvious enmity between them. Many women didn't like this much stress or physical strain, especially when this particular woman had seemed not to like Sebastian, unlike many she-wolves who usually did.

Viola nodded. "I don't mind," she lied, even though she really did mind, as she didn't think she had the strength to carry this big man without collapsing halfway. Couldn't he have asked the guard to carry him?

He was not only tall and towered over her and even Matt himself, but he was solid. With her experience of supporting just his head, she knew he would be extremely heavy to carry inside. Not to mention she wasn't even certain he would want her inside his main quarter if he were conscious. Not everyone was allowed in here.

Removing his arm from around her waist wasn't easy; Matt had to pull with considerable force, and dragging him out of the car like a sack of heavy rice took both time and effort, to the point that even Matt ended up panting from the strain.

Carrying Sebastian's unconscious body into his enormous white mansion took a lot of energy from her, but eventually the two of them managed to drag him into the master bedroom upstairs.

Matt couldn't help but be impressed yet again with the woman who had made him lose ten million in his bet. She didn't even complain once. If she disliked the flights of stairs they had climbed up to reach his room, she didn't voice any complaint out loud. As a matter of fact, she didn't look annoyed at all, not even slightly irritated.

But then she had lived four years under the hollow system and was trained and tortured to never show her real emotions and feelings to people above her. Matt thought that quietly as he watched her adjust the Alpha carefully on his bed.

Matt didn't linger in the room because his mother was calling him repeatedly, and he knew he had to pick up her calls or she would never stop, especially when she had taken herself to a friend's house and was now expecting him to come and pick her up. That alone made Matt painfully aware that there was another possibility of being matchmade to another she-wolf he had no interest in meeting.

Before he left, he told Viola, "If you are ready to go back to the High Tower, you can ask for the driver from the guards. I will inform him to take you back whenever you are ready. I need to be somewhere urgently and can't drop you off myself. I am sorry,"

He left her in the room before she could tell him that she would leave now as well and that they should step out together so he could speak to the driver on her behalf, since she wasn't familiar with anything in this place. But he was already gone, speaking on his phone with hurried steps as his voice faded down the corridor.

Viola turned to look at the Alpha lying sprawled on his stomach on the bed with pursed lips as she puffed for air, trying to catch her breath. She wondered what he ate to be this heavy. He wasn't so big in size; he was more on the lean muscular side, and she realized she wouldn't be able to ogle his build again after having endured the flights of stairs under his weight.

Since she would be gone before he woke up, she walked towards him, bending down to poke at his cheek gently with her index finger. "Now you and I are even, Sebastian. You saved me, and I saved you. No debt between us," she said, using his name because he was asleep and wouldn't hear her anyway.

She was about to turn and leave, but then stopped upon seeing that he was lying on top of the blanket instead of beneath it. She let out a soft sigh. Forgetting that he was an Alpha who probably wouldn't feel cold easily, she turned back to him and began attempting to pull the blanket from under him to cover him properly and neatly.

Viola used all her strength, but it was useless; she only managed to pull a little from beneath him and cover half of his body while the rest remained exposed.

"What are you, a large rock?" she complained under her breath as she pushed his dangling leg fully onto the bed and adjusted her glasses on the bridge of her nose, slightly out of breath from the effort. Then she grabbed her purse from the floor and backed away to sit on the floor next to the bed, needing a moment to rest her quivering muscles before she would finally gather enough strength to leave.

But Viola felt so tired that she thought she should rest her head against the nightstand for just a little while before she could leave.

It wouldn't hurt her to rest her head for a moment; after all, she wasn't the kind of person who fell asleep easily. Viola believed this confidently as she yawned widely, her eyes watering, but unfortunately, the moment she rested her head back and dared to close her eyes, a sudden, comfortable slumber overtook her, luring her into an oblivious state of deep sleep before she even realized it.

In no time, her body had tilted to the side, and she was lying on the floor, curled up into herself like a baby in the womb.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna -

Chapter 98: Her presence in his room[1,210 words]

Chapter 98: Her presence in his room

Sebastian woke up past midnight, just as he normally did, even when he managed to get a little bit of shut-eye at night, because his body was not used to a full night's sleep with so much responsibility resting heavily on his shoulders. His sleep schedule was so messed up that not even the antidote could keep him asleep for long.

His eyes opened to the familiar ceiling of his main quarter, and at first he was confused about what he was doing there until he recalled the events of yesterday morning. His tensed muscles immediately relaxed as it dawned on him that Matt must have brought him back here, as expected, to hide the fact that he had saved Viola from having to be admitted into the healing house.

