

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna chapter 151-160

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

Zaliver cleared his deep throat, a subtle sound that somehow managed to echo across the wide room, instantly pulling my attention toward him. I found myself walking directly in his direction, drawn by something powerful that I couldn't quite put a name to though my inner wolf certainly could.

"Closer," she urged, practically growling in my mind. "Not close enough."

I sighed inwardly, pinching my mental bridge. "You are such a horny little furball, you know that?"

"Please. I need the D..."

"Shut it. Just no. Not today."

I forcefully shoved her back into her dark mental corner, slamming the heavy door on her unfiltered nonsense. Goddess help me, she truly had zero shame.

Zaliver watched me approach him, a faint trace of quiet amusement flickering in his pale ocean-blue eyes before he finally got down to serious business.

"Vivian," he started smoothly, his tone even and commanding, "since the pack doctor mentioned that you need physical training to adjust to your... newly acquired enhancements, and since you agreed "

I stopped dead in my tracks, my eyebrows shooting up to my hairline. "Wait. Pause right there. Whoa. Since I agreed?" I held up a sharp hand to stop him. "Let's rewind for a second, because from what I clearly remember, the doc talked, you nodded, and I said absolutely nothing. Not a peep. So tell me, when exactly did I sign up for this?"

He stared at me as if he couldn't believe I was actually standing here challenging his decision. Silly lycan. He must have completely forgotten who he was dealing with.

He exhaled slowly and tilted his head back toward the ceiling, looking as if he were silently pleading with the Moon Goddess for extra patience and strength. Yeah, good luck with that, buddy.

"It's really not a big deal. Just a few weeks of physical training three at most "

"Nah." I crossed my arms tightly over my chest.

"You haven't even "

"Nope."

"Let me just "

"Mmm mmm, don't wanna hear it."

"Viv "

"Nah, man."

"Viv " His voice dropped a notch, a dark warning flashing underneath the surface, but I was already on a roll.

"Que no."

"Vivian." His deep voice cracked like sudden thunder across the room.

The entire living room fell into an eerie, suffocating stillness. My inner wolf instantly dropped down onto her belly, her ears completely flattened against her head. Even the fierce beast within me stirred uneasily at the sheer force behind his tone. The very air shifted in an instant becoming thick, cold, and heavy with tension.

I swallowed hard and slowly glanced up at him. And that was the exact moment I realized... maybe I had poked the dangerous bear one too many times.

Zaliver's posture was absolute command personified, towering over me even though he hadn't taken a single step forward. His chin lifted high, his broad shoulders squared like an ancient monarch carved out of solid stone. And those glowing blue eyes they weren't just staring down at me. They were actively watching, measuring, and radiating a quiet storm on the absolute verge of unleashing its fury.

In that exact moment, I desperately wanted to melt straight into the floorboards or maybe offer a quick apology and teleport far, far away from the house. Whichever came first.

"Vivian," he said again, but this time his voice was soft far too soft and gentle. It scared me significantly more than his previous alpha roar.

"Y-Yes?" My voice came out sounding like a pathetic little squeak. I wasn't truly afraid of him not deep down. I knew Zaliver would never hurt a single hair on my body. But still... the sheer intimidating way he looked right now? Even Beyoncé would have done a double take and exited stage left.

"I know this isn't what you want," he said, his voice low but completely unyielding. "But you heard Dr. Leonard. This is strictly for your health and safety. Your body is still adapting to these intense changes. I won't risk your well-being not even a little. I need you to trust me on this. Can you do that for me?"

His pale eyes didn't waver from mine for even a fraction of a second, and I swear, it felt as though he could see straight through my chest into my soul. Like he wasn't just asking my stubborn mind or my hesitant heart, but my absolute core.

I gave him a small, quiet nod, feeling most of my fiery defiance instantly deflate. His heavy gaze softened noticeably, and he reached out a broad hand, gently cupping my cheek with a deep tenderness that made my breath catch in my throat. I leaned into his broad palm instinctively, the solid touch grounding my chaotic thoughts.

"I'd much rather have you upset with me right now than live with the regret of not protecting you later," he murmured softly, his thumb gently brushing across my warm skin.

Well... damn. That unexpected confession hit significantly harder than I had anticipated.

I suddenly felt like an absolute jerk. Not a full-blown monster, just... a tiny, ungrateful one. Here he was, genuinely trying to take care of me and keep me safe, and I was standing here throwing childish attitude around like confetti.

"I'm sorry," I whispered quietly, my eyes meeting his again with genuine regret.

He leaned down closer and rested his forehead gently against mine, his solid heat sinking straight into my cold bones.

"Don't ever apologize for being yourself," he said softly against my skin. "Just... maybe don't fight me when I'm simply trying to help you, alright?"

A small, genuine smile tugged at the corners of my lips, and I nodded back at him this time much more honestly. "Okay."

He pulled back just enough to press a warm, lingering kiss right to my forehead, sending a delightful shiver straight down my spine.

"That's my girl."

That was the precise second it finally re-entered my mind.

Oh Moon, we are definitely not alone in this room right now.

Algebra was still standing near the couch, and Venom was silently observing us from the hallway. And yet, Zaliver didn't seem to care in the slightest. Not one bit. He displayed his affection so openly, like it was the most natural, effortless thing in the world. He never

tried to hide what I meant to him, not even in front of his Beta or a terrifying snake shifter.

And I loved that about him.

A lot, actually.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

I turned around, trying to play it cool even though my face was already burning hot with embarrassment. Of course, the second I looked up, I found Venom pointedly staring at the hardwood ground like it was the single most fascinating thing he'd ever seen in his entire life. Meanwhile, Algebra stood a little further off in the living room, his back completely turned to us and his arms dramatically wrapped around himself, slowly swaying as if he were making out with an invisible lover. It was painfully, agonizingly obvious what he was mimicking.

Great. Just great.

"Oh, shut it," I muttered under my breath, my cheeks lighting up even more furiously.

So... you're blushing now just because you're talking to your mate? my wolf chimed in smugly from deep within my mind. *Funny, you didn't blush earlier when your legs were wrapped tightly around his waist.*

"I thought I blocked you out," I grumbled mentally at her.

We all fail sometimes, she replied instantly, not sounding even remotely apologetic for her shameless commentary.

I groaned inwardly, wishing with everything I had that I could just melt directly into the floorboards and disappear entirely.

Zaliver's deep voice cut smoothly through my spiraling embarrassment. "Venom will be the one training you," he said, his tone sounding distinctly less than thrilled about the arrangement.

"Really?" I blinked at him, caught completely off guard by the announcement.

"Yes. He's the best for the job and the only person I fully trust to handle your intense physical training."

He stepped in closer to me, leaning down and brushing his nose gently against the sensitive curve of my neck. I shivered at the warm contact, feeling utterly confused and

flustered at the exact same time. Pulling back just a little, I tilted my head up to stare at him.

"Why not you?" I asked, before glancing at Venom quickly out of courtesy. "No offense."

"None taken, Luna Vivian," Venom replied smoothly, offering me a small, respectful bow of his head.

"Well damn, I'm offended!" Algebra griped loudly from behind us, throwing his hands up in the air.

We both completely ignored him.

Zaliver hesitated for a long moment, his facial expression remaining unreadable and tense.

"We'll talk about that later," he said eventually, his tone firm.

I gave him a look, rolling my eyes in sheer exasperation. "Fine." But we both knew that "later" was coming whether he liked it or not.

