

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 16

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Freya's POV

It was well past nine when Caelum finally returned to the pack's estate.

He came back exhausted, dragging the weight of the day behind him.

I already knew why—he'd spent hours at the healer's den with Aurora after her fall from the warbeast. Bruises and scrapes marred her skin, but no broken bones, thankfully. Still, it meant Caelum's night was shot.

When he stepped through the heavy carved doors and saw me, he didn't hesitate.

"Freya," he said quietly, "I didn't mean to skip the memorial for your parents today. Aurora told me last minute that Silas Whitmor was at the grounds, and I had to go—for the company. So I went with her."

I met his eyes, cold and steady. "It doesn't matter," I said simply.

No explanation from him would fix what felt broken. I was done caring about his reasons.

Maybe tomorrow I'll go with you," he offered.

"No need." I cut him off.

"But—"

"Really, you're busy," I said, voice low but firm. I didn't want him disrupting the silence where my parents rested.

He swallowed and didn't press.

I knew he'd been stretched thin lately. Between hospital visits for Aurora and company matters, Caelum's hands were full.

"Then when there's a better time, I'll go with you," he promised.

I couldn't stop the bitter laugh that curled at my lips. Better time? Caelum, you'll never get that chance.

After a beat, he shifted gears. “You said earlier at the grounds you’re with SkyVex Armaments. What’s that about?”

I shrugged. “Literally means I joined SkyVex.”

He frowned. “No need to spite me like that. You can come back anytime.”

I gave him a sharp, humorless smile. “I didn’t join SkyVex to spite you. And I’m not coming back.”

His brow furrowed deeper. “I told you, the door’s open. What else do you want?”

“What exactly do you want me back for?”

“To keep pushing the Riderwing project,” he said. “Whitmore Coalition wants to invest in airborne combat tech. You can lead the project we started.”

“And Giselle?” I shot back. “Isn’t she already the lead?”

“I’ll reassign her.”

I fixed him with a cool stare. “So because I saved Silas today, you think he’ll invest just out of some debt to me? That’s why

you want me back?

His face betrayed a flicker of awkwardness, caught.

“Nothing wrong with maximizing benefits,” he said quickly. “It’s good for the company—and for the family,”

Family.

That word used to hold warmth for me. When I married Caelum, I dreamed of a pack, a home.

But now?

I only saw how hollow that word could be.

“If I hadn’t saved Silas today,” I asked quietly, “would you still want me back?”

“You’re the company’s rightful leader. You can come back anytime.”

I arched a brow. “Then maybe I should just announce it—right there in the forge—that I’m the true head.”

He was silent, then muttered, “We agreed to keep the marriage secret... until the time is right.”

“Right,” I said, voice sharp as broken ice. “Because if you reveal it now, the whole company will know you cheated on me. Everyone already knows Aurora is your ‘moonlight,’ but no one knows we’re married.”

His jaw tightened, anger flashing in his eyes. “Must you make this so difficult?”

“I’m not trying to make things hard. Which is why I’m not coming back.” I turned to leave.

“And at the grounds, I told Silas if he insists on repaying me, he should build a hope school. So don’t expect me to help you win his investment for SilverTech Forgeworks.”

That seemed to push Caelum over the edge. His frustration burned bright, and for the rest of the night, he ignored me completely.

The cold night felt sharp on my skin, but nothing compared to the frost settling between us.

This was no longer a union of two wolves—it was a battlefield.

And I was ready to hunt on my own terms.