

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

chapter 241-250

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

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Freya's POV

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Silas's voice brushed against my ears like a low growl, warm and careful. "Are you hurting?"

still

I blinked at him, realizing how clear my skin felt—no sticky traces, no discomfort. He'd washed me, tended to me while I slept so soundly I hadn't stirred once. That realization alone startled me. I, who never truly lowered my guard, who'd survived in the shadows of Stormveil's politics, had slept like a pup safe in its den. Because he was there.

"It's not pain, just... sore," I murmured.

His silver-grey eyes darkened with worry. "Was I too rough last night? You didn't enjoy it? I—I swear I'll do better. It was my first time too. Next time, I'll—"

Heat flooded my face. "No, Silas. You were... good." More than good. His touches had been clumsy but earnest, every move layered with hunger and reverence that left me trembling. And every time I thought we were finished, his desire surged again, impossible to resist. I'd told myself to push him away, to demand rest, but then I saw that desperate fire in his gaze—Alpha fire—and I cayed. Again and again.

My cheeks burned hotter. "You just... didn't seem to have enough."

The corners of his lips curved faintly, almost wolfish.

"But," I continued, voice softer, "I realized something. I must trust you more than I thought."

His brows rose.

“I slept straight through the night while you bathed me, Silas. Normally, I would’ve woken at the slightest touch. But with you...” My voice faltered. “I felt safe.”

That earned me a rare, unguarded smile from him, tender enough to tighten my chest. “Let me dress you,” he offered.

I shot upright, horrified. “No! I can do it myself.”

“You’re still sore. Let me. I want to take care of you.”

The words made my face blaze. “Just... hand me my clothes.”

He obeyed without protest, pulling garments from the wardrobe—every piece, even the

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intimate ones—his movements **so**

steady, so composed. My pulse quickened at his calmness. Sometimes he was all nervous edges, uncertain of my heart. Other times, he carried himself like the true Alpha he was, unshaken and commanding.

“Turn around,” I demanded.

He did, obedient as a wolf awaiting its Luna’s command. Only then did I slip from beneath the sheets and tug on my clothes, though my body protested every stretch. Spirits, I felt like I’d been in a full Iron Fang training run. My thighs burned. My back throbbed. And yet, beneath the ache, something inside me whispered of the next time.

Next time.

My fingers stilled. Was I really anticipating more nights like last? With him? The thought didn’t feel terrifying. It felt... natural. As though fate itself had intended this.

“All done,” I called softly.

When I reached for my shoes, Silas suddenly knelt before me, taking them into his large hands. He slid them onto my feet with such gentleness it made my throat close.

“I can-

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“I know you can,” he cut in, lifting his gaze to mine. “You’re not the kind of woman who needs anyone to do things for her. You’re strong, Freya. You always will be. But let me do this, just this. It’s something I want to give you. Don’t push it away.”

My heart clenched. He had no idea how dangerous it was to say things like that to me, to peel away my walls with tenderness. If I let myself rely on him too much, if I gave him all of me, would I survive it if he ever walked away?

But for once, I stayed quiet and let him slip the shoes onto my feet.

By the time we reached the dining room, the scent of something warm drifted to me. Silas moved quickly, carrying bowls from the kitchen. “Sit. I’ll bring breakfast.”

“Breakfast?” I blinked.

“Porridge. I made it myself.” His tone was half-proud, half-anxious. “If it’s not to your taste, tell me what you like. I’ll learn.”

I stared at him, imagining this Alpha—the head of the Whitmor line, the Ironclad Coalition’s heir—in an apron at a hearth. “Did you... wear an apron?”

He frowned. “No. Should I have?”

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A pang of disappointment slipped out before I could stop it. “I just wondered what you’d look

like in one.”

That made him chuckle. “If you want to see me in an apron, Freya, I’ll wear one. Next time I cook for you, I’ll make sure of it.”

My hand shot out to stop him as he started toward the kitchen. “No need. I was joking.”

“I wasn’t,” he murmured, setting the steaming bowl in front of me. “Next time, you’ll **see**.”