Viola. The thought of her made the corner of his mouth twitch slightly as he recalled how leaning on her had made the discomfort in his chest feel less unbearable. He also remembered how he had leaned on her in the car, where, despite how much smaller she was compared to him and how awkward the position had been, it had almost felt like the most comfortable place in the world.

But then, as expected of a mate, he was supposed to find comfort in her more than anywhere else. What baffled him was how she had felt even more comforting than the other women he had taken as mates so far, women he had eventually distanced himself from for being annoyingly clingy and demanding more than he could ever give them.

Perhaps he was more drawn to Viola because she wasn't that kind of woman. Perhaps it was because she played so hard to please and constantly confused him. All the women he had been around before had been the willing type who rushed toward him before he even noticed their presence.

Sebastian belatedly realized he was lying in his bed thinking about women, and that particular little woman, when he should be getting up to handle some of his work in the private office within his quarter, which had the same system as the one in his office at the High Tower. He was never short of work.

Yet this was the first time he had woken up with the thought of any woman lingering in his mind, and it made him scowl faintly as he sat up on the bed and ran his fingers through his disheveled silver hair. That simple action made him strangely aware of her delicious daisy scent still clinging to his body, and Sebastian instinctively inhaled, feeling it soothe something restless inside him.

Had she come inside his room for her scent to linger this strongly in the air? He wondered, noticing that he was still lying in bed with his shoes on and fully dressed, his suit now wrinkled from being used like sleepwear.

The thought of her being in this room and perhaps helping to put him to bed made something inside his chest feel unexpectedly light, but he quickly shook the feeling away as he swung his legs off the bed, about to stand.

But his eyes immediately fell upon a small figure curled up on the floor right beside the bed, so close that if he had stepped forward without looking, he would have accidentally stepped on her.

Sebastian was completely taken aback to find her there. Had she really come inside with Matt and then fallen asleep on the floor? He could hardly believe it. He found himself crouching down next to her just to make sure his mind was not still clouded by sleep and imagining things.

The mate bond could be a very strange and powerful thing, and the fact that he had been thinking about her so intensely almost made him doubt his own sight. But when he gently reached out and touched her shoulder, he felt the solid warmth of her body beneath his hand, not an illusion.

She was really here.

The corner of his pale pink lips curved into a faint smile as he looked down at her. She was curled up tightly with her knees drawn to her chest, her right palm tucked under her cheek as a pillow. The position had caused her dress to ride up slightly over her milky fair thighs, giving him an unintended view of her bare legs and a brief glimpse of her underwear.

Pink boyshort, he noted silently. Wasn't that unexpectedly adorable? He'd never had a woman who wore pink boyshort, sexy lacy tong was the trend.

He forced his eyes away before he tortured himself further by looking at something he knew he shouldn't. He had a strong feeling she was the kind of woman who would throw a punch if touched without consent rather than melt into pleasure like the many women he had previously known and grown accustomed to.

She was just so different.

His gaze softened as it trailed to her face, where her glasses had turned crooked from lying on her side and her hair had become disheveled around her cheeks. She hadn't even bothered to remove her glasses before falling asleep. Little idiot, he mused silently, reaching out to carefully remove them from her face and placing them gently on his nightstand.

Unable to stop himself, he brushed the strands of hair covering half her face aside and tucked them behind her delicate fair ear, which wore no earrings or any other accessories.

Why hadn't she worn the set of jewelry he had sent her? He was well aware that many women loved jewelries, and his sister in particular had once begged him to buy her that exact set. Because he had thought Viola and his sister were close, he had assumed they might share the same taste.

It had taken him calling in connections and paying a large sum of money to secure that set, and because he knew it would look stunning against her fair skin and complement the color of her eyes, he had immediately purchased it for her without hesitation.

Didn't she like it? He hadn't heard her opinion about the jewelry yet, and the unanswered question settled in his mind, making him unexpectedly curious about what she thought about his gift. He supposed he would only find out when she woke up.

Without the hair covering her face, he had a clear view of her peaceful sleeping expression and her adorable, slightly pouted lips that looked as soft as a rose petal. Curious to know whether they felt as soft and smooth as they appeared, Sebastian slowly trailed his fingers toward her mouth and gently traced the curve of her lips with his index finger.

Just as he had expected, they felt soft, far softer than the first time he had met her in Moonwillow, when her lips had been chapped and cracked from hardship.

