

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 231: The God of Instinct[1,465 words]

Chapter 231: The God of Instinct

Zahliver's POV

The strange man stopped walking just a few feet away from us, his long, tangled hair framing his sharp features in the dim light. His skin was olive toned, and his bright orange eyes glowed like molten glass in the shadows. He swept his gaze over all three of us, but it finally settled on me with far too much unwelcome familiarity.

Standing right before me was the ancient god of intelligence and instinct.

"Eccasto," I greeted him deadpan. "It is actually Zahliver, just like I told Alstha earlier. And no, I did not fall for your silly trap. Probably because you had Berna swallow me whole once before in the past, remember?"

His hard jaw tensed visibly at the mention of Alstha. Good.

But aside from that physical reaction, he managed to stay maddeningly composed.

"Zalvius... you simply must put an end to all of this madness," he began, his voice dipped deeply in a forced, unnatural calm. "Yes, we deeply wronged you in the past. All of us are guilty. But I am here right now to speak on behalf of the rest of them, to say "

"What? That you are deeply sorry for everything?" I snapped back, heat flaring up sharply in my chest. "Great. That is precisely what I have been waiting to hear. Finally, the mighty gods apologize. Now I can just skip off happily into the sunset, all of my old wounds magically healed."

Pure sarcasm laced every single word that left my mouth. I did not even try to hide the venom in my tone.

He opened his mouth to speak again, but I cut him off with a loud, vicious snarl.

"Even someone like you cannot possibly be stupid enough to think a simple apology is what I want. Or that it comes anywhere close to enough."

My dark rage surged forward like a second pulse beating fiercely just beneath my skin.

Years.

I had suffered in the dark for so many long years tortured, humiliated, and toyed with purely for their own amusement.

And now they wanted to suddenly play nice and talk it out?

I stepped forward slowly, just enough to make him instinctively flinch back.

This was never about forgiveness.

This was all about total war.

And I had barely even started.

There was a tiny flicker in his orange eyes just a brief split second but I caught it. It was not fear, not just yet. It was pure instinct. And since he was literally the god of instinct, if his gut feelings were not already screaming at him to run for his life, then something was deeply wrong... because he was about to bleed on these stones.

I watched him grit his teeth hard, desperately searching for something to say that would not cost him more than he could afford to lose.

"No," he began slowly, trying his best to put on a reasonable tone. "I fully understand that after everything we put you and your brother through, you have every reason to want heavy revenge. But we were young back then... and foolish. Time has tempered our wild edges. We even tried to do right by "

My entire body tensed up like a coiled spring before the rest of his sentence could even land.

I already knew what name was coming next. And I absolutely refused to let him speak her name out loud.

Disgust coiled low and heavy in my gut, feeling just like thick smoke curling from a long dead fire that had been suddenly reignited. My fingers twitched with restraint, my jaw tightening until it ached as a cold shiver ran through my frame. I inhaled deeply through my nose, steadied my trembling rage, and spoke in a voice that was soft and terribly deliberate.

"If her name ever leaves your mouth... the pain Alstha is currently enduring right now will seem like a sweet mercy compared to what I will make your constant companion."

It was not just an empty threat.

It was a sacred vow.

Eccasto froze completely in his tracks. His eyes locked tightly onto mine, wide with sudden, unspoken alarm. I could easily see the internal war raging within him his sharp instinct screaming at him to back down, to run away, to surrender. But his stubborn pride held him firmly in place. He blinked rapidly, swallowing hard against his dry throat. And in that heavy silence, I knew he had finally listened to me.

Maybe there was a time long ago when he could have easily overpowered me. But that weak version of me had died because of what they did. And the terrifying version that stood before him now? He had helped build this monster. He helped make me what I am today relentless and totally unbreakable.

His wary gaze drifted away from me toward Fern and Lexero, both of whom were standing nearby watching closely. They had heard every single word of our exchange. I had told them all about the gods long ago their domains, their dark roles, and their unforgivable sins.

I turned my full attention right back to him, my voice low but sharply edged with heavy steel. "Where is Fate hiding, Eccasto?"

I already knew he would not give me a straight answer. He was far too loyal to him. Or perhaps just too terrified of what the absolute truth would eventually unleash. Still, I asked anyway.

He gave me a sad, tragic smile, tinged deeply with bitterness.

"You already know I will never betray him. No matter what cruel things you do to me, that will never change," his voice lowered, turning into a murmur almost completely swallowed by the blowing wind. "It has been many years, Zalvius. You were still entirely human back then. And human memories... they always fade away with time."

A low growl rose up hotly in my throat before I bared my sharp teeth at him.

"Do not you dare speak to me of the past. I have no use for your cheap nostalgia. Tell me where the coward is hiding the one who plays with mortal lives as if they are nothing more than pieces in some sick game. Tell me where the old fool is hiding right now."

I took another menacing step closer to him.

"One last time, Eccasto. Where is he?"

His stubborn silence was absolute. His glowing orange eyes gave nothing away save for pure, unyielding defiance. I clicked my tongue against the roof of my mouth and abruptly turned my back on him.

"Fine," I muttered dismissively.

Lexero caught my clear meaning without me needing to spell it out for him.

He stepped forward toward the edge, eyeing the murky, swirling river and the monstrous creature lurking silently beneath the glassy surface. "So, how exactly am I supposed to cross this muddy mess without getting eaten alive by this... nightmare version of Finding Nemo?"

I let out a smirk.

"You will be completely fine. Berna can only be summoned once at a time, and Eccasto has already burned most of his divine strength doing just that. Not your brightest tactical move, considering what your official title is," I glanced back over my shoulder at Eccasto with a cold sneer. "God of instinct and intelligence, huh? You really could have fooled me. You made a massive mistake back then... and you are making another foolish one right now. Some stubborn creatures just never seem to learn."

I turned back around and stepped lightly across the flat grey stones that lined the river, keeping my balance steady and completely unbothered. The dark water stirred beneath us, but no sudden danger came up to grab us.

Lexero followed right behind me, spreading his arms wide to keep his balance, muttering angry complaints under his breath.

Behind him, Fern came last, moving with slow, careful, and wary steps, his sharp eyes constantly darting back and forth toward the water's edge.

And what about Eccasto?

He took one slow step backward. Then another.

He clearly thought I might suddenly pounce on him. He had braced himself tightly for the brutal fight that I ultimately decided not to give him. Not yet, at least.

But he knew the truth just as well as I did.

This fight was far from over.

Not by a long shot.

"I will bring you down eventually, Zalivus. I may be badly drained right now, but do not ever mistake that temporary state for actual weakness," he called out with a cold, calculating gleam in his glowing eyes, sounding as though he had already drawn up a master plan to defeat me later. A foolish plan that, even if it actually existed, would fail all the same.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 232: The Mother of Wolves[1,511 words]

Chapter 232: The Mother of Wolves

Zahliver's POV

I tilted my head slightly to the side and allowed a sharp smirk to pull at the corner of my mouth.

"There is not really much of a difference between the two titles... but you are deeply mistaken if you think it is me you will be fighting today," I took a slow step back, my gaze entirely unwavering. "Revenge does not always require my own hands to do the dirty work."

His broad brow pinched together in utter confusion, but I simply turned around toward Lexero, who casually lifted his right hand and gave a lazy wave a gesture that practically screamed pure mockery. Eccasto barked out a sudden, harsh laugh, placing both hands over his stomach like he genuinely found the whole thing hilarious. But the dangerous gleam in Lexero's narrowed eyes said something entirely different.

