

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna chapter 131-140

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Zaliver's POV

Only three of us had the freedom to come and go from the island without restriction. But we rarely took that liberty seriously except Venom. For some reason, he felt the need to check in every so often. I wasn't sure if it was to check on me or simply remind me he still existed. I told him it wasn't necessary, but he ignored me every time.

"I'll call you within twelve hours to confirm. The men are restless they want to fight already," Lexero said, twisting the golden band wrapped around his left bicep.

"I can imagine. Two years of continuous training could drive a man insane," I replied dryly.

Those pups had nothing on me twenty-four human years of training plus forty more in my wolf years. Madness would be the absolute mildest outcome.

"I'm going to handle some things, Alpha," Hogan announced loudly.

"Alright. Don't forget to rewrite the notes from today," I told him. He gave a brisk nod and strode away.

"I've got a few errands myself. Good seeing you all today," Albericus said, serious as ever, leaving without waiting for a response.

"What's up with him?" Fern asked, pulling out a bag of chips from seemingly nowhere and starting to munch.

I stayed silent, quietly observing Albericus's state of mind through his scent and demeanor. Calm, but deep in thought. I left him to it.

"So, Venom, met any pretty girls lately?" Lexero teased, clearly amused at the thought.

Venom's gloomy golden eyes snapped to Lexero's, staring so sharply that even the prideful lion looked away first, awkward and unsettled.

"Alright, how about you, Fern?" Lexero pressed.

"No," Fern said flatly. Lexero pouted a little, then a mischievous smile crossed his face.

"Well, I'm mated, married, and have kids. So, Zaliver, what about your mate?" His tone was smug, like he'd just uncovered some deep secret I'd been hiding which, in a way, he had.

I rolled my eyes. Now that we were out of the war room, everyone relaxed into their usual selves everyone but me. There was this strange feeling settling low in my stomach. Not physical pain, exactly, but definitely unpleasant. More mental than physical.

Why do I feel like something is wrong?

"Zaliver? You there?" Fern waved a chip in front of my face.

"Yes," I said, meeting their curious, almost alien stares.

"So... mate?" Lexero pressed again.

"Yes. Mate." I stepped past him, hoping he'd take the hint to go back to his own mate or at least leave mine alone. No such luck. He kept following, with the others trailing right behind.

"So, what's her name?" he asked.

"None of your business," I said lowly, quickening my pace to exit the cave.

"Damn, just trying to know the lady's name. With that attitude, I bet she has to put up with a lot of your shit," Lexero teased. I felt my eye twitch.

"Hmmm, if you won't even give her name but admit to having one, I'm guessing you've marked but not mated yet?" Fern asked smoothly, stepping up beside me. Another twitch, faster steps. Thankfully, Venom stayed quiet not that he said much anyway.

"Oh, come on, Zaliver. It's not like we're going to try anything with her, man " Lexero started, but I snarled and spun to face them.

"You'd be dead before you even tried."

Lexero muttered under his breath, "Must really like her."

"And you really must want to die," Fern muttered back to Lexero, completely unaware I was glaring at them both.

"I honestly don't get how I haven't killed either of you yet, with all the nonsense you two pull " I started, but then everything froze.

The mating bond flared to life, snapping open with a violent, agonizing surge. Through it, I felt Vivian's raw pain and panic raging like wildfire. My whole body tensed as I tried to process the sudden flood of torment crashing through me. The golden thread connecting our souls burned brighter than ever, sending off blinding sparks like a live wire ready to snap.

"Hey, man, you look like shit " Fern's voice barely reached me over the sudden roar in my ears. My entire focus was trapped in the storm of her distress.

"Vivian!" I roared, then tore off toward the house.

Torrential rain drenched me the moment I breached the cave, but I barely noticed as I pushed my speed beyond anything I'd ever managed before. Her voice was laced with pure agony and fear the memory of the last time she'd cried out like this haunted my mind. Normally, it took me five minutes to reach the cave from the house, but this time, I crossed the distance in less than one.

I burst through the front door and stopped for a microsecond to listen. Her heartbeat was pounding wildly a relentless, chaotic drum beating in my ears, making it nearly impossible to pinpoint where she was. Then a faint, heartbroken whimper reached me, and I sprinted up the stairs.

I found her instantly in our room, collapsed on the floor. Vivian looked utterly drained, paler than I'd ever seen her, her skin burning hot enough to make sweat bead where my fingers made contact. Strands of her dark hair clung to her damp forehead, and her eyes rolled back, revealing nothing but the whites.

She trembled violently, clutching at her chest and struggling to grasp anything around her. Her lips parted in desperate, ragged gasps for air.

"Vivian!" I cried out, gathering her tight into my arms as she shook uncontrollably. I inhaled sharply as her scent hit me, then pulled back, my eyes widening in shock.

The familiar scent of lavender, fresh berries, and rain-washed earth filled my senses but beneath it, something deeper and far more primitive stirred. Her pure, innocent smell twisted into something intoxicating, awakening the ancient beast inside me with a hungry roar.

I stared down at my trembling mate in my arms. She was transforming right now this very moment.

Her hands clawed at her own clothes, teeth chattering violently. She shoved blindly at my chest, desperate to escape the blinding pain, and when I refused to let go, she scratched herself fiercely, her nails digging into her skin and drawing fresh blood.

"No! Get off! You hurt! You all hurt!" she screamed, kicking wildly against the floor.

I knew holding her tightly would bring more physical pressure, but I had no choice. Ignoring her wild snarls and gut-wrenching whimpers, I wrapped my arms around her firmly, lifted her into my chest, and dashed back out into the pouring rain, plunging straight into the waiting sanctuary of the forest.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

It started with me throwing up.

I had not eaten much that morning, but it didn't matter everything I swallowed came right back up. I hate vomiting, mostly because once I start, I can't seem to stop. This time was no different. By lunchtime, my stomach was completely empty, yet it clenched and twisted as if trying to force out every last drop of whatever little I had swallowed, even the water I tried to drink.

When the worst of it passed, I was left trembling and drenched in cold sweat. Lying on the bed only made things worse the usually soft silk sheets felt like coarse sandpaper against my skin. So, I moved to the cold floor and curled into myself, resting my head between my knees, desperate for relief. If I had slept with Zaliver recently, I might have joked I was pregnant given how much I was throwing up.

At least my sense of humor was still intact. That was, until the voice returned. She was back loud and relentless. Her voice rang clear and sharp inside my head, piercing through the fog of my thoughts.

"Missed me?" she purred, her voice dripping with mockery.

I squeezed my eyes shut tight, desperate to drown her out. But I was too weak to block her. Her presence was unmistakable looming over my mind like a shadow, pushing my wolf deep into the background. Though blurred by the haze, I could make out her silhouette crouched there, head cocked to the side, watching me with cold amusement.

I brought my hands up, clutching my head as if I could physically shut her out. My fingers trembled, pulling at my hair in frustration.

"You know, it is really not fair how mean you are to me. After everything I have done for you," she said, her voice dripping with false sweetness.

"You've done nothing," I snapped through clenched teeth, her words bouncing cruelly inside my skull.

