

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 191: A Masterclass in Power[1,272 words]

Chapter 191: A Masterclass in Power

Vivian's POV

I was not the only one who noticed them. Mates all across the wide ballroom had turned to stare at the pair some in stunned silence, others with outright disapproval. The male guests quickly snapped their heads away from the barely dressed redhead, earning irritated glares and sharp nudges from their own mates.

I could not help but smirk to myself. The way she strutted in, wearing what looked more like a narrow leather belt across her chest and a tiny scarf pretending to be a skirt, was bold even for werewolves. I leaned toward Zahliver through our private mind link, thoroughly amused by the whole spectacle.

Seriously? Did she actually think that counted as a real dress?

Zahliver did not respond right away he just shook his head very slowly. His expression flickered with a mix of minor irritation and reluctant amusement.

"I really did not think I would have to spell out how much skin was too much. And I highly doubt that is his true mate," he finally said, his sharp eyes still locked on the couple below.

He scanned the crowded room again, his jaw tightening slightly. I followed his gaze for a brief moment, then looked away, already sensing those two would bring far more than just a loud fashion statement to tonight's event. Trouble always had a very distinct scent, and those two reeked of it.

All around the room, whole families stood close together, whispering quietly behind elaborate fans and tall wine glasses. Disapproval hung over their faces like thick morning fog. I saw several alphas exchanging harsh, clipped words with other visiting alphas and betas, tempers flaring up right behind forced, fake smiles. The energy in the room had shifted completely. Whatever fragile peace existed between certain rival packs felt thin, like ice cracking right beneath our feet.

I was not particularly interested in their petty rivalries, though. My attention drifted toward a quiet pair near the far wall, nestled right in the middle of the main seating area. Something about the two of them stilled me completely.

They were true mates. That much was obvious at a single glance. He was older, far more weathered, with steady eyes and a deeply protective posture. She looked much younger,

clearly uncomfortable in all this loud chaos, her smooth caramel skin glowing gently beneath the chandelier's warm light. Her bronze-brown hair curled delicately over her shoulders, and she clutched her mate's heavy arm like it was her only anchor in a rising storm.

She wore a delicate mask made of cream with pale green accents, soft and earthy like fresh leaves in autumn. His mask, in total contrast, was crafted entirely from small wooden branches and thin twigs, shaped with incredible care. Together, they looked just like a peaceful forest in motion. Leaves and limbs. A perfect, natural match.

I felt something deeply warm stir inside my chest soft, steady, and unfamiliar.

They even glowed alike. Their combined auras pulsed with a gentle orange-green harmony that made me just want to stand there and stare. And apparently, I did stare for a little too long.

Zahliver leaned slightly toward me, his quiet curiosity brushing softly across our mate bond.

Down below, more and more heads began tilting upward, finally realizing the two of us had been standing up here the whole time. The slow, steady murmur of crowd conversation turned into hushed, nervous whispers, and I felt the collective awareness settle over the room like a heavy fog.

Zahliver slowly withdrew his other hand from his pocket and glanced down at his watch. Almost right on cue, the background music cut off completely. The very last guests had finally trickled through the front. Two massive, towering wolves both masked in the exact same dark copper tones pushed the heavy ballroom doors completely shut. Their sudden presence commanded immediate attention, especially when their eyes lit up with a harsh flash of bright silver.

They were Zahliver's personal wolves. His elite enforcers.

They took their positions right in front of the locked doors, totally unmoving, and suddenly the entire room felt ten degrees colder.

Zahliver turned smoothly toward me and gently unlinked our arms, letting his long fingers slide down my arm until he caught my hand. Then, without any warning at all, he lifted my hand and pressed a soft kiss directly to my knuckles. His lips were wonderfully warm, but his dark blue eyes were something else entirely icy blue, burning with supreme authority and just a hint of real danger.

That intense glint in his gaze told me everything I needed to know. Zahliver was not just about to make a good impression tonight. He was about to make an unforgettable statement.

He took a step forward, moving right up to the edge of the second-floor balcony railing. The entire room below fell into absolute silence.

I felt it immediately his sheer energy. His power. It surged outward like a wild, living thing, wrapping around him in deep black waves that made my skin rise in total awareness. My own aura stirred up in response, pulled straight into his force like a strong tide drawn to the full moon.

He gripped the cold railing with both hands, his body posture calm but utterly commanding. Slowly, he leaned forward, casting his sharp gaze over the entire ballroom.

Every single alpha below flinched under his heavy stare. Some blinked quickly, thoroughly shaken. Others straightened their backs, visibly bracing themselves for what was coming.

Lunas shifted anxiously right beside their mates, clearly not expecting such a sudden shift in overwhelming power.

Betas and their mates dropped their eyes toward the floor instantly.

Then Zahliver smiled. Just a tiny, quiet shift of his lips. The exact kind of smile that said he knew precisely what he was doing, and that he was thoroughly enjoying every second of it.

And then he spoke, his voice coming out smooth, deep, and laced with the kind of absolute dominance that made the inner wolf in every single person in that room sit up straight and listen.

"Welcome to tonight's ball," he said, the dark shadows in his tone curling tightly around every word. "My name is Zahliver Azrala, and I am your Alpha. Bow down."

Audible gasps echoed through the massive crowd a loud chorus of sheer disbelief and rising panic.

I watched, my heart thudding hard against my ribs, as bodies all over the floor began folding downward against their own will. Alphas strained desperately to resist the command, growling low and defiant, but Zahliver's crushing power swept right through them like a hurricane. No one in that room was strong enough to stand against it.

Some snarled through their teeth, while others dropped heavily onto one knee, their deep pride visibly wounded. But every single one of them bowed whether by choice or by absolute force.

Then Zahliver simply lifted one hand and flicked his wrist casually, as if he were merely brushing away a tiny fly.

Instantly, the crushing physical pressure lifted, and the people in the room straightened back up as if exhaling all at once in unison. Faces burned bright red some from deep embarrassment, others from pure, boiling fury. The air became thick with heavy emotion: rage, fear, confusion, awe... even deep hatred.

And straight through it all, Zahliver stood completely calm and entirely unbothered.

I looked up at him in that moment and saw not just my mate, but the true Alpha of Alphas. The dark wolf they all feared... and the incredible man I truly belonged to.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 192: The Name of the God[1,084 words]

Chapter 192: The Name of the God

Vivian's POV

What stunned me most was not Zahliver's heavy command, but the eerie, absolute silence that followed right after it. Not a single alpha in the room dared speak out against him. Not even a whisper of real protest echoed through the hall. Maybe it was pure fear that sealed their lips tightly, or maybe... maybe they all knew deep down that what he'd said wasn't just a threat. It was the undeniable truth.

Some nervous wolves near the back began to shift uncomfortably, edging slowly toward the grand exit. Panic was a powerful, bitter scent, and it clung to them now thick, heavy, and obvious. But before they could even reach the massive doors, one of the visiting alphas stepped directly in front of them, his stance protective as he pulled his mate closer to his side.

"Move!" he thundered, his loud voice cracking across the large room like a whip.

I felt the sudden pulse of his power even from all the way up here, brushing against my skin like warm wind before a massive storm. It stirred the air around us, but it was not nearly enough to stop anyone who was truly determined. Still, the fleeing wolves froze instantly, their teeth bared, bodies stiff and tense. They didn't move. Not even a single step forward.

The stunned faces around them told me they hadn't expected any real resistance, especially not here, and certainly not tonight. I turned back toward Zahliver, just in time to catch the quiet chuckle rumbling deep from his chest. It echoed softly in the dead silence like thunder inside a quiet tomb.

The entire moment was completely his again.

