

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

## chapter 101-110

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

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As soon as Silas' words fell, his body rippled, bones cracking and sinew tearing. In the space of a heartbeat, the Ironclad Alpha was no longer a man but a massive dark wolf, fur like midnight steel, eyes glowing with predatory fire.

Kade answered in kind, his own frame splitting, morphing, until the soldier stood replaced by a storm-grey beast, scarred and broad-shouldered, every inch of him carved by war.

And then they collided.

Fangs clashed, claws raked, their bodies a blur of fur and blood, a whirlwind of violence in the middle of the hall. Tables shattered beneath their weight, wood splintering as they slammed each other into walls, snarls shaking the air like thunder.

Lana froze, terror lodging in her throat. To step between two battling alphas was to court death. Their power rolled through the hall like a stormfront, crushing her lungs, bending her knees.

She turned desperately to Silas's guards. "Are you just going to stand there and do nothing?"

The lead Whitmor enforcer didn't so much as twitch. "Alpha didn't give the order."

Lana's mouth fell open. That meant they would tear each other apart until blood crowned a victor.

Kade fought with the disciplined ferocity of a soldier—each strike a precise, punishing blow honed by the Iron Fang Recon Unit. But Silas moved with something more primal, a predator unbound, his attacks savage, cunning, designed to cripple and kill.

Fur flew. The floor slicked with blood.

Five minutes passed. Lana's heart pounded with every brutal clash.

Ten minutes, and she bit her fist to keep from screaming.

By fifteen, she felt hollow, trembling, the violence too much for her human nerves.,

"Are you tw ever going to stop?" she whispered hoarsely. "At least take a break... gods..."

And then it happened.

A streak of white cut across the battlefield.

A wolf unlike any other burst from the shadows—a great pale beast, fur white as bone, eyes gleaming silver.

Freya.

She lunged between them, her body slamming into both alphas with impossible force. Silas's jaws snapped closed inches from her throat. Kade's claws raked harmlessly against her flank as she shoved them apart, lips curled back in a snarl that split the hall with pure, commanding sound.

Both males froze. Instinct, blood-deep, forced their wolves to halt. Their snarls died into growls, their

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massive frames rigid, hackles still raised but restrained by the sudden intrusion of that white shadow.

The hall held its breath.

And then, before their eyes, Freya shifted back. Fur sank into skin, bone cracked and reformed, her wolf folding into human shape. She stood naked in the wreckage, chest rising and falling, hair clinging damp to her shoulders, her eyes still glowing faintly with silver light.

"What in the hells are you doing?" she demanded, voice low and sharp as a blade.

Lana gasped, rushing to her side, she quickly put a cloak on Freya with panic and outrage tangling together. "Do you have a death wish? They could've torn you apart!"

Her scolding rang loud, but her trembling hands betrayed her fear—and her care.

Guards surged forward, stripping off coats and cloaks, wrapping the two alphas hastily.

Then Freya looked straight at them.

“If I didn’t know I could stop them, I wouldn’t have entered the fight,” she said coolly, her voice carrying the same dominance that had cowed their wolves. “Even if they hadn’t pulled back, I would’ve managed.”

“Still,” Lana hissed, eyes shining. “Whatever happens, your safety comes first. Always.”

Freya inclined her head. “I know.” Then she cut her gaze back to the two men, voice hard. “Now. Why were you fighting?”

“They-” Lana began, but Kade’s rough voice cut across her. His chest still heaved, his wolf barely leashed, but he forced words past his teeth.

“I heard the Ironclad Alpha was skilled,” he said flatly. “I merely wished to test him.”

“Test?” Freya’s silver eyes narrowed, suspicion glinting sharp as fangs.

Kade’s gaze flickered, betraying unease. He swallowed hard, then tried to redirect, “Where are you headed, Freya? I’ll escort you.”

“She’s with me,” Silas said at once, his tone carrying the weight of command. “She’ll return to my estate.”

Kade stiffened, fury radiating from him in waves.

Freya didn’t falter. “Yes. I serve as Alpha Whitmor’s protector now. I’ll remain at his estate.”

The words made Kade’s jaw clench tight, his wolf pacing beneath his skin. “I’ll remain in the Capital for a few more days. If you have time... call me. There are things I must say to you. Things unsaid.”

“I will,” she answered softly, then turned and allowed Silas’s men to guide her into the waiting car, her borrowed cloak trailing behind her.

As the vehicle pulled away, Kade stood rigid, wolf still straining within him. His gaze burned on the retreating taillights, chest tight with rage and dread.

If Silas’s interest in Freya was a passing game, Kade could endure it. But if the Ironclad Alpha was serious....

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The thought alone seared him. His mother's voice whispered through memory, a warning he had once laughed at: Never entangle with the Whitmor line. Madness runs in their blood. If they claim something- or someone-they do not relent until death itself intervenes.

He had once scoffed. "You exaggerate, Mother."

But now, with Freya wrapped in Silas's cloak, Eleanor's warning returned like prophecy.

And he had no choice but to defy it.

He would not lose Freya again.

Inside the car, Silas finally spoke, his gaze fixed on the pale wolf now wrapped in his coat. "You don't truly believe Kade and I were only testing each other, do you?"

"No," Freya replied without hesitation.

"Then won't you ask the real reason?" he pressed, voice low.

"If you wished to tell me, you would. My questions won't change your silence." Her voice was cool, unyielding. Then her eyes sharpened, cold fire burning there. "But remember this, Silas-do not harm Kade. If you do, I won't forgive you."

Silas's lips curved faintly, dangerous and unreadable. His gaze caught hers like a snare.

"And if he harms me?"

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

Freya lifted her chin, her voice steady despite the tension thick in the air.

