

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 24

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Freya's POV

After the aerial display concluded, Lana Rook stayed behind to finalize some dealings with other Consortium's emissaries. I slipped away quietly, the sound of my boots softened by the ancient moss-covered stones lining the edge of the Runestone Grounds.

The full moon watched from above, round and relentless. I could still feel the pulse of magic in the air from the performance, the howl of the wind under our wings, and the roar of the crowd reverberating in my bones. My blood still thrummed with the feral high of flight.

I'd just crossed the threshold of the outer ward when a sleek, obsidian Maybach slid into view, cutting through the shadows like a predator scenting prey. The sigil etched subtly on its grille confirmed what my instincts already whispered.

Silas Whitmor's car.

My eyes narrowed. The Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition didn't waste time on social niceties or unexpected detours.

A uniformed wolf stepped out of the driver's seat and bowed his head respectfully, then opened the rear door for me. "My Alpha wishes to offer Lady Thorne a ride."

"I'm capable of calling my own transport," I replied coolly, my voice edged with amusement.

"Are you saying," a familiar voice echoed from within the car—cool, sharp like blade against bone—"that I am unfit to escort you home, Lady Thorne?"

I leaned down and met Silas's gaze inside the cabin.

He sat like a king in his war chariot—elegant, commanding, silver in his hair and glacier in his eyes. That face, that voice, always carried the echo of a storm long held at bay.

I exhaled. Fighting him over something as small as a ride seemed like wasted energy. And truth be told, after the night's adrenaline, my limbs were starting to ache.

"If you insist," I said. "Thank you, Alpha Whitmor."

I gave the driver my address—the Silverfang territory's High Ridge Villa, which I technically still shared with Caelum Grafton. A strange fact, considering we were deep into the Lunar Severance Phase.

As I stepped into the vehicle, the scent of cold iron and ancient paper greeted me. The kind of scent that whispered of tomes bound in dragonhide, and bloodlines older than the Council's foundation.

Unbeknownst to me, just behind the columns, Caelum had emerged from the arena's eastern corridor. His scent caught in the breeze, spiked with disbelief and the faintest hint of ozone. I didn't see his expression as the Maybach pulled away—but felt the flicker of it across the tether still lingering between us.

Inside the car, Silas didn't waste time with small talk.

"Your dive formation tonight was flawless," he said. "No hesitation on the drop, no shift in balance mid-roll. Iron Fang Recon would be proud."

I glanced at him from the corner of my eye. So he had done his homework.

"Thank you," I said simply.

Silence stretched between us. Not uncomfortable—just taut, like a bowstring drawn.

Silas flipped open the leather-bound book in his lap again, the gentle rustle of vellum pages breaking the quiet. My gaze drifted—first to the title, then to his hands.

Elegant. Deceptively graceful. The kind of hands you'd expect from a calligrapher or a sculptor. And yet... I remembered too well the way he'd held that rogue. There had been no hesitation, no wasted motion.

Those were not hands untouched by violence.

You're staring," he said mildly, without looking up.

I'm not."

"If you're so fascinated, I could always promise them to you," he added. "My hands. One day."

I choked on my breath. "I was just wondering what you're reading."

He tilted the book toward me. "M's Bestiary of Skyborne Avians."

My eyes lit up before I could stop them.

“That’s out of print. The Halston library doesn’t even carry it anymore.”

“I know.” He turned a page slowly. “There’s an original drawing of a Skyrake owl in here. You’d like it. The detailing on the talons is exquisite.”

I wanted to ask for a peek—but the car was already slowing. We’d arrived.

The Maybach eased to a stop in front of the villa gates. The scent of pine and weathered stone greeted me as I stepped out. The lights inside were on.

I took two steps before I heard hurried footsteps behind me.

The driver caught up, book in hand.

“My Alpha asked me to deliver this to you.”

I stared at the book—M’s Bestiary—its binding worn, but still holding the scent of aged leather and smoke ink.

“It’s too rare. I can’t accept something this valuable.”

The driver gave a polite bow. “My Alpha said if Lady Thorne doesn’t want it, she may discard it at her leisure.”

Then he turned and walked off before I could argue.

I stood frozen, the book in my hands, until a shrill voice sliced through the dark.

“Well, well, Freya. Just how long were you planning to hide the fact you’re letting strange males deliver you to the front gate?”

I turned. Giselle, Caelum’s sister, sauntered out from behind the hedgerow, her smirk as sharp as a snapped fang.

“And what’s this? A gift?” Her eyes locked onto the book. “Is it some indecent wolf—lore smut? Did your secret Alpha lover inscribe a love oath inside?”

She lunged forward to snatch it.

I smacked her hand away with a snap of my wrist. My wolf surged forward beneath my skin, all heat and fury.

“Giselle,” I said, voice low and cold. “Touch me again, and I’ll make sure your fingers never heal clean.”

She yelped and cradled her hand. Her lower lip trembled—but her voice still carried venom.

“You hit me? I’ve got everything recorded—your little ride with that Ironclad bastard, the book exchange at the gate. Wait until Caelum sees it. Let’s see how long you stay in his house after that.”

She stormed off toward the entry hall, clutching her comms crystal and dialing Caelum.

By the time he returned, both Giselle and Eleanor—his mother—were waiting in the villa’s hearth chamber, expressions tight with fury.

As soon as Caelum crossed the threshold, Eleanor rose with fire in her eyes.

*Freya has been entertaining males outside the Pack. Giselle caught her tonight. What would your father say if he saw the disgrace she’s bringing upon our bloodline?”

I stood tall, spine straight, book still clutched in hand.

Let them talk.

Let them try to shame me.

I was no longer theirs to control.