

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna chapter 91-100

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

My head throbbed, but my thoughts... they felt unsettled. Like something had been knocked loose, and now it was drifting just beneath the surface.

Randomly, I thought of that scene in *The Avengers* Loki using his staff to control minds, and Black Widow snapping Hawkeye out of it by whacking his head.

Weird reference, sure, but it stuck with me. Maybe something *had* been rattled loose in my brain just now. And whatever it was... maybe it was the key to everything that had been feeling off inside me.

Maybe tomorrow, I'd get answers. Maybe not.

But something had definitely started.

A scream tore from my throat before I could stop it. My hands flew to my head, trying to hold myself together as everything every damn memory poured into me all at once. It was like my mind was a dam bursting open, flooding with images and sounds and voices so many voices. My wolf's, my own, strangers... echoes that overlapped and clashed until I couldn't make sense of anything.

The pressure built fast like my skull couldn't hold the power trying to claw its way out. My body began to tremble violently, muscles spasming as if some invisible force was trying to tear me apart from the inside. I dropped to the floor, thrashing, helpless, like a puppet yanked by too many strings.

Something dark and fiery surged in my chest, like lava rushing through my veins hot, alive, and completely out of control.

I gasped for air, my chest rising and falling in shallow, frantic bursts. Everything burned my mind, my body, my soul. My eyes rolled back. And just before the darkness took me, a single image seared into my brain.

Blue eyes. Dark hair.

And then... the warm trickle of blood slid from my nose.

"Zaliver," I whispered brokenly, right before the world went black.

I didn't know how long I'd been out, but when I came to, I was still on the cold floor. My entire body ached sore in every place that could hurt. I was hungry, exhausted, and absolutely furious.

Because I remembered.

Everything.

Pushing myself up, I felt... solid. Like the scattered pieces of me had finally been stitched back together. There was no more haze, no more confusion. The emptiness I'd been carrying around had finally been filled and I knew exactly what I'd been missing.

Who I'd been missing.

My expression turned grim. I didn't need a mirror to know I looked different sharper, fiercer. I felt dangerous.

I walked straight to the bathroom and shoved the door open. The lights stayed off. I didn't need them. I stared into the mirror as my vision cleared slowly but surely, and I saw the truth staring back.

Keeping my gaze locked on my own reflection, I pulled down my hood with a rough tug, exposing the mark that had begun to appear beneath my eyes.

A snarl ripped through my throat.

I had never never felt rage like this. It was consuming. Pure. Terrifying. It churned inside me like a storm ready to destroy everything in its path.

Not even hellfire could compare to the way I burned.

I didn't wipe the blood that had dried on my face. I wanted it there. I *needed* it there. It would help send a message.

Beneath the anger, beneath the betrayal, was something darker. A hunger for retribution. A cold, calculated need to make them pay.

To make *him* pay.

I laughed low and hollow. It sounded alien, even to me. If someone else had made that sound, I'd be terrified. But not today.

Today, I embraced it.

I reined in the chaos inside me, locking it down tight. I didn't want Zaliver to sense anything yet. The bond might still alert him, but only if he wasn't distracted. I was gambling on that.

"I'm going to kill you for this," I muttered bitterly, the promise heavy on my tongue.

I didn't bother cleaning up. Let them see what I looked like let them *wonder*.

I marched to the kitchen, grabbed what I needed, and stepped outside, my mind already forming a plan.

I knew I had guards. Zaliver wouldn't leave me completely unwatched. But after this morning, they were likely keeping their distance afraid of setting off alarms in me.

That was fine.

They were watching.

But they were too far to stop me.

And that was exactly what I needed.

By the time I reached the edge of the park, the sun was starting to dip low, painting the sky in warm hues of amber, rose, and violet. It would've been beautiful if my mind weren't so focused on what I was about to do. I pulled the hood of my jacket lower,

keeping my gaze down as I moved quickly along the path. The dried blood on my cheek had darkened to a rusty brown, and I knew if anyone saw it, they'd stop me ask questions I wasn't in the mood to answer.

But this had to work.

As I stepped onto the grass, I let the tension in my shoulders loosen just enough for the act to begin. I took a shaky breath, letting my feet carry me a few steps forward before I started pacing frantically, muttering nonsense and shaking my head like I was spiraling.

My body coiled inward. I dropped to the ground and wrapped my arms around my knees, rocking back and forth in tight little motions, letting out broken sobs that sounded strained and hollow, even to my ears. But I didn't need it to sound genuine just enough to lure them in.

Sure enough, I heard them. Footsteps. Four of them. Hesitant. Slow. My hearing zeroed in on their heartbeats steady but cautious. I didn't even need a scent check to know exactly who was creeping closer.

Not fast enough.

"Oh, why is everything so *empty*?" I wailed, dramatically. "Why am I *so alone*?" I flung my arms outward before crumpling into myself again. It was hard not to crack a grin at how theatrical it all felt. I was playing up every ounce of desperation I could fake, and it still felt like I was overdoing it.

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I sprang to my feet, clutching my sides as I resumed pacing. I tangled my hands in my hair, messing up the curls even more before shoving them out of my face—making sure the dried blood was clearly visible from the angle they'd be approaching.

"Why this endless ache?!" I cried out toward the heavens.

That did it. I heard the sharp intake of breath from at least two of them. They picked up their pace, rushing closer now, sensing I was on the edge of something dangerous.

Time to raise the stakes.

"I can't take this anymore!" I shouted. "This hollowness... this emptiness... I have nothing left!" Reaching beneath my jacket, I yanked out the stolen kitchen knife and raised it skyward, letting it catch the last golden streaks of sunlight. "I'm done! It ends now!"

That got them running. Footsteps thundered through the trees, snapping twigs as they broke into a full sprint.

Luke was out front, ghost-pale, his mouth tight with panic. His eyes locked on the blade in my hand like it was the only thing in the world. I knew his play before he made it: he was going to tackle me, knock it away, not even caring if he got cut in the process.

Except that wasn't how this was going down.

I braced myself as he lunged. His hand clamped around the knife, but before he could wrench it away, I twisted fast. Using his own momentum, I flipped him onto the ground with a sharp thud. I straddled him in a breath, pressing the cold metal edge near his throat—close enough to terrify, but not to break skin.