"Oh really? Then who gave you the strength and speed when you needed it most? Who gave you the guts to plan your revenge with cold precision? That was me. I am you!" she hissed, mocking me.

"You are not me!" I screamed, rage and fear bubbling over. The voice was trying to shatter my sanity.

"No, but you fear the beast, so you fear me. I am "

"SHUT UP!" I growled, cutting her off.

"I will not be silenced now that I have a voice. You will learn to accept me eventually. You'll see," she said, cold and sure.

For what felt like five endless minutes, I struggled to ignore her, but she refused to fade. She pushed forward relentlessly, occupying every corner of my mind.

My wolf was lost beneath the beast's heavy presence. My body trembled with aftershocks I couldn't control. I was freezing cold, my bones aching deep in their marrow. When I tried to stand, it felt like my feet were filled with thousands of burning needles. I could see my legs, but they moved as if they belonged to someone else unfamiliar and uncooperative. My stomach twisted with every shift, tightening painfully. My lips and throat were dry and cracked. I lowered my forehead to the cool floor, desperate to steady myself, to find any anchor.

But my heart had already broken free, racing faster than I could keep pace with.

I thrashed wildly on the ground, my body convulsing completely beyond my control. My eyes rolled back until darkness swallowed my vision. My fingers scrambled to grab something anything but there was nothing near me. Still, I kept clawing frantically at the empty air, desperate to hold on.

Panic slammed into me all at once: fear, dread, shock, and a crushing loneliness I couldn't escape. Was I dying? It sure felt like it. I didn't want to die alone. My mind spiraled, thoughts scattered and confused. Each pounding heartbeat jolted through me like electric shocks, twisting violently inside my chest.

Zaliver! I screamed silently, clinging to his name like a lifeline.

My skin burned and chilled at the same time fire and ice raging through my veins. Every uncontrollable twitch felt like rolling on knives and needles, pain slicing through me. Then, a familiar but painful touch pressed against me. No. I couldn't bear it.

It was as if every nerve, every cell, every beat of my heart was caught between burning flames and frozen ice, dragging me to the edge. I could feel the touch, but it stung like everything else around me and on me. I tried to stop my flickering eyes, but my body wouldn't listen. Something else was controlling me. I was powerless. Weak.

No, don't touch me. Please. I'm suffocating. Don't touch me! Zaliver? Where are you?!

"No! Get off! You hurt! You all hurt!" I heard my own pained voice scream.

I felt myself moving, the air around me shifting confining, yet somehow freeing. Cold wrapped around me, and the ground beneath was icy. I lay flat on my back, the deep smell of rich earth grounding me amid the chaos. The painful touch moved away. My eyes closed tight as my fingers dug into the damp dirt, gripping whatever I could.

I gasped for air, realizing fat raindrops were hitting my bare skin, cooling the fire burning inside. The cold stung, but I didn't care. I would rather freeze than be consumed by the internal flames.

An intense tingling spread through me, strongest at my lower back. I forced my heavy eyes open and squinted up at the stormy gray sky. Angry clouds loomed overhead, their dark shadows cast down on me. I turned my head slightly to shield my face from the driving, cold rain.

Beside me, a dark figure appeared a pale face framed by shadows. But it was his eyes that caught me: electric blue, sharp and glowing, like lightning cutting through the darkness.

A dark, beautiful angel with a sadness that reached deep into my soul.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

My eyes fluttered open and closed, the world around me slipping in and out of focus. I felt my arm stir on the cold, damp ground, reaching out instinctively toward nothingness. My trembling fingers brushed something rough, and then something warm flesh pressed against flesh. His hand.

I looked up at the dark figure crouching beside me, a deep frown creasing my brow. How could I concentrate on him when my body was under such relentless, horrifying assault? The rain pounded overhead, each individual drop like a heavy drumbeat, then suddenly splashing so hard it felt like a bomb exploding just inches from my ear.

My head throbbed violently, and I whimpered as the thunderous sound crashed around me. My breaths came heavy, shallow, and ragged, like I was losing myself bit by bit everything swirling, blurring my vision into chaotic streaks of gray and dark green. A gentle squeeze on my hand drew my fading attention back to the sad angel beside me.

He seemed so familiar the steady touch of his hand, the sharp, electric blue of his eyes. His name teased the outer edge of my mind, but the memory slipped away just out of reach, lost in the overwhelming haze. A sharp, icy tingling erupted along my lower spine, growing more intense with every rapid heartbeat.

"Why..." I tried to whisper, but my voice faltered completely, the words stuck in my swollen throat.

Before I could finish, that tingling morphed into searing, unbearable pain like serrated knives stabbing deep into my back. Suddenly, my spine felt like it cracked completely open, violently arching my back off the cold ground. A guttural scream tore from my throat, raw, primal, and endless, my lungs burning with the sheer effort of it. The stabbing agony crawled upward, scorching my skin inch by agonizing inch.

Sounds echoed somewhere near me muffled voices, maybe but I was lost in the sound of my own desperate cries, drowning everything else out completely.

With every brutal crack, my back lifted higher, only to slam back down harder against the mud. My legs kicked out wildly, pounding the saturated earth with the balls of my feet. I knew I shouldn't have been able to move, but I felt it all the absolute desperation in every thrash and shudder.

When the initial breaking finally eased, my back felt whole again, but inside, something was physically ripping me apart, tearing at my very core. My scream was breathless now, bitter tears stinging my eyes as dark, angry storm clouds circled overhead, perfectly mirroring the tempest raging inside me.

The clouds seemed furious at the sheer torment I was forced to endure.

Suddenly, he leaned closer, his massive form blocking out the tempest above. More tearing, more unbearable tightening clawed within my torso. I wanted to scream, to shout, but I knew the effort would only tighten the knot of pain. So, I just shook my head slowly, utterly helpless against the agony.

Pain. Endless, merciless pain.

It surged through me, relentless and all-consuming. Time completely lost all meaning I couldn't tell if I'd been lying on the cold, wet ground for minutes, hours, or even days. My skin tore and bled, stretched to its absolute breaking point, and I felt myself shatter from the inside out. Nothing offered relief. No position was better or worse; there was only this endless, agonizing ache.

"Please... kill me," I begged the angels hovering near, desperate for release.

He could end this. He had to end this.

Suddenly, a firm, warm hand gripped my face, forcing me to look up. The angel leaned directly over me, and for the first time, I saw something new in his eyes was it pain? Deep compassion? Whatever it was, it chipped away at the frozen despair locking up inside me. It was like we were both sinking into frigid, stormy waters, drowning together.

His lips moved, but no sound reached my ears at first. I tried to turn my head away, but his grip was unyielding and solid. The sheer agony made me bare my teeth and slam my head back against the ground. My fingers tingled, and an odd, crawling sensation crept from my toes up to my knees, as if something heavy was pushing its way out of my flesh.

Then his voice came through, louder, clearer, and far more urgent.

"Vivian, listen to me! Do you understand me?" he shouted, his tone both fiercely commanding and deeply desperate.

Vivian... Was that my name? Was he speaking to me?