He had just severely insulted a proud lion's pride.

"Him?" Eccasto scoffed loudly and gestured dismissively toward Lexero, never even bothering to look directly at his face. "You expect me to actually fight that thing? A weak half-breed feline?" He sneered with absolute arrogance. "I will give you this much if it were you standing here, my chances would not be very great at all. But this pathetic creature?" He chuckled darkly, stabbing his finger through the air. "He cannot even manage to pull off a proper full shift."

I shook my head slowly, stepping completely out of the way of the coming storm.

Lexero's chest rose and fell heavily, his breathing turning deep and ragged. I could clearly see the dangerous edge of his transformation beginning black claws erupted visibly from his fingertips, and his teeth lengthened rapidly behind a fierce, curled snarl. One side of his handsome face was already warping into that of a savage lion, his blinding rage distorting every single line of his features.

"Funny," I mused aloud, keeping my tone light. "I knew that your arrogant ass would never take anyone seriously unless it was me. So I simply did the one thing guaranteed to deeply get under your skin I let a very prideful lion step right into the ring. You honestly did the insulting part all by yourself." I folded my arms tightly across my chest. "And here is the kicker. He really, truly hates being told what he cannot possibly do."

I paused for a second, pretending to ponder deeply.

"As long as you had not said anything foolish about him being a half-breed, you might have actually been okay..." I clicked my tongue against my teeth. "Oh wait. Too late."

Eccasto's cocky expression faltered instantly. I saw the exact moment that heavy realization struck him far too late. His face stiffened in shock as he whipped his head back toward Lexero, whose golden eyes were now glowing brightly with completely unleashed fury.

He whipped his head back toward me, pure rage burning hot through his gaze. "You little "

But he did not even get the chance to finish his sentence. Lexero launched himself forward with a deafening roar, hitting Eccasto so hard that both men crashed violently to the dirt in a wild blur of muscle, flashing claws, and raw, untamed power.

They tore into each other without a single moment of hesitation, but it was abundantly clear right away that Lexero had the upper hand. God or not, Eccasto simply could not match the primal fury that Lexero had just unleashed. He was not just fighting to win a simple match he was fighting to prove a point. To brutally bury every single arrogant word Eccasto had just thrown at him. To prove to the world that he was much more than just a partial shifter. That tender sore spot had been pressed far too hard.

I gave Fern a short nod, silently signaling him to stay right here and keep a careful watch over the fight just in case things got out of hand. But truthfully, I deeply doubted he would ever need to intervene. Lexero's raw fury was going to leave Eccasto broken in ways that no formal punishment I could ever deliver would ever match.

Like I said true revenge does not always require your own hands.

Without sparing another glance back at the brawling pair, I turned around and made my swift way toward the towering temple, my senses sharply focused in case anyone else dared to block my path. The massive double doors stood slightly open, revealing smooth, cream-colored marble walls beyond and branching corridors that stretched like dark veins through the sacred, quiet space.

I stepped inside silently, my eyes scanning the shadows for any movement.

That precise moment was when her familiar scent suddenly hit my nose.

Warm. Mischievous. And entirely familiar.

Vivian.

A sudden surge of hot heat raced straight through my chest, my protective instincts chasing closely behind it. I followed her distinct scent down a long, dimly lit corridor, my heart pounding hard with a heavy mixture of dark anticipation and fierce fury. I did not bother to knock politely when I finally reached the heavy, dark-wood door at the end. I kicked it open forcefully without a single second of hesitation, stepping into the room like I owned the gods-damned place.

Because I did. Or I very soon would.

And nothing not even fate itself was going to keep her away from me.

There she was, lounging lazily on a plush couch like she owned the entire cosmos. Her silver hair cascaded like liquid silver down her back, and her pitch-black eyes gleamed with that ageless, cryptic amusement. A large bowl of white popcorn rested comfortably in her lap, her dainty fingers picking lazily at it as if the entire universe outside was not currently unraveling into total chaos. Mother Luna graceful, poised, and frustratingly unbothered by everything happening around her.

Her delicate facial features were so pristine they almost felt entirely unreal, like fragile porcelain kissed softly by moonlight. If she stood up right then, I had no doubt her striking curves would instantly command complete attention. But I did not care about any of that. I was not here to admire her divine beauty or engage in polite small talk.

I actually had no personal grudge against her. She had wisely kept her safe distance all those long years I served in agonizing silence down under the Council. But if she was hiding Fate right now if she even dared to stand in my way I would not hesitate for a second. Family or not, divine or not, she would not be spared my wrath.

"Where is he, Luna?" I asked, my tone sharp, cold, and entirely direct.

She blinked slowly at me, her pitch-black eyes remaining completely unreadable. Instead of answering my urgent question, she reached lazily into the bowl, popped a few fluffy kernels into her mouth, and chewed them with an exaggerated, maddening slowness. The simple motion... it strangely reminded me of someone else. Someone far too close to my heart.

When she finally chose to speak, her voice sounded light and almost amused. "Well, hello to you too, Zahliver. It has been quite a while, has it not? How have you been doing?" Her dark eyes swept slowly over my armored body like she was examining a dusty old painting in a museum. "Never mind. There is really no need for you to answer that you look... slightly occupied."

She rose to her feet with fluid, effortless grace, casually brushing some imaginary dust off her fine skirt. I did not bother letting her annoy me. Even my inner beast stayed surprisingly quiet, totally disinterested in playing her endless mind games.

"Luna," I repeated, my voice dropping lower into a dangerous tone edged with a heavy warning. "Where is he?"

She exhaled softly through her nose, then gestured with her hand for me to follow her. "Come along then. And just for the record, I am simply not choosing sides in this stupid war. But you should just remember for next time when people you cannot stand try to warn you about something, it might actually be worth your time to listen."

My dark eyes narrowed sharply down at her. "What on earth are you talking about?"

But she just cut me off with a soft mutter and another mouthful of popcorn. "Now he suddenly wants to listen to advice."

I followed her steps deeper into the ancient temple, the heavy air growing noticeably thicker and warmer with every single step we took. The ambient energy here shifted strangely. It felt vaguely familiar yet... deeply unsettling. We were officially entering Fate's private, restricted wing. I instantly recognized the polished obsidian walls and the faint golden runes glowing softly along the stonework. He never let a single soul into this private area. Ever. There were always heavy guards, complex magical barriers, and deadly seals protecting it but right now? Absolutely nothing. Not even a faint whisper of magical protection.

That eerie silence only made me feel much more suspicious.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 233: The Puppet Brother[1,454 words]

Chapter 233: The Puppet Brother

Zahliver's POV

Luna stopped walking right in front of two towering double doors that looked both ancient and ominous. She did not hesitate for a single second she just pushed them wide open like she had done it a thousand times before.

Inside the grand chamber, the atmosphere snapped taut like a pulled thread about to break under pressure.

And there he sat.

"Of course you would be the one to bring him right to me," came that soft, silky voice floating across the room.

At the far end of the chamber, seated like a dark king wrapped completely in shadows and heavy lies, sat Fate. Cloaked in flowing silk garments, his high throne seemed carved from the pure force of his own will. His hair was a tousled brown, his face carved into an expression of calm serenity, and that damned charming smile still sat lazily on his lips like a hidden weapon.

To the average mortal eye, he looked completely harmless gentle, wise, and kind. But I knew far better than that. I had seen the dark monster that lurked beneath that pretty mask. Fate was nothing more than a venomous serpent dressed in celestial silk.