His breath whooshed out of him. He just blinked up at me, utterly stunned.

Around us, the other three skidded to a halt. Their breathing was ragged, the shock in the air so thick I could taste it.

I smiled down at Luke—pure, sugar-laced venom.

"Hello, Luke," I purred, my voice light but laced with ice.

His eyes went wide.

Still smiling, I slowly got up and turned to the others, raising my arms like I was welcoming them into a loving embrace.

"Miss me?" I stepped toward them, letting my gaze sweep the group. "Well, well... if it isn't Johnson, Mila, and Courtney. It's been a while, hasn't it? And no, I don't count this morning. That wasn't really me." I gave a mock-confused shrug, tilting my head. "I seem to have lost a few memories. Strange, right? Just... poof." I let the word hang, sugar-coating my sarcasm with a sweet tone that made all three of them visibly tense.

Their discomfort was palpable, fueling the steady burn of fury beneath my skin.

The blade gleamed in my grip. I tossed it lightly into the air, catching it by the tip, then the handle, repeating the rhythm with detached ease. They flinched at the motion. Luke scrambled to his feet, putting distance between us like he could sense the shift in me. He wasn't wrong. There was no rage in my voice, no trembling in my hands. What I felt was deeper—cold, calculated anger wrapped in ice and sharpened like the blade I played with.

No one said a word. Cowards.

I stopped tossing the knife and pointed it straight at them. "What's wrong? Cat got your tongues? You had no problem running your mouths all week. Go on—don't get shy now."

Nothing. They stood stiff, eyes avoiding mine like soldiers under inspection.

That only made the fire in my chest grow hotter. My jaw tightened, gripping the handle until I thought it might crack beneath my fingers.

"It's not our place to speak, Luna," Johnson said, his voice flat, eyes refusing to meet mine.

I stared at him. "Not your place, huh?" I whispered, my fingers gliding slowly along the blade's edge. My voice was soft, carrying like the hush before a storm.

I already knew whose place it was. And they were too damn afraid to say it.

"Fine," I said, my tone cooling into something far more dangerous than a shout. I let my gaze linger on the knife. "I know you've been in contact with him. You can tell him this: you're taking me back. I don't care how or what excuse you use, but he needs to know I'm coming."

I refused to say his name. Even thinking it made something inside me want to explode.

They didn't speak. But after a agonizing second, Luke stepped forward, hesitation dripping from every movement.

"Luna... we can't."

The second the words left his mouth, my body moved on pure instinct. I spun and threw the knife—not to hit, just to shatter their resolve.

It sliced through the air, whipping past his ear and embedding into a tree trunk behind him with a solid *thunk*. The blade quivered, the metallic ring slicing through the forest silence like a warning bell.

They froze, eyes wide, breathing rapid.

I stood tall, chest rising and falling steadily. My voice dropped to a quiet, lethal snarl. "That wasn't a suggestion. That was a direct order."

Luke straightened quickly, swallowing hard. "Understood," he said, his voice tight. The others echoed him on cue.

Satisfied, I gave them one last glare before turning on my heel.

"Find me at the house," I tossed over my shoulder without breaking stride.

As I made my way back, the trees blurred past, my steps driven by something darker than heartbreak. I didn't want to think. I wanted to act. I wanted him to feel even a fraction of what he'd put me through.

He thought he could toy with me. Use me. Break me.

But he was about to find out that I wasn't some delicate flower to be trampled on. He was going to see exactly what happened when you pushed Vivian Grey too far. Whether the bond liked it or not, I was done playing the fool.

Zaliver would pay for what he did. And he'd regret the day he ever underestimated his mate.

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Zaliver's POV

I kept my pace brisk as I made my way back to the park, making sure to look flustered and frantic enough to draw the right kind of attention. I ducked my head slightly, trying to shield the blood on my face from any passersby who might get too nosy and slow me down before I even got into position. The setting sun painted the sky in streaks of fire and gold, making everything feel surreal like the world itself was holding its breath.

Once I reached the spot, I didn't waste time. It was time to play my part.

I launched into what was probably the most ridiculous, over-the-top performance I'd ever put on in my life. Pacing in jerky strides, I muttered incoherent things to myself, shaking

my head dramatically like I'd lost my grip on reality. Then I dropped to the ground, curling my knees up to my chest, rocking back and forth quickly like someone spiraling into madness. I let out a few strangled sobs for good measure.

The sound of distant voices and slow, cautious footsteps filtered through the air four distinct heartbeats. I didn't even need to scent the wind to know it was them.

But they were moving too slowly, hesitating. Uncertain.

"Ohhh! I'm just so confused! So alone!" I wailed, throwing in just enough tremble in my voice to sound pitiful. Honestly, I was so emotionally detached at that moment I almost laughed at how fake it sounded.

When I stood, they paused. Just what I needed.

I went back to pacing, raking my fingers through my wild hair, and made sure the dried blood on the side of my face was in plain view.

"The pain!" I shouted, clutching my chest dramatically.

I heard them gasp and then the pace of their footsteps picked up.

Let's see just how fast they can run when I push the right button.

"I can't take this emptiness anymore! Life means nothing now! It's over everything is over!" I cried, louder this time, reaching into my coat and pulling out the kitchen knife I'd tucked away. I angled it just right so the metal caught the fading sunlight and glinted ominously.

Their footsteps thundered against the ground now, panic seizing them.

Luke broke through the trees first, his face pale but determined, eyes wide with fear. He didn't even hesitate just barreled straight toward me, his hand already reaching for the knife. He wasn't thinking about strategy, just instinct. Pure desperation.

I braced myself. He was moving too fast to stop. His momentum would carry him right into me.

But that wasn't how this was going to play out.

The second his fingers wrapped around the handle, I twisted, seizing his arm and using his own motion against him. I flipped him onto the ground with a satisfying thud, then stepped forward, standing over him with the knife still in hand.

He gasped, winded from the fall, blinking up at me in disbelief.

I smiled.

"Hello, Luke," I said sweetly, lacing my voice with cold amusement.

His eyes widened as the realization hit.

Turning slowly to face the others, I spread my arms wide, like I was inviting them in for a hug.

Let the real show begin.