Turning back to Venom, I squared my shoulders and stood tall. "So, when do we start?"

Honestly, I figured he'd give me at least a week or maybe a few days to get myself mentally prepared for what was coming. Maybe clear his busy schedule or something. I mean, training a newly enhanced wolf like me couldn't possibly be an easy task, right?

"Tomorrow. 7:50 AM sharp. At the primary training field."

I blinked in utter shock.

"...Fuck."

Late that night, I sat cross-legged on the plush bed while Zaliver moved around the quiet bedroom, grabbing clean clothes and preparing himself for the upcoming day. I'd already packed my own athletic gear for training grudgingly, I might add but my brain simply wouldn't let the lingering conversation from earlier go.

"It's later now," I said, watching him closely from my spot on the mattress. "I want answers."

He paused mid-step, sighing heavily before setting down whatever shirt he'd been holding. He ran both of his broad hands through his thick, dark hair and turned around to face me directly.

"You do," he said softly, his pale blue eyes meeting mine.

"Yes, I do," I echoed, making my voice sound a bit more insistent. "So... are you gonna start explaining things, or are you planning on standing there looking pretty all night long?"

He gave a small, half-hearted eye roll and moved over to stand near the foot of the bed. I tried I really tried not to let my dark gaze stray from his face, but the enticing way his soft pajama shirt clung to his broad chest wasn't helping my focus at all.

"Remember earlier," he said slowly, stepping closer, "when I told you there was a specific reason you kept attacking everyone who came near?"

I nodded quickly. "Yeah. I thought it was just my wolf being overly territorial or simply not trusting outside people yet."

"There's far more to it than just that," he said, his voice dropping into a deep, serious register. "While yes, it's completely natural for your beast to be defensive against the unknown and to desperately want a physical outlet for all that pent-up energy... that wasn't all it was. She was also reacting to what she actively perceived as dangerous competition."

I blinked, thoroughly confused. "Competition? What kind of competition? Those guys weren't fighting me for anything wait... what?"

"Ask your wolf," he said, a strange, knowing glint appearing in his ocean-blue eyes.

I gave him a puzzled look, but closed my eyes anyway, dipping down deep into my mind where my beast was already waiting for me clearly listening in on every single word.

"Okay," I said to her directly in the quiet darkness of my mind. "What's the actual deal with all the random aggression? Why all the violent attacks?"

She huffed out a breath. *We have a insanely attractive mate who hasn't officially claimed us yet! Excuse me for being a little on edge.*

Oh.

Oh, Goddess.

I felt my cheeks instantly flame up, but I didn't dare open my eyes just yet.

"And why on earth did you go after those guys?"

Because they could have taken him away from us! He's ours. I was simply protecting what belongs to me.

My eyes snapped wide open, my heart hammering violently against my ribs as the full, mortifying meaning of her words finally sank into my mind.

Zaliver was watching me with thinly veiled amusement, the corners of his handsome mouth twitching as if he were actively fighting off a massive grin. My face had to be glowing a bright, incandescent red by now. Without thinking, I snatched the nearest plush pillow and buried my face straight into it with a loud groan of defeat.

Of course. Of absolute course. She genuinely thought the guys were trying to steal him from us. My foolish beast hadn't been reacting to a physical threat at all... she'd been possessively jealous.

Absolutely mortified beyond belief, I mumbled out into the fabric of the pillow, "She thought they were trying to seduce you..."

Zaliver chuckled, low, deep, and impossibly warm.

And just like that, I wanted the entire mattress to open up and swallow me completely whole.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

I heard Zaliver chuckle a low, deeply amused sound that vibrated through the quiet bedroom. I yanked the plush pillow down just far enough to shoot him a razor-sharp glare, desperately hoping he'd get the clear message that I was not in the mood for his teasing.

"This is so not funny, Zaliver," I grumbled, my tone entirely flat with irritation.

He grinned down at me, completely unfazed by my dark scowl. "It kinda is," he said, chuckling once more as if I hadn't just nearly gone feral on his Beta only a few hours ago.

I scowled deeply and buried my warm face straight back into the soft pillow. "No, it's not. My wolf literally tried to rip those guys apart because of... well, you know." My voice faded off into a awkward mumble. I couldn't even bring myself to say the embarrassing words out loud.

"It's completely normal behavior for a beast. Nothing to be ashamed of," he said, his deep voice calm and entirely matter-of-fact.

When the intense heat finally faded from my cheeks and I could at last meet his eyes without wanting to crawl beneath the mattress to hide, I slowly lifted my head again.

"Alc... Algebra told me about Aurora and..." I trailed off awkwardly, a heavy wave of sadness tugging at the sharp edges of my words. The tragic weight in the air wrapped tightly around both of us. What truly surprised me was that Zaliver didn't flinch at the sudden mention of the past.

"And Andrew," he finished quietly, his tone dropping into a solemn hush.

I hadn't known the young child's name before that very moment. Somehow, knowing his actual name made the entire tragedy feel far more real, and infinitely sadder. The three A's: Aurora, Andrew, Algebra. My chest ached with a sudden, dull pain for all of them.

I nodded my head slowly, keeping my eyes fixed on his.

"I figured he would eventually tell you. I keep constant tabs on your emotional state, and when his dipped that exceptionally low earlier, there were only a few distinct possibilities. That specific one made the most sense," he said, his voice dipping further into a deep, sorrowful register.

A far-off look filled his pale blue eyes something distant, dark, and deeply pained. I could tell that he had known the little boy personally, too. A thick silence settled between us like a soft, heavy blanket. I chose not to ask him anything more about Andrew; I could tell this wasn't just a casual story to be shared over a quiet night. It was an open, painful wound, and it wasn't mine to touch.

After a long while, I cleared my throat to break the heavy tension and shifted onto my elbow.

"So... why exactly is Venom the one assigned to train me?" I asked, seeking a distraction. The lingering question had been bugging me for hours, and I genuinely needed to understand his reasoning.

Zaliver looked away for a brief moment, scratching the back of his muscular neck before letting out a slow, heavy sigh.

"For a lot of very specific reasons," he replied, his answer coming out a little too vague for my liking.

"Such as?" I pressed on, raising a single brow at his obvious evasion tactics.

He finally met my dark eyes directly. "I've only got two distinct modes when it comes to combat training: I either aim to kill, or I push until something physically breaks. There's zero in-between with me. I refuse to risk hurting you not when there's someone else available who can train you both effectively and safely. Venom is hyper-aware of literally everything around him at all times. He's always in complete control of his lethal power, and most importantly, he truly understands physical limits. He'll know exactly how to push your boundaries without crossing the line into danger."

I bit my lower lip thoughtfully, processing his words. It actually made a lot of logical sense. Zaliver was never one to say things lightly, especially when it concerned my safety. And when it came to assessing combat capabilities, his judgment was usually spot-on. Still... that didn't mean I particularly liked the idea of being handed off to someone else.

"So that's really it? You're not going to train me at all?" I asked, desperately trying not to pout, but failing entirely.

He smirked, looking as if he could see right through my pathetic attempt at playing tough. "Oh, I'll be around. Probably more often than not. You're going to be training out at the main warriors' field, remember?"

I blinked in surprise, my jaw dropping slightly. "Wait, what? You mean out there with the actual pack warriors? The real professionals? Zaliver, are you completely insane? I'm going to look like a lost little cub who wandered aimlessly into a gladiatorial arena!"

