

Chapter 2 - Unwanted Wolfless Is The True Luna -

Two men charged up the stairs, their footsteps echoing down the hall.

One rushed to Ella's side, helping her up as she lay on the floor, while the other placed himself between us, his gaze fixed on me with barely contained rage.

"Alice, what were you thinking? How could you be so cruel?" Alpha Mike's voice was low and seething as he pulled Ella into his arms, gently massaging her back. "Are you hurt, Ella? Tell me you're okay."

Ella looked up at him, her face pale and trembling, her voice barely above a whisper. "I'm fine, Alpha Mike. Don't be mad at Alice... I'm sure she didn't mean it." She sniffled, tears shimmering in her eyes, her voice filled with feigned innocence.

I scoffed, a cold smile tugging at my lips.

"I didn't do anything," Mathew, who had been standing in front of them.

"Alice, this is too far."

"I told you, it wasn't me," I said sharply, turning to leave. The sticky mess of cake smeared across me was as disgusting as the whole scene itself.

But before I could step past them, Mathew blocked my path.

"Apologize, Alice. Apologize to Ella,"

"Apologize?" I asked, incredulous.

"For what? I told you, it wasn't me!"

Ella's soft voice cut in from behind him.

"Please, Alpha Mike... don't be angry with Alice. I'm sure she didn't mean to... to push me." She cast a quick, sidelong glance at me, a hint of triumph flickering behind her teary eyes.

"Do you see this, Alice? Look at her—she's willing to forgive you, even after what you did. She's still defending you!"

"Are you done?"

I turned and walked back into my room, shutting the door firmly behind me.

Outside, I heard Alpha Mike's frustrated growl, followed by a hard thud as he punched the wall in anger.

"Who does she think she is?" he spat.

But when he looked down at Ella, the anger melting into something sickeningly tender.

"Ella, don't let this spoil your night. Let's get you cleaned up, and I'll take you somewhere special. It's your birthday, after all. No tears, okay?"

Ella nuzzled into his embrace, wiping her tears on his shirt as she flashed me one last victorious glance through the crack in the door. "I won't cry anymore, Alpha Mike. Not if you're with me."

Behind the locked door, I sank against the wall.

Once, I was the one they took care of—the one they trusted unconditionally, the one they vowed to protect.

Growing up in Flowerland, I was fragile, a child plagued by severe allergies and a weakened immune system.

The fields of wildflowers that blanketed my home city were beautiful to most, but to me, they were a storm of allergens that would leave me breathless and feverish if I dared step outside without medicine.

When I was six, a severe allergic reaction nearly took my life, and my parents, heartbroken but resolute, sent me to live in the colder, flowerless Rivermoon pack with my grandparents.

The change in climate gave me a break from the constant risk, and it was there that I met two boys in the small, tight-knit pack that shared our neighborhood: Alpha Mike and Mathew.

The three of us were inseparable. They would swear time and time again to be my protectors, promising to make me their "princess," saying they'd care for me for the rest of my life.

When my grandparents passed away a few years later, Mike and Mathew took turns bringing me meals, memorizing every single allergen that could hurt me. In time, they knew my weaknesses even better than I did.

As I grew older, my mother began urging me to return to the main pack, convinced I was strong enough to handle it. But I stayed, lingering in the warmth and care of my two closest.

I'd begun to feel the stirrings of something deeper between Mike and me, a pull stronger than any friendship—a mate bond.

But when did everything begin to unravel?