



The Alpha's Unwanted Mate

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Description: When Isabelle gave up everything to save the Black Moon Pack, she never imagined the price would be eight years of cold punishment from her mate, Alpha Liam. Once bonded by fate, their connection fractured the night she lost their unborn child—killed by Liam's lover, Nova, during a sacred full moon ceremony.

Silver-tipped boots. A swollen belly. Blood on sacred ground. And Liam's only response? Disdain.

"Framing Nova again?" he scoffed, turning his back as Isabelle bled alone. That night, their pup died—and with it, any hope she had left for love.

Now, as the Birth Moon nears and old wounds threaten to tear both packs apart, Isabelle must choose: keep the silence that has protected everyone but herself... or finally break the bond to claim the freedom Liam always denied her.

But secrets don't stay buried under moonlight. And some betrayals demand to be answered.

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Before my mother-in-law could respond, the sharp howl of a messenger wolf broke the silence in the healer's den.

On the other end, Liam's voice was icy cold: 'Prepare my private hunting grounds and have someone bring over that silver-infused pelt I acquired a few days ago. If you won't wear it, there are plenty of she-wolves waiting in queue by my den who will!'

His voice was quiet, but it was painfully clear in the silence of the healer's den.

My mother-in-law's eyes burned with rage. She was about to take the communication crystal and say something, but Liam cut the connection.

She let out a long sigh and lowered her hand as she looked at me. "Isabelle, in the end, it's the Black Moon Pack that has wronged you. I agree to break the mate bond..."

Her warm tears landed in my palm. "But I have one request..."

"I know. You don't want Liam to know what really happened eight moons ago. Don't worry, I'll take this secret to my grave."

My words caused her to completely break down.

Eight moons ago, the Black Moon Pack was at its weakest. Liam's father, driven to despair by rival packs, jumped from Moon's Peak. In an instant, the once-proud Black Moon Pack was left fighting for survival.

Everyone knew how much I loved Liam. So, when disaster struck, his mother came to my father's territory and begged me to accept our mate bond. She remained outside my den for three days and three nights.

Finally, my father, moved by my insistence, agreed. He gave everything he had to save the Black Moon Pack from ruin.

But that night, I discovered the truth about their downfall.

The Obsidian Moon Pack orchestrated the downfall of the Black Moon Pack. Nova's father and she were both involved.

But Liam's mother didn't want him to be caught up in such a cruel past, so she knelt before my father and me and begged us not to tell him the truth.

I understood a mother's love for her puppy. So, even today, as Liam holds Nova in his arms and takes her to his den, I will keep my promise.

My mother-in-law drew me into her embrace and gently stroked my pale face.

"Child, Liam doesn't know how to cherish his true Luna. That's his misfortune. Seven days from now is your birth moon. Stay for your birth moon, and after that, I'll let you leave our pack..."

Looking at the elderly she-wolf in front of me, her fur already streaked with grey, I nodded. Seven days. I'd already endured eight moons.

Not wanting to disrupt my sleep, she brought me fresh meat and left.

The moment the den door closed, my crystal vibrated with a new message from Liam.

A vision.

In the dim lighting, he was entangled with a she-wolf whose face I couldn't make out. Growls and whimpers permeated the air.

My hands trembled as I attempted to turn off the crystal, but just then, Liam called.

His tone was lazy and filled with disdain. "Saw the vision? If I don't get the location of your hunting grounds texted to me by moonrise, I'll send countless more visions like this straight to your crystal. Might as well let you learn something-see how other she-wolves please your Alpha."

"Liam, I'll go."

When he heard my response, he sighed with satisfaction.

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“Isabelle, remember this- you brought this on yourself. Eight moons ago, when the Black Moon Pack was at its weakest, you forced me to leave Nova and accept you as Luna. From the moment you walked into my territory as my mate, you should have known- you will never, ever receive even an ounce of true love from me!”

Then he cut the connection.

Two bitter tears slipped down the corners of my eyes.

Liam was correct. This was my own doing.

Eight moons ago, I believed that if I only had enough time, I could warm his heart.

But today, I realised how foolish I’d been.

Throughout these moons, Liam had claimed countless she-wolves.

At first, he had the decency to keep it from me. But now he doesn’t even bother; he makes me prepare the hunting grounds myself.

I knew that if I didn’t comply, that vision wouldn’t just come to me; by tomorrow, all of the packs in the territory would have it.

