

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 201: A New Order[1,079 words]

Chapter 201: A New Order

Vivian's POV

I crossed the grand room toward the table where that sorry excuse for an alpha was sitting. He was deep in conversation with an older she-wolf, smug as ever. When his eyes landed on me, he tried flashing a charming smile, the kind probably meant to melt naive hearts. It did not even touch mine. I kept my expression completely unreadable.

"Are you the alpha of the Crawn pack?" I asked, my voice calm and steady.

He puffed up like a bloated rooster. "Why, yes I am. What can I help you with, sugar?"

Ugh. The way he drawled that word made my skin crawl. I could practically taste the sleaze rolling off him. The old perverted wolf probably thought I was about to perch on his lap like some eager little thing. But I was not here for games. I did exactly what Zahliver had told me to do I reached out and pressed my hand flat to his chest, right over his heart.

The change was instant.

I felt the heavy thump of his heartbeat leap like it was desperately trying to escape through my palm. His eyes widened, all the blood draining from his face as the energy shifted. Raw power surged from him into me, a deep, ancient current pulling itself free of his body like it no longer belonged to him. His entire form trembled, his skin going a blotchy shade of dark purple as I drew out the bloodline power that marked his rank.

I held on tightly until I felt the absolute edge of something dangerous his body beginning to give completely under the pressure. Only then did I lift my hand. He collapsed back into his chair like a puppet with its strings cut, and for the first time, he truly understood what had just happened. Heavy tears spilled from his eyes as realization set in. He was not an alpha anymore. Not even close.

Turning away from him, I walked back to where Theo and Melly were still picking up the food they had dropped earlier. Theo immediately stepped between me and Melly, shielding her, though I could see deep confusion flicker in his eyes.

But I did not stop for Melly.

I stopped directly in front of him instead.

Without saying a word, I placed my hand on his broad chest and focused. The intense heat that had built up in my palm collected ancient, pure, and powerful and I released it all into him. His body jerked violently in response. He gasped out loud and dropped straight to his knees with a low groan, shuddering like his very soul was being rewritten. Melly's cry of fear rang out as she dropped down beside him, holding onto his waist, calling his name over and over.

Then, it all stopped.

The wild shaking stilled. I felt deeply drained, like something huge had poured out of me, but it left behind a strange sense of complete rightness.

Theo's eyes snapped wide open. He blinked up at Melly and... grinned.

She looked at him like she did not dare believe what she was seeing. He stood up slowly with her help. Then he looked down at his own hands, turned them over, and looked up at me.

"Congratulations, Alpha Theo. And Luna Melly." I offered them a soft, genuine smile.

And then I walked away, leaving the completely stunned pair behind me.

I headed straight toward the grand stairs, suddenly in desperate need of a chair to sit down. But just as I started to climb, a low groan reminded me of the girl I had floored earlier. I paused mid-step, let out a soft sigh, and turned back around.

She was still curled up on the ground, mostly healed except for the dark bruised spot where my fist had landed. I crouched down beside her and tapped her shoulder twice. She stirred, groaning softly, stretching out like a lazy cat with her eyes barely open.

I leaned in very close, enough that there was zero chance she could ignore my words.

"Listen to me carefully. If you keep walking around with that awful attitude, life is going to knock you down a lot harder than I just did. You can keep being bitter and completely alone, or... you can deal with whatever is eating you up inside and find real connections. Real friends. It is entirely your choice, but I would choose the second option if I were you."

I did not wait around for a reply.

I stood up and made my way straight up the stairs, where Zahliver was already standing and waiting. His dark eyes met mine, glinting with immense pride.

"What do you say we end this party, love?" he asked, his deep voice low and pleased.

He stepped over to the balcony railing and wrapped his broad hands around the metal bars, waiting until the vast room below finally quieted down.

"The party is officially over," he said, his voice echoing loudly across the hall. "Go home. All visiting alphas are strictly expected at tomorrow's meeting. If you do not show up... do not worry. I will personally come find you. And I promise, you will not like how that ends. Good night."

The heavy wolves stationed by the entrance stepped aside and unlatched the large doors, letting all the guests stream out into the night.

Zahliver took my hand and led me through the private hallway with clear urgency. I opened my mouth to ask why he was in such a massive rush, but then he stopped dead in his tracks and tapped the snake band on my arm twice. When I blinked, Venom appeared right beside me.

"Thanks for your help tonight, Venom. I will speak with you tomorrow. Good night," Zahliver said quickly.

"Good night, Venom," I added with a small wave of my hand.

He returned the gesture with a simple nod.

I barely had any time to wonder what on earth was going on before Zahliver opened our bedroom door, pushed me gently inside, and slammed it shut right behind us.

I spun around fast, completely ready to scold him, but the very second I met his eyes those dark, glinting, endless black eyes I knew I was not getting a single word out first.

His lips curled into a wicked, dangerous smile. "Now... what shall I do with you first, my love?" he purred.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 202: Claiming the Fire[1,486 words]

Chapter 202: Claiming the Fire

Vivian's POV

His eyes devoured me, black and endless, like the vast void between stars. And yet, they burned with intense hunger, heavy with silent promises he did not even need to say out loud. The room was completely silent and dimly lit, but every single inch of my skin buzzed from the bold question he had just asked me. I felt like I was standing right at the

edge of something wild and deep, ready to fall in headfirst. My tongue darted out quickly to wet my bottom lip, unable to help myself.

Zahliver's dark gaze darkened even further. He definitely noticed.

His head tilted ever so slightly, and a slow, wicked grin pulled at the corners of his lips, like he already knew the exact answer I had not dared to speak aloud.

A low, knowing chuckle rolled smoothly from his chest as he walked toward me with deliberate, predator-like steps. He casually shrugged off his black blazer and let it fall to the floor with a soft thud. I did not dare to blink. I just watched, my breath shallow and fast, as his fingers slowly undid the first button of his shirt... then the second... then the third.

He stopped right in front of me.

He towered directly over me, close enough that I could easily breathe in his intoxicating scent, earthy, dark spice with the sharp tinge of raw power. But instead of looking him straight in the eye, I found myself staring at the fourth button, then down at the bare strip of smooth skin he had exposed. My heartbeat drummed loudly in my ears, far louder than anything else in the quiet room.

He did not touch me at first. He just circled me slowly, his heavy presence wrapping around me like a dark storm cloud. Then his finger brushed lightly against my bare forearm, barely a soft whisper of contact, and yet it instantly stole the air right from my lungs.

His touch trailed slowly upward, drawing a warm path from my arm to my shoulder, each single inch igniting a brand new ache deep in my body. I shivered under the sudden pressure of needing so much more.

He came to stand right behind me.

So close that his broad chest brushed my back with each deep breath he took. His finger slid gently from my shoulder to the center of my back, then over to my opposite shoulder. I knew it was his other hand touching me because the first had snaked tightly around my waist, tugging me gently and firmly against his hard frame.

I melted into him completely.

My lips parted slightly, but no vocal sound escaped. I could barely think over the fierce storm brewing between us.

His mouth lowered right to my ear, his breath warm and teasing against my skin. With his free hand, he tugged slowly on the delicate satin ribbon tied around my waist, the quiet sound of it unraveling making my skin prickle with heat.