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“You’ve got so many guards around you. Do you really think Kade could bypass all of them just to harm you, Alpha Silas?”

Silas lowered his gaze, lashes casting shadows over his sharp cheekbones. There were wounds that no bodyguard could ever shield a man from—and he knew it too well.

Then his voice cut through the silence, sudden and disarming.

“Do you dislike calling me by my name so much?”

Freya froze for a moment.

“...Silas.”

She gave him what he wanted, whispering his name softly. “Don’t hurt Kade. I don’t want to stand against you one day.”

His lashes trembled, a strange bitterness curling faintly at the corner of his lips.

Why did it feel like that?

Was it because, against his will, he was beginning to care for her?

“Fine. I won’t harm Kade,” Silas murmured, his voice low, husky, his sharp wolfish eyes finally lifting to meet hers. “Because I don’t want to be your enemy.

Just the thought of being on opposite sides with her—it unsettled him to the core. His instincts screamed. that if it ever happened, he would regret it for the rest of his life.

The Capital

Aurora was finally released from the holding cells.

Waiting for her were Caelum, alongside his long-time enforcercer, Ryker.

The moment Aurora stepped into the vehicle, Ryker clicked his tongue dramatically.

“You’ve no idea what Caelum’s been like while you were in there. Running day and night, barely sleeping. If hardship reveals true loyalty, well... this looks a lot like the real thing.”

“Enough, Ryker,” Caelum growled sharply.

“What? Feeling shy now?” Ryker smirked before leaning forward. “But seriously, Aurora landing in the detention hall—don’t tell me it wasn’t Freya Thorne’s doing. I’d bet she stirred up the Iron Fang Recon Unit, pushed them to file that report, just to crush you.”

Aurora’s eyes flashed cold at the name. Her hatred for Freya burned hotter than ever.

“I despise people who scheme in the shadows. If she had a problem with me, she should’ve faced me directly. Instead, she used such vile tricks. Typical.”

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Being detained was a stain on her record, one that would follow her no matter how clean she kept her wings. Even if she clung to her position as co-pilot, the dream of rising higher in the ranks was gone. Freya had destroyed her career.

Ryker’s voice dripped with mockery.

“Freya? Please. Compared to you, she’s nothing but a petty schemer. Using her parents’ martyrdom in the Ashbourne Legion’s Hall of Martyrs as leverage, twisting it to sabotage you. She actually thinks if she ruins you, Caelum will return to her? What a delusion.”

“Ryker, enough!” Caelum’s voice cracked like a whip.

Ryker frowned, annoyed.

“Why are you still defending her? You’re divorced. Don’t forget the press conference during the Lunar Severance Phase—how much humiliation she threw on you in front of the packs.”

Caelum’s chest tightened.

Humiliation? If anyone had caused disgrace, it had been himself.

“Freya isn’t the kind of wolf who schemes and sabotages,” Caelum said, his voice hoarse.

Three years of marriage replayed in his mind, the memories sharper than claws. She had never once tried to entrap him. Never plotted. Never asked for more than what he already gave. And he... had taken her devotion for granted.

“You’re actually defending her?” Ryker’s voice rose in disbelief.

Aurora’s expression faltered, unease creeping into her chest. In the past, Caelum never spared Freya a second thought. But now? Now he spoke of her as if... No. That couldn’t be. He couldn’t possibly care for Freya Thorne again.

Aurora told herself that, again and again.

They stopped at a private dining hall Caelum had booked in advance. Inside the dimly lit chamber, Caelum shrugged off his Silverfang Pack uniform jacket, laying it casually aside. Then, his WolfComm buzzed.

“I need to take this,” he said, picking it up as he strode out into the corridor.

Aurora, alone in the room with Ryker, reached for Caelum’s jacket, intending to hang it properly. But as the fabric tilted, something small clattered onto the floor.

Two simple, unadorned rings. Cheap in appearance, nothing like the treasures of an Alpha.

Aurora blinked, picking them up. Since when did Caelum Grafton carry such things?

The door burst open. Caelum’s expression darkened instantly as his sharp gaze locked onto the objects in Aurora’s hand. In a flash, he snatched them away, his grip near violent.

“Who told you to touch these?” he snapped, his voice thunderous.

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Aurora stared at him, startled. They were just two shabby rings—so why was he trembling with fury?

“Caelum, it’s only a pair of rings. They fell out when I lifted your jacket. Aurora just picked them up,” Ryker interjected, scoffing.

But Caelum’s eyes burned, his wolf raging inside him, as if those plain rings were more precious than gold.

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Aurora let her voice soften, though the glint in her eyes betrayed her intent.

“My fault,” she said with a feigned guilt. “I only wanted to hang your jacket, Caelum... but I ended up dropping these rings. They must mean something to you, don’t they?”

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The words sounded like an apology, but beneath them was curiosity—she wanted to know why the Alpha of Silverfang Pack guarded them so fiercely.

Caelum Grafton pressed his lips into a thin line, silent for a long moment.

Important? Once, he had believed the rings were anything but. Cheap, symbolic tokens he'd picked up in haste for a marriage that never truly mattered to him. During three years of mating under the Lunar Severance Phase, he had rarely looked at them—he had almost forgotten they existed.

But after the separation... he had found himself carrying them with him. His hand strayed to them unconsciously, fingers brushing their crude metal edges as if reassurance lay there. He couldn't explain it himself.

"They're nothing important," he said at last, his tone uneasy.

Ryker barked a laugh. "If they're nothing, then why snap like that? You nearly scared Aurora half to death." His gaze dropped, catching the glint of metal in Caelum's hand. His brow furrowed. "Wait a second... these look familiar. Ah—that's it. Those are the rings you bought when you and Freya Thorne were bound, aren't they?"

