

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 22

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Freya's POV

"Thank the Moon!" Lana breathed. "Sending coordinates now. Get here fast."

The exhibition grounds stretched far behind the main arena—open air, wind—swept, and littered with gleaming machines. By the time I reached the prep site, several sponsor reps were pacing in tight circles, anxious and disoriented.

Lana rushed to meet me. "The aircraft's fueled and ready. Hop in and get a feel for the controls."

"Got it."

But just as I was climbing into the cockpit, a hand grabbed my arm and yanked me back.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Caelum's voice barked out beside me.

I blinked, then frowned.

"You followed me?"

"I saw you storm off after that call and tracked your scent," he said. "You can't just climb into a combat-grade flyer like it's a toy. Are you out of your mind?"

Lana stepped between us like a lioness. "I asked her to fly. She's fully certified—unlike you."

Caelum's eyes narrowed, ignoring her entirely. "You're seriously doing this just to compete with Aurora? You think strapping into a plane makes you look stronger?"

I yanked my arm free with force. "I don't compete with ghosts."

"Freya—"

"I said. I'm flying."

I slammed the canopy shut.

Through the glass, I saw Lana giving Caelum the kind of glare that could slice bone.

“You think Aurora’s the only female who can fly in the Skyborne? That she’s the Moon’s gift to aviation? Don’t insult Freya like that. She was flying combat units while Aurora was still chasing her first kill badge.”

Caelum looked rattled. “She... knows how to fly?”

“You’ll see,” Lana spat.

And oh, he did.

The second the engines roared to life, his expression froze.

The sound of the modified Edge 540 tearing across the airstrip cut through the air like thunder. I locked in, synced my senses with the machine—feeling the pulse of the engine as if it were an extension of my own heartbeat.

Wheels up.

The nose lifted, slicing through the wind.

Then was airborne—above them all.

The sky welcomed me like an old friend.

And down below, I could feel the ripple of awe. The gasps. The silence that falls when a predator reveals its true form.

Loop. Barrel roll. Spiral dive.

I wasn’t just flying—I was performing. Owning the heavens.

I knew even those ground-bound fools could tell this wasn’t beginner’s luck. These were maneuvers few dared attempt- especially not in front of an audience.

When I finally brought the bird down, easing it into a flawless landing, the crowd was thunderstruck.

And Caelum?

He was staring like he’d seen a ghost.

I climbed down, unstrapped my helmet, and met his eyes.

“You... you really know how to fly.”

I shrugged. “So?”

“I didn’t... I didn’t know you had this kind of skill.”

I tilted my head. “You never asked.”

When the three-year confidentiality period ends, I’d wanted to tell him everything—about my unit, my flights, my kills. But he’d said:

“Your past doesn’t matter. I only care about the future.”

I’d believed that meant he wanted to build one together.

Turns out, he just didn’t give a damn about who I was.

“You only care now that others see it,” I said quietly.

He looked ashamed. “I... I didn’t know.”

“You didn’t want to.”

Before he could speak again, his pack of arrogant friends swaggered over, reeking of misplaced ego and old money.

“Caelum! Aurora’s looking for you at the pavilion—what the hell are you doing out here?”

Their eyes shifted to me.

“Oh, she’s still hanging around? Didn’t you say she’s been obsessed with you

Winter st

lately?”

Caelum looked like he wanted to disappear.

One of the wolves sneered at me. “Weren’t you the one saying flying isn’t impressive? Then why are you out here trying to prove yourself?”

I gave him a flat, wolf-cold look.

“I wasn’t trying to prove anything.”

“Then what was that?”

“Just a warm-up.”

And then I turned my back to them all—letting my scent trail rise high and clear in the air like a challenge.

Let them choke on it.