

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

## chapter 121-130

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Finished

Third Person's POV

"So you won't put deeper meaning *to* Silas Whitmor's words?" Kade pressed. His voice was cautious, but edged with a growl that betrayed the wolf in him.

Freya shook her head. "No. I know the way of Alphas like him. Perhaps he speaks of 'courting out of fleeting interest. But I... I am not so careless. Not after all I've endured."

Kade's chest tightened. She spoke with that clipped discipline of a soldier, and yet, beneath it, he could hear the ache of old betrayal. She was no fragile human woman to be won with flattery—she was Stormveil-born, raised under oaths and blood.

"Then." Kade asked, lowering his voice, "you feel nothing at all toward him?"

Her answer came firm, unyielding. "I've only just divorced, Kade. My heart has no room for new entanglements. What I want is simple: to finish my contract as Silas Whitmor's bodyguard, and when those three moons are done, return to The Capital. There, I'll resume my work—and continue searching along the border for Eric."

At the mention of her brother, Kade stilled. The Iron Fang Recon Unit had scoured the borderlands five years ago, finding

nothing but silence and ash. To all others, Eric Thorne had perished, swallowed by the chaos of war. But Freya's conviction remained unbroken.

"Freya," he said softly, "five years without a sign. even the strongest hunters in the Legion never found him. Are you certain

"He's alive," she cut in, eyes blazing. "I feel it. No one will shake me from that belief."

Silence stretched between them, heavy as steel.

Finally, Kade exhaled and said, "Then let me go with you."

Her head snapped up. "No. That is my family's burden. I'll carry it alone."

“Alone?” His wolf rumbled beneath his skin, furious at the thought. He leaned forward, his voice raw. “Freya, I call you A’she -sister-not as some idle endearment. You are more to me than you realize. I cannot let you walk into the borderlands without me.”

“Kade-

“Listen to me!” His interruption was sharp, his fists clenched on the table. “You think I call you sister because of Iron Fang? Because you once shielded me in battle? No. It’s more than that. You are my anchor. My wolf trusts only you. If you go, I go.”

Her lips parted in surprise. For a moment, the fierce Alpha-blooded warrior softened. Then she lowered her gaze, uncertain. “Even if you come, I don’t know how long I’ll stay. It could be weeks. Months. Longer still.”

Kade’s answer was instant, fierce. “Then I’ll stay. A year, a lifetime—it doesn’t matter.”

Freya’s brows drew together. “You don’t need to do this. I looked after you in the Iron Fang Recon Unit because you were my soldier, my responsibility. That was duty. You owe me nothing.”

But Kade’s eyes burned with the truth he had held too long. “It isn’t duty that drives me. Yes, I owe you. But it’s more. It’s always been more.”

He faltered. The words clung in his throat, hot and heavy.

Should he speak them now? Should he confess?

His wolf urged him, snarling Claim her! Tell her she is yours! But reason hissed back: not yet. Not when her heart still bled from loss. Not when her mind was chained to the memory of her brother.

If he bared his soul too soon, she would refuse him. Worse—she might shut him out forever.

And Kade Blackridge, reckless in all things, found himself trembling with fear at the thought of losing her.

“**What** is it” Freya asked, her voice softer now.

Finished

“L” He opened his mouth, but before the words could form, his WolfComm device vibrated. The sound shattered the fragile

moment.

He answered sharply. On the other end came his uncle's urgent voice from The Capital. As Kade listened, his face darkened, jaw tightening.

When the call ended, Freya studied him carefully. "What happened?"

"My grandfather's law firm, there's trouble. It's tied to matters from when I was overseas. I have to return to The Capital immediately."

Freya nodded. "Then go. Handle it."

But he lingered, eyes locked on her. His wolf howled within, refusing to part from her side. He wanted to snarl, to claim, to chain himself to her shadow.

Instead, he said only, "You'll remain Silas Whitmor's bodyguard for three months, and then return to The Capital?"

"Yes," she replied simply. "Three months. No longer."

Kade drew a steadying breath. "Then I'll be waiting for you. And when you come back—" His voice hardened with resolve. "I won't remain only your brother-in-arms. I'll tell you what I truly want."

Her golden eyes lingered on him, searching. But before she could respond, he turned away, shoulders squared like a wolf going to battle.

And in his chest, his wolf roared one truth over and over again: She is mine.

Send Gifts

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Silas's POV

Finished

When I returned to the Whitmor **estate** that night, I knew something **was** wrong the moment I crossed the threshold.

The air carried it—sharp, metallic, tinged with the wrong kind of dominance. My wolf stiffened inside me, hackles raised, muscles coiling before my mind even caught up.

For half a heartbeat, I thought it might be Freya waiting for me, that she had chosen this night to confront me in my own den. But no—my body knew better. Freya's presence never

triggered this instinctual warning. She was danger of a different breed, one I craved instead of dreaded.

The figure in the living room froze me where I stood.

My breath caught, my chest locked tight, and every scar inside me throbbed as if torn open anew.

Cassian Whitmor.

My father.

The word “father” tasted like ash in my mouth, for he had long ceased to be one. His suit was immaculate—black tailored lines, a stark white shirt beneath. He had always worn such colors since my mother’s death, as though the spectrum of the world had died with her. My mother had been light, and he... he became shadow.

And the face—the gods curse it—the face that mirrored mine. His cheekbones, his jaw, his cold eyes. Looking at him was like staring at a distorted reflection of my own flesh. A cruel reminder that his blood runs in me.

“Surprised to see me, Silas?” His smile was practiced elegance, smooth as silk over a coiled viper. Others might see warmth in it, but I knew better. That smile was venom.

My spine locked straight, every sinew braced against the madness that rolled from him in subtle waves. Since my mother’s death, Cassian had rotted from the inside out. The world thought him merely eccentric, a grieving widower. But I knew—he was broken, twisted. Mad.

“What are you doing here?” I forced the words out cold, flat.

“I hear my son has found himself a woman,” Cassian said lightly, strolling closer with unhurried grace. “Of course I had to come see for myself.”

My jaw clenched. He had seen the trending reports then, the images leaked to the networks before I had them scrubbed. Too late.

Freya.

The way he said it—a woman—made bile crawl up my throat. He knew nothing of her. He could never know what she meant

to me.

I kept my silence.

He tilted his head, studying me as only he could, with the precision of a wolf that had learned to sniff out weakness. “What’s wrong, boy? Don’t tell me you’ve convinced yourself you don’t love her.”

My hands curled into fists. “Whether I love her or not is none of your concern. But if you so much as think of laying a hand on Freya Thorne, I swear I’ll tear your throat out myself.”