"I am so lucky to have you," he murmured softly, his voice a dark purr that sent delicious shivers cascading down my spine. "You have made me very, very happy tonight. It is time I return the favor... and fully claim what is mine. Don't you agree, love?"

Then he kissed my neck.

Just one simple kiss, but it sent a massive shockwave straight through me. My knees nearly buckled under his hold, and my wolf howled with intense anticipation beneath my skin.

I heard the silk ribbon fall away completely, followed by the soft swish of dress fabric brushing against my legs.

That simple sound... it turned something deep inside me. Something completely primal.

With our masks totally gone, both literal and emotional, I reached behind me, my hands searching blindly for him, desperately needing to feel him. And I did. Not just his warm body, but the undeniable way his desire matched my own, wild, intense, and completely overpowering.

Even the simple act of breathing felt completely impossible now.

"So," I managed to get out, my voice breathless and caught somewhere between sheer desperation and deep want, "which will you do first?"

He growled a low, rich sound that curled right around my spine and pressed his warm hand against my lower belly. Then he moved it lower, trailing intense heat through the thin barrier of the dress, cupping me with bold, absolute possession.

"Both," he rasped out, his lips brushing my warm skin. "Always both... when it comes to you."

And with those exact words, my world tilted completely and gave way to blinding fire.

My body did not know which way to lean, toward the warm, heavy press of his hand or the steady strength of his body behind me. I was caught right in the middle, totally breathless and burning up. Zahliver's lips traveled across the curve of my neck and down to my shoulder, each single kiss fanning the heat already curling low in my belly. But I needed far more than just light touches, I desperately needed to see his face.

I twisted around in his broad arms and cupped his handsome face between both of my hands. His black eyes flickered before shifting smoothly into that haunting shade of deep, electric midnight blue. My heart stuttered in my chest. That beautiful color always did strange things to me.

I smiled up at him, and for a short moment, he stilled completely, like that simple gesture had knocked all the wind out of his chest. Then he crashed down and captured my mouth in a kiss that was all raw hunger and possessive need. I answered him with just as much blazing fire. Without any warning, he slid his broad hands under my thighs and lifted me up effortlessly.

I wrapped my legs tightly around his waist, holding on as if letting go would unravel me completely. My arms looped tightly around his neck. The cool wall met my bare back with a jarring chill that made me gasp directly into his mouth, but he did not stop kissing me for even a second. His lips moved down to my jaw, then to my neck, lingering right where his mark was. He dragged his sharp teeth over it, and I felt my wolf stir eagerly beneath my skin, responding to the intimate claim.

His hard body pinned me firmly against the wall, his broad hips pressing into mine. Then, for a quick moment, he let go with one arm, fumbling beneath us. I caught the distinct sound of a belt unfastening, then a zipper easing down. Every soft clink and rustle set my nerves completely alight.

He reached for the back of my dress, likely searching for the zipper, but I could feel his sudden frustration brewing. With a low growl, he gave up entirely and grabbed the front fabric instead. Before I could stop him, he used that monstrous strength of his to tear it clean down the middle.

A startled yelp escaped my lips. He froze mid-kiss and pulled back slightly, his eyes flicking to mine with sudden concern.

"Are you..."

"I liked that dress!" I huffed, not quite angry, but definitely caught right between exasperation and disbelief.

A sheepish look passed through his eyes, though bright amusement danced behind them. "I will buy you fifty more," he muttered softly, before yanking the rest of the fabric apart without hesitation.

I rolled my eyes, but could not keep from laughing softly. Typical Zahriver. His attention dropped to what the torn fabric had revealed, my bare chest, the silk bust pooling down and pulling the rest of the red dress with it. The lace of my stockings remained, contrasting starkly against my exposed skin.

For a heartbeat or maybe three, Zahriver said absolutely nothing. His dark gaze dragged over me slowly, possessively. Then his eyes lifted to mine, and something deep and primal flickered through them. That intensity... it made my warm skin flush, made me squirm under his heavy hold.

It was not lust alone. It was something far deeper. Something wild.

"Mine," he said quietly, as if it was a sacred vow and a warning all in one.

A soft smile tugged at my lips. I brushed my nose against his, a tender contrast to the wildness between us. "So... do you like it?" I asked, teasing him despite the racing pulse beneath my skin.

He did not even hesitate. "Yes. You should wear this more often," he growled out, then stopped himself with a low snarl that vibrated right through his chest. "Only around me, though. No one else gets to see this. No one."

His voice had completely changed. There was far more wolf than man in it now, his dark possessiveness crackling like lightning right under his skin.

And gods help me... I thoroughly liked it.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 203: Bound by Soul and Fire[1,588 words]

Vivian's POV

I pressed a gentle kiss to his high cheekbone, then let my soft lips trail down his neck, drawn straight to the place where his mark rested on his skin my mark. As my teeth grazed over the sensitive skin, his breath hitched loudly, a deep groan ripping from his throat as his head fell back against the wall. I barely had a second to smile at my victory before he came back to me with a kiss that completely stole the air from my lungs rough, urgent, and desperate, like he simply could not get enough of me.

His broad hand found the back of my neck, holding me right there as if he was afraid I would vanish into thin air. When his long fingers slipped up into my hair and yanked the tie free, my scalp tingled pleasantly with the tug, dark strands falling wild and loose between us. The raw hunger burning in him made my heart pound against my ribs. I was trembling all over, completely under his dark spell.

Then, without any hesitation, one of his large hands slid down and tore away the very last barrier between us. He was just about to press forward when a sudden thought surged right to the surface urgent and important, despite the thick haze of want clouding my mind.

"Wait... condom," I managed to whisper softly, barely able to breathe.

His entire body stilled for a second. I felt the sharp tension ripple through him before he shifted slightly, searching quickly through his pants pocket.

"Right," he muttered beneath his breath, though there was a brief pause in his deep voice subtle and almost imperceptible. But I caught it anyway. A quick flicker of something unspoken passed between us. Still, he did not hesitate at all once he had it ready. And then... there was absolutely nothing else in the entire world except him.

A loud gasp escaped my lips at the intense feel of him every single time, it still left me completely breathless. He paused above me, letting my body adjust to him, his dark eyes searching mine as if he were grounding himself in the deep connection between us.

My arms clung tightly to his broad shoulders, needing the physical closeness and the steady anchoring. The rising heat of our bodies clung to the cool night air, fogging up the nearby glass mirror as our steady rhythm found its natural pulse. Every single movement from him sent pure fire spiraling through my veins. I shut my eyes tight, completely helpless against the fierce storm he stirred up inside me.

I tilted my head back with a shuddered moan, my fingers tangling tightly in the fabric of his dark shirt, growing increasingly frustrated with it until I finally gave in and tugged it free, desperate to feel his warm bare skin against mine.

His name was a desperate prayer on my lips. My hands clawed at his broad back, needing more, needing all of him right now. One of my hands found its way deep into his thick hair and I gripped it tightly, pulling him down into a deep kiss that swallowed the heavy moan he did not mean to give away.