"I simply cannot ever resist getting a front-row seat to a really good brawl," Luna said casually, stepping backward to a safe distance like an idle spectator waiting before a violent storm.

"Fate," I greeted him, my voice dripping with pure venom.

He smiled right back at me, though it looked a bit too tight. I could easily see the heavy tension coiled tightly behind his amber eyes. He was actually nervous. Good.

"Zalvius. I see you finally made it through," he said, the profound disappointment in his tone only thinly veiled. "Just as I expected you would."

"You should have expected a hell of a lot more than that," I snapped back hotly. "Your pathetic little diversions did not even manage to slow me down."

He tilted his head slightly. "Not every single plan of mine has failed, you know."

That specific comment made me pause in my tracks.

The ancient beast resting inside my mind stirred instantly, feeling deeply uneasy.

Luna's dark eyes narrowed down to slits, her upper lip peeling back in a silent, warning snarl, though she chose to stay quiet.

Whatever dark thing Fate was referring to right now... I did not like the sound of it at all.

And for the very first time since stepping foot inside this cursed room, I felt the icy chill of something unseen slither straight up my spine.

"You killed my brother, Fate," I growled, my voice sounding sharp and raw, thick with centuries of bitter grief.

He rolled his eyes up toward the ceiling, looking as dismissive as ever, and gave a careless wave of his hand. "No, I did not kill him. You did," he said smoothly with a cold, mocking smirk.

I felt that blinding fury rise up inside me once more, burning just as hot as it had on the day it actually happened. "It was all on your direct command and under your damn influence! At least have the decency to be man enough to own up to it, you bastard!"

"Fine," he snapped back, his tone turning suddenly serious. "I had you kill your own brother. And you know what? I will gladly do it again, if that is what it ultimately takes to finally break your spirit."

There was not a single trace of hesitation in his voice. No hint of a joke. Just cold, brutal certainty.

I went completely still.

"What the hell are you talking about?" I asked, barely managing to force the confused words out of my dry throat. Something in his smug, satisfied eyes made my stomach twist into painful knots. That look on his face could only mean one terrible thing.

He had done something truly unforgivable.

"What have you done, Fate?" I growled, the beast inside me inching closer and closer to the surface as it sensed the deadly danger hiding in his silence.

He did not answer me right away. Instead, he just casually snapped his fingers in the air.

I heard the heavy footsteps echoing from behind him long before I actually saw who they belonged to.

A heavy side door creaked open slowly behind the throne, and then someone stepped out into the light.

My entire world instantly cracked right down the middle.

It felt as though the oxygen in my lungs had suddenly turned into heavy stone, and my body completely forgot how to breathe at all. Every single part of me froze in place as a massive tidal wave of raw emotion slammed into me all at once. Pure joy. Deep horror. Total disbelief. Crushing grief. And a piercing, gut-deep need to reach out, to hold him tight, and to see if he was actually real.

My brother.

My little brother.

"Joshula..." I breathed out, his name breaking apart on my lips like a desperate prayer and a cruel curse combined.

He looked just like I remembered him yet he was deeply changed. People had always mistaken us for twins when we were young, though I was older by a few years. Even now, I could clearly see the age gap etched into the hard lines of my face, while his features were still much softer. We shared the exact same deep black hair and striking facial features, though his eyes were a strange mix of green and blue, while my own were icy blue. He stood just a bit shorter than me, leaner in build, but he was still undeniably mine.

Still my little brother.

"Incredible piece of work, is it not?" Fate said loudly, cruelly stealing my dazed attention away from the impossible sight standing right in front of me. "You really did a number on him back then. Ripped him completely apart like a wild, rabid animal. It took me years to stitch him back together, and even longer to finally get him to stop falling apart completely. But just look at him now. Pretty good restoration work, if I do say so myself."

I flinched hard, looking away from Joshula and back up at Fate's smug, triumphant expression.

"Now then," Fate continued, cheerfully clapping his hands together like he was announcing the start of a grand show, "if you actually want to reach me, you are going to have to go through him first. All over again. Think you can manage to do that, Zalvius? Can you tear your own beloved brother to bloody shreds a second time?"

My heart dropped heavily into my stomach.

I could not find the words to speak.

I just stood there staring blankly at Joshula, who stood quietly by Fate's side like a mindless doll hollow, unblinking, and acting like an empty shell. His physical body was standing right there, but where was his soul? Where was his mind? Was this even really him at all? Or was he just a tragic puppet wearing my brother's familiar face?

"I even upgraded him during the process," Fate added with sick, twisted delight. "He is stronger now. Faster, too. He might actually manage to beat you into the dirt this time around."

Luna, who had remained quiet and observant the entire time, suddenly let out a sharp, audible gasp.

"This... this is what you secretly used those missing wolves for? The ones who vanished without a trace? Your sick, twisted experiments?" she snarled out, her voice trembling violently with righteous rage. "No. I refuse to stand idly by and watch you pull this crap."

Her face shifted instantly, the delicate softness of her royal features replaced by something wild, brutal, and profoundly primal. The fierce wolf living beneath her human skin began to break through the surface.

Fate's amber eyes narrowed down dangerously. "Then that means you are officially standing against me," he said coldly. "Joshua, take care of them both."

The exact second those cruel words left his mouth, Joshula moved forward with terrifying speed mechanical, rigid, and completely deadly.

I still could not bring myself to move an inch.

For the first time in my life, I truly did not know how to react. My survival instincts, my inner wolf, my endless rage everything inside me was in complete, paralyzing chaos.

But Luna did not hesitate for even a fraction of a second. She let out a low, bitter laugh and raised her hands up high in front of her body. Her delicate fingers danced swiftly through the air, weaving complex symbols I could not possibly recognize, as the ancient, powerful magic locked deep within her divine blood began to stir awake.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 234: The Reclaimed Soul[1,325 words]

Chapter 234: The Reclaimed Soul

Zahliver's POV

Joshula stopped dead in his tracks mid-step, standing as stiff as a carved statue with his eyes completely vacant. Fate looked down at him, then sharply over at the goddess, his expression twisting instantly into a mask of shocked rage.

"What on earth are you doing to him? Stop this right now," Fate demanded, pure fury lacing every single word that left his mouth.

The goddess Luna slowly turned to face him, her expression serene but heavily tinged with deep disdain. "You are completely under the false illusion that you hold absolute dominion over everything here. You think that I am somehow beneath you. I am a divine goddess, Fate. You may have cruelly manipulated this poor boy for your own selfish plans, but you forget one crucial truth he is only here because I allowed it. I originally lent you my divine power under false pretenses, and now I am simply taking it all back. He is not your mindless puppet. He is a true wolf. My beloved child. And I am officially reclaiming him."

With a single, effortless snap of her pale fingers, Joshula suddenly turned and walked straight toward her like an invisible thread holding him up had been cleanly cut and someone else had just caught him. She placed her glowing palms gently on either side of his head, her fingertips shining with a bright light as she began to murmur in an ancient language I could not possibly recognize fluid, haunting, and terribly old.

Joshula's blank eyes fluttered shut. Then, as if every cruel string of control had been completely severed from his mind, he sank softly to the floor, looking entirely peaceful for the first time in what felt like a lifetime.

Luna looked up at me then, her gaze remaining calm but deeply cautious.

"When he finally wakes up, your brother will return entirely to you. But I honestly cannot say what the heavy consequences of this magical reversal might be," she warned me gently, before turning sharply toward Fate once more, her entire presence darkening with bitter disappointment.

"I truly cannot believe what you have actually done here, Fate." Her voice was quiet, but the pain woven into it was painfully real like a devoted mother utterly betrayed by her own blood.

