

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 15

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Third Person's POV

No one had expected it.

Freya Thorne had just leapt onto the back of the rune-marked warbeast—and stayed on.

The entire assembly stood frozen, watching in stunned silence as she deftly pulled the reins taut, leaned forward into the motion, and tightened her legs around the beast's heaving flanks.

Her every movement was practiced, clean, exact.

There was no mistaking it—Freya wasn't just a lucky rider. She was trained. Skilled. Unshakable.

Caelum Grafton's expression was one of utter disbelief. He—Alpha of the Silverfang Pack, head of SilverTech Forgeworks—had been bonded to her for three years, yet never once had he seen this side of her.

The woman riding like a stormwind beneath the moon was a stranger to him.

That dark hair, streaming like shadow behind her, the fire in her eyes—she looked less like a noble's discarded mate and more like a true warrior of the Fang Tribes.

Even Aurora, nestled in his arms, could barely contain her disbelief.

Freya? Riding a rune-charged warbeast?

And not just any beast—the same one that had thrown her moments ago.

Aurora's nails dug into Caelum's arm. She silently prayed the beast would throw Freya now. Hard. Let her fall. Let her be humbled.

But the opposite happened.

Round after round, the black warbeast began to calm under Freya's control. It responded to her voice, her hands, her command. The fire in its hooves dimmed. The madness faded."

By the time she returned to the circle, the air had shifted.

She had tamed the beast.

When she dismounted with a fluid swing of her leg, there was no pride on her face—only a cool, distant calm.

Caelum was still frozen. “You... when did you learn to ride and tame?”

“Does it matter?” she replied coldly, not even sparing him a glance.

He couldn’t speak. His throat was dry.

Freya’s gaze drifted to the woman still cradled in Caelum’s arms—Aurora.

“Riding a wild beast doesn’t impress me,” Freya said evenly. “But if the only reason you ride is to catch a man’s attention... then you and I have very different goals.”

With that, she handed the reins to one of the beastmasters waiting nearby.

Aurora’s face flushed, then paled. Freya’s words hit like a claw across the face.

Everything Aurora had mocked—Freya for—she now had to swallow.

And with Freya taming the warbeast, she had nothing left to throw back.

Lana Rook ran up to Freya’s side, her voice low and frantic. “Are you hurt? Gods, Freya—”

“I’m fine,” Freya said with a faint smile.

Lana exhaled. “You scared the hell out of me. Saving Silas was one thing, but charging back to tame that monster? What if something had gone wrong?”

“I don’t fall easily,” Freya said, her tone light but her eyes serious. “Besides... if I hadn’t stepped in, someone would’ve fallen. For good.”

Lana knew that tone. That deep-rooted sense of duty. Even though Freya had left the Iron Fang Recon Unit, her instincts as a soldier still ran deep. She didn’t hesitate when others froze.

On the other side of the grounds, Vaughn—Aurora’s uncle, the alpha of the Blumoon—was practically drenched in cold sweat as he reached Silas Whitmor.

“Lord Silas, I can’t apologize enough. I truly believed the beast was broken in. If anything had happened to you, the Bluemoon Pack would deserve to be wiped from the map.”

Silas's voice was like cold iron. "It nearly was. If Miss Thorne hadn't intervened, you'd be offering my eulogy by now. The Whitmore name would ensure the Bluemoon Pack's extinction in less than three moons."

Vaughn's legs nearly buckled.

"Shouldn't your pack be expressing gratitude to Miss Thorne instead?" Silas added.

"Y—yes, of course! We'll arrange an official thank—you immediately!" Vaughn stammered.

But Silas was already walking away, eyes locked on one target.

Freya.

He stopped before her.

"Miss Thorne," he said in that low, unreadable voice of his, "you do realize... if you hadn't thrown yourself at me, my guards in the shadows would've dropped that beast with a silvershot in the next second."

Freya blinked. Of course. A figure like Silas Whitmor—Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition—would never walk unguarded. His elite sentinels would've ended the threat instantly.

"So you're saying I meddled?" she asked.

"No." Silas's gaze darkened with intrigue. "You saved me. And that merits repayment. The only question is—what do you want in return?"

A stir passed through the spectators. Some gaped. Some glared. Some looked at Freya with green-eyed envy.

She didn't even blink. "Nothing."

Silas took a step closer, shadowing over her. "But what if I insist?"

The weight of his presence was immense, a quiet storm pressing in.

Freya lifted her chin. She didn't want entanglement. Not from this man. "Then donate a school. Somewhere that needs one. A hope school, maybe."

Silas arched a brow. That, he hadn't expected.

Still—his lips curled slightly. "Interesting choice."

He watched her turn and walk away with Lana, his interest visibly piqued.

Behind them, Aurora stared daggers into Freya's back, seething with fury beneath her bruises.

"She's pretending to be noble," she hissed through gritted teeth. "Freya only said that to impress Silas. If she really cared

about Caelum, she'd have used that chance to ask for funding for SilverTech Forgeworks!"

Caelum didn't answer. But his gaze stayed on Freya, expression clouded with something unreadable.

Thoughts spinning. Allegiances shifting.

And the Runestone Grounds watched in silence, the wind whispering of debts, power, and the woman who had just changed the game.