

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 13

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Freya's POV

As Caelum dug his heels into the side of his shadowbeast and galloped after Aurora, I stood there in the middle of the obsidian arena, stunned.

He truly believed I followed him here? That I tracked him like some desperate omega in heat?

My claws itched.

Beside me, Lana nearly growled, her perfectly lined eyes flaring with fire. "What in the nine hells is wrong with those two?! Followed them? What next, say you're lurking in their den walls?"

After

I shook my head slowly. "It doesn't matter. After the Lunar Severance ends, they can do whatever they want. I won't be watching."

"But I want to maul something," Lana hissed. "And that so-called pilot—ugh! Riding a beast and piloting an air-wing makes her think she's untouchable? You flew in Iron Fang combat formations! She wouldn't even make it past your shadow in the skies."

I smiled faintly. For a flicker of a heartbeat, her words stirred old memories—of wind roaring in my ears, the cockpit vibrating beneath my hands, and the Iron Fang emblem stitched onto my chest as I soared above warring territories. That life... felt like a dream long faded.

"Come on. We're not here for them," I said, collecting myself.

"Yes, yes. The Whitmore Alpha awaits," Lana nodded quickly. "We miss this window, who knows when he'll appear again?"

The arena was vast. Even with our enhanced senses and strides, it took nearly fifteen minutes of weaving past polished stone monuments and shifting warrior exhibitions before we finally spotted him.

Silas Whitmore.

Surrounded by a ring of nobles and generals, his towering frame stood like obsidian carved to life. One of the wolves speaking to him was General Warrik—an old associate of Lana’s company.

I felt Lana straighten beside me. She was ready.”

But before we could step closer, a blur of movement cut into my path. A clawed hand seized my forearm—tight, possessive.

“How far are you planning to follow me, Freya?” Caelum hissed through gritted teeth.

I wrenched my arm free. “Get your filthy hand off me.”

He bared his teeth. “You’re stalking me now? You followed me all the way here?”

“I’m here for official business,” I snapped. “Or do you think you’re the center of the damn moon?”

He scoffed. “You? Business?”

Lana stepped forward, eyes blazing, but before she could shred him with words, Aurora returned—her shadowbeast’s steps silent, yet commanding. “Caelum, don’t waste time. Alpha Whitmore is waiting.”

Caelum glared at me one last time. “Don’t cause trouble. This alliance is important. I don’t need your petty drama ruining it.” Aurora brushed past me with a scoff, latching onto Caelum’s arm like she already wore his mark.

Strong women elevate their mates,” she said, loud enough for others to hear. “Weak ones just whine and resent. Guess that’s the difference.”

Then she looked at Caelum with a smile. “Let me

emy uncle introduce you properly.”

Of course. High Councilor Vaughn of the Bluemoon Pack—Aurora’s uncle—stood near Silas Whitmore.

Political grooming at its finest.

I watched as Caelum followed her like a dutiful hound.

Vaughn gave a formal nod and turned to Silas. “Alpha Whitmore, this is my niece Aurora—the first female flight lead in Bluemoon’s Airborne Wing. Beside her is Caelum Grafton, Alpha of Silverfang and head of SilverTech Forgeworks.”

Aurora stepped forward, voice syrupy. “We met at the Skyward banquet. Professor Hawthorne was present.”

Silas barely lifted a brow. “Don’t recall.”

Her smile froze.

Caelum tried to smooth the tension. “Alpha Whitmore, that night you showed exceptional courage. The way you disarmed that rogue assassin mid-meal—truly impressive.”

Silas offered a nod so minimal it bordered on boredom.

Just then, Lana and I stepped into the circle.

Caelum’s eyes snapped to me—and immediately, his brows furrowed.

What the hell are you doing?” he hissed. “Are you seriously following me around like some—”

I ignored him.

Lana stepped up, head high. “Alpha Whitmore. I’m Lana Rook from SkyVex Armaments. We specialize in aerial combat tech, and we’re developing a new prototype for high-altitude patrol rides. If you’re seeking to invest in long-range airborne defense—my door is open.”

No flattery. No fake deference. Straight to the point.

Whitmore turned his gaze slowly from Lana to... me.

“Freya Thorne,” he said, voice low and smooth. “So we meet again.”

I smiled with the kind of polish that comes from surviving battlefields. “Seems fate favors awkward reunions.”

“And you are...?” he asked pointedly.

“Currently consulting for SkyVex,” I said.

Lana beamed beside me. She knew what that meant—I was in.

“Freya will be our lead designer on this wing,” she added quickly. “Her combat experience with real airborne deployment gives us a unique edge.”

Caelum stepped forward, face tightening. “Freya used to be part of SilverTech. Just a mid-level analyst. Hardly the expert she claims to be.”

I turned to him with a slow, cold smile. “Correction—I used to be your mate. Now I answer to my own name, not your leash.”