Fate's calm composure finally cracked right down the middle. His frantic eyes darted wildly around the panic-inducing room, his trembling hands gripping the heavy carved arms of his high chair like he was desperately calculating a quick escape route. A total coward.

"Oh come now, Luna. You are being entirely dramatic about this," he said quickly, a sharp edge of sheer desperation bleeding into his tone. "You cannot just leave me completely exposed like this. You know how terribly dangerous he is. I only did what simply had to be done for the greater good. I have done no wrong here. The world moves forward at my sole will because it must."

Her facial expression sharpened into a lethal glare. "And I explicitly warned you never to lay a single finger on my precious children. Yet you deliberately hurt one of them. An innocent one, at that. And all for what petty reason?" Her voice cut sharply through the heavy silence like a razor-sharp blade. Then she turned her head directly back to me. "You should also know that it was Fate all along. He is the exact reason your mate was violently attacked. He intentionally distracted you so you would not be there to stop it. So you could not protect her from harm."

I froze completely in place.

She turned back to Fate with a smug, deliberate flick of her wrist. "Yes, I told him the truth. You completely deserve everything that is about to come crashing down on you."

Her words shattered something deep and fragile inside my chest. Something dark, ancient, and far more vicious than simple blind rage.

Normal fury was not nearly enough. Intense hate did not even come close to what I felt. The emotion that suddenly overtook me was so raw, so heavy, and so consuming that it felt like it could have torn worlds apart. This man this arrogant thing had actually dared to touch what belonged to me. He had dared to target her the only pure soul on this

cursed earth who remained completely untouched by cruelty, and yet somehow still willingly tethered to my dark heart.

He had reached his filthy hands into a field of delicate wildflowers and tried to defile the single, perfect bloom I had ever claimed the only true beauty I had ever called my own.

My entire physical body began to tremble violently, but it was certainly not from any kind of fear. My strict mental control the heavy leash I had so tightly bound around the savage beast living inside my soul loosened entirely and slipped away willingly. I finally gave in to the dark urge.

The full transformation overtook me completely. No more half-human form. No more holding back. No more restraint of any kind. Only the raw, unbridled beast.

Still staring directly into Fate's wide, terrified eyes, I walked slowly across the chamber toward a solid wall lined with hard, sharp elements iron, rough obsidian, and even unbreakable diamond. With one heavy hand, I raked my long, black claws downward across the stone, and then dragged them upward again in a vicious motion. A loud, metallic screech echoed harshly through the room, sharp and piercing.

I was standing there, calmly sharpening my deadly claws.

Fate flinched hard at the horrible sound, but stayed frozen in his seat. Perhaps he foolishly thought that absolute stillness would somehow spare him from my wrath. Perhaps he genuinely hoped it would stop me from ripping him apart.

Hope.

That pathetic stench clung heavily to him beneath the thick waves of raw fear pouring off his sweating skin. The sheer audacity of the man.

He raised his shaking hands up in the air like a desperate man who still mistakenly believed that clever words could save his life. "I admit it. I did what I had to do to survive," he stammered, trying desperately to keep his voice steady. "But Zalvius, do you not yet see the bigger picture? I was the one who originally gave you a mate. Without my divine hand, you would still be wandering this miserable world entirely alone. I gave you purpose. I gave you true love. I gave you power. Everything you possess right now, you ultimately owe to me. I gave you a future and even successfully returned your past."

His voice grew more pointed and shrill as his rising desperation bled back into blinding arrogance the sickening kind of arrogance that only ever comes from cowardly gods who truly believe themselves to be completely untouchable.

I stepped away from the scored wall, each one of my heavy steps deliberate, slow, and entirely final.

I approached the high throne where he sat looking pale, trembling uncontrollably, but still pathetically trying to hold himself up like some kind of proud king. Utterly pathetic.

He shrank back as I drew near, pushing his body deeper into the cushioned throne like he hoped the wooden chair could swallow him whole. I lowered my massive, shadowy snout until it was mere inches away from his trembling face, the deep, rumbling growl in my chest shaking the solid stone floor violently beneath our feet.

The overwhelming scent of his pure fear almost drowned out everything else in the room. Almost.

But I could still smell that faint, lingering trace of hope underneath it all.

What on earth was he actually hoping for at this point? A divine miracle? A shred of unearned mercy?

There would be none of that here today.

Not after what he had done to my life.

And certainly not after what he had dared to do to her.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 235: The Taste of Vengeance[1,235 words]

Chapter 235: The Taste of Vengeance

Zahliver's POV

"You will pay dearly for what you did to my family, Fate. I will make damn sure of it," I growled, my voice sounding raw and laced with something far more beast than man.

He chuckled softly, low and careless. "What on earth can you possibly do to me that I will not easily recover from? I am a god, you fool. I simply cannot die," he said smugly, acting as though he had not just casually signed his own eternal damnation.

A dry, humorless laugh escaped my throat as I leaned back slightly, only to lunge forward again with blinding speed. My sharp claws sank deep into his soft shoulders, and the pristine white fabric of his divine robes instantly bloomed with bright scarlet blood.

"I am heavily counting on that fact," I told him darkly.

The smugness bled completely from his face in a single second. His eyes went wide with real, unadulterated fear, and I knew right then that he finally understood I was not bluffing.

My gums throbbed painfully, aching in that exact way they always did right before I gave in to the dark bloodlust. Back on the chaotic battlefield, that feeling had been utterly unbearable. The intense urge to bite, to sink my sharp teeth deep into warm flesh it was not just mindless rage driving me. It was absolute purpose.

My toxic venom was not like the venom of other creatures. Mine was not merely a poison meant to kill it was an eternal punishment.

I looked Fate dead in the eyes, letting each cold word fall like a heavy sentence carved into stone.

"For every single soul you toyed with for your own amusement, every desperate scream you deliberately ignored, and every innocent life you crushed for your twisted games... you are going to feel every bit of it. You have ruled without mercy for ages, turning your back completely on the cries of the helpless. But now..." I paused for a beat, my sharp fangs glinting in the light as I smiled grimly, "now I bring hell directly to your doorstep."

And I did.

With a deafening roar, I drove my fangs deep into the tender flesh right between his neck and his shoulder. He shrieked in absolute agony, his body writhing violently beneath my weight, but I refused to stop. My dark venom surged from my body into his veins not just the physical toxin, but all the buried rage, the crushing sorrow, and the heavy darkness I had carried inside me for years. It all flowed steadily through that single bite.

His piercing screams did not stop. In fact, they only intensified.

I opened my eyes, now glowing fiercely with supernatural fire and fury, and drove my claws straight into his chest. Bone cracked loudly beneath the pressure. My fingers curled tightly around his still-beating heart. With one deep, steady breath, I gathered everything I had left inside me the fierce hatred, the crushing weight, the endless torment and forced it all directly into his soul.

A violent magical pull yanked hard through my frame as every shadow I had ever carried tore free from my spirit, drawn into his body like a relentless curse. I swayed unsteadily on my feet, nearly collapsing from the sudden, massive drain of power, but I knew precisely when it was time to finish.

I tore myself away forcefully, my fangs and black claws ripping free from his ruined flesh.

Fate collapsed heavily to the floor like a broken marionette with all its strings abruptly cut. His wide eyes stayed completely open horrified and frozen forever in an eternal loop

of agonizing pain. That terrible expression would never fade away from his face. I made damn sure of it.

