

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

## chapter 151-160

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

Praise poured over Aurora like rain, yet she did not bask in it. Instead of triumph, sorrow softened her face, her lips trembling as she whispered:

"Please... can we stop playing this broadcast? That fire took lives—so many, even among the human firefighters who fought beside us. Every time I see it, it feels like I'm standing in the ash again. It's not glory to me—it's grief."

The workers scrambled to cut the feed, frowning in confusion at how a five-year-old broadcast had made its way onto the screens in the first place. The tension in the hall shifted like wolves scenting blood.

But Jocelyn, of course, wasn't finished. My cousin never could resist sharpening her tongue at my expense.

"Now that's a true hero," she said, her gaze cutting sideways toward me. "Not like some people—who speak noble words but, when danger truly comes, would tuck tail and hide."

She didn't name me. She didn't need to. Every sharp-eyed wolf in the hall understood where her claws pointed.

I held her stare, my voice calm, but iron edged. "So what you're saying, Jocelyn, is that if fire roared in your path, you'd run forward without hesitation? That would be remarkable indeed. Stormveil should be proud to have you, cousin. Just make sure you aren't the very kind of wolf you just described—one who boasts of courage but, when tested, flees."

Her jaw clenched. She had walked herself into a trap. My words tied her pride to an impossible standard. If ever she stood before flames and did not leap forward, she'd be revealed as the coward she accused me of being. Jocelyn's kind preferred duels of words, not battles of fire and bone. She had no stomach for the reality she mocked.

Aurora's voice then broke the standoff. "Caelum," she murmured, so faintly I almost missed it, "I... I don't feel well. I need to leave."

Caelum straightened immediately, concern flashing across his features. "Then I'll come with you."

She shook her head too quickly, the movement betraying her desperation. “No. I’ll only rest in the hotel. That’s all.” And without waiting for his answer, she turned and slipped away, her steps unsteady as if the fire on the screen had burned her from the inside.

I watched her go, unease gnawing at my chest. For a wolf who normally thrived on admiration, Aurora fled from it now as though it were poison. Why recoil from praise unless it scraped against a lie?

A voice like steel rasped near my ear. “What are you thinking, Freya?”

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I turned slightly. Silas stood at my side, his gaze heavy, always *too* sharp—as if he weighed every thought I carried.

“She reacted strangely!” I said plainly.

“You care about her reaction?”

“Not care. Curious.” My voice dipped, my wolf restless beneath my skin. “I once suspected that fire at Ashbourne was tied to my brother’s disappearance. I searched every record, every fragment of video, hoping for a glimpse of him. But his name never appeared among the dead. Not in hospital registries. Not in lists of survivors. He was simply... gone.”

I swallowed hard. The memories still scraped my bones raw. “What I never expected was that Aurora would have been there. Fighting the same flames.”

Silas’s eyes lowered, unreadable. “Curious indeed.”

He said no more, but I caught the flick of calculation in his gaze. Silas rarely revealed what he thought—yet I knew the tire had sparked something in him, too.

Back in the hall, I stepped out from the washroom, only to find Caelum blocking my path. His presence was like iron walls. his dark eyes storm-tossed.

“Freya,” he said, voice low but firm, “I need to speak with you.”

“I’ve nothing to say to you.” My tone carried frost enough to sting

11:32 AM P

+8 Pearls

“You’re still angry about the Lunar Severance Phase,” he said, cutting to the bone. “I know you resent me for it. Resent me for choosing it. You can hate me all you want, but don’t take it out on the company.”

I froze for a moment, startled. “What?”

He pressed on, frustration sharpening his voice. “SilverTech Forgeworks is ours. We built it together. If you sabotage it out of spite, do you realize what that will mean? Those wolves you worked with—wolves who trusted you—would be left jobless. Would you really do that to them?”

The nerve. The sheer audacity of his words lit fury in me.

“Caelum,” I said, my voice slicing like a blade, “if the company stumbles, that’s on you. Don’t dare stand on some moral high ground and lay the blame at my feet. And as for your precious narrative—didn’t you love telling the press it was your empire, forged by your hands alone? When did it suddenly become ‘ours’ again? Only when it suits you?”

His jaw tightened, but I didn’t give him the mercy of softening my glare.

He had chosen the severance. He had chosen to cut me loose. And now he sought to bind me again only when the weight of leadership pressed too heavy on his shoulders.

Not this time.

Not ever again.

Send Gifts

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya’s POV

Caelum’s face twisted with something dangerously close to shame. For years, he had believed SilverTech Forgeworks rose solely from his own power, his own genius. In his mind, my contributions were replaceable—a project lead could have done what I did, so why give credit to the wolf at his side?

But now, I saw the doubt in his eyes. He knew the truth: without me, without the patents I had torn from sleepless nights and the blood I'd left on every draft, he would not stand where he stood. And most of all, he knew this—if he wanted the island development contracts, he needed what only I could give: the improved design, the refined SkyVex patent.

“I know,” Caelum said, his voice lower now, almost pleading. “I was wrong. But you shouldn't take it out on the company. Freya... Forgeworks is at a critical point. If you let spite consume you, you'll destroy what we built.”

I laughed, sharp and humorless, the sound echoing like claws on stone. “Spite? You think this is spite? You're using my patent my designs, my proposals—and when I stand in front of investors and speak, you call that vengeance?”

His throat worked as if the words cut him, but still he pressed on. “If this isn't about revenge, then give me the upgraded patent. Hand it over.”

For a heartbeat, I simply stared. It struck me then how much more shameless he truly was than I had ever believed. My wolf bristled under my skin, hackles rising.

“On what grounds?” My voice was cold enough to freeze bone.

“Because-” He swallowed hard, then tried a softer note. “Because we were mates once. We were bound.”

That word—mates—hit me like claws raking my chest. My lips curled, the anger spilling before I could stop it. “Bound? You dare speak of that bond? Tell me, Caelum, when we were mates, what did you ever give me? I bled myself dry building Forgeworks, working through nights until my body trembled, and when success came, the honor went only to you. The wealth, the recognition, the power—all yours. Your mother, your sister, your Silverfang friends mocked me openly, and you -Alpha of Silverfang—didn't raise so much as a growl in my defense. And now, suddenly, that bond matters?”

Color burned across his cheekbones. Shame. Even he could not deny the truth of my words. For three years, I had given him loyalty and strength, and he had repaid me with silence and absence.

“I'll make it right,” he said, almost desperately. “I'll compensate you.”

“I don't want your compensation.” My words lashed out, sharp as the crack of a whip. I turned, intent on leaving, when his hand shot out to grasp my

wrist.

“Don't walk away, Freya-”

AMYNA

But he didn't finish. Another hand clamped down on his wrist with brutal force, twisting. I smelled the iron edge of dominance before I even turned.

"Alpha Grafton," Silas said, voice quiet, sharp as a blade drawn in the dark. "What exactly are you doing?"

Caelum's face twisted in pain as Silas's grip bit into his bones. I felt the pressure of his aura, the cold command of a wolf who had killed on battlefields and made men kneel with only a glance. The Ironclad Alpha's pale gaze pinned Caelum like a wolf pins prey.

