

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 10

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Freya's POV

"I don't have time for this. Your mother's appointment is today. You and your brother can go with her," I said coldly, cutting the call before Giselle could get a word in. Then I blocked her number—no packmate should waste my scent or my patience.

Three years. Three long years I ran endless errands for Caelum's mother—hospital visits, paperwork, midnight pharmacy runs. All without thanks or even a glance. They treated my loyalty like air—essential, invisible, and taken for granted.

Today was supposed to be another routine eye check for Eleanor.

Lana watched me, her gaze heavy with concern. "Who was that?"

"Caelum's sister. A spoiled she-wolf who's forgotten what respect means," I growled low, the bitter scent of old pack politics rising in my throat.

Half an hour later, Caelum's call shattered the fragile silence.

"Freya. You'd better get to the hospital now. If anything happens to my mother, I won't forgive you."

I narrowed my eyes. We weren't legally severed yet, but the pack's poison was already dripping between us. Still, I would go—no need to rip the wounds wider before the moon had fully turned.

At the hospital, Giselle confronted me like a cornered wolf, baring teeth.

"You blocked me. I couldn't reach you all morning!" she spat.

"Yes, I did."

Her snarling face twisted with rage. "How dare you?!"

She'd just been thrown out of the doctor's office—no registration, no slot—exposed like prey under the harsh pack gaze. She'd hammered my line like claws scraping bark, all unanswered. Humiliation clung to her scent like a death knot.

I met her fury with cold steel. "Do you think you're some highborn Alpha? That I owe you my time and blood?"

Giselle faltered, the fight draining from her eyes.

Caelum stepped between us, voice low but firm, thick with Alpha command. "This is between us, but you don't use my mother's illness as a weapon."

I scoffed, lips curling into a warning snarl. "Weapon? I was the one standing guard at her side all these years. Now I step back, and suddenly I'm the enemy?"

His jaw clenched tight. "You know your place. She raised you and your sister. If anyone should be there, it's you two. Me? I owe her nothing."

I stepped forward, voice cold as winter wind. "You're wrong. I owe my loyalty to those who gave me life and honor—not to a pack that never truly claimed me. Accompanying your mother was a grace, not a chain."

Caelum's eyes flickered—anger, doubt, something unspoken.

"Then how did she get an appointment if you didn't arrange it?" he challenged.

I let the truth hang in the air like a scent marking territory. "Old Dr. Smith only sees a handful of patients a week. His slots are fought over like prime hunting ground. You don't just take one."

He didn't reply. I knew his mind was tangled—thinking I jumped the line. But Dr. Smith reserved that place out of respect for my parents—martyrs whose blood waters this land.

No explanation was needed.

"The cataract surgery is done. If you can't see Dr. Smith, other healers in the ward will suffice," I said flatly.

That's when Eleanor lunged, fingers like claws.

"You want me to settle for a lesser healer? To go blind?!" she snarled, venom thick

I dodged, eyes sharp. The pack knew I wasn't prey. in her voice.

The chaos drew Dr. Smith from his room. His gaze softened when it landed on me.

"What's all this? Freya?"

Before I could answer, Eleanor's voice cut through like poisoned fangs.

"Freya is poison. She wants me to see a regular healer. But I trust only Dr. Smith. Soon she'll be out of Caelum's life, and he'll marry someone worthy."

Caelum's hand gripped his mother's shoulder. "She's just a friend, Mom."

"Friend? Ha! You're still tethered to Aurora's scent. Freya's just an orphan, no bloodline, no strength to match the first female pilot of Bluemoon."

Dr. Smith's face darkened, stormy like thunder before the fall.

"You will find no healing here if you disrespect the daughter of martyrs," he said firmly. "I treated your mother out of honor for Freya's family. If you scorn her, leave."

The SilverSmith pack froze, shocked.

"Her parents died for this pack!" Dr. Smith's voice thundered. "How dare you speak so?"

Eleanor shrank back, silent, but her eyes burned with spite.

I caught the scent of disbelief lingering on them—thinking my parents were just ordinary soldiers, nothing more. A couple of nameless wolves lost to war. Their words, laced with contempt, spoke volumes.

They didn't understand. My parents were legends, guardians of the pack's future. Not just meat for the battlefield.

And Eleanor—her bones brittle with age, her healing slowed by years and pack scars that no wolf can fully mend—still clung to the illusion of superiority. She forgot that strength fades, but legacy burns eternal.

Caelum stepped forward, voice soft but unwavering. "Mother wants only you."

Giselle scoffed. "My brother's pockets are deep. Name your price!"

Dr. Smith's gaze hardened. "When you secure an appointment, I will see her."

He turned and led me inside.

"Divorce?" he asked softly.

I nodded.

"Good," he said. "That man is not your mate. You deserve a wolf who honors you, born of your bloodline and strength. Your parents' legacy is your armor."

Tears threatened, but I held them back.

"Have you laid your parents to rest yet?" he asked gently.

“Not yet. After the Moon Break, I will bring their ashes home.”

“Tell me when you leave. I will honor them with you.”

I nodded.

The Moon Break—the sacred time of severance, when bonds unravel and bloodlines are cleansed,

Thirty nights of silence, the severing of old scents.

When it ends, I will carry their ashes to the land they bled to protect.

And I will bury not just my parents, but the chains of the past.