The air shifted instantly, thick with tension. Aurora's face paled, while Caelum's fist curled tight, enclosing the two rings like a wolf shielding its last scrap of prey.

"You can't be serious," Ryker exclaimed. "Those are your mating rings? Caelum, you're already separated. Why the hell are you carrying that cursed relic around?"

Cursed.

Caelum's wolf bristled, his voice snapping like the crack of a whip.

"Ryker—friend or not—you don't speak of them like that."

Ryker lifted his hands, unbothered. "What did I say wrong? Those rings are bad luck. You should've thrown them away long ago. What you should be thinking about now is what kind of rings you'll give Aurora when the time comes."

"I'm not bound to Aurora," Caelum said flatly.

Ryker rolled his eyes. "Say that in front of outsiders, fine. But here? It's just us three. You really want to embarrass her like that?"



Caelum's expression flickered. He turned his head, eyes meeting Aurora's.

Aurora forced a small smile, though her knuckles whitened around the edge of the table. "It's fine. They're

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his and Freya's rings. They were bound for three years. It's not strange he keeps them near, even now. And as for me and Caelum... we're just friends."

"Friends?" Ryker scoffed. "If you hadn't gone overseas, Freya would never have slithered in. You're the one Caelum always carried in his heart—everyone knew it."

Aurora's lashes fluttered, her gaze shimmering as she turned to Caelum. "Is that true?"

Caelum opened his mouth... and no answer came.

Yes, once his heart had held only Aurora. When she returned from Bluemoon's overseas training, he had done everything to show his gratitude for her saving his life. Yet lately... he found himself haunted by memories of those three years with Freya Thorne. The quiet devotion she gave without asking. The sharp sting of her words at the airport—the words that made him wonder if perhaps his life had been saved not by Aurora, but by Freya,

"Caelum," Ryker prodded, impatient. "She's waiting for your answer."

"I..." His throat closed. He had no words.

Aurora's eyes glimmered. Then she dropped her gaze, playing the part of one who understood too much. "There's no need to rush. These things take time. But sometimes I wonder... if I had never left, would we have lost those three years?"

Caelum's voice cracked low. "Aurora, I've only just come through a separation. I..."

"I know." Her smile was tender, forgiving. "I understand. The Airborne Wing granted me a long leave. Remember the Ashbourne island project I mentioned? My mother's kin are part of the development council there. I can take you, introduce you to them. With their backing, SilverTech Forgeworks could secure far more than scraps.

At the mention of business, the fog in Caelum's chest cleared. His wolf straightened, senses sharpening. "Aurora... thank you."

"There's no need for thanks between us," Aurora said warmly.

She wanted him to see: whatever Freya Thorne could give, she could match—and surpass. Freya was nothing compared to her.

Caelum's shoulders eased. The Ashbourne island project was critical. He would secure it, whatever the cost.

And Freya... she was there, in Ashbourne as well. When he arrived, he would find her. He would demand to know why, in their final moments, she had spoken words that still clawed at his chest every night.

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Freya's POV

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After laying my parents to rest in the Ashbourne Legion's Hall of Martyrs, the days blurred into a haze of duty and silence. Most of my time was spent shadowing Silas, fulfilling the role of protector that fate had thrown at me.

But whenever I could, I slipped away to settle what remained of my parents' holdings in Ashbourne. Lana had returned to The Capital with quiet resolve after the funeral. Yet Kade stayed behind, insisting that his presence would make things easier.

He claimed his training in law could help if complications arose while I inherited my parents' estates. "If not," he'd said with that unshakable confidence of his, "I can always call in The Capital's best lawyers."

I didn't doubt him. Kade had studied law before the wolf in his blood led him into the Iron Fang Recon Unit. If not for the call of service, he might've become a barrister instead of a soldier. His mother's kin still held deep roots among The Capital's most powerful law firms. And the most ruthless attorney in the city- the one even Alphas whispered about was none other than Kade's uncle.

So I let him accompany me.

At the Ashbourne property registrar, I clutched the number slip, waiting for my turn. Our family had lived in The Capital for years, but those quarters were tied to the military. My parents' true holdings remained here: two properties. One in the city itself, and an older ancestral house on the outskirts, in a small town beyond the river.

The old place would require another visit, more paperwork, another wound reopened. And with Eric—my brother—still listed as “missing in action,” everything had to fall under my name.

My gaze dropped to the documents in my hand: the death certificates... and the military’s official record of Eric’s disappearance. My thumb traced over the letters of his name, aching as if the paper itself could pulse with his scent.

“You’re thinking of your brother again,” Kade’s voice broke through, low and steady. He had never met Eric -by the time he joined the unit, my brother was already gone. All he’d ever seen were faded photographs.

“Yes,” I murmured. My wolf stirred restlessly inside me. “I’ll find him. No matter how long it takes.”

“And I’ll help you,” Kade said.

I looked at him then, warmth rising in my chest despite the grief. “If Eric knew I had a younger brother like you at my side, he would’ve been glad. He’d have called you family.”

Kade’s jaw tightened, his eyes flickering dark. Brother. He used to wear that mask proudly—used it to stay closer to me than anyone else. But now? I saw the storm gathering in his gaze.

“What if I don’t want to be your brother?” he said suddenly.

I blinked, startled. “What, you don’t want Eric to see you as one?”

His voice dropped lower. “The only person who could ever make me a brother... is you.”

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A laugh slipped past my lips, though it was brittle. “Fine then. If you don’t want the title, I won’t force it on you.”

But his next words cut sharper. “And you? Will you always only see me as your little brother?”

I studied him carefully. The boy I once teased was gone—this man before me bore the weight of scars and war, the wolf in his blood fully awake. “Not just a brother,” I said softly. “You’re my comrade. My packmate

in arms.”

