

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 23

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Third Person's POV

"She doesn't know a damn thing! If Aurora hadn't been injured from that fall, she would've shown her what real skill looks like!"

Mocking laughter dripped with venom as it rang in Freya's ears.

Lana, her wolf aura flaring with rage, stormed forward and snapped, "Caelum, are you even a male worth the name? You just let your pack brothers insult your mate like this?"

Caelum's expression stiffened, a flicker of shame in his golden eyes.

Freya stepped forward, her hand gently pressing Lana back, though her own gaze had turned cold and sharp like moonlit steel. She looked directly at Caelum and the wolves beside him, eyes burning with quiet fury.

"You think flying separates wolves in rank? That my worth is defined by whether I can soar?" Her voice was calm but cutting. "Just because I once bore the title of Caelum's mate, you all think you have the right to ridicule me? To drag me through the mud?"

The group fell silent for a beat, clearly not expecting her to strike back with such poise—and dominance.

Freya didn't wait for their reaction. With a flick of her hair, she turned and walked off with Lana, their heads held high, their scents full of defiance.

It was only after she was gone that Ryker scoffed again. "That bitch dares talk back like that? Caelum, you need to put her in her place. Make her remember she's just a discarded omega trying to act like a Luna."

"Enough!" Caelum snapped, his tone tight and dark. "Freya is—was—my mate. No matter what's happened between us, that doesn't give you the right to disrespect her."

Especially not after what he'd just seen—her in the cockpit, a creature of power and precision, making the skies bend to her will.

But Ryker just rolled his eyes. "Are you serious right now? You're the one who trashed her the most. You said it yourself- Freya had no real skills. That you only marked her because Aurora left for training and you were spiraling."

Caelum fell silent.

Because it was true.

He had said that—drunk, bitter, and grieving.

But now? He wasn't so sure anymore. Those projects Freya used to handle in the Airborne Council—he never had to touch a thing. She always managed everything flawlessly.

And now, that wolf—the one he dismissed—was taming rogue horses, commanding aircraft, performing stunts in the air that made even seasoned combat pilots gape.

The realization hit him like a blow to the chest.

She'd been his mate for three full moons and a hundred sunrises—and yet, right now, he felt like he'd never really known her.

"Let it go," one of the others murmured, patting his shoulder. "Don't fight your own over a she-wolf. Aurora's looking for you at the exhibitor hall."

Caelum nodded absently and walked away, his mind still burning with the image of Freya in the sky.

He didn't even realize he'd reached the Skyborne Pavilion until Aurora approached.

"You look pale," she said, brows pinched. "Something wrong?"

Caelum shook his head. "It's nothing. Probably just stress from the Council and the Ironhold pullout."

Aurora motioned for him to sit. "You need to take better care of yourself. Sit. Rest."

He took a few gulps from the water flask she handed him, but the chill in his chest didn't go away.

At the center of the pavilion, a giant screen displayed a live broadcast of the aircraft demonstration field. Right now, it was showing the distant shot of the runway where the next flight was preparing for takeoff.

"There's going to be a flight display soon," Aurora said with a sigh. "Shame I'm still grounded because of the damn fall. Otherwise, I'd be up there showing the pups how it's done."

Caelum hesitated. "Is it... really that difficult? Flying for display?"

“Are you serious?” Aurora raised a brow, a trace of pride lacing her tone. “Precision flight is no joke, Caelum. It takes years of elite training, iron discipline, and instincts sharper than a battle-born Alpha’s. You think some amateur can just step in and wing it?”

Normally, Caelum would’ve agreed. He might’ve even praised Aurora for her skill.

But after what he saw Freya pull off? His throat closed.

Her aerial maneuvers... those weren’t beginner moves. Even a pack-born Alpha could see that.

“Actually... what if someone else could do it?” he asked slowly.

Aurora’s eyes narrowed. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Just hypothetically—what if a wolf who’s never mentioned flight... turns out to be an expert?”

Her laughter was bitter. “You’re defending her now? Caelum, please. That omega couldn’t fly her way out of a tree. You’re insulting my rank—and every warrior of the Skyborne Legion.”

Caelum fell quiet.

He didn’t respond.

Because he didn’t know how to say: I saw her fly. I saw her rule the skies like she was born for it.

On the screen, the next plane began its takeoff..

A sleek Zivko Edge 540, painted in obsidian and silver, sliced through the wind. The commentator’s voice picked up, excitement rising.

“This pilot... wait—yes, this one’s pulling into a triple barrel roll—Moon above, this is high-difficulty maneuvering, folks! Absolutely phenomenal!”

The camera zoomed in slightly—but still too far to make out the pilot’s face.

And yet... Caelum knew

It was her.

It was Freya up there.