Breathing heavily, I shifted my shape back into my human form. The heavy air in the room suddenly felt much lighter. My chest, for the first time in what felt like a lifetime, did not ache with bitter emptiness. I kneeled down slowly beside his limp, broken form.

"That fatal bite... I saved that special gift just for you," I murmured softly. "And I have got to tell you sweet vengeance? It has honestly never tasted sweeter than this."

I patted his pale cheek gently, mocking his misery. "Sleep tight, Fate. And when you finally wake up from this nightmare... remember this. I will still be right here waiting. I always will be."

With trembling limbs and a deeply shaken heart, I finally turned away from the corpse and made my slow way over to where my brother lay on the cold stone.

He was still. Far too still.

I dropped quickly to my knees beside him and nudged his shoulder gently. Warm. He was still warm to the touch. I pressed my ear closer to his chest his steady heartbeat. I heard it clearly. A massive wave of relief crashed over me like a tidal wave.

Then his eyelids fluttered slightly.

Slowly at first, his gaze blinked against the glaring light. For a breathless moment, I was not entirely sure if he was truly back in his right mind. Then he shifted his weight, groaning softly as he slowly sat up.

And then he smiled.

"Hello, brother," he said softly with that exact same warmth I had feared was lost forever to the darkness.

Overwhelming emotion clenched tightly around my chest, entirely stealing my voice.

"I... I am so s "

He gently placed a steady hand on my shoulder. "You really do not need to say those words. I already know everything in your heart."

His touch felt steady, strong, and real. Maybe even just as strong as my own.

"Do you think you can stand up?" I asked him quietly, reaching out to help him to his feet.

He nodded, though he stumbled slightly on his legs. I caught his weight without a single moment of hesitation.

"And where exactly are we going now?" he asked with a faint, wry grin touching his lips.

"Home," I said simply, the word tasting brand new and entirely real on my tongue.

He glanced over at me, his eyebrows raised in surprise. "Home?"

I nodded firmly. "Yeah. There is someone very special I want you to meet."

"Who is it?" he asked, clearly trying his best to piece together everything that had just happened.

"My mate. Her name is Vivian," I replied, grinning broadly just at the thought of her.

He repeated her lovely name slowly, as if testing how it felt on his tongue. "Vivian..."

I turned to look directly at him again and caught a strange flicker at the very corners of his lips. A smile. Though... there was something deeply unreadable hiding quietly behind his dark eyes.

"Yeah. Vivian," I said again, this time a little softer, lost in my own thoughts.

Er looked at me for a long, silent moment, looking thoughtful and quiet.

Then he finally spoke. "Well, I honestly cannot wait to meet your Vivian."

His tone sounded light and casual, but his intense gaze... it felt somehow heavy.

And yet, for the first time in a very long time, I felt like the future whatever it might eventually hold for us was finally mine to walk toward. With my brother by my side. With my mate waiting for me.

With real hope in my heart.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 236: The Brother Returns[1,152 words]

Chapter 236: The Brother Returns

Vivian's POV

I stared hard at the man standing in our doorway, then quickly glanced over at Zahliver, and then back again at the stranger my eyes darting quickly between the two of them as if doing that would somehow make sense of the crazy sight I was witnessing.

"B-Brother?" The trembling word slipped off my lips before I could physically stop it from coming out.

Zahliver's dark eyes suddenly sparkled with something wonderfully warm and proud as he nodded slowly, a soft, genuine smile tugging gently at the corners of his mouth. He turned his head toward the man standing beside him the man who looked so remarkably like him that it was almost uncanny.

"Come on inside, Joshula. This is our home now," Zahliver said softly.

Joshula stepped over the threshold with slow, measured steps. There was a quiet, steady energy to him the distinct vibe of a man who had walked straight through raging storms and somehow survived to tell the tale. Up close, the physical resemblance between the two brothers was completely undeniable. They shared the exact same sharp cheekbones and the same commanding presence. But while Zahliver's eyes were like a stormy ocean blue, Joshula's were a striking shade of green, looking very much like moss-covered stone. He was a bit leaner in build, too, but possessed no less power beneath the surface.

He gave me a small, completely genuine smile as he walked closer. "You must be Vivian," he said, his voice smooth like polished marble. "It is very good to finally meet the brave woman who somehow managed to tame my stubborn brother."

My mouth opened wide, but the words only came out in a confusing, tangled jumble. "Uh, h-hi. Yeah, um... wow. Just uh, wow."

I desperately wanted to say something a bit more coherent and intelligent, but my brain was still heavily short-circuiting. I mean, let us be honest how often does your powerful mate casually bring home his not-so-dead brother? Especially after he had previously told you that he killed him with his own hands. My emotional state was still an absolute mess from the terrible anxiety of waiting for Zahliver to return home safely from battle, and now this massive surprise dropped on me.

Joshula seemed genuinely amused by my total awkwardness. His smile grew wider, and he glanced up at Zahliver with a look in his eyes that clearly said: *You certainly have your hands full with this one, do you not?*

"She is absolutely adorable," Joshula commented with a light chuckle.

Zahliver let out a low, rumbling laugh and leaned down to drop a tender kiss right onto my forehead, his arm brushing gently against mine. "She certainly is," he said, deep warmth and affection shining through every single word.

That sweet gesture made me snap out of my daze a little bit. I narrowed my eyes playfully at both of them. "You do realize that I am standing right here in the room, right?"

Zahliver just laughed heartily again, and Joshula lifted a single brow as if conceding the point to say, *Touché*.

After a short, comfortable pause, I finally asked the one pressing question that had been screaming loudly in my mind from the very first moment he walked through our front door.

"So... you are actually alive. How on earth did that happen?"

Joshula's green eyes darkened for a fleeting second as he looked down at me. Something heavy and unreadable passed swiftly behind his gaze but just as quickly as it appeared, it was gone, replaced once more by that calm, unbothered expression. He flicked a quick glance toward Zahliver. There was clearly something unspoken hanging heavily between them, something dark that I was apparently not supposed to know just yet.

"Perhaps we can talk about all of that complicated history a bit later," Joshula said gently, sidestepping the question. "Right now, I think everyone here could use some good food. And I could definitely use a hot shower."

Zahliver tilted his head thoughtfully at his brother. "Would you like me to show you to a spare room?" he offered politely.

Joshula looked over at me one more time, then nodded slowly. I trailed quietly behind the two of them as we climbed up the wooden stairs, my thoughts spinning around in dizzy circles. There were still so many burning questions crowding my mind but some of them felt far louder than the others.

Zahliver finally stopped walking in front of a clean room located two doors down from our own bedroom and gestured broadly toward the open space inside. "You are more than welcome to stay right here if you would like," he said. "But please feel free to pick another room down the hall if this one does not feel quite right to you."

Joshula paused right at the doorway, taking in the quiet space inside. He stepped into the room slowly, moving like a man carefully reacquainting himself with the normal living world. I leaned my shoulder casually against the wooden frame of our own bedroom door across the hall, watching them both quietly.

Even now covered in dried enemy blood and thick dirt from whatever brutal battle he had just come from Zahliver was still the most breathtakingly beautiful thing I had ever laid eyes on. And there was something distinctly different about him now. He felt lighter, almost. As if a crushing burden he had carried around in his soul for far too long had finally fallen away from his shoulders.

He still had not officially opened his side of our mental bond, and yet I could clearly feel the profound shift in his energy. Not just through our magical connection, but simply in the way he moved his body and the way he spoke his words.

"This room will do just fine," Joshula said after a moment of quiet reflection.