It only took him a few seconds to realize the truth what I'd told him was right. It was all in his head. He *could* breathe. His lungs worked fine, but the illusion made it feel like they didn't. That's what the darkness inside me was capable of it didn't just sit quietly. It crept into the minds of those around me, whispered lies, twisted what was real, and molded fear into something tangible.

I'd lived with it long enough to tame it, to shape it from a curse into a weapon. It wasn't easy, learning to control the madness, but I'd managed. And now, it obeyed *me*. Still, it had a mind of its own when it wanted to play, and right now, it didn't want things to be quick.

Jack sucked in air like it was his first taste of freedom. I let out a low chuckle behind him, the sound deliberate, dragging his attention back to me. I didn't even need to see his face to know the terror tightening in his chest again. My beast grinned into the darkness, knowing Jack couldn't even make out where I was. There were no windows in this room. No lights. Just me... and him... and the thick, living blackness that choked the air like a sentient fog.

He tried to turn, to glance over his shoulder, probably trying to catch a glimpse of his tormentor. But all he saw was shadows. My clothing blended in perfectly, and the supernatural darkness I summoned made it worse. He couldn't see me. Not really.

"Jack Ruston," I said, my voice smooth but low, almost kind if you didn't listen too closely. "Let's get to the point. I'm going to give you two options, and neither ends well for you, so I suggest you focus on how much pain you want to feel before the end."

I stepped closer, letting my claws rest lightly on his shoulder, just enough for him to feel the sharp curve of them through the fabric. His body tensed beneath my touch. His heartbeat, which had started to slow, kicked back into a frenzy.

"I want names," I continued calmly. "Tell me who you gave the information to, and tell me how you got it in the first place. Give me that, and I'll make it quick snap your neck clean, like I did your mate's. Or..." I let my voice drop into something darker, more guttural, "...I can take my time. Either way, you die. The only choice you really have is the *how*."

His shoulders trembled, and I heard the faintest rasp of breath before he forced himself to speak.

"F-fuck you," he spat, voice weak and filled with fear.

I growled low in my throat, a warning rumble that echoed through the room, vibrating in the walls. I let it go. He was already dead. He just didn't know when

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Zaliver's POV

I stepped directly in front of him. The moment his eyes found mine, his expression crumpled. The last bit of color drained from his face, sweat trickling down his temple and shimmering in the dim light. His jaw trembled.

I gave him a wide grin, letting my fangs show. He couldn't look away if he tried.

Raising my hand, I extended a single claw and pointed it straight at his chest.

"Last chance, Jack," I said, the words almost gentle. "Make it easy on yourself. Tell me what I want to know."

His gaze dropped to the ground, his lips trembling, but no sound came out. I could feel the wolf in him stirring, caught right on the edge between submission and rebellion. He was trying to cling to whatever pride he had left for his mate.

So be it.

I exhaled slowly, the smile never leaving my face. "Alright then."

Turning on my heel, I crossed the room and grabbed the small metal cart tucked into the shadows. Its squeaking wheels cut through the silence as I rolled it forward. Jack stiffened instantly, the scent of his fear sharpening and turning sour in the air.

As the cart came into his line of sight, he froze. His body locked up, his breath catching so hard I thought his heart might actually stop from the shock. Then, he exploded into a frantic thrash against his chains.

Right as his panic spiked, I felt a sharp pull from the bond, Vivian. Her emotions tried to bleed into mine, urgent and frantic, but I shut them out cold. I couldn't let her distract me right now. I'd check on her later.

"Don't worry," I said, casually waving a hand toward the sharp instruments resting on the tray. "That's for later." I crouched until I was at eye level. "Right now? I'm just going to peel your skin off, piece by piece, and maybe snap a few bones while I'm at it. I'd go for a punch or two, but let's be honest... I might kill you too quickly, and I'd hate to cut this short."

My beast rumbled in agreement, practically salivating at the anticipation. Around us, the shadows thickened again, pulsing like a heartbeat.

Jack's terror-filled eyes reflected the storm he was about to endure. The darkness hadn't finished with him yet. Not even close.

I dragged my claws across his chest, slow and deliberate. Four clean gashes split his skin wide open. Jack let out a strangled cry, pain seeping from his lungs along with the blood. His body jolted against the chair, the chains clinking in rhythm with his agony. The wounds bled heavily, and then... sluggish and slow... they began to knit back together.

I met his gaze. His face was slick with cold sweat, his teeth gritted as he shot me a glare dripping with venom. But that hatred was premature; we hadn't even truly started yet.

Reaching out, I grabbed the torn fabric of his shirt and shredded it the rest of the way off, baring his torso to the cold air. I didn't want anything getting in the way of what came next. If he was lucky, I wouldn't make it to his back. But men in his position were rarely lucky.

"You can't regenerate flesh that isn't there," I murmured, my voice curling like smoke, dark and laced with something far from human.

My beast purred in satisfaction.

I lifted my hand, extended my claws, and drove them deep into the top of his left shoulder. Jack's scream shattered the quiet, a sound of pure, soul-deep terror. I didn't

flinch. Carving a clean square into the flesh, I locked eyes with him as his body shuddered violently.

Before the wound could try to close, I slipped my claws beneath the skin and dragged downward, ripping the flesh open with brutal force until I reached his elbow. The skin peeled back in one long, sticky strip. Jack wailed, his back arching off the chair as I tore the chunk clean off.

The meat squelched in my hand, slick and dripping red. He looked down at his arm, and I saw the exact moment his mind broke a little. His eyes widened in horror, his breath caught, and he gagged. A heartbeat later, he twisted his head and vomited off the side of the chair.

The stench hit me, and I wrinkled my nose, taking a half-step back. Out of everything in this process, that was the one part I loathed.

"You ready for round two, little coward?" I asked, my voice ice-cold and completely unbothered.

I didn't wait for an answer. Reaching for his other shoulder, I repeated the same brutal ritual. Skin ripped, blood poured, and Jack's screams bounced off the concrete walls like a sick symphony.

When it was done, I stood back slightly, holding both strips of flayed meat in my hands. His arms were a raw mess of muscle, torn tendons, and pulsing veins. Blood gushed down to his wrists and pooled beneath him.

I looked down at him as his head lolled forward, barely able to stay upright. He was right on the verge of losing consciousness. Weak.

"No, no, don't you dare pass out on me," I growled. "Wake up, Jack. Because if you don't start talking, this only gets worse. Think about it... The faster you give me what I want, the sooner I end it. I might even let you see Martha again."