"Relax," he said softly, a unmistakable touch of proud warmth slipping into his deep voice. "They'll be honored to have their Luna training right beside them. It'll show them all that you're fully committed to the pack, and it'll probably give them even more reason to push themselves to their absolute limits. It's a prime chance for them to prove their true strength and loyalty to you."

I stared back at him, caught completely off guard by how remarkably earnest he was.

Despite all my anxiety about the upcoming morning, I couldn't stop the tiny, affectionate smile from tugging at the corners of my lips. I gave him a slow nod of agreement.

Maybe this whole ordeal wasn't going to be as terrifying as I had initially envisioned.

"Fine," I said, playfully narrowing my eyes up at him. "But if this grand plan goes up in flames tomorrow, I'm marching straight out to the front yard and making Venom train me right there in public view."

Zaliver's jaw tightened instantly.

"No." The single word hit the air with a hard, dangerous snap, his tone low and completely full of absolute finality. His pale blue eyes darkened in an instant, resembling a violently brewing storm.

My brows shot right up. "And why on earth not?"

"You are not to be alone with him. Not ever."

I opened my mouth to immediately protest his overprotective mandate, but something he had mentioned just a moment ago suddenly popped back into my head, completely derailing my entire train of thought.

"And?" I asked, my voice dropping into a slower, more deliberate rhythm.

He looked genuinely confused for a split second. "And what?"

I tilted my head slightly to the side, then clarified, "What was the *other* reason you said you couldn't train me yourself?"

The physical shift in him was instantaneous.

One second, he was standing casually beside the bed. The very next, he moved like a dominant apex predator smooth, impossibly confident, and dangerously lethal. He braced a broad, heavy hand on either side of my shoulders, leaning down until I was lying flat on my back, entirely caged beneath the overwhelming shadow of his strong arms. My breath caught sharply in my throat as he hovered inches above me, and absolutely everything existing outside of him faded into nonexistence.

The raw, dark intensity burning in his pale eyes made my whole body go completely still. That unyielding, wild hunger. That undeniable, dominant claim.

I was unequivocally his. And he was mine.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

Somehow, I could feel the heat radiating off him as if it were my own skin burning. My fingers moved of their own accord, sliding up his arms, brushing over his solid chest. His body responded beneath my touch, muscles tensing, breathing shifting.

He leaned closer until his mouth brushed against my ear. His voice was thick with desire, a growl just beneath the surface.

"I can't train you," he whispered slowly, "because seeing you hot and sweaty beneath me would make me want to fuck you right there and then."

My entire body arched up into him. Fire burst under my skin, emotions colliding inside me like a lightning storm. I closed my eyes, trying to steady myself, but his lips were already on my throat, brushing over my skin with maddening tenderness.

He kissed a path up my neck, leaving trails of heat behind, until his lips claimed mine.

It wasn't soft. It wasn't sweet.

It was consuming.

Like our very souls were trying to crawl inside each other. Like the kiss itself was a collision of galaxies blazing, infinite, dangerous.

Kissing Zaliver would never stop feeling like the first time. That thrilling edge of chaos. That bottomless pull. Together, we were like two wildfires feeding off each other, too volatile to contain, too powerful to resist.

His scent, woodsy, fresh, and uniquely his, wrapped around me, embedding itself in my memory like a brand. His lips were soft but bold, teasing me, pulling moans out of me before I even realized they were mine.

This wasn't just passion. It was madness.

And I welcomed it.

When we finally pulled away, our breaths were heavy and uneven, grins stretching across our faces like two kids who'd gotten away with something. Zaliver was still hovering over me, stealing quick kisses like he couldn't help himself.

"Wow," I murmured, dazed.

"Indeed," he rumbled, eyes gleaming with amusement and lust.

Somewhere deep inside, I was pretty sure my wolf passed out again. My beast, ever the warrior, was desperately shaking her awake.

I looked at Zaliver, my lips tingling.

I wanted more.

So I kissed him again.

"This is an unholy hour. I don't care what you say," I groaned, clutching a bottle of orange juice like it was a lifeline as I sat slumped in the passenger seat.

I wasn't about to admit it out loud, especially not to Zaliver, but waking up this early was doing wonders for my eyes. The sunlight didn't feel like knives stabbing into them anymore. They were adjusting. Which meant he was right. And if he found out, he'd never let me live it down. His ego would be unbearable.

From behind the wheel, he chuckled. "Vivian, I'm convinced anything before 11 PM counts as ungodly in your book."

He turned the car into the massive training field, where I was instantly greeted by the sight of toned, sweat-slicked warriors mid-drill. They looked like they'd been here for hours already. Seriously, how were they even human?

"That... may be true," I muttered as I unbuckled and stepped out.

The second our feet hit the gravel, it was like someone hit pause on the entire field. Dozens of eyes landed on us at once.

We were absolutely being stared at.

I might've brought this on myself. Matching outfits. That's right, matching.

I told Zaliver that if he wanted me to feel confident training in front of his entire elite force, then he needed to match with me. That, and well... I wasn't going to pass up an opportunity to see him in some skin-tight workout gear, glistening with sweat.

So I chose black basketball shorts for him and a skin-tight sleeveless shirt to really show off that god-tier body of his. For myself, I went with black Nike leggings and a simple tank. And to top it all off? I gave him my spare pink sweatband. Yes. Pink.

And somehow, he made it look better than I ever could.

Zaliver nodded at the wolves around us with casual authority. I gave a smile instead. Some smiled back, a few bowed, still not used to that part, but most quickly returned to their routines.

As we moved deeper into the training area, I spotted Venom waiting off to one side on an unused patch of field. A large green mat stretched beneath him, surrounded by various pieces of equipment that looked suspiciously like medieval torture devices. He was dressed in black shorts and a crisp white track jacket, his silver eyes unreadable.

I noticed a few wary glances being tossed his way by other wolves, their unease barely hidden. I didn't blame them. Venom had that... unshakable aura. Like he'd seen things no one should, and he'd survived every one of them.

The rest of the training field looked like a nightmare-fueled gym. Obstacle courses stretched out in every direction, some with ropes, others with walls that looked taller than my will to live.

"Good morning, Luna Vivian. Alpha Zaliver," Venom greeted us in that deep voice of his, barely above a whisper but still somehow making my spine shiver.

"Morning, Venom," I replied, trying to sound more cheerful than I felt. Zaliver just gave him a nod.

I inhaled deeply. "So, coach... what fresh hell are we diving into today?"

Still nibbling on the rim of my bottle cap as I drained the last of my orange juice, yes, I know it's weird drinking that after brushing my teeth, but I liked it, Zaliver gave me a side-eye but didn't comment.

Venom's lips twitched in the closest thing I'd ever seen to a genuine smile from him before his face fell back into that neutral, unreadable expression.

"We'll be keeping things light this morning, Luna," he said. "Basic stretching. A short jog. A few standard exercises just so I can gauge your current condition. It'll give me a starting point. Should take no more than an hour and a half."

I quickly glanced at Zaliver, who had pulled out his phone and was probably reviewing my schedule again. After a second, he nodded approvingly, clearly satisfied with the plan.

I exhaled, already mourning the last ounce of juice in my bottle.

An hour and a half.

Of exercise.

At sunrise.

This better be worth it.

"See? That doesn't sound so bad now, does it?" Zaliver asked with a grin, turning to look at me like he hadn't just dragged me out of bed at an hour my soul rejected.

I gave him a half-hearted glare. "Yeah, yeah. Go on, run off or whatever it is people who can't train without shattering the practice dummies do." I gave him a gentle shove for emphasis.