Remembering that version of her sent a sharp, unexpected pain through his chest, because at that time he had truly intended to turn his back on her completely. No wonder she disliked him now. But then again, could anyone really blame him for wanting to escape weakness after losing so much already?

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 99: Warmth[1,628 words]

Chapter 99: Warmth

Sebastian noticed her shiver as though she were cold, and his sharp eyes immediately focused on the goosebumps rising along her arms. His gaze shifted toward the air conditioner, which was blasting at full power, as he was known to prefer cold temperatures and could only sleep when the room was blazingly freezing, like the coldest winter night.

She should have turned it down, he thought, looking back at her. Or at the very least, she should have lain down beside him on the king-sized bed and pulled the blanket over herself. Instead, she had chosen to lie on the bare floor without any bedding or blanket at all. How could she have been comfortable enough in such a position to fall asleep so deeply?

Sebastian shook his head, and without hesitation, he slipped one arm beneath her knees and the other behind her back, lifting her off the floor as though she weighed nothing. She indeed felt far too light, lighter than anyone he had ever carried before. Had she lost weight? he wondered, recalling that she had not felt this light the last time he had held her in his arms.

She was so light that he felt he could easily hold her with only one arm if he truly wished to. He looked down at her face, his brows knitting together slightly as he realized that his instinct to feed his mate was stirring awake inside him, the powerful instinct to provide for her and make certain

she never went hungry, to ensure she had more than she could ever imagine. This time, he did not fight it, because he genuinely believed she needed to eat more so she could gain a bit more flesh on her fragile frame.

If she did not start eating properly, she would soon disappear with the wind.

His lips fell into a straight, displeased line as he calculated that she must have been lying here since yesterday afternoon, and now it was 2:08 a.m. which meant she had skipped dinner entirely. The last time they had eaten together was at 11:55 a.m. the previous day, which meant she had likely skipped lunch as well. No wonder she felt as light as a feather in his arms.

That did not sit well with him at all. The male was supposed to ensure that his woman never went hungry at any hour of the day. It was a primal instinct carved into every male werewolf, something deeply embedded in their nature since the beginning of time, when their kind had lived in the wild like animals long before they turned to civilization. The female had always relied on her male, and all she had to do was take care of their pups while he hunted for food and protected their territory.

That was how the Moon Goddess had made them, how she had designed them to live, no matter how much time had passed since their kind had roamed the forests in their most ancient forms.

Sebastian made a mental note to ensure she was properly fed tomorrow before she left this place. Perhaps he should cook the meal for her himself. It had been a while since he had cooked anything personally, and cooking for her did not seem like such a bad idea at all. In fact, the thought felt strangely satisfying.

He carefully began to lay her down on his bed, moving with the caution of a parent trying not to wake a baby they had struggled to put to sleep, wanting her to be more comfortable and warm. But just as he began to pull back after placing her gently onto the mattress, he paused. His eyes dropped to her fingers, which had instinctively grabbed the front of his white shirt, preventing him from moving away.

Sebastian's expression softened slightly in quiet amusement.

"It seems this will become our habit, love. You always grab onto me whenever I carry you. If you continue like this, I will not have many shirts left in my closet," he murmured softly, teasing her even though he knew very well he could never run out of shirts given his position and wealth.

He spoke as if she could hear him, though he was fully aware she was lost in dreamland. However, he soon noticed her forehead crease as though she were being disturbed in her sleep when he tried to gently pry her fingers away from his shirt, so he immediately stopped.

Viola, on the other hand, was sleeping peacefully at first, caught in a strange and senseless dream of lying inside a freezer. Because it was not particularly frightening at the beginning, she continued sleeping through it.

But slowly, the dream shifted into one of her nightmares. This time, within that freezing atmosphere, she felt utterly lonely and unbearably cold as she watched Evan standing above her

frozen body with a smirk on his face, Leni standing right beside him and clinging possessively to his side.

She tried to reach out to him, hoping he would hold her and take her away from the biting cold that was sinking into her skin, but he cruelly kicked her hand away and spat at her.

"Get you dirty hands off me, bitch. You disgust me!"

Viola's heart felt as though it were breaking all over again. Even though she had told herself that she had overcome Evan's betrayal and heartbreak, somewhere deep inside her, something still clung to him, because he had been the first man she had ever truly wanted, truly desired, to have and to love.

But that same man was now mocking her. Despite being aware that this was a dream, one she hated having, yet one that never loosened its grip on her because she had never truly found peace with it, she still felt the crushing pain gripping her chest.