His eyes snapped open at her name. That rage was back, this time animalistic and raw. He bared his teeth and lunged at me, but the chains yanked him back like a dog.

"Don't you say her name! You have no right!" he spat, his voice wild with desperate fury. "The only thing keeping me going is knowing what he's going to do to her! The same way you took my mate, I hope he tears your little whore apart! You'll suffer worse than I did. He promised it'd be slow, painful.."

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Zaliver's POV

My hand was around his throat before he could finish the sentence. I yanked him up, chair and all, lifting him until we were eye to eye. His feet scraped uselessly against the concrete, the chains rattling in violent protest.

I brought him in close, my breath a snarl against his face as my beast coiled in fury within me, trying to break free.

"You just made your biggest mistake Alpha god."

"So, it *is* a he, then?" I asked, keeping my tone deceptively even, though I could feel the fury breaking through my expression.

Jack's eyes rolled back, a silent act of defiance, or perhaps unconsciousness trying to claim him, but I still found it rude.

I dropped him without warning, letting the chair slam back down.

"You'll talk. They always do," I said flatly, dusting off my hands. "And don't think I have forgotten the little bitch comment."

My jaw clenched as I stepped forward again. Grabbing his right leg, I yanked it up, stretching it high in the air at an awkward, agonizing angle. My fingers closed tight around his ankle. With one swift, relentless jerk to the side, the bone cracked and snapped like a dry twig.

His howl of agony ripped through the air. I let the severed leg drop, the grotesque sight of bone protruding from torn muscle hitting the ground with a sickening thud.

He thrashed and moaned, desperate to escape the pain, but I was already reaching for his other leg. When he tried to kick me away with what little strength he had left, I caught his foot mid-air. I didn't flinch. I pulled hard, relentless and without hesitation.

Another scream, rawer this time, more desperate. I welcomed it with great satisfaction.

Before the sound had even finished echoing, I dropped the second limb beside the first and reached down, retrieving one of the bloody strips of flesh I had peeled off him earlier. Moving with cold precision, I shoved the chunk straight into his mouth.

Let him taste what he thought he could spit at me. Let him slowly choke on it.

His shrieks cut off instantly, replaced by violent gagging and the sickening sputter of coughing. Saliva and blood coated his chin as he tried to purge the violation, but it was too late. His body trembled uncontrollably, his legs twitching violently as he tried to avoid scraping the ruined stumps against the floor.

Tears streamed from his bloodshot eyes, mixing with sweat and grime. He looked down at the mess of flesh and broken bones beneath him, the finality of his situation sinking in.

I crouched beside him again, tilting my head.

"Now for the part I am sure you have been dreading," I murmured.

His gaze flicked toward the tray nearby, specifically to the small container that had been steaming gently this entire time. His eyes widened. I could practically taste his terror.

Sweet!!

I opened the lid and dipped the tips of my clawed fingers inside, letting the liquid silver coat them. Steam curled around my hands like smoke from hell.

"You already know I am no ordinary wolf," I said softly, stepping closer. "But I have always wondered... how do wolves respond to silver? I mean, I already know, of course. But watching it happen... that's something else."

Jack was pale now, his skin translucent, his veins raised and pulsing from the massive blood loss. His healing had completely stalled, overwhelmed by trauma and the realization that I wasn't done.

"Give me a name, Jack," I growled, my voice low and deadly. I pressed the tip of my silver-coated claw lightly against his chest, directly over his heart.

"N-no..." he choked out, his eyes squeezing shut.

I sighed as if disappointed, then drove the claw in.

His skin sizzled instantly, bubbling and scorching around my finger. The sharp, acidic stench of burned flesh filled the room. He screamed again, louder than before, the sound echoing off the concrete like a death wail.

With my other hand, I dragged my claws across his stomach, stripping away the skin in wet, sticky layers. I ripped it clean and watched as his body writhed, unable to regenerate, unable to endure.

His head shook side to side, tears pouring freely. Every fiber of his being screamed for mercy. My mercy

But mercy wasn't mine to give.

Whistling softly, I circled around him, wiping my fingers casually on the hem of my shirt as if I hadn't just promised him hell.

I stopped behind him and gripped the back of his neck. My claws didn't even need to shift fully; the sheer pressure of my hold made him jolt like a cornered animal. I yanked him up effortlessly, letting his feet dangle as he thrashed like a fish on a hook.

"Still not ready to talk?" I asked as he spat bloody saliva onto the floor. I tilted my head. "Alright. Let's see if this makes you a little more cooperative."

Keeping one hand clamped around his throat, I thrust the other straight into his lower back. My claws pierced muscle and sinew with ease. His scream was instant, raw, but I didn't flinch. My fingers wrapped around the thick strand of his spinal cord, and I pulled.

Snap.

His body went slack from the waist down, crumpling like a puppet with cut strings. I ripped my hand back, leaving a section of his spine exposed and hanging grotesquely from his torn flesh.

Circling back to face him, I wiped my blood-soaked hand across his cheek. His skin twitched at the touch, his eyes wide with paralyzing terror. He wasn't even seeing me anymore, just the pain. The horror. The mind-shattering truth that he was completely broken.

"Y-You're a monster. You will go to h-hell," he choked out, his voice trembling.

A grin pulled at my lips. "Of course I will," I whispered, leaning in close. "Someone has to rule it."

I chuckled low and cruel, stepping behind him once more.

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Zaliver's POV

I clamped my hand on Jack's shoulder and gave him a rough shake, leaning in until my voice was the only thing in his universe.

"What did I tell you, Jack? Breathe. It's all in your head."

His head wobbled up slowly, his pupils dilated and lost. He sucked in breath after frantic breath like a drowning man hitting the surface. Bit by bit, the illusion peeled back from his mind. His legs were still intact. His flesh was unmarred. No blood. No exposed spine. Just a chair. Just me.

Then the reality hit him, and he started to cry.

I rolled my eyes and stepped in front of him with my arms folded, watching the breakdown unfold.

"B-But it felt real! I-I felt it. The pain... I still feel it!" His voice cracked as violent tremors racked his body. Hysteria was crawling in, his mind teetering right on the edge of breaking entirely.