Through my blurred, tear-filled vision, I squinted up at him. I fought against the overwhelming wave of pain and forced my panicked breathing to slow, desperately trying to focus on his face. His dark hair hung in soaked strands, clinging to his forehead in the rain. His large blue eyes looked terrified, deeply worried, but fiercely determined as they locked onto mine.

"Zaliver," I whispered, a faint wave of relief flooding through me despite the torment.

"Shh, baby. It's going to be okay," he soothed softly, his voice trembling with visible relief.

A sharp, shattering crack split the air directly inside my chest. I gasped violently and tried to choke back a scream as one of my ribs snapped in two. Zaliver called my name again, but I curled inward, aching to shrink into nothingness and disappear. The pain was completely unbearable.

"No! No! Vivian, look at me! Look at me!" he demanded, holding my gaze tight.

Through tear-filled, agonized eyes, I met his gaze as the broken rib pressed painfully against my inner flesh.

"P-please," I croaked out, entirely unsure what I was even asking for anymore.

"Do you trust me?" he asked, his voice remarkably steady despite the chaos around us.

I frowned weakly. Why now? Why ask about trust when I just wanted the relentless pain to stop?

A new, terrifying tingling started in another rib.

No... please don't break.

My entire body felt battered bruised, scorched, and exquisitely sensitive to every single drop of rain. It was like burning up in a furnace and freezing in a blizzard all at once. My lungs felt like they were entirely on fire.

Trust? At a time like this?

I opened my mouth, about to snap back at him, but another horrid, sickening crack stopped me cold.

"Vivian, do you trust me?" he repeated firmly, his pale eyes searching mine.

Without thinking, without a single second of hesitation, I answered:

"Yes!"

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

Zaliver moved swiftly over me, his eyes glistening with unshed tears. I watched, breathless, as his hands lifted, sharp claws extending from his fingertips. Then, a cool breeze brushed my bare skin, and whatever clung to me that sickening, burning sensation began to fade. My eyes widened as he carefully peeled off my soaked pajamas, leaving me only in my black polka-dotted undergarments. I was too weak to resist, too completely drained to fight, but somewhere deep inside, a thread of absolute trust held me steady.

He shed his own shirt, but to my surprise, he didn't remove his pants. Suddenly, an irritating tickle grew rapidly in my throat, and I began to cough violently. The fit wracked my whole body, doubling me over as my broken ribs jabbed into my organs. Then, thick and bitter, something warm rose up and spilled from my mouth. Zaliver cursed under his breath and quickly grasped one of my trembling hands.

At first, nothing changed. Then, a wave of searing pain drained away from my body. The tingling remained, but the stabbing agony dulled until I felt nothing but a deep numbness creeping over me.

My mind cleared. For the first time, I could think without the constant, blinding pain clouding everything. I let out a cautious breath, bracing for the return of that unbearable agony but none came. It was a small, crucial victory.

I was lying in a field of lush green grass that stood out sharply against the dark, gloomy sky. I didn't dare look down at my battered, bruised body. Instead, I slowly rolled onto my stomach and pushed myself up onto my knees just like Zaliver, whose head was bowed low beside me.

His hand still held mine tightly, his long fingers wrapped around my wrist in a grip I couldn't fully feel. Numbness had taken over nearly everything. Sharp pains surfaced sporadically, but they were manageable far better than the relentless torment from before.

"Zaliver, it doesn't hurt," I whispered, wiping away the blood I had coughed up.

A faint tingle flickered across another rib, and I heard a muffled snap but the blinding pain didn't follow.

Then, something else caught my attention.

A low, deeply pained grunt.

My head snapped toward Zaliver. His head was bowed, hand clenched tightly in the mud, muscles taut and trembling wildly. His shoulder gave a slight, violent shake.

"Zaliver?" I breathed, a cold, terrifying realization creeping over me.

His breathing was harsh and ragged like mine had been just moments ago. With trembling fingers, I reached out and gently lifted his chin, coaxing his face up. Absolute agony was etched across his features: eyes squeezed shut tight, jaw clenched hard, lips parted to reveal grinding teeth.

My gaze flickered across him in horror as his right leg suddenly jerked out, as if trying to shake off an invisible blow. Then came a low, guttural moan the sickening sound of both my rib and leg snapping in tandem, echoing through him.

He was bearing the pain for me.

I tried to pull my hand away, urging him to rest and release the bond, but his grip didn't loosen for even a second.

Desperate, I reached with my other hand to help guide him down gently, but he stubbornly refused to let go or be moved. Did he need to hold my hand that badly?

I struggled more, realizing every grunt and whimper of pain I should have felt was somehow being carried by him instead. It was a strange, unbelievable relief knowing he shared my suffering but he shouldn't have to.

"No!" he growled through clenched teeth.

"Why?" I whispered, fresh tears streaming down my face beneath the relentless rain that soaked us both. Was he drowning just like I was?

Slowly, he lifted his heavy head. Water dripped from his soaked black hair, falling across his pale face. His fierce, agonized blue eyes locked onto mine, raw pain and unyielding

determination shining through the darkness. Then, despite everything, the corner of his mouth lifted into a gentle, heartbreaking smile.

"Because if taking this agony away from you means I have to go through it a million times, I'll do it gladly," he said, his voice terribly strained.

I sobbed softly and shook my head in disbelief.

"No, Zaliver, please. Give it back. You shouldn't "

"No," he cut me off, wincing as a fresh wave of pain wracked his spine.

I reached out with my free hand, taking his other hand firmly and resting my head against his broad shoulder.

"No. Together," I said, my voice steadier than I felt inside.

Gradually, the sharpest edges of my pain returned to me, but it wasn't as overwhelming because he was still carrying half of the burden.

That's how we endured the final stages of the transformation. Together, we whimpered and groaned, fingers intertwined, holding onto one another for dear life. My body was breaking and reshaping, skin hardening, blood boiling furiously beneath the surface.

Time stretched on endlessly, and I felt the frozen coldness inside me begin to crack, like the first hint of dawn after a long night. I was still sinking, but I was no longer alone. I squeezed Zaliver's hand tightly, and without hesitation, he squeezed mine back. That simple touch gave me a strength I hadn't known I had.

Thick fur sprouted across my skin. My hands and feet shifted fully into broad paws. I was almost there.

"I can't help you through these last stages, baby, but I'm right here," Zaliver said softly. I felt him lift his head, but I stayed pressed against him.

"Okay."

He squeezed my hand once more before finally letting go.

A tidal wave of residual pain crashed over me, but instead of collapsing, I clenched my teeth and bore it. I could do this. I had to.

The icy chill within me began to thaw. My body stretched and changed. Sharp claws formed at my fingertips. The painful sensation of my organs settling back into place surged through me, and my teeth lengthened, a dark, metallic taste flooding my mouth.

I was becoming whole again.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

My senses were sharpening in ways I never thought possible things no ordinary human could ever comprehend. My nose caught Zaliver's rich, dark scent even though I couldn't physically touch him anymore. My heartbeat slowed to a deep, steady rhythm, but oddly, it sounded louder inside my ears. I barely noticed how vastly different my limbs felt, or the strange, smooth fur covering my skin, while my mind remained impossibly clear, sharp, and still unmistakably me.

The pouring rain had stopped some moments ago, but the earth beneath us remained cold and damp. Somehow, I wasn't cold anymore.

