

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 14

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Freya's POV

Just as the council murmurs began to grow, Aurora's voice sliced through the air with calculated grace.

"Lana, you're friends with Freya Thorne, I know you want her to leave a favorable impression on Lord Silas. But there's no need to fabricate her credentials just to impress the Ironclad Alpha."

Lana growled under her breath before snapping, "Fabricate? When Freya was engineering early-stage flight rigs for the Sky Patrol Riderwing Project, you were still clinging to wooden gliders and scripted simulations!"

Aurora turned, lips curled in a cold smile. "Oh? Then perhaps you could enlighten us—does she have a patent filed through SkyVex Armaments? Any completed combat modules under her name?"

Lana faltered.

She couldn't say a word. Not because there wasn't anything to say, but because everything I had worked on within the Iron Fang Recon Unit was cloaked under military contract. Oaths, classified archives, and the blood-bound sigil of secrecy forbade us from ever discussing what we built—or flew.

"So... that would be a no, then?" Aurora raised a sharp brow, her voice silken with mockery. "Lying about your rank might work at a tavern, but this is the Runestone Grounds."

Snide chuckles rippled through the circle—mostly those aligned with the Bluemoon Pack.

Lana looked like she wanted to lunge at her, but I spoke first, calm but cold.

"Time separates truth from theatrics," I said. "Whether I faked anything... you'll see soon enough."

Aurora gave a snort. "Still posturing. Keep going—reality has sharp teeth."

Before I could respond, a low rumble signaled the arrival of something else.

A warbeast handler led in a runebound beast—sleek, jet black, with all four hooves marked in glowing white sigils. Its breath misted in the warm air, muscles twitching beneath obsidian skin.

“This,” Vaughn announced with pride, “is a gift from the Bluemoon Pack to Lord Silas Whitmor. She’s volatile, yes, but has been broken in by our finest tamers. If you’re interested, perhaps you’d honor us by taking her for a test ride?”

Silas didn’t answer. He merely stood there, expression unreadable, gaze flicking once over the warbeast like it was a statue carved of smoke and muscle.

Silence spread, awkward and sharp.

Aurora stepped forward with a sudden eagerness. “If Lord Silas prefers not to, perhaps I may demonstrate her obedience. I’d be honored.”

She didn’t wait for anyone to grant permission—just turned toward the beast and leapt smoothly into the saddle, white cape fluttering behind her like frost. Her legs tightened at the beast’s flanks, and with a low command, the creature took off across the Grounds in a controlled gallop.

“She really is a marvel, someone from the Bluemoon entourage whispered.

“She flies, rides, and pilots—Aurora’s a force of her own.”

“If this were war—era, she’d be our banner—bearing warmaiden.”

Lana leaned toward me, her tone dripping disdain. “Warmaiden, my ass. She’s just a decorated pawn. All show, no soul.” Caelum Grafton, standing closer than I’d realized, must have heard her.

“Aurora is the definition of independent strength,” he said, stepping in smoothly, voice loud enough for others to catch. “She doesn’t waste her breath on dragging others down. Freya, instead of letting your little shadow bark on your behalf, why not

learn to rise above it?”

I didn’t flinch. “A truly independent woman wouldn’t need to warm the bed of a married Alpha.”

His eyes flared—but the setting kept his temper in check.

Meanwhile, Aurora was returning in a triumphant loop. She yanked at the reins, attempting to slow the beast, but something was off. The creature didn’t slow. Its gait became erratic, its eyes flashing with heat and untethered magic.

She pulled harder. No use. Panic flared in her eyes. One of her feet slipped from the stirrup.

Then—she screamed.

The warbeast charged straight toward the gathered officials. Council members scattered with shouts of alarm.

I grabbed Lana's wrist and dragged her aside just in time. But my eyes caught something else—something worse.

Silas Whitmor.

Still standing. Unmoved. As if this entire show wasn't happening around him.

And that beast, wild and enraged, was barreling straight toward him.

There was no time to think. My instincts took over.

I launched myself at him, wrapping an arm around his chest and throwing us both to the side in a roll, just as the beast streaked past like a living storm.

Gasps filled the arena. Someone shrieked. I couldn't even hear my own breath.

I blinked. I was on the ground. His weight pressed against me, heavy and unmoving.

"Silas," I rasped. "Did you get hit?"

He didn't answer.

Fear twisted in my chest. What if that beast's hooves had clipped him mid-roll?

I began to shift beneath him, trying to sit up to check. But then—I felt pressure against my shoulder, holding me down.

His voice—low, cool, and bone-deep steady—brushed my ear.

"Why did you save me?"

I stared up at him. "No reason," I answered simply. "Instinct."

Old soldier's blood. My body had moved before my mind caught up.

"Instinct," he echoed. He pushed himself up slowly, eyes—those abyss-deep eyes—locked on mine. He was above me. I was beneath him. His gaze wasn't cold anymore. There was a flicker in it. A ripple in the void.

“If it were anyone else, I’d have done the same,” I said firmly.

Something unreadable passed through him.

Then I frowned. “If you’re not hurt, get off me already.”

A beat of silence.

He still didn’t move.

So I shoved him off and stood.

Across the field, the warbeast still roared—looping madly, hooves carving up dirt. Aurora, half-unconscious, was being tossed like a rag doll in the saddle.

“Help-!” she screamed. “Somebody stop it! Gods—get it to stop!”

No one moved. No one dared.

Then—the inevitable.

She lost her grip. The reins slipped from her hands, and in one final buck, the beast launched her. She crashed into the soft grass, hard enough to knock the wind out of her. She screamed in pain.

Caelum bolted forward, kneeling beside her. “Stay still—someone’s gone to fetch a medic. You’ll be okay.”

Just then—Lana’s voice cracked through the air like lightning.

“Freya—look out!”

I spun. The beast. It had locked on me.

Caelum started to rise, panic in his eyes, but Aurora caught his wrist. “Caelum, my ribs—it hurts-”

He hesitated.

And the beast charged me.

Aurora’s eyes gleamed with something—satisfaction? Malice? I didn’t care.

I didn’t freeze. I didn’t scream.

I moved.

My fingers snapped forward, catching the reins in mid-charge. And in one clean motion, I vaulted upward and slammed into the saddle.

The crowd went dead silent.