The young alpha who had tried to challenge the exiting wolves hesitated, looking confused now that no one else stood with him.

Zahliver let his deep voice cut through the thick tension once more. Smooth. Unshakably confident. Lethal.

"As I was saying," he drawled lazily, resting his broad palms casually on the balcony railing again, "I am your Alpha. But most of you only know me by another name... Lupus Deus." He arched a single brow, the dark sarcasm completely unmistakable. "Does that ring any faint bells?"

A collective murmur broke out across the wide crowd below, swelling quickly like a rising tide. From behind their fancy masks, eyes widened in sudden, horrifying realization. I heard heartbeats skip wildly and heavy breaths catch in throats as his legendary name finally clicked in their minds. Some looked like they had been struck by lightning. Others looked like they were trying their best not to collapse under the sheer weight of it.

Had they honestly thought this grand gathering was just some elaborate joke? And yet they had all shown up, followed his strict dress code, and bowed low when commanded. That alone said everything.

Zahliver continued, his tone taking on a slightly lighter note as he glanced over his shoulder down at me. "Tonight's masked ball is in honor of my mate someone I have searched for far longer than most of you have ruled your little packs."

His dark eyes softened instantly when they met mine, and he reached his large hand out toward me. I didn't hesitate for a second. I stepped forward gracefully, slipping my fingers into his warm grip.

"Your Luna... Vivian," he announced to the hall with a quiet, powerful pride. "Clap."

At first, the applause was scattered and deeply hesitant. Then, a wave of applause rippled straight through the room. I saw guests glance nervously at one another, completely uncertain, their hands slapping together more out of survival instinct than real celebration. But I didn't look away from them. I met their eyes head-on not with petty defiance, but with calm, unyielding strength. Zahliver did not claim weak mates.

I turned my head to him, catching the brilliant gleam in his dark eyes. He was thriving off all of this the sheer power, the dramatic performance, the unspoken message that tonight would completely reshape the old rules.

Then, with another casual flick of his wrist, he willingly gave me the entire stage.

I could feel him channeling his immense strength directly into me through our mate bond, steadying my posture. I drew deeply from it, pulling it in like a fresh breath of air. My

inner wolf stirred within me, her ancient presence merging seamlessly with my own. My voice came out soft, but it sliced clean through the room like smooth silk over sharp steel.

"I look forward to speaking with each of you personally," I said, smiling faintly at the crowd. "I hope you all enjoy your night."

Even in a massive room full of dominant alphas, my words held undeniable weight.

"So do I," Zahliver added darkly, his voice carrying over the floor. "It seems... certain things in our community desperately need to change. Enjoy yourselves."

And just like that, he drew me smoothly back to his side. We stepped away from the very edge of the balcony, watching the crowd try to follow our movements from down below, only able to catch tiny glimpses of us between the thick rails.

The background music returned, tentative and slow, but it did very little to soothe the thick tension still tangled tight in the air.

I turned to him with a soft laugh, the high buzz of adrenaline still running strong through my veins.

I knew it, I teased him gently through our mind link. You're secretly so dramatic under all those brooding expressions.

His response was lightning swift. He grabbed my waist firmly and pulled me flush against his hard chest. I gasped softly, my hands instantly bracing against his dark suit jacket.

"That's not the only thing that's hard right now," he murmured into my ear, his voice low, rough, and deeply teasing.

I rolled my eyes up at him, but I didn't step away from his touch.

"So..." I said after a short beat, turning slightly in his arms to glance back down at the mixed crowd of guests. "Shall we go down and mingle?"

He rested his chin lightly on top of my head and slowly shook it.

No. I don't trust them not to try something stupid, he answered grimly through the bond. *There are at least three hidden guns in this room right now.*

My body tensed up immediately against him.

The long night was only just beginning, and already, the wolves were showing their sharp teeth.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 193: The Eye of the Storm[1,195 words]

Chapter 193: The Eye of the Storm

Vivian's POV

"Don't worry. I'll keep you safe," Zahliver murmured softly, his strong arms tightening protectively around my waist. His voice was firm and steady the exact kind of promise you knew he would gladly die keeping. And he was right. We were werewolves. Faster than flying bullets. Harder to kill than most people would ever dare to try.

"It's not me I'm worried about," I whispered back, my eyes drifting slowly away from his face.

Without really meaning to, my gaze landed once more on the skittish young girl and her mate the forest pair. Something about the two of them tugged at me, quietly but very insistently. She looked like she was desperately trying to disappear into the background, despite the bright, beautiful glow that connected them together. I wanted to talk to them later. Needed to, actually. There was definitely something important there.

"Let everyone settle down first," Zahliver said gently against my hair. "Dinner will be served in just a few minutes anyway."

I nodded silently and let myself relax into his chest, swaying slightly as he rocked us gently in place. It was strange how calm I felt up here, despite the thick tension simmering right below us. But that was just Zahliver he was the peaceful eye of the storm, and whenever I was close to him, the surrounding chaos faded away completely.

Just as he had said, only minutes later, the grand ballroom was ushered into its next act. Waiters began flowing out from the side entrances in a perfectly smooth formation, each wearing dark matching uniforms and fully covered theater masks that glittered faintly under the warm overhead lights. The overall effect was... deeply dramatic.

They moved completely as one silent, swift, and almost too graceful for ordinary mortals. It was just like watching a carefully choreographed performance.

Two of them quickly ascended the stairs and approached our private balcony table, placing down two elegantly plated meals along with a cold, chilled bottle of fine champagne. I arched a brow behind my mask as they departed without saying a single word, vanishing back down the stairs just as smoothly as they had come.

All across the main room below, families began digging into their food well, most of them did. Others sat completely stiffly in their chairs, casting wary, suspicious glances up at us as if we had sprinkled deadly poison across their plates instead of fresh herbs.

Seriously?

I let out a quiet sigh and walked over to the balcony railing, lifting my voice with easy strength and a very heavy dose of sarcasm.

"We're not going to poison any of you, if that's what you're all standing there thinking. Trust me, if we wanted you dead, there are far faster and far less theatrical ways to make that happen. Besides, we're eating the exact same food up here. It'd be a bit rude to murder our guests during dinner, wouldn't it?"

Some of the guests looked startled by my sudden words, but a few bold women down below actually cracked small smiles. After shushing their overly suspicious mates, they picked up their silver forks and began to eat. I returned to our table, feeling thoroughly smug.

Just as I was about to sit down, a loud, nasally voice whined loudly from the main floor.

"I can't possibly eat this! What are the carbs in this dish? Is that real pasta? Ew!"

Oh, goddess above. I didn't even need to look down to know exactly who had said that. I rolled my eyes so hard I was genuinely worried they would stay stuck in the back of my head.

Zahliver chuckled darkly and pulled my heavy chair out for me, always the perfect gentleman whenever he wasn't actively terrifying dominant alphas. He pushed it in gently after I sat, then took his own place across from me with a charming, handsome smile.

Dinner turned out to be some kind of delicious gourmet pasta coated in a rich, creamy sauce that practically melted on the tongue. But honestly? My absolute favorite part was not the food itself. It was watching mighty Zahliver wrestle with the tricky logistics of eating while wearing his rigid mask.

He squinted down at his silver fork like it had personally offended his whole existence.

I let out a soft laugh.

"You find your own mate's terrible suffering amusing?" he asked, his voice low and mock-threatening.

"parser-friendly answer: absolutely," I said sweetly. Then I picked up my own fork, scooped up a small bite of pasta, and held it right out to him. "Here. Let me help you."

His blue eyes gleamed brightly as he leaned forward and took the bite, his lips closing completely around the fork. He licked his bottom lip afterward, very slowly. My mouth went completely dry.