And then, just when I felt the familiar tremble start the sweet, coiled knot of pleasure ready to snap he moved faster, harder, not letting up for a single second until I completely shattered in his arms. My body trembled helplessly against him, feeling totally boneless and dazed.

He pulled away for just a quick breath, placing me carefully on legs that barely held my weight anymore. My chest rose and fell rapidly, my eyes heavy-lidded and confused. He had not... finished?

"I am not even close to being done with you, love," he murmured softly, his voice low and thick with promise. "I don't think I ever will be."

His wicked grin was filled with intense heat. I opened my mouth to ask him what he meant, but before the words could form, he lifted me up effortlessly and my world tilted all over again.

I found myself bent over the sturdy arm of the plush couch, his heavy presence overwhelming and intensely real as he filled me once more, pulling a sharp, startled cry right from my lips.

"Ahhh!"

My hands grabbed onto the wooden back of the couch instinctively, the solid frame creaking softly beneath my tight grip. My sensitive body was still riding the powerful aftershocks of my first release, but he did not slow down his pace. He knew exactly how close I still was to the edge and chased it relentlessly with every single movement.

His strong fingers wrapped around my waist, grounding me firmly as he moved in a smooth rhythm. My lips parted in breathless gasps, my eyes fluttering shut as the deep heat swelled up again, far sharper this time around.

Then his hand slid around my hip, his warm fingers brushing against the exact place he knew would completely unravel me. I cried out loudly, arching my back into his touch, utterly helpless against the intense sensations. My name was a low, desperate growl on his lips as he whispered something guttural and primal, but I was far too gone to understand the actual words.

I only knew one absolute truth.

I was his.

And he was mine.

"Don't hold back, baby. I want to hear you," Zahliver murmured directly against my flushed skin, his voice low and laced with something deeply primal. "Let me hear everything."

And I did.

There was no pretending, no silly restraint just raw, unfiltered need pouring freely from my lips. He moved with powerful certainty, and when he lifted my leg effortlessly, drawing me so much closer and deeper, I cried out loud and clear into the quiet room. I could not even form full, logical thoughts anymore just breathless, broken chants of his name and half-formed pleas.

"Oh god... oh my god..."

Zahliver wrapped his strong arm around me, pressing me back firmly against his chest like he needed to feel every single inch of me. I felt his warm breath right by my ear, possessive and heavy.

"That's right," he whispered softly, nipping gently at my earlobe. "I'm your god now."

His confident words struck something deep inside me. A hoarse response spilled from my throat, raw and entirely certain.

"Mine."

He growled softly in deep approval, his voice almost reverent.

"Forever and always."

When he shifted his body again, I did not let him take the lead this time. Fueled by pure instinct and a sudden burst of mischief, I used the magic bond between us to flash us right across the large room onto the soft bed. In a single blink, he was lying beneath me, his wide-eyed surprise quickly replaced with a handsome, devilish grin.

Zahliver rested his hands casually behind his head and looked up at me like I was the only thing in the entire universe that had ever truly mattered.

I braced my hands firmly against his chest, leaning down close so our lips nearly brushed together. My voice came out rough and steady.

"My turn now."

Every single move I made was guided purely by instinct and the powerful bond that thrummed between us like a wild brushfire. I could feel exactly how he reacted to me, how his muscles tensed beneath mine, how his breath caught in his throat. He reached up, pulling me down closer to him, his mouth finding mine like he simply could not get enough of my taste.

Sweat slicked our skin, and our mingled scents dark spice, heavy musk, and something wildly ancient wrapped around us like a warm second blanket. I opened my eyes for just a second, and he was already staring up at me with an expression that was fierce, vulnerable, and deeply devoted.

"I love you," he said softly. "I love you. I love you so much."

Over and over, the sweet words poured out of him like a sacred vow.

His broad hand found the back of my neck, and he pulled me down into a kiss so intensely deep, I felt like I was unraveling and becoming completely whole all at the same time. The outside world dropped away until all I could feel was him his soul pressed tightly to mine, our mark glowing like a bright fire behind my ribs.

I eventually collapsed onto his chest, my exhausted body shaking from far too many intense emotions at once. His thundering heartbeat echoed beneath my ear, and our ragged breathing synced up like a shared rhythm.

But then he chuckled softly, the deep sound rumbling directly beneath me.

"Oh no," he said with wicked amusement. "I am still not done with you yet."

My eyes shot wide open in shock. I pushed myself up just enough to look at his face, completely stunned.

"What?" I half-laughed, half-gasped out loud. "Are you actually serious right now?"

Zahliver grinned like a dark wolf about to pounce, rolling us over in one swift, seamless motion so that he hovered directly above me again, his dark eyes gleaming brightly with heat and mischief.

"Not even close, my love," he growled softly.

And just like that, I knew I was in for the kind of long night that would leave its mark on far more than just my body it would be forever etched deep into my soul.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 204: A Display of Authority[1,247 words]

Chapter 204: A Display of Authority

Vivian's POV

"If we keep going like this, I am definitely going to need a wheelchair," I muttered softly under my breath, rolling my sore shoulders and twisting carefully at the waist to ease the deep ache radiating through my lower back. Every single movement reminded me of the wild night before and how thoroughly Zahliver had worn me completely out.

He leaned down smoothly and brushed a sweet kiss against my forehead, his handsome smile all too smug.

"I could easily carry you, love," he offered, already reaching toward my waist with that familiar, dark gleam in his eyes.

I batted his large hand away with a soft groan. "I am fine, thanks. No need to feed your massive ego any more than I already have today."

He pouted a little at my quick rejection, but laced his long fingers tightly with mine as we continued walking down the long, quiet corridor.

We were heading straight to a formal meeting with all the visiting alphas. Zahliver had mentioned earlier that I could attend if I wanted to, and my natural curiosity got the absolute best of me. I was not entirely sure what to expect, but I really wanted to see how these powerful leaders handled being in the exact same room together. Just walking toward the heavy meeting room doors, I could already feel the thick tension building up in

the air like static right before a massive lightning strike. The distinct scent of dominance was sharp and heavy, as if it clung to the very walls around us.

"Think someone is actually going to throw the first punch in there?" I asked, glancing up at him as we walked side by side.

"Do you think so?" he replied smoothly with a raised brow.

I shrugged my shoulders, not committing either way. "Honestly, it could go either way with this crowd."

He gave a soft, thoughtful hum in response, then added quietly, "Your parents should be arriving around lunchtime today. Alpha Daniel mentioned they were a little confused about the sudden pack summons."

I froze right in my tracks as the sudden memory slammed into me. Right my parents were actually supposed to meet him today.

I narrowed my eyes up at him, halting the two of us just outside the heavy double doors. "You are not planning to do something completely reckless again, are you? Because strictly from their point of view, this is their very first time meeting you, and I would really like for it not to end in a complete disaster."

He raised his hands in mock surrender and gently tugged me into a warm, protective embrace. I let my soft cheek rest against his solid chest, breathing in the comforting scent of him dark cedar, warm spice, and something purely him.

"Relax, my love. No crazy surprises this time," he murmured against my hair, sounding far too pleased with himself. "Besides, I can be extremely charming when I actually want to be."