A strange, involuntary gasp escaped me as the blinding pain that had gripped my body finally receded, pooling quietly into my chest. My jaw shifted and my mouth opened, revealing razor-sharp, much larger teeth. This was the moment my agony was finally ending.

Then, with one last wrenching twist deep in my chest, everything stopped. The pain, the aching muscles, the bone-deep exhaustion it all vanished in a single breath. My eyes were still closed, but I heard Zaliver shifting beside me, his massive bones cracking and popping as he transformed smoothly into his beast form.

I realized right then that the beast in my mind the one that had once lurked quietly in the dark shadows with her head tilted was no longer waiting outside. Because now, I was the crouched beast.

It felt like I was being born again.

Carefully, without opening my eyes, I straightened up onto all fours. I fully expected to stumble, to fall awkwardly like a newborn wolf trying to find her feet, but I stood completely steady strong, graceful, and agile. Drawing in a deep breath of the rain-washed air, I opened my eyes.

The world snapped into stunning, terrifying clarity. I could pick out every individual leaf on the distant trees, every tiny rock far across the forest floor, and I saw Zaliver standing towering before me, even without the light of the moon. I'd been too terrified the first time I saw his beast form to really look. Now, I took it all in.

His thick fur matched the pitch-black color of his jet-black hair, catching a silvery, ethereal gleam in the shadows. Judging by how high my shoulders stood off the ground, I knew Zaliver's physical traits still dominated he was larger, more muscular, and still taller than me, though far less intimidating than when we were human. His deep black eyes held an ancient intelligence that pierced straight through me, as if weighing every single part of who I had just become.

"Vivian?" His voice echoed clearly and smoothly inside my mind.

Something powerful stirred deep within me at the sound familiar, grounding, and intoxicating.

"Yes?" I answered through the bond, my thoughts clear and surprisingly composed.

"Come. Run with me." He crouched slightly, his dark eyes shining with an irresistible invitation.

Running. The urge called to me instantly, whether on two legs or four. I could feel the infinite possibilities of this powerful new form coursing wildly through my veins.

"Alright." Pure excitement and adrenaline surged through my chest. Running had always been a core part of who I was no matter what shape I took.

I was the first to take off into the dark. The moment I surge forward, the cool air around me shifted, suddenly charged with the raw thrill of the hunt the chase fully alive beneath my skin. I moved faster than I had ever imagined possible. The world blurred and sharpened all at once massive trees streaking past, yet each intricate detail remained crystal clear in my mind. My reflexes took over before my brain even fully registered what lay ahead; I leaped, ducked, and dodged through the thick forest with instinctive, dangerous grace.

My senses were completely on fire. I could spot individual trees miles away, breathe in the distinct scent of both ancient and fresh creatures that had passed through hours ago, and detect the faint, distant trace of wolves roaming far off the borders. I could hear the panicked, pounding heartbeats of tiny woodland animals hiding deep in the brush from the two apex predators patrolling their territory in the dead of night.

Because that's what we were now.

Deadly. Strong. Unstoppable. Together.

We ran for what felt like an eternity. I didn't tire quickly despite being brand new to this form, but eventually, I slowed my pace near a large, still pond and bent down to drink. Zaliver paused a few feet away, standing tall, imposing, and fierce atop a small stone cliff overlooking the water. His presence was magnetic dangerous, dark, and utterly captivating.

My gaze dropped down to the smooth surface of the pond, and I caught sight of the beast staring back at me. Dark chocolate fur, sharp black eyes watching every move with predatory intensity. My wolf's body was far bigger than I had expected. I slowly lifted one heavy, clawed paw, watching my reflection mimic the movement perfectly. When I dipped a single claw into the water, quiet ripples danced over my mirrored image.

Then I looked up, meeting Zaliver's steady, unblinking gaze.

He held my eyes for a long moment, then raised his massive head toward the obscured moon. His snout parted, revealing array after array of razor-sharp teeth that had once

made my heart race with terror and something far deeper. Then came the howl deep, powerful, and utterly raw, vibrating through the earth beneath my paws.

Seconds later, the surrounding night erupted into a deafening chorus of hundreds of answering howls from every direction. I scanned the deep shadows, trying to catch a glimpse of the wolves responding to our call, but they were everywhere, echoing through the island. I looked back at Zaliver's beast, and through our open bond, I felt the sheer pride, possessiveness, and fierce protectiveness radiating off him, along with an emotion so overwhelmingly intense it made me pause in my tracks.

He lifted his head again and howled once more into the night sky.

This time, I threw back my head and joined him.

When we finally returned to the quiet clearing near the house, Zaliver patiently showed me how to shift back. He transformed first, stepping out of his form and standing there completely bare and utterly unashamed in the dim light. I couldn't deny how incredibly, dangerously attractive I found him. A playful, teasing voice in the back of my mind whispered the word *heat* over and over again.

When I finally shifted back into my human skin, a tidal wave of bone-deep exhaustion crashed over me all at once. Zaliver was already right there, catching me instantly in his broad arms as my remaining strength drained away completely. He draped his heavy black shirt over my bare shoulders and cradled me gently against his bare chest as we sat together on the damp ground.

I drifted steadily toward sleep wrapped in his warm embrace, and through the heavy haze of fatigue, a clear, unmistakable truth finally settled deep in my heart.

I didn't just trust Zaliver anymore.

I might just truly love him.

And we had so much left to face.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

When I woke up the next morning, something was fundamentally different. I felt thoroughly refreshed and energized, but there was a much deeper force stirring inside me: the beast. My wolf felt calm, even content, and for once, I didn't try to push her down into the dark. I just let her be.

Distant sounds floated around me, layered and intricate. I could actually see individual dust particles lazily drifting in the sunbeams cutting through the room. My senses were sharp and varied, but the most intense was a faint hum of conversations happening far away too distant to understand, yet crystal clear inside my mind.

Just how good was my hearing now?

Soft, warm fabric cradled my skin, but what truly held me was a pair of strong arms wrapping me close, pressing me gently against a steady chest that rose and fell with slow, even breaths. The sun was high, casting a soft golden light across the bedroom, spilling over the edge of the bed and pooling around us like a warm invitation. I stared at the light, and for a moment, I felt my eyes burn from the sudden brightness not in actual pain, just a strange, electric sensation. My thoughts quieted, my mind empty, responding purely to raw instinct.

I breathed in slowly with my eyes closed, drinking in his scent: pure masculinity with a deep hint of wild woodiness. When I thought to turn toward him, I realized I already was, facing Zaliver without disturbing his quiet sleep. One of his broad hands rested under his head; the other was tucked beneath me, holding me loosely but protectively. His face was serene soft and unusually peaceful. Long, dark lashes framed his eyes, highlighting the sharp, dangerous lines of his cheekbones. My gaze drifted down to his slightly parted lips, and I couldn't look away.

Tentatively, I lifted a hand and brushed a stray lock of his black hair away from his forehead. It felt silky smooth, fanning over the pillow and long enough to curl around my finger. For a moment, it felt like seeing him for the very first time.