Cassian laughed then, sudden and sharp. The sound filled the hall like broken glass. “Oh, Silas. Do you think I’d harm her? No... no, I want to watch. I want to watch as you unravel, just as I did when I lost your mother.”

The mention of her—the only woman who had ever managed to anchor him—slashed through me. My mother. Gone these many years, her absence the wound that had devoured him.

Cassian’s hand came down, slow, deliberate, onto my shoulder. His grip was deceptively light, but I felt the weight of everything behind it: his madness, his certainty.

“You don’t need to love her yet,” he murmured. “All it takes is desire. Once you crave her presence, once you can’t stand the

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Finished

thought of her eyes looking at anyone but you—then love will come. And with love... the sickness comes too. You’ll want to burn her whole world until only you remain in her vision. You’ll want to lock her away, cage her, make her breathe only for you. That is what it means to be a Whitmor.”

His voice was silk and rot, seeping under my skin.

I met his gaze with pure hatred. “I am not you.”

His smile widened, but it was no smile—it was mockery. “You are me, Silas. My blood, my son. The Whitmor curse runs deep. Obsession is carved into our bones. You will try to resist, but in the end, you will fall as I did. A wolf who cannot have what he wants, driven mad by the wanting.”

The rage burst out of me, a snarl ripping free. “Enough!”

He didn’t flinch. Not once.

Instead he glanced at me with that same infuriating calm and said, “But I did see those pictures of her. The Freya Thorne, yes? Stormveil blood, Bloodmoon kin... strong woman. Beautiful. But she doesn’t look at you the way she should. She doesn’t love you.”

He reached out again, fingers daring to brush against my cheek. “You have your mother’s eyes. Use them. Use your body. Use every gift you inherited to ensnare her. Make her yours. She won’t stand a chance.”

The beast inside me surged, and my hand shot up, snapping around his wrist with iron force.

The bones in his arm trembled under my grip. A single twist and I could shatter it. My wolf howled for me to do it. To break him. To end the stench of his touch once and for all.

Cassian only arched a brow. “Going to cripple your father for giving advice?”

My lip curled back, teeth bared. “I stopped being your son the day you killed yourself with your own madness. Touch me again and I will break you.”

For a moment, silence hung thick between us. Then he smiled again, utterly unfazed.

“Very well. I’ll leave.” He turned, strolling toward the door, but not before casting one last poisoned glance back over his shoulder. “But remember, Silas—no matter how hard you deny it, you are my son. The day will come when you, too, are undone by your own hunger. And I will be waiting for you in that same pit. In that hell.”

His footsteps echoed down the hall, fading into the night.

I stood frozen, my body locked in place long after he was gone. My fists clenched so tightly my claws had cut deep into my palms. Warm blood trickled between my fingers, but I felt nothing.

Even with the house empty once more, my wolf refused to calm. Every muscle screamed to tear, to destroy, to fight the ghost of him still lingering in the air.

I hated him.

But most of all, I hated the seed of fear he left behind—that somewhere, buried deep in my marrow, he might be right.

That one day, Freya would awaken the Whitmor madness in me.

And gods help us both, if that day came.

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

The rain had already begun to fall by the time I reached the Whitmor estate.

Finished

Ashbourne's skies were a dull, oppressive gray, pressing down on the earth like the weight of old grief. Each drop of water carried with it the taste of iron and storm, a scent my wolf disliked. Rain always left me restless, and tonight it seemed to mirror the heaviness in my chest.

Kade's car slowed to a stop outside the gates of Silas's residence. He had insisted on driving me here before returning to the Capital, though I could see the unspoken worry in his gaze.

He was leaving. I would remain in Ashbourne, at least for a while longer.

My parents' affairs were nearly settled now. Their assets, their land, their legacy—all sorted piece by piece. The last remaining task was the old family house in the small town where they had once built a life together. I hadn't been able to bring myself to walk through those doors yet. Not without Eric. My brother and I would face that house together, when I found him.

Until then. I had placed the more personal relics—their books, their journals, the furniture marked with the lines of my

childhood—inside the apartment in the city. Sometimes, when I entered that space, the air would warp with memory, and I could almost see it: my parents at the dinner table, Eric laughing at some foolish jest of mine, all of us gathered as if the war had never claimed what it did.

And then my throat would tighten, eyes stinging.

I knew what others refused to say aloud: peace was never free. If the world wished for still waters, it required someone to carry the weight of the storm. My parents had carried it willingly, their lives traded for the safety of others.

I would walk the same road. That was the Bloodmoon oath, Stormveil's creed, and the Thorne family's inheritance.

When the car rolled to a stop, I touched Kade's arm lightly. "It's far enough. You don't need to go further."

He looked at me for a long moment, his silver eyes catching a glimmer of the stormlight. Then he reached behind his seat, pulled out a black umbrella, and pressed it into my hand.

“Take it,” he said. “The rain is only going to worsen.”

I shook my head faintly. “The house is only a short run. I’ll manage. And I’d rather not hold on to your things—returning it later would be troublesome.”

But Kade only smiled, that stubborn, knowing curve of his lips. “Then return it to me in the Capital. Consider it a promise, Freya. Keep it until then.”

His words were quiet, but there was weight behind them, the kind wolves placed in unspoken bonds.

I hesitated before nodding. “Very well. I’ll keep it safe until then.”

The satisfaction in his smile made something in my chest twist.

I stepped out into the storm, opened the umbrella, and watched his car vanish down the road. His scent faded with the hum of the engine, leaving me alone in the gray curtain of rain.

I turned toward the estate.

And froze.

A figure stood beneath the old oak at the edge of the courtyard, drenched in rain.

Tall Broad-shouldered. Still as stone.

Alpha Silas.

The rain carved lines across his face, running down the strong planes of his jaw, dripping from the ends of his dark hair plastered against his cheeks. His shirt—white, or it had been—clung to him like a second skin, soaked through.

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Finished

“Silas?” My voice cut through the storm, sharp with disbelief. “Why are you standing out here like this?”

Slowly, his head turned. His eyes, black as nightfall, found me beneath the shelter of my umbrella.

“You’re back,” he said, his voice low and rough, like gravel scraped across stone,



There was no trace of the Ironclad Alpha in his stance now, no armor of control or supremacy. He looked fragile, breakable, like a wolf on the verge of shattering.

I remembered that morning, when we'd eaten breakfast together. He had been calm then, measured. Almost himself. What had happened between then and now to strip him down to this rawness?

"Yes," I answered, stepping closer. "I came back."