He chuckled and, before I could blink, swooped in and stole a kiss. Smooth bastard.

Chapter 155: A Shift in the Tide

Vivian's POV

"I'll be close if you need anything." He turned to Venom, his expression shifting slightly. "Venom, I don't need to say anything, do I?"

That caught my attention immediately. What did he mean by that?

Venom's voice was low but firm, his silver eyes locked directly with Zaliver's. "No, Alpha. You have nothing to worry about. She's safe with me."

There was no submissiveness in his tone or gaze, but there was no defiance either. Just... absolute certainty. Like he was making a silent promise and daring anyone to challenge it. For most wolves, that kind of direct eye contact with a dominant Alpha would have instantly sparked a dangerous dominance scuffle. But Zaliver didn't even flinch. Instead, he gave a short, silent nod, like something heavy had been acknowledged between them something unspoken and old.

"Alright. Good luck," Zaliver said softly before jogging over to a group of younger warriors, slipping back into full Alpha-mode without missing a single beat.

Once he was gone, I turned my complete focus to Venom, fully expecting stiffness or cold formality. But to my complete surprise, working with him was... easy. Surprisingly so. He made the difficult physical exercises feel less like a harsh punishment and more like something I could actually manage, jumping in to demonstrate or correct my form without ever barking orders at me. He kept his words to a strict minimum at first probably trying to remain respectful of my status but I wasn't about to let things stay stiff and awkward between us. I easily coaxed a few smirks out of him, even a soft laugh when I cracked a joke about the thick green mat being my primary sworn enemy.

Zaliver would swing by from time to time, dropping quick, affectionate kisses on my cheek or forehead and whispering low encouragements, completely ignoring my disgusted warnings about sweaty affection. He'd just laugh, his deep dimples widening, making my heart twist in emotional ways I wasn't remotely ready for this early in the morning.

And with every single moment that passed, giant realizations started piling up rapidly in my mind.

First, nothing in my entire life had unfolded how I thought it would. And yet, here I was sweaty, sore, and surprisingly content. There were darker moments right after I met Zaliver when I was absolutely sure that the bond, the chaos, the constant danger... it would all eventually break us into pieces. That we just weren't going to make it out together.

But somehow, against every single odds, we did.

Second, watching him today encouraging his loyal warriors, balancing that lethal intensity with soft warmth showed me another crucial side of him. Zaliver wasn't just the terrifying Lupus Deus that everyone feared. He was a true protector. A leader who carried far more than just immense physical strength. He had a real heart, even if he didn't always show it to the outside world. Even if others didn't always feel it.

And lastly... the absolute biggest realization of all: I was head-over-heels, irrevocably in love with my mate.

Through all the chaotic storms, the stubborn fights, the frustrating silences we always found our way back to each other. We weren't the picture-perfect fairytale couple. We never would be. But that's not what either of us needed. We were raw, real, and wild. There were still parts of him I hadn't seen yet, and parts of me he hadn't uncovered, but we had time. So much time. Enough to learn, to grow, to face whatever dark threats the world threw at us.

And I'd willingly face all of it, so long as he was standing beside me.

As if sensing the sudden shift in my thoughts, Zaliver looked up from across the bustling field. His bright, electric blue eyes met mine instantly, and the breathtaking grin that spread across his handsome face melted whatever was left of my morning grumpiness.

Right then and there, I knew exactly what I had to do.

I was going to seduce my mate.

I was finally ready to take that monumental final step ready to mark him, claim him, and let him do the exact same to me.

Because I wasn't afraid anymore.

Not of him. Not of our powerful bond.

Not of whatever came next.

I wanted him all of him. And by the end of this day, I was going to make sure he knew it without a single shadow of a doubt.

"Bye, Venom. Thanks for today. See you tomorrow," I said, giving a small wave to the calmly composed snake shifter. He stood there among the sweaty wolves, completely unbothered by the heavy atmosphere, his golden eyes gleaming with an unreadable emotion somewhere between genuine amusement and deep serenity. He simply inclined his head at me in a silent farewell, and then he turned and was gone.

"I'll talk to you later, man," Zaliver called over his broad shoulder, then reached out to firmly grab my hand. The exact second our fingers touched, a violent wave of heat rolled right through me. I nearly jerked away either to escape the overwhelming sensory intensity or to throw myself directly into his arms. Maybe both. But the dusty parking lot was full of curious watching eyes, and my fragile self-control barely held together.

As we slid into the sleek car, I fought the rising urge to squirm around in my seat. I could feel his intense gaze raking over my skin, constantly checking for any subtle signs that I'd hurt myself during training. I stared hard out the side window, avoiding his eyes altogether.

"You must be really tired. You haven't said a single word since we got in," Zaliver said, his deep voice low and touched with genuine concern. His pale eyes burned right into the side of my warm face. I didn't dare look back at him. Instead, I just hummed something vague in response, pretending to be utterly fascinated by the blur of passing green scenery outside.

His heavy worry leaked continuously through our soul bond subtle at first, then growing steadily with each agonizing second of my silence. My own internal tension built up right alongside it, tightening painfully in my sore shoulders and coiling low and hot in my belly. I was sticky with sweat, my workout shirt clinging to me in all the worst places, and every single inch of me felt far too aware of his physical proximity.

But how on earth was I supposed to act right now? What was the correct behavior when you realized without a single doubt that you were deeply in love with someone? I mean,

most ordinary people couldn't even function normally around a basic crush. And here I was, eternally mated to mine, completely drowning in all-consuming feelings I hadn't properly prepared for.

By the time he pulled the car into the quiet driveway of the estate, my heart was thudding so hard against my ribs I was convinced he could hear it echoing in the cabin. The vehicle hadn't even fully stopped moving before I threw the passenger door wide open and bolted straight toward the front house like the literal hounds of hell were on my heels.

"Vivian!" I heard his exasperated, surprised shout echoing behind me, but I didn't stop. I physically couldn't.

I raced up the wide staircase, stormed directly into our master bedroom, and frantically snatched up everything I needed for a long shower. I was two seconds away from locking myself safely inside the bathroom when I suddenly felt the heavy pressure shift drastically in the room that subtle, electric tremble in the air that always announced his inescapable presence.

Shit.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

I turned slowly and found Zaliver standing just behind me, arms crossed over his chest, his expression stone-cold and completely unreadable. His piercing blue eyes pinned me

right where I stood, holding me in place like a predator cornering helpless prey. His dark hair was slightly damp with sweat, stray strands sticking to his forehead. His broad, firm chest rose and fell beneath a shirt stretched far too tight across hard muscles.

Ugh. Focus, Vivian!

"What's going on?" he asked sharply. "What has you all worked up?"

I blinked at him, forcing a fake expression of exaggerated confusion onto my face. "Me? Upset? What are you talking about?" My voice cracked embarrassingly at the end. I let out a forced, awkward laugh. Zaliver's eyes narrowed into suspicious slits.

He took a single step forward. I mirrored him, side-stepping instead.

"You've been acting strange ever since the workout. If you're still mad about earlier "

"Oh, no. Not at all! I'm fine. Really. I just don't like feeling... sweaty, that's all."

My wolf scoffed loudly inside my head.

Oh, so you don't like a little sweat, but you plan on rolling around with him anyway?

My eyes went wide, and intense heat surged straight into my cheeks. I looked anywhere but at him, cursing my own thoughts and hers. Could she maybe not blurt out every mortifying truth at the worst possible moments?