I pulled back just enough to look up at his face, one brow raised high in disbelief. "Oh, I totally believe it. But I will only be truly impressed if you can go an entire hour without growling, threatening someone's life, or shooting total daggers with your eyes."

Grinning up at him, I gave his broad back a playful pat. "Good luck with that, buddy."

He growled low and dangerous under his breath, but I was already turning the bronze door knob and pushing open the heavy door.

Inside the large room, the visiting alphas were scattered around like weak magnets desperately trying to avoid each other, each leader keeping as much physical distance as possible from the next person. Some had brought their mates along with them at least the lunas were pretending to be civil, exchanging polite smiles instead of glare-filled death stares.

Zahliver walked right behind me, and I could instantly feel his natural energy shifting colder, far more guarded, and lethal. I thought he just looked mildly irritated at worst, but judging by the horrified stares he was earning from the crowd, the other wolves seemed to think he was just a few seconds away from absolute bloodshed.

I flashed a bright, cheerful smile at the entire room. "Good morning, everyone. I hope you all slept exceptionally well."

Gods knew I certainly had not.

A few alphas nodded back at me stiffly. Some offered polite, if deeply wary, glances in our direction. The lunas seemed far more relaxed in my presence, a few even returning my warm smile. I recognized some of them from last night's casual small talk and remembered which ones had been less than pleasant to deal with.

Cough. Grandma squad, my inner wolf muttered in my mind, making me bite my lip to stifle a sudden laugh.

Their eyes darted away awkwardly the moment I looked straight their way. Zahliver moved smoothly to stand right at my side and swept the wide room with a cool, assessing gaze. Every single alpha he looked directly at eventually dropped their eyes to the floor, even if they did so very reluctantly.

"Good morning," he said, his deep voice low, resonant, and completely commanding. "We will begin the meeting in the next room. Go ahead and take your seats."

No extra polite greetings. No meaningless pleasantries. Typical Zahliver.

A few alphas trailed slowly into the adjacent room with their mates in tow, but I noticed a couple of them pause mid-step, exchanging deep, skeptical glances. One older alpha stepped forward, frowning deeply at us.

"Are you actually allowing the females to join the formal meeting?" he asked, his tone dripping with utter incredulity.

A sudden ripple of negative reaction followed his words some muttered voices of disapproval, along with hostile, sharp glares. A few other wolves gave annoyed, heavy sighs, clearly already over the impending drama.

Zahliver did not flinch for a single second. His cold expression gave absolutely nothing away all smooth frost and hard steel. My own inner beast stirred angrily inside me, sending an irritated, hot pulse straight down my spine.

"Oh, come on," I said, stepping forward past the doorway. "It is the twenty-first century. Have you ever heard of simple gender equality? Or maybe just equality in general?"

Zahliver silently pulled a heavy wooden chair out for me at the head table, his dark eyes never once leaving the foolish alpha who had spoken up. I proudly raised my chin and sat down with natural grace, completely ignoring the thick tension settling over the air like a heavy storm cloud.

This was going to be an exceptionally long meeting.

The arrogant alpha did not even bother to acknowledge my existence his wide eyes were fixed solely on Zahliver, as if desperately waiting for some kind of swift male rescue or validation.

Zahliver's voice dropped low and dangerously sharp, heavily laced with quiet, absolute authority.

"Your Luna just addressed you directly. If you genuinely think she holds less power than you do, then maybe I should just hand your pack over to your mate instead let us see who leads much better, Alpha Stone. But then again... she is not really your true mate anymore, is she?"

His sharp words sliced straight through the silent room like sharp claws tearing through delicate silk. Every pair of eyes turned quickly toward Alpha Stone's so-called mate, then slowly circled right back to his pale, frozen face.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 205: A Needed Break[1,196 words]

Chapter 205: A Needed Break

Vivian's POV

Only now did I really take a good look at him. And wow. This man was a total mess not just in his looks, but in his whole presence. His pale face was etched with deep frown lines, and messy silver strands ran wildly through his thin hair. He did not have the solid stance that most alphas carried around; he was hunched over a little, looking like he was ready to bolt out the door at the very first loud noise. His whole aura screamed three things: tired, petty, and deeply bitter.

Without even meaning to, I muttered out loud, "Damn, Alpha Stone... more like Alpha Pebble."

The foolish words slipped straight out of my mouth before I could shove them back down. The soft chorus of giggles and muffled chuckles echoing around the room told me I had definitely said that out loud for everyone to hear.

Alpha Stone turned beet red instantly, his jaw clenched so tight I thought his teeth might actually shatter. He looked like he might lunge right at me, but he did not get the chance.

A heavy growl rolled through the room as a half-circle of protective alphas surged forward, their eyes glowing brightly and sharp teeth bared. Their sudden protective instinct was completely primal and immediate. They did not actually touch him, but their silent message was loud and clear.

He paled instantly and stumbled back two steps, staring around in absolute disbelief. Even the male wolves who had hesitated earlier to let their mates enter the meeting room were now stepping far away from him. It was as if the entire room had collectively decided he was not worth backing at all.

Zahliver strolled past him calmly and claimed the heavy chair right beside me at the head of the table naturally, as if nothing crazy had just happened.

"Let us not get too dramatic, gentlemen," he said, setting a thick leather folder down on the wood with a loud thud. "We have important things to go over, and I would really prefer not to meet the in-laws with blood on my shirt today. Sit down."

The visiting alphas obeyed instantly, though their movements were a little stiff. I watched them fumble around awkwardly, thoroughly unsure where to seat their mates close enough to protect them, yet far enough to avoid provoking any of the other territorial alphas. It was a ridiculous shuffle of possessiveness and total discomfort. I rolled my eyes so hard I thought they might get stuck in my head.

Fast forward: three exhausting hours later.

Two massive yelling matches, one almost full wolf shift, one actual shift, and a whole lot of giant ego later, I was mentally fried. One alpha begged for mercy, another nearly cried out loud, and Zahliver... he kept it together remarkably well, though I could feel the sharp tension coiling tighter and tighter right under his skin.

I knew my very presence helped to ground him, keeping him from going full *Lupus Deus* on all of them. But at this point, even I was completely done with the endless nonsense. Some of the silly things they were actively arguing about were so obvious, it was like listening to little pups bicker back and forth over who got the bigger piece of meat.

Standing up abruptly from my chair, I loudly cut off whatever weak excuse the latest alpha was stammering about. "Does anyone want to take a lunch break with me?" I asked the room, trying really hard not to sound too desperate for fresh air.

Three women immediately sprang straight to their feet. Their mates did not argue with them at all in fact, they looked deeply relieved and quickly kissed their cheeks in sweet farewell.

Two more she-wolves nudged their partners until they grudgingly allowed them to join our group. That made five. Good.

"Can I come along too?" a friendly young man asked eagerly, his eyes practically pleading with me.

I raised an eyebrow at him. "Aren't you an alpha?"

He shook his head and gestured toward the fierce-looking woman sitting right beside him. "She is. I just get the title strictly by proximity."

His hopeful grin made me snort softly. "Sure. Why not."