"I should be asking you, Whitmor!" Caelum hissed through clenched teeth. "What do you me in front of Freya?"

"Nothing much," Silas said coolly. "Only ensuring you keep your hands off what is mine."

That word—mine—hung in the air, heavy as thunderclouds.

"Yours?" Caelum spat, eyes flashing. "And what claim do you think you have?"

Silas's eyes did not flicker, not even for a breath. "Boyfriend. Does that title suffice?"

The air stilled.

k you're doing, manhandling

11:32 AM **PP**

I froze, caught between shock and disbelief. Did he really just-?

+8 Pearls

Caelum did not hide his astonishment, either. His mouth opened, closed, fury rippling through every muscle. Even I... even I could only stare, breath short. Yes, I had told Silas once I might give him a chance, that when his mission guarding me ended, we would see what remained between us. But I had never promised him this. I had never agreed to such... public declaration.

And yet... when Caelum's furious gaze turned on me, demanding denial, my lips would not form the words. Instead, I pressed them together, and that silence, that hesitation—it was **as** good as admission.

Caelum's face darkened further, storm brewing in the depths of his eyes. His wolf rumbled beneath his skin, wounded, confused. He had always believed—no matter how broken our bond—that some part of me still belonged to him.

Now he saw otherwise.

“Freya,” he said, voice low, rough, almost pleading, “you’re... you’re truly with him?”

I lifted my chin, shrugging lightly. “And if I am?”

The words were blades, and I knew they cut. He flinched as though I’d driven steel into his chest.

I turned to Silas, ignoring Caelum’s hollow stare. “Let him go. I need to speak with you.”

For a moment, Silas didn’t move. Then he inclined his head, obedient to my request, and released Caelum’s wrist.

I slipped my hand into Silas’s and pulled him away, leaving Caelum behind in his storm of confusion. His eyes followed **us**, burning, but I did not look back.

Once we had reached the far end of the hall, where the noise of wolves and music dulled to a low hum, I let go of Silas’s hand and rounded on him.”

“Why,” I demanded, “did you tell Caelum you were my boyfriend?”

His dark eyes never wavered. He stepped closer, close enough that I caught the steel-and-ember scent that was uniquely his. “Because one day, I will be. That’s the truth. I simply spoke it early.”

I frowned, heart pounding against my ribs. “And if, when your assignment ends, I feel nothing for you? I told you before: when the duty’s done, we part ways. No ties. No chains. You agreed.”

His lashes lowered slightly, then lifted again, the faintest tremor betraying the wolf beneath his control. He bent nearer, lowering his voice so only I could hear, his breath grazing my cheek.

“Do you mean to tell me, Freya Thorne, that I’m not allowed to make you feel something?”

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My throat tightened. He leaned in, his eyes like midnight oceans, pulling me under. My wolf stirred restlessly, caught between warning growls and something more primal. His face loomed closer, the sharp lines of it magnified until there was nothing in my sight but Silas Whitmor.

I swallowed hard, pulse betraying me. For all my defiance, for all my words of distance, my body responded to him as though it already knew the truth he spoke.

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

Was this some kind of calculated seduction?

+8 Pearls

That thought flickered across my mind, bitter and sharp. Silas with his calm, unyielding presence, with those eyes—those hawk-cut eyes that usually held only ice and restraint—now warmed with hunger. It was a dangerous thing, the way he looked at me. Dangerous because I wasn't sure I could promise myself I wouldn't feel something in return.

Could I really resist him? I wasn't certain. Not with those eyes on me, stripped of aloofness, glimmering instead with a raw need that could set any wolf's heart stuttering.

"Forget it," I said finally, exhaling. "But don't say that again. Not in front of Caelum."

The light in Silas's gaze dimmed, just a fraction. Still, he inclined his head. "As you wish. I understand."

The rest of the night unraveled quietly. The investors drifted away after the island conference ended; the charity donations were counted, praised, and the political wolves congratulated one another. By dawn, the halls were emptied of ambition and the stench of forged alliances.

Silas and I boarded the ship back to Ashbourne the next morning. His presence beside me was both shield and weight. When we arrived at his estate—the cold steel-and-stone villa the Whitmors had claimed on the city's cliffs—I expected silence, perhaps a moment's respite..

Instead, we found a shadow already waiting within.

Cassian Whitmor.

I had never met Silas's father in person. Yet I knew that face; every wolf who walked the Capital knew it. The Whitmor blood ran as sharp as the steel they were named for, and Cassian's image had been immortalized in political briefings, on Ironclad Coalition documents, even in old war dispatches. Cold, beautiful, dangerous.

He stood in the heart of the room as if it were his own, and in a sense, perhaps it always would be.

The moment Silas saw him, his expression hardened to granite. His voice dropped, edged with warning. "Why are you here? I told you before—stay away from her."

He stepped instinctively in front of me, every line of his body radiating tension, shielding me as though his father might strike at any moment.

Cassian chuckled, low and dark. "So defensive. Do you fear I'll harm your precious treasure?" His gaze slid past Silas, landing on me like a predator studying prey. "I heard an amusing tale—that you, Alpha Whitmor, leapt into the sea with her to drag a

from drowning. Imagine my curiosity. I simply had to see the woman who made you abandon your mask of stone."

pup

The weight of Silas's silence was heavy. I could sense the battle in him, his wolf snarling to keep me behind him, his pride hissing at the intrusion.

But I would not cower.

I laid a hand briefly on his arm, an anchor, and then stepped forward. His fingers twitched to stop me, but I shook my head and met his gaze with calm steel. Then I walked past him until I stood face-to-face with Cassian Whitmor.

"Well?" I said, voice clear and unflinching. "Have you looked enough?"

One of his brows arched in faint amusement. "You are... not disappointing."

"Good," I said, my wolf bristling, my blood roaring with the taste of old promises. "Then it's my turn."

Before he could respond, I swung—

My fist drove hard into his gut, with every ounce of strength that Stormveil blood could summon. The impact rang up my arm, a satisfying crack of muscle against hardened flesh. He staggered, breath hitching, retreating several steps before he managed to plant his boots. His hand clutched his abdomen, eyes wide with genuine shock.

I had told Silas once—if I ever met his father, I would strike him. And I was nothing if not a wolf of my word

+8 Pearls

Cassian's laugh split the air, raw and edged with menace. "Hah.." His eyes narrowed, shadows sliding across his face like storm clouds. "Bold little thing. Do you understand what price you've just invoked?"



I straightened, meeting his threat with nothing but fire. “Silas promised me your lawyers would shield me. Didn’t you?” Behind me, I could hear Silas’s breath catch. I knew he hadn’t expected me to actually follow through, hadn’t thought I would bare my claws so openly. But I had endured enough Whitmor arrogance, enough men who believed my role was silence.

“Yes,” he said at last, voice rough. “I promised.”

I nodded once, turning back to Cassian. “Good. Then tell me this—does the price remain the same if I only strike once? Or does it stay the same if I keep going?”