I raised the umbrella higher, shifting it to cover him as well as myself. The rain hammered against the canopy, relentless.

"The storm will only worsen. Come inside."

But he did not move. His gaze had drifted away, back to the oak tree. His lips parted again, barely above a whisper.

Do you know... my mother loved this tree."

The words startled me. "Your mother?"

"She used to climb it. Always higher, always reaching for the horizon." His voice trembled faintly. "She wanted to escape this place. But she couldn't. My father caged her here. No matter how she reached for freedom, she was trapped."

My chest tightened.

"Silas..."

"I am not my father," he said suddenly, fiercely. His voice cut through the rain like a blade. "I will never become him."

"Yes." I nodded without hesitation.

His head snapped toward me, eyes sharp, searching. "You believe that?"

I met his gaze without flinching. "I do. I believe you."

Something passed through his expression then, something raw and wounded. For so long he had been forced to hear the whispers that he bore Whitmor's blood, that one day he would descend into the same abyss of madness. That he would become a monster.

But I knew what I saw before me now: a man fighting that shadow with everything in him.

"You're drenched," I said, gentler now. "If you stay out here, you'll fall ill. Come inside."

I took a step forward, my free hand lifting to reach him. Still he did not move.

So I closed the distance myself, fingers closing firmly around his wrist. His skin was ice beneath the rain, but the strength in his arm was undeniable.

“Enough,” I said, and tugged him toward the house.

For a moment, he simply stared at my hand around his, as though no one had ever dared pull him forward before. Then, slowly, he followed.

The rain above drummed against the umbrella in steady rhythm, a heartbeat echoing overhead.

I felt his gaze on me, heavy and unrelenting.

He was staring at our joined hands. His were larger than mine, calloused with the marks of war and command. My fingers- smaller, roughened by training and work-wrapped tight around his, not delicate but certain, grounded.

Strength meeting strength.

And for the first time that night, I thought perhaps he truly believed me.

Send **Gifts**

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Silas POV

Her hand

Finished

The moment Freya’s fingers closed around mine, something inside me stilled. For so long I had carried weight- responsibility, rage, the Whitmor name like chains forged from iron and shadow. Yet when she pulled, I followed. Step after step through the storm, I let her lead.

And for the first time in years, I felt as if I didn’t have to fight for direction. With her hand anchoring me, I could simply walk.

She drew me into the estate, past the darkened hall, until the rain was a memory drumming faintly against the windows. She closed the umbrella and turned to face me. I knew what she saw: my hair plastered against my face, my shirt clinging to me, every inch of me carrying the scent of rain and something broken.

That brokenness was real. It clung to me heavier than water.

Her sigh cut through the silence. Without letting go of my hand, she tugged me down the corridor, her stride steady, purposeful. I didn't resist. I didn't want to. She led me straight to my chambers and into the adjoining bath. Steam soon curled from the tub as she twisted the taps, filling it with warmth I hadn't thought I deserved.

"Whatever happened out there," she said softly, "it can wait. For now, soak. Let the heat drive the cold from your bones."

The droplets slid down my face, off my hair, dripping from my jaw onto my chest. I could feel the chill still deep in my marrow, as if the storm had seeped past skin into soul.

I raised my head, my voice rough. "Will you wait? Here, while I—"

"Yes," she answered, without hesitation. "I'm your protector. Your safety is mine to guard."

Protector. That was her duty, her oath. But I wanted more than oaths.

"And if you weren't?" I asked, the words escaping before I could stop them. I had asked once before, long ago. Back then, she had brushed it off—said there would always be others to guard me. The answer had cut like a blade.

Her lips parted, but before sound could form, I fled.

I released her hand, the sudden absence leaving me colder than the rain ever could, and stepped into the bathroom, closing the door with a finality that hurt. If she spoke then, if she gave me truth, I wasn't sure I could bear it.

The tub embraced me in warmth. The water climbed my skin, wrapped around my ribs, my throat. Slowly, the cold that had numbed me since the courtyard began to loosen its grip. But my thoughts did not ease.

When my father left earlier today, the silence he left behind had been deafening. My steps had carried me to the oak in the courtyard—the one my mother once climbed in her futile attempts to touch freedom. And as I stood beneath it, drenched, I felt her despair seep into me.

I had seen what obsession had done to her.

And what obsession had made of him.

Now, with my heart pulling deeper toward Freya, a question gnawed at me: would I repeat their story? Would I be branded by the same curse—the Whitmor curse of possession and ruin? My blood carried madness. My name was tainted.

If she turned from me, if all I gave was unreturned—would I spiral into the same pit of fury and chains?

The thought made me grip the porcelain of the tub until my knuckles whitened.

When at last I emerged, skin flushed from heat, a robe across my shoulders, I stepped into the chamber—

And froze

Empty

She was gone

Finished

The air rushed out of me, sharp, hollow My pulse spiked, wolf stirring with panic. Had she left me? Slipped away when I was too vulnerable to stop her? My throat tightened with a fear I couldn't name.

But then-

The door opened.

I turned, and there she was.

Freya entered carrying a tray, steam rising from the bowl upon it. The storm outside could not dim the light she brought in with her presence. Relief slammed into me so hard my knees nearly buckled.

She hadn't left. She'd come back.

"You're finished," she said, setting the tray down, her voice calm, as though she hadn't just shattered my panic. "Perfect timing.

On the tray sat a bowl of dark broth, sliced ginger floating atop it. Its scent was sharp, earthy, tinged with fire.

"I made this," she explained. "Ginger broth. It will drive the cold from you before it settles too deep."

Her words were practical. But the act itself—it was more than duty. It was care.

I looked at the bowl in silence.

“Drink,” she commanded, her tone crisp. the kind she must have used with her squad in the Iron Fang Recon Unit.

My hands moved before my thoughts could. I accepted the bowl, the warmth seeping into my palms, and raised it. Sip by sip,

I swallowed the heat. The liquid burned down my throat, spicy and potent, far harsher than any tonic I had been given before.

But I didn’t stop. I didn’t flinch.

Her gaze lingered on me, surprise flickering across her face.

“Is it good?” she asked at last.

“No.” The truth slipped out.

Her brows drew together. “Then why—your face hasn’t changed. And you didn’t even think to refuse.”

I lifted my eyes to hers. “Because you asked me to.”

Her breath caught. She didn’t answer, though I saw the words hover on her tongue. I wondered if she understood what I meant that if she asked me to drink poison, I would.

I finished the last drop, set the bowl down, and waited.

She leaned forward then, her hand lifting toward my face. Her palm pressed against my forehead, checking for fever. The touch was light, fleeting. Yet it carved itself into me like a brand.