I glanced nervously toward the bathroom door, trying to calculate whether I could make a sudden run for it. Zaliver was far too fast. I knew it. And the dark look on his face said he knew I was actively considering it.

I darted forward, but before I even got a full step in, his hand closed firmly around my upper arm. Warm. Strong. Unshakable.

I slowly tilted my head up to meet his eyes, caught completely red-handed.

"Wait... why are you...?" Zaliver started, his deep voice low and deeply concerned, confusion etched across his handsome face.

His dark brows drew together, and I could feel the raw tension radiating off him. My stomach twisted. That look like he was genuinely worried I was pulling away from him made my heart ache and race all at once. Part of me desperately wanted to blurt it out, to simply tell him I loved him. But it wasn't the right moment. How do you even drop something that massive on someone like Zaliver? The timing had to be absolute perfection. This chaotic moment wasn't it.

My lips parted.

"Nope," I muttered instead, snatching my arm out of his grasp with way too much sudden force. A few toiletries slipped from my hands and tumbled to the floorboards, but I didn't stop to pick them up.

I practically bolted straight into the bathroom and slammed the door behind me, twisting the lock before I even fully exhaled. Leaning back against the cool wood, I squeezed my eyes shut and tried to force my lungs to breathe. My fingers trembled as I set my remaining things on the sink and started peeling my workout clothes off.

The hot shower water was a welcome distraction, washing away the lingering panic clinging to my warm skin. I let it beat down on me as I tried to gather my scrambled thoughts. Thirty full minutes passed before I even realized that some of the things I'd dropped out in the bedroom were kind of... essential.

Like my bra. And my underwear.

I smacked my palm against my forehead. Just perfect.

Of course, my inner wolf and beast found this absolute disaster hilarious. Their quiet snickering echoed in my head, only fueling my rising frustration. Like I desperately needed two backseat troublemakers cheering me on from inside my own mind.

Still wrapped snugly in a white bath towel, I tiptoed toward the door and listened carefully. What were the odds he had actually left the room? Slim to none. But maybe... maybe he hadn't noticed what I dropped?

I cracked the door open and peeked out cautiously.

Big mistake.

Zaliver was still right there, fresh from his own shower, damp hair falling over his eyes in wild black strands, sitting casually on the edge of our bed. The only thing covering him was a white towel slung dangerously low around his waist. His long legs were slightly parted, his muscles relaxed like this was completely normal behavior.

And in his large hands?

My bra and my underwear.

He casually spun the bra around one finger like it was some kind of championship trophy. I made a sudden choking noise and stepped fully into the room, frozen mid-stride like prey caught directly in headlights. There was a part of me that wanted to stomp over there, snatch my intimate things out of his hands, and yell at him before burying my face in the sink from sheer embarrassment. Another part of me wanted to yank that low towel right off him and see if he had dropped anything essential, too.

When his pale eyes finally lifted to meet mine, I completely stopped breathing.

His smirk deepened. Just a small, dangerous curl at the corner of his lips, but it carried all the wickedness of a devil. Even my wild wolf stilled. My beast shut up completely.

We all had absolutely no idea what to do with what we were currently seeing.

"Why don't you come over here and get these from me?" he asked slowly, each word drawn out like a direct dare.

I swallowed thickly, then despite every single bone in my body warning me otherwise started walking slowly toward him. Cautiously. Like he might pounce at any second.

When I was just a foot away, he stopped twirling the bra and set it casually on his lap. I grimaced. There was no way I was reaching down for that.

I extended my hand out with all the grace of someone trying not to get severely burned.

"You should," my beast whispered slyly in my mind.

Zaliver's smirk widened. Of course he could hear how ridiculously fast my heart was hammering against my ribs.

"You know," he said, lifting my wine-colored lace panties and inspecting them with absolutely zero shame, "I'd really like to see you in this."

I completely forgot how to speak. Me the reigning queen of sarcasm, expert in snappy verbal comebacks I had nothing. My brain completely short-circuited. The fact that we were both wearing only bath towels definitely didn't help the intense situation. And he had the absolute nerve to look so impossibly composed.

I wasn't ready for this. Not for Zaliver.

The man was walking, breathing sin. He was pure temptation wrapped in broad muscle and smugness. Honestly, someone save me.

"Umm..." I managed to squeak out. Brilliant. Truly top-tier vocabulary.

He chuckled softly, the deep sound vibrating through the quiet air as he tilted his head back, droplets of water trickling down his bare chest and soaking into the sheets beneath him. He looked so utterly relaxed, like he did this sort of seductive thing every single day.

But then I noticed the subtle, rhythmic tapping of one of his fingers against the mattress. Like he was waiting for something to give.

Then, without even looking up at me, he casually held out my undergarments. I reached out cautiously and took them, not daring to glance directly at his face.

Only I never actually made it back to the bathroom.

He yanked me down onto him in one swift, unstoppable motion. A startled gasp escaped my throat as the entire world flipped upside down. Suddenly I was lying flat on my back, pinned beneath his solid weight. Before I could even fully process what was happening, he ripped the undergarments from my hands and tossed them somewhere far behind him onto the floor.

And just like that, I forgot every single word I was ever planning to say.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

My breathing came in shallow gasps, chest rising and falling rapidly as intense heat bloomed straight under my skin. My heart thundered like a wild drum, loud and unrelenting in the quiet room. Zaliver's broad body was pressed firmly against mine, pinning me to the bed with his raw strength alone. He had both of my wrists secured high above my head with just one hand, and the sheer dominance of the posture made my pulse spike even more.

His head dipped low, nuzzling deeply into the curve of my neck. I felt him inhale deeply, the heavy warmth of his breath fanning across my sensitive skin. A low, throaty moan slipped from him, rough and completely needy, and it vibrated right through me, down to my very core. When he finally lifted his head, the sight that met me stole what little breath I had left in my lungs.

His pale eyes were pure obsidian black.

"You smell absolutely divine," he said in a voice so deceptively calm, it sent a sharp chill racing right down my spine. "So, tell me, what's got your thoughts all tangled?"

I should have known right then. The exact moment the tingling warmth stirred deep in my belly, when my toes curled and I found myself arching into him instinctively, completely ignoring how the white towel loosened around my chest, I really should have known.

I should have recognized it the second my wolf purred deep in my mind, seductively murmuring that she was finally back.

I should have realized I was full-blown in heat again. But I didn't.

Instead, I smirked up at Zaliver and moved faster than even he expected, flipping our positions with a sharp, quick twist of my hips. I straddled his hips before he could react, and his obsidian gaze instantly shifted back to his usual intense pale blue, wide with genuine surprise.

"And why does something have to be wrong with me, hmm?" I purred, slowly running my hands down his bare chest. "Can't a girl just... be playful?"

"Vivian " he started, but his voice faltered mid-sentence. His nostrils flared, and I saw the exact moment his heroic restraint started to visibly fray.

I leaned down close, letting my damp hair fall like a curtain around us as I softly brushed my lips against the hard curve of his shoulder.

"Hm?" I murmured, tilting my head, teasing him with a heavy, half-lidded gaze.

His hands broke free of mine. One slid firmly around my waist, anchoring me tightly to him, while the other tangled deep in my wet hair at the nape of my neck. I exhaled a quiet sigh as I wrapped my arm around his broad shoulders, pulling myself closer to his warmth, my other hand resting lightly right over his hammering heartbeat.