For the first time, genuine surprise cracked Cassian’s perfect mask. His lips parted slightly, a flicker of uncertainty crossing his face.

And then I moved.

I launched at him, fists a blur, every strike calculated to bruise, to batter, to wound without killing. My blows landed fast and merciless, each one angled at the soft places warriors guard but never expose: ribs, kidneys, shoulders, the meat of the thigh. He stumbled under the assault, forced back by my fury, until even his trained bodyguards would have thought twice about stepping in.

Cassian snarled, shock giving way to rage. He had not been struck like this in decades—not by rival Alphas, not by enemies, and certainly never by a woman.

Another punch landed square against his side, hard enough to send him reeling. He lifted his arm at last, striking back. His fist cut through the air, aiming directly for my face.

I did not dodge.

Because in the blink of a heartbeat, Silas was there.

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His body slammed between us, one hand snapping up to catch Cassian’s strike, halting it inches from my cheek. The sound of impact was like stone against steel, two predators colliding.

The room froze.

“Why?” Silas’s voice cracked through the air, colder than winter ice. His eyes were not on his father but on me. mingled in equal parts. “Do you not see what you’re doing? **If I** hadn’t stopped him, that punch would have shattered your

fury and fear

jaw.”

I looked up at him, steady, unshaken. “I **saw**.”

“Then why–”

“Because I wanted to hit him.”

The silence after my words was absolute. Silas’s eyes searched mine, torn between disbelief and something darker. Cassian’s laughter started again, low and dangerous, even as bruises blossomed **across** his body where my fists had landed.

And I–Freya Thorne of the Stormveil Pack–stood unrepentant, my fists still aching for another round.

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya’s POV

+8 Pearls

Even if it meant trading wound for wound, I wanted to hit him again. To drive my fists into Cassian until he understood that not everyone bowed to the Ironclad patriarch.

“You–” Silas’s voice cracked with shock, his dark eyes flashing wide.

Cassian only laughed harder. That laugh–deep, coarse, gleeful in its cruelty–scraped against my nerves like claws against stone. “So eager, little wolf? You want to strike me that badly? Tell me why?”

I bared my teeth in something that wasn’t quite a smile. “No reason. Except you deserve it.”

The amusement in his eyes dimmed to a glower, sharp as broken glass. “For Silas, then? Is that it?”

“So what if it is?” My voice carried, steady, certain.

Cassian leaned closer, menace dripping like venom. “What if I told you that even the Whitmor legal pack cannot shield you from this? Do not forget, girl–Silas may hold the Alpha’s seat now, but I am still his father. His rule is not unshakable. His crown not yet forged in steel.”

Silas's body stiffened, the air around him sharp as winter air. His voice dropped to a growl. "If you so much as touch her, I will not spare you."

It was not the kind of threat wolves tossed lightly. I felt the truth of it resonate in my bones: the vow of a wolf ready to set the world aflame, even if it consumed himself.

Cassian's smile deepened, cruel and assessing. "For this girl? You'd burn everything down? Tell me, son- -she is worth that?"

Silas's answer was swift, without hesitation. "She's worth everything."

For an instant, Cassian stilled, and I thought-gods above-he saw himself reflected in his son. Perhaps in that heartbeat, he glimpsed an old ghost, the man he used to be before the rot.

Then his grin returned, feral and mocking. "Of course you are my son. Hah! But have you thought, Silas? You are my blood, my heir. My fate coils in yours. Whatever path you think you choose, it will spiral back to me. You will become me. And when that happens-no love will save you. That girl will cast you aside like carrion once she sees the beast within."

Silas's face tightened, shadows cutting across his expression.

And Cassian did not relent. His words fell like curses, sharp enough to scar flesh. "This woman may care now, but when she learns what you truly are-how dark, how twisted-you think she will still want you? She will recoil in disgust. You are not made for love, Silas. You never were. The moment you let yourself believe otherwise, you stepped into damnation. Your delusion is the sin you carry."

"Enough!"

I didn't think-I only moved. My fist still ached from earlier, but my wolf howled for more. I closed the distance in a flash, grabbing Cassian by the front of his jacket and yanking him down to my eye level. The scent of iron and arrogance clung to him, suffocating.

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"How dare you?" My voice was raw, cutting. "You're his father. How can you say such things to him?"

Cassian's smile thinned, cruel satisfaction radiating from him. "Because I know my own son. Because I birthed him into this curse A child like him is not meant for love." His gaze slid past me, back to Silas. "You hear me? Even she will leave you, one day. They always leave."

felt Silas freeze, his entire body locked tight. His father's voice was a whip, lashing against old wounds that had never truly healed. I could see it—the way those words crawled beneath his skin like maggots, the way he fought not to flinch.

But my anger was greater.

“I will not leave him!” My snarl split the air, feral and ringing. “So you can shut your mouth, old wolf.”

Cassian blinked, just once, as if my words were incomprehensible.

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+8 Pearls

“What do you mean, not meant for love?” I pressed, eyes burning into his. “He's more worthy than you'll ever be. He has claws, yes, but he has a heart too. A heart that fights for me, that bleeds for his pack. Can you say the same? You don't deserve the name of father.”

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Silas jolt. His pupils shrank, breath stuttering.

Cassian sneered, lips curling. “Pathetic. Don't tell me—you love him? You dare?”

“Yes.” The word tore free before I realized what I was saying. “I will love him. And I will prove to you that he deserves it. He is not you, Cassian Whitmor. He will never be you. And I will make damn sure he knows it.”

Cassian's laugh cracked out again, but there was a strange tremor in it, something like disbelief—or rage. “Love? What a foolish word. Do you think it will save him? You dare to gamble with fate itself? Very well, then.”

His hands shoved against mine, breaking free of my grip. He straightened, looming tall once more, though bruises marred his side where my fists had struck earlier. “Then let us wager. I will bet my legacy that one day you will abandon him. Wolves cannot change their nature. Your love will rot. You'll cast him aside like all the others.”

The smirk that curved his mouth was poison. Then he turned, his boots echoing across the marble floor as he strode from the villa, his laughter lingering long after he had vanished into the night.

I stood there, chest heaving, rage still burning in my veins.

When I turned, I found Silas staring at me.

Those storm-dark eyes of his—usually so controlled—now brimmed with emotions he couldn’t cage: joy trembling against terror, hope battling against disbelief. His entire body seemed taut, as if the wrong word might shatter him.

“Freya,” he whispered, voice breaking. “You would... truly love me? You wouldn’t leave?”

I pressed my lips together, hesitation fluttering at the edges. My heart thundered with what I had just shouted. I hadn’t planned it; the words had come like a howl from deep within my chest, too wild to contain.

I should have denied it. Should have softened it into something safer.

But the truth was—I wanted to believe it.

I grew up under Arthur and Myra’s unwavering love, surrounded by warmth, by the certainty of family. I knew what love was supposed to look like. To me, it had always been shield and anchor. And so when I looked at Silas—at a man who had grown under nothing but venom, a son torn apart by a father’s scorn—couldn’t help but rage at the injustice.

How could Cassian call him unworthy, when he had endured so much and still stood, still protected, still cared?