"My turn," he said smoothly, and immediately returned the favor, feeding me a bite with the exact same deliberate care.

The intimate moment stretched out between us rich, deep, and private, despite the hundreds of people sitting right below us. We ate, and drank, and stared only at each other. Everything else in the massive room simply blurred out.

Once our plates were cleared away by the masked waiters again, I noticed the large dessert tables being set up on the lower level. It was the perfect excuse.

"I want to go down there," I said.

"So do I."

He stood up gracefully and offered his arm, which I slid mine right through. Just before we reached the top of the stairs, Zahliver stopped moving and turned toward Venom, who still perched silently around my upper arm.

He tapped the cool snake armband twice.

"Stay alert," Zahliver ordered softly.

To my total surprise, Venom flicked out his long tongue and hissed softly, just like a real snake would an eerie, sharp sound that raised goosebumps all across my skin. It was deeply creepy and totally badass at the exact same time. I blinked hard, trying my best not to laugh nervously.

With that, we began slowly descending the grand stairs. The very moment our feet hit the first step, a sudden hush began to ripple across the whole room. Quiet conversations died down immediately. Silver forks clinked loudly down onto plates. Every pair of eyes followed our every single move.

Zahliver's strong hand supported me firmly as I gathered my long red dress carefully with my other hand. These stairs were remarkably steep, and I did not trust fate not to play a cruel trick on me tonight. If I tripped and fell in front of a whole room full of wolves especially dominant alphas I would truly never live it down.

If I fall, I swear I am blaming Albericus for this whole event, I thought, gritting my teeth tightly behind my smile.

Zahliver glanced down at me from the corner of his eye, his lips smirking softly.

You won't fall, love, he said smoothly through our mate bond. But if you do, I will catch you before you ever touch the floor.

And honestly? That simple thought made all the difference in the world.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 194: The Weight of a Smile[1,134 words]

Chapter 194: The Weight of a Smile

Vivian's POV

Thankfully, nothing disastrous happened on our way down the steep stairs. My balance held completely, my pride stayed intact, and I didn't go tumbling headfirst in front of a whole room full of dominant alphas and their deeply judgmental mates. Zahliver gave my hand a warm, firm squeeze before letting go, then strode off confidently toward a group of alpha males clustered off to the side.

He carried himself with effortless dominance, raw power pulsing in every single step he took. I mirrored his calm strength as I moved away in a different direction, fully determined not to shrink into the background like some trembling omega.

Drawn by the promise of something light and sweet, I made my way over to the snack table, eyeing a beautifully arranged fruit and yogurt salad. But as I reached my hand out for a small cup, I noticed a subtle, sudden shift in the air all around me. The exact way a few people standing nearby stiffened up... and then slowly began to retreat like I was something deeply venomous.

They weren't just scared because Zahliver was nearby. They were genuinely scared of me.

Because when an alpha shows his full, terrifying force, so does his luna.

I forced the uncomfortable thought down and turned away, scanning the crowded ballroom until I spotted the nervous couple from earlier tucked away near the back of the room. The female's gaze locked right with mine wide-eyed and deeply wary and I offered her the warmest, gentlest smile I could muster. She flinched visibly, her face paling even more, but I didn't stop. I walked straight toward them with my chin held high and my shoulders back, acutely aware of the heavy stares burning directly into my back.

The background music playing in the room shifted. My own chosen song, *Shades of Golden* by Sea Oleana, drifted softly through the air, feeling strangely grounding to my frazzled nervous system. The gathering wolves parted like the sea as I passed, their varied

expressions ranging from mildly curious to openly hostile. Some tried to offer fake smiles, while others flatly refused to meet my eyes at all. I ignored every bit of it.

My high heels echoed sharply against the polished floor with every single step, the delicate hem of my red dress brushing lightly over my black shoes as I moved with carefully measured grace.

When I finally reached their table, I took in the male's stiff, dangerous posture. He was completely tensed up, his broad shoulders angled slightly toward me like he was ready to shield his female mate from a direct attack at any second. The female clung tightly to his heavy arm, her warm brown eyes darting nervously back and forth between me and the rest of the room. A beta pair, clearly. But where on earth was their commanding alpha?

"May I join you?" I asked gently, keeping my tone completely open and respectful. I made sure to meet both of their eyes directly, letting them know this was not a dark command it was entirely their choice.

The male looked like he desperately wanted to say no, but something held him back. Maybe raw wolf instinct. Maybe pack protocol. The young girl hesitated, her eyes darting between her mate, me, and the grand room around her. A sudden realization seemed to dawn on her then that everyone in the ballroom was watching us. She gave a slow, polite nod, clearly unsure of what to expect.

I kept my physical movements calm and unthreatening, taking the empty seat right across from them and setting my yogurt snack cup down on the table.

"Vivian," I said smoothly, introducing myself with a soft smile. "What are your names?"

I extended my hand to the male first. He eyed my fingers like they might suddenly reach out and bite him, and I could practically feel the intense inner war raging inside his mind. Refusing a basic handshake would be a direct insult to pack etiquette, but his deep protection instincts screamed at him not to let his guard down for a second.

I tapped into my heightened wolf senses not pushing hard, but simply opening myself up to their energy. His mental walls were built high, his thoughts locked down tight. But underneath all of that defensive posturing, the true source of his anxiety was crystal clear: it wasn't fear for himself at all. He was deeply worried about her. His mate.

And beneath that protective fear, his inner wolf sensed something unexpected... a strange, peaceful calm radiating from me.

Eventually, he reached out his hand. When our palms met, I couldn't help but chuckle softly at the way his brown eyes widened in surprise from the natural pressure of my grip.

"Sorry," I said, withdrawing my hand quickly. "I'm still working on controlling that strength."

He blinked at me in genuine surprise, then straightened his back again, though the stiffness never quite left his posture.

"I'm Beta Theo of the Crawn Pack," he said, his voice deep and gruff. "This is my mate, Melly."

I turned my full attention to her with a warm nod and offered my hand again. She took it much faster than he had, and I made sure to be far gentler with my grip this time around.

"It's really nice to meet you both," I said sincerely. "Sorry to intrude on your night, but... where is your alpha?"

Theo didn't flinch at the question. His steady eyes stayed locked on mine measured, wary, but not hateful.

He tipped his chin slightly toward a large group of alphas gathered on the far side of the room. I followed his line of sight to a portly man who stood with an absurd air of superiority, laughing loudly with a few overdressed males who practically reeked of old money and even older egos.

"There," Theo said simply.

I turned my head back and took in the scene again.

"Ah," I murmured softly. That short answer explained a whole lot.

It was sweet Melly who finally broke the heavy silence between us, her voice barely rising above a quiet whisper, hesitant but kind.

"Shouldn't you be over speaking with him? He's very important, isn't he?"

She winced the second those words left her lips, looking as if she deeply regretted saying them out loud. I gave her a gentle, reassuring smile, catching the delicate, pretty lilt of her Spanish accent beneath the soft whisper.

"He is important," I replied honestly. "But right now, it's you two I actually want to spend time with. Would it be alright if I joined you for a bit?" I asked, casually scooping up a small spoonful of my fruit snack and taking a bite.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 195: A Sharp Response[1,235 words]

Chapter 195: A Sharp Response

Vivian's POV

Their sudden reaction caught me completely off guard. They looked totally stunned, as if no one ever sat down with them just to have a normal, friendly conversation. That... really did not sit right with me.

"Of course not, Luna," Theo said quickly, his voice calm, even though I could feel a strong ripple of genuine surprise in his aura.

"You two are honestly so cute together," I said with a soft chuckle. "You actually caught my attention earlier up on the balcony. How long have the two of you been together?"