He jumped up happily, patting his flat stomach. "Thank the moon. I honestly thought I was going to starve to death in here." He leaned down to kiss his mate's cheek, who rolled her eyes at his antics but smiled very fondly.

"I will bring you back a sandwich. Half a sandwich. Okay... maybe just a dry crust if I get really hungry," he promised as he made his way over to the open door.

Even the older women who I had mentally nicknamed the Granny Squad stood up and tottered over to join us, their slow steps surprisingly light with excitement.

Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted Melly and Theo. I drifted casually toward them, my heart instantly softening.

Melly looked up and smiled warmly at me, and to my pleasant surprise, Theo offered me a small smile too before turning softly to her.

"Go ahead, love," he murmured gently to her, his hand squeezing her arm with care. "I am sure you are hungry."

My heart gave a little happy flutter.

So incredibly cute.

I could instantly feel Zahliver's intense gaze drilling straight into the back of my head, that familiar heavy weight of his full attention settling over me like a warm cloak. I turned around, and sure enough, there he was brooding heavily, broad arms crossed tightly over his chest, looking like he would much rather throw me over his shoulder than let me walk away. Those stormy eyes locked directly with mine, quietly pleading for me to stay.

"Stay," he said, his deep voice low but strongly tugging at me. "Don't leave me here alone with them."

I raised a brow, my lips twitching with amusement. "Too bad for you. Suck it up."

His broad shoulders stiffened a bit, but the next silent words that floated directly into my mind came heavily coated in vulnerability.

You calm me down, he murmured into my thoughts, as if saying it out loud to the room would shatter something fragile between us.

That almost made me pause in my tracks. Almost.

And sometimes, getting riled up gets things moving much faster, I replied straight back to him through the link. *Just... don't kill anyone while I am gone, and we should be totally fine.*

A heavy silence stretched between us before his voice returned once more, this time dropping much lower, edged with something else entirely.

Not unless you give me something sweet in return later.

The deep way his voice dipped into my thoughts made my stomach flip upside down. I knew exactly where his mischievous mind had gone. My cheeks instantly flamed with sudden heat.

Nope. Forget it. I spun fast on my heel. "Bye, Zahliver. Be a good boy."

And without giving him another backward glance because if I did, I would definitely be the one needing a wheelchair later I strode straight out the door.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 206: Bound by Gratitude[1,332 words]

Vivian's POV

The hallway opened up to the hotel cafeteria, which might very well become my absolute favorite spot here. It was spacious and bright, with green and earthy tones on the walls that reminded me oddly of the deep forest. The air smelled of grilled meat, fresh baked bread, and something sweet I could not quite place.

Since we were here for the summit, meals were apparently complimentary for visiting alphas and lunas. I only realized this when I saw a few alphas try to pay, only to be waved off with a smile and a polite explanation that the hotel had everything fully covered.

With that in mind, I picked what I wanted, grabbed a Naked drink from the cooler, and sat down without bothering with the long cashier line. But the moment I twisted the cap open... total chaos.

A sudden blur of motion caught my attention. Wolves specifically the ones stationed near the cashier bolted toward me like I had just pulled a fire alarm. I blinked, startled, and instinctively set the bottle right back on the tray, watching them close in with a mix of alarm and... guilt?

They surrounded me in seconds, eyes wide and movements rushed as they inspected the tray like it was a ticking time bomb.

"Uh... is something wrong?" I asked, genuinely confused.

A blond cashier with warm brown eyes stepped forward, clearly the one in charge of the group.

"Luna," she said carefully, "did you drink or eat anything from this tray yet?"

I shook my head slowly. "Not yet."

She exhaled in deep relief, bringing a wrist communicator up to her lips.

"Snow has not taken a bite out of the apple. I repeat, Snow has not taken a bite out of the apple. Proceed to retrieve the food," she said, calm but efficient.

I stared in silence as they whisked my tray away including my poor, unopened Naked drink. Around the wide room, a few lunas who had been watching began eyeing their own meals with suspicion, the atmosphere shifting just slightly.

"I wanted that," I muttered mournfully, watching my tray disappear through the swing doors of the kitchen like it had betrayed me.

The blond woman gave me a sheepish smile. "I am so sorry, Luna. Alpha Azrala gave explicit instructions. We are to follow strict food safety protocol for you. Everything you eat or drink while staying here must come directly from a guarded, secure fridge. Even things you grab on your own."

I blinked in surprise. "Oh."

A few minutes later, the same staff returned carrying what looked like the exact same meal. Only now, the Naked bottle was sealed tight again, and everything had been repackaged nicely. They set it down in front of me with relieved smiles before returning to their posts like nothing had happened.

She lingered for a moment, adding gently, "It is for your safety. To prevent poisoning or anything that might harm your health. Didn't the Alpha tell you?"

I stared down at my replacement tray, my stomach growling softly.

"No," I said, lifting the drink to my lips. "No, he did not."

Poison.

That single heavy word echoed through my mind as I gave the she-wolf who had handed me the tray a tense smile and quietly sat down. My movements were careful and deliberate. I did not want to startle anyone, especially not her.

"Thank you anyway," I said calmly, watching as she gave a short nod and retreated to her post.

Around the table, the other lunas were slowly resuming their meals, though the overall atmosphere had shifted. They chewed with far-off looks in their eyes, clearly piecing together what had just happened. The only one who remained completely unfazed was the warrior from the earlier meeting he was already halfway through his second sandwich, eating like it was just another normal day.

I reached out directly to Zahliver through our bond, keeping my expression totally neutral.

You have been having my food tested?

His response was immediate, even though he was likely still deep in council discussions.

Always. Why?

His tone was casual, but I could feel a faint flicker of concern threading through it.

I frowned slightly, picking absently at the chips on my tray.

We are immortal, Zal. Even if I am poisoned, I won't die. Why go through all the trouble? What if one of them does die? Just for me?

There was a pause just long enough for me to feel the heavy weight of his thoughts as he considered what to say next.

That may be true, he finally answered, his voice much gentler now, but the very idea of you in pain? That is unbearable. And I do not force anyone to do it. The wolves who test your food? They volunteer, Vivian. Willingly. Just like I would. They would give their lives for you without a second thought. Please... do not carry the weight of that guilt.

I let his sweet words wash over me, warm and heavy all at once.

Hmmm.

It was all I could manage as I gently pulled away from the mind bond and reached for a slice of pizza. The intense moment had passed, but its echo lingered softly in my chest.

Next to me, Melly shifted nervously in her seat. I turned slightly to glance at her and caught the nervous look in her soft eyes.

"You okay?" I asked after taking a bite. She tried to smile, and while it was soft, it held immense gratitude.

"I wanted to thank you," she began, her voice hushed, "for what you did last night."

She glanced around quickly as if making sure no one else was listening. I gave her my full, undivided attention.

"Our previous alpha... after his mate left him, he changed completely. Became cruel. Abusive. For years." Her voice wavered, but she did not stop talking. "Theo became beta by bloodline, and he... he saw firsthand how terrible things had gotten. But he was trapped. We all were. No one was allowed to speak a word of it."

I felt the air go completely still between us.