I saw the tremor in his hands, the fear shadowing his eyes. Not fear of his father. Fear of me.

Fear that I would look at him and see only the monster Cassian painted.

“I won’t leave you,” I said at last, my voice steady, though my heart stammered. “Not for his lies. Not for his curses. You’re not him, Silas. And you never will be.”

His breath caught, his chest rising as though the words had struck harder than any fist.

For a long moment, silence wrapped around us, thick with wolf-scent and unshed truths. And I prayed silently—to the moon, to fate—that my vow would be enough to drown out Cassian’s poison.

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya’s POV

+8 Pearls

Even the memory of that forbidden chamber in the Whitmor estate—its stench of secrets, of chains, of blood—and the lash marks across Silas’s back, made bile rise in my throat. My revulsion toward his father, Cassian Whitmor, had long since calcified into something darker than hate.

And yet, when Silas’s eyes found mine now, steady and searching, the words I wanted to say caught in my throat.

“So...” His voice was low, almost careful, as if testing unfamiliar ground. “Does this mean... we’re officially together?”

I blinked. The question stunned me into silence.

Yesterday, in front of Caelum, Silas had declared himself as my mate, my boyfriend. I’d scolded him afterward, told him never to say something so reckless again. And now? Suddenly it had shifted into... this? Into something real?

“I only said that earlier because...” I trailed, fumbling for clarity.

“I know.” He cut me off before I could untangle the knot in my chest. “I know you spoke those words to my father out of pity

for the way he tried to strip me bare in front of you. I know you wanted to shield me. But Freya...” His dark gaze locked with mine, haunted yet desperate. “Even if it began as pity, can’t you grant me a chance? A chance to walk this path with you. To call it... courtship. To call it love.”

My tongue stilled.

T

The silence between us stretched taut, straining like a bowstring.

“Or,” he pressed, voice quieter now, “are you saying that every word you spoke to Cassian was a lie?”

“No!” My response came swift, fierce, instinctive. Then I faltered, breath catching. “No. It wasn’t a lie. I meant it.”

His chest rose in a sharp breath, waiting.

I closed my eyes, inhaled deeply, and forced myself forward. “If you truly want this—if you want us—then we set terms. A pact between wolves. I won’t bind myself to anyone without clear ground beneath our paws.”

His lips curved, faint but unshakable. “Name them.”

“First,” I said, my voice firm, “if one day you decide this doesn’t work, if we no longer fit... then we part in peace. No claws, no blood. We walk away without dragging each other into the dirt.”

“Agreed.” He didn’t hesitate.

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“Second,” I continued, my heart tightening, “if another catches your eye, even while we are bound, I want the truth. Tell me plainly. Do not hide it. I won’t cling. I won’t beg. I refuse to repeat the mistake I made with Caelum.”

At the sound of Caelum’s name, Silas’s jaw tightened. His nostrils flared, his wolf bristling with something territorial. But he gave a curt nod. “Agreed.”

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“Third,” I said, meeting his gaze without flinching, “the most important one: no lies, None. If you deceive me, even once, trust between us dies. And without trust...” I swallowed hard. “There is nothing left. If I ever find that you’ve betrayed that vow, I will leave. Without hesitation. Without looking back.”

For a heartbeat, his expression froze. Then something in his eyes cracked, sharp with fear. His chest tightened, his hand flexing as if the promise itself hurt to hold.

If such a day came, if I ever walked away, I knew—it would destroy him.

“Then I swear it.” His voice rang, low and solemn, like an oath spoken to the moon itself. “No deception. No falsehoods. If you ask, I will answer. If you doubt, I will bare the truth. You have my word, Freya Thorne—my vow as Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition.”

The words hit me with the weight of steel, of blood-bound promise.

“Then...” I exhaled slowly, feeling the air tremble with the gravity of it. “Then we are together”

The admission hung heavy between us, but instead of fear, I felt... a strange, wild relief.

+8 Pearls

Because if I was willing to stand against Cassian Whitmor himself—if I was willing to put my body between father and son—then surely, I could not deny that I felt more for Silas than I had let myself admit.

Especially when he asked if my words had been a lie. My denial had been immediate, fierce. Because the truth was, I couldn’t bear to see that flicker of despair in his eyes.

When we first met, I'd seen only danger in him: an Alpha wrapped in shadows, a predator cloaked in silence. But over time, little by little, the shadows gave way to something else. To glimpses of the man beneath—the one scarred by cruelty, the one still capable of tenderness, the one who kept fighting despite the wounds carved into his flesh.

And somewhere along the way, I had begun to admire him. To ache for him. To feel my pulse race when his presence drew

near.

Perhaps I did care for him. Perhaps I even... liked him.

Better to embrace that truth than keep resisting it like a coward.

The

moment my words settled, Silas's face transformed.

It was as though sunlight had cracked through a storm. A smile—radiant, unrestrained, utterly unguarded—broke across his features. It reached his eyes, his entire being, reshaping the sharp planes of his face into something startlingly beautiful.

I had never seen him like that before.

It was blinding.

And for a heartbeat, I forgot the lash marks, the chains, the shadow of Cassian Whitmor.

All I saw was Silas Whitmor smiling at me as if I had just handed him the world.

Send Gifts

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

+8 Pearls

Caelum had begun to notice the change in Aurora ever since they had returned from the Mooncrest island negotiations.

Once so steady and sharp-eyed—the proud daughter of the Bluemoon Pack's Beta, newly knighted in the Airborne Wing—she now drifted like a spirit tethered by unease. Some nights she would bolt awake, gasping, and pace until her hands shook. Other nights, she reached for a bottle, drowning herself in whiskey until she collapsed in a drunken haze.



“Aurora,” Caelum pressed one evening, his Alpha tone low but gentle, “what’s haunting you? If there’s something gnawing at your spirit, tell me. Whatever it is, I’ll tear it apart for you.”

She tried to smile, but the cracks showed. “It’s nothing. You’re overthinking.”

But Caelum didn’t believe her. His golden gaze hardened. “This isn’t nothing. Is it because of that newsfeed at the charity gala -the one that glitched and broadcast the border fire from five years ago?”

Aurora froze, her pupils widening as though struck. “How... how do you know?”

He exhaled slowly, never releasing her eyes. “Because from that night onward, you’ve been different. And now that we’ve chosen to walk together, no secrets should fester between us. Whatever burns you, I want to share it.”

Her lips trembled. The memory she had buried clawed its way back to the surface. That accidental broadcast had not been coincidence; no wolf believed in coincidences that cruel.

“That footage,” she whispered, voice hoarse, “pulled me back to that night. Back to the fire. I was there, Caelum. I tried to save him... I tried, but he burned in front of me.” Her hands trembled violently. “I couldn’t reach him. I couldn’t—”

Her body shuddered as the words “burned alive” cracked from her lips.

Caelum immediately seized her hands, grounding her with his warmth and Alpha steadiness. “Easy,” he murmured. “I didn’t know... spirits, Aurora, I didn’t know you carried this scar.”