My family had been a respected pack for more than a century. I couldn’t have my father’s name dragged through the mud because of me.

For years, this was how it was: Liam would do anything to make me suffer.

That once all-consuming love had transformed into a hatred so strong that it devoured me completely.

The thought alone made me feel desolate.

Suddenly, a new wave of blood rushed down my legs.

I staggered to clean myself up, clutching the wall for support, before leaving the healer's den, ignoring the stabbing pain coursing through my body.

Ten minutes later, I texted Liam the location of my private hunting grounds.

I scrolled through our crystal history, seeing thousands of messages sent to him, but only a few single-word responses.

I let out a bitter laugh and threw my crystal onto the pack ground.

Half an hour later, I stood outside his private den, clutching the silver-infused pelt that he had acquired.

The first time he brought something like this home, I was shy but eager.

But that night, lost in passion, he growled Nova's name repeatedly.

After that, I curled up and watched his back as he slept, silently crying until dawn.

Since that night, I have never worn such pelts again.

But Liam had numerous ways to torment me. If I refused, he would have other she-wolves wear them and send me visions, as if it were a daily ritual.

“Oh? You’re here?”

The den door opened, revealing Liam in his half-shifted state, a smirk on his lips.

Nova took a step behind him and wrapped her arms around his waist when she heard me speak.

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She pushed the door open wider, looking at me sweetly.

“Fellow Luna, how thoughtful of you to deliver this in person!”

The widened entrance allowed Liam to see me more clearly.

His eyes darkened as he yanked my cloak open, his voice filled with disgust.

“So you fell once this morning, and now you’re back in these healing herbs? Isabelle, you really commit to your little acts, don’t you?”

I didn’t want anyone to know that I’d lost the puppy.

I quickly grabbed my cloak from the ground, wrapped it around me, and turned to leave.

But before I could, a strong hand grabbed my wrist and pulled me back.

Liam stepped closer, his lips curling into a smirk.

“Since you’re already here, why leave? Aren’t you trying to be considerate? Stay. Serve me well tonight. Nova and I will sleep in the inner den-you can have the outer chamber.”

The thought of what was to come made my stomach turn violently.

I struggled against his grip, but every movement caused sharp pain in my abdomen.

Eventually, I was dragged inside.

That night, the inner den was filled with the sounds of their enjoyment.

I clutched my ears and activated the pack's crystal vision.

But fate always had a cruel sense of humour: the vision showed them earlier today, wrapped in each other's arms.

I wanted to turn it off, but my hands were shaking too much to move.

The obscene noises from the inner den, combined with the sweet images on the crystal, were too much.

I retched violently, the nails digging into my palms until they bled.

By morning, Liam had walked out with Nova in his arms.

He gently marked her forehead before turning to face me, his voice as cold as ever.

“Go back to the main den. You love being the Luna, don't you? Today, I'll let you enjoy it to the fullest.”

Then, smirking, he wrapped his arms around Nova one more time before yanking me out the den entrance.

The moment we stepped outside, I was surrounded by messenger wolves from every pack.

I should've known.

Liam had not brought me here out of kindness; he had brought me here to be humiliated.

As expected, the messenger wolves swarmed towards me like hungry omegas spotting prey on the open plains.

In an instant, a barrage of howls and yips was hurled at my face.

“Luna, did you see the latest reports about Alpha Liam and Nova’s affectionate display at the Black Moon Pack’s ceremony yesterday?”

“Luna, is there a mate bond crisis between you and Alpha Liam?”

“Luna, Nova claims that her relationship with Liam is purely pack-like. Do you believe her?”

“Luna, we captured scent markers of Nova entering this hunting ground last night. It appears that she entered with Alpha Liam, yet this morning, it’s you and Alpha Liam coming out together. Can you explain?”

Every question began with “Luna,” but each word was designed to humiliate me under that very title.

From the corner of my eye, I noticed Liam standing to the side.

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The pure, unwavering hatred in his eyes sent shivers down my spine.

What kind of hatred would drive an Alpha to drag me down with him?

The exhaustion from a sleepless night made my head feel like it was about to explode.

With my last ounce of strength, I pushed past the messenger wolves and staggered away, breaking into an unsteady run.

As I approached the first territory marker outside the hunting grounds, Liam's pack runner pulled up beside me.

"If you don't want those messengers to keep following you, get in."

I looked back at the commotion behind me.

In the end, I opened the carrier and entered.

