

Chapter 4: The Black Wolf

Eden’s POV

The wolf approached me slowly. As I saw him clearly, my whole body trembled. He was bigger than any wolf I’d ever seen: stronger, with muscles that bulged under his thick, black, shiny fur that blended in with the darkness of the night.

Everything inside me screamed ‘run’! I tried to, but the wolf followed. He was agile and swift, and his shiny fur gave him an air of regality as it fluttered in the wind.

With lightning speed, he lunged at me. I didn't dare look back again, but I could sense his presence; he was right behind me, gaining ground. I dodged under branches, my heart pounding.

But then suddenly, thud—

The wolf pinned me to the ground with only its right paw. My cheek pressed against the earth, and I panted heavily. Was this the end? Despair washed over me.

He rolled me over and pressed my arms over my head. He stared at me with an intense gaze. I could feel his heart pounding against his chest.

“Open your eyes,” he commanded, his voice majestic.

Trembling, I obeyed, and I was instantly mesmerized by his rugged beauty. I’d never seen such a handsome wolf before. His powerful frame, his sleek fur, his dangerous yet captivating eyes...it all felt oddly familiar.

As his gaze roamed my face, fear prickled down my neck. No! I couldn’t be fooled by this illusion. I was in danger.

I tried to move, but he was too strong. He held me firmly to the ground. Suddenly, he leaned down close to me. My breath hitched in my throat. His nose twitched around my cheek, sniffing my scent.

But I don’t have a wolf, so I don't have a scent.

I was sure he would soon realize that I was wolfless and devour me without hesitation. Tears spilled from my eyes, streaming down my face. I closed them shut and memories flashing through my mind.

Would Caleb mourn my death? Scarlett would be happy about it, no doubt. So would Alice and all the other omega maids...Did anyone in this world truly love me? My mother had... But now I couldn’t clear her name.

I felt wetness on my cheek and I realized the black wolf was licking me. Perhaps this was his habit: to taste his prey before devouring it.

Death was approaching. It was real; I could feel it, and I was full of regret. My life has been so short and pathetic. I hadn’t done anything for myself or my mother. If only I could have another chance... Moon Goddess, help me, please give me another chance... Let me clear my mother's name...live a braver life...

“I finally found you, Cookie,” the black wolf suddenly growled softly.

What? Was it speaking to me? Trembling, I opened my eyes.

“Relax,” he said, resting his head on my collarbone. And despite the danger I was in, there was something about his scent that seemed strangely soothing, somehow comforting.

His growls calmed down as he seemed to settle in, comfortably, with his head nestled into my neck.

‘Is this my chance?’ I wondered. ‘Is he...is he sleeping?’

But as soon as I made the slightest move, he lifted his head.

“Don’t move,” he said. “I am injured, yes. But even so, you’d never get away. I’d catch you in a heartbeat.”

It was then that I smelled the blood. I looked down and saw a gaping wound on one of his hind legs. It looked horrific. Well, at least it did to me. But it probably wasn’t that bad. He was a wolf, after all, so the wound was likely already healing. I nodded and he nuzzled his head back into my neck. He made soft sounds, contented sounds, as he fell into a deep sleep. How odd, I thought to myself, that he would just fall asleep like this, on me.

I waited for what felt like an eternity before I tried to move again. It was my chance to escape. Despite my confusion at his enigmatic words, I knew I had to get out of there. I didn’t have a wolf, but even so, my survival instincts kicked in. He was sleeping so if I could just carefully, slowly, work my way out from under him, maybe I had a chance.

I began the laborious process of sliding out from under him. A couple of times, he stirred and I froze, sure that I had woken the sleeping black wolf. But each time, he smacked his lips and resumed his soft snoring. Eventually, I managed to free myself without waking him. I stood over him for a moment, watching him sleep, this mysterious but dangerous wolf. I couldn’t help but feel a bit sorry for him, because of his leg.

I stood over him, watching him sleep.

Was I truly free? It felt surreal. In the darkness, I was overwhelmed by a sense of abandonment and sadness. Then, a sudden gust of wind swept through and cleared the branches, allowing the moonlight to filter through.

I gazed at the distant moon, captivated by its mystery and beauty. Moon Goddess, are you trying to teach me? — I had endured betrayal, abandonment, and had even faced my own death in a single day, but I was still standing. I embraced the gentle breeze and the mesmerizing moonlight.

Life’s tougher than we think. My mom always said that.

She’d defended our pack's borders against countless rogues, earning admiration as the most powerful Gamma. But when she didn't return from battle, Scarlett's mother accused her of betraying the pack. And everyone believed it! It was absolutely insane! I knew how fiercely loyal my mom was to our pack.

As the wind settled down and darkness returned, everything felt different. This time, I was going to clear my mother’s name, no matter what.

It was time for me to go.

But just as I was about to leave, the black wolf stirred. I looked at his wound, his fur matted with blood. I felt a twinge of sympathy for the strange wolf. I bent down and stroked his head, softly.

“Heal quickly, strange wolf,” I whispered.

But then I heard something, and every hair on my body stood on end. I froze on the spot, too scared to even glance behind me. Even though I didn’t have a wolf, I knew in my gut that something was closing in on me.

I glanced at the sleeping black wolf. Could it be his companion? There was no time to ponder, though. I swallowed my fear and bolted forward.

“Oops! Exposed!” A sinister laugh echoed from afar.