Even now, after both of us had left the Recon Unit, I still thought of him that way.

His gaze flickered—hurt, longing, something untamed. Comrade. Brother. Labels he couldn't escape in my

eyes.

"Then what about Silas Whitmor?" Kade asked, his tone edged with something dangerous.

I frowned. "Why bring him up?"

"I need to know what you think of him."

"My assignment is to protect him," I said simply.

"Only that?"

"What else would it be?" My voice sharpened.

His lips pressed into a grim line. I could feel the tension in him—the same unease I'd caught since that night Silas had taken my hand, linking his pinky with mine in a promise too intimate for what it should have been. Kade had seen it. He hadn't forgotten.

"Do you... like him?" The words spilled from Kade, raw and unrestrained.

I choked on my own breath, coughing, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

"In The Capital, half the unmated she-wolves whisper Silas's name," Kade pressed. "That face, that power- it draws them in. And I worry you'll be drawn in too. But Silas is not someone you can give your heart to. The Whitmors... their blood carries a kind of madness. They're never truly whole."

His words echoed in me as images rose unbidden: Silas's back, scored with chaotic scars, the muffled growls that tore from his throat in the grip of nightmares.

My heart clenched strangely.

"Every wolf bears scars from the life they've lived," I said at last. My voice was steady, though my chest felt anything but. "I don't believe Silas is broken. Just... different."

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

Kade's voice cut the air like a claw.

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"Freya, that's because you haven't heard the stories about him. If I told you what Silas Whitmor has done-

I didn't let him finish. "Stories aren't truth. Rumors carry no scent. I trust what I see with my own eyes."

Kade's jaw tightened, but before he could argue again, his gaze shifted past me, over my shoulder. My wolf stirred, hackles rising. I turned, wary, and found Silas standing not far away, shadows clinging to him like they belonged there. I had no idea how long he'd been there-or how much he'd heard.

At that moment, the registrar's system called my number. Saved by a machine. I rose, striding toward the counter, leaving both men behind to circle each other like wolves about to bare teeth.

By the time I finished the property transfer, their tension thickened the air.

"What a coincidence," Kade said, voice clipped, when I returned. "You here on business too, Whitmor?"

Silas's mouth curved, but his eyes stayed flat. "Not a coincidence. I came to find Freya."

The way he said my name-low, certain made Kade bristle instantly.

"Freya?" Kade's brows snapped together. "Who gave you the right to call her that?"

"She did." Silas's tone was ice. "And it seems the young heir of the Blackridges has a habit of whispering behind backs. You seem well-versed in my so-called 'stories,' Kade. Do you take pride in gossip?"

"If warning Freya about you makes me a villain, then I'll wear the role gladly," Kade snapped. His wolf surged through his voice, sharp with possessiveness. "I'd rather she hate me than see her fall for someone like you."

Silas's lips curved in something close to mockery. "So that's it-you're afraid she might want me."

Kade's nostrils flared. Anger rolled off him, sharp and bitter. Then, strangely, he laughed—a harsh sound. "Freya is sunlight. Clear skies. She would never choose a man who lives in shadow. Don't forget, Silas—I was raised among lawyers. My mother's kin. The Blackridge family knows every hidden truth in The Capital's highborn circles. Every dirty secret. Including your Whitmore clan."

At that, Silas's expression darkened, his eyes gleaming like an Alpha about to strike. He lifted a hand, his wolf pressing outward like a storm front, and for a heartbeat I thought he might wrap his fingers around Kade's throat and end it right there.

But then—he stilled. A dangerous pause. If he touched Kade here, in public, with me watching... he would lose me. Silas knew it. His wolf seethed, but his hand fell back to his side.

His voice was low when he finally spoke. "She's not a woman who takes stock in rumors. She'd never believe your whispers. All you'll earn is her mistrust—for yourself."

The two men stood there, eye to eye, Alpha against Alpha-in-the-making, neither willing to bow.

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I slipped between them, the air heavy with tension. "What's going on here?"

"Nothing." Silas answered smoothly. "Just a little... conversation. You're finished here?"

"Yes." I nodded.

"Good. I need you to come with me." His voice left no room for refusal.

"Alright," I agreed. After all, for now, he was my assignment—my responsibility.

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He gave me a nod toward the exit. I turned to Kade. "I'm sorry—I'd planned to buy you dinner after this."

"No matter," Kade said, his smile tight but his eyes burning. "I can share a meal with you any time."

Before I could react, he stepped forward, wrapping me in a strong, familiar embrace. The kind soldiers each other on the battlefield, a bond of comrades-in-arms. I returned it naturally, muscle memory from years in the Iron Fang Recon Unit,

gave

But even in that brief contact, I felt the shift—Kade’s wolf glaring over my shoulder, challenging Silas with every beat of his heart..

When I pulled away, Silas’s jaw was locked tight, his lips drawn in a line so thin it could cut.

We left together, sliding into his car.

I buckled in, glancing sideways at him. “So. What exactly do you need me to do?”

“Tomorrow night,” he said without preamble, “there’s a banquet. You’ll come with me.”

I exhaled slowly. “Fine. And now?”

His eyes flicked to me, dark as storm clouds. “Now we find you something to wear.”

“A dress? Silas, dresses aren’t made for combat.”

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“Then we’ll find one you can fight in.” His words were final, his tone brooking no argument.

I almost laughed. A dress fit for blood and battle? Somehow, I suspected Silas Whitmor had just the kind of taste to find one.

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Silas’ POV

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Freya turned away from me in the car, eyes fixed on the blur of streets through the window. I should have looked elsewhere, but I couldn't drag my gaze from her.

I hadn't expected to overhear her exchange with Kade Blackridge at the registry today. His words still rang in my ears—calling the Whitmors mad, warning her that my bloodline was a nest of lunatics. He wasn't wrong. That's what the packs whispered. That's what the world believed. And yet...