After sitting down, I realised blood had soaked through my legs and spread across the seat beneath me.

Panicking, I tried to cover the stain, but it was too late; Liam had already noticed it.

His brows furrowed as he turned slightly towards me.

"The pup... is it alright?"

I was about to reply when his crystal rang.

Nova's soft, tearful voice emanated from the speaker.

"Liam, my pack is pressuring me to accept the arranged mating ceremony again... What should I do? My father said I only have a week left. Please, think of something..."

A young she-wolf's heartbreak always sounded tragic.

Sure enough, at her words, Liam abruptly stopped the pack runner, bringing it to a halt at the edge of the territory. A long silence ensued.

Then he finally spoke.

"One week is more than enough. Wait for me I'll challenge for your hand."

He ended the call after saying a few more reassuring words.

A deafening silence filled the carrier.

We did not speak for a long time.

Then Liam turned to look at me, his expression conveying an emotion I couldn't quite understand.

"It's just playing along with a pup's game. Don't take it seriously."

When I did not respond, he restarted the carrier and asked gently,

"Where were we again?"

I stared blankly at the bustling territories outside the window, the wolves and packs all moving forward, living their lives.

My mind was blank.

Like a puppet, I mechanically repeated his words.

“I don’t know. I forgot too.”

Liam nodded and said nothing else.

The rest of the journey was spent in complete silence.

It was only then that I realised what had happened.

My mate. Was about to challenge another she-wolf.

And it just happened to be on the day I was supposed to leave the Black Moon Pack. How ironic.

Half an hour later, the carrier arrived at the location of my den. After I got off the carrier, Liam stared at my seat for quite some time. Perhaps the bloodstain reminded him of the topic on which we were interrupted.

So he took two quick steps forward while holding my hand. ‘Isabelle, you don’t look very good. Yesterday during the ceremony... Are you OK?’ I wrapped my cloak tightly around myself without looking back. ‘It’s fine. ‘I attempted to break free from Liam’s grip and walk into the den. But the next second, he yelled, “Isabelle!”’

Do you realise how annoying you are being like this? I am your Alpha and mate, and you always treat me in such a cold manner! You can tell me what you are dissatisfied

with! But you're so annoying like this! Don't you have pack instinct?

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Liam's sudden outburst startled me.

I turned around to look at Liam, who was red-faced and slightly stunned.

I couldn't understand where his emotions came from.

Why was he so emotional?

But I realised that if I didn't respond to him today,

He wouldn't let me leave easily.

So I looked at him and whispered.

'Liam, you can do whatever you want to me, but don't drag my pack into it. Today you threw me in front of the messenger wolves, and tomorrow my father will be gossiping about the territory. We have grown up in such an environment since we were puppies. You understand what this means. At least he helped you with all of his strength...

I believed I had chosen the most insignificant topic to respond to his words.

Liam looked at me, stunned for a moment.

But then a huge anger washed over him.

He looked at me with scarlet eyes and shouted:

‘Isabelle, does that help? That is taking advantage of a weaker pack! That’s what I got for ruining both my and Nova’s lives! Shameless!!

‘How has she been these past eight moons?! We were clearly true mates, but you two despicable father and daughter ripped us apart! So I’ll t*****e you until your wolf spirit crumbles!’

Your birth moon is in seven days! I understand! I will challenge Nova on that day! I absolutely adore her! I’m not acting! I want her to be my Luna, the only Luna in my heart, even if the pack laws don’t acknowledge it! You’ll live your next life as my rejected mate!’

Also, I saw Nova step on your belly that day! I indulged her! Even if the puppy in your belly had survived, I would not offer him any fatherly protection!’

‘Isabelle! This is exactly what you and your father deserve!’

After saying that, he pushed me aside, began the carrier, and left.

As soon as I got to my feet, I received another call from Liam. He on the other end of the crystal calmed down significantly. He said in his usual cold and playful tone, “Isabelle, you can personally organise my challenge ceremony in seven days.” Are not you virtuous? Aren’t you emotionless? Then just do it.’ ‘You should make it perfect. If Nova is not satisfied, I have plenty of ways to make your father’s pack reputation known every day.’ After that, he cut the connection while growling a little tune. I am confident Liam can do it.

I opened the den door and gazed at the massive mate-marking ceremony portrait of Liam and me in the main chamber.

I smiled bitterly.

Liam did not smile at all in the portrait.

He stood far away from me, his body stiff.