"When we found out we were mates, I was overjoyed. But he tried to distance himself from me. I thought he did not want me. I thought he was rejecting me. But when I finally forced my way into the pack house to confront him, I realized the full truth." Her eyes turned glassy with tears. "The alpha found out I was Theo's mate... and he punished him by hurting me. He beat me." She blinked rapidly, the memory clearly painful. "Theo tried to stop him... he always tried. But sometimes..." She broke off, swallowing hard.

My gut twisted violently. Pure fury churned low in my belly. I wanted to find that former alpha right now, drag him back by the scruff of his neck, and make him feel every single bruise and scar he had ever left behind. But I knew that stripping him of his rank had already done something far deeper. And it would only continue from here.

"But last night," she whispered softly, her voice steadier now, "you gave us the strength... the freedom to finally make things right. To tear down what he built and help the ones who have been quietly suffering for years. Thank you, Luna Vivian."

She hesitated for a second, then reached out and clasped my hands tightly between hers. Her grip was warm and firm.

"We will make you proud," she promised with conviction.

I held onto her hands tightly and met her gaze, letting my voice carry the full truth I felt.

"You already have."

Her breath caught slightly, and for the very first time since I had met her, Melly smiled a full, radiant smile that bloomed straight from her soul.

And in that quiet moment, I knew... they were going to be totally okay. All of them.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 207: An Unexpected Reunion[1,116 words]

Chapter 207: An Unexpected Reunion

Vivian's POV

"I am really going to miss some of those girls," I said softly to Zahliver as we walked side by side down the hallway. "They were so sweet... and absolutely hilarious."

The summit had wrapped up shortly after lunch, and most of the female alphas had already left to return to their respective packs. The goodbyes were warm but quick. Still, a few had left lasting impressions on me, and my heart tugged at the thought of not seeing them again anytime soon.

Zahliver groaned out loud and dropped his head into his hands, and I could not help but laugh at his dramatic reaction.

Walking into the meeting room earlier had been... intense. And messy. And a little terrifying, at least for the visiting alphas.

By "messy," I meant full-grown, powerful male alphas nearly shaking in their boots while my possessive mate unleashed absolute hell in the form of rapid-fire orders and sweeping new regulations. When they would not stop bickering among themselves, he stopped trying to get their attention the nice way. Instead, he dove straight into their heads, pulling information directly from their thoughts. Classic Zahliver. That move alone had them panicking, but when he barked at them to stand completely still? Total chaos.

Screaming. Shouting. One alpha nearly shifted into his wolf right on the spot.

So when we stepped into that same room later, it was like walking straight into a frozen scene. Every single alpha snapped to attention, stone-stiff and pale-eyed, while Zahliver sat calmly at the head of the table flipping through heavy documents like he had not just wrecked their male pride minutes ago. The only sound in the room was the soft paper turning... well, that and the erratic thundering of their terrified hearts.

"You are horrible to them," I teased gently as I walked over and placed my warm hands softly on his shoulders. "You will never make any real friends if you keep telling people to shut up and stand still."

He groaned again under his breath.

"I don't want friends," he muttered like a sullen child. My all-powerful, fearsome mate, sulking around like a kicked puppy. Absolutely adorable.

I leaned down close and grinned up at his handsome face. "Sure you do. Who else are you going to complain about me to?"

I slipped my fingers through his dark hair, playing lazily with the soft strands. He let out a deep sound somewhere between a sigh and a hum, then turned in his leather chair, pulling me right between his legs so he could rest his heavy head against my chest.

"You," he said simply, looking up at me. "All I need in this life is you."

My heart fluttered wildly against my ribs. I bent down to press a soft kiss to his lips, but just as I was starting to get carried away, lost in the deep warmth of him and the way he cradled my face with both hands, there was a firm knock at the double doors.

I jumped back on pure instinct, only for his strong arms to keep me anchored close to his side.

I knew that distinct knock anywhere. My parents had finally arrived.

"Welp," I said, trying my best to calm my racing pulse. "Time to meet the in-laws... all over again."

Zahliver rose to his full height beside me, stretching his broad arms up over his head. The casual motion lifted his shirt just enough to expose a smooth sliver of golden skin, and my eyes darted right there before I could stop myself.

When I looked up, completely flustered, he was inhaling deeply with his dark eyes closed.

"Love," he said, his deep voice dropping low and dangerous. "I am already trying very hard to remember that your parents are actively waiting for us. Don't make this harder by looking at me like that."

From the unmistakable way his fitted pants were suddenly far snugger than before, I could tell exactly how hard this whole situation was for him literally.

I cleared my throat awkwardly and quickly grabbed his hand, pulling him toward the open door. "Sorry about that. Are you ready?"

He squeezed my fingers tightly in silent reply.

The hotel garden was three floors down. My parents had no real idea where they were, or who they were actually about to meet. This was going to be a giant surprise of monumental proportions. Honestly, it felt like the two of us were walking straight into a live grenade.

As we neared the edge of the wide balcony overlooking the garden, I spotted them right by the colorful koi pond. My mom was crouched down low, pointing excitedly at the little fish swimming in slow circles. My dad stood right beside her, watching her with affectionate amusement shining in his eyes.

No matter the situation or the place, they always had this quiet, beautiful way of loving each other. That was what I admired most about them growing up. Love was not just something they said out loud it was something they showed each other every single day.

Then, they suddenly sensed our presence.

My mom's body straightened up, her cheerful smile shifting into a puzzled frown. My dad instinctively stepped closer to her side, one arm wrapping protectively around her shoulders. When they finally saw me standing there, their faces lit up with pure shock, then overwhelming joy... but that happy expression slowly morphed into total confusion as their gazes drifted to Zahriver standing tall beside me.

They did not recognize him at all.

I had known they wouldn't, but still... something about the quiet moment felt slightly off. It was like reality did not know how to handle the sudden clash of two very different worlds.

"Vivian?" my mom asked softly, her voice trembling slightly as her eyes glistened with unshed tears.

I released Zahriver's hand and hurried forward, wrapping my arms tightly around her.

"Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad."

I held her close to me, letting the familiar comfort of her warm embrace ground my racing nerves. Then I stepped smoothly into my father's waiting arms, and even though he hugged me back tightly, I felt the slight hesitation in his body. It was a subtle tension that had not been there before.

And then came the big question.

"Honey, what are you doing here?" my dad asked softly, his gaze flickering uncertainly toward Zahriver. "I thought you were away traveling."

There really was no instruction manual or guidebook on how to introduce your ancient, supernatural mate to your very human parents... so I guess I was going to have to wing it.

Once again.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 208: A Mother's Intuition[1,006 words]

Chapter 208: A Mother's Intuition

Vivian's POV

"I was... and then I met my mate," I said, a nervous flutter rising fast in my chest. "Mom, Dad... this is Zahliver Azrala."

I said his name with quiet pride, hoping it would somehow bridge the brewing storm I knew was coming and somehow hoping they don't remember anything. Zahliver stepped forward with his usual quiet confidence and extended a hand out to my dad, who blinked down at it like it might bite him.

"Sir, it is an honor to meet you," Zahliver said, his voice calm and respectful.