He was weak the second he let the darkness into his soul. And I? I was its master. I bent it, twisted it, and made him feel every agonizing second. Three minutes—that's all the illusion took. But for Jack, it had felt like a lifetime of bleeding out, of dying over and over again.

Stepping closer, I grabbed his face roughly, forcing his bloodshot eyes to meet mine.

"I could make it real," I said coldly. "Run you through it all over again without the mercy of illusion this time. But honestly? I don't need to. You've already broken. No mate. No grip on reality. And your body is shaking from pain that never even happened."

I leaned in, my voice a quiet mockery. "Now, about that information..."

I placed both hands against his temples and shoved my mind into his.

Jack screamed—a raw, pathetic sound that echoed off the concrete.

His mental defenses were nonexistent. The trauma, the grief, the sheer physical exhaustion had left him wide open. I plowed past his favorite memories—the hollow echoes of laughter and love—pushing deeper until I hit the part he tried hardest to bury: the moment his mate died.

The bond that had barely begun to bloom had shattered into jagged shards, tearing through his spirit and leaving him cold. I could feel his despair, his darkness, the quiet snap of something sacred being ripped away.

Deeper. I needed more.

Then I found it.

"Hmm..." I murmured, my eyes narrowing. Something was off. Something didn't add up.

I lingered a few seconds longer, combing through every fractured piece of his mind and locking away what I needed. Then I withdrew sharply.

Jack slumped in the chair like a discarded husk. Whether he was unconscious or dead, I didn't particularly care.

"Kill me..." he whimpered, lifting his head just enough for his broken voice to carry.

I crouched until I was eye-level with him, letting my cold stare anchor his fading gaze.

"Not today," I said flatly.

I stood and turned my back, already done with him. Let the darkness finish what I started.

"I should keep you locked in a room like this," I muttered, my voice as cold as the concrete walls surrounding us. "Let you suffer the same pain you inflicted. Let you rot here with her scent clinging to everything, constantly reminded of what you destroyed... of what your life could've been if I hadn't killed your mate."

He broke down again—tears spilling over, his shoulders shaking uncontrollably. I stood over him, my presence suffocating what little air remained in the room. My steps echoed as I circled, feeding on his dread.

I gripped his jaw, forcing his face up to meet mine. "But I've got better things to do."

With a swift, practiced twist, I snapped his neck.

No hesitation. No pause for guilt.

I stepped out into the hallway and summoned two enforcers to clean up the mess. My voice was completely flat—no emotion, just another task finished.

Back in my office, I paced the length of the room. My mind kept replaying everything from earlier with Albericus, but I couldn't stop fidgeting. Something in the air felt wrong.

Then it hit me.

A sudden wave of sharp, panicked dread rushed through the mind-link I shared with the four wolves I'd stationed to guard Vivian.

I froze mid-step and turned to face Albericus. He stopped speaking, his brow furrowing in confusion. "What is it?"

I held up a hand, silencing him as I focused inward.

I had muted the bond earlier, but as I snapped it back into focus, I felt... nothing. Vivian was still there; I could feel her presence, but her emotions were completely blocked off. Closed tight. She wasn't sleeping—she was wide awake, and cold.

Too cold.

A second later, Luke reached out through the link. His voice was clipped and controlled, but I caught the underlying tension he was trying to hide.

"Alpha."

My jaw tightened. "Talk. What happened? Is she okay?"

The beat of silence that followed made my blood run ice-cold.

"She remembers," Luke said finally, his voice dropping low. "She told me to tell you she's coming back."

I straightened, the breath knocked straight out of my lungs.

"And it's not a request."

Fuck.

Shock detonated in my chest. She knows. She remembers.

"How?" my voice came out low and dangerous.

"She... saw us," Luke admitted.

"You let her see you?!" I roared, a growl tearing from deep within my chest. Across the desk, Albericus practically jumped out of his seat.

Luke scrambled to explain—how she'd tricked them, how none of them had seen it coming. As he spoke, I moved stiffly toward my desk and collapsed into my chair, my head pounding.

"Fine," I cut in after a long pause. "I'll send the plane tomorrow. Let her leave whenever she wants. Keep me updated."

"Yes, Alpha."

The link went quiet.

I dragged my hands down my face, pressing my palms into my eyes. My chest ached.

She remembered. She fucking remembered.

Albericus was watching me carefully, his expression cautious. "What happened?"

I met his gaze. "She remembers."

His eyes widened. "What? How? Are you serious?"

"She spotted the guards," I said through clenched teeth. "And now she's completely shut her side of the bond off."

He let out a low whistle. "That's not easy to do—especially not with a bond as strong as yours."

A flicker of reluctant pride stirred in my chest. She had resisted a direct command and fought through the mental fog I'd placed her in. My mate was strong.

But that pride didn't drown out the creeping dread.

"She threw a knife at Luke," I added dryly. "Right after showing up with blood on her face and faking a stab wound just to draw them out."

Albericus stared at me, his jaw slacking. With every word, his eyes widened further until he finally cracked a smirk and let out a low laugh.

"Yeah, no. You're fucked."

I sighed, letting my head drop back.

"Very."

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

You'd think turning eighteen would give a werewolf a little breathing room from their parents. Not even close.

The second I got back home, I started planning. Step by step, I laid it out in my head, determined not to leave any loose ends. I considered telling my parents everything... but in the end, I decided to leave them out of it. At least for now. Who knows—maybe I'd track Zaliver down, punch him right in his lying face, and be home before dinner. It worked wonders last time, right?

Lunch came and went without me touching a single bite. Just thinking about that manipulative, smug, blue-eyed jerk made my stomach churn. Pushing the plate away, I headed straight to my room and fed my frustration by packing a small duffel bag. Just the

basics: clothes, toiletries, and enough stubbornness to carry me through whatever came next. I didn't even know how long I could stand to look at him, let alone talk to him.

A knock sounded at my door. Courtney. Her face was pale, but her tone was dead serious. "A plane will be ready whenever you decide to leave."

I measured the worry in her eyes before giving a sharp nod. "Tomorrow." I needed the night to clear my head and tighten my strategy.

When my parents came home, I tried to break the news gently. That didn't go as planned. I told them I was going on a trip and didn't know when I'd be back—which sounded a bit more ominous than I intended. Naturally, they freaked out, demanding to know where I was going and who I was going with.