Zahliver grinned widely and stepped forward, warmly clasping his brother's shoulder and giving it a firm, affectionate squeeze. There was something thick, raw, and emotional in his voice when he spoke again.

"It is really good to have you back home with us, little brother."

And for that brief moment, I truly understood what those heavy words truly meant to him.

Joshula turned back to face Zahliver with a small, warm smile on his face, his light green eyes flickering briefly in my direction before shifting back to lock onto his brother.

"It is very good to finally be back," he murmured softly.

There was a quiet, touching moment shared between the two brothers something much deeper than simple spoken words. It was a silent, powerful exchange that only siblings could truly share after years of agonizing separation, silence, and mutual pain. Then, as if by a mutual silent agreement, they both looked away, neither one of them pushing for any more emotional conversation tonight.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 237: The Lingering Mark[1,073 words]

Chapter 237: The Lingering Mark

Vivian's POV

Zahliver gave a brief nod and walked away, heading straight into our master bedroom and disappearing right into the bathroom. I paused at the open threshold, feeling a bit unsure if I should follow him just yet. Joshula lingered near his own doorway too, and our eyes met in the quiet hall.

I offered him a tentative smile, trying my best to express genuine kindness, support, and maybe a little touch of *please do not judge me* all at the same time. Honestly, I was still trying hard to wrap my head around the crazy fact that this man was Zahliver's long-lost brother the very same brother Zahliver had once thought was gone forever. Now he was standing right here in our hallway like no time had passed at all.

Meeting new people had never been an easy task for me. Toss in the heavy fact that he was direct family to the most powerful werewolf alive and had somehow returned completely from the dead, and my personal awkwardness practically tripled. I seriously needed some sort of manual. Something like *How to Not Screw Up Meeting Your Mate's Resurrected Sibling*.

He tilted his head slightly, looking curious, before a slow smile curved the corners of his lips. It did not feel forced at all. It was just genuine enough to quiet the nervous tension humming tightly inside my chest. My wolf and I stayed silent and watchful. We were not exactly wary of him, just deeply unsure. Still, sensing how much he truly mattered to Zahliver made us want to try. That had to count for something.

I gave him a polite little nod before slipping inside our room and gently closing the wooden door behind me. I could already hear Zahliver moving around busily in the bathroom.

I did not bother knocking because I never needed to. When I walked in, he did not glance up at first, being far too focused on peeling something tight off his body. I hopped right up onto the smooth bathroom counter and sat there, watching him with a curious frown as he stripped down.

That strange suit he had worn into battle... it was made of some unusual, jet-black material that clung tightly to his skin like a second layer. And while I did not exactly hate the way it fit his strong frame, it definitely did not look like it offered much physical protection. My brows furrowed deeply as he peeled the dark fabric away from his torso, rolling it down to his hips until he stood completely bare.

"You did not actually go into a brutal battle wearing only that thin thing, did you?" I asked, genuine concern threading straight through my voice.

Though most of the enemy blood had stained only the outer material, some of it had clearly seeped through the tight fabric. Dark splotches clung to his chest, both upper and lower, and faint sprays of crimson dotted one side of his handsome face. But looking closer, there were no open wounds. No deep gashes. No torn flesh anywhere.

Just him standing there completely whole and healthy. And that wonderful fact alone made everything else blur into total insignificance.

He looked over his shoulder at me and gave a crooked, knowing grin. "No, of course not. I had heavy armor layered on top of it. I just took it off the moment I returned home," he said smoothly. "Why do you ask? Were you worried I would get completely torn up and end up fighting naked?"

His eyebrow lifted with playful mischief, and I rolled my eyes so hard it almost hurt.

"No, I was not worried about that. I just like knowing the man I love is not charging blindly into death traps without some basic protection," I muttered defensively.

He gave a thoughtful hum, his dark eyes lingering on me for a moment longer than necessary, before he finally turned away. Just before he did, however, something strange on his upper back caught my eye. I blinked hard. A faint mark of some kind, maybe. I was not entirely sure what it was.

The loud sound of rushing water suddenly filled the room as he stepped into the glass shower enclosure and turned on the hot spray. Thick steam quickly began to gather around him, curling softly into the damp air.

I did not really need a shower myself, but the strong urge to be close to him to feel his warm skin, to know he was really here and safe with me pulled at my heart.

As I instinctively tugged my oversized sweater up and over my head, something out in the hallway made my ears twitch. It was a subtle, metallic sound far too soft for ordinary human hearing, but certainly not too soft for mine.

I glanced back toward the shower. Then, with pure curiosity pulling me forward, I stepped out of the bathroom and walked back out into the quiet bedroom.

I paused mid-step, my ears flicking intently at the faint, strange noise echoing down the hall metal scraping against wood, perhaps? My wolf went instantly alert, curiosity prickling sharply through my nerves.

I followed the faint sound straight to its source. It was coming from inside Joshula's guest room.

"Hey, is everything alright in there?" I called out loudly through the closed door, giving a polite knock when I did not get an immediate answer.

After a short silence, his voice finally came through the wood sounding hesitant and slightly flustered.

"Um... Vivian? Would you mind helping me with something for a second?"

I smiled softly to myself at the nervous edge hiding clearly in his tone. What on earth did he need now? Did he already break something in the room?

At least it is not us breaking things this time, my wolf quipped dryly in the back of my mind.

Small victories, my beast replied with a soft huff.

I pushed the heavy door open and stepped into his room, scanning the space for him but finding no one in sight until Joshula suddenly appeared from the adjoining bathroom, thick steam rolling out behind him. A white towel hung low around his hips, and I quickly redirected my gaze away from his bare chest straight up to his face. His very familiar, bright green eyes were definitely the only safe place to look right now.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 238: The Shower Trouble[1,252 words]

Chapter 238: The Shower Trouble

Vivian's POV

Do not comment. Do not you dare comment, my wolf warned sharply in the back of my mind.

Not a single word. Keep your eyes up and your thoughts clean, my beast added firmly.

"You needed some help with something?" I asked quickly, trying my absolute best to pretend that this situation wasn't completely awkward. It very much was. Standing alone in a bedroom with a half-naked man who looked like a slightly younger version of my own mate? My sanity was hanging on by a very thin thread.

He looked genuinely frustrated and... a little embarrassed by the whole thing. "I do not really understand how to use this strange contraption. I have read about them in books before, and I have heard people talk about them, but I have never actually used one myself."

I blinked in surprise. "Used what?"

When I clearly didn't understand what he meant, he pointed a finger over his shoulder toward the open bathroom door. "The water contraption on the wall. Where exactly is the water supposed to come out from?"

Oh.

The mental image of him trying to physically fight the bathroom plumbing entered my head, and I had to work hard to choke down a sudden laugh. I walked right past him into the bathroom and went straight over to the metal knobs.

"Okay, look right here," I said, motioning for him to watch closely. "This knob is for the hot water you just turn it like this. This one is for the cold. You mix them together until you find the temperature you like. To shut it off completely, just turn them back the other

way. And if you want the water to come pouring from the top nozzle instead of the tub faucet, you just press this little button right here. See?"

I turned the handles so the water poured smoothly from the overhead showerhead. Thick steam curled up into the air as pleasant warmth quickly filled the small room. I dipped a single finger into the flowing water to test it before turning back around to face him.

Joshula was watching intently, his green eyes flicking from the streaming water to my face and then quickly away again.

"Does that make sense?" I asked.

He nodded slowly, looking sheepish. "Yes... thank you for explaining."

"No problem at all," I said, meaning every word.