She exhaled shakily. “It’s all right. After the rescue, I underwent therapy. I thought I was healed. But it seems... shadows remain.”

“No wonder you never spoke of it,” he said softly. “If not for that damn broadcast, I wouldn’t know my mate was once a hero of flame and ash. You think yourself scarred, but I... I wonder if I even deserve you.”

A flicker of panic crossed her eyes. “Don’t say that. We still have battles ahead. The Mooncrest island project isn’t lost. The Thorne family still holds sway—Jocelyn especially. If we secure her support, SilverTech will not fall short.”

Aurora’s tone sharpened, her warrior’s pride returning. “Besides, there are countless drone specialists. Interference-counter systems are not Freya Thorne’s monopoly. Once you claim the project, others will scramble to work with you. We will have talent. We will have funds.”

Caelum's tension eased. She was right. If they had the Thorne family's signature on this deal, other investors would follow like wolves to blood. And then SilverTech would rise stronger than before.

The following day, Caelum and Aurora arrived at the headquarters of the Thorne Conglomerate.

As they approached the glass-lit lobby, several of the corporation's higher executives spilled from the elevator, flanked by aides. Their pace was brisk, deliberate, heading straight toward the front doors.

Aurora's pulse lifted with satisfaction. She had already arranged matters with Jocelyn. Surely, this must be the welcome she had promised.

Her lips curved into a confident smile. "See, Caelum? The Thornes send their elders to greet you. With my ties, I told you I could make them see your worth."

Caelum's mouth twitched in a rare smile. Perhaps his efforts were finally bearing fruit. He straightened, preparing to meet the senior wolves with the respect of one Alpha to another.

But the moment fractured cruelly.

—

11:32

+8 Pearls

The executives swept past them without so much as a glance. Their eyes were fixed forward, their strides quickening, not for Caelum nor Aurora, but for the doors beyond.

Aurora's smile faltered, freezing in place.

Caelum's hand, half-raised for greeting, dropped to his side, his jaw tightening.

Then they saw why.

A sleek black car pulled up before the entrance. The driver leapt to open the door, his bow deferent.

From within stepped two figures: Alpha Silas, and beside him... Freya Thorne.

The Thornes' high command descended upon them like a tide, surrounding Silas and Freya with reverent attention. Their laughter and respect rang through the marble hall as they escorted the pair toward the elevators.

The realization hit Aurora like a lash.

They had not come for her. Not for Caelum.

They

They had come for them.

Her blood burned, humiliation searing down to the bone.

Caelum, too, stood stricken. His eyes, hardened by battles and tempered by the burden of leadership, suddenly stung as though struck by blades.

Then Freya lifted her head. Her gaze swept across the hall—and locked onto his.

For a heartbeat, the world stilled.

Caelum's chest constricted. Nerves he thought long buried ignited, his pulse quickening with an ache he could not name.

But as quickly as it came, it was gone. Freya's gaze slid past him, indifferent, as though he were nothing more than in the crowd.

The dismissal was sharper than claws.

The woman who once looked at him with devotion, whose eyes had once burned only for him, now saw him as air.

A hollow ache twisted in his chest.

The procession moved on, leaving only silence in their wake.

At last, a voice broke it.

“Ah, Aurora, Alpha Caelum—you’ve arrived.”

/

714

a

stranger

They turned to see Jocelyn's cousin, Kinsman Thorne, an officer in the Thorne Conglomerate's PR division. He offered a cordial smile, though the timing stung.

Thornbe here to Whitmor

“Yes,” Aurora managed, her smile brittle. “We didn’t expect Silas and Freya would be here today as well.”

Kinsman nodded. “The Mooncrest project is a joint venture between the Thornes and the Whitmors. Naturally, Alpha Silas would attend. What surprised us was that he brought Freya along. No one foresaw that match.”

He chuckled, lowering his voice. “Who would have guessed the Ironclad Alpha would fall for a woman once bound and severed under Lunar Law? Freya is... fortunate

At the mention of her Lunar Severance Phase, an awkward tension lingered. For Freya’s former mate was none other than Caelum himself. Kinsman faltered, rubbing his nose before ushering them inside. “Anyway, let’s head up”

Aurora’s lips remained frozen in a smile that felt like stone,

Fortunate? That word burned **like** acid.

+2 Pearls

Once, Freya had been discarded—left broken by Caelum himself. Yet here she was, standing tall, eyes forward, wrapped in the respect of two great packs. While Aurora and Caelum, for all their planning, stood in the shadow of their ascent, diminished.

Aurora’s nails dug into her palms.

How long could Silas Whitmor truly remain interested in Freya? Surely not long. Surely.

The bitterness coiled in her belly like venom, whispering promises she dared not speak aloud.

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person’s POV

At the doors of the Thorne Conglomerate’s council chamber, Kinsman raised a hand.

+8 Pearls

“Alpha Caelum, Lady Aurora—please remain outside for the moment. The Vice—Chair and Lord Abel are currently inside with Alpha Silas, discussing the terms of the Mooncrest venture. You’ll be summoned once your names are called.”

“What?” Aurora’s eyes widened, her voice edged with disbelief. “We’re to wait?”

“Of course.” Kinsman’s tone carried the easy arrogance of one who enjoyed his little measure of power. His eyes flicked over Caelum with thinly veiled disdain.

The rumors had spread fast in the Capital: at the failed Mooncrest summit, Caelum had submitted a proposal that bore the handwriting of his former mate, Freya Thorne. Even the patents listed were hers. A Silverfang Alpha reduced to leaning on a discarded mate’s brilliance. What sort of Alpha did that? Fortune’s chosen, or simply lucky?

A flush crept up Caelum’s neck, the sting of the younger wolf’s contempt biting deep. He was not accustomed to such treatment. Since SilverTech Forgeworks had risen from nothing to a listed enterprise within three years, Caelum’s presence had commanded respect wherever he went. In boardrooms of the old dynasties, he was received with deference, never told to wait outside like a supplicant pup.

But now, standing in the gleaming marble hall of the Thornes, the sting of humiliation dragged him back to the early days- when he was nothing but an ambitious wolf with tattered schematics in his hands, waiting endlessly for some elder to glance his way.

His hand tightened on the dossier he carried. He had poured over *it*, rewritten it line by line. With Aurora’s support, this was his chance to secure the Mooncrest project. He could not afford to falter.

Minutes bled into what felt like hours before Kinsman returned. “Very well. You may enter now.”

Caelum rose with Aurora and stepped into the chamber.

The air inside was heavy with power. Around the table sat the high council of the Thornes. At the head was Abel Thorne, current President of the conglomerate, flanked by senior wolves. Beside them, seated with cool poise, was Freya. And next to her, Alpha Silas—iron-eyed, commanding, unmistakably dominant.

As Caelum and Aurora moved toward the table, Silas’s voice cut the air like a blade.

“I was under the impression this meeting excluded non-essential personnel. This Aurora—she holds no seat on the Mooncrest board, does she?”

Aurora froze, her breath catching. She straightened, forcing her voice steady. My mother is Stormveil-born. That makes me of Thorne blood, at least in part.”