I watched his eyes grow darker, far more turbulent, shifting into a stormy shade of blue that mirrored the volatile tension crackling in the air around us. His grip on me was wavering, tightening, then loosening slightly like he was caught in an intense, invisible tug of war with himself. The towel wrapped around me bunched under his flexing fingers, and I could feel his jaw clench hard.

He was actively fighting himself.

Good.

Let the struggle burn right through him. I certainly wasn't going to make this easy for him.

"I take it your heat's returned," he ground out, his voice impossibly tight.

"Mmhmm," I hummed in response, trailing slow, deliberate kisses from his muscular shoulder upward, until I reached the shell of his ear.

"And what exactly do you plan to do about it?" I whispered against his skin, letting my teeth graze his earlobe.

In a flash, his hand fisted tightly in my hair, pulling my head back just enough to pull my lips away. His other hand braced heavily against my hip as he lifted himself up slightly, the absolute tension in him almost palpable.

His gaze seared directly into mine, and I couldn't help the slow, wanton smile that stretched across my tingling lips.

"I should leave," he muttered, but even he didn't sound remotely convinced by his own words. His pale eyes drifted down to my parted mouth, then lower. "I need to let you cool off before this turns into something you might regret later."

"Really?" I teased, locking my legs even tighter around his waist.

"Yeah," he exhaled out, his voice far rougher now, "I really should."

Then he crushed his lips right onto mine.

There was nothing gentle about the kiss. It was hungry, bruising, and electric. I matched his raw intensity, biting down lightly on his lower lip, only to let out a soft gasp when he retaliated with a possessive growl and a sharp nip of his own.

My fingers wandered from his broad chest, gliding slowly down the hard lines of his flat stomach, feeling his core muscles shift beneath my touch. When I reached the upper edge of the towel wrapped loosely around his waist, I paused my hand hovering just above the tight knot.

With one finger, I traced the hot path down his lower abdomen, lightly brushing the fine trail of dark hair beneath it. My pulse roared in my ears as I slipped my hand lower.

But suddenly, he was completely gone.

I blinked in shock, the heavy weight of him vanishing in an instant.

The mattress bounced lightly under me, the sudden absence of his warmth hitting far harder than I expected. I sat up quickly, scanning the empty master bedroom, but I already knew he was far away. Somewhere else in the vast house.

I let out a shaky sigh and closed my eyes tightly.

And when I opened them again... the intense heat haze was gone. I was calmer now.

And far more aware of just how close I had come to completely losing control.

"Great," I muttered under my breath as I stood up and tugged the towel tighter around my body. The damp fabric clung to my skin, and I crossed the room to retrieve my discarded undergarments from the floor. Zaliver really hadn't needed to toss them like that earlier.

A hot flush crept across my cheeks, a wild mix of lingering embarrassment and, goddess help me, an odd sense of satisfaction. I wasn't particularly proud of that feeling, but it was right there, all fluttery and warm in my chest. Giddy, even.

I dressed quickly in clean clothes, stealing a glance at my reflection in the tall mirror. My face was rosy, and my dark hair fell in wet waves past my breasts. I ran my fingers through it slowly, trying to soothe the internal chaos inside me. After what had just happened, I doubted Zaliver would want to linger around here for long. Maybe it was just... a moment. A temporary slip.

But no matter how many doubts tried to wriggle their way into my mind, I knew one thing with absolute clarity: I loved him. Completely, wildly, maddeningly. I was irrevocably in love with Zaliver.

And deep down, I genuinely believed he loved me too, at least in his own way. Maybe not with the exact same intensity yet, but I had real hope. Was it completely naïve? Probably. Still, I wasn't asking him to feel everything I felt right away... just that someday he would.

The only thing that truly scared me wasn't his immense power or his unpredictable moods. It was the haunting fear that one day, without warning, he'd simply decide I wasn't what he wanted after all. That he'd reject me when things got real. I knew it was entirely irrational he'd given me no real reason to think that but fear didn't need facts to sink its sharp teeth in.

Sometimes, being a girl honestly sucked.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

With a quiet sigh, I padded softly down to the brightly lit kitchen, my ravenous stomach aggressively reminding me that I had completely skipped breakfast after our eventful... "morning workout." I eagerly made myself a massive stack of sandwiches seven full, thick ones, to be exact before I finally felt anywhere near full. After grabbing a fresh bottle of cold water, I paused in place, closing my eyes and trying to locate Zaliver.

There faint, a low, buzzing hum that definitely didn't belong to any normal kitchen appliance. I stood completely still and focused hard, filtering through our powerful pack bond like tuning an old radio station. The exact second I locked in on his specific wavelength, sharp male voices came through directly into my mind as if I were standing just outside his office door.

"What do you fucking mean the door is gone?" Zaliver's voice thundered through the connection, vibrating with sheer fury.

I jerked back instinctively, my heart thudding wildly at the raw, dangerous edge in his deadly tone.

A panicked male voice responded, sounding intensely nervous and low. "Yes, sir. The door broke right through everything holding it down and vanished over two hours ago. I've already ordered the men to immediately relocate."

Zaliver's deep breathing was sharp, heavy, and completely ragged.

"Find that fucking door," he growled out, his voice practically vibrating the floorboards.

Door? What on earth kind of door?

Deep concern stirred within me like a massive stormcloud building rapidly on the horizon. I set the water bottle down on the counter and followed his intense energy, letting our soul bond guide me down the quiet hallway toward his private office. The closer I got to the wooden entrance, the more I could physically feel the dark, stormy weight curling in his emotions tight, furious, and overwhelmingly heavy. I hated how exceptionally rare it was for him to experience genuine peace. And I hated even more how often he stubbornly chose to carry these massive burdens entirely alone.

"Will do," the other male voice said hastily, and then the line went dead, punctuated by the sharp shatter of something glass breaking inside his office.

I knocked once, softly, and then pushed the heavy door open to let myself in.

He stood with his broad back to me, his shoulders completely rigid as he stared out the tall window. His large hands were clenched into tight fists at his sides, his knuckles turning pale white from the pressure.

Quietly, I walked up behind his tall frame and wrapped my arms around his waist, resting my warm cheek flat against his solid back. At first, he didn't move an inch, frozen in his anger. But then he let out a deep, weary sigh and relaxed just enough to turn around inside my embrace. I tilted my head up to meet his dark, troubled gaze.

"Now," I murmured softly, brushing my fingers gently over his warm cheek, "I believe it's my turn to ask... what's wrong?"

His eyes closed for a brief, quiet moment under my gentle touch before opening again, their electric blue slightly dimmed but far less stormy.

"Just... some annoying trouble with the gods," he said, the bitter words heavily laced with frustration.

I tensed up instantly, my heart picking up its pace. Gods?

"I didn't want to tell you until I'd actually handled it," he admitted with a faint grimace. "But I figured you'd probably castrate me if you found out later on."

I blinked up at him, both strangely amused and deeply unsettled by the reveal. "What kind of trouble?"

"To reach where they are currently hiding, I need a very specific door," he said, his deep voice going icy cold. "It's the exact same one they use to come here to our realm. And now it's completely missing."

I stared back at him silently, desperately trying to connect the confusing dots in my head. "Why do you need to get to them so badly?"

He turned away from me, retreating a full step back.

A thick, heavy silence answered me. But I didn't need actual words to piece it together anymore. Not after everything we'd been through.

He was keeping something major from me. Again.

My mind flashed rapidly through what I already knew the arrogant gods had taken his lost brother. They wanted to use me as some kind of pathetic peace offering. Zaliver had always been deeply cryptic when it came to their affairs, always holding back the absolute worst of it to protect me. But now...