Dad, still clearly processing the heavy bombshell that his daughter was mated to the Lupus Deus, shook his hand slowly. Zahliver then turned smoothly to my mom, gently took her hand, and pressed a soft kiss to her knuckles.

"Ma'am. It Is truly a pleasure to finally meet you."

I could practically hear her heart skip a beat.

He moved back to stand firmly beside me, his warm palm resting against the small of my back. That grounding warmth helped me speak the next part all in one breath, trying desperately to get ahead of their inevitable reactions.

"Before either of you say anything cos I know you my father would gave something to say... I love him, and he loves me. You both always told me not to judge a book by its cover. And, well... Zahliver is kind of that whole library. Also... he is known as the Lupus Deus." I gave a weak smile, then quickly added, "So, have you guys had lunch yet or...?"

My mom's eyes widened impossibly wide, and my dad looked like he had just been hit head-on by a freight train.

"Wait, you mean...?" my mom gasped.

"Vivian, step away " Dad started, his voice rising in sudden panic.

"Is that a mark...?" Mom's eyes locked directly onto my neck.

"Oh my god..." Dad's voice followed right behind.

And then my mom, her eyes glassy and her lips parting in slow motion, whispered the single sentence that stopped all of us dead in our tracks.

"Am I going to be a grandma?"

Zahliver and I both froze completely. Even my dad whipped his head around toward her, looking like he had just been personally betrayed.

There was a heavy heartbeat of complete silence.

"Really, Alison?" Dad asked incredulously, his eyes narrowing. "Grandkids? That is the first thing that comes to your mind? Our only daughter just told us she is mated to him, and all you can think about is grandkids?"

Mom turned to face him, her eyes twinkling with mischief, clearly unbothered by his outburst. "Well, she is clearly in love, and so is he. You and I said she should look beyond appearances, didn't we? So let's not be hypocrites about it."

She turned back to focus on me, this time with that unmistakable glint in her eye. "Now... about those grandbabies?"

I stared straight at her in total disbelief. My dad groaned loudly and turned toward Zahliver, giving him a long, penetrating look the exact kind of look I had seen send lesser alphas running for the hills. But Zahliver did not flinch at all. He simply nodded in quiet agreement.

"Just keep her safe and happy," Dad finally said, his voice softening just a bit.

"That is all I want in this world," Zahliver replied, his tone steady and completely sincere.

"And I still want grandkids," my mom added cheerfully.

I rolled my eyes, muttering under my breath, "Well... that went a lot better than last time."

"What was that?" Dad asked, squinting suspiciously at me.

My eyes widened. "Nothing! Nothing at all. So, uh, have you guys eaten yet? They've got this amazing place nearby with..." I launched straight into a nervous ramble, hoping to steer the conversation far, far away from any accidental hints about our earlier cafeteria mess.

Thankfully, Zahliver caught on quickly and started chatting easily with my dad, letting their conversation drift toward safer, manlier territory pack lines, patrol structures, and territorial dynamics. They eventually wandered off together, leaving me entirely alone with my mom.

She looked at me softly, her eyes warmer than they had been in a very long time.

"You really love him," she said quietly.

"I do," I whispered, smiling down at my shoes. "He's everything I didn't know I needed. Being with him... it feels like I've finally found where I belong."

She reached out and brushed a loose strand of hair back behind my ear, just like she used to do when I was little.

"It's like that when you finally find your true mate. After all the chaos and misunderstandings, once the dust settles... there's nothing quite like it," she said gently.

I snorted softly. "Oh, trust me. We've had our fair share of chaos already."

She laughed lightly, then tilted her head, watching me closely. "You two are unusually in sync for a newly bonded pair. How long have you actually been together?"

I squirmed a little in place. "Not long..."

That was putting it mildly. If you ignored the part where I was unconscious, memory-wiped, and kidnapped... yeah, not long at all.

She nodded thoughtfully. "He's not what I imagined," she admitted. "For someone with a title like *Lupus Deus*, he seems... less savage. Gentler, even."

"No offense taken," I chuckled. "He's... complex. He's strong and fiercely protective, stubborn to the point of absolute madness, but also so thoughtful when it matters most. He's intense at first, sure, but underneath all that... there's this deep tenderness I never expected."

My voice trailed off when I noticed the way her eyes suddenly glistened with happy tears.

"Mom?" I asked, frowning slightly.

She waved me off with a hand, though a single tear slipped free down her cheek.

"Oh, my baby is really in love," she sniffled happily. "I'm going to be a grandma sooner than I thought."

"Seriously mom?" I groaned, feeling my cheeks heat up.

She only laughed, her heart full of joy.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 209: A Stormy Goodbye[1,013 words]

Vivian's POV

"Hey, Mom," I said, trying my absolute best to sound casual and unbothered, though my heart was already pounding fast with quiet excitement. "How would you and Dad feel about moving to where Zahliver and I are staying now? It is very well protected, peaceful... and honestly, it is such a beautiful place to settle down. You could even call it a permanent retirement spot."

I was practically bouncing on my heels with hope, but the moment I saw a soft sadness flicker deep in my mother's eyes, my hopeful heart sank a little.

"That sounds wonderful, sweetheart," she said, her voice gentle and warm, while a wistful smile tugged softly at her lips. "But it is just too late in our lives to start over somewhere completely new. You know how set in his ways your father is." She pulled me into a tight, loving hug, and I clung to her closely, understanding completely... even if it was not the answer I had hoped for.

"I get it, Mom," I murmured softly against her shoulder. "But if either of you ever change your mind..."

"You will be the very first to know," she finished with a knowing, tender smile.

We shared a small, quiet laugh, but behind it hung the unspoken weight of distance, of time passing by much faster than we would ever like. Still, it was deeply comforting. We were going to be okay. We were deeply connected, even if miles of land and sea would separate us.

After that much-needed heart-to-heart talk, Zahliver and I had to head back to the island estate. Before we left, he generously told my parents they could stay at the hotel for as long as they wanted, completely on his dime. If they ever decided they wanted to go back home, all they had to do was let the front desk staff know, and a private plane would be ready on standby for them.

Mom practically lit up at the grand idea, and after a little bit of sweet persuading, she even convinced Dad to stay a little longer for a lovely mini vacation. This particular goodbye felt entirely different much lighter in my chest. I was not carrying any heavy guilt this time around. They knew for a fact that I was safe. They knew I was deeply cared for by someone who loved me unconditionally.

Once we were settled on the private plane, I curled up comfortably in Zahliver's lap, playing absently with the soft strands of his dark hair. His strong arms wrapped securely around me like a protective shield against the whole world, his steady body heat instantly calming my racing heartbeat.

"That went really well, didn't it?" I mumbled sleepily against his chest. "They love you, you know."

He gave a low, rumbling hum of agreement, gently burying his nose deep into my hair.

I tilted my head up just a little to glance at him. "What were you and my dad talking about earlier anyway? You two kept exchanging looks like you had your own secret language or something."

He smirked softly, brushing his warm fingers up and down my arm. "Just standard guy stuff, love."

I gave a drowsy, sleepy snort. "How very enlightening."

Deep sleep tugged heavily at me before I could press the matter any further.