The porridge was simple, but warm and faintly sweet. As I tasted it, a thought struck me—dangerous in its comfort. Perhaps living like this, with him by my side, wasn’t something to fear. Maybe it was what I’d been searching for all along.

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Later that afternoon, when I stepped into the offices of SkyVex Armaments, I was immediately ambushed by Lana. Her grin was sly, her Beta aura buzzing with mischief.

“Well?” she demanded, practically bouncing at my side. “Spill it, Freya. Did you finally devour Silas last night?”

I nearly choked.

Spirits help me—Lana would never let me live this down.

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Third Person’s POV

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+5 Free **Coins**

Freya didn’t flinch. Her lips curved faintly as she answered with disarming bluntness, “I did.”

Lana’s eyes widened. “Moon above! And here I thought you’d hold out until the end of days. What made you change your mind?”

Freya’s only reply was a pointed roll of her eyes, but that alone told Lana more than words.

Unfazed, the other woman pressed on. “Anyway, the show last night ended early. How about we go see the rest of it another time?”

“Find someone else,” Freya countered smoothly. “If I go with you again, the performance might stop halfway—again.”

For a moment Lana blinked, not comprehending. Then the realization struck her, and she let out a scandalized laugh. “No way! That interruption was because of Silas?”

“Mm,” Freya confirmed with a calmness that only made Lana gape further.

“Spirits. That’s so like him—Ironclad Alpha makes a move, and the world rearranges itself. No halfway measures with that male,” Lana muttered, shaking her head. “Fine, I’ll drag someone else with me.”

Her expression softened, though, as she tilted her head. “What about you and Victor? Did you two settle things?”

“Settled,” Lana said with forced brightness. “I said what needed to be said, and we parted. No lingering ties, no regrets.”

Freya studied her for a moment. “You and he…”

“Nothing left,” Lana cut her off with a dismissive wave, patting her shoulder firmly. “I can let go of what doesn’t serve me. Don’t worry.”

Satisfied, Freya inclined her head. “That’s good.”

But Lana was never one to linger on her own wounds. Her eyes lit with fresh gossip, her voice dropping conspiratorially. “By the way, word just came in this morning—Ironhold Consortium is pulling its backing from SilverTech Forgeworks. Caelum is probably pacing his Alpha office like a wolf in a trap right now. Without fresh investment, he’ll have no choice but to sell the company cheap.”

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Freya’s gaze cooled, though her tone remained even. “SilverTech was never worth much.”

“Exactly!” Lana snorted. “These flashy tech ventures live or die by the brains they house, not the steel and stone. And Caelum still doesn’t grasp why he succeeded in the first place. He thought it was all his genius, when it was your patents, your work. He tried to steal them, but could never wield them.”

A small smile tugged at Freya’s lips. “He was never going to use them. Not truly.”

“And divorcing you?” Lana’s laugh was sharp. “That was his greatest blunder. Mark my words, Freya—soon he’ll have nothing left but ashes.”

“Perhaps,” Freya said softly, her golden eyes flashing with an Alpha’s certainty. “But leaving him? That was my salvation.”

Lana leaned back, satisfied. Both women could already envision Caelum’s downfall—the Silverfang Alpha, once untouchable, stripped to nothing.

Across the city, in the steel-and-glass lair of SilverTech Forgeworks, Caelum Grafton’s control finally cracked. The WolfComm device in his hand went sailing across the office, shattering against the wall with a vicious crack. His chest heaved with rage.

How could this happen? He had begged—lowered himself in ways no Alpha should—but the investors were resolute. The Ironhold Consortium was out. They knew pulling their claws from his company would gut it, and still they walked away. No negotiation. No mercy.

“Caelum!” Aurora burst into the room, narrowly dodging the shattered device on the floor. The Bluemoon Beta’s daughter looked alarmed. “What happened?”

He forced his fury down, though his voice was still rough. “Nothing you need to worry about. Why are you here?”

Aurora stepped closer, her eyes earnest. “I know someone who can arrange a private credit loan. The rates are higher than the banks, but with your company needing funds now, this could save you. Once Forgeworks rebounds, you can repay it easily.”