She hadn't recoiled.

She hadn't doubted me.

She'd simply said: Rumors aren't truth. I believe what I see,

That was Freya Thorne. Too luminous, too unyielding. A woman who stood in sunlight without fear. Compared to her, I was every shadow people whispered I was. A creature too dark, too wrong, something that should be hidden away.

The words left my mouth before I could leash them.

"You really don't want to know what they say about the Whitmors?"

Her answer was steady, unflinching. "No. I don't care for rumors. And even if I did—who can say which are

true?"

Her refusal cut sharper than claws. Was she uninterested in the whispers—or simply uninterested in me?

I pushed further. "And if some of them were true?"

Her brow arched. "What do you mean?"

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I held her gaze. “They say every Whitmor is touched with madness. That even I’m not right in the head. What if I told you that part is true?”

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“Do you have a mental disease?” she asked flatly.

Her reaction caught me off guard. No fear. No disgust. Just that clean, direct question. I had expected revulsion. Hesitation. But not this.

“No,” I said.

“Then you’re normal,” she replied. Her voice was iron. “People are different by nature. Others can say what they like—it’s their problem. The only real madness would be you believing it yourself.”

Her words hit me harder than any challenge. She’d looked at me with the same clear gaze she always had- no greed, no fear, no calculation. As if I were just... a man.

A low laugh escaped me, softer than I meant it to be. “You’re right. If I decide I’m not normal, then that’s when I truly lose. Freya... if you ever want to know the truth about me, or about the Whitmors—you come to me. Don’t listen to anyone else.”

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She gave me one of those looks, sharp and unreadable, like she couldn’t imagine why she’d ever care *to* ask. She didn’t answer, and I let the subject die.

By the time we reached Ashbourne, the car rolled to a stop before an exclusive styling house. Staff were already waiting at the entrance, their scents rich with perfume and polish. Freya followed me inside, soon swept away by attendants who brought her to the fitting rooms.

I sank onto a leather couch, flipping through the catalog of dresses they placed in my hands. Pages of painted women in glittering gowns. Beauty, polished and empty. I felt nothing.

There had never been a shortage of women circling me, flashing smiles, scenting for opportunity. Some thought my disinterest meant I desired men. The truth was simpler—I desired nothing. Until Freya Thorne.

The memory burned behind my eyes: her crossbow pressed to my temple when we first crossed paths. Her wolf-scent cutting through the cold air. Since then, every encounter had fed something in me I'd thought long dead. And it was no longer just interest. It was hunger.

She wasn't striking in the way other women were. No lavish beauty, no painted perfection. But the clean lines of her face carried the steel of a soldier, and her lean frame radiated a kind of strength that made my wolf restless. She was smaller than me by far, yet standing near her felt like standing near the only steady ground in a storm.

The sound of footsteps made my head snap up. And then—her.

Freya stepped from the fitting room wearing a black gown that fell to her ankles, slit high on one side. It was plain, understated. Practical. But when my eyes landed on her, the world bled away.

The fabric clung to her frame in all the right ways, the split flashing glimpses of her long leg with every stride. She hadn't dressed to impress—and yet I couldn't look away.

Her voice broke the spell. "I'll wear this one for the banquet tomorrow."

The gown swayed around her as she approached, revealing and concealing in equal measure. My wolf bristled, a growl low in my chest before I smothered it. Tomorrow night, every eye in the room would be on her. Every wolf would see what I saw now. Her leg, her strength, her light.

My jaw tightened. The thought sat wrong in me, sharp as a blade.

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

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The word “good” had caught in Silas Whitmor’s throat. He forced it back down, his voice rougher than he intended when he spoke again.

“How about another dress instead?”

“Another one?” Freya blinked at him in surprise.

He didn’t answer at once, just flipped the catalog at his side and pulled out a page—one featuring a gown that covered a woman from throat to ankle, concealing every line of her form. He held it out to her.

“This one. What do y

think?”

Freya stared at him in silence. If she wore such a suffocating garment, she might as well let the damned fabric trip her to death in the middle of a fight.

“Is there something wrong with the one I picked?” she asked, frowning.

Nothing was wrong with it. The black slit gown she had chosen suited her too well. And maybe that was the problem. The thought of other men seeing her that way—catching the strength and quiet fire in her beauty -sent something jagged through his chest.

Silas fell silent, shaken by his own reaction.

He had never cared what a woman wore before. Never given a damn about whether another wolf’s eyes lingered on her. But now, with Freya, unease coiled through him like a snare. The fear that another man would look at her too long. That her eyes would linger elsewhere. That she might not look back at him at all.

“If there’s nothing inappropriate about it,” Freya said, her voice steady, “then I’ll wear what I’ve chosen.”

She turned, ready to retreat into the fitting rooms. But his voice stopped her cold.

“Freya...” His tone was low, almost a growl. “Seems I care about you more than I thought.”

She froze, glancing back in confusion. “What?”

“Nothing,” Silas replied with a faint smile. It softened the hard edges of his face, though the truth of what he’d confessed lingered like smoke between them.

The following night, Freya accompanied Silas to the banquet.

It was hosted by the Ashbourne Trade Council, gathering government officials, tycoons, and the great names tied to the new island development. The Whitmors had a direct stake in the project, so Silas's invitation had been inevitable.

Freya's arm was looped through his, steady and composed, as they moved among the elite of Ashbourne. Silas exchanged the usual pleasantries, but his wolf never stopped tracking the weight of her presence beside him.

75%

Finished

They were halfway toward the banquet hall's center when a voice cut across the hum of conversation. A voice Freya hadn't heard in far too long.

"Freya!"