His eyes opened slowly, instantly focusing on me as if he hadn't just been asleep a second ago. His expression was calm, but tinged with a faint, anxious tightness around the edges. He pulled me closer, his large thumb tracing gentle, soothing circles along my bare back.

I tilted my head to the side, feeling my hair shift heavily. It felt much thicker than usual. Zaliver's hand slid from beneath his head to reach for my hair, holding up a long, rich chocolate strand noticeably longer than I remembered. My hair had definitely grown during the rapid change. What else had shifted inside me?

While he studied my hair, I stared directly into his eyes.

They were the color of stormy seas clear ocean blue under dark thunderclouds. I leaned closer, drawn magnetically, and a spark of electricity flared wildly between us. His eyes flicked up to meet mine. Slowly, he let go of my hair and gently cupped my face in both of his warm hands. I leaned into the comfort of his touch, feeling how smooth yet strong his palms were.

His gaze lingered on me, and whatever raw emotion played across my face must have pleased him, because a slow, rare smile curved his lips. The corners lifted gently, though that faint tightness still clung around his eyes.

I smiled back, mirroring him. Everything felt completely new and unfamiliar, yet oddly comforting and safe all at once. That faint buzzing of distant voices still hummed in the back of my head, but I pushed it aside.

I felt renewed, yet somehow still the same like waking up on my birthday, but not feeling any older.

Later, after we rose, showered, and changed into fresh clothes, Zaliver gently told me not to rush there was nowhere I needed to be just yet. When I caught my reflection in the full-length mirror, a quiet relief washed over me. Not much had changed physically. If anything, my hair was much longer, healthier, and my skin far smoother. Old scars and tiny blemishes had faded away, almost disappearing entirely. Still, Zaliver's cautionary words sparked a quiet defiance inside me, for reasons I didn't quite understand.

"Oh yeah? And why's that?" I challenged playfully, shifting my weight onto one leg and popping the other, placing my hands firmly on my hips.

If I wanted to, I could just walk right outside. No one was going to stop me.

Zaliver's voice was soft, but laced with absolute certainty. "For starters, your eyes are way more sensitive to light now."

He strolled lazily over to the wide window, glanced back at me with a smirk, and pulled back the heavy curtain.

I hadn't expected the sudden, brutal blast of sunlight to hit me like a physical punch. My eyes screamed in sudden pain I jumped back so fast that I slammed straight into something solid behind me. The entire room flooded with blinding white light, and it took several long, frantic blinks before my vision finally started to settle back into focus.

"Your ears, too," he added, his pale eyes watching my reaction closely. I braced myself there was no way I was going to like what came next.

He grabbed the small remote from the nightstand and hit a button. The room instantly filled with a high-pitched static roar, the distorted voices twisting into painful, deafening screams right inside my skull. I clamped both hands over my ears, whimpering until he turned it off a second later. I let my hands drop, shaking my head violently to clear the ringing.

"Then there's your new strength and speed stuff you don't fully control yet," Zaliver said, stepping closer to me. He grabbed my wrist, pulled me in, and gently spun me around.

My eyes narrowed at the deeply dented wooden drawer behind me, clearly damaged from the force of my back slamming into it moments ago. Talk about a painful reminder of my raw, unrefined power.

"Finally, there's your touch," he murmured, stepping right behind me, his breath hot near my ear.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

His index finger trailed down my bare right arm, sending intense shivers through me. My lips parted with surprise at the electric tingles his touch left behind. Then, his nose brushed the side of my face, soft and warm. My breath caught when that same finger slipped under my nightshirt, grazing my bare hip.

His other fingers moved delicately over my stomach, and heat flared in the pit of my belly. He pressed his hand flat against my skin and pushed me gently back against him. Something jabbed into my spine the wooden drawer, no doubt but I barely noticed. My head tilted back, and I stepped closer, my breath coming fast and heavy as a flood of heightened sensations overwhelmed me.

"Your emotions are heightened, too," he whispered, planting hot, lingering kisses from the side of my neck up to my cheek. His husky voice completely shattered my trance.

If I didn't pull myself together right now, I was a hundred and fifty percent sure things would get way out of hand.

"And hopefully under control," my wolf muttered dryly in my mind, while my beast hummed in low agreement.

Great. Between my wolf and the beast, I was pretty sure I'd gained a full-time pervert inside my head.

This was going to be a long, exhausting adjustment. Headaches and internal arguments all around.

"O-okay, so... what now?" I stammered, quickly jumping away from him. His broad arms fell gracefully at his sides, a smug smile creeping onto his handsome face.

On second thought, staying inside wasn't such a bad idea after all.

"Now, let me show you how to control this new self of yours," Zaliver said, a playful spark flickering in his pale eyes. I narrowed my eyes suspicious at him. A happy, teasing Zaliver was rare and usually meant something thoroughly suspicious was about to happen.

"Why do you look so happy? What are you up to, Zaliver?" I asked, crossing my arms tightly over my chest and challenging him with a teasing glare.

He smirked, folding his broad arms over his chest, his lips curving into a sly, dangerous smile. "From now on, you'll call me Mr. Azrala. I'm your teacher now. But beware," he circled me slowly like a predator, "rewards come only when you succeed. When you don't..." His voice trailed off, leaving the implied threat hanging heavily in the warm air.

I bit my lip, fighting back a smile, but shook my head at his ridiculous joke. Teacher? Him? I felt goosebumps ripple over my skin as the air around us shifted. Before I could even react, despite my brand-new heightened senses and speed, he was suddenly standing right behind me.

I squeaked loudly when a sharp smack landed squarely on my behind. Reflexively, I covered the spot and spun around to glare at Zaliver, who was grinning mischievously.

"You "

"Get downstairs and start, or detention in five... four..." He cut me off in a light, teasing tone.

"You can't be serious "

"Oh, I have a ruler somewhere that's perfect for spanking. Or would you prefer just my hand?" he teased again, stepping closer.

I darted past him instantly and bolted down the stairs faster than I ever had in my life. His deep, rumbling laughter echoed through the house right behind me. I rubbed my sore behind and muttered under my breath the whole way down.

I could feel both my wolf and beast stirring inside, deeply amused by the playful scene. Part of me wanted to play along with his game, but mostly, all I felt was that sharp sting lingering on my butt.

"Jackass... I'll give you a real old-fashioned Vivian detention. Tears guaranteed," I whispered softly, knowing full well he could easily hear me with his sharp ears, but not caring one bit.

"Oh really?" he called back, coming into view at the top landing. I just stuck my tongue out at him, and his eyebrows rose, his bright blue eyes sparkling with sheer amusement.

I quickly looked away and let my gaze wander around the living room, snapping to anything to distract myself. A sudden clearing of his throat reminded me of Zaliver's overwhelming presence.

"Ready?" he asked, leaning casually on the polished stairway railing.

"What? No food first?" I blurted out without thinking. The mere thought of food made my stomach growl loudly, feeling like a massive black hole craving to be filled.

He rolled his eyes and shook his head softly. My gaze drifted down to the smooth, sun-warmed skin on his neck before snapping quickly back to his face.