“Credit loan?” His brows furrowed. Such lenders demanded stable operations and steady flows of gold. Since Freya’s departure, SilverTech’s fortunes had plummeted. Stock after stock had tumbled, investors whispered of collapse, and his once-feared name drew little but ridicule. What bank would back a dying Alpha’s venture?

Aurora pressed on. “It’s not impossible. I spoke of you already. They’re willing to lend fifty

million.”

His eyes widened. “Truly? Not... one of those private sharks?”

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“It isn’t illegal,” Aurora hurried to assure. “The annual interest **is** steep, yes, but still within the legal limit—no more than thirty-six percent.”

Caelum’s stomach sank. That rate was near ruinous, but the desperation clawing at his chest left him cornered. “Too high. I should—”

“Caelum,” Aurora cut him off, voice urgent, “my uncle is preparing to launch his own drone project. Take this money, keep SilverTech alive long enough to negotiate with him. Once he invests, you’ll have all the capital you need to pay back the loan. And in two months, your shares unfreeze. If you sell part of them, you could raise two hundred million easily. Enough to cover everything.”

Her words made sense. More than sense—they offered him the only path left. Slowly, reluctantly, he nodded. “Fine. I’ll take it.”

Relief broke over her face, followed by a bright, satisfied smile. “I’ll tell them at once.”

She turned, slipping her WolfComm device from her pocket, and her fingers moved swiftly across the screen. A message flashed away, not to the lender but to another number altogether. Forty-nine point five million, three days from now.

Caelum never noticed. He was already planning which limbs of his empire he would cut away, which wolves he would sacrifice, all to keep the illusion of power alive a little longer.

Elsewhere, a call came through to Freya from the Iron Fang division.

“Freya Thorne,” the voice on the other end rumbled. “We’ve recovered the drone your brother Eric left behind. The data core survived better than we expected. The SD module—our techs have restored a portion. You should come. See it for yourself.”

Her breath caught. Eric’s legacy, thought lost to war and betrayal, was stirring again.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya’s POV

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I rushed into the military compound, my heart hammering like a drum inside my chest.

The Iron Fang Recon Unit had summoned me here. My legs carried me faster than I realized, as though my wolf itself pushed me forward.

Five years.

Five years since my brother Eric vanished into the flames at the border. Five years since I last heard his voice.

And now, I stood in front of the screens, clutching the edge of the desk as though it was the only thing keeping me upright.

The recovered SD card from Eric's drone flickered to life. Static. Distorted sound. Then—his

voice.

My brother's voice.

The moment it reached my ears, hot tears burst from my eyes, streaming down unchecked. My knees nearly gave out. The ache that had hollowed me for half a decade suddenly came alive, sharp and raw, as if no time had passed at all.

“Eric...” I whispered, choking on the sound of his name.

His voice was calm, professional, steady—the way it always was when he reported during missions. He had been part of the Iron Fang Recon Unit, a shadow in hostile territory, braver than anyone I'd ever known. Hearing him again was like feeling the moonlight after years of endless night.

The commanding officer stood at my side, his posture rigid. “Freya... some of the footage pertains to classified missions. By regulation, we can't let you see those segments. I hope you understand.”

I swallowed the lump in my throat and nodded. “I understand.” My voice trembled with unshed grief.

The officer went on. “But from the fragments we restored, we can confirm this much—your brother's final mission was tied to the border fire five years ago. His drone captured signs of the blaze before it spread out of control. He must have encountered it mid-operation. The firestorm caused the drone to lose signal... and Eric disappeared soon after.”

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My hands curled into fists at my sides, claws threatening to pierce my palms. I had suspected this all along—that Eric’s disappearance was no accident, that the so-called ‘border fire’ was more than what the official reports had claimed. And now, their words only confirmed the shadow that had haunted me for years.

If not for that inferno, Eric would still be alive. He would still be here with me.

The officer hesitated. “We’re cross-referencing casualty records from Deepmoor City and the border region. With a fire of that scale, it’s possible some victims were unaccounted for. After all these years...” His gaze softened, almost pitying. “It’s likely Eric perished that day.”

My teeth ground together. No.