My body went rigid, my wolf surging up in stunned silence.

“You’re fine,” she murmured, withdrawing her hand.

The air turned colder the moment her skin left mine. I almost reached for her wrist, almost begged her to stay in contact. The craving was sharp, unbearable.

1. Silas Whitmor, Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, breaker of enemies and heir to a cursed line—reduced to hunger by the touch of **one** woman

It was dangerous. Maddening.

And yet, as the storm raged outside, the only truth I could cling to was this:

I wanted more.

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

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Finished

The storm had broken two nights ago, yet its echo still lingered in Whitmor's halls. For two full days he had not set foot beyond the estate walls, and I remained with him. My orders were protection, but the truth was simpler: I couldn't bring myself to leave.

The Whitmor estate sat heavy with shadows. Old walls breathed the secrets of his line, and I knew enough of wolf curses to recognize when a house itself remembered pain. I stayed close, watchful, making sure the darkness didn't swallow him whole.

It was on the third morning that an intruder came.

I caught the scent first—familiar, blood-bound. Jocelyn Thorne. I should have expected her; our family threads spread long and tangled. But still, I wasn't prepared for the sharp look she gave me the instant her eyes landed on me.

"What are you doing here?" Jocelyn's voice was edged with disbelief.

"I live here, for now," I answered evenly, refusing to let her see the shift of unease in my chest.

Her expression twisted, storm clouds building in her gaze. She knew this house. Everyone who remembered the Whitmor history knew. It was the home Silas's parents had once kept, the home he had kept closed to all but servants. For her, my presence here was not just strange—it was unthinkable.

"Don't fool yourself, Freya," she sneered. "Staying here doesn't make you special to him. This estate has its secrets. There's a room he never allows anyone to enter. You haven't stepped inside, have you?"

I froze for half a breath. When I'd moved in, Silas had warned me, his tone absolute—never the room at the far end of the third floor. My instincts told me not to press. Wolf law respected boundaries, especially those soaked in grief.

"No." I admitted quietly.

Jocelyn's smile spread like a blade catching light. "But I have. I've walked inside, where no one else was allowed."

Her words were meant to cut, to draw blood. She stood taller, victory in her posture, as if gaining entry to a forbidden room granted her dominance over me.

"So what?" I asked, my tone flat. I wasn't here to play whatever dominance games she thought we were in.

Her face flickered. I'd expected outrage, jealousy—something to make me reel. But I gave her nothing. The blow landed on air, leaving her fist empty.

Her jaw tightened, wolf energy snapping sharp. "You don't understand what that means, do you? It proves I'm the only one special to him. The only one he forgives, even when I cross his boundaries."

Her chin lifted high, proud, smug.

I exhaled slowly, fighting the growl that wanted to rise. I turned, intent on leaving. There was nothing for me in her words. Silas's heart was his own—his wounds his own. Whatever secrets he'd shown her didn't concern me.

But Jocelyn wasn't finished. She slid into my path, her voice dropping lower, more venomous. "You don't know him. Not the savage wolf he becomes when anger takes him, not the hollow boy when despair devours him. I've seen both. You've seen nothing."

Her words pressed like claws into scars I couldn't see.

"When his mother abandoned him, when his father ground him down, it was me who took him in. Me who stayed. Without me he would have broken. He would have died. Do you even realize how pathetic he was back then?"

My fists clenched. The Iron Fang Recon Unit had taught me patience, but this—this careless tearing open of Silas's wounds— was no better than cruelty.

"That's enough," I snapped. "Those memories aren't yours to wield. Stop before you say more."

But Jocelyn's pride was drunk on its own venom. She mistook my warning for weakness and pressed harder. "Do you even know how his father punished him? What he survived? I do. Only I. That makes me the one who truly knows him."

6:08 AM P P

My wolf bristled. This wasn't just arrogance—it was desecration.

I opened my mouth to silence her when movement caught my eye.

Behind her.

A figure stepped from the shadowed hall.

Silas

The Ironclad Alpha himself, silent as death.

My stomach twisted. He had heard everything.

Finished

Jocelyn, drunk on her own gloating, didn't notice. She kept on, her words sharpening like fangs. "He never told you how his mother died, did he? But I know. I was with him when—"

Her voice cut off.

Because his hand closed around her throat.

One moment she was smirking, the next her body jolted, lifted slightly as Silas's long fingers locked tight. I felt the temperature of the room plummet. His hand looked deceptively slender, but I knew the truth—those fingers were steel, forged from years of command and fury,

Her breath hitched, strangled. Color drained from her face, her eyes widening in shock. She clawed at him, nails scraping his skin, but his grip didn't falter.

His voice came low, cold, edged with a darkness that sent even my wolf rigid. "I wonder... how was I, back then? You seemed so eager to tell her. Say it again."

The air itself vibrated with his menace.

I had seen Silas battle alphas, I had seen him bleed enemies dry. But this—this was worse. It wasn't fury. It was ice, wrath restrained so tight it could shatter mountains when it broke.

Jocelyn trembled. Panic painted her pale. Her wolf instincts screamed against the brink of death closing around her throat. "Forgive... forgive me, Silas... I didn't mean—"

Her words choked, thin, barely audible through the crushing force of his hand.

I should have moved, should have intervened. But for a long, terrible moment I couldn't. Part of me was rooted in awe, in terror. Part of me knew: she had trespassed where she never should have.



Still, I forced myself to breathe, to steady. I was Freya Thorne, not a bystander. I was his protector, whether he asked for it or

not.

And I could not allow him to destroy himself through her.

**Send Gifts**

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

Silas's hand was an executioner's vice.

Finished

I could see Jocelyn's body buck beneath his grip, her throat locked inside his pale, merciless fingers. His eyes—those storm-forged, dead-quiet eyes—did not flinch. The strength of an Alpha who commanded the Ironclad Coalition wasn't in his voice or posture, but in that unshakable certainty: if he chose, he could end her here.

Her face had already shifted from flushed red to ashen white. I watched, horror clawing up my chest, as her tongue lolled from her mouth, desperate for air. Her nails raked across his wrist, leaving thin red welts that healed as quickly as they came. He didn't even blink.

"Does it matter if you meant it or not?" His voice was low, steady, colder than the northern winds that lashed the cliffs of Stormveil. His grip tightened. "I should've taken your tongue years ago, before you grew bold enough to poison the air with

it."

The wolf in me flared, heart hammering, instincts surging between fight and submission. His dominance pressed like an Javalanche, but my blood screamed I could not stand aside.

If I let him follow through—Jocelyn would die.

And Silas would damn himself.