I shut it down fast with the classic "I'm eighteen and not just your average supernatural being anymore" argument.

They hated it. But I reminded them that I was at least giving them the courtesy of a heads-up—unlike a certain someone. Cough. Zaliver. That little jab hit home, judging by the sudden tension in the room. Seeing the absolute determination in my eyes, they finally backed off.

Sleep? Not a chance. I paced my room like a caged animal. A paranoid voice in my head warned that if I closed my eyes, Zaliver might mess with my mind again—sneak into my dreams and twist my memories. I wasn't giving him the opening.

When I checked the clock and saw it was 2 a.m., I muttered, "So technically, it's today."

And today, I was going to dress like the storm brewing in my veins.

Black it is.

I walked into my closet and pulled out my armor: tight black jeans, a long-sleeved gray shirt, and a flowing black lace vest that fluttered like shadows behind me. It felt like the perfect balance of war and warning.

Then my eyes landed on them. My combat boots.

A sharp grin tugged at my lips. If Zaliver wanted a show, he was getting one—stomping boots, fire in my eyes, and all.

In the bathroom, I grabbed my black eyeliner. I didn't wear it often, but today wasn't about playing it safe. Today was about sharp edges and bold lines. I wanted him to see, loud and clear, that I wasn't a girl he could manipulate or control.

Back in my room, I sat on the edge of the bed, fingers tapping an impatient rhythm against my thigh as my mind raced through every scenario.

What the hell was going through his head?

Why claim me—stake that possessive, irreversible mark on me—only to send me home like I meant nothing? How could he flip the script so fast? One minute I was his, the next I was dismissed like trash.

Bipolar bastard.

I kept pacing, bare feet silent on the cool floor, while the questions circled like hungry wolves. I shoved them down. I didn't have the luxury to dwell; I needed a plan. A solid plan, a backup plan, and a contingency for when the first two blew up in my face. If I was walking back into the lion's den, I wasn't going in blind.

Physically, Zaliver had the upper hand—he could overpower me without breaking a sweat. But he'd slipped up. He'd given me pieces of his heart, no matter how small. If any of it meant anything to him, I could use it. And I would.

A slow, wicked grin spread across my face as I began crafting my revenge, piece by piece. Call it petty. Call it unhealthy. I didn't care. He played me, and he was going to pay. No way in hell was he walking away clean.

The night dragged, every second ticking by with agonizing slowness. By the time the first weak hints of dawn crawled into the sky, I was packed, dressed, and prepared to raise absolute hell.

My parents hovered with concerned eyes at the crack of dawn, pressing kisses to my cheeks and offering a dozen versions of "Are you sure?" I reassured them as best as I could, though my expression gave me away. After promising to call—vague as the promise was—I threw my bag over my shoulder and headed for the park.

I'd chosen a neutral, quiet spot on purpose so my parents wouldn't have a chance to corner anyone for details.

The early morning air was cold and crisp. I felt the presence shadowing me before I even reached the clearing, and sure enough, Mila stepped out from between the trees. She looked cautious, uncertain which version of me she was dealing with.

"Should I tell the others to come, Luna?" she asked carefully.

I gave a single nod. I didn't want to talk to her. Not until I got answers from the only person who mattered.

Turning away, I leaned against a tree and crossed my arms, staring into the woods. My pulse was steady, but a smoldering fury wrapped in ice burned in my chest.

Twenty minutes later, the others arrived—no bags, no gear, no fuss. They were already prepped. Figures.

I straightened as they came into view and walked toward them without hesitation. "Is the plane ready?" I asked Luke, my tone clipped.

He nodded once, avoiding my eyes. "Yes."

"Then let's go."

Without another word, he led the way. The rest fell into formation around me. I noticed Mila and Courtney flanked my sides while the males lingered behind. It didn't feel like protection. It felt like containment.

I almost laughed. If they thought they were guarding me, they were dead wrong. If anyone needed protection right now, it was Zaliver.

And even that might not save him.

I dipped my head slightly, dark hair falling forward to hide the dark grin spreading across my face. A low, bitter chuckle escaped my throat. I could feel the tension in the air—the way they treaded lightly around me like I was a bomb waiting to detonate.

Good. Let them be nervous.

I wasn't going back just to talk. I was going back to take control. One way or another.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

Vivian's POV

I hadn't expected anyone to be out and about so early, yet as we stepped out into open view, there were more than a few wolves lingering around. Their presence wasn't loud or obvious, but noticeable enough. Something about it didn't sit right with me. Last night, I had assumed the group snuck into the territory, but now I wasn't so sure. A strange suspicion settled heavy in my chest, dragging my mood further down into a pit of bitterness I was already drowning in.

Luke slowed his pace until he was beside me. "We're taking a car to get off pack lands. Closest airport's about two hours out," he said, his voice lower than usual, as if asking for my approval.

"Fine," I said flatly, pretending not to care even though every word from them grated on my nerves. He nodded once, jogged ahead, and stopped beside a sleek black BMW. With a click of the key fob, the car unlocked.

I started to walk toward the front passenger door, intending to sit there, but Johnson beat me to it, opening the back door instead and gesturing for me to get in. I looked up at him with narrowed eyes and tight lips, but he just smiled like I hadn't just shot daggers at him. Courtney slipped into the front seat without hesitation.

"Whatever," I muttered under my breath, climbing into the back reluctantly. I sank into the seat between Mila and Johnson. With them on either side of me, and Luke and Courtney up front, the air felt heavy and strained. My presence must've been radiating pure resentment, but I didn't care enough to tone it down.

We drove in silence, the forest slipping past the windows as we left the only home I'd ever known. My gaze stayed on the trees, trying to memorize them. But everything felt unfamiliar now. Distant. Wrong.

I'd been kept in that house for a week. Isolated. Confused. And now, I understood why I'd felt so off. The moment Zaliver marked me, everything changed. That bite didn't just bind us; it pulled me into his pack. Into him. I hadn't realized how deeply I'd already been tethered to him until I was no longer surrounded by his wolves. The disconnect was subtle but real. Jarring, even.

I still felt loyal to my old pack, but it wasn't the same. Not anymore.

We reached the outer borders faster than I expected. Normally, pack guards would stop us at the gates, check the car, and ask questions. But this time, a group of wolves just opened the gate without a word and let us pass. They didn't even glance our way. It was too smooth. Too rehearsed.