Silas’s gaze was cold. “And what role do you play in Mooncrest’s development?”

Aurora faltered. Silence answered for her.

One of the stewards moved forward immediately, bowing slightly. “Lady Aurora, please wait outside.”

Color drained from Aurora’s face, then flared back in a wave of indignation. “If I must leave, then so should Freya. She holds no official office in the Conglomerate. Why should she remain while I am cast out?”

Jocelyn’s lips curved into a sharp smile. “She’s right. If Aurora is not permitted, then why is Freya? My cousin holds no title in this house either.”

The chamber, quieted. Every eye shifted toward Freya.

Lennon Thorne, Jocelyn’s father, cleared his throat, his voice edged with discomfort. “Freya, perhaps it’s best if you step outside.”

Freya’s brow furrowed. Her presence here was not her own wish; she was here to guard Silas, to ensure his safety in the storm of politics. Yet she said nothing, allowing the tide to swell.

Aurora’s eyes glinted with satisfaction. If she could not remain, then Freya would also be banished.

P Pearls

But before the stewards could usher her away, Silas Whitmor spoke, his voice calm but cutting through the chamber like thunder.

“The Ironclad Coalition’s cooperation with the Thornes rests solely on Freya Thorne’s judgment. If she leaves this room, then the Coalition leaves as well. There will be no Mooncrest pact.”

The words dropped like stones into still water.

“What?!” A ripple of shock tore through the table.

Such a vital contract—its final seal resting in the hands of a woman once severed from her mate under the Lunar Laws? Impossible. Unthinkable. And yet Silas’s expression bore no trace of jest.

Even Freya herself stiffened in surprise. But Silas’s posture was unyielding, the authority of an Alpha who made no idle, declarations.

Abel Thorne finally broke the stunned silence. “Then it is settled. Aurora will wait outside. The meeting continues.”

Aurora's face burned crimson, shame and fury warring in her veins. Under so many watching eyes, she had no choice but to bow stiffly and withdraw.

The door shut behind her.

Inside, Abel inclined his head toward Caelum. "Alpha Grafton, proceed."

Caelum rose, clutching the dossier. Once, he had been the one sitting at the high table, commanding the respect of a hall. Freya had once been the one seated lower, struggling for acknowledgment. But now their roles had reversed.

Freya sat in a place of power, her calm gaze level with Silas's. And Caelum—Alpha of Silverfang, once her mate—stood below, reduced to petitioning.

He began to speak, his voice betraying cracks. Words he had rehearsed countless times now tangled in his throat. He stumbled, stammered, forced the points out one by one.

"At its core, SilverTech proposes... if the Conglomerate accepts partnership, then regarding the interference-resistant systems, we will secure leading experts to ensure the most advanced upgrades. Furthermore, SilverTech will make concessions. We are willing to increase our offering—an additional five percent reduction in profit shares compared to the original terms."

The chamber stirred. Five percent was no small figure. In a project of this scale, it represented millions in value.

For the first time, several Thorne executives leaned forward, their interest piqued despite their earlier skepticism.

Though Caelum's earlier presentation faltered, numbers had their own voice, and this concession carried weight.

The silence stretched after his words, broken only by the scratching of pens as aides recorded the offer.

Yet Caelum felt no relief. His eyes, against his will, slid to Freya. She sat silent beside Silas, her expression unreadable.

Once, she had looked to him as though he were the moon itself. Now, she looked through him—cold, unshaken, belonging to another Alpha's orbit.

And in that moment, the weight of his position crushed him harder than any financial loss could.

Send Gifts

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

+8 Pearls

Third Person's POV

The Mooncrest development was no small affair. Though the project itself bore the sigil of Ashbourne's government, its execution fell upon the Thornes and the Whitmors. The Thornes carried the infrastructure and local authority; the Whitmors carried the true weight of military influence and the Ironclad Coalition's reach. Without the Coalition, Stormveil could never have laid claim to a project of such magnitude.

So when the discussion turned to the matter of aerial defense and unmanned craft, Abel Thorne's voice rumbled low. "If Stormveil desires, this portion of the contract could indeed be ceded to SilverTech Forgeworks."

Jocelyn Thorne was the first to speak, lips curved in an eager smile. "I think we should. SilverTech has shown sincerity."

Her father, Lennon Thorne, echoed swiftly. "I agree."

Others among the Thorne council followed, their assent rising like the tide.

Abel's gaze

shifted across the table, settling on Silas Whitmor. "And what does Alpha Whitmor think?"

Every wolf present knew the truth—though the Thornes bore their name upon the project, it was the Whitmor banner that allowed them to stand in such a place of prominence. Without the Coalition's backing, the Thornes' grip on the island would be fragile at best.

Silas did not answer immediately. His eyes, sharp as steel, turned instead toward Freya Thorne. "What say you?"

The chamber hushed.

Freya did not flinch beneath the weight of his gaze. Her voice was steady, her eyes clear. "I do not approve of placing the drone contracts in SilverTech's hands."

Caelum's head snapped up, shock and fury flaring in his eyes.

Jocelyn seized upon the opening like a wolf scenting blood. "Freya—surely this is nothing more than spite? Because Alpha



Caelum severed the Lunar Bond with you, and because he has since turned his gaze upon Aurora? Are you so petty you would sabotage him at the cost of the Pack's future?"

A few murmurs rippled along the table.

Lennon Thorne's palm struck the table. "Enough games, Freya! You may despise Caelum as a former mate, but that is personal. Here we speak of Stormveil's future. Put away your grievances!"

Freya's eyes sharpened. "So, to support SilverTech is 'professional, but to oppose them is personal spite? Interesting logic, Alpha Lennon. So simple a division of public and private duty. To an outsider, it would almost seem SilverTech's Alpha has purchased loyalty in coin rather than honor."

The words struck like a claw to the throat. Both Lennon and Jocelyn stiffened, their expressions flickering with outrage and something else—guilt.

"Freya, how dare you slander **us**?" Jocelyn's voice was sharp, but it quavered at the edges.

"You protest too quickly, cousin. One might almost believe I struck truth." Freya's tone carried the weight of a predator's

sneer.

Jocelyn's eyes flickered, the mask slipping. In truth, Aurora had whispered promises to her: should she deliver SilverTech into the Thorne's contract, a share of profits would find its way to her pocket. That promise now burned like a brand of shame beneath Freya's gaze.

Caelum rose, his voice tight. "Freya, no matter how bitter you are over our broken bond, you have no right to drag my company into your vendetta. SilverTech is not merely me. It is hundreds of wolves who follow my command, who labor under my banner. They do not deserve to be condemned for your grudge. If your former colleagues hear this slander, what do you think they will believe?"

Before Freya could speak, Silas's voice cut across the chamber, smooth and merciless. "They will believe their Alpha is weak. They will believe a company once strong is now rotting from the inside. They will believe their livelihoods are bound to a sinking vessel."

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11:33 AM P

The silence that followed was knife-sharp.

+8 Pearls

Caelum's face blanched, then flushed red with rage. "Lord Whitmor—you may be Alpha of the Coalition, but even you cannot speak so basely!"