I moved before my mind caught up with my body, a single lunging step, my hand clamping over his, fingers curling against the icy ridges of his knuckles. "Silas, stop! Let her go—if you keep going, she won't survive this!"

“I don’t care.” The words dropped like stones into the silence.

And gods help me, I believed him. Silas was not a wolf who clung to life, nor one who weighed the morality of killing. He’d grown up brutalized, abandoned, forced to bare his fangs to survive. Why would a man who didn’t even value his own breath care for hers?

But I cared. For him. For what this would do to him.

“Then care about this,” I snapped, digging my nails into his skin, willing him to feel me. “If you kill her, it won’t just be her blood on your hands—it’ll be shackles around your throat. Do you want to rot in a human cell while your enemies rip the Coalition apart? Is that how you’ll destroy yourself? There are other ways to fight her, legal ways, cleaner ways. This path only ruins you.”

For the first time, his eyes flickered. A tremor of life behind the void.

“You don’t want me ruined?” His voice was quieter now, but dangerous still—like a blade sheathed, sharp edge hidden but not dulled.

“No,” I answered without hesitation. My grip tightened over his. “I don’t want to see you destroy yourself, Silas. So let go.

Now.”

Something in my tone, in the steel of it, must have reached him. Wolves responded to command, not pleading—and I gave him command.

Slowly, impossibly slowly, his fingers loosened.

Jocelyn collapsed to the floor in a heap, hacking, retching, clutching her throat like a fragile thing. Her once-proud stance had

shattered; she was a pile of limbs and labored breaths.

“Get out” Silas’s voice was venom, his gaze a blade.

She staggered, barely able to stand, yet even broken, she found venom for me. “Don’t think I’ll thank you, Freya. If not for you, he would never—”

I didn’t let her finish. My wolf surged hot and fast. I grabbed her by the shoulder and dragged her down the hall, her feet stumbling across the polished floor.

“What—what are you doing? Let me go!” she shrieked, trying to wrench free.

608 AM P. P.

The front door loomed. I yanked it open, shoving her into the cold night air. With one clean motion, I hurled her threshold

She hit the ground with a heavy thud.

From the doorway, I stared down at her, the night wind whipping

Finished

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saved Silas. He's worth more than throwing his life away on you." "my hair. "Make no mistake, Jocelyn. I didn't save you. I

Her face blazed red with fury and humiliation. "You-"

I cut her off again, voice a growl in my throat. "And another thing. You have no right to spit his past like it's gossip. His scars aren't trophies for you to flaunt. They are his. Not yours."

Her lips parted, ready to fire back, but then her gaze slid past me.

To him.

Silas stood behind me, shadows clinging to his frame, his stare colder than steel fresh from the forge. One glance from him silenced her tongue. The wolf in her cowered, though she fought to hide it. She didn't dare speak another word.

The iron gate creaked closed between us, sealing her out.

I turned. He was still there, his eyes fixed on me, unreadable.

"You're not going to ask?" His voice was low, sharp with some strange mixture of challenge and weariness.

"Ask what?" I met his gaze head-on.

"About what she said. About my past."

My pulse thudded in my ears, but I held steady. "I'll treat everything Jocelyn said as if I never heard it."

His eyes flickered again, down to his hand—the same hand that had nearly taken a life tonight. I could feel the battle inside him. For all his power, for all the dread he inspired, he still doubted his own control.

And gods forgive me, I realized something as my chest tightened: my voice had been enough to bring him back. My words, my presence, had reached him when nothing else could. That truth unsettled me more than his violence ever had.

Night fell heavy on the Whitmor estate.

Silas kept his silence after Jocelyn's departure. Brooding, still as carved stone, lost to storms I couldn't see. The weight of it gnawed at me until I could no longer sit idle. I crossed the hall and knocked on the door to his chamber.

No answer.

"Silas?" I tried again. Nothing.

A knot of unease twisted deep in my gut. My wolf bristled. Something was wrong.

I pushed open the door. The bed was empty, untouched. His WolfComm lay abandoned on the nightstand. Silas never left himself unarmed—not his blade, not his comm, not his guard.

That left only one conclusion. He was still here. Somewhere inside these walls.

I rushed to the security console, pulled up the feeds. No breaches, no exits. He hadn't left the estate.

My throat went dry. That meant...

"Silas!" I called, racing through the halls. The house swallowed my voice, long corridors echoing back faint fragments.

Then I froze.

From the far end of the third floor—the place he'd forbidden me from stepping near—I heard it.

A sound like pain, muffled but raw. A broken, shuddering groan.

608 AM

The forbidden room.

Finished

I stood before its door, heart pounding, my hand hovering above the wood. The wolf in me screamed to protect, to break through. But I remembered his command, his warning: Never enter this room.

And yet-

I pressed my palm to the door, knuckles knocking lightly. "Silas? Are you in there? What's happening?"

Another sound answered, jagged and inhuman. My chest clenched.

He was in there. And he was hurting.

**Send Gifts**

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Silas POV

The dark always comes back for me.

Finished

No matter how many chains I break, no matter how many enemies I slaughter on the battlefield, when the night grows still, it finds me. The past. The pain. The voice that was carved into my bones long before I ever became Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition.

I'd locked myself inside the forbidden chamber again—my den of punishment, the place no one was meant to enter. Whips hung from the walls like specters, each one a memory, each one a mark burned into my skin. Their shadows stretched long in the dim light, curling like snakes, whispering to me that I would never be free.

My body convulsed, hands twisting at unnatural angles, claws nearly breaking skin as I dug into my own flesh. My throat ached with strangled sounds I could not hold back—half growl, half broken plea.

"I'll be good..." The words tore out, fractured. "I'll be good. I'll keep her. I'll keep Mother..."

The mantra. The lie. The only thing that ever bought me one more breath when my father's whip came down.

Pain throbbed through every nerve, memories bleeding into reality. My father's voice thundered over me again—Useless. Weak. You're nothing but a leash around her neck.

Each lash fell in my mind, over and over, and I could smell the iron tang of blood, feel it slick on my back. Even now, years later, the agony was real. My wolf clawed inside my chest, wild with the need to break free, to destroy, to end everything—yet all I could do was curl tighter, fingers digging deeper into my skin, desperate to quiet the storm.

I didn't hear her at first.

The pounding at the door. The voice calling my name. I thought it was another hallucination, another phantom from the endless dark. But then the door creaked open—unlocked, though I had sworn I'd sealed it.

And she was there.

Freya. My so-called bodyguard, though I had never asked for her, never wanted anyone near this ruin of a man. Yet here she was, rushing toward me, the sharp scent of steel and gunpowder clinging to her skin.