"If you want to eat, you need to master controlling your senses first. I can cook for you, but your sense of smell is so incredibly sharp now that you'd pick up every single raw ingredient. That might make you nauseous, and I don't want that. So, this comes first. Then food. Deal?" he explained calmly.

I let out a small "o" of understanding mixed with a heavy hint of disappointment.

I'd follow his lead in training, purely because the faster I learned control, the sooner I'd finally get to eat.

"Food," my beast growled with ravenous hunger.

"Food," my wolf echoed inside, sounding almost like a little kid begging for a treat.

Focus, I sighed internally at the bickering voices inside my head.

"Alright, let's get started," I said, cracking my fingers only to regret it instantly when one snapped with a sickening pop.

There was no sharp pain, just a sudden, dull sting.

Before I could even scream, the broken bone popped cleanly back into place. Zaliver leaned in fast, shaking his head at me and reaching out to take my hand in his.

"What part of 'you don't understand how much stronger you've gotten' isn't clear to you?" Zaliver muttered, a mix of mild frustration and genuine worry in his eyes as he carefully inspected my finger.

"Well, excuse me for accidentally breaking my own finger, teacher. Won't happen again," I replied, half-distracted, half-amazed at how rapidly it had healed itself. I bent my pointer finger back and forth, marveling at the instant recovery. That was absolutely insane. If broken fingers healed this fast all the time, I'd be completely unstoppable especially against paper cuts.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

I could feel the newfound strength surging inside me, but strangely, it somehow felt... normal, like it had always been there waiting for me. Unlike before, I didn't have to struggle to summon it it was just simmering steadily beneath my skin, ready to burst out whenever I wanted.

"Yup," my beast growled approvingly from the dark corners of my mind.

"Well, thanks for the info," I said mentally, smirking at the internal voices.

"No problem," she teased back with a mockingly sweet, purring tone.

Zaliver finally released my hand, his face turning completely serious as he stepped back.

"All right. Time to get started. And judging by how you're looking right now, starvation is hitting you hard," he joked, a faint smirk tugging at his lips.

"Hey!" I protested indignantly, pressing a hand to my growling stomach.

For the next three brutal hours, Zaliver put me through the wringer. He taught me how to carefully control my senses like focusing my heightened sense of smell without completely drowning in every single scent within a five-mile radius, how to hold back my raw strength when the world around me felt fragile like eggshells (which was vastly harder than I ever imagined), and how to lock my vision on what actually mattered while tuning out endless background distractions.

Along the way, I discovered three very important things about Zaliver: First, he was insanely good at pushing me past my limits. Second, he had a uncanny radar for when I was faking understanding just to get a break. And third, he was *that* kind of teacher.

"Zaliver, I swear " I gritted through my tightly clenched teeth.

"It's Mr. Azrala!" he interrupted, his voice suddenly becoming playfully strict. I hadn't realized he could sound like that, and I have to admit, it was kind of... terribly distracting. If only the situation wasn't so damn exhausting.

"Mr. Asshaha," I shot back, mocking his authoritative tone while ignoring his loud, not-so-playful growl of warning.

I was currently hanging high from a metal pull-up bar in the home gym, gripping it for dear life while fighting the desperate urge to just let go and fall. I had no clue how high up I was suspended, and I sure didn't want to find out the hard way by smashing into the floor.

"Get me down from here! How is hanging on this stupid bar helping at all?" I yelled, my palms sweating and slowly sliding over the smooth metal.

"That's because you're not supposed to just hang there, Vivian. You're meant to pull yourself up to the top," he said, his voice sounding clipped and tense from below.

Pull myself up? To the top of what? The damn rainbow?

He probably didn't notice my absolute disbelief, but I sure couldn't picture myself doing that right now. What made him think I even wanted to try?

I looked down at my shaking arms, then shot him the meanest, most agonizing glare I could muster. He met my eyes with an expectant, unyielding stare and narrowed them.

"Studying his ass," my wolf muttered internally, thoroughly amused by the view from above.

My legs flailed helplessly beneath me, searching for a foothold or a way down, but I couldn't find a single thing. Honestly, I wasn't even sure how I had ended up hanging up here in the first place. Maybe if I'd paid closer attention to his instructions earlier, I wouldn't be in this ridiculous mess.

I sighed heavily and adjusted my slipping grip, my hands sliding again. My wolf and beast were just sitting back watching absolute traitors who refused to lend me a hand.

"Powerful and improved, my ass," I muttered bitterly under my breath.

What good was all this terrifying new strength if I couldn't even pull myself up a simple bar? I either didn't use enough power or risked breaking the entire structure into pieces. After hours mostly focused on controlled breathing and sharpening my senses, I still didn't truly know my physical limits.

"You'll thank us later," both voices echoed mockingly inside my head at the exact same time.

I growled in deep frustration, my eyes darting to the thick metal bars beneath my fingers. They were actually starting to bend out of shape under my grip not because I was heavy, but because I was squeezing far too hard in my panic. Crap.

"Zaliver! Get me down from here! I'm starving and I need real food!"

I wasn't trying to give it my all with the training this morning it felt completely pointless when I could be eating a massive meal instead. Of course, I didn't dare say that part out loud. Maybe that's why I've always carried a little extra weight over the years?

...Nah.

There was a long beat of total silence below me. Then a deep, long-suffering sigh. I felt the subtle shift of air pressure in the room and knew he was moving. Zaliver might be faster than me okay, way faster but I was finally starting to pick up on the physical signs. I could sense it now, feel the shift when he was nearby or on the move. I briefly wondered who would win in an actual foot race. Him, probably. Definitely.

A split second later, my feet touched the ground gently, his raw power effortlessly lowering me from wherever he'd suspended me during training. I dropped down completely onto the workout mat and tossed my arms over my burning face. My body felt... weird. It was humming with a restless, chaotic energy like I needed to do something completely impossible just to get it out of my system.

"Hmmm," Zaliver's deep voice rumbled directly above me.

I peeked from under one arm and shot him a dark look. He stood tall, feet spread apart, hands resting comfortably on his hips, looking like some supernatural drill sergeant evaluating a utterly hopeless recruit.

"Hmmm, what?" I grumbled.

He didn't answer right away. He just shook his head slowly, his expression unreadable but suspiciously focused. I had a strong feeling he knew I'd been holding back during the physical part of training. Great.

"I'll explain after breakfast," he finally said, offering a small truce.

That perked me right up.

Without another word, I bolted straight to the kitchen and plopped myself right onto the high counter like an overgrown puppy, eager and completely unashamed. I couldn't cook to save my life, and I doubted turning into a fully realized lycan had magically fixed that flaw.

While he moved gracefully around the kitchen, I did my best to ignore the overwhelming tug of distraction in my hyper-sensitive senses the sharp sizzling sounds of the stove, the thick, sweet scent of syrup and bacon, the subtle hint of something fresh and fruity but my gaze locked onto him like a moth to a flame. There was something undeniably hypnotic about watching him cook. The way his broad shoulder muscles flexed under his shirt, how he casually flipped pancakes into the air and caught them with practiced ease... and let's be honest, the way his ass looked in those dark pants? Extremely distracting.