Silas leaned back, the faint curl of amusement on his lips carrying more danger than any snarl. "Basely? I spoke only what is seen. Truth is no insult."

"I built SilverTech in three years and brought it to listing!" Caelum growled. "Do you call that weakness?"

"Three years, yes," Silas replied, his tone iron-clad and cold. "But was it your strength—or the brilliance you stole from another?"

Caelum's retort died in his throat.

Freya rose then, her voice cutting through the chamber like a drawn blade. "SilverTech cannot guarantee the completion of interference-resistant upgrades. The only way they could attempt it would be by drawing on fresh investment—Stormveil's coffers, not their own. If their upgrades fail, the Thornes shoulder the loss. Lost time, lost resources, delayed schedules. Tell me, is that risk acceptable?"

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Her gaze swept the table, then returned to Abel. "And there is more. Word runs through the Capital that SilverTech's lifeblood is failing. Their cashflow teeters. Before this council votes, should you not verify if SilverTech is already bleeding out?"

Gasps rippled through the chamber. Abel Thorne leaned forward, eyes narrowing. "Freya, is this rumor or truth?"

"Send an audit," she answered evenly. "You will see for yourselves."

Caelum slammed a fist on the table, his composure snapping. "You cannot stand there and blacken my Pack's name with lies! Freya, whatever hatred you bear, you cannot invent such things!"

Freya's eyes glinted cold as moonlight. "If your coffers are full, then answer me this, Caelum. Why is it that when the Lunar Severance was finalized, all you could return was my parents' death stipend? A mere one hundred 1.53 million sovereigns— blood money from the Hall of Martyrs—while you kept every property mortgaged and every account empty? Where were your riches then?"

The chamber froze.

Every Thorne present knew of the severance. Few had known the details. To hear that Freya, daughter of Arthur and Myra— fallen wolves of the Iron Fang Recon Unit—had been

repaid not with wealth but with the very blood-compensation of her parents' sacrifice... the air itself seemed to grow heavy.

Faces turned toward Caelum, shock and disdain plain in every eye.

The truth

His cheeks burned crimson. He opened his mouth, but no words came. The truth sat heavy in the room, a wound reopened before every elder and kin.

his

SilverTech, once hailed as a miracle, now stood revealed as a hollow edifice. And the Alpha who had built it—his strength, his honor, his claim—shaken beneath the gaze of his former mate.

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

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The room was heavy with silence, the kind that suffocates even the strongest of wolves.

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+8 Pearls

Across the long oak table, my uncle Abel Thorne's voice cut sharp through the air. "Alpha Caelum, whether Stormveil should continue any dealings with SilverTech Forgeworks... I believe the family must reconsider carefully."

His words were final. A rejection, veiled in civility, but a rejection nonetheless.

I caught the look on Caelum's face—ashen, drained, like a warrior stripped of his blade. The Alpha of Silverfang Pack, proud head of SilverTech Forgeworks, suddenly looked like a lone wolf cornered.

When the meeting ended, I walked out alongside Jocelyn Thorne. She wasted no time in voicing her bitterness, her voice sharp as a dagger.

"If not for Freya meddling, the elders would never have turned against the proposal."

My name fell from her lips like

venom.

Outside the chamber, I found Aurora waiting anxiously, her hands clenched, her wolf aura tense. She rushed forward the moment Jocelyn spoke.

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“What?” Aurora’s eyes widened. Her voice trembled, but her rage was unmistakable. “Do you mean Freya ruined it?”

The newly appointed Bluemoon pilot had been grooming this partnership for moons, I knew. To her, this was more than just business—it was ambition, prestige, validation.

And when she saw me step through the door, she didn’t hesitate. She stormed toward me like a storm breaking its chains.

“Freya Thorne! Just because Caelum divorced you during the Lunar Severance Phase, you want to destroy him? You’re

birth to a daughter like you!”

pathetic! Disgraceful! No wonder your parents—heroes of Stormveil—should never have give

The words lanced into me. For a heartbeat, I went

1. d. Then fire rushed to my

blood.

My hand struck before my wolf could even think. The slap cracked across her face, sharp and clean.

Aurora reeled back, her eyes wide in shock. She hadn’t expected me to strike.

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“You dare spit poison about my parents?” My voice was ice, my wolf rising, growling within me. “One more word, Aurora, and you’ll regret it.”

Her lip curled in defiance. “I will say it. Your parents-

My foot drove forward, sending her body flying against the stone wall. She crumpled, her WolfComm device spilling from her pocket.

And then, I let go.

The power I kept caged deep inside surged outward, a ripple of raw Alpha dominance flooding the Corridor. The air thickened, charged, the walls themselves seeming to shudder with the weight of it. Aurora gasped as if the air had been sucked from her lungs, her wolf collapsing beneath **the** pressure. She clawed at her throat, eyes wide with terror, her body trembling like prey before a predator.

From the chamber doors, Caelum stormed out, his voice raised. But **the** moment he stepped into the force of my aura, stride faltered. His pupils flared, his wolf reeling under the pressure that pinned him as surely as chains.

Freya!" he barked, though his voice cracked against the weight of my presence. "What... what are you doing to her?"

his

"What I should have done long ago." My words **cut** sharp **as**

a blade, and the dominance didn't **waver**. "If **she** dares slander my parents again, I will not stop at broken ribs."

For the first time, Caelum truly looked at me—saw me. His lips parted, confusion and disbelief written all **over his face**. "You... you're not.... an Omega?"

10:08 AM PP.

+8 Pearls

I met his gaze, cold and unflinching. The answer lingered on my tongue, but I didn't waste it on him. He wasn't worth it.

So I said nothing. I let the silence hang, heavy with the truth he didn't deserve, my wolf aura pressing down on them both until Aurora whimpered like a pup cornered.

Just then, Aurora's fallen WolfComm lit up on the ground. A message flashed across the screen.

Only one word.

Murderer.

Her eyes widened in horror. She lunged for the device, clutching it to her chest as though shielding herself from claws

unseen.

"Caelum," she whispered, her voice suddenly desperate, "let's go... we need to leave."

He frowned, confused by the sudden shift. “You’re pale, Aurora. That blow must have been harder than I thought. I’ll take you to the healers-”

“No.” She shook her head too quickly, clutching her WolfComm tighter. “Just... take me home.”

He gave her one last look, then wrapped his arm around her and led her into the waiting lift.

I stood there, still, watching. My wolf eyes narrowed. Something about that message had rattled her to the bone.

Beside me, Silas approached quietly. His presence carried the weight of the Ironclad Coalition, steady and unyielding. He reached for my hand—the one that had struck Aurora moments ago—and lifted it gently, his touch unexpectedly soft.

“Does it hurt?” he asked.

I blinked at him. Hurt? The sting was on Aurora’s cheek, not mine. Yet his eyes were warm, too warm, and the gesture... intimate.

I pulled my hand back slowly, masking the strange flutter in my chest. Around us, the younger Thorne cousins exchanged glances, muttering. To them, I was the violent one. To Silas, somehow, I was the one worth shielding.