A single dark word echoed in my mind like a loud drumbeat.

Revenge.

And suddenly, the mystery of the missing door made terrifying, perfect sense.

I stepped right back into his strong arms without even thinking, pressing my face firmly into his chest and letting his intoxicating warmth completely wrap around me. The solid, steady beat of his heart grounded my frantic thoughts in a way nothing else ever could. I felt his body move slightly, and then his large arms came around me again, holding me tight, steady, and entirely secure.

"Don't you have anything else to say about it?" he murmured gently against my wet hair. His voice wasn't accusing in the slightest just deeply curious.

I shook my head against his chest. "Not right now. One thing at a time."

But the exact second those words left my mouth, I instantly regretted them. That subtle pause I knew he'd caught it immediately. Sure enough...

"Vivian?" he said softly, his tone shifting. "I believe there's a whole conversation we've been actively putting off, isn't there?"

I groaned internally and glanced up at his face, fluttering my lashes playfully like I could somehow charm my way right out of it. Thankfully, his tense expression was far more amused than concerned now, his handsome mouth tilting upward in a faint, knowing smile.

"Nope," I said with mock innocence.

"You know you can tell me absolutely anything, right?" he asked softly. "That I'll always be right here for you whenever you need me?"

My chest squeezed painfully tight at his sweet words. He genuinely meant every single syllable. Without thinking, I reached up and cupped the back of his muscular neck, pulling his head down for a quick, lingering kiss on his lips. "Yup."

He pursed his lips at me in that soft, devastatingly handsome way of his.

"So... you're really not going to tell me?"

I hesitated for a brief moment, then finally just shrugged my shoulders. "Not yet."

He let out a small, quiet sigh, but he didn't press me any further. His pale gaze warmed considerably as it rested on my face. "I'll gladly take that for now."

Take this for now so you can take us properly later, my wolf whispered slyly deep in my mind. I blinked hard, stunned by her timing. Did my left eye just twitch?

I cleared my throat awkwardly to hide my sudden blush. "So... what are you doing with the rest of your day?"

He pulled out his phone and lazily scrolled through his busy calendar, sighing as if the unbearable weight of a dozen different worlds lived inside the screen. "Four tedious online meetings, endless paperwork reviews, a couple of territory requests to go over, and then I need to check in with the betas."

My face must have looked as dry as stale toast, because he stopped talking right there, smirking down at me.

"You completely lost me at meetings," I muttered. "So you're just gonna be locked up in this office all day?"

"Basically, yes. If you want to go out somewhere, just let me know so I can send an escort "

"No, no. It's completely fine. I didn't really have anything grand planned today anyway," I cut in quickly, saving him the trouble.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

My hand was still tangled in his thick hair, so I gave one of the dark strands a gentle tug, idly twisting it between my fingers. The dark lock felt soft and incredibly thick, far warmer than it should be.

"Your hair's getting longer," I said softly, tugging again with a small, playful grin.

He tilted his head down toward me, his expression entirely curious and gentle. Then he eased back just enough to free the dark strand from my loose grasp.

"Do you want me to cut it?" he asked.

The simple question caught me completely off guard. "Why would it matter what I think about your hair?"

He smiled softly, catching my hand before I could pull it away completely. He brought it up to his lips, pressing a warm kiss to the back of it like I was something precious fragile, even. His pale eyes locked onto mine, warm and intensely focused.

"Is it a crime to want to please my beautiful mate?"

I rolled my eyes so hard I could've seen my own soul, but it was absolutely no use. My traitorous heart was already betraying me, fluttering so loudly he could probably hear it echoing in the quiet room.

"No," I said reluctantly, feeling my face warm. "Don't cut it. Not yet."

I backed away slowly, giving him plenty of room to focus on his massive pile of work. But just as I reached the wooden doorway, I paused, gripping the frame lightly.

"So... are we ever going to talk about what happened up there?" I asked, not turning around to face him. My fingers twitched slightly against the dark wood. I wasn't about to let my unhandled emotions break another perfectly good doorframe.

He crossed his broad arms behind his back and raised a dark brow. I sighed loudly back at him.

"Fine," I muttered and turned completely around. My dark gaze locked onto his. "Why do you keep pulling away from me?"

The quiet amusement faded from his face as he studied me, his eyes narrowing slightly not with anger, but with deep thought. Like he was choosing each specific word very carefully.

"Because when we do mate," he said, his deep voice low but steady, "I don't want it to be because of the heat. I definitely don't want you to wake up afterward full of regret, hating me for not being strong enough to wait for you. I want it to be real. Your choice. No confusion. No lingering doubt."

His piercing blue eyes met mine without wavering for a single second. And just like that, my heart stuttered violently in my chest, my breath catching on the very edge of something tender and terrifying all at once.

This dangerous male was going to completely ruin me... and I was willingly letting him.

We locked eyes for a long moment, a silent, heavy understanding flickering between us both of us clearly recalling what had happened upstairs not long ago. It lingered in the air around us, warm and crackling like glowing embers refusing to die.

"Well," I said with a teasing, subtle smile, "looks like we finally agree on something."

Zaliver tilted his head slightly, curious. "And what would that be?"

"I know exactly what I want now." My voice came out completely sure. I turned and walked right down the hallway, closing the heavy door behind me with a soft, decisive click.

Like a absolute boss, my wolf purred deep inside me, her tail swishing around in smug, total approval.

While Zaliver stayed locked in his office handling whatever heavy Alpha-level tasks were demanding his attention, I headed straight upstairs. I paused at the very top of the hallway, my fingers brushing gently along the wall for a moment as I gathered my chaotic thoughts. Then I turned on my heel and went straight into the guest room the exact same one I had stayed in when I first came back here.

I opened the tall closet, holding my breath. Relief flooded through me when I saw the sleek bag I had bought during that chaotic shopping outing with Hannah, still neatly tucked away on the top shelf. I took it down carefully and slipped into the room, making sure to firmly lock the wooden door behind me.

My fingers hesitated at the zipper for a brief second before I opened the bag and dumped the entire contents out onto the bed. I stared down at the collection lace, satin, soft delicate straps in rich shades of black, deep crimson, and soft cream. Hannah definitely had exceptionally great taste. Every single piece was beautiful, seductive in its own distinct right.

But the longer I stood there staring down at the bed, the more deeply unsettled I felt.

It wasn't that the lingerie was wrong it was stunning but... it just didn't feel right. Not for this specific step with him.

This wasn't just about surface attraction or standard seduction. This was about Zaliver and me two volatile wolves who had met in the most unexpected, chaotic way, two raw souls bound together without any warning or prior preparation. We didn't ease into anything gently. We crashed, we collided violently. There were no fake masks, no manipulative games, just raw, brutal truth from the very beginning. And I wanted whatever came next to reflect that.

I smiled softly to myself, shaking my head in quiet realization.

No. Not this time.

I carefully placed each delicate item right back in the bag and returned it to the shelf in the closet. Someday, maybe. But definitely not now.

After that, I wandered into the adjoining bathroom and grabbed my hairbrush. Combing my hair always helped calm the turbulent whirlwind in my chest. As the bristles slid smoothly through my dark strands, I stood right by the tall window and looked out. The sky was turning a soft, pale gray the exact kind of gray that made you want to curl up with a thick blanket and let the outside world fade away.

The kind of comforting gray that made you feel safe, somehow.

