

## My wolf is restless

Hunter's POV.

I couldn't believe it when Dylan said my mark was glowing. Ever since I met that girl, I had felt a pull towards her just as someone felt towards his mate.

How could it be possible? Because I could never love anyone other than Roseline. I preferred to die despite having another woman in my life.

'Maybe she's our second chance mate. Because I am not getting enough of her scent, it makes me calm and relaxed.' My wolf purred in my head.

I wouldn't accept a second chance mate. I had to reject her. But before, I had to confirm something. However, the connection was weak and very confusing, yet there was a connection. Oh, Goddess! So much confusion was there. I decided to talk to her and find out if she also felt the same as I was feeling.

I went to meet her. But she refused to talk to me. Maybe she thought I was a pervert. She rejected my offer to go and speak in a restaurant. Hell! She completely ignored me. I didn't think she was feeling anything between us. So this was one-sided. So then, this couldn't be a mate bond. Because if she were my mate, she would have felt the same way as I felt the connection and pull between us.

She threatened me that she would file a complaint against me. Hell! She was as feisty as Roseline was. But no one could be my Roseline. She was the one and only for me.

My wolf was feeling restless, and so was I. We both needed a run. I wanted to clear my mind as I tried to wipe off the thought of that girl entirely from my head. So I quickly shifted into my wolf and began running aimlessly.

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Kiara's POV.

After running for hundreds of miles, I decided to rest for some time. After running and tiring myself, I guessed I could wipe him off my thoughts. But no, I kept thinking about only him throughout the run. I could not get his scent out of my system, nor could I forget his handsome face. Finally, I shifted into my human form, and I was completely naked.

I heard some laughter, and I turned to find that some men were watching me lustfully licking their lips. I counted. There were ten. Their eyes were dark and full of lust. I got to know by their smell that they were werewolves. What the hell were they doing here? They might be rogues, the bad ones.

Though nakedness was not new to werewolves, seeing them looking at me weirdly, I knew instantly that their intentions were not good. They trailed their eyes over my naked body. I felt disgusted by their hungry gazes.

I laughed in my mind. They didn't have any idea what I was capable of. I could take their lives with a snap of my fingers.

"What a beauty! What are you doing alone in this dangerous forest, babe?" the man spoke in his disgusting voice. Then, they began walking towards me.

"Have fun with us. We will make you feel so good". Another one giggled, taking a step forward. They weren't aware that they were on their way to death.

I was going to give them an answer when a loud growl roared throughout the forest.

"STAY AWAY FROM HER."

I turned towards the voice and saw that Hunter Knight was standing there, naked. My eyes involuntarily roamed over his robust and well-built body. He was so perfect, having muscles in the right places, and those abs and packs could make any girl drool over him. His chiseled jaws twitched as he was angry, but it made him look more handsome. His green eyes were mystical and could drown anyone in them. His full lips were red and kissable, and girls could kill or die just to kiss them only for once. They were right about him. He could even defeat Greek God in appearance.

I became wet by just staring at his sculpted body. What was wrong with me? How could I think about turning on in this situation?

He looked at me with his red bloodshot eyes. I melted under his gaze as his eyes quickly traced every curve of mine. Anger was radiating through him. I shivered when his pheromones hit my senses.

I watched as all the men turned into their wolves.

Without wasting a second, Hunter also quickly shifted into his wolf. All lunged at him all together.

He dodged some of their blows and kicked some rogues away. He jumped and ripped the throat of one wolf while the other one lunged at him. He pawed him and tore his abdomen. He again turned towards another wolf and held his neck in his jaw. Then, in a swift movement, Hunter ripped his head off his body.

I kept standing in a corner enjoying the show. How long would he be able to fight them? They were ten, and he was alone. I was sure today would be his last day as he himself chose to die at the hands of these rogues.

I watched two wolves lunging at him together when he was busy tackling a wolf down. My breath hitched, and my heart began pounding in fear.

All of a sudden, my hands rose in the air. I closed my eyes tightly, and I shouted,

"STOP!"

I opened my eyes, breathing heavily, and I saw that everyone was frozen in their places. Even Hunter also stood still in his place.

I felt anger rising inside me. I swirled my anger in the air, and all the glass pieces scattered in the forest came flying and gathered in front of me. I swayed my anger, and the broken glass pieces flew in the air and pierced every rogue's throat.

They all fell to the ground, lifeless and bleeding. After seeing them dead, relief ran through my veins. I snapped my fingers once again and released Hunter from his frozen state.

He looked at me entirely in confusion and then looked around to find all the rogues were dead. Then, he looked at me again as if he wanted me to explain all this.

But I spun on my heels and began walking away. Because I was not in the mood to talk to him, and I didn't know what had happened to me, I saved Hunter Knight.

"You can't walk away without giving me an explanation. Who are you, and what did you do to them?" He growled, making me shiver.

But I kept walking, ignoring his question.

The next moment, I was pinned to a tree, and a warm, muscular body pressed against me.