

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 11

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Freya's POV

When I returned to the den that night, the first thing I smelled was his scent.

Caelum was home.

It surprised me. Ever since Aurora returned to the capital, Caelum rarely stepped paw into the villa. The place still carried my scent—but fainter now, like a fading claim on territory no one respected anymore.

"I spoke with my mother," he said as I closed the door behind me. "She still wants Dr. Smith to be her primary healer. Talk to him. Make sure he continues her treatment."

I turned slowly to face him, a humorless snarl curling at the edge of my lips.

He truly thought someone like Elder Smith—one of the Lycan War Medics, whose hands had once stitched generals back from death—could be ordered around like a pack pup?

Elder Smith only agreed to treat Eleanor out of respect for my late parents—wolves who bled for the realm. It wasn't something that money, or name, or rank could buy.

"You can book an appointment like everyone else," I said coldly. "If you're lucky, maybe someone will cancel. Or—" I gave him a slow glance, "hire someone to fight for a slot. Isn't that what rich Alphas do?"

Caelum's brows twitched, a flicker of irritation rising in his eyes, but before he could speak, his phone rang.

His expression darkened as he answered. And when he ended the call, he turned to me like a wolf with a Smith in his paw.

"That day at the restaurant," he said through gritted teeth, "someone leaked it to the media. The photos went viral. The headlines are accusing Aurora of being a homewrecker. They're saying I'm married—and she's the third."

I said nothing. I knew what was coming next.

"You need to clear this up," he snapped. "Make a public statement. Say it was a misunderstanding. Say you're friends with Aurora and asked me to protect her that night."

I blinked. For a moment, I truly thought I'd misheard him.

"You're asking me... to lie?" I said, my voice sharp as fang.

"For her career. She just got promoted to Wing. If this scandal spreads her reputation will

"Will what?" I interrupted, laughing bitterly. "Be tarnished by the truth?"

He flinched at the edge in my voice.

"You forget," I continued, stepping closer until I was within the edge of his Alpha aura, "that night... when the Rogues echoed, you pushed me aside—and shielded her. Do you know what that felt like?"

His silence spoke volumes.

"I thought... maybe after three years of mating, even if you didn't love me, there would be loyalty. But I was wrong. When danger came, you chose her."

"She was in danger. It was instinct."

"And I wasn't?" My claws itched.

He didn't respond.

"She threw you away when you had nothing." I snarled. "I was the one who stayed. Who bled. Who built everything beside you. And now, you ask me to be the one to save her honor?"

"She didn't deserve this," he snapped. "She's worked hard to get where she is. You saying a few words—what's the harm?"

I stared at him. "The harm? This isn't about a few words. This is about truth. And I won't rewrite history to protect your moonlit darling."

"Freya—"

"You care so much," I cut in, voice cold as a blizzard. "If she was that important, why didn't you ask for the mate-bond to be severed the moment she returned?"

He paused. Like I'd clawed through his chest and scraped the truth raw.

"I made a vow when we married," he muttered. "I said I would never forsake you."

I almost laughed.

“No, Caelum,” I said. “You just didn’t want to be the Alpha who clawed his way to power and tossed aside the mate who helped him build it. You wanted both—your white moonlight and your golden reputation.”

His face hardened, but I didn’t stop.

“If you’d really meant to honor that vow, you wouldn’t have let your wolves mock me. You wouldn’t have missed the day I retrieved my parents’ ashes... just because Aurora.”

My voice shook with barely leashed fury. “They were my parents. Warriors. Heroes. And I couldn’t even bring them home properly because my own mate couldn’t be bothered to show up.”

Caelum paled, his scent rippling with guilt.

He opened his mouth. Closed it. Then finally muttered, “I know. I failed you. Let me make it up. This weekend—I’ll come with you. We’ll visit their resting site. I’ll apologize. I should’ve gone with you when you brought them back.”

I knew what this was—his last-ditch effort to placate me.

There were only twenty nights left until the Moon Severing completed. After that, the bond would be dissolved. Our scents would no longer recognize each other as mates.

Truthfully, I didn’t need him to come.

But he did owe my parents an apology.

“...Fine,” I said.

But the weekend came and so did the disappointment.

“Sorry,” he said over the phone, voice dripping with guilt. “Last-minute emergency meeting at the firm. I can’t make it today. Next time, I promise.”

I ended the call quietly

No fight. No howl. Not even a sigh.

Because by now, I no longer had disappointment left to give.

Caelum had worn it all out of me—like a scent faded by wind and rain.

I stared at my phone for a moment, then opened my gallery.

There were barely any photos of us together. Maybe three or four, and even those were group pictures taken at company events. No wedding shots. We couldn't afford a real ceremony then.

But in his phone? I'd once seen it,

An entire album filled with him and Aurora—smiling, embracing, glowing like fated mates under the stars.

So I began deleting. One by one, every photo of us vanished like smoke on the wind.

Then I turned to the house.

Anything that bore my mark—my scent, my presence—I began to pack. Slowly. Methodically.

Because the moon was waning, and with it, our time.

And once the Moon Severing ended...

I wouldn't look back.