It took a lot of effort to place my head on his shoulder.

The distance was only a palm's width.

I was still unable to fill it after eight moons.

I thought that while taking mate portraits with Nova,

Liam must have been very pleased.

I forced myself to stand up and take down all of the mate portraits in the den.

I ripped the portraits apart and burned them in the territory. turned into ashes, then packed up his ceremonial robes and sent them to the main pack den, asked the pack scribe at home to draft a mate-bond severance agreement and put it in Liam's study, after doing everything, I started to arrange his challenge ceremony for him, for a whole week.

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He did not return.

The hunting grounds were reserved, the ceremonial pelts were prepared, and the ritual was planned. Every day, I sent these to Liam as if they were subordinate reporting duties. There was no response, but no angry howls came in, so I knew Liam or Nova was satisfied.

That's fine; at the moment, all I want is to leave smoothly.

Seven days later, Liam stood in the centre of the challenge circle, formally challenging Nova, but before he could mark her as his chosen, the entrance to the ceremonial grounds was unexpectedly pushed open from the outside. The gray-furred Elder Jane pointed at Nova and snarled loudly:

'I will not allow her to join our pack; the Luna of the Black Moon Pack can only be Isabelle! Liam was also angry.

He took Nova's hand, looked at his mother, and asked loudly:

'Why! Why! Mother, even if my wolf spirit leaves me today, I will claim Nova as my own! His mother clutched her chest and trembled all over.

Looking at Liam, who was also angry in front of her, she sobbed and said, "Son, you ask mother why? It's because she and her father murdered your father! Mother asked Isabelle to mate with you! Son! You can't be confused anymore!"

Liam had planned ten thousand words to refute his mother, but her words left him

completely stunned. He took a step forward and walked ahead of his mother. Only then did he realise that his and Nova's hands remained tightly clasped together. He didn't intend to let go. He stepped forward to wipe his mother's tears away, trembling: "Mother, what are you talking about?" Are you old and confused? Or did Isabelle, the dead she-wolf, come to find you?" No matter what you say, Isabelle and I cannot be together. Allowing her to be my Luna shows my deepest respect for her, and it also serves as an explanation to you. I want to spend the rest of my life with Nova.' He didn't believe his mother's words because he had personally confirmed it eight moons ago. Looking at his mother in tears, he recalled the mating night eight moons ago. That day, he looked at the shy Isabelle on the den floor and asked her what he had been thinking: 'Isabelle, if we don't complete the mate bond, will your father refuse to help the Black Moon Pack?'

The bright red ceremonial pelt made Isabelle's face appear even more shy.

She looked at him for a long time before nodding.

Liam vividly recalls the humiliation he experienced.

However, at the time, the Black Moon Pack had only recently emerged from the abyss and was far from fully recovered.

Even if he felt humiliated, he dared not act.

So he kept his emotions under control and returned his gaze to Nova.

'My mother had never enquired about my mate bond, but this time she was adamant. Did your father force her?'

Liam remembered that when he asked this question that day, Nova had tears in her eyes and appeared to want to say something.

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But in the end, she said nothing and lowered her head dramatically.

However, this performance was sufficient to provide Liam with the answer.

She didn't deny it, and that was it.

Liam's hatred for the she-wolf in front of him reached a climax as he assumed his mother had just lost her mate and had been forced by Isabelle's father to leave.

Thinking of his bitter love for Nova over the years,

Liam swore he would t*****e her even if it meant sacrificing his own wolf spirit.
The she-wolf standing in front of him

Is she not in love?

Then he denied her even the smallest portion of his love.

Liam had a violent outburst against Isabelle that night.

Isabelle was taken to the healer early in the morning because she was bleeding heavily.

Looking at the pale Isabelle lying on the healing bed because of his violence but with no complaint,

That was the first time Liam felt the pleasure of vengeance.

This sensation is addictive.

Liam's hatred for the Stormhide Pack's father and daughter served him well in the coming days.

He fought hard all the way across the territory.

After three full moons, the Black Moon Pack regained its strength, thanks to the Stormhide Pack and Liam's efforts. If Liam had been afraid of the Stormhide Pack's power in the previous few moons, he had become completely unscrupulous after his recovery. He began to claim various she-wolves outside without restraint.

At first, he tried to keep Isabelle informed about pack rumours indirectly, but later he simply sent her visions directly. When he was with her, he would occasionally call out Nova's name to humiliate her. He was deliberately cruel.

