

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 18

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Freya's POV

"Cough-!"

I choked violently on my drink, nearly spewing the lemon tonic across the table. I had to grab the glass and down a long gulp before I could respond.

Alpha Whitmor, you're joking... right?"

"I'm not," Silas said calmly.

I stared at him.

Was this male actually serious? Did he really just say that if he died before me, he'd have his hands removed and preserved- just to send them to me as a gift?

What kind of lunatic thought like that?

For moons, I'd heard whispers that Silas Whitmor, Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, was completely unhinged. Dangerous. Unpredictable. Some said he'd killed his own cousin during a Council dispute. Others said he once gouged a traitor's eye out with his thumb.

I hadn't believed half of it.

Now... I was beginning to think they'd understated it.

"That... won't be necessary," I said, clearing my throat. "I prefer hands attached to living bodies, not cold in glass cases."

"A shame," he replied lightly. "I thought it would be an appropriate token for a life debt."

Stars above.

"I've already told you," I said, rubbing the bridge of my nose. "If you really want to repay me, donate to a Moonhope Academy. That would be enough."

At that, he raised his hand slightly.

A guard stepped forward and handed me a sleek folder.

I opened it.

Inside was the official confirmation: a full donation to construct a Moonhope Academy in the outer territories. Land, materials, staff—all approved and in motion.

My heart stilled.

He'd actually done it. In less than two days.

"If you'd like to rename the school," he said, "to include your name or a family crest, now would be the time."

I looked down at the documents again, then back up at him.

"No need," I said softly. "Thank you."

The smile I gave him was small, but genuine. It surprised even me.

wasn't used to receiving... sincerity.

He blinked, just once, like he hadn't expected that smile. As if something in it caught him off-guard. Most wolves in his world wanted power, fame, position.

But I wanted none of that.

So what was it I wanted?

"Freya," he said suddenly, "how would you feel about becoming my bodyguard?"

I froze.

"What?"

"You've proven your strength, and your instincts. You saved my life. I prefer to keep useful wolves close." His voice was casual, but his eyes were sharp. "You name the price."

"I'm flattered," I said carefully, "but I've already joined SkyVex Armaments. I don't intend to leave."

"A pity."

Thankfully, he didn't push the topic further. I exhaled in relief.

As I stood to leave, he added quietly, "I don't often allow others to save me, Freya. But once someone does.... they'd better not stop halfway."

I turned back to him, unsettled.

What did that even mean?

He had guards. Layers of security. He didn't need me.

But he didn't explain.

And I didn't ask.

After we parted, I hadn't even made it halfway back to my vehicle before my WolfComm rang.

I didn't recognize the number at first.

But the tone? Instantly familiar.

"Freya." Giselle snapped through the line, "I need you to write a new project proposal for the Sky Patrol Wing Development. The one you led before? Yeah. Redraft it."

I almost laughed.

"And why would I do that?"

"Because you're still my brother's wife!" she barked, like that made me her servant.

Giselle had always been the little princess of the Grafton bloodline. Spoiled Entitled. Arrogant. She assumed that because I once loved Caelum, I'd do whatever she wanted.

"Your brother's wife?" I repeated with a low chuckle. "I seem to recall you calling Aurora your future Luna. Why don't you ask her for help?"

"I'll call whoever I want," she hissed. "And if you don't send me that proposal by moonrise, I'll have Caelum file for divorce tonight. He listens to me. You'll be thrown out of the estate like a dirty rogue, you hear me?!"

My voice dropped, cool and steady.

"Go ahead," I said. "Tell him. I'm waiting."

Then I hung up.

She could bark all she wanted.

But I wasn't the same she-wolf who used to beg for scraps of affection from the Graftons.

That Freya was long gone.

Let them come for me. Let them burn whatever bridge they wanted.

I'd already built my own damn road.