Melly's cheeks flushed a deep, bright pink beneath her delicate mask, and Theo's eyes warmed up instantly as he glanced down at her.

"Three years next month," he said, his voice full of pride.

I let out a soft, "Aww," and laughed as Melly blushed even harder than before.

"Sorry, I can be a bit... direct sometimes," I said with a small grin. "Melly, what do you enjoy doing in your free time?"

She shifted shyly in her seat, coughed a little to clear her throat, then turned to me with a sudden spark in her brown eyes. She looked over to Theo for a bit of reassurance, and he gave her a gentle nod.

"I love making all kinds of arts and crafts," she said, her voice sounding much brighter now. "Actually... I made the very masks we are wearing tonight."

I sat up much straighter in my chair, deeply impressed. "I thought they smelled like real, fresh leaves and bark. That is amazing. You are incredibly talented."

"Thank you," she mumbled softly, hiding her flushed face a little behind her dark curls. She looked so adorably flustered that I had to resist the strong urge to reach over and pinch her cheeks.

I turned my full attention to Theo, who now looked much more at ease, his broad shoulders relaxed, a clear flicker of gratitude in his eyes. The music in the background

had changed into something far more upbeat. A few wolves scattered across the room were bobbing their heads to the rhythm.

"What about you, Theo? What are your hobbies?" I asked, slipping another small spoonful of food into my mouth.

He gave a soft, quiet chuckle. "I am not really the adventurous type, Luna. I just like making sure Melly is happy."

I could still feel the slight edge in his overall energy his wolf was uneasy around me. Not aggressive in any way, just... deeply cautious.

"So tell me," I began gently, setting my spoon down on the table, "what is your pack like? I do not think I have ever heard of the Crawn Pack before."

Not every pack kept strong, lasting ties with others. New packs popped up every few years, and whether they lasted usually depended on how well they bonded and how strong their numbers were. If a pack became fully recognized by the Council, it meant they were officially stable.

They exchanged a quick look, something tight and unreadable passing between them before they turned back to face me. Suddenly, a heavy weight shifted in the air between us a sudden tension.

"Actually " Theo started to explain, but he did not get very far.

A small crowd of guests began making their way over, cutting him off right mid-sentence.

It was subtle at first, just one or two curious wolves, but soon more followed, forming a loose circle right around our table.

"Hello, I am..." one of them began politely.

I offered Theo and Melly an apologetic smile. "I will catch up with the two of you later, alright?"

Theo gave a short nod, but there was something in his eyes that told me he did not quite believe me.

What followed was a complete whirlwind of fast introductions, endless questions, and polite smiles. I spent the next long stretch of time talking with wolves from all different ranks some were simply curious, while others were clearly fishing for secret pack intel. I danced around those pushy ones with practiced ease.

Still, I noticed something very important happening some of them, after speaking with me directly, seemed to realize I was not the terrifying, cold figure they had imagined in their heads. I was not just the Luna of a powerful Alpha. I was... just me.

But even with that slow, positive shift in the room, not everyone saw me that way.

Some people never would.

As I made my way toward the restroom, my steps slowed slightly as I passed a table full of older she-wolves. Their fancy masks did not do much to hide their curled lips and sharp, hateful glares. Their heavy judgment rolled off them in huge waves, thick with the sour scent of pure envy and far too much perfume.

They whispered quietly behind their delicate fans like I could not hear every word forgetting, somehow, that I was a werewolf with heightened senses. My ears were far sharper than theirs, especially at such a close range.

"Just look at her, flaunting that bright red dress like she is trying to sell something," one of them hissed.

"She looks like she is barely twelve years old. How could someone like that even pretend to be a real luna?"

"A foolish little girl playing dress-up. That is all she really is."

I did not break my steady stride. I did not even pause my walking. But those standing nearby turned their eyes toward me, watching closely, no doubt expecting a loud reaction.

Well, I was certainly not going to disappoint them.

Without even glancing their way, I spoke up loud enough for them and everyone else around to hear clearly, "Grandma number one, I hate to break it to you, but this dress is crimson, not whatever ugly shade your bitter little heart is imagining. Grandma number two, I am eighteen nineteen in just a few weeks and I am learning more about being a true Luna every single day. Like the simple fact that age does not equal wisdom. Sometimes it just makes people wrinkly and mean."

I gave the absolute smallest smile sharp, sweet, and totally dangerous.

"And grandma number three... this is not dress-up. I am a grown woman enjoying a nice party. So why don't the three of you go sit your flat old asses down before one of you breaks a hip."

I did not look back at them. I did not need to. I could easily feel the deep sting left in my wake the heavy heat of their embarrassment, the sudden, silent gasps from the crowd

around them, and then, like beautiful music to my ears, a chorus of muffled laughter rippled straight through the room.

Gods above, I am so glad I am not going to age like that.

I rounded the red mirrored wall, my heels clicking softly against the floor, and slipped into the quiet restroom. My sharp senses told me it was completely empty before I even stepped inside. Still, I glanced around once to be sure and walked straight over to the sink.

The fruit yogurt from earlier had dried a bit tacky on my fingers. Gross. I grabbed a dry paper towel, wiped it clean off, then ran cool water over my hands. I looked up into the wide mirror.

Flawless.

My look was still completely on point.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 196: A Shattering Statement[1,385 words]

Chapter 196: A Shattering Statement

Vivian's POV

I dried my hands off with a towel and headed straight toward the bathroom door. But just as I stepped out into the hallway, I spotted her.

The scarf-belt girl.

Gods above, up close it was so much worse. It was not a belt at all it was a full-blown, absolute assault on basic fashion. And she did not even have the decency to wear a proper mask like the rest of us. Bold, I guess. Or maybe she was just deeply desperate for attention.

Her dark brown eyes were lined heavily in black makeup, and her face was twisted into that all-too-familiar expression: a spoiled brat who genuinely thought the whole world owed her something. As soon as her eyes locked onto me, something deeply smug curled right at the corner of her lips.

Great. This was going to be real fun.

She strutted toward me with all the ridiculous self-importance of a queen, her chin up and her chest pushed out. I had no idea what she thought she was the queen of, but alright.

I did not back away from her. I walked straight toward her too, my chin held just as high in the air. We met right in the middle of the hallway, and thanks to her mile-high stripper heels, she ended up leaning slightly over me.

Nice smirk. It suited her like cheap jewelry on a fake necklace.

I could feel my inner wolf stir inside my chest, a soft, low growl curling in my throat.

"Hello," I said, keeping my tone perfectly polite. Not warm at all. Just enough to keep her guessing.

Her smug smirk grew even wider. "Yes, hello. Vivian, isn't it?" she said, dragging out my name like it was a terrible taste in her mouth.

My inner wolf snarled violently. *This bitch really does not want to live long*, she growled in my mind.

Down, girl, I told her silently, calming her spirit.

"Yes. And you are...?" I asked, clasping my hands behind my back with a sweet, completely harmless smile.

She took her sweet time, inspecting her long nails like I was not worth a proper glance. Then she turned around dramatically, flashing another self-satisfied smile right over her shoulder.

"I'm the true Luna of all wolves. And I know your secret."

My brow arched high before I could even stop myself. Oh, this was going to be very good.

"Is that so?" I asked, genuine amusement lacing my words. "Do tell."

She leaned in then far too close for comfort. Her cheap perfume was thick, sugary, and almost offensive to my nose, and all the caked-on cosmetics did not help matters at all. I wrinkled my nose instinctively.

"I know you've been tricking my mate," she hissed out, her voice low and smug. "You made him believe you're his true Luna. But I felt it the very second I walked in tonight... Oliver was always meant to be mine. I could sense our bond. Our shared power."