But what bothered him was that Isabelle never quarrelled or caused trouble for him.

Isabelle would only cry in secret at first.

However, Isabelle's emotions gradually weakened.

Liam became enraged whenever he saw Isabelle's indifference.

He clung to the belief that Isabelle's indifference was motivated by her repentance for the past.

So each time, he became more aggressive than the previous time.

Eight moons and over two hundred nights under the same moon,

Facing his inhumane t*****e

If there was such an important secret in the past,

Why didn't she say something?

This time, Isabelle must have been behind the mother's attempt to stop them, and she may have used her father's power. Liam's anger flared up again as he considered this. He held his mother in his arms and comforted her softly, saying, "Mother, today may be just like eight moons ago when you forced me to mate with Isabelle."

There are some things you cannot say, but don't worry. Liam today is not the same person as he was eight moons ago. Even if the Stormhide Pack threatens you with the pack business again, do not be afraid. I'll handle everything.

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Liam assumed his mother would be relieved if he said this, but the mother in his arms struggled to break free and slapped Liam on the left cheek. 'Beast! How could I possibly raise a beast like you! If you recognise me as your mother today, please return to the main den with me! Watch what the she-wolf next to you did to the Black Moon Pack eight moons ago!'

The slap stunned Liam.

From puppyhood to adulthood, his mother has always been gentle and loving.

She has never hit him.

Liam's mother breathed heavily while speaking.

This time he was very scared.

His mum had a serious heart condition.

Since his father died, he has paid special attention to his mother's health.

He was worried that his attitude would enrage his mother.

Liam eventually let go of Nova's hand.

He sighed as he looked at the mother standing in front of him.

'Okay, Mother, I'll go back with you. Don't get angry.'

After that, he turned around and softly comforted Nova, saying, “Nova, I’ll return after I get my mother back.” You wait for me here obediently. Don’t worry.’ He then left with his mother.

On the way back, the mother kept wiping her tears in the back of the carrier.

Liam felt helpless and unsure how to comfort her.

But, given his mother’s resolute expression just now, he was curious about what she was going to show him.

The mother and son remained silent throughout the journey.

Soon, the carrier drove into the old den.

The altar in the centre of the main chamber held a prey offering with moon candles blown out.

Liam recognised that today was Isabelle’s birth moon.

With the scene in front of him, he was more certain of his guess.

Sure enough, his mother showed up at the scene today because Isabelle had come to see him.

He became extremely relaxed for no apparent reason.

Just as he was about to sit on the den floor and drink some water, his mother pointed to his father’s private chamber and said to him in a deep voice:

‘Liam, come in with me.

The hand holding the water skin hung in the air.

After some thought, Liam laid down the water skin.

He straightened his ceremonial fur and accompanied his mother into his father's private chamber.

When his father was alive, the private chamber was off-limits to the pack.

Even though his father was no longer present, entering his father's private chamber was a serious matter.

The mother discovered the pack history scroll that his father frequently read on his shelf.

She carefully removed a scented envelope from the yellowed parchment, turned around, and gave it to Liam.

When she looked up at Liam again, her eyes welled up with tears.

‘Look, Liam, this is the last thing your father has left behind. ‘

Looking at the yellowed envelope in front of him.

His heart also grew heavy.

He opened the envelope with care, just like his mother would.

A few thin pieces of parchment fell into his hand.

Unfolding it revealed his father's familiar strong claw marks.

[Liam, your father was an Alpha in the pack world for half of his life, but he eventually fell. Your father does not want you to behave like this. The pack world is as dangerous as a territorial conflict. I hope you'll be cautious everywhere in the future... Be especially cautious of the Obsidian Moon Pack. Nova's father and she pushed our pack off the cliff...

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Father wrote five pages of parchment that clearly explained the entire story of the territory war eight moons ago.

The Obsidian Moon Pack set up a trap eight moons ago, forcing his father to risk his life and territory.

Finally, they attacked when we were vulnerable and completely depleted the Black Moon Pack.

Liam extended his hand to stroke the letter, which had been left for eight moons.

His legs weakened, so he sat on the ground against the wall behind him.

He held the letter, looked at his mother in tears, and asked:

So, eight moons ago...?’

‘Eight moons ago, I went to the Stormhide territory and stood outside Isabelle’s den for three days and three nights until her father agreed to your mating! All of your allied packs, except the Stormhide Pack, avoided you overnight after your father died!’