As soon as we crossed the threshold, four massive black SUVs flanked our car, two in front and two behind. My eyes widened. I sat up straighter, turning to look at the rear vehicle. I glanced at the others in the car, but none of them reacted. Not even a blink.

"What the hell is this?" I asked, my voice sharp. "Who's in those cars?"

Luke caught my eyes through the rearview mirror. "Extra security," he said simply.

My brows drew down in suspicion. "How many?" I asked slowly, the knot in my stomach tightening.

He didn't answer right away. His eyes flicked back to the road, then quickly returned to me. "Altogether? Twenty guards."

Twenty.

The number echoed in my head, knocking into all the wrong places. I blinked. "Twenty?" I echoed, stunned. I let the silence linger for a beat before my voice returned, colder this time. "Why the hell would someone need twenty guards if they've been rejected?"

Luke didn't answer, but Johnson did, his voice quiet but firm beside me. "Protection."

I turned my head to him, eyes narrowing again. "From who? Because the only person I might need protection from is the one who ordered this circus."

And that was the truth.

I opened my mouth, ready to throw out another question, but closed it before the words escaped. No point grilling them; I wanted the truth straight from Zaliver, not filtered through the people he sent to babysit me. He owed me that much. So, I leaned back in my seat, arms crossed tightly over my chest, and tried to hold myself together.

As we left the narrow forest path and rolled onto the smooth asphalt of the main road, a strange discomfort started to stir in me. It wasn't anything physical, not exactly; it was deeper, more primal. My skin felt like it was humming, crawling from the inside out. I tried to sit still, to keep a blank face, but I was stiff with tension, my muscles locked in place. The farther we got from pack territory and the closer we got to human civilization, the worse it became. It felt like my whole body was on edge, anticipating something I couldn't name.

What the hell is this? Some kind of withdrawal from being away from Zaliver too long?

It sounded crazy, but... it also made sense. Last time I was apart from him too long, I ended up coughing up blood. This? This jittery, irritable, clawing feeling? I'd take it over that mess any day. Still, I let out a sharp breath and shook my head. Just another item to tack onto Zaliver's long list of screw-ups. He was going to answer for every damn one.

We pulled up to the airport without the usual checks, and my unease shifted into curiosity. The convoy drove straight past security like we owned the place. Which, knowing Zaliver, we probably did. Every uniformed escort we passed was a werewolf, no doubt about it. They all gave respectful nods, some even lowering their heads slightly as I

walked by. It earned a few confused glances from humans nearby, but none of them said anything.

Still, it looked more like a military extraction than a casual flight. A whole swarm of men and women dressed in black moved with precision, not bothering to blend in. They weren't here to be discreet. Apparently, that wasn't on the itinerary.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

They surrounded me on all sides: tall, muscular bodies with sharp, watchful eyes. Strangely, I didn't feel unsafe. I knew some of them were watching me, but it didn't feel threatening. Their presence was overwhelming, sure, but also steadying. Familiar, in that strange way pack bonds always are. I raised my chin and pushed down the restlessness boiling just under the surface. It was growing harder to hold onto the thin thread of patience I had left.

We finally reached the private hangars, where a sleek, black plane waited with its stairs already lowered. Luke was already halfway up, speaking quickly to a man in uniform. I slowed to a stop, taking in the beast of a machine before me.

Of course, Zaliver wouldn't travel in anything less than extravagant.

The aircraft was painted in a deep, liquid black, polished to the point it mirrored the cloudy sky. Silver trimming edged the wings and windows, glinting like sharpened blades. And on the side, etched in flowing silver script, were the words:

Z.A. Line – Black Beauty 2

My brows rose. Black Beauty 2? That name sounded familiar, like something I'd overheard in passing. Maybe once when Zaliver mentioned his travels. Typical of him to name a luxury jet like it was a beloved pet.

"Luna, take a seat," Mila said softly, tapping my arm and snapping me out of my thoughts.

I blinked and looked around. Everyone had paused, eyes flicking toward me as if waiting for the go-ahead. For a moment, I just stared back at them, surprised by the unspoken deference. Then I gave Mila a nod and started up the stairs after Luke and Courtney, who had already stepped inside.

The others followed close behind, their boots thudding softly on the metal steps.

Inside, the contrast was startling.

While the outside of the plane screamed danger and mystery, the interior was a cloud of opulence, silver and white everywhere. Plush chairs with wide armrests, sturdy tables made of frosted glass, a layout that screamed high-ranking elite rather than feral wolves. It was beautiful in a quiet, sophisticated way.

I didn't want to admit it, but damn it, he had good taste. Cold, irritating, manipulative mate of mine or not, he traveled in style.

I slipped into the nearest seat, already bracing myself for whatever this flight and reunion was about to bring.

The cabin fell awkwardly silent for a second. I turned my head slowly and raised a single brow at everyone staring. That was enough to make them avert their eyes and start settling in, pretending I didn't exist. Good. I didn't need anyone in my space right now.

While the flight attendants started rambling about safety, I buckled in, barely listening. My fingers gripped the armrest, but I didn't show how tense I felt. I was trying not to explode, emotionally or otherwise.

I usually wasn't this cold with people I didn't know, but right now? I didn't care. They were strangers. Irrelevant. I had plans. A path. I was on it, and nothing was going to slow me down.

As I stared at the reflection in the glass, my lip curved into a dark little smile. My skin was still flushed with frustration, and my long dark hair framed my face like shadows in the sunlight. My eyes, deep brown and almost black, held a sharpness I hadn't noticed before. Determination. Pain. Power.

A faint aura clung to me in the glass, something dark and crackling at the edges. It should've scared me, but it didn't. It felt familiar. Like it saw me. Like it understood.

The plane started to move, but I didn't flinch. I held my breath through the turbulence, only letting it out when the cabin smoothed out. Whatever had been clawing at my nerves settled mostly. Even my wolf, who normally whined and growled during takeoff, had gone eerily quiet.

If I didn't know better, I'd think she was heartbroken. But every few minutes, her claws would drag against the inside of my chest, reminding me she was still there. Still angry. Still waiting.

"The ride should take about six hours, Luna," someone said from behind me.

I didn't bother turning. Just gave a small nod.

Six hours.