My jaw did not drop, though I desperately wanted to laugh right in her face. Instead, I smiled slowly, letting the silence stretch between us like a long, drawn-out breath.

Oh, honey.

She had absolutely no idea who she was dealing with right now.

A whole swirl of emotions stirred inside me at her sudden outburst confusion, deep irritation... and a bright spark of pure amusement that I did not even bother to hide.

"You mean Zahliver?" I asked dryly, biting back a very unladylike snort.

Bright red color rushed into her cheeks the second she realized what name she had just blurted out. Quick to recover herself, she threw her shoulders back and shifted her tactics, clearly trying to regain full control of the moment.

"Don't laugh at me. You will respect me," she snapped, her tone sharp and completely brittle.

My eyes narrowed at her. Her heart was pounding hard enough for me to hear the panicked thud in her chest, but she stood tall, completely unwilling to back down.

"I'm not laughing at you... yet. And honestly, if anyone's disrespecting you here, it's you. Did you even take a single second to think about what you were putting on before you walked in here tonight?" I said, motioning down toward her barely-there outfit.

She glanced down at her tiny dress, then looked over at mine, and I caught a quick flash of pure envy before she swallowed it back down.

"At least I know how to wear something that gets my mate's full attention. Zahliver hasn't taken his eyes off me since I walked in." Her lips curled up into a smug little smile.

Hot rage surged up inside me, blinding and fast. I knew she was lying through her teeth Zahliver had barely acknowledged her presence in the room but the gross suggestion behind her words? That stung far more than it should have.

"Maybe that's because he's trying to decide whether to kick you out for dressing like a desperate groupie," I said, my voice calm but sharp as a steel blade. "But since my mate actually has decent manners, he's probably just ignoring you, the exact same way he ignores every other attention-starved little girl who throws herself at him. Now be a good wolf and walk away. That trashy attitude, that outfit, and the way you're disrespecting me and yourself none of it is welcome here."

Her eyes widened with every single word I said, her face turning a deep shade of red that almost made me feel bad for her. Almost.

I exhaled slowly, brushing right past her to leave the hallway, but she mirrored my step, blocking my path completely. I could practically feel her wild temper vibrating in the cool air between us. Mine was wearing very thin, too thinner than fresh ice on a bright, sunlit lake.

Zahliver's heavy emotional presence brushed against my mind through our bond, checking in on me. I shut him out gently, not ready to let this go just yet.

"Move," I said coolly. "I don't want to talk to you until you've fixed your terrible attitude and changed that awful outfit."

I could have easily used my raw Luna authority to compel her. But some stubborn part of me did not want to force it. I wanted her to realize it on her own. To choose better for herself.

Even though she clearly did not deserve the grace, the true Luna in me still wanted to guide her.

"No one talks to me like that " she growled out, her teeth bared.

"And gets away with it?" I finished the sentence for her, rolling my eyes up to the ceiling. "Please. Get a brand new line. That one's completely worn out."

Something shifted in her expression something deeply dangerous and totally unhinged.

"I'm going to go get my man. I'm going to kiss him right in front of you, and then he'll know I'm the only one he truly wants "

I really did not plan to slap her. I really didn't.

Okay... maybe I did a little bit.

But the very second she said those words, my hand moved completely on its own.

The sharp, loud crack of my palm meeting her cheek echoed through the hall like a gunshot. Her head snapped violently to the side, and then her whole body went right with it, spinning through the air in a dramatic twirl that ended with her crashing straight through the large glass wall.

Sharp glass shards exploded in every single direction. The entire room went dead silent as her body hit the hard floor outside with a sound that was... oddly satisfying.

Every single head turned instantly toward me. I could feel all their shocked, wide-eyed stares burning directly into my skin.

Without saying a single word, I gathered the long folds of my red dress, stepped right through the jagged hole she had just made, and strode across the glass-strewn floor, my high heels crunching loudly like thunder in the total silence.

Zahliver appeared right at my side in a fast blink, drawing loud gasps from the crowd around us, but I did not even spare him a single glance.

I had someone else to deal with first.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 197: The Cost of Defiance[1,463 words]

Chapter 197: The Cost of Defiance

Vivian's POV

She was coughing low, ragged sounds and moaning softly as she tried to drag herself up off the hard floor. When my steady footsteps drew nearer, she slowly turned her head in my direction. Her tangled hair shifted over her face, revealing the angry, dark imprint on her cheek the clear shadow of my hand burned deep into her skin like a cursed mark. It was swelling rapidly, already turning black and purple like a sick bloom spreading right beneath her teary eye. I would not be surprised at all if there was internal bleeding beneath the surface. The terrible sight did not stir a single ounce of pity in me.

"Too bad," my inner wolf muttered, her voice laced with savage indifference.

"If she even recovers from this, she won't ever come back the exact same," my beast added, her voice dropping low and venomous.

"I-I'm sorry! I am... I..." she stammered out, shaking uncontrollably as she hunched forward, one hand pressed protectively over her lower abdomen. I caught the sharp, metallic tang of blood floating in the air. Her body was littered with tiny cuts thin red trails from the shattered glass wall and her hard fall had likely broken a few of her ribs.

The guy she had walked in with earlier pushed through the gawking crowd, his brown eyes wide with shock as he took in her broken state. He took a single step forward to help, but the second I let out a low, guttural snarl, he froze dead in his tracks. His head jerked violently toward me, his face turning pale as a ghost. Without giving her another single glance, he raised both hands in total surrender and melted right back into the crowd like a pathetic coward.

"Want to play completely submissive now? Fine," I said coldly, my voice cutting like a sharp razor against the heavily charged air. Deep power coiled beneath my skin, humming and sparking like a wild brushfire. My eyes had turned a piercing silver long ago, and I could feel the bright glow thrumming steadily in them.

"N-no! I said I'm sorr "

I moved so close to her trembling form that she had to tilt her head all the way back just to meet my glowing eyes, but I did not let her finish her sentence.

"Sit," I commanded, lacing my tone with pure Luna authority.

Her knees buckled instantly. She let out a strangled cry as her weakened body collapsed straight to the floor, curling tightly in on itself with her arms pinned tight to her sides.

"Stay," I said flatly, staring straight down at her.

She obeyed the command immediately, her back turning ramrod straight, her legs pulled up tight, frozen completely in place like a severely scolded pup. Her wide, terrified eyes flicked wildly from side to side while the absolute rest of her body did not move a single inch. Good. Let her remember this exact lesson for the rest of her life.

A familiar, powerful presence stepped up right beside me. Zahliver. His warm hand rested gently on my shoulder, grounding my wild energy. My eyes shifted slowly back to their natural color, the intense heat in my body slowly ebbing away as I felt the heavy weight of him right beside me. I let my tense shoulders drop slightly, the built-up tension bleeding out completely under his touch.

"Clean all of this up right now," Zahliver barked sharply to someone standing behind us.

There was an immediate flurry of panicked movement shuffling feet and brooms scraping hurriedly against the polished floor. He guided me a few steps off to the side so the piles of broken glass could be safely cleared away.

The background music resumed abruptly as the DJ picked up right where things had left off, but the overall mood in the room was far from normal now. People whispered in hushed, nervous voices, casting sneaky sideways glances at the girl who remained frozen like a statue on the floor. I never bothered to learn her name, and I certainly did not care to know it now.

Zahliver turned me around to face him directly. I braced myself, fully expecting some heavy judgment or maybe even deep disappointment... but all I saw in his dark gaze was genuine concern for me.

He wrapped his strong arms around me and, without a single word spoken, the whole world shifted around us. In a fast blink, we were standing upstairs again on the high balcony, completely away from all the floor chaos, the endless whispers, and the staring eyes.