I refused to believe it. My brother was the fiercest wolf I had ever known. I had seen him survive bullet storms, traps set by rogues, even ambushes in contested lands. He had sworn to protect me when I was just a pup, and I could still feel the echo of his promise.

A fire could not have taken him.

Not Eric.

He was still alive. He had to be.

“I want to know the last recorded coordinates of his drone,” I demanded, forcing my voice steady even as my chest quivered.

The officer inclined his head. “That can be arranged.”

“And I want to see the footage again,” I pressed. “The part I was cleared to view.”

He nodded to a technician, who quickly replayed the segment. Grainy aerial shots filled the screen—the borderlands stretched beneath the drone’s lens, dry scrub, jagged rocks, shadows shifting with the wind. The fire had not yet erupted.

Then I saw it.

A spark. A plume of smoke curling in the distance.

My eyes narrowed. “Stop there.”

The technician froze the frame.

“Zoom in.”

The camera strained, the image distorting as the pixels stretched. The focal point grew larger

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-trees blackened at the edges, smoke thickening. And there... faint, blurred, but unmistakable

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A figure.

A silhouette right at the ignition point.

“Again,” I said, my pulse racing.

The video replayed, and once more, the shadow appeared, caught at the very heart of the spark that became the inferno.

“Enhance,” I ordered.

The technician shook his head. “This is as clear as it gets. Five years have degraded the quality. Beyond this... it can’t be improved on our end.”

But I saw enough. My instincts screamed at me. Whoever that figure was, they were no coincidence. The fire wasn’t some accident—it was lit. And Eric had been caught in its wake.

I straightened, my wolf clawing inside me, snarling for answers. “Give me this video,” I said. “I’ll see if I can restore it further myself.”

The officer studied me for a moment before nodding. “Very well. But only this portion. The rest remains sealed.”

“That’s all I need,” I murmured.

When I stepped out of the compound, the autumn wind hit my damp cheeks, cooling the salt of my tears. In my hand, I clutched the small drive the officer had handed me, holding it as if it were the most precious relic in the world.

The U-disk burned against my palm like a live ember.

Because I knew.

The truth of that night—the fire, Eric’s disappearance—was buried in this footage. And I would tear through every shadow, every lie, every wall, until I dragged the truth into the light.

Eric wasn’t gone.

He couldn’t be.

And if the blaze was no accident, then someone lit it.

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Someone destroyed my brother’s life.

My wolf howled inside me, the sound vibrating through my bones. I will find them. I will find

him.

Even if I had to burn the world down to do it.

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Freya’s POV

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I pulled into the underground garage, the hum of my WolfComm silencing as I shut the engine. The air always carried that metallic tang of the city packs, but tonight it felt heavier, pressing against my chest.

When I stepped into the apartment, I froze. Silas was already there. He sat on the leather sofa, shoulders broad and posture sharp, flipping through a thick stack of documents. The light from the lamp cut across his scarred jawline, making him look every inch the Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition—unyielding, unreadable.

But the moment his eyes landed on me, all that iron melted. He dropped the papers at once

and stood.

“You’re back,” he said, voice low, carrying a weight that vibrated through the air between us.

I moved closer, my boots echoing softly against the floor. For a moment, I just looked at him, the man who had become the one constant in this chaotic world.

He hesitated, gaze narrowing as it fell on my face. “Freya... your eyes. They’re red. Have you been... crying?”

Before he could finish, something inside me snapped. I crossed the space in two strides and threw myself into his arms, burying my face deep in his chest. His scent—earth, steel, and the faint burn of wildfire—engulfed me, steadying the storm in my veins.

Silas stiffened in shock. I knew why. In his eyes, I had always been the strong one. The wolf who survived exile, betrayal, even rejection by the Silverfang Alpha Caelum. Tears were a luxury I couldn’t afford. But my eyes must have betrayed me now.

Had someone hurt me? Had the world pushed me too far? He didn’t know the truth—that the tears had fallen not from pain inflicted tonight, but from the memory of a voice I thought I’d never hear again. Eric’s voice. My brother’s laughter, carried through a fragment of drone footage from the Iron Fang Recon Unit. Five years gone, yet for a moment, it felt as if he were still alive, still here.