"Silas, what's happening to you?"

Her voice cut through me like light through fog, but I couldn't answer. The world was gone, replaced by the weight of chains and the hiss of leather. I tore at myself, claws raking against my chest, wanting to bury the memories in flesh and bone.

Her hands caught mine. Stronger than I expected, stubborn as only a Thorne could be. "Stop—stop hurting yourself!"

I fought her grip, strength surging with the raw frenzy of a wolf in a trap. My body wanted to break her hold, to snap free and return to the rhythm of destruction. But she didn't let go.

Her voice rose, firm and steady, like a command across a battlefield. "Silas! Look at me!"

The name anchored me, heavy and sharp.

I wanted to sink further, drown in the torment. That would've been easier. But then she was on me—her weight pressing me down, pinning me to the floor. Her fingers wove through mine, ten against ten, unyielding.

Her wolf growled through her throat when she shouted, "No one is hitting you now. Do you hear me? No one! As long as I'm here, I won't let them. You're safe. With me."

Safe.

The word was foreign. Alien. It rattled against the cage of my ribs. My father's voice fought to crush it: Worthless. Even as a tool, you fail. You couldn't keep her. You'll **never** be enough.

The lashes struck again, blistering, burning.

But Freya's voice rose higher, fiercer. "Silas, wake up! I said you're safe!"

6:08 AM

Finished

Her scent filled the air—pine and storm—wind, touched with the faint metallic edge of the Iron Fang Recon Unit she once trained with. It pushed against the darkness, broke through the haze of blood and memory.

I clung to her voice, the heat of her body pinning mine, her hands locked with mine so tightly I couldn't tear away. Her eyes burned into me, steady, unflinching.

The whip faded. The walls blurred. My father's voice echoed, weaker now, drowned by hers.

And slowly, painfully, clarity bled back into my vision.

The room came into focus—the whips on the walls, the shadows stretching across the floor. But instead of torment, there was her. Freya, above me, breath ragged, hair falling around her face, eyes alight with fury and something else I dared not name!

The pain didn't vanish. It never would. But it dulled, as if her voice had pushed it back into the pit it crawled from.

My chest rose and fell, sharp with uneven breaths. My fingers, still tangled in hers, trembled. And for the first time in years, I felt something other than agony clawing through me.

I felt her.

Ju Freya...

"Freya..." My voice rasped, broken. The name felt dangerous on my tongue, too intimate, too raw.

Her grip didn't ease. She only leaned closer, her forehead nearly brushing mine, and growled softly, "Good. Stay with me. You're not alone anymore."

Alone.

That was all I'd ever been.

Yet in that moment, with her scent in my lungs, her strength holding me steady, I almost believed her.

Send **Gifts**

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Silas' POV

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I blinked, disoriented, as the haze of pain and memory slowly receded. The dark whirlpool in my mind, the screams I'd been drowning in, softened, replaced by something warmer, sharper... alive.

Freya was there, standing in the dim light, her presence cutting through the storm in my chest. Not a step back, not a flicker of disgust, not the faintest hesitation. She hadn't run, hadn't recoiled, hadn't abandoned me.

"You... you came." My voice barely rose above a whisper, cracked and dry.

"Yes, I came." Her tone was firm, commanding, and somehow gentle all at once. "Are you feeling a little more... clear-headed now? Do you know who I am? Where you are?"

I swallowed, lips parched, tasting nothing but iron. "You're... Freya. And this... this is a room in my villa."

The sight of the whips on the walls, their cruel silhouettes sharp in the low light, forced my memories to the surface. The room—I had sealed it away, yet here it was, still intact, the place where my father had drilled his lessons of pain and Jobedience into me. My personal nightmare, preserved to remind me that weakness only invites control. I had told myself I

would never let anyone touch me like that again. I had to grow stronger. Stronger than him. Stronger than anyone.



And yet, here I was, trembling, fingers twitching involuntarily, reliving every lash, every curse, every humiliation.

/Freya's voice cut through my fog again. "How do you feel now? Should I take you to a hospital?"

I shook my head, bitterly aware of the absurdity. "I don't need a hospital." My voice was hoarse, but steady enough. "Even if I did, it wouldn't matter. Ordinary medicine... doesn't work on this."

She said nothing further, but I noticed her hands still held mine, fingers entwined in that silent insistence, a tether to the world.

"Relax your hand." Her words broke my trance, and I let my left hand loosen its grip. One side released, but as she attempted to free the other, my hand moved instinctively—grasping her waist, pulling her into me.

She went down hard, and for a heartbeat, I felt her weight against me.

Her eyes met mine. Freya's eyes—bold, unflinching, alive—pierced through the darkness I had wrapped around myself.

"Even now," I murmured, voice rough and dangerous, "with you pressed against me like this... you don't want me?"

Her gaze was steady, fierce, her wolf-fire evident beneath the calm. "If I were ever to want a man," she said, voice unwavering, "it would only be because I loved him... and I would want him because of love."

Her words hit me with the force of a gale, and I felt my pulse slow, the coil in my chest unwinding slightly. She moved back, separating from me, and our other hands released from their binding.

I stared at the empty space between our hands, a hollow ache settling in my chest. Loss, maybe, or the weight of connection I didn't know I craved.

"Let's leave this room." Her voice was firm but patient.

I rose slowly, still haunted by the relics on the walls. "How... how did you get in here?"

"I heard you. The sounds you made. I knocked, called your name, and there was no answer. I was worried you might hurt yourself, so I came in." Her voice carried no shame, only concern, yet I felt the unspoken reprimand. She had entered my sacred chamber, my forbidden sanctuary.

I wanted to say something, to remind her, to enforce the rules I had lived by for decades, but her next words froze me.

“Besides all this... don’t you have anything else to say?” Her eyes, fierce and unwavering, searched mine. “This room, these whips, this darkness—it shouldn’t control you anymore.”

I stared at her, surprised. Not shocked, not angry, just... caught off guard. That someone could confront me with such audacity, such innocence wrapped in fire.

Finished

“And...” she paused, a hint of mischief slipping into her tone. “Next time I see your father... I think I want to punch him. Your lawyers... can they keep me out of trouble?”

I blinked. Did I just hear that correctly?

“You want... to strike my father?” My voice was low, incredulous, edged with disbelief.

“Yes,” she said plainly. “I want to punch him. So... can your lawyers cover me?”

I stared at her, stunned. Silence stretched between us, the shadows of the whips flickering across the room like ghosts. For years, no one had dared speak of striking him, dared to defy the legacy of fear my father cast over all of us. I had only believed in my own power, in controlling the narrative of my life to keep his shadow at bay.

