

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 02

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 02

Freya's POV

The next morning, at the exact hour we'd agreed to meet, I stood alone—waiting.

Caelum never showed.

An ache began to bloom in my chest, slow and steady, like frost creeping across glass. I told myself to be patient, told myself he would come. That surely, this time, he wouldn't let me down.

I reached for the mind-link.

A flicker of hope.

Maybe he was on his way.

But when he answered, his voice wasn't rushed or apologetic. It was flat. Bored.

"Aurora fainted this morning," Caelum said. "She said she woke up dizzy and couldn't breathe. I'm staying with her at the infirmary for observation."

In the background, her voice chimed in—light, airy, perfectly timed.

"Caelum, could you fluff my pillow again? The one behind my neck is making me lightheaded."

He chuckled softly. Like she was made of glass.

"Of course, darling. Just a second."

The line went dead.

Just like that.

No apology. No explanation. No remorse.

A fainting spell.

Over a funeral.

He chose her. Again.

I stared at the silent space where his voice had been, my throat tightening like a noose. Part of me wanted to scream. To rage. To weep.

But I didn't.

I rose. Straightened my spine. Walked out of the Silverfang estate without a single backward glance.

The wind was cold when I stepped outside, but my blood burned hotter with every step.

I drove alone to the outer garrison.

The war barracks loomed in solemn silence, their stone towers piercing the morning fog. Guards flanked the gates, clad in ceremonial black, bearing the insignia of the Lycan Nation's fallen legion.

I stepped out of the car, boots crunching against gravel, and lifted my chin.

Three years had passed since I retired from the Iron Fang Recon Unit, but my posture had not forgotten. Neither had my soul.

I walked to the front line of guards, and I stood still.

Then, with slow purpose, I raised my hand in a crisp, unwavering salute.

Even if I was alone—

Even if not a single soul stood beside me—

I would honor them.

My voice rang through the morning air:

"Former Iron Fang Recon Unit Commander, Freya Thorne, reporting to receive the ashes of Healer Myra and Commander Arthur Thorne—fallen in service to the Lycan Nation."

My words echoed across the barracks.

And then—

The gates creaked open.

Two rows of soldiers emerged, each movement perfectly synchronized. They lined the path, steel-eyed and reverent, raising their arms in solemn salute.

At their center came a figure I hadn't seen in years—General Aldred, one of my father's closest comrades.

He wore full dress armor. In his hands, he carried a carved onyx urn, draped with the crimson-and-gold battle standard of the Lycan Nation.

My eyes burned.

That red—

That banner—

It wasn't just cloth.

It was belief.

It was sacrifice.

It was my parents' last breath, folded into the colors they bled for.

Aldred stood before me. His voice was low.

"When we found them... there was no separating what was hers and what was his. The explosion took everything."

I swallowed the sob clawing its way up my throat.

He continued, voice thick with reverence.

"They fought side by side. They died together. The ashes... were combined."

I nodded, my fingers already trembling as I reached out.

"Good," I whispered. "They loved each other more than life. In death, they should stay that way."

Aldred straightened, then held the urn out to me.

"To the honored dead," he said. "Their sacrifice shall never be forgotten."

The soldiers behind him echoed in unison, their voices a wall of thunder:

"Honor to the fallen! Glory to the Thorne line!"

My hands closed around the urn.

Heavy.

Sacred.

And yet... for the first time in days, I felt steady.

The grief didn't vanish. It settled.

Like a blade sheathed, not gone—but held with purpose.

I looked at Aldred.

He was watching me.

"Where's your mate?" he asked gently. "Didn't he come with you?"

I stared down at the urn.

Then I smiled—a small, tired curve of the lips.

"He was needed elsewhere."

Aldred frowned.

He was no fool. He'd watched me grow up. He saw through things.

"If you need anything," he said, voice firm, "anything at all—you come back here. The Iron Fang Unit may be disbanded, but its loyalty doesn't die."

My throat tightened again.

"Thank you, General."

He gripped my shoulder. Strong. Steady.

"And remember, Commander—this pack may not recognize your strength, but we do. You are always welcome here."

I nodded.

Then I turned and walked back to my car.

I placed the urn gently on the passenger seat, strapping it in as if it were still flesh and blood.

Then I looked out at the open road.

“We’re going home now, Mom. Dad,” I whispered.

My foot pressed to the pedal.

And I drove.

Alone—but no longer broken.