"Are you alright, love?" he asked softly, his voice low as his broad hands skimmed up and down my back, pulling me tight into his comfortable warmth.

I looked up at his face, feeling a bit incredulous. "I just slapped a girl halfway across the grand room, tossed her straight through a solid wall of glass, and made her sit on the floor like an obedient mutt. And you are standing here asking if I am okay?"

"Yes," he said simply, looking right into my eyes. "Are you?"

I rolled my eyes at his simple response, but... I slowly nodded my head. "Yeah. I really am."

He studied my expression carefully, and I could easily see his very next question forming in his mind before he even opened his mouth to speak.

"You are not going to ask me why I did it?" I asked him, my brows raised high.

His lips parted slightly, but instead of giving a vocal answer, he reached his hand up and tugged playfully on my earlobe. That sudden gesture surprised a soft laugh right out of my chest.

"You heard the whole thing?" I asked, even though I already knew the obvious answer.

He nodded his head once.

"You were surprisingly calm when she was being blatantly disrespectful to you. You gave her soft warnings that she did not even deserve," he said quietly. "Then she crossed the ultimate line. She is exceptionally lucky that it was you who handled her... because if it had been me who stepped in " His deep voice darkened with a deadly threat that he did not even need to finish out loud.

I let out a long breath that I had not realized I was holding in. Slowly, I reached behind my head and unhooked my silver mask. His dark gaze sharpened instantly, watching me with quiet intensity as I peeled it off my face. I let out a soft sigh, then wrapped my arms tightly around his waist, leaning into the absolute solidity of his body.

He reached up gently and traced my lips with the warm pad of his thumb. "Pretty," he murmured softly, and I could not help but smile up at him.

Down below us, the heavy tension had finally begun to ease up a bit. The loud music had shifted into something much slower and smoother, with couples out on the floor dancing again, pretending like nothing dramatic had just happened. I noticed a few guests giving the frozen girl on the floor a very wide berth as they danced gracefully around her. She still looked utterly humiliated, curled up tight in the exact same frozen posture I had left her in. But even from this distance, I could easily feel it that bitter, festering anger she had not let go of inside. That was completely fine by me. I could easily let her stew in her own misery for now.

"How did your heavy conversation with all those visiting alphas go?" I asked as we turned and stepped over toward our private balcony table.

He let out a heavy sigh, scrubbing a large hand down his handsome face.

"They are far worse than I originally expected. Completely corrupt, insanely arrogant, and hopelessly stuck in outdated pack traditions," he muttered in annoyance. "In just two

short hours, I had to personally remind half of them that not all dominant alphas die of peaceful old age."

"Did you get a chance to speak to Alpha Stone yet?"

He shook his head, his sharp jaw tensing up tightly. "He is definitely here tonight. I have caught a few quick sights of him moving around, but he has been actively avoiding me all night long. He probably knows I want to have a nice little chat with him."

His dark gaze drifted out over the crowd as he said it, something deeply calculating flickering in his blue eyes. As we reached our table, he pulled out a chair for me and sat down right beside me.

The rest of this long night was certainly not over yet. And neither was our quiet reckoning.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 198: A Dangerous Invitation[1,495 words]

Chapter 198: A Dangerous Invitation

Vivian's POV

At some point during the long night, Zahliver finally took off his heavy silver mask. The very moment his handsome face was revealed to the room, I could not resist myself I leaned right in and brushed a quick, soft kiss to his cheek while he was right in the middle of speaking a sentence.

A brand new song started playing, soft and deeply haunting in the background. Suddenly, Zahliver stood straight up without giving any warning. Since I had been sitting comfortably on his lap, I was lifted up abruptly along with him, a surprised laugh escaping my lips.

"I just realized we have never actually danced together," he said, a genuine hint of disbelief coloring his deep voice. "How unbelievably careless of me. Will you do me the honor of dancing with me, love?" he asked, already leading me smoothly by the hand before I could even formulate a proper vocal response.

His sudden urgency made me giggle softly. "It would be my absolute pleasure," I said, sliding my fingers tightly into his broad hand.

In the quick blink of an eye, Zahliver used his supernatural speed to flash us right onto the exact center of the crowded dance floor. A few startled couples standing around us stumbled back in pure surprise, thoroughly alarmed by our sudden, magical appearance. I

did not pay them any real attention at all not even the stunned, hushed whispers coming from the females who caught a clear sight of Zahliver's breathtaking face now fully unmasked for everyone to see. I only had eyes for him.

The smooth track *Salvatore* by Lana Del Rey began to hum softly through the air, its sultry, slow tones wrapping around us like warm silk. Zahliver pulled me in close by my waist, fitting my body flush against his hard frame. I looped both my arms around his neck, letting him take complete control as we moved in perfect sync with the music. His physical movements were fluid, confident, and effortless he made even the simplest dance steps feel like pure magic.

I looked straight up at him and let myself fall completely into the incredible depth of his electric blue gaze. There was so much love shining there undeniable, deep, and wonderfully warm but beneath all of that beauty, something far darker simmered quietly. Something primal and dangerous. It stirred a delicious, heavy ache deep down in my lower belly.

He leaned his head down, his rough voice ghosting against the sensitive shell of my ear.

"I love you so much."

Those simple words sparked straight through my entire body like wildfire. I shivered against him. "I love you too," I whispered back, completely breathless and dazed by his presence.

A slow smirk tugged at the very corner of his mouth. He knew exactly what he was doing to my mind and body right now.

In one remarkably smooth motion, he spun me gracefully in his arms. When I landed with my back pressed flat against his broad chest, he pressed in tight, and I felt every single hard inch of him. A soft gasp escaped my lips as I realized just how thoroughly aroused he already was.

His broad arms came tightly around me, one large, warm hand splayed across the lower part of my stomach just a little too close to the exact spot where I was already burning for him. He gently rocked us side to side, syncing our physical movements directly to the heavy rhythm of the song, turning a simple dance into something deeply seductive that felt just like slow foreplay.

Then he dipped his head low and pressed a warm kiss directly against his mark on my neck. I let out a shaky breath and instinctively pushed my hips back against his front, my eyes fluttering completely shut in pure bliss.

Focus, Vivian. People are actively watching us. They are standing right here, I reminded myself sternly.

"Behave yourself," I murmured softly, knowing full well he would hear my quiet words loud and clear.

He chuckled softly against the side of my neck, the deep vibration sending prickling goosebumps all across my warm skin. Then he spun me back around to face him directly. There was pure, wicked mischief dancing in his blue eyes.

"But why should I? Misbehaving is so much more fun, don't you think?" he murmured smoothly. Before I could even answer him, he caught my bottom lip between his and gave it a slow, deeply teasing bite before letting go.

My cheeks flushed bright red. My eyes met his, intense heat building fast between us. He was torturing me on the dance floor, and he was thoroughly enjoying every single second of it.

"I do think so," I admitted quietly, "but we currently have a massive audience staring at us."

He tilted his head slightly, glancing over his shoulder at the surrounding crowd. "One of my special little power tricks is manipulating the basic physical senses of those around me. Right now, I have completely taken away their hearing," he said with a remarkably smug grin. "They can easily see us, but they cannot hear a single word we say."

I glanced quickly around the room and noticed the genuine confusion painted on several wolves' faces, their dark brows furrowed as they watched us speak without any comprehension of our words.

Zahliver leaned in close again, his voice dropping sinfully low.

"Which means I can say this with total freedom: when we finally get back up to our room, I am going to fuck you nice and hard, and not a single soul out here will hear a sound. Isn't that wonderful, my love?"

My throat went instantly dry as bone. My knees threatened to buckle completely right there. "Very wonderful," I croaked out weakly.