And yet here she was. This woman, audacious, fearless, standing boldly in my presence and daring to confront him.

The room felt smaller somehow, my chest tight. The fear, the rage, the memory—they were still here, coiled like a predator— but Freya’s audacity, her presence, challenged it. She was alive, fierce, unbroken. And in the depths of my chest, the wolf surged, sensing something unfamiliar yet undeniably right.

The storm in me, the one I had lived with all my life, began to shift—not entirely dissipated, but for the first time, softened by something human, something tethered to life and care.

I swallowed, voice still ragged but steadier “You... you actually want to fight him?”

She nodded, a gleam of determination in her eyes that threatened to outshine the room’s shadows. “Yes. And I won’t apologize for it.”

I let out a long, low breath, partly incredulous, partly... awed. No one had ever dared. Not anyone, not in all my years of control, terror, and survival. Yet here she was—challenging the Alpha, challenging my father.

And somehow... it felt right.

Send **Gifts**

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Finished

Third Person's POV

Silas' lips curved faintly, an expression rare as starlight on his otherwise storm-hardened face. "Good," he murmured, voice low but steady, "I'll protect you. No matter what happens, Freya, I'll protect you."

His vow lingered in the air, a wolf's promise etched into bone and blood.

Across the sprawling halls of the Stormveil estate, Jocelyn stood before a mirror in the guest wing, her breath uneven, her gaze fixed on the reflection staring back at her. Around her pale throat, bruises bloomed—angry red imprints that told a brutal truth.

She touched them with trembling fingers, teeth sinking into her lower lip until she tasted copper. Silas's hand had been there His claws, his strength, his wrath. He hadn't simply wanted to silence her—he had wanted her dead.

All because she had spoken of what should never have been spoken. She had pressed against his scars, against the shadows that writhed in the Ironclad Alpha's chest, and he had nearly ended her.

Jocelyn's nostrils flared. No. It wasn't just that.

It was Freya Thorne.

Ever since Freya had returned, ever since she had stepped into Silas Whitmor's orbit, nothing had been the same. Silas had shifted—slightly, but enough for those with eyes to see. He had appeared at Arthur Thorne and Myra Brown's funeral rites, had lingered near Freya with a protectiveness none had expected. Whispers had spread like wildfire through the Stormveil Pack's branches. And the whispers carried teeth.

Now, even among Jocelyn's peers—wolves of the Metropolitan Pack, heirs of the Stormveil's first branch—there were glances. Glances sharp with judgment, pity, mockery.

As though she were already a discarded she-wolf, clinging to a future that no longer wanted her.

She wanted to snarl, to bare her teeth at them all.

Pathetic? they thought her pathetic?

Had they all forgotten? It was her sacrifice—her eye—forged in pain, that bound Whitmor and Thorne together all these years. It was her blood that bought the Whitmor Alpha's cooperation. Without her, the Thorne name would never have enjoyed the Ironclad Coalition's shelter.

And yet Freya, with her untouched skin, with no sacrifice carved into her flesh, was coddled by Ken Thorne, respected by elders, and—worst of all—set apart in Silas's gaze.

Jocelyn's hands tightened on the washbasin, porcelain creaking beneath her grip. It should have been mine. His eyes, his vow, his protection—all of it should have been mine.

She tugged her collar higher to mask the bruises, straightened her spine, and stepped out of the washroom. The corridors of Stormveil manor stretched wide, echoing with faint voices. Jocelyn moved quietly, her wolf-senses alert, when a familiar voice drifted through the stone-arched halls.

"Caelum... tell me truthfully, do you still carry Freya in your heart?"

Aurora.

Jocelyn froze mid-step, her blood running cold. She tilted her head, wolf-keen ears straining, then edged closer to the corner of the corridor. Peering past the carved wooden pillars, she caught sight of two figures.

Aurora, the Bluemoon Pack's Beta's daughter, stood poised, her flight leathers unzipped at the collar, her posture taut with barely restrained emotion. Facing her was Caelum, Freya's former mate.

"I have already severed my bond with Freya Thorne," Caelum said, voice clipped, almost cold. "How could she still linger in my heart?"

"Then why," Aurora pressed, eyes narrowing, "did you search for those rings?"

The words hit like claws. Jocelyn's pulse quickened. Rings?

Finished

Aurora's explanation followed swiftly, her voice rising with hurt. She had brought Caelum here today to secure Silverfang's share in the island development project blessed by the

Capital. Yet in the midst of negotiation, Caelum had abruptly left the chamber, his composure fractured. She had followed, only to find him searching the shadowed halls for two small bands of metal.

His and Freya's wedding rings.

"They are nothing more than reminders," Caelum muttered, jaw tight, eyes dark. "Reminders of mistakes made. So that my next bond, my next marriage, does not repeat the same failures."

His words rang with truth and self-condemnation, as though spoken not only to Aurora but to himself.

Aurora's lips curved bitterly. "And if I were to promise you that your next bond would not fall to ruin, that your future will never echo what you and Freya had... would you cast them aside then?"

Her hand unfurled, and Jocelyn caught the gleam. Two rings—simple, unadorned, yet heavy with history—lay in Aurora's palm.

Caelum's head snapped up. "How—"

"I found them when you were searching" Aurora's tone softened, but the undercurrent of challenge remained.

He reached instinctively to take them, but Aurora closed her fist around the rings, drawing her hand back. "Three years have passed. I won't waste more time. I won't stand by while you cling to ghosts. With me, Caelum, you won't know such an ending."

He hesitated. Conflict rippled across his features, a war between wolf and man.

"Give me the rings," he said, rough, almost pleading

"And if I cast them away?" Aurora countered.

"What?" His eyes widened as she lifted her hand, tilting it toward the trash bin by the corridor wall. The gleam of metal caught the light, poised to fall into shadow.

Caelum's hand shot out, gripping her wrist. "Don't." His voice cracked like a whip.

Aurora's eyes flared. "You claim you feel nothing for Freya, yet you can't even watch her rings be discarded?"

"It isn't that!" Caelum growled, his wolf's authority rumbling beneath his tone. "If they are to be destroyed, then let it be by my hand—and in front of Freya herself. Only then will the tether be severed. Only then will the past truly die."

“Spoken well.”

The sound of hands clapping echoed sharply in the hall. Both Aurora and Caelum turned, startled, to see Jocelyn step from the shadows.

Her smile was bright, almost mocking, eyes glittering with satisfaction.

“Jocelyn,” Aurora muttered, lips thinning. The realization hit her instantly: Jocelyn had heard everything.