Jocelyn’s gaze burned into me from across the hall, her jaw tight, her eyes seething. She hated me more in that moment than

she ever had before.

Later that night, Silas was buried in his work inside the study, poring over scrolls of Ironhold Consortium contracts. I sat on the couch nearby, speaking into my headset.

“Lana, I told you already,” I sighed. “I’m still assigned to protect Silas. I can’t log in right now.”

On the other end of the WolfComm line, Lana groaned theatrically. “Freya, please! If you don’t join me in the raid, I’ll fail the quest. This is life or death in the game server!”

I smirked faintly, shaking my head. “Life or death? You exaggerate.”

“Not this time!” she protested.

“What’s this about? Silas’s voice broke in, closer than I realized. I turned to see him standing behind me, his gaze amused. “Lana wants me to jump into the game with her. But I’m not sure it’s the right time,” I admitted.

He tilted his head, thoughtful. “No reason you shouldn’t. Though I prefer your focus remain on me, this manor has more than one Iron Fang Recon officer stationed. You can spare an hour.”

Then he added, almost too casually. “But if you go, can you take me with you?”

I blinked. “Into the game?”

“Yes.” His lips quirked, the faintest of smiles.

Ten minutes later, Lana’s avatar waited in the virtual lobby. When she saw the low-leveled, bare-bones figure standing awkwardly beside me, her jaw nearly dropped.

10:09 AM P P ·

+8 Pearls

“Who’s that?” she demanded.

“Alpha Silas,” I answered flatly.

“...You brought him into the raid?”

Her disbelief was almost comical. But I only crossed my arms, my wolf stirring with something strange—anticipation, maybe.

**Send Gifts**

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya’s POV

“He insists on joining the game.”

+8 Pearls

I rubbed the bridge of my nose, exhaling slowly into the WolfComm mic. Even I couldn’t hide the note of resignation in my voice.

On the other end of the channel, Lana groaned. “What? Freya, I begged you to log in because I need to finish this mission tonight. But if he tags along... how am I supposed to carry a dead weight? He looks like the sort of player who wouldn’t know the difference between a scope and a stun grenade.”

I flicked my gaze sideways. Silas sat on the couch beside me, leaning back with a casual confidence that only Alphas seemed capable of. In the virtual world, his avatar was laughably bare-bones-leather scraps, no proper armor, and a weapon that looked like it would shatter after two swings. He might have commanded the Ironclad Coalition in the flesh, but in-game he was nothing more than a newborn pup stumbling into the hunt.

"It'll be fine," I told Lana, my voice clipped. "Just let him stick to my side. He won't slow you down."

Silas's golden eyes flicked toward me, unreadable, though there was a ghost of amusement on his lips.

Lana muttered something about bad omens, but then sighed in defeat. "Fine. As long as he doesn't seriously, Freya, why is he even playing with us? Doesn't the great Alpha Whitmor have empires to run?"

get in

my way. But

I opened my mouth, but before I could answer, his voice cut through the channel like steel sliding free of a sheath.

"Is it so strange for a male to want to follow his mate into battle?"

The sound of his voice in the channel startled Lana so badly I heard the crackle of her headset and a muffled curse. "Silas Whitmor is in the room with you?"

"Yes."

"...And he's your mate?" she demanded, breathless.

Heat crawled up the back of my neck. "It's... recent," I admitted, reluctant.

There was a beat of silence on the channel. Then Lana erupted into the shrieking laughter of a wild prairie marmot. "Freya! Are you telling me you bonded with that Whitmor and didn't think to tell me? The same Freya who swore she'd never let a male Alpha lay claim to her?"

Silas's gaze landed on me, steady, piercing. The weight of it was unbearable, like he was peeling back every layer of my defenses. I cleared my throat sharply and muttered, "I planned to tell you in person. Focus on the mission, Lana."

She groaned, muttering about betrayal and best friends, but at least she redirected her attention.



The game loaded, throwing us into a war-torn cityscape. Six of us in the squad: Lana, myself, Silas, and three other familiar voices who'd run countless raids with us before.

"Stay close," I told Silas firmly, my voice the same command I'd once used to direct warriors of the Iron Fang Recon Unit. "Do not wander. If you fall behind, I won't come **back** for you."

His lips curved faintly. "Understood."

We moved through the shattered streets, weapons drawn. My **avatar's**

rifle glinted with enchanted **steel** mods, the reward of long seasons grinding for resources. Silas trailed close behind me, his rookie avatar sticking out like a pup in a den of seasoned hunters.

"Hey, newbie," one **of** the others teased **over** comms. "First time, huh?"

Silas gave a soft affirmative hum.

"What's your name, then?"

"Silas Whitmor."

10:09 AM P p·

The channel went dead silent. Then laughter broke out.

"No way. That's the same name as the Ironclad Coalition's Alpha."

"Man, you've got some nerve, naming your rookie after him. You trying to cosplay a legend?"

+8 Pearls

"Ha! Next you'll say you're really him. As if the Alpha of the Whitmor family empire has time to play games with us."

I could almost feel Lana's exasperation radiating through the comm line. She wanted to shout the truth—that the very Alpha they joked about was sitting here with us, lounging like he had nothing better to do. But she held her tongue, for once..

We pressed forward. Gunfire erupted from a rooftop, enemies dropping into our path. My wolf surged as adrenaline spiked through me. My fingers danced across the screen, movements quick and precise. My avatar darted into cover, rolled out, and struck. Headshots dropped one after another. Burst fire cleared corridors. When a teammate was pinned, I shifted seamlessly into support, cutting down their attacker before they fell.

The game blurred into instinct, into rhythm. Every kill, every maneuver echoed the training burned into me from the Iron Fang Recon Unit. In this digital battlefield, I wasn't just playing. I was commanding, leading, dominating.

Beside me, Silas was silent. But I felt his gaze, heavier than the smoke of burning pixels. Not on the screen—on me. Watching the way my fingers moved, the sharp focus in my eyes, the wolf aura that bled through even into this simulation.

"Don't fall behind," I snapped without looking, sensing his distraction.

He smirked faintly, his avatar stumbling to keep up with mine.

The mission point glowed ahead, but suddenly the streets filled with hostile squads. More than one team. They'd allied together, waiting to ambush us before we reached the target.

"Damn it!" Lana cursed, gunfire rattling through her headset. "Are these bastards ever going to let us finish the damn quest?"

Explosions tore through the virtual concrete. Our team scrambled for cover. I dropped to a flank, returning fire with ruthless precision.

But this was no ordinary skirmish—it was a slaughter waiting to happen. Too many enemies. Too much crossfire.

I turned my head toward Silas, his rookie avatar blinking stupidly on the screen. He'd be torn apart in seconds if he tried to fight.

"Silas," I barked, voice sharp. "Forget following me. Find cover. Now."

For a heartbeat, he hesitated—like the Alpha in him resisted taking orders from me, even here. But then, slowly, I saw his avatar move, ducking behind a collapsed wall.

Good. He listened. For once.

The roar of battle swallowed us whole. My wolf stretched within me, teeth bared, eager for the fight.

And I dove headlong into the storm.