Just as Evan took Leni's hand and turned away from her, leaving her there to freeze to death in that endless cold, another figure suddenly appeared, standing exactly where he had been.

She could not see this person's face clearly; everything was hazy, like when she was not wearing her glasses. Yet something about his presence instantly gave her a strange sense of reassurance. Why, she could not explain.

Unlike Evan, this unknown figure bent down toward her and pulled her into a warm, comforting embrace that immediately made her feel safe, as though she had been wrapped inside a protective cocoon of warmth. She felt a gentle vibration against the person's chest where her head rested, as if he were speaking to her, but she could not hear his voice or make out a single word he said.

When he began to pull away from her, she grabbed onto him, unwilling to allow the only source of warmth in her freezing world to escape her. He was so warm, so solid and real, that she did not want him to leave her alone in the cold again.

"I am cold..." she whispered softly.

The words escaped her lips in her sleep, yet they were audible in the quiet room. Sebastian, who had been watching her closely, smiled faintly as he gently began to pat her back the way one would soothe a restless child trying to return to sleep.

"Shhh, you're having a nightmare. Go back to sleep," he murmured softly, his hand stroking slowly from her back down to her arm in a calming motion until she gradually relaxed again. A deep sigh escaped her lips, and she curled onto her side with her face turned toward him.

Her position, however, unintentionally became provocative, pressing her breasts together and causing them to swell slightly above the neckline of her off-shoulder dress. The sight made him suddenly aware of himself, and he felt an unmistakable tightening inside his pants, the front of them growing noticeably snug.

She always managed to make him feel like an uncontrollable teenage boy who had only just discovered his own desires, even though he had long ago learned how to control himself around his mates.

"You are going to be the death of me," he muttered under his breath.

Her grip on his shirt gradually loosened, and Sebastian carefully uncurled her fingers, holding her hand in his for a brief moment. His eyes lowered as he noticed she wore no nail polish, and her cuticles were bruised and slightly rough, yet he still found her hand unexpectedly beautiful in its simplicity.

Was he allowing this mate bond to influence him far more than he should?

She was clearly not his usual type at all, yet he was beginning to realize that he was slowly growing fond of her in ways he had not anticipated. Then he reminded himself that it had nothing to do with preference or type. She would become his Luna, and it was only right that he made peace with her on some level.

She might not be his destined, prophesied mate, the one foretold for him, and he would still have to find that particular woman someday. But the fact that Viola would be his wife was reason enough to let himself soften toward her.

As much as he wanted to slip into the bed and lie beside her to keep her warm, he refrained. He did not want her to call him out for it again and distance herself from him even further. Or worse, get angry and punch him in her frustration.

With that thought lingering in his mind, Sebastian straightened up and gently removed her heels. Then he carefully pulled the blanket up to her chin, tucking her in securely to keep her warm, making sure she was comfortable before stepping back.

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Chapter 100: Borrowing something of his

Viola's nose twitched twice, and her stomach growled even before she fully woke because there was a delicious scent in the air, one she was certain was both unusual and unfamiliar within her living space. She had never once used her kitchen to cook since she was given the penthouse, not that she even knew how to cook, so where on earth was this bewitching, enticing aroma coming from?

Like a rat in its hole being lured out by food, Viola's eyes fluttered open and she inhaled deeply. Before she could even properly wonder where the aroma was drifting from into her room, she automatically reached out for her glasses on the nightstand and slid them on. The moment her vision cleared, she was stunned by the unfamiliarity of her surroundings.

Her eyes widened like a startled doe behind the clean glass frames, which looked as though someone had wiped them for her. There had been smudges on them the last time she wore them, but now the lenses were crystal clear!

She took in the black-and-silver theme of the room that carried a distinctly masculine aura, from the thick black curtains to the silver-framed painting on the wall, then to the black leather couch where a coat lay carelessly draped.

Finally, she looked down at the large king-sized bed she was lying on, a soft black blanket pulled up to her chest, and Viola jerked upright into a sitting position.

How had she ended up here? she wondered in rising panic.

Before her panic could spiral completely out of control, another scent, one that was not food, settled into her senses. It was a scent she enjoyed more than anything else in the world, a scent she could inhale all day if only it did not belong to a man she found intolerable and endlessly annoying.

Yesterday's events returned to her slowly but vividly. She remembered how he had nearly collapsed in the street and how she had been forced to hold him up. She also recalled how utterly exhausted she had been when she and his Beta dragged him up a flight of stairs that left her muscles trembling and her arms burning.

