

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 21

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Freya's POV

I didn't expect to feel this... stirred.

The Skyborn Summit had always been a place for wolves of rank, soldiers, engineers, and aviators to showcase their strength and innovation. As a former aerial combat warrior of the Ironfang Legion, my blood still responded to the sleek aircraft, the roar of engines, and the scent of engine oil carried by the wind.

I came with Lana—my fierce little wolf of a friend—who dragged me here to “network” with the upper echelons of the aerospace world. Not that I minded. These machines spoke a language I hadn't heard in too long. One I used to live and

breathe.

Lana was already off tracking down some potential supplier contracts like a huntress stalking prey. I was more than happy to wander on my own.

A child's excited howl caught my attention. I turned and spotted a small pack—a father, mother, and two little pups. The parents each held one child's hand, pointing at a model of the latest Skyrazor aircraft. The pup bounced with excitement.

Something tightened in my chest.

That used to be my family.

My Alpha—father, my Luna—mother, my older brother and me—watching the aerial shows from the hilltops, our shadows long under the moonlight. That was before everything fractured. Before their ashes were buried under a flag, and before my brother vanished like mist before dawn.

But I knew I knew—he was still out there. I would find him. I had to.

“Do you like children that much, Miss Freya?”

I jumped slightly. The voice came from just beside me—smooth, cool, amused.

I turned and met the storm—grey gaze of Silas.

Of course.

He stood there without his usual entourage, hands tucked in his coat pockets, looking like he had simply stepped into the Summit on a whim. But with Silas, nothing was ever a whim.

“You’re alone?” I asked, scanning the crowd behind him.

“My guards are around,” he said with a slight tilt of his head. “Shadow patrol, not obvious muscle. Crowds don’t respond well to intimidation.” He paused. “Though I make exceptions when necessary.”

I smirked slightly. “Didn’t expect to see you here.”

“I could say the same. You came alone?”

“With a friend. She’s off... networking.”

“Then walk with me,” he said—not quite a request.

I gave a tiny nod and fell into step beside him.

To my surprise, Silas Whitmor didn’t just attend the Skyborn Summit. He understood it.

As we passed display after display, his commentary was sharp and astute. He spoke fluently about engine core compression ratios, thermal shielding layers, and rare aerial combat configurations. Not just surface-level knowledge—real depth. I found myself challenged in the best possible way.

We debated hybrid-wing architecture, the future of lunar landing tech, and even shared our favorite forbidden old-world military texts. For the first time in a long while, I felt... seen. Matched.

He didn’t talk down to me like most alphas did to females. He listened. He sparred. And gods help me, I enjoyed it.

Too much.

Just when I was starting to forget how dangerous he could be, his secretary emerged from the crowd like a shadow, whispering something in his ear.

“I have to meet with a few government officials,” he said. “Will you wait for me?”

I raised a brow. “You expect me to sit and twiddle my thumbs?”

His eyes sparkled. “I expect you to explore. But keep your phone nearby.”

And with that, he disappeared into the crowd.

I turned to head back toward the flight hall when I saw a group heading my way—wolves in expensive jackets and loud egos.

I recognized them instantly.

Caelum. And his idiot friends.

Nope.

I pivoted to move away, but I wasn't fast enough.

"Freya?" a voice called—Ryker. "You came to the Summit? You even know what any of this is?"

He and his pack strutted up with mockery dripping from every step. Caelum followed silently behind them, not intervening. Of course.

"I didn't realize you needed a license to observe innovation," I said coolly. "Or does your ego count as a credential?"

Ryker's smile tightened. "Still got that bite, I see. Trying to copy Aurora? Maybe if you absorb enough of her essence, Caelum will sniff in your direction again."

The others howled with laughter.

Another sneered. "You probably drive tractors now."

They laughed harder. I

I felt nothing. Not pain, Not shame. Only clarity.

"Flying a plane isn't a divine achievement," I said softly, my voice like winter frost.

Ryker's grin widened. "And there it is—jealousy. You can't stand that Aurora earned her wings and your mate's heart."

"He's not my mate," I said flatly. "Not anymore."

Caelum finally opened his mouth. "Freya, that's enough. Aurora is the first female pilot of Wing. You don't need to belittle her because you're angry."

I stared at him for a long moment.

Angry?

He thought I still cared.

Gods. That's how little he knew me

Just then, my phone rang.

Lana. Thank the Moon.

I turned away from the snickering group and stepped aside to answer.

"Freya, listen—one of the demo pilots just collapsed. They need an immediate sub for the SkyRift performance. We're one of the sponsors and they need a flyer. You're certified. You've done it before. Will you help?"

I looked back at the pack of smug, grinning alphas behind me.

I looked past them at Caelum, who couldn't stop them. Wouldn't stop them.

My eyes narrowed.

"I'll be there in five."