That was enough time to strategize. To re-center. To prepare for the storm waiting at the end of this flight.

Whenever one of the guards offered me anything, water, food, conversation, I either ignored them or shook my head once. Eventually, they stopped trying. I slipped out my iPod and tucked in my headphones, ready to drown in something other than tension.

And like fate had synced up with my soul, "Heavy in Your Arms" by Florence + The Machine started playing. I leaned back into my seat, letting the music flow through me.

The lyrics seeped into my bones, curling around my heart like vines. The pain, the power, the weight of it all, it matched me perfectly.

I hummed quietly, not caring if the others heard. Let them listen. Let them feel the weight of it too.

I tried to block them out, but it wasn't that simple. I could still feel them. The emotions of the wolves around me bled through my senses: restlessness, confusion, curiosity, unease.

I turned up the volume until the sound pressed into my skull and shut everything else out.

Honey, here I come.

When we were just thirty minutes away from landing, I sat up straighter. I wasn't calm, not even close.

I was brimming.

Anticipation clawed at my stomach. Curiosity buzzed in my veins. Longing burned under my skin.

But all of that was tangled with rage, betrayal, heartbreak, and something colder, deeper, something that had no name yet.

I took a shaky breath, then another, trying to slow my pulse. It didn't help much. I'd been sitting still for too long. Now, every part of me was awake and twitching.

I tapped my nails rhythmically against the armrest as I glanced outside again.

The sea stretched out below us, deep, vast, blue.

But it wasn't the blue I needed.

The Wolf God's Unwanted Luna

The blue I wanted, the one that haunted me, was electric. Fierce. Piercing.

Zaliver's eyes.

And I was so damn close to seeing them again.

That man's actions made no sense. One second I felt like I meant something, and the next, I was nothing more than a pawn in some cruel, celestial game.

Does he want me or not?

Why go through the trouble of sending me back home only to drag me back again like I'm some possession he can't decide to keep or discard? Why the guards? Why the sudden attention and control? The questions were a swarm in my head: stinging, biting, never settling.

I clenched my fists in my lap, my nails digging into my palms. How dare he toy with me like this? How dare he twist me up inside with confusion and leave me to unravel on my own?

I turned away from the clouds and the blur of the sea below, focusing instead on my reflection in the window. The woman staring back at me looked familiar, yet entirely foreign. Her eyes were narrowed, silver flames flickering where warmth used to live. The ghost of a smirk tugged at one corner of her lips, wild and promising something dark. There was fury in her eyes, yes, but also control. Purpose. Something unshakable had awakened.

And I liked it.

Revenge tasted bitter in my throat, but I welcomed it. Being tossed around like a ragdoll, manipulated and disrespected, had flipped a switch inside me.

Was that what I was to him? A toy? Something to chew on until he got bored and sent it away, only to call it back when he pleased?

The thought made my stomach turn.

It was disgusting to even consider that I might be some divine offering, gifted from the gods just to keep Zaliver tame. I was no gift. No offering. No peace token. My heart throbbed painfully at the idea that he might see me as anything less than his equal.

I hadn't even noticed my claws had extended until they were already embedded deep in the armrest, tearing into the plush fabric like it had wronged me personally. I didn't care. The pain helped. It gave the storm inside me a direction, something to anchor onto.

I wanted to scream, loud and raw. I wanted to lose my voice from the force of it. To cry, to laugh, to collapse from the pressure of all these feelings crashing through me like a flood I couldn't stop. The darkness was crawling up again, seeping into me and curling around my soul, whispering lies and truths alike.

But I didn't break. I wouldn't. I couldn't.

So I inhaled, slowly, deeply. I let the oxygen fill my lungs, then let it go.

Mates.

I actually laughed. Just the word alone held so much weight, so much meaning. How could something that sounded so beautiful cause this much destruction?

I caught one of the guards side-eyeing me, clearly unsettled by the sudden laugh that slipped past my lips. I smiled at him, far too sweetly. His eyes darted away instantly.

Let them be scared. I didn't care anymore.

Minute after minute passed, and the atmosphere inside the cabin only thickened. Every tick of the clock made my grin widen, my wolf practically purring in satisfaction. I felt like a cat slowly stretching its claws before the pounce.

And then, just before the descent, it happened.

A presence hit me like a wave, one I had never felt before, but knew instantly. Powerful. Radiant. Heavy like a storm cloud and warm like sunlight that burns instead of comforts.

Him.

The bond flared to life inside me, buzzing with something undeniable.

Zaliver.

I could feel every inch of him now: his dominance, his command over others, the impossible pressure of his being. His side of the bond had finally opened up, and it burned through me with enough force to leave my breath caught in my throat.

I closed my eyes for a fleeting moment, letting the emotions swirl within me: pain, longing, anger. I soaked them in like the last warmth before a storm, then exhaled, sealing them away behind the cold mask I'd grown too comfortable wearing.

The smile faded from my lips, replaced by a blank, hardened stare.

Let's see how he handles this.

When the door finally creaked open, I didn't move first. I stood back and motioned for the others to go ahead. They hesitated, casting me awkward glances, unsure of my sudden detachment. But I merely flicked my fingers toward the stairs, silently urging them forward. One by one, they went, leaving me alone in the doorway.

I inhaled once: deep, steady, bracing. Then I stepped out and onto the stone stairs.

I didn't look for him. That would've made this too easy. My gaze stayed fixed on my steps, deliberate and careful. But once I reached the final stair, I finally looked up.

And stars help me, I nearly forgot to breathe.

No memory could've prepared me for the sight of him. No recollection came close to the overwhelming force of seeing him in the flesh again.

Zaliver.

Jet black hair I knew by touch was like silk in the dark. Eyes that sparked like lightning: electric blue and heavy with words he never said. His lips, parted slightly, were the same ones that had once kissed me like the world would end. And that face: sharp angles and carved strength, a contradiction of beauty and danger.

A god.

My mate.

And the cause of a thousand emotions tearing me apart inside.

But I wouldn't let him see it. He didn't deserve that, not after what he did. I needed him to feel what I felt. To understand.

Outside, I was calm, collected even, but inside, cracks ran through my mask.

Our eyes locked for a mere heartbeat, and then our feet moved, drawing us closer. Everything around us seemed to fade: silent, unmoving, as if the world dared not interrupt.