He let out a long breath of relief. "I am honestly not sure what I would have done without your help. I, uh, might have actually tried yanking those metal handles straight out of the wall... I thought maybe that would force something to happen."

I glanced down at the cracked tiles around the knobs and winced slightly. That completely explained the metallic scraping sound I had heard out in the hall earlier.

Good thing Zahliver had this whole place magically reinforced, my wolf mused dryly.

"It is totally fine. Everyone struggles with new showers at first. They are never really intuitive kind of a universal nightmare," I said lightly. "Just holler if you need help with anything else, alright?"

With that, I slipped back out of the room, leaving him standing there with his now-functioning water system and hopefully a little less plumbing confusion.

"I will, thank you," Joshula said politely, his bright green eyes lingering on me until I pulled the wooden door closed behind me.

Shaking my head, I padded softly down the hallway and back into our master bedroom. Poor guy... though technically speaking, he was older than me by several centuries, wasn't he? That single thought made my brain briefly short-circuit. Werewolf timelines were always so weird. Did we even age the same way? Did it even matter?

I slipped into our bathroom and closed the door firmly behind me. Warm steam had already clouded the glass enclosure, thick and comforting. Zahliver had clearly cranked the heat up to near-boiling. The entire room felt like a private sauna.

As I undressed and stepped right into the glass shower, I heard the sudden shift of water pressure. Zahliver turned around at the sound of me entering, his hand pressing a button

on the tiled wall. Another spray of warm water rained down from the opposite side, instantly engulfing us both in its warm embrace.

"Where on earth did you disappear to?" he asked, casually adjusting the water temperature with a quick flick of his wrist.

"Your brother couldn't figure out how to turn on his shower," I said, trying to keep my voice light even though my gaze had completely derailed my train of thought.

He stood there, fully relaxed under the cascading water, the droplets tracing the hard lines of his body like they were drawn to him. His jet-black hair clung wetly to his face, looking even darker now, making his sharp features stand out in a way that made my heart skip a beat. Again.

Zahliver quirked a brow. "Oh..." He paused for a second, then narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "Was he decent?"

I rolled my eyes at him. "Oh, shut up."

He tilted his head playfully. "Wait does that mean he wasn't wearing "

"Shh!" I reached up quickly and pressed both palms gently to his cheeks to quiet him, not that I actually minded his little flash of possessiveness. Well, maybe just a little bit. But it was also undeniably cute. And very distracting.

Especially when I looked up and got caught staring right into his face again.

Something about his eyes... it tugged at me, pulling my focus like gravity.

His strong arms wrapped around my waist automatically, just like they always did. The moment our skin touched, deep heat bloomed in my chest, curling down along my spine and seeping straight into my bones.

"What is it?" he asked, a small, genuine smile playing softly on his lips as I unconsciously brushed damp strands of dark hair away from his forehead.

"Your eyes... they look lighter than they did before," I murmured, completely unable to stop staring at him. "Like... way lighter."

He chuckled low in his throat, clearly not thinking it was a big deal at all. "Oh really?"

He might have brushed it off easily, but I couldn't ignore it.

Before, his eyes had been a stormy, deep blue-gray, looking very much like heavy thunderclouds rolling across the sky. Now they shimmered like pure ice touched by bright sunlight. They were a pale blue, but layered intricately with flecks and threads of bright

white and silver, much like frozen lake water catching the winter sky. It made them entirely impossible to look away from.

I gently traced my fingertip just beneath one of his eyes. He caught my hand in his, kissed each of my fingers one by one, and then turned my palm upward to press a lingering kiss right there, too. His striking eyes stayed locked onto mine the entire time he did it, making me feel like I was the only thing anchoring him to reality in this moment.

Then he placed my hand softly against his warm cheek and held it there.

The quiet tenderness of the gesture hit me like a wave. There was no hunger in it, no sudden lust just a quiet, fierce love that filled the hidden cracks in my heart I didn't even realize were still healing.

And just like that, all the heavy emotions I'd tucked away earlier surged back up to the surface warm, overwhelming, and entirely real.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 239: The Storm Inside[1,176 words]

Chapter 239: The Storm Inside

Vivian's POV

A choked sob escaped from my throat before I could physically stop it sharp, loud, and entirely full of raw emotion. I saw the exact moment that heavy realization hit him. The moment my deep pain was fully mirrored in his striking eyes. His facial expression twisted softly, melting into something utterly heartbreaking pure regret, deep sorrow, and overwhelming love. And then, without saying a single word, he pulled me flush against the cold tiled wall of the shower.

I gasped lightly at the sudden chill that raced across my bare skin, but even that icy shock faded away the moment his strong arms locked securely around me. He pressed warm, frantic kisses to the side of my face, desperately trying to soothe something much deeper than just skin.

"Do not cry, my love," he whispered, his voice cracking like he was the one who was actually breaking inside. "Please do not be sad anymore. Everything is completely fine now. I am okay. We are okay, Vivian."

I clung tightly to him, wrapping both my arms around his waist, desperately needing every single inch of him to remind me that this was real that he was actually standing right here, and that this was not just some cruel trick playing out in my tired mind.

His steady heartbeat thudded rhythmically beneath my ear, instantly anchoring me to reality. I buried my face deeply in the curve of his warm neck, breathing in his familiar scent storm clouds, fresh pine, and something wild that belonged only to him. His body heat sank slowly into my skin, chasing away the bitter cold that had crept deep into my bones the entire time he was gone.

"I was so terribly scared," I admitted, the shaky words trembling out of my mouth. My throat ached fiercely, and my eyes stung with fresh tears. "I did not know if... if you were ever coming back to me. I did not know if you would even be alive."

Just saying those awful fears out loud cracked something fragile open inside my chest. The paralyzing fear had not just been trapped in my head. It had settled heavily in my ribs like a massive stone, dragging me under every single moment he had been away from me. Because I knew deep down that without him, I was not whole. I was not even really living my life anymore. I was simply existing day to day.

"Hey," he murmured softly, gently pulling away just enough to tilt my chin upward with his fingers. "Look right at me."

His intense gaze locked firmly with mine, fierce and completely unwavering. One of his hands slid behind my head, his fingers curving securely around the back of my neck like he was trying to ground me or perhaps desperately trying to ground himself. Then he pressed his lips to mine, and everything else in the world instantly vanished.

It was not a soft kiss, at least not at first. It was deep, hungry, and urgent, like he was pouring every single unspoken word, every promise he had ever made, straight into my soul through his mouth. My arms tightened around his broad shoulders, my fingernails digging slightly into his wet skin as I kissed him back just as desperately.

His lips parted smoothly, and he brushed his tongue along my lower lip, coaxing me open to him. When I finally yielded, he took his time slow and tender at first, then growing much hungrier. Every single sweep, every firm press of his mouth against mine built into an intense wave of feeling that made my weak knees shake. I did not even care that I was forgetting how to breathe. I would gladly drown in him if it meant I got to feel every ounce of what he was giving me.

He finally pulled back a fraction, breathing raggedly, but his lips seemed completely unable to stay away from mine. He kissed me again and again soft, firm, quick little pecks mixed in between the deeper kisses until he was simply resting his mouth gently against mine. Like he needed to stay physically connected just a little bit longer.

Then he opened his eyes wide. And gods, the way he looked at me right then...

"I will always find my magical way back to you, Vivian," he said, his voice low and wonderfully rough with rising emotion. "No matter where I happen to be in this vast

world, and no matter what it takes. I truly do not care who or what stands in my path. My heart every damn piece of it belongs only to you."