A low hum started deep inside my chest again that same intense pull from earlier this morning. I watched him work, and all I could think was: *Damn. That's my mate.*

Zaliver turned toward me with a ridiculous, towering stack of golden pancakes balanced in one hand, and another plate piled high with fruit, toast, and jam in the other. I forced myself to quickly look away before I started openly drooling, though the voices in my head weren't helping at all, whispering all sorts of unfiltered, primal thoughts into my mind.

Being a werewolf meant I'd always had a solid, healthy appetite, but today? I completely demolished five fluffy pancakes, four slices of buttered toast, a generous helping of crispy bacon, and chased it all down with two large cups of strong black coffee. I stared at my empty plate in absolute disbelief. Then I glanced over at Zaliver.

He was still eating. Still going strong. Effortlessly inhaling twice as much food as I had just put away.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

"Was that enough for you?" he asked, glancing up at me mid-bite as he finished his own massive portion.

"Oh yeah. It was delicious," I said, trying my absolute best not to sound too overeager or completely dazed by the sheer amount of food I'd just inhaled.

"I meant did you notice anything? Like why I had you use your sense of smell before you ate?" he clarified smoothly, reaching out with one broad hand for his coffee mug.

My eyes instinctively drifted down to his hand, watching how his long fingers wrapped so naturally around the ceramic mug, and how he casually brought it to his lips. Since when was watching a man drink plain black coffee so absurdly seductive?

I cleared my throat hastily, feeling a sudden flush of heat creep up my neck. "Oh. Yeah. I... found a pretty effective way to distract myself from all the overwhelming sensory input."

He raised a single dark brow, a hint of curiosity in his eyes, but he didn't press me for details.

That ass, my wolf suddenly growled in my head, totally unprompted.

I almost choked on thin air. A sputtered, embarrassing cough escaped my throat, and I tried desperately to play it off as nothing, but Zahliver's deep amusement rolled through our mate bond like a warm, rumbling laugh inside my chest. He liked that I was checking him out. Of course he did. He knew exactly how ridiculously good he looked—and he was mine. All mine.

Once we finally finished eating, we cleaned up the kitchen together in surprisingly comfortable silence. I was caught completely off guard, however, when his relaxed expression shifted suddenly. A low, threatening growl escaped his throat as he pulled his buzzing phone out of his pocket. Something on the screen had irritated him instantly. Without saying a single word to me, he turned and started walking away toward the quieter side of the house.

"Wait," I called out, perking up on the counter. "So does this mean I can finally go out without you supervising me?"

He turned halfway around, giving me a look that was both stern and a little apologetic.

"Not even close. Just give me a minute—I need to take this call."

I nodded, even though I was practically dying inside to explore the island. Cabin fever was getting very real, very fast.

"You know," I said teasingly, hopping down from the counter and settling cross-legged on the plush living room couch, "I'll probably still hear every single thing you say... no matter how far away you go."

His broad back tensed for just a second before he kept walking down the hallway.

Score one for the new wolf ears.

"Yes, but I doubt you'll be able to stay focused with everything around you making noise or movement," Zahliver called out, his voice already sounding distant. "And the farther away I am, the less the static from the phone will bother your sensitive ears."

He was probably already on the complete opposite side of the house. Even when he seemed to move casually, he was fast. Freakishly fast.

"Hmmm," I huffed softly, my lips twitching into a slight pout as I stared at the empty hallway where he had just vanished. There was no point in trying to eavesdrop on his call anyway. That awful, screeching static ringing from the TV earlier still haunted me, feeling as if someone had jabbed sharp ice picks directly into my eardrums. Just the memory alone made my ears ache.

I got up from the couch and slowly made my way over to the heavy living room curtains. Zahliver had drawn them completely shut earlier, warning me that direct sunlight would sting like crazy until my sensitive new eyes adjusted to the change. He mentioned something about easing my vision gradually into full brightness over the next few days.

However, a few stubborn, golden rays of sunlight peeked invitingly through the edges of the fabric. I gently lifted my hand and reached toward them, letting the warm beams spill across my bare skin. A soft, content sigh escaped my lips. It felt so... grounding. Natural. Real.

With my eyes closed, I soaked it all in. The warmth. The quiet comfort. The silent, aching yearning deep in my chest. Both of the wolves inside me stirred restlessly at the touch of light. They wanted out. We *all* wanted out. I ached to feel the crisp sea wind blow through my hair, to hear the island breathe with its crashing waves and whispering trees. Being locked inside this house after shifting felt inherently wrong.

And then, right there in the quiet room, it returned. That strange tug.

It was faint but unmistakably familiar, like an invisible thread winding itself tightly around my chest and pulling ever so gently. The background hum of distant conversations grew louder, more insistent inside my mind. I still couldn't separate the overlapping words or tell who they belonged to—it felt like trying to make sense of ten static-filled radio stations playing at once—but two distinct voices suddenly stood out far more than the others. Clearer, almost within my reach.

I focused harder, trying to latch onto one of them, but just as quickly as it appeared, the sensation slipped away like smoke through my fingers.

Something deep down told me this wasn't just the standard pack link. Not quite. It felt fundamentally different. Bigger. Deeper.

I must have spaced out completely, because I didn't notice the faint footsteps behind me until they were almost right at my back. Heavy. Familiar. Zahliver's boots. He was back.

I turned around slowly, meeting his intense gaze as he brought himself to a stop just a few feet away.

"Who were you talking to?" I asked, watching him slide his large hands casually into the back pockets of his dark jeans. The simple motion pulled the fabric of his shirt tight over his muscles, and for a heartbeat, I completely forgot how to think. My fingers twitched with the sudden urge to reach out and touch him. That low, primal hum inside my chest answered back, echoing louder this time.

"A friend," he said carefully, his eyes searching my face. "And I called Dr. Leonard. He's on his way over right now."

My brows pinched together in confusion. That name... I knew it, vaguely, from past mentions. But why now?

"Why?" I asked, genuinely unsure if I actually wanted the real answer.

Zahliver tilted his head slightly, watching me like I was some delicate, complicated puzzle he hadn't quite solved yet. "I just want to make sure you're okay, Vivian. That's all."

Bull.

"And why do you need a doctor to tell you that? You've seen me. I'm standing right here in front of you."

I didn't want to sound defensive or accusatory, but I couldn't help it. Every single time a doctor got involved in anything supernatural regarding him or the pack, it inevitably spiraled into something weird, clinical, and uncomfortable.

His expression didn't waver for a second, but his deep voice softened noticeably. "Because despite your obvious lack of control with your senses, speed, and strength... you're entirely too calm, Vivian. That's not normal for a brand-new shift."

I opened my mouth to argue, but he stepped closer, closing the small space remaining between us. He reached out and placed his large hand gently on my shoulder.

"When I first shifted," he said, his voice low and steady, carrying the weight of old memories, "I was an absolute mess. Unstable in every sense of the word. Dangerous to everyone around me. But you... you're composed. Quiet. Something isn't adding up. You do realize you went through a complete, agonizing transformation last night, right?"

"Yeah, I know," I whispered softly, but my voice trailed off the very second his skin made contact with mine.