His handsome grin widened. He reached out and kissed my forehead softly, as if that simple gesture would somehow soothe the blazing fire he had just lit inside me.

"Then I guess it is only fair that I tell you this... I am not wearing a bra under this red dress. And I am wearing full lace stockings," I whispered right back to him, my tone playful, slow, and deeply sultry.

His pupils dilated completely in an instant. With a sudden intensity that made me gasp out loud, he twirled me once more and stared down at me with eyes that had gone wild with pure, unfiltered hunger burning in them.

"Did I say nice and hard?" he growled out softly. "I meant long, hot, and brutally hard. I am going to take my absolute sweet time with you tonight, and I am going to enjoy every single second of making you scream my name for the entire castle to hear."

He crushed his warm lips straight to mine in a scorching, possessive kiss. His mouth demanded everything, completely devouring me. His tongue thrust deep between my lips in a heavy rhythm that was anything but innocent. My legs buckled beneath me, barely able to hold my weight, but he caught me with ease and spun me again without missing a single beat of the song.

We kept dancing together as the song *What Kind of Man* began filling the wide room with its heavy, dramatic beat, but I was trembling on the inside. Zahliver flatly refused to let me go, his arms locked firmly around me like a tight cage I never wanted to escape.

Everything came to a sudden, screeching halt the moment a tall, broad alpha stepped directly onto the dance floor, his physical aura incredibly bold and his sharp eyes locked straight onto me. The sudden shift in the room's atmosphere was immediate and chilling. Zahliver's entire body went deadly taut right behind me.

The unfamiliar male stalked straight toward us with clear purpose, thick muscles rippling beneath his formal suit jacket. His undivided attention was solely on me, though he gave Zahliver a very curt, dismissive nod one deeply laced with blatant disrespect.

Oh shit, my inner wolf muttered nervously in my head.

I glanced up at Zahliver's face. He was standing absolutely still, cold, lethal fury radiating off his skin like sharp morning frost. My mind raced wildly if this turned violent right here, I would not be able to stop him. I was not sure anyone in this room could.

"Dance with me, won't you?" the bold alpha said aloud not as a polite request, but as an arrogant command loosely dressed up as etiquette.

"No, thank you," I replied instantly, keeping my voice ice-cold.

His face darkened beneath his dark purple mask, flushing bright with sudden rage. His large hand reached out directly toward me, his long fingers stretching out to grab my arm

I blinked in shock.

When my eyes opened a split second later, a massive, solid wall of pure white fur completely blocked my view.

Zahliver had fully shifted.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 199: Reckoning[1,560 words]

Chapter 199: Reckoning

Vivian's POV

I looked down at my arm and froze instantly. The snake band that had curled there only moments ago was completely gone. My heart skipped a heavy beat. I turned my head slightly, and there stood Zahliver right at my side, his facial expression carved in calm steel, as if nothing around us could ever touch him.

"Who the hell are you?" the alpha barked from across the room, his loud voice sharp with confusion and alarm.

Venom's physical presence was magnetic and terrifying. Everyone in the club went completely rigid, all eyes drawn to the towering figure standing beside me. Seven feet tall, snow-white hair, and those glowing golden eyes that seemed to burn from some otherworldly fire. I did not blame the alpha for his hesitation at all he looked like he wanted to step back, but stopped himself, probably remembering he was supposed to be the dominant one in this room.

"She said no. Now hand over your weapon," Venom said.

And if his deep voice had sent a chill through me before when it had barely been a soft whisper... then hearing him now louder, clearer, but still dangerously quiet was like standing in a freezing winter storm completely barefoot and soaked. His tone was not just ice cold; it dripped with steady, absolute death.

It was deeply terrifying.

The visiting alpha blanched, but he still tried to hold on to his stupid rage. I noticed how he did not dare meet Venom's eyes for more than a quick flicker of a second. What was he seeing on Venom's face right now? Whatever it was, it shook him to his core.

"How dare you speak to an alpha like that, you " he paused mid-sentence, his voice catching in his throat as his mind caught up to his eyes. "What the hell are you?"

He was trying to puff his chest up, stand taller, and look bigger than he was. It was not working at all.

"Someone clearly skipped the memo about not trying to intimidate people who tower over you," my inner wolf muttered in my mind with a sharp, disapproving cluck.

Venom took another slow step forward, his towering height making every single movement far more intimidating. "I won't ask you again," he said, his voice sounding like a coiled snake. "Hand over your weapon... or I will take it from you myself."

The foolish alpha stumbled back. One step. Two steps. His brave front cracked completely. Then he snapped.

"Fine! You want it? Here it is!" He whipped out a heavy gun, waving it around with far more panic than control. "Yeah, I've got a gun! What now? You going to stop me? I don't think so! Now step aside. I want a piece of that ass on the dance floor."

My mouth dropped open in pure disgust at his crude, nasty words. Zahliver growled viciously beside me, low and lethal a sound that did not shake the floor, but made me think it easily might if he wanted it to.

The alpha smirked and aimed his weapon straight past Venom, his dark eyes landing directly on me as he winked. Gross.

Two more broad, armed men stood up right behind him. They moved like loyal packmates. Coordinated. Aggressive.

"It's the masks," my inner wolf said, watching them with the same intense disgust I felt. "Same ugly scent. Same nasty mindset."

Despite the weapons pointed our way, I was not afraid. Not really. Zahliver and I were not exactly killable by normal means. A bullet would sting a little bit, sure, but the damage would not last. That was not what worried me right now.

It was the innocent people standing around us.

Civilians. Mortals. Fragile lives that could not afford to be caught right in the middle of an alpha power flex gone completely wrong.

Venom did not flinch at all. He did not even blink. His golden eyes remained trained on the alpha as he said once more, completely evenly, "Hand them over."

The loud click of the gun echoed like a sharp slap in the hush that had fallen over the grand room. The alpha raised his heavy pistol and pointed it straight at Venom's chest.

"Shut your damn mouth, freak," he snarled out. "You're all freaks. When I'm done here, they'll all thank me. Alpha of the alphas, my ass."

And then

He pulled the trigger.

I expected Venom to dodge out of the way. Step aside. Maybe even catch the fast bullet mid-air. But he did not do any of that.

He took the bullet straight to his chest.

Loud gasps echoed around the room mine joining theirs just as I instinctively leaned forward, ready to catch him. But he did not even flinch. He stood tall and completely unmoved, like the bullet had not just torn straight into his body. Zahliver's warm hand shot out, gripping my arm tightly to keep me in place.

My eyes darted to the alpha who had pulled the trigger. His fake confidence was crumbling fast. Even his broad men, who moments ago looked smug and sure, now exchanged nervous glances, their postures completely uneasy.

Then Venom moved.

With calm, quiet precision, he brought his hand to his chest and dug the bloody bullet out like it was a tiny thorn. Not a single sound of pain escaped his lips. He did not even look at the alpha who had just shot him. He simply held up the bloodied bullet between two fingers his middle and index and asked quietly, "Shall I return this to him, Alpha Zahliver?"

Zahliver's voice was pure ice. "It would be impolite to keep something that isn't ours."

The tight hand on my arm squeezed briefly a silent warning, or maybe just restraint.

Venom tilted his head slightly. "And the other two?"

"I only need one alive," Zahliver said evenly.

"Understood."

The alpha dropped his gun to the floor, absolute terror written across his face now. Heavy beads of sweat rolled down his temples as he began to back away, his jerky movements desperate and wild.

"If there are any young pups here, now would be a very good time to shield their eyes," Venom said, his voice dropping low and cold.

Before the coward could take another backward step, Venom flicked his wrist.