My breath hitched sharply in my throat, fresh tears slipping down my flushed cheeks once more, but this time they were definitely not from fear.

"You are the one person I will always fight for," he continued steadily. "Because I love you more than life itself."

I could not find the voice to speak out loud. I could only look up at him, trembling softly in his strong arms as his powerful words wrapped entirely around my soul like a sacred vow etched deep in blood and bone.

"So do not worry anymore, my little cloud," he murmured affectionately, gently brushing his thumb beneath my wet eye to wipe away a tear. "I am not going anywhere ever again. You are my true home. My entire world. And nothing not passing time, not twisted fate, and not even death itself could ever keep me away from you. We are finally together now. Exactly as we should be. Exactly as we always will be."

I let out a shaky, watery laugh right between my soft sniffles and buried my face straight back into his warm chest.

Because I believed every single syllable he said.

"I love you too," I murmured with a soft laugh, feeling slightly unsure why I was even giggling right now. The words just felt so wonderfully right in that exact moment, acting like a heavy anchor sinking deep down into something warm and real inside my soul. My chest felt instantly lighter, and my limbs felt looser. I wasn't just calm anymore I felt truly content. Whole.

Zahliver smiled a gentle, genuine smile and pulled me flush against his solid chest, resting his chin comfortably on the crown of my head. His strong arms wrapped completely around me in a tight embrace, like he never, ever wanted to let me go.

"Good," he rumbled softly against my hair.

There was no burning heat in the moment not the kind of wild passion that burned with frantic desire. This felt entirely different. Much deeper. This was not about physical need or blind lust. This was all about grounding ourselves. Healing the wounds. A fragile bond being reforged, not merely through physical touch, but through our sheer presence together. Through everything we had endured and successfully overcome. This was just us truly us without any outside noise or chaos standing in between us.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 240: The Open Bond next[1,279 words]

Chapter 240: The Open Bond next

Vivian's POV

We stood quietly together like that for a long while, simply breathing and just being in each other's arms. And then, without any warning, something shifted in the air around us.

I felt the change first as a gentle, quiet tug right inside my center chest his side of our mental bond finally opening up wide. My breath caught sharply in my throat. Instinctively, I jerked backward a little bit, my hands still resting flat against his damp skin, startled by the sudden wave of raw vulnerability flowing freely through the invisible tether that bound us together.

Zahliver rarely ever opened his end of our bond fully. And even on the rare occasions when he did, I had always felt a bit hesitant to cross over that invisible line. There was always something haunting lurking on his side something ancient, wild, and dark. It felt a bit like wandering blindly into a deep forest where you could never quite tell if the heavy silence meant you were safe or in grave danger.

But now?

Now it felt entirely different.

There was no icy undercurrent beneath the surface. There were no hidden shadows waiting to pounce in the dark. Instead, a warm, golden peace poured steadily through the connection, washing softly over me like bright sunlight filtering through tall tree branches on a warm summer afternoon. I closed my eyes tightly, letting the feeling wrap completely around me. It felt remarkably like lying down beneath a grand willow tree while a gentle breeze brushed softly across your skin. It was tranquil, steady, and wonderfully whole.

I opened my eyes slowly, my heart aching softly in the best possible way, and looked straight up into his face. His eyes were softer and gentler than I had ever seen them before.

Something fundamental had changed between us.

"What actually happened out there during the battle?" I asked quietly, not needing every single gritty detail just wanting the simple truth behind this sudden emotional shift.

He pressed a lingering kiss to the top of my head, holding it there for a moment, before pulling back slightly to look at me. "I simply did what I set out to do. And in return for my trouble... I came back home with a wonderful surprise," he said with a knowing smirk, clearly trying to sidestep the heart of my question.

"A very good surprise indeed," I echoed playfully, narrowing my eyes at him in mock suspicion.

Reaching behind him, I grabbed the bath sponge, poured a generous amount of soap onto it, and began tracing slow, gentle circles along his muscular arm and up over his broad shoulder. That small, affectionate act made his entire facial expression soften into something almost boyish filled with bright joy and something very close to quiet awe.

"My brother is actually back home," he said softly, his dark eyes lighting up with happiness. "I honestly can hardly believe it is true. There is just so much I want to tell him. So much I need to show him around here..."

But then the bright light in his eyes dimmed suddenly, and a dark shadow passed swiftly through his gaze.

"That is, if he will even allow me near him. I killed him once, Vivian," he whispered, his voice barely audible above the steady patter of the shower water. "I took his very life away with my own two hands. Even if I did not truly mean to do it, even if it was not really my conscious mind at the time... I just do not know if I can ever truly forgive myself for that. So how on earth could he ever forgive me?"

His strong hands tightened protectively around my waist as he pulled me closer against him, acting like he desperately needed me to anchor him once more before he drifted too far away into the dark waters of guilt.

My heart clenched painfully at the rawness in his deep voice, feeling the heavy pain swimming just beneath the surface of his words. I reached up quickly, cupping his face gently in my hands and forcing him to look directly into my eyes.

"He is your blood brother, Zahriver. And no matter what happened in the past, he will know deep down that it was not your conscious choice. Once he sees the good man you have truly become over the years, he will remember. He will feel it in his bones. You are his big brother, and that family bond does not just vanish into thin air not when there is still genuine love left between you. And if he happens to be too stubborn to see that..." I shrugged with a look of mock innocence. "I will gladly go kick his ass for you. Politely, of course."

He snorted a laugh at that, shaking his head fondly at my fierce words.

Leaning down slowly, he pressed his lips to mine in a kiss that was sweet, deeply grateful, and entirely full of something that felt a whole lot like hope. But the moment he pulled

back, I surprised him by scrubbing the soapy sponge a bit too hard right against the side of his cheek.

He jerked away from me instantly, his eyes going wide with surprise. "Ow what the hell, Vivian?!"

"You had dried blood right there on your cheek," I said defensively, holding up the sponge like a tiny weapon. "That stubborn stuff clings to skin, okay?"

He rubbed his now-reddened cheek with his hand and gave me a playfully wounded look. "You are seriously lucky that I love you so much, because that hurt like absolute hell."

"Oh, do not be such a big baby," I teased, rolling my eyes at him. "You just came out of a brutal fight to the death do not sit there and tell me a little bit of scrubbing hurts "

He did not even let me finish my sentence. His warm mouth suddenly crushed down against mine, instantly stealing the breath and the remaining words right out of my lungs.

And just like that, the heavy, lingering tension in the air completely lifted away.

We were still healing our wounds, both of us. But in that exact moment, I realized with absolute certainty that together, we actually could make it.

My stomach growled loudly in protest as I slipped Zahliver's soft black hoodie up and over my head. He glanced over from across the room where he was busy drying his damp hair with a towel, shooting me a sheepish, apologetic smile. His messy black hair was wild now, with shiny strands sticking out every which way, but somehow, it just made him look even more like himself.

"Have you actually eaten anything at all since I left for the battle?" he asked, stepping closer behind me and gently starting to towel-dry my still-damp hair.

I shrugged sheepishly and turned around to face him. "I honestly do not remember eating a thing. I was far too busy worrying sick about you to even think about food."

His soft smile faded instantly into a deep frown of concern, and before I could even think better of it, I reached out and poked him repeatedly in the chest.

"Hey, do not do that " he warned playfully with a mock growl.

"Poke you?" I teased, raising a single eyebrow at him. "Tough luck, mister. I kind of really like poking you."

He shook his head, letting out a warm chuckle. "No, I mean do not worry yourself so much about me that you completely forget to eat your meals, Vivian."