That low hum from before? It instantly swelled into a full-on vibration that ran straight through my entire body. It felt like a heavy guitar string being plucked deep within my ribs. The echo of it lingered, warm and unnervingly steady. And then came something entirely new: heat. It was as if a small candle had suddenly been lit at my core—small at first, but the comforting warmth started growing exponentially with every single second his hand remained on my shoulder. Comforting. Familiar. Extremely dangerous.

My hand began to rise toward his chest purely on instinct, magnetically drawn to that intense spark flaring between us.

But right before my palm could touch his chest, the distant crunch of tires rolling over gravel broke through the quiet air, followed by the low, idling hum of an engine coming to a halt just outside the front entrance.

A visitor had arrived.

My heart skipped a sudden beat in my chest.

"Doc?" I asked quietly, my pulse instantly jumping.

Zahliver didn't say a word.

But the solemn, watchful look on his face gave me my answer.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

Zaliver must have sensed the sudden shift in my energy too, because his broad hand gently slipped away from my shoulder, replaced by a soft, reassuring smile that reached his eyes.

And just like that, the overwhelming warmth vanished completely.

The flame I hadn't even realized was burning inside me flickered out into nothingness. A bitter cold seeped into my bones, like a quiet, hollow emptiness that had always been lurking there, but I had only now become painfully aware of. I stood frozen in place, my eyebrows furrowed together as the unsettling hollowness settled deep in my chest.

How had I lived for so long without noticing this absolute void? The complete absence of something... real. Something truly alive.

Zaliver frustrating, infuriating Zaliver brought brilliant color into the dull gray world I'd been blindly walking through for years. Even when he annoyed me to no end, he meant something profound to me. He stirred wildly ancient things inside me. He was my spark. My fire. My warmth.

Suddenly, the front door creaked open with a sudden gust of cool wind, carrying with it a sharp scent that slammed into my senses like a violent tidal wave. It wasn't entirely unfamiliar I must have smelled it somewhere before but this time, my heightened lycan senses registered it with terrifying, lethal clarity.

And my entire world flipped on its axis.

I didn't think. There was no conscious decision. The beast inside me surged forward with terrifying speed, roaring straight to the surface. I was instantly reduced to a helpless passenger in my own body, shoved forcefully aside as raw instinct ripped through me like blinding lightning.

Threat.

Protect him.

Mate must be kept safe.

My head snapped violently toward the direction of the intrusion, my heart pounding against my ribs, every muscle coiling like a loaded spring. Through my hyper-sensitive ears, I could hear two distinct heartbeats entering the room. One was welcoming, steady, and familiar. The other... dangerous, foreign, and unacceptable.

Pure silver flashed across my vision, and I lunged forward without a second of hesitation. A primal snarl tore from deep within my throat as I threw my weight violently at the unfamiliar figure standing in the entryway. I didn't register his face, his clothes, or his standing just his overwhelming scent. The beast within me didn't care one bit for names, pack politics, or reasons. She cared only about eliminating the threat.

I crashed hard into him, slamming his body down onto the hardwood floor before he could even raise his hands to react. He barely had time to let out a sharp gasp of air as his breath was knocked clean out of his lungs.

Eliminate. Defend. Tear him apart, the she-wolf inside me hissed savagely, her fury intertwining with mine, but darker, wilder, completely untamed. I could feel her dark desire to see him broken beneath our claws. It was utterly terrifying... and addictively intoxicating.

We raised a heavily clawed hand, ready to strike down at his exposed chest. Our supernatural speed far outmatched his human-like awareness his body still hadn't even caught up to what was happening to him.

Then, strong, familiar arms snatched me roughly from behind.

I was lifted clean off him, ripped backward through the air as my furious muscles screamed in protest. I thrashed wildly and growled, biting and fighting the hold with everything I had, but the grip around me was solid iron. One massive hand pinned my flailing arms effortlessly to my sides, while his other arm pressed me tight against a hard, unyielding chest.

I kicked out frantically, snarled, and snapped at the open air, but his grip never faltered for a single second.

My mind was burning red-hot with sheer fury, but my vision remained silver-clear. I saw the intruder a pale, blond man with golden hazel eyes scrambling backward on his hands and knees, raw terror etched into every single line of his face. Smart man. My arms strained against the hold to reach for him again, but the iron grip around my body only tightened further.

"Now this makes way more sense to me," a deep voice rumbled softly behind my ear, laced with quiet understanding and satisfaction.

Zaliver.

My body recognized his scent and touch even before my frantic mind did. The beast inside me recognized him too... though her territorial anger didn't completely vanish right away.

"A-A-Alpha... m-maybe I should g-go?" the stranger stuttered out, his voice trembling violently, clearly shaken to his absolute core.

I surged forward again in Zaliver's grip, desperate to finish what I had just started. My sharp claws twitched for a target.

"Shut up," Zaliver grunted toward the man, sounding clearly more amused than alarmed by my outburst. "I knew you weren't giving it your all during our training earlier."

His deep tone dropped low and coaxing, whispering directly against my jaw.

"Come on, Vivian. Snap out of it."

His broad arms adjusted around me, lifting me higher off my feet, pinning me tighter against his body. One large hand flattened firmly against my stomach, securing me flush against his warm chest.

I was no longer touching the ground. The beast inside me hated that she wanted total freedom. She wanted blood on her claws.

But then he softly spoke my name.

"Vivian," he breathed directly into my ear, his voice low, steady, and commanding. His warm breath brushed against my sensitive skin and sent a powerful shiver running all the way down my spine. That familiar, soothing hum started up again deep inside my chest, soft but pulsing steadily.

"Vivian," he whispered once more, gently rubbing his face against the side of my neck.

She paused.

The blind rage instantly softened. Her sharp claws slowly retracted back into my fingertips. The warm humming overtook the vicious growling. The territorial distrust faded away, slowly, like dark smoke dissolving into the open sky. My human mind began surfacing again, the blinding crimson haze thinning out completely.

When his lips gently brushed against the warm spot on my neck the exact place where our bond pulsed quietly beneath the skin my entire body slumped in total surrender against him.

Relief washed over me like warm, soothing rain.

"Gotcha," Zaliver whispered softly, and just like that... I was completely me again.

The frantic tension drained out of my limbs. He slowly loosened his tight grip, allowing my feet to return to the cool floor. My hands dropped back to my sides, completely free now. I blinked rapidly, feeling like I'd just stepped out of a long, dark tunnel. Everything around me was suddenly louder, brighter, and sharper. My heart thudded heavily in my ears.

I turned my head toward the terrified man I had just savagely attacked.

"C-can I g-go now?" he squeaked out, still pressed against the far wall.

"Shut. Up," Zaliver snapped, his tone sharp and commanding.

I winced and turned fully toward the man poor guy a wave of deep guilt crawling swiftly up my spine. He looked like he had aged five whole years in the span of five minutes. My gaze dropped down to the floor in absolute shame.

"I'm... I'm so sorry," I whispered softly. And I meant every single word of it.

Even though a tiny, primal part of me deep down still didn't fully regret wanting to protect my mate from an unknown scent.

"I'm really sorry," I blurted out, my cheeks burning with intense heat. "I, uh... I didn't recognize your scent at first. That whole crazy thing was... pure instinct. Really, I'm so extremely sorry for what just happened."