‘I was the one who knelt down and begged Isabelle not to tell you what happened eight moons ago. Mother was concerned about you. When will the cycle of vengeance end? Mother has already lost your father; she cannot lose you again...’

‘It was Nova who injured you and Isabelle! ‘

Liam looked at his mother, who was opening and closing her mouth in front of him, and felt his mind go blank.

It was the same when his father died eight moons ago.

The surroundings became silent, as if he were the only wolf left in the territory.

Nova and Isabelle's shadows appeared in front of him, alternately.

Everything he had done to Isabelle over the last eight moons was like a flash in his eyes.

It turned out that such a thin body had endured numerous grievances over the previous eight moons.

'Liam, find Isabelle quickly. She lost a puppy a few days ago and hasn't eaten anything here today. Mother is concerned that something has happened to her! '

Liam returned to his senses after hearing his mother's words.

He saw his mother freeze in place again.

'Mother, what were you saying? Lost a puppy?!'

The mother looked at him with shock:

Don't you know? The pup in her belly had vanished by the time the messenger wolves gathered!'

Liam's fur stood on end upon hearing his mother's words.

No wonder he thought Isabelle looked pale as the moon these days.

No wonder he thought Isabelle had lost weight outside the hunting grounds that day.

It's no surprise she bled so often.

Thinking of this, Liam staggered to his feet, handed the letter to his mother, and dashed out of the old den like a maniac.

After leaving the old den, Liam realised he couldn't find her. After eight moons of mating, he didn't know Luna as well as a lone wolf. But Liam suddenly realised that Isabelle had been around him for years and did not appear to have many pack bonds. She was always sensible and didn't want to bother her pack.

Perhaps she was waiting for him in their shared den. Liam dashed home at full speed as he reflected on this. Liam soon crossed into their territory. He rushed into the den, not slowing his pace. But everything in front of him completely destroyed his hopes. It turned out that the main chamber contained a massive mate-marking portrait.

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He used to despise it hanging there.

However, the mate portrait has disappeared.

He dashed into the den without changing forms.

Each time he searched a chamber, his heart sank.

All evidence of their mate bond vanished.

He went into the sleeping chamber, and the furs were all his.

There was no trace of Isabelle's scent.

He walked dejectedly into the private chamber.

Only then did he notice two thin pieces of parchment on the altar in the private chamber.

He quickly grabbed the two pieces of parchment.

On the moon-blessed paper, the large claw marks "mate-bond severance" were especially noticeable.

Isabelle's graceful signature appeared beneath the final piece of paper.

The person who made the last mark used great strength; it was enough to see the

determination when writing it. Liam quickly read the contents of the mate-bond severance.

This doesn't look like a template.

Isabelle divided each detail very clearly.

Except for the ceremonial jewellery she brought when she was mated, she wanted nothing from the Black Moon Pack.

Indeed, she has always been honourable.

It is himself who has no honour, for eight moons, how Isabelle endured his t*****e repeatedly and with pain,

Thinking about this,

Liam raised his paw, slashed his own face twice.

This cannot be attributed to his mother.

On mating day, if he was willing to pay attention or stop for Isabelle for these two hundred nights under the same moon, he would undoubtedly discover that his Luna was never the type of she-wolf who took advantage of others, but he didn't. He was engrossed in the game of hurting her and couldn't stop himself. He was truly a monster.

Liam was unable to remain calm when he considered this. If she was not in their den, she could be at the Stormhide Pack. Liam was aware that he might face tooth and claw this time. But what was it in comparison to the grievances Isabelle had suffered alongside him over the years? Liam returned to his wolf form and dashed into

Stormhide Pack territory. Previously, his father-in-law treated him very well.

Each time he arrived at the territory marker, the pack guardians would grant him early access, and the scent of his favourite prey would fill his nose.

However, the entrance that had previously been open to him was now closed.

He howled at the entrance repeatedly, and the beta came out and looked at him with an embarrassed expression.

‘Alpha, this is really inconvenient today.’

Liam knew Isabelle must be there, but he didn’t have the face to disturb her anymore. He settled himself at the edge of the Stormhide territory, and sat against the border wall until dark. In the early morning, it started to rain heavily, but Liam couldn’t care less, he didn’t want to leave, he didn’t want to miss the chance to talk to Isabelle even for a minute, even if Isabelle would come out to see him. Liam sat outside the Stormhide Pack for two days and two nights, fi

He wanted to get up and stretch his stiff right leg, but when he looked up, he saw the familiar figure in Isabelle’s den chamber on the second level through the closed territory barrier. He was howling her name like a madman outside the barrier, and the shadow in front of the window heard it but vanished in front of the window the next second, but Liam noticed it.