And then, walking into this apartment, seeing Silas sitting there, calm and waiting... the feeling hit me like a blade to the chest. Home. Not the Silverfang Pack that had chained me to Caelum. But here. With him.

My lips trembled against his shirt as I whispered, “Just... let me hold you for a while.”

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His chest rumbled with a sound almost like a growl, but it was softer—an Alpha’s vow given without words. “Alright,” he murmured. “Take all the time you need.”

I stayed like that, cocooned in his warmth, until the ache in my throat eased. Finally, I forced myself to lift my head. My eyes were burning, hazy with mist, the wolf within me pacing restlessly at the bond stirring in my core.

“Tell me what happened,” Silas said, his voice rough. His fingers brushed against my cheek with surprising gentleness, tracing away the wetness at the corner of my eyes. “Who made you cry? Just give me their name, Freya, and I’ll make sure they regret it.”

The fire in his tone was rare. Silas was the kind of Alpha who looked at the world with indifference, his emotions forged into iron long ago. But for me—just for me—his rage burned hot and unrestrained.

My chest squeezed at the thought, and instead of breaking down again, I found myself smiling. A bitter, helpless curve of my lips. “It’s not what you think,” I rasped.

The truth was simple. Since my parents—Arthur and Myra—were buried in the Ashbourne Legion’s Hall of Martyrs, I hadn’t known what family felt like. I thought marriage to Caelum would give me that, but the Silverfangs never once treated me as kin. I was an ornament, an outcast, a means to an alliance that had long since rotted.

But here, with Silas... the moment I turned the key and stepped inside, something in me whispered: you’re home.

I pressed my forehead against his chest again, exhaling a shaky breath. “Silas... how am I supposed not to love you when you’re like this?”

His body stiffened. Slowly, almost unwillingly, he pulled back just enough to meet my gaze. “What... did you just say?” His voice cracked, a rare fracture in the armor of an Alpha. “You... love me?”

The disbelief in his expression nearly undid me. For so long, he’d carried his devotion silently, never asking for anything in return. Maybe he thought he wasn’t worthy. Maybe he thought my heart was still chained to Silverfang.

But I knew my truth now.

I nodded, steadying my breath, letting the certainty harden my voice. “Yes, Silas. I love you. I love you.”

The words shattered something inside him. His eyes flared with a primal glow, wolf-gold shining as a tear slipped down his cheek before he could stop it. Silas Whitmor, the Alpha forged of steel, was crying.

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My heart lurched. Before I could say another word, his arms crushed me to him, strong enough to squeeze the air from my lungs. “Freya... you can’t take that back. Not now. Not ever. You said it—you’re mine. You can’t regret it, you can’t walk away.” His voice shook, thick with desperation and something dangerously close to prayer.

I lifted a hand, stroking his back as though soothing a wolf on the edge of breaking. “I won’t regret it. I won’t take it back. I meant every word. I love you, Silas. You’re the only one.”

His breath hitched like he’d been drowning and finally found air. He buried his face against my hair, repeating my name like it was the only tether he had to reality. “Freya... Freya...”

I cupped his face, pulling back just enough to see him clearly. The strong Alpha who feared nothing—yet trembled now because of me. A tear still stained his cheek, and I couldn’t help but laugh softly, brushing it away. “You told me not to cry, and now look at you.”

“I’m not sad,” he said hoarsely. “I’m... happy. Gods, Freya, I didn’t even know I could feel this happy.”

His joy was so raw, so consuming, that it wrapped around me like a second heartbeat. For the first time in years, I let myself believe in a future not chained to sorrow.

“Then let’s hold onto this,” I whispered, voice firm despite the tears burning my throat. “We’ll face everything together. And when I find Eric, I’ll tell him the truth—that you are the man I chose. The man I love.”

Silas’s wolf surged in his chest, a low growl rolling out—not a warning, but a vow. His arms locked around me once more, unbreakable. And for the first time in a long, long while, I didn’t feel alone.