She stilled, pulse faltering. That voice...

Turning, she found herself face-to-face with Caelum, and by his side stood Aurora.

"You... what are you doing here?" Caelum's expression darkened, gaze flicking between Freya and Silas with something that almost looked like disbelief.

He had never seen her like this before. The simple black gown should have been unremarkable, but on her, it carried an air of quiet command, a stark elegance touched with something rare and dangerous. Her hair was pinned high, exposing the long line of her throat and the proud, sharp beauty of her face.

It stunned him. But the real blow came when he saw whose arm she held. Silas Whitmor. The Ironclad Alpha.

She had come to Ashbourne to bury her parents' ashes—yet here she was, beside Whitmor himself. A dark thought flickered through him. Had her cold resolve during their severance been because she had already chosen another? Because she had climbed toward a higher, stronger branch?

His chest tightened with discomfort he couldn't name.

Aurora's sneer cut through the tension.

"So that's it. You cast off Caelum during the Lunar Severance Phase because you had a better prospect waiting. I thought you had spine, Thorne. I thought being the daughter of

Ashbourne's fallen warriors gave you some honor. But clearly, I was wrong. You're nothing more than another wolf chasing power."

The words hadn't finished leaving her mouth before the crack of flesh rang through the hall.

Smack.

Aurora staggered back, eyes wide in shock, her hand flying to her cheek.

Silas Whitmor calmly folded away his handkerchief after wiping his fingers, his gaze sharp as a blade.

"Seems the Bluemoon pup has quite the tongue on her," he drawled. "Would you like to try again?"

The entire hall went still. Conversations died. Every head turned toward the scene.

Aurora stood frozen, her pride warring with humiliation, while Caelum caught her arm, shielding her as he rounded on Silas.

"Alpha Whitmor, you've crossed the line! Even if she spoke out of turn, that doesn't give you the right to strike her in public!"

"Oh?" Silas's brow arched, his tone dripping with mockery.

"So when this same she-wolf tried to desecrate the Legion's ashes at Ashbourne's gates—when she rallied guards to hound Freya Thorne while she carried her family's honor—you thought that was acceptable? And now you dare lecture me about lines?"

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75%

Finished

Caelum's face flushed hot, then pale, shame colliding with anger. The memory of that day at the airport gnawed at him still, a wound he had never managed to close.

Send Gifts

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

If Caelum had stopped Aurora back then... would things have spiraled this far?

75%】

Finished

Aurora's voice broke the hum of the banquet. Her cheek was already red from Silas's first slap, but she bit back the pain and spat venom.

"It was Freya's fault! If she'd said her parents were honored dead, I would never have done it. I only wanted. to keep the plane safe! She set me up-"

Crack.

The sound of another slap echoed through the hall, sharp as a whip. Aurora reeled, and if Caelum hadn't caught her, she would've crashed to the floor.

"Alpha Silas!" Caelum's growl rattled in his chest. "How dare you strike her again?"

But Silas didn't even glance at him. His eyes—cold, merciless—pinned Aurora in place.

"You think me a fool, little wolf? That I would believe such drivel?"

Her face burned, both cheeks swollen now, her pride bleeding out in front of the entire hall. I knew why she'd come—dragging Caelum here to parade her usefulness before him. But instead of triumph, she'd been humiliated twice by the Ironclad Alpha himself.

"You're only shielding her," Aurora hissed, her voice trembling. "I said nothing wrong! If I had known those ashes belonged to honored warriors, of course I would have respected them. But Freya hid it on purpose, just to trap me!"

My blood went cold, then hot with fury. I stepped forward.

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"So if they had been ordinary ashes, not warriors, you think you had the right to paw through them?"

She froze, her lips parting, but no words came.

I let my voice cut through her like a blade.

"Aurora, you love to ensnare others—but not everyone is as rotten as you."

Her face twisted, shame and rage warring, and as the circle of eyes pressed closer, she bolted, shoving her way past the crowd. Caelum followed her quickly, shame written across his features.

I turned back toward Silas. “Thank you.”

He looked surprised. “I thought you’d blame me for laying hands on her.”

“I’m not so much of a saint. I know who stands at my side.”

Two months of knowing Silas, and he’d defended me more fiercely than Caelum had in three years of marriage. My so-called mate—my ex-Alpha—hadn’t spoken a word when Aurora slandered me. The irony cut sharper than claws.

75%

Finished

The crowd soon dispersed, the air of spectacle fading. The banquet resumed as if nothing had happened. But I caught sight of familiar faces—Thorne blood among the guests. Of course. The Stormveil Primals were one of Ashbourne’s old founding families, and major stakeholders in the island project.

“Freya.” My uncle Abel Thorne’s voice carried warmth as he greeted me.

“Uncle,” I replied with a nod.

“You’re here as Whitmor’s companion?” he asked, curious. “You and the Ironclad Alpha...?”

“It’s business.” I kept my voice firm. For now, my contract was simple: I’d been placed by command to guard him. Nothing more.

Silas shot me a glance at that, unreadable, but said nothing.

“Freya, I’d like a word in private.” Abel’s eyes softened.

I hesitated, glancing toward Silas. My task was his safety, and my instincts told me not to leave him exposed.

“Go,” Silas murmured. “The Coalition’s security here is tight. I’ll manage.”

I inclined my head. “I won’t be long.”

Abel led me to the balcony at the edge of the hall, the night air cool against my skin.

“Your great-grandfather, Ken Thorne... his health falters,” Abel said.

My heart tightened. “What’s wrong?”

“Age, mostly. But after your parents’ interment at the Hall of Martyrs, he’s been... heavy with grief. He hasn’t been the same since.”

“I’ll go to him as soon as I can,” I promised.