She had only wanted to rest for a moment on the floor before finding her way out and returning home. Instead, she had grown so exhausted that she had fallen asleep.

That was very unusual for her, Viola thought with pursed lips. She never slept that easily. In fact, she could not even remember the last time she had slept so peacefully and for so long without waking up in the middle of the night crying and wanting to rip her own soul out of her chest just to quiet the ache. But she had not only slept through the night, she had—

Her thoughts halted abruptly, as if someone had pressed pause on a remote control.

Her panic returned tenfold as the realization dawned on her that she had fallen asleep on the floor. So how in the world had she woken up tucked neatly into the bed?

Her fingers clenched tightly around the blanket as she slowly and cautiously lifted it to peek underneath. When she saw that her dress was still intact and discreetly checked her underwear with a careful hand, she let out a breath she had not even realized she had been holding.

At least he had not taken advantage of her situation. Not that it would have mattered much, considering they were going to be married, but even so, she would have hated the thought of him doing anything to her while she was asleep. Male werewolves could be dangerously unpredictable when it came to their urges around someone they considered their mate.

Viola felt oddly reassured by the thought that he had been gentlemanly, gentlemanly enough to place her on his bed and cover her with his blanket. She had never been someone who tolerated the cold well; she got chilled far too easily.

The urge to lie back down and return to sleep was so strong that it surprised her. She had never been the type to linger in bed, yet his scent lingering on the sheets was as alluring and powerful as her desire to bury her nose into the pillow and drift off for a while longer. But then that tantalizing aroma returned to her senses, and she could not help being drawn toward it because she was absolutely starving.

Viola pushed the blanket aside and stepped down from the bed. Right beside it, her heels had been neatly set aside, but she ignored them and walked barefoot toward the window in the room that practically screamed luxury and masculine taste, everything arranged with meticulous care.

She moved to the window and peeked outside at a grand and beautifully landscaped garden below, with a fountain in the center pouring water gracefully into a circular basin. As expected of the Supreme Alpha's quarters, everything was designed to exude status and prestige, she thought as she turned away to follow the scent.

However, the floor was freezing cold beneath her bare feet, and she did not want to walk far without something on. Her eyes landed on his house slippers set neatly by the door, two pairs, one black and the other gray. She could not help but think that this man truly surrounded himself with dull, dark colors.

Did he even own anything in a shade other than dark blue, black, or gray? she mused as she strode toward the slippers and slipped her bare feet into the size twelve black pair.

The comical sight of her feet in his shoes nearly made her laugh. She was a size six, and her feet looked like a little girl wearing her father's oversized shoes. The difference in size was almost ridiculous, but she needed something to wear, and heels were certainly not suitable for exploring this grand, big house.

She was fairly certain she should not be wearing any of his belongings without permission, but only a petty man would complain about someone borrowing slippers for a brief moment to investigate the source of an aroma calling out to her empty stomach. If he minded, she would simply take them off. It was not as though she was stealing them.

She gave herself a great, convincing excuse to borrow his shoes.

With that thought, Viola slid her other foot fully into the soft slippers and opened the slightly ajar door that had allowed the scent to travel into the room.

As she stepped out into the polished, well-decorated hallway lined with framed paintings, the aroma grew stronger.

Viola did not need directions in the large mansion; her sharp nose was more than capable of guiding her. While she followed the scent, she took the time to admire the house more carefully.

Unlike the modern silver city buildings made almost entirely of glass and steel, this structure was an ancient mansion that had been carefully maintained over generations and tastefully updated with modern decor while preserving its historical essence.

From what she had learned during her stay in the Silver Pack, this mansion had housed nearly every Alpha before Sebastian. Yet Alpha Sebastian himself had chosen not to reside in it permanently. In fact, it was said that his second Luna had not lived here at all during their marriage and had preferred staying in the city until her untimely death. Why wouldn't anyone want to live in such lovely place?

Not unless it was the Alpha who didn't welcome her for this place was like paradise!

Viola walked down the polished staircase with glass railings, her footsteps quiet in the oversized soft slippers. She found the kitchen far more quickly than she had expected, guided effortlessly by the irresistible scent without having to search for long.

However, the moment she reached the kitchen entrance, what greeted her made her immediately pause in her tracks. Her eyes slowly widened at the sight before her. She even lifted a hand to adjust her glasses, blinking once as if to confirm she was not imagining things, but the view remained unchanged.

It was real.

And it was utterly absurd!