I breathed in deeply, letting the quiet moment settle inside me. Then, instead of going down to the vast library like I normally would for some reading, I grabbed my laptop and with a subtle bit of hesitation crept downstairs toward Zaliver's office once again.

When I pushed the door open, he immediately looked up from his computer screen, that cool, severe Alpha expression quickly giving way to deep curiosity. His sharp gaze softened the instant he saw it was me.

"Sorry," I mouthed silently with a sheepish grin as I stepped inside.

He didn't say anything out loud, just silently watched as I marched in like a woman on a direct mission. I could hear deep voices coming from his laptop speakers some important-sounding pack conversation still happening but my complete focus was on one thing.

Paper.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

I searched all around his office, peering into open drawers and low cabinets, rummaging through things like a intensely determined raccoon. I was very aware of Zaliver watching me with growing amusement from behind his grand desk, the faint corners of his mouth twitching upwards.

When I came up completely empty, I stopped moving and planted both hands firmly on my hips, glaring down at his desk like it had personally betrayed me.

He raised a dark brow in silent question, but I just waved him off, silently telling him to keep listening to the ongoing speaker on his laptop.

Determined to find what I needed, I dropped down to my knees and crawled around to his side of the heavy desk. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught his startled expression as my head popped up near his lap. I tried my absolute best not to smirk.

First drawer. Nothing.

Second drawer. Absolute jackpot.

Stacks of crisp blank paper, sticky notes in every bright color imaginable, even some sleek executive pens. I pulled out a small stack of paper and closed the drawer quietly.

I stood up, snatched two sharp pencils straight off his desk like a stealthy thief in the night, and shot him a deeply grateful smile.

"Thanks," I mouthed silently as I headed straight for the door.

Behind me, I heard a low, amused chuckle escape his broad chest. It sounded half-strained, half-entertained by my bizarre behavior.

I didn't turn around. But I smiled all the exceptionally long way back to my room.

Back in our master bedroom, I slipped on my heavy headphones and plugged them into my laptop. Soft music poured directly into my ears as I browsed through tracks, finally settling on something deeply calm to match the steady, comfortable rhythm in my chest. The crisp scent of fresh air drifting through the tall window made me glance outside for a second. I pulled my sketchpad into my lap and let my sharp pencil move smoothly across the blank page, tracing the faint outlines of what I saw. Mountains dipped in soft twilight, dark tree lines brushing against the horizon, the evening sky painted with beautiful, fading hues.

My stomach growled loudly. Or maybe it was my inner wolf. At this specific point, the two of us had grown so completely intertwined, I couldn't tell where her ravenous hunger ended and mine began.

I wandered downstairs to the kitchen, fully intending to make yet another massive sandwich. But when I reached the marble counter, I blinked in genuine surprise. A warm plate was already waiting right there for me. A grilled cheese, still warm and perfectly golden, and a steaming bowl of rich tomato soup sitting beside it. My eyes widened as I stepped closer to the counter. How on earth had he made this so quickly? And when had he even snuck out of his meeting?

Next to the plate sat a neatly folded note written in Zaliver's distinct, dark, slanted handwriting.

My beloved mate,

Eat it all and tell me if you want more.

P.S. You're mine.

– Zaliver

I couldn't help it I laughed out loud, clutching the little note in both hands as my heart gave a ridiculous, fluttery skip. His intense possessiveness might have annoyed me once upon a time, but now it just made me feel deeply wanted. Truly protected.

The very first time he wrote me a note was back in the old pack house, when he sternly told me to lock both doors. So authoritative, so commanding. And now here he was, making grilled cheese and leaving cheeky little written reminders that I belonged to him.

I sat down at the counter and devoured the food, savoring every delicious bite. It was simple, sure, but it was incredibly thoughtful. Comforting. I found myself wondering where he was right now. Had he already eaten something himself? Was he still out training the younger pack members? My mind lingered on him for far longer than I expected.

Back upstairs in our quiet space, I let the soft, ethereal melody of "Wait" by M83 spill into the room, letting the haunting tones dictate the peaceful mood. I picked up right where I left off, pencil in hand, lines forming into beautiful shapes that slowly bloomed into something breathtaking on the page. The strange underwater voices returned briefly those bizarre, distant echoes that sounded far away but rang deep inside my skull. Thankfully, they didn't last long enough to trigger a painful headache this time.

I really should mention it to Zaliver soon. I kept pushing it aside as nothing, but it definitely wasn't normal. Even in a world where shifting into massive wolves and mind-linking across miles were part of everyday reality, those strange voices felt completely different.

The more I drew, the more I visibly relaxed. My noisy thoughts quieted down, and all that remained was the steady, soothing glide of graphite against paper. Drawing had always been a massive comfort for me. As a child, it was my ultimate escape. Now, it was my absolute peace.

The sun dipped lower over the distant trees, casting long golden shadows straight across the room. Even with my enhanced wolf sight, I could tell the natural light was fading it wasn't the exact same kind of sharp clarity, but it was still breathtakingly gorgeous. I gathered my scattered sketches together, removed my headphones, then shut the laptop and placed it gently on the soft couch.

Stretching my limbs high, I realized how amazingly good my body felt. No severe soreness, no lingering tightness from the intense earlier workout with Venom. Our supernatural healing abilities definitely had massive perks. I would have been an absolute mess otherwise.

Venom. Now there was a massive mystery I hadn't fully unraveled yet. He was so strange odd in a silent, deeply polite kind of way. Intimidating, yes, but beneath all that deadly shifter exterior... there was something more. I didn't know what it was quite yet, but something about his quiet nature tugged at my curiosity.

I heard the heavy, recognizable thud of Zaliver's boots approaching from the long hallway. My pulse quickened for a brief second before I reminded myself to breathe normally. *Relax, Vivian. You're not some nervous teenager with a basic crush.*

The wooden door creaked open, and there he stood. That signature smile calm, completely knowing, and just a little smug made absolutely everything inside me soften at once.

"Did you like lunch?" he asked softly, strolling over to the large bed-couch and dropping down right beside me. He crossed one long leg over the other, his broad body angled directly toward mine.

"Yup. Absolutely loved it," I replied, scooting closer until my hands hovered just above his muscular thigh. "It's actually my favorite."

"Good." He leaned in close, his warm fingers threading gently through my hair before he pulled back again. The touch was brief, but it lingered heavily on my skin.

"Do you want dinner now or later?" he asked, his deep voice low and casual.

"Now, please," I said with a broad grin. "I'll even help you make it!"

He made a sudden face somewhere between completely horrified and dramatically offended. His pale blue eyes widened in exaggerated terror, and I laughed out loud despite myself. Okay, fair enough. I probably would just end up getting in his way.

"Fine. I'll just watch," I huffed, sticking out my bottom lip in a mock pout.

He chuckled deep under his breath, and I caught the unmistakable flicker of profound fondness in his pale gaze. Moments like this made everything between us feel so normal almost domestic. A dangerous Alpha Deus and the girl who was supposed to be his true match, figuring it all out one simple meal and one drawing at a time.

"That's both much better and significantly safer," Zaliver said, grabbing my hand and gently pulling me up off the couch before I could even protest.

I squinted suspiciously at his broad back as he led us down toward the kitchen. "Safer for who exactly?"

He didn't even pause his stride. "Both of us. We'd probably get severe food poisoning if you were the one actually cooking."

I gasped out loud, slapping his broad shoulder with a dramatic huff. "Wow. Absolutely rude."