He noticed Isabelle’s pelt near the window.

Perhaps his friend was crying heartbrokenly behind that window.

He was instantly overcome with intense heartache.

It was a genuine physical pain that penetrated his wolf spirit.

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Until now, he had not realised that the heartache described in pack tales existed.

He remembered everything that had happened in the previous eight moons.

Over two hundred nights under the same moon, how many times did Isabelle go through such heartache?

Thinking about this, Liam's paws slid weakly down the territory barrier.

For the first time, he wasn't sure what to do.

A piercing howl from the messenger wolf interrupted his thoughts.

Seeing the crystal call that he had been dreading.

After a brief hesitation, Liam accepted the connection.

Nova, on the other end of the call, was as coy as usual:

'Liam, you promised to take me as your Luna; why haven't you contacted me in recent days? Do you know how much my wolf spirit misses you?'

Liam used to like her flirtatious words the most, but now they sound disgusting.

He resisted the urge to tear out her throat and responded to her with a deep growl:

'It counts; wait for me on the sacred grounds.'

The she-wolf on the other end of the crystal was delighted to hear Liam's words, sending a playful yip across the connection before cutting the call.

He took one last look out the window and left resolutely.

He swore in his heart that this time he would definitely explain Isabelle's grievances from the previous eight moons.

Liam mustered his strength and dashed to the sacred grounds where he and Nova met.

He claimed this as Nova's private territory outside of the main pack.

They used to meet here every moon, and Nova had been waiting for a long time.

Hearing his approach into the clearing, she emerged wearing the moonsilver collar he gifted and holding her graceful form.

When she saw Liam, she leapt into his arms.

'Liam, are you finally willing to visit me? Has everything in your pack been dealt with?'

The scent of Nova wafted into his nostrils.

Liam couldn't recall how many times he'd been intoxicated by this scent.

But it was now making him feel sick.

He pushed her away and stared at her coldly.

'Nova, don't you want to explain what happened eight moons ago?'

The she-wolf in front of him looked stunned.

But then she looked back with contempt in her eyes.

‘Liam, you’re not that naive, are you? What can we say about what happened eight moons ago? The pack world resembles a territorial war. Your father is incapable and will inevitably be eliminated. You should go to your ancestral grounds and question your father about this. Why are you asking me?’

Liam did not expect her to be so righteous.

I noticed that her tone was becoming more angry,

‘Nova, if it weren’t for your scheme, would my father have died? Will our Black Moon Pack collapse?’

She sneered.

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Liam, your father jumped from Moon's Peak! Are you crazy? Do you dare to claim that your father has never set traps for others during his decades of pack leadership? You're so childish! ‘

Perhaps realising that Liam could not be reasoned with, Nova, who was always shy and submissive, changed her attitude dramatically.

She glanced at Liam before leaving.

His heart erupted with rage almost immediately.

Liam took two steps back and shifted into his largest wolf form.

He lunged forward while looking in the direction Nova had left.

The mother, watching from the edge of the clearing, had anger in her eyes.

“Liam, I—” Liam still appeared to be dissatisfied.

He backed away, lunging repeatedly...

I saw Liam again half a year later.

He was sentenced to exile after attacking and killing another pack member.

I saw the wolf I had loved for eight moons through the silver barrier.

The male in front of me had lost his Alpha status.

His eyes were filled with remorse as he looked at me.

‘I am sorry for you, Isabelle. Do not blame my mother. I’ve signed the mate-bond severance. I assured my mother that she did not need to be concerned about the Black Moon Pack’s future. Please...please. ‘

“Isabelle, I can’t make it up to you in this life.” You will be my Alpha during the next lunar cycle. I’ll be willing to bear it and follow you for the rest of my life.

My tears were like dewdrops that had fallen off a moonflower.

I expected to be heartbroken and sad, but when I faced him, I seemed to be emotionless.

‘Liam, my mother has always been very kind to me. Don’t worry, I’ll look after Elder Jane in her later years...

I intended to say something else later, but I opened my mouth and gave up.

When I left, I looked at the blue sky beyond the silver barrier and realised what I wanted to say.

Liam, we will not meet again during the next moon cycle...