A sharp crack filled the heavy silence, and the arrogant alpha dropped like a stone his eyes wide and completely empty, a single bloody bullet embedded right between them.

"That's the exact moment they knew they screwed up," my inner wolf whispered in the back of my mind, her voice dark with satisfaction.

My stomach flipped, nausea creeping in as I turned my head away from the sight.

A fast flash of white blurred past me.

By the time I blinked, two more bodies had hit the floor with a heavy thud. Gone. Just like that.

Venom reappeared right before me, his head bowed low, like a loyal soldier reporting back from war.

"Well done, Venom," Zahliver said without looking away from the carnage on the floor.

"Alpha," Venom replied with a quiet nod.

Then he turned to face me and extended his hand.

I hesitated just for a quick heartbeat, but I slipped mine into his. That familiar pulse of heavy pressure wrapped right around my forearm, warm and binding once again.

I sucked in a shaky breath and scanned the quiet room. The silence was tense, thick with sheer confusion and intense fear. Everyone was still trying to make sense of what they had just witnessed.

I certainly was not the only one thinking, *What the hell just happened?*

"Continue as if nothing occurred," Zahliver commanded loudly, his deep voice ringing out across the wide space.

Right. Like that was actually possible for anyone here.

Still holding my arm, Zahliver started pulling me up the grand staircase, but I barely moved my feet. Something stopped me no, someone.

A distinct scent hit me mid-step. Sharp, earthy, and laced with something... painfully familiar to my past. My heart stalled in my chest.

I knew that scent well. I had grown up surrounded by it for years. It clung to the old pack lands like thick bark to trees. Delfuo.

I yanked my hand away from Zahliver's grip and turned around sharply.

There he was Alpha Daniel of the Delfuo Pack. He stood beside his mate, Luna Holly, looking stiff and thoroughly uncomfortable as I approached them.

At first, he shifted awkwardly on his feet, his eyes darting around, clearly unsure whether he should acknowledge me. But then he looked closely. Really looked at my face.

Instant recognition lit up his features. His eyes widened in shock. "Vivian? Vivian Grey?"

Beside him, Luna Holly gasped out loud, clutching his arm tight. The sheer disbelief on their faces would have been amusing if it were not so completely weird.

Honestly, I was more surprised that he even knew my full name. I had never spoken to him directly before. I had never even stood this close to him until right now.

"Yes. Hello, Alpha Daniel. Luna Holly," I said as casually as I could manage, though my tone came out slightly stilted. "How are you tonight?"

They just... stared back at me in total silence.

Yup. This was definitely awkward.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 200: Unspoken Wounds[1,157 words]

Chapter 200: Unspoken Wounds

Vivian's POV

I expected seeing my old alphas again would feel... strange. Maybe even intimidating. And it was definitely strange, but not at all in the way I thought it would be. The heavy weight I once felt under their authority just was not there anymore. I did not feel small or beneath them in any way. If anything, I felt completely detached.

Alpha Daniel stumbled over his words, his eyes wide with pure disbelief. "B-but how? When? You were... wha "

I gave a small shrug, not really in the mood to explain everything to him.

"It's kind of a long story," I said coolly. "How are my parents doing?"

Luna Holly answered softly, her voice gentle like she was not quite sure how to approach me. "They are safe. I can sense that much. But... I imagine you can too."

I gave her a faint smile, genuinely appreciating her sudden calmness.

Alpha Daniel opened his mouth again to speak. "Do they know "

I cut him off quickly before he could finish the sentence. "No. And I would really prefer to keep it that way, at least for now." My voice was polite, but strictly firm.

He nodded his head, though the tight set of his jaw said he was not thrilled with my request.

After chatting with them a bit longer mostly just basic small talk I slowly drifted away. I could feel Zahliver's warm gaze tracking me every now and then, checking in on me without hovering. Once he seemed assured that I was perfectly fine on my own, he let me be.

I mingled with a few lunas who turned out to be genuinely funny and surprisingly down to earth. They shared sweet stories about how they supported their packs everything from organizing large events to being emotional anchors for their stressed-out mates. I actually learned a lot from them.

Every now and then, I would get pulled into a quick conversation with an alpha or beta, but I naturally gravitated toward their kids. Being much closer in age made things far easier, and the conversations flowed much more smoothly. I even collected a few phone numbers.

Zahliver was definitely not going to get it when I told him later that they were just friends.

I was reaching for a mini sandwich at the long snack table when I spotted Melly nearby, standing stiffly with Theo right at her side. He was piling food carefully onto her plate, avoiding anything with nuts he had probably memorized all her allergies by now.

"The fruit yogurt salad is really good," I said casually, stepping right beside her. "I haven't tried those mini pastries yet, though. Are they any good?"

Melly's knuckles turned white around her plate, and her hands began to tremble. She looked like she might bolt out of the room at any second. Theo's gaze snapped straight to me, and he swallowed hard. Wordlessly, he pulled her a little closer to his side. Purely protective.

I raised an eyebrow at them. We had been making great progress earlier, and now they looked completely ready to run.

"One step forward, thirty-six steps back," my inner wolf muttered dryly in my mind.

I was about to say something else to ease their minds when something caught my eye four large, dark purple bruises on Melly's upper arm, right near her shoulder. The low neckline of her dress had shifted slightly, just enough for me to glimpse the distinct outline of fingers. My breath caught in my throat.

She was so painfully thin.

No. Theo would never do that to her. I knew that instinctively.

I looked at him really looked at his body. That was when I saw it. A similar ugly bruise was creeping right up his throat, just barely hidden by his shirt collar. His skin was badly discolored, fading from an angry red to a dull, sickly blue.

The horror must have shown clearly on my face because Theo looked thoroughly confused, like he could not figure out what I was reacting to so strongly.

They both had terrible bruises.

And they were not the kind of marks you got from basic sparring or daily training. These marks were deliberate. Controlled.

They were a beta couple. Melly was constantly anxious, flinching at shadows in the room. Theo's entire world clearly revolved around making her feel safe and loved. I had seen how he only relaxed when she smiled. He would never hurt her. He would never let anyone else hurt her either.

Unless...

Unless the person who did this was much higher in rank than them.

A sickening chill ran straight through my veins. They were not sitting with their alpha tonight. They flinched every single time someone even mentioned their home pack.

The only person who could land that kind of heavy blow on a beta... was their own alpha.

My entire body went completely rigid, and pure rage surged through me like a wild brushfire. The intense kind of anger that made your vision go white and your hands tremble. I stared at the two of them, my chest rising and falling far too fast.

Theo shifted directly in front of Melly like a human shield, and I realized she had dropped her food plate onto the floor.

I could not confront them right here in the open. Not right now. Not like this. I did not want to scare them any further, not when they were already this fragile.

I turned away quickly and scanned the wide crowd until I found him Zahliver. He was currently talking with a group of visiting wolves, laughter on their lips, but the very moment their eyes landed on me, the air around them shifted instantly. Everyone went completely still.

They had clearly seen the lethal look on my face. Good.

Zahliver turned around to face me, his brow creased in deep concern. He did not even get the chance to speak a word before I asked him directly, "You said you can change pack ranks promote or completely remove someone. Can you do it without killing them?"

To his absolute credit, he did not hesitate for even a second.

"Place your hand over their heart. You will know exactly what to do. Then place your hand on the one you want to promote... and release the energy."

I nodded my head once, the intense heat in my blood still burning hot. I turned right on my heel and walked away, completely ignoring him calling out after me. I thought he might try to stop me or demand quick answers.

But he did not.

"Be careful, love," was all he said softly.

And that was honestly all I needed to hear.

He trusted me completely. That single, simple, quiet truth steadied something deep inside me. It was not everything, but it was more than enough to carry me forward.