The she-wolf from Stormveil’s first branch lifted her chin, all traces of the bruises on her throat hidden beneath her collar. “It seems fate enjoys weaving threads. In a few days, the government will hold a groundbreaking ceremony for the island project. Caelum, Aurora—you should both attend. Alpha Silas will certainly be there, and...” She let her smile sharpen. “Where Silas goes, Freya follows.”

The weight of her words dropped like a stone into the silence. Aurora and Caelum exchanged glances, their thoughts laid bare. The groundbreaking would be a place of power, of alliances, of opportunity. But now, Jocelyn had baited it with something more personal—an arena for closure.

“If you truly wish to end this,” Jocelyn continued, her voice like silk lined with fangs, “then there is no better time. No better place to throw those rings before Freya’s eyes... and let the past burn.”

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Finished

Third Person’s POV

Caelum hesitated, his wolf restless beneath his skin. His jaw tightened, his eyes darting between Aurora and Jocelyn. The two women’s gazes weighed heavily upon him, demanding, cornering, pressing him to an answer he could not freely give.

The truth was simple: he could not truly discard the rings. Those two simple bands of silver still carried Freya’s scent, still reminded him of the vows he had once broken. They were anchors of his guilt, reminders of debts he could never repay. To let them go would be to sever the last tie of conscience he still clung to.

But now, under the scrutiny of Aurora’s sharp eyes and Jocelyn’s sly, venomous smile, denial caught in his throat. The words would not form.

“What’s this, Alpha Grafton?” Jocelyn asked, voice dripping with mockery. “You don’t want to?”

Aurora's brows pinched, her voice edged with demand. "Caelum!"

He bared his teeth slightly, a wolf's grimace disguised as a smile. "Of course I want to. More than that—attending the island's groundbreaking ceremony is a chance I've long awaited."

Aurora's expression softened, if only a fraction. Jocelyn's lips curved upward, satisfaction gleaming in her eyes.

"Good." Jocelyn said smoothly. "I'll secure two more invitations from my uncle James. Then, we'll go together."

Inside, her wolf purred with dark amusement. She could already picture it: Freya standing beside Silas Whitmor like some sheltered ward, only to watch her former mate throw their rings away in front of the entire assembly. An abandoned she-wolf, marked by failure and shame, on display for all the packs to witness.

And more than that—the whispers would spread. Whitmor's prized companion, revealed as nothing more than a discarded mate, a woman left behind. Even if Silas did not care now, the constant murmurs, the rising tide of disdain, would corrode him. Perhaps, eventually, he would cast Freya aside too.

The thought sent heat coursing through Jocelyn's veins. She could almost taste the triumph.

Since that night when Silas had been pulled from the forbidden chamber by Freya, the Bloodmoon she-wolf had rarely left his side. Days blurred together with her presence at his shoulder, nights spent within the confines of his chamber.

At first, her vigilance had been born of necessity. She had not trusted that the Ironclad Alpha would not be consumed again by the shadows that clawed at him. So that night, she had stood guard in his room, curled upon the sofa, alert to every shift in his breathing.

But the following evening, Silas had looked up from the long oak dining table, his voice carrying the calm authority of one who expected obedience. "Stay again tonight. In my chambers."

Across the table, Wren, Silas's loyal secretary, nearly choked on his wine. His eyes darted from Alpha to she-wolf, disbelief and suppressed laughter warring in his expression.

Freya rubbed at her temple, flustered. "You're fine now. There's no need for me to stay in your room another night."

Silas's gaze held hers, dark as midnight steel. "And yet only with you there can I rest. You are my guard now, are you not? Protect me."

Her mouth parted, words failing. Against the iron logic of his command, she could not argue.

So once more, she gathered her bedding and pillow, returning to his chamber.

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Wren intercepted her in the hall, eyes wide, his voice hushed as though confessing a scandal. “Miss Thorne... you do realize- alone, with an Alpha, in one chamber-sometimes instincts cannot be... controlled. If things go too far, you’ll need protection.”

Freya blinked, frowning. “Protection?”

Before she could piece together his meaning, Wren shoved a small box into her hands. “Alpha Whitmor won’t refuse you. He

**may** even welcome it.”

Freya looked down. The air froze in her lungs.

Condoms.

Finished

Her wolf flared with indignation. She wanted to curse Wren to the moon and back. What in the hells is going on in that man’s head?

The chamber doors creaked, and Silas’s voice cut through. “What are you discussing?”

Wren straightened, his wolf tail practically between his legs. “Nothing, Alpha! Leaving now!” He vanished, his footsteps echoing hurriedly down the corridor.

The silence that followed felt heavier than stone.

Freya’s fingers clenched the box until the cardboard bent. She lifted her gaze-and found Silas’s eyes already upon the item in her hand

His expression was unreadable, almost placid, as if he were inquiring about the weather. “What is that?”

“It’s... Wren gave it to me-” She froze, her throat constricting as she finally registered what she was holding. Color surged to

her cheeks.



The Ironclad Alpha studied the object, his voice steady, unflinching. “Do we need to use it?”

Freya nearly dropped the damn thing. How could he say such a thing in that tone? Calm. Direct. As though they were discussing dinner.

“Of course not!” she burst out, tossing the box into a drawer with almost violent force.

A shadow flickered in Silas’s eyes, quickly veiled. Disappointment. So she still would not have him.

“Enough,” Freya said, desperate to end the mortification. “Go to sleep.”

“Talk to me first,” Silas replied quietly, a thread of vulnerability hidden beneath his command. “If you speak, perhaps I’ll be able to rest.”

“What do you want me to say?”

“Anything.” he murmured. In truth, he wanted only the sound of her voice—the soft cadence, the gentleness that soothed the storms in his mind.

Freya exhaled, reached for a magazine resting on the shelf—a journal on technological advances, something that had caught her interest earlier. Settling back, she began to read aloud, her voice low and melodic, filling the chamber with a calm. rhythm.

Silas closed his eyes. The knots in his muscles loosened. His wolf, ever restless, stilled beneath the spell of her presence. Each word she spoke wove a cocoon of quiet around him, and for the first time in many nights, true sleep seemed possible.

And as sleep pulled him under, realization coiled sharp and dangerous within his chest.

Her voice was light in the dark, her presence a tether pulling him back from the abyss. He was already becoming bound, already sinking too deep.

A man who had walked through night and blood all his life could not easily give up the sun once he had tasted its warmth.

And Silas Whitmor was no man who surrendered lightly.

If his wolf craved her, then he would have her. No matter the cost.

**Send Gifts**