Abel nodded, then studied me more closely. “And Freya... if you’ve no stable work now, the Thorne Group always has a place for you. You are the last of the Fifth Branch. The line must endure.”

“There is still Eric,” I said sharply. “My brother lives. He is not gone. I will find him, and I will bring him. back to stand before our parents’ graves.”

Abel’s gaze deepened. I saw it there—the respect. Among our generation of Stormveil wolves, few carried the same fire in their eyes.

“Of course,” he murmured. “Yes. Eric must be alive.”

Then, after a pause, his voice dropped.

“And you and Alpha Silas... is it truly just business?”

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya’s POV

75%

Finished

“For now,” I said evenly. In three months, when this so-called protection duty ended, I would be free again.

But Abel Thorne clearly misunderstood my words.

“Jocelyn and Alpha Silas share a bond deeper than you imagine. I don’t want to see you cousins tearing each other apart for the same male.”



My jaw tightened. “Whatever connection Jocelyn Thorne has with Silas Whitmor, it has nothing to do with me.”

Abel’s lips pressed thin, his eyes weighing me with that patriarchal caution all Stormveil wolves seemed to carry. At last, he only managed, “Silas is not a man to take lightly. His mind runs dark and deep. Don’t let yourself fall too far to climb out.”

Once he left, I turned toward the balcony doors, intending to head back to Silas’ side.

But before I could step past the threshold, he was already there—Caelum, cutting across the moonlit terrace with that domineering presence that once made me both safe and caged.

“Freya, we need *to* talk.”

I froze, then fixed him with a cold, unflinching stare.

“Alpha Caelum,” I corrected sharply. “Between us, that familiar name no longer fits. You’ll call me Freya Thorne.”

Something in my tone made his confidence falter. I saw it in the way his mouth pressed tight, the flicker of unease behind his silver eyes. Still, he steadied himself.

“I wanted to apologize,” he said, voice low, as if confessing some forbidden weakness. “I didn’t know your parents died as martyrs of the Iron Fang Recon Unit. I thought they were just ordinary logistics. If I had known, I would’ve stood beside you when their ashes were returned to Ashbourne. I would’ve stopped Aurora at the WolfPort gates that day.”

His words only carved the ice deeper in my chest.


“So that’s it?” My voice was razor-sharp. “If they hadn’t been martyrs, if they’d simply been ordinary wolves. who gave their lives—then it would’ve been fine for you to ignore me? To let Aurora humiliate me in front of half the Capital?”

His lips parted, but no answer came.

“Enough.” I moved to leave, but he blocked my path in an instant, his scent heavy with storm and steel.

“Tell me, Freya,” he demanded, his voice edged with something desperate. “At the airfield, you said those words—about dragging me from the river, about pulling me out while I was bleeding from eight wounds. What did you mean? How could you possibly know that?” His gaze locked onto mine, unyielding.

I raised my chin, meeting that piercing look without flinching.

75% 

Finished

“What, am I not allowed to call you out for what you are? If I hadn’t pulled you out of that river that night, Caelum, you’d be nothing but a ghost still drifting beneath the current.”

His expression shifted, shadows hardening across his face.

“Where did you hear that?” he snapped. “That fall into the Blackwater was buried. No one beyond the Silverfang Council knows. You’re saying this to make me believe you were my savior? To manipulate my guilt?”

The breath caught in my throat. I hadn’t expected that. Of all the sins he could carry, I never thought he would twist this into an accusation—that I would fabricate a rescue.

If I’d ever wanted to bind him with debt, I could have spoken of it years ago. I didn’t. I never intended to chain him with gratitude. It was only that Aurora’s cruelty at the WolfPort burned me so raw I let the truth slip out.

And now—he looked at me as if I were nothing more than a schemer.

“You think I lied?” A bitter laugh broke from my lips.

Caelum’s brows drew low. “Who else could it be? Aurora was there. She told me. You—”

He stopped, but his eyes revealed everything. He wanted me to admit it. He wanted me to nod, to say yes, it was a lie. To let him walk away clean.

“Caelum...” My voice dropped, sharp as a blade across the throat. “You don’t want your savior to be me, do you?”

For a heartbeat, guilt flashed in his face, quickly smothered by that Alpha’s mask of pride. “I only want the truth.”

“The truth?” My laugh was hollow. “What you mean is, you want me to take it all back. To claim I never pulled your half-dead body from the current, never bound your wounds, never watched your eyes close and prayed you’d live. That way, when our three-year bond ended in the Lunar Severance Phase, you could look at me with no guilt at all.”

His silence told me I had struck home.

“Too bad,” I whispered, stepping past him, eyes colder than the night wind. “I never wanted your guilt. Not then, not now. Your guilt is worth less than ash to me.”

Something flickered in his expression—pain, anger, confusion. His hand trembled at his side, as if he wanted to seize me, shake me, force me to take it back.

But he didn't.

Instead, his voice broke with restrained fury.

“So that's it? You expect me to believe you? That you were the one who dragged me from the river? Don't delude yourself, Freya. My savior was Aurora. It has always been her.”

And with that, I realized: worse than his forgetfulness, worse than his betrayal, was this—

That even faced with truth, Caelum Grafton would choose a lie more comfortable to him.

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

75%

Finished

“I came to ask you for one thing, Freya.” Caelum Grafton's voice was low, but beneath it pulsed the authority of an Alpha used to obedience. His silver-gray eyes locked on mine, demanding an answer. “The truth. I only want the truth from your lips. Stop twisting something as sacred as a life-debt into a weapon.”

The words stung, but I didn't let it show. Instead, I tilted my head, narrowing my gaze. My wolf stirred uneasily under my skin, claws scratching against bone. “You're saying... the one who pulled *you* out of the Blackwater River was Aurora?”

