

## **A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 19**

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Caelum's POV

I stared at the proposal Giselle had dropped on my desk, the pages barely holding together with all the sloppy formatting and contradictory nonsense.

This? This was what she turned in after claiming she could handle the Sky Patrol Wing project?

The project Freya had once overseen flawlessly?

My jaw clenched, frustration bubbling like heat under

my

skin.

"You really think you can close a deal with this trash?" I growled, tossing the document across the obsidian-topped desk in my Alpha office within Silverfang's central tower. "Did you even read what you submitted?"

Giselle shrank back slightly, but her tone stayed sharp. "It's not my fault! Freya didn't hand over her notes properly during the transition—she deliberately left things out to sabotage me!"

My voice snapped out like a whip. "Silence."

Her eyes widened at the edge in my tone. "You begged me to give you a chance, Giselle. You insisted you could take this on. This "I gestured to the papers, "-is a disgrace. How am I supposed to keep this project alive with this level of incompetence?"

Her lips twisted. "Blame Freya. She never wanted to help me. That woman's always had it out for me! Caelum, you should've divorced her a long time ago—she's poison to this Pack!"

My claws nearly unsheathed at her words.

"Enough," I said coldly. "Freya stood beside me when no one else did—when I was still clawing my way out of the ruins of my father's failed dominion. She married me when Silverfang was bleeding from all sides. She is not to be slandered in this Pack. Ever."

She flinched but didn't argue further. I dismissed her with a flick of my hand and a growl that echoed faintly through the chamber.

Later that night, my mother—summoned me to the Grafton estate.

She didn't waste time.

"How dare you shout at your sister like that?" she snapped, eyes filled with indignation. "Giselle just graduated. You can't expect perfection from her."

"She made a mess of an inter-Pack aerospace partnership," I replied coolly. "And blamed Freya when things spiraled. That's not immaturity—that's cowardice."

"And yet Freya's the one who's destroying this family," my mother hissed. "Thanks to her meddling, I still can't get an audience with Healer Smith. My vision is getting worse, Caelum. Worse! That woman is slowly blinding me!"

I exhaled slowly, willing myself to stay calm. "I've already pulled every string I can to book Healer Smith. Others are bidding higher. It's not Freya's fault."

But as she continued to complain, I found myself remembering how things were when Freya was still handling everything—my mother's appointments, Giselle's tutoring, even internal disputes across the Silverfang ranks.

Back then, all had to focus on was expanding SilverTech Forgeworks. Freya handled the rest.

And I let her,

"I'll try again," I said at last. "I'll find a way to secure the appointment."

"Your sister was right, Caelum," my mother sneered. "You should have discarded Freya already. She's holding you back."

I stood abruptly, voice iron-hard. "Freya has done nothing to deserve this. I won't betray her."

Her gaze turned stony. And in the silence that followed, I knew—she was disappointed. But I didn't care.

I left the estate with a storm in my head and a burn in my chest.

The next morning, everything worsened.

“What do you mean the loan wasn’t approved?” I asked my beta assistant, Wren.

“The bank withdrew its preliminary approval,” Wren said, glancing uneasily at the tablet in his hand. “They cited a retracted investment commitment from the Ironhold Consortium.”

Ironhold? That didn’t make sense.

“They were onboard. We had an agreement-

“They backed out last night. Apparently, they’ve been informed that the Sky Patrol Wing development no longer involves Freya Thorne.”

My blood ran cold.

“Who told them that?”

“No clue,” Wren said. “But the moment the news broke, the bank got jittery.”

I didn’t hesitate.

I called Ironhold’s liaison, Alpha Simon, directly.

“Alpha Simon,” I said, trying to keep my voice level, “I’m calling about the partnership we discussed. I was told your consortium-

“We’re withdrawing, Alpha Grafton,” Simon cut me off. “Our interest in SilverTech Forgeworks was tied to one factor—Freya Thorne. Without her, the proposal’s foundation doesn’t meet our threshold.”

I stiffened. “Freya? But... she was just an R&D consultant.”

He laughed—cold and dismissive.

“You clearly don’t understand her value. Which is unfortunate. I suggest you don’t call again until you do.”

The line went dead.

I sat there for a long time, staring at the comm tablet.

Freya?

What the hell had she done, who had she impressed, that Ironhold and other Packs had started to align with her?

And why did I only realize it now?

I stood and paced my office like a caged wolf, heat simmering in my chest.

Everything I'd built was

now at risk. Because of one woman.

Because of the only woman who had never asked for anything.

I dialed her number.

She didn't answer.

I tried again.

Finally, she picked up.

"Freya," I said, trying to control my voice. "I need you to come back to SilverTech. Just once. There's something we need to

talk about."

And this time, I wasn't asking for her as an employee.

I was calling her as the Alpha who let go of the one wolf who mattered most.