By the time the plane touched down on the runway, I was still pretty groggy. Even after a solid nap, my body felt heavy and restless, like I hadn't shifted into my wolf form in way too long and my inner beast was getting itchy for a run. Outside the cabin windows, a heavy storm had rolled in, the skies painted in angry shades of dark gray. Rain poured down relentlessly against the tarmac.

One of the many great perks of our supernatural kind? I did not have to get soaked in that miserable mess. A quick, smooth step through a doorway, and I was safely inside the dry, comfortable warmth of the waiting car.

Zahliver sat quietly beside me, running a large hand through his messy hair, clearly already thinking about pack business and council work. "I will not be heading home right away," he told me. "I need to check in with Albericus, make sure he didn't completely wreck the administration building while I was gone."

I smoothed my fingers through my own hair and smiled up at him. Without saying another word, I leaned in close and pressed a quick, affectionate kiss to his rough cheek.

He blinked down at me in surprise, then smiled warmly. "What was that sweet little kiss for?"

I gave a small, casual shrug, threading my fingers securely through his. "Just felt like doing it."

"Well," he said, giving my hand a firm, loving squeeze, "never hold back on me."

The car began to slow down smoothly as we neared his drop-off point. He turned fully toward me, that familiar, tender concern flickering softly in his dark eyes. "Are you sure you will be okay on your own? I can have a couple of trusted guards swing by the house if "

I shook my head firmly before he could even finish his sentence. "I am fine, Zal. Actually... I think I am going to go for a long run before heading back home. Clear my head a bit. My wolf is getting way too restless."

He looked me over carefully like he really wanted to argue the point, but I nudged him playfully with my elbow. "Seriously, I am good. Say hi to Algebra for me."

"Albericus," he corrected me with a deep, fond chuckle.

"Same difference." I grinned brightly and shoved him gently toward the car door.

He laughed out loud, leaned in to capture my lips in a deep kiss, and then pushed the door open to step out into the rain. "I love you. Be very careful out there, alright?"

"I love you too!" I called out happily, watching through the rain-spattered window as he disappeared into the stormy night.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 210: The Split[1,044 words]

Chapter 210: The Split

Vivian's POV

The moment the car door closed, complete silence settled around me, broken only by the gentle hum of the engine and the rhythmic patter of heavy rain tapping against the glass windows.

And deep down in that quiet space, my wolf stirred inside me, stretching her tired limbs, eager and ready for action.

"Always am!" I called back with a bright grin, waving toward the vehicle as it slowly disappeared down the long winding path.

The moment I stepped inside the front door, a wonderful wave of cozy quiet wrapped completely around me. I kicked off my shoes right by the entrance, stripped out of my stiff travel clothes, and quickly pulled on something loose and soft. The walls of the house felt very familiar and safe, but what I really craved right now was the wide-open space beyond them. I walked straight through the back door, stepping right out into the wild expanse of our so-called backyard.

Technically speaking, it was a forest dense, sprawling, and completely untouched by human hands. It was ours.

Rain poured down heavily from the dark sky like it had something very important to say. It was heavy, determined, and utterly relentless. But I did not mind it at all. In fact, I warmly welcomed the chill.

I paused near the very edge of the woods, tilting my head back and letting the cold droplets cascade freely down my skin. My dark hair clung wetly to my face, and my comfortable clothes soaked through almost instantly, but I did not take a single step backward. I lifted my arms wide open and closed my eyes, breathing in deeply through my nose.

The rich scent of petrichor filled the air, mixed with wet bark and the distant rumbling of thunder. My lungs filled completely with the cool night air, and for a fleeting second, I felt whole.

Completely peaceful.

Standing underneath a towering old tree whose wide branches arched protectively over my head, I pressed a warm hand flat against the rough bark. The solid texture of the wood grounded me instantly. I relaxed my shoulders, keeping my breathing even and slow, and let my awareness expand outward into the trees.

Every single heartbeat in the surrounding woods echoed softly through my own chest. Every rustle of wet leaves and every heavy drop of rain splitting against a high branch became part of me. I let my inner senses bloom wide open.

I opened myself up fully to the familiar process of the shift.

And that was the exact moment when everything suddenly fractured.

A searing, blinding heat erupted instantly inside my chest, licking wildly up my spine and coiling tightly into all of my limbs. It was nothing like the usual warm, welcoming sensation of a normal shift. This felt like pure fire burning under my skin.

"I wanted to go! I wanted to go!" two separate voices shouted loudly inside my head at the very same time overlapping, fighting each other, identical yet distinctly apart.

My brows drew together in sharp confusion. What on earth...?

Before I could even begin to react to the strange voices, both of them my wolves slammed brutally into the forefront of my mind, shoving my human consciousness back as if I were nothing more than an unwanted passenger in my own head.

I staggered backward on my feet.

"I wanted to shift first!" my beast snarled fiercely, her voice sounding like gravel soaked in white-hot rage.

There was no warning at all. No gentle lead-up. Just pure, unadulterated chaos.

I felt my mind literally rip straight down the middle my natural instincts cleaving entirely away from my normal thoughts, my soul dividing itself into two in a war I never agreed to fight. My muscles convulsed violently all at once. I could not move a single finger, nor could I even manage to open my burning eyes.

I was caught helplessly trapped right in between.

Agonizing pain tore through every inch of my body. It felt like being dragged slowly across hot coals, laced with a thousand sharp needles. My skin felt like it was burning away while my bones simultaneously froze solid. I could not shift properly I was not even fully human anymore. I was just a broken, shattered thing caught helplessly in the violent storm raging between them.

"Stop fighting right now!" I screamed out loud into the dark air.

But they did not stop. They were entirely beyond reason, locked in a vicious, snarling tug-of-war, clawing frantically over control of our shared body.

The rain pelted down even harder now, feeling sharp as broken glass against my exposed skin. I flinched away from the force of it, but my body still refused to obey me. Then, somewhere close by in the stormy night, something sharp snapped.

It was not thunder.

It sounded like laughter. It was twisted, distant, but undeniably real.

I whimpered softly in the dark. "Stop it, please!"

But they did not hear my plea. They physically could not.

The internal war escalated rapidly, and it genuinely felt like I was being ripped apart from the inside out my very essence tearing completely down the center.

Another massive boom exploded overhead in the clouds. It was not just the natural storm anymore. Something deep inside my mind was coming apart at the seams.

Crackling. Splintering. Shifting wildly.

The pouring rain peaked in a violent, deafening crescendo. Through the roaring sound of rushing blood pounding loudly in my ears, I heard it.

A whistle in the wind.

No, it was a fall.

Something heavy was falling fast.

My entire body shook uncontrollably from head to toe. My beasts continued to howl furiously inside my head, their blind rage seemingly endless. I cried out in agony, my throat turning raw and scratchy.

"Stop!"

"Me!"

"No, me!"

"Please!" I begged the empty woods. "Please, just stop this!"

And then, through the blur of pain, I saw it.

Falling.

The dark blur of something descending from above, moving way too fast and getting way too close.

Falling right toward me.

My body remained completely frozen in place, utterly helpless.

The pain grew sharp, blinding, and terrifyingly final.

And then...

Everything faded into absolute silence.