His jaw tightened. “Yes.”

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The single syllable hit harder than a strike. He delivered it with certainty, without hesitation, as though the truth had always belonged to her.

Caelum's eyes flickered, his shoulders straight with conviction. “You didn't expect that, did you? I've known all along who saved me. Aurora was the one who pulled me out. So don't degrade yourself further with these ridiculous lies.”

Lies. He dared to call it that.

A laugh burst from my chest, harsh and hollow. It spilled out of me uncontrollably, cutting through the night air. “Ridiculous? Lies? Oh, Caelum... tell me, which of us is the fool here?”

Because I remembered every moment.

The cold claws of the river dragging us both under.

The metallic tang of blood clouding the water.

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The desperate fight to keep his half-dead weight afloat while waves tried to break me apart.

The hours afterward, when I had to bind wounds with shaking hands, praying he’d breathe again.

And now, the wolf I saved called me a liar.

The balcony door creaked, and another voice cut through like a blade. “How shameless you are, Freya Thorne. To claim someone else’s deed—someone else’s bond—as your own. I never thought you could fall

this low.”

I turned sharply. Standing just inside the moonlight was Jocelyn Thorne, my oh-so-perfect cousin from the Metropolitan Pack, first branch of Stormveil. At her side, with her cheek still swollen from Silas’ earlier strike, was Aurora.

They arrived together, circling like vultures, feeding off each other’s venom.

My eyes didn’t linger on Jocelyn. She was a fly buzzing against glass. Instead, my focus burned into Aurora. “So it was you. You’re the one who told him the lie—that you were the one who saved him in the river.”

Aurora’s lips parted, but she didn’t flinch. She had prepared herself for this, I could see it in the steadiness of her gaze. She must have known the moment she followed Caelum here that she’d be confronted. Her

wolf bristled under her skin, posturing, as if daring me to challenge her.

4 . 75%#

Finished

“I didn’t have to tell him,” she replied coolly. “Caelum and others saw it with their own eyes. I dragged him from the water, stayed with him as the medics carried him into the ambulance, followed him to the clinic. and visited him while he healed. That’s the truth. Everyone knows it.”

Half of that was true, and she knew it. That’s what made the lie so dangerous—it was wrapped in reality.

scraps of

I stepped closer, my eyes narrowing to slits. My wolf surged forward, my aura pressing against hers. “I asked you a simple question, Aurora. Were you the one who pulled him from the river’s jaws?”

For a moment, her mask cracked. Her pupils dilated, her scent spiked with unease. I could feel her heartbeat accelerate even across the short distance. She hadn’t expected me to push back this directly.

“Or was it me?” My voice sharpened, cutting the air like a claw.

Before Aurora could answer, Jocelyn cut in, her tone dripping with mockery. “Why are you pressing her like this? What, if Aurora wasn’t the one, you expect us to believe you saved him?”

I turned my glare on Jocelyn. “I wasn’t speaking to you.” My words were ice, sharp enough to still her smirk for half a breath. “Stay out of what doesn’t concern you.”

“It does concern me,” she snapped back, lifting her chin in defiance. “Aurora is family. Her mother carries the Thorne bloodline. She’s my cousin—my elder cousin. And I’ll defend her.”

That revelation struck me like a slap. “Her mother... was Thorne-born?”

Jocelyn’s smirk returned, crueler now that she’d drawn blood. “That’s right. Aurora’s mother is a Thorne by blood, just as your father was. Which makes Aurora your kin, Freya.”

The words tasted bitter. Fate had a twisted way of binding us, threading our bloodlines together whether I wished it or not.

Jocelyn stepped closer, her gaze dripping disdain. I could see the satisfaction lighting her eyes as she continued. “Do you know what she told me? That you’ve already been through

the Lunar Severance Phase. You're divorced. A discarded she-wolf. Tell me, cousin, is this why you cling to Caelum still? Fabricating tales to crawl your way back to him?"

Her laugh grated, and Aurora joined in, her voice deceptively sweet. "Freya, you and Caelum are finished. Why waste your dignity? Do you think if you convince him you were his savior, he'll take you back? That he'll feel so guilty he'll grovel for forgiveness?"

Their words pressed in, suffocating, sharp as teeth at my throat.

I turned back to Caelum. "So this is what you believe?" My voice was steady, but the rage in my chest burned hot enough to sear bone. "That she saved you?"

His eyes wavered, just for a moment, uncertainty flashing like lightning behind storm clouds. But then Aurora's hand brushed his sleeve, her eyes pleading silently for his faith. And as always—always—he chose

her.

"I believe her," Caelum said. His voice was firm, but his scent betrayed the crack in his conviction.

213

Of course. When given a choice, he had never chosen me.

75%

Finished

My wolf snarled inside me, grief and fury colliding. But I forced my voice to stay even, laced with venom. "Caelum Grafton. Look at her. Look at Aurora." I stepped closer, eyes locked on his. "Do you really believe she has the strength to haul your half-dead body out of a raging river? Against waves that nearly dragged me under even as I fought with every breath I had?"

Images surged through me—the endless black current, his blood clouding the water, my own lungs screaming for air as I clung to him with teeth and claws, refusing to let go.

"You think she could have done that?" My voice rose, fierce enough that even Jocelyn flinched. "She couldn't have lasted two minutes in that current. Do you really believe Aurora's dainty hands bore your weight while eight blades had already torn you apart?"

Silence crashed over us like a breaking wave. The night wind howled through the terrace, carrying the tension with it.

Caelum's gaze hardened, but I saw the flicker in his eyes—the doubt he fought to suppress.

But instead of admitting it, he clung tighter to the lie.

And in that moment, I realized: it wasn't that he truly believed Aurora's story. It was that he couldn't stomach the truth being mine.

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