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Third Person's POV

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Freya shook her head against him, her voice muffled. "It wasn't like that. I went to the military compound today... I managed to recover the drone my brother Eric used before he disappeared. There were files left on the SD storage. Video. His voice."

Silas's body went rigid. His arms tightened around her as if he could shield her from the ache of memory. "And?" he pressed, his tone low, dangerous. "Was there a clue?"

Her eyes dimmed, shadowed with grief. "It confirmed what the generals suspect. Eric's disappearance is tied to the great border fire. The Iron Fang Recon Unit never returned. The officials lean toward declaring him fallen..." Her voice cracked.

"No." Silas's growl thundered through the room, his eyes flashing. "Your brother is not dead."

Silas's jaw clenched, his wolf aura bristling. "I believe in him. He's your brother, Freya. A wolf like that doesn't vanish into ashes. He's alive. Somewhere out there, he's fighting to return."

The words struck deep. A fragile spark flickered to life in Freya's chest. She wanted to believe. Needed to believe. "Yes... he has to be alive," she whispered.

Silas's lips pressed thin, his expression shifting. "I had my people investigate Aurora and the co-pilot, James. What I uncovered..." He reached for the documents he had set down earlier and handed them to her. "I think you should see this."

Freya's fingers tightened around the papers. Silas's voice lowered as he explained. "Five years ago, Aurora smoked. Not heavily, but enough—especially during missions or when stress. pressed her. She was seen at gatherings, sometimes outside a bar in Deepmoor City, cigarette in hand. But after the border fire, she stopped. Completely. Not one wolf has seen her touch a cigarette since."

Freya's brows furrowed as she scanned the notes. The implications settled over her like frost.

Silas went on, his tone sharp. "The mission Aurora flew was no small thing. The Bluemoon Airborne Wing was ordered to reach the border and pull trapped civilians back into pack lands. The chaos at the frontier made it dangerous—wolves died on those runs. Witnesses

in Deepmoor said she was trembling, caught in the pressure. That's when they saw her smoking, before she boarded the flight with James."

Each detail wove into a larger net, drawing lines toward Aurora. Freya lowered her gaze to the evidence, her heartbeat quickening.

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"I need to repair one of the corrupted videos from Eric's drone," she said quietly. "Silas, the Whitmor family vault has advanced tech. Precision computers. Restoration hardware. Let me use them."

"Freya." Silas's hand cupped her face, thumb brushing across her cheek. His eyes burned into hers, an Alpha's vow behind them. "Anything that's mine is yours. You never have to ask."

Her chest tightened. Warmth filled her, pushing back the shadows. "Thank you," she murmured.

He leaned closer, voice dropping into a near-growl. "Don't thank me. You don't owe me stay, that gratitude. Only trust." His wolf surged beneath the words, desperate that she would she would not slip through his fingers.

Across the city, in a dim bar on the edges of Deepmoor, Kade Blackridge lounged lazily at a corner table. A half-finished glass of liquor rested before him, though his golden eyes gleamed sharper than the blades strapped beneath his jacket.

At the next table, a man laughed too loud, a woman curled on his lap like a cat in heat. The man was Lee—a detective with greedy eyes and a rotting soul. Aurora's misfortune had placed him in her path, and he had leeches off it ever since.

The woman tipped her glass, coaxing another laugh from him. "Lee, you're generous tonight. Celebrating something?"

Lee puffed his chest, drunk and smug. "Something good, that's what. I've hit the jackpot. Soon, I'll be rich. Maybe I'll let you enjoy the spoils if you behave."

She giggled, pressing herself closer. "Oh? Tell me, Lee. What's the secret? What's got you so pleased?"

The alcohol loosened his tongue. “Hah! Someone hired me to dig into a case. But I found something better. There’s a wolf bitch out there—pretending to be a savior she’s not. Claimed she pulled a wolf from death when she didn’t. When I cornered her, she panicked. Paid me off to keep my mouth shut. Easy money.”

Lee grinned, pleased with himself, never noticing the predator watching from the shadows.

Kade had heard enough. He rose, pushing back his chair with deliberate slowness. His gaze swept the room like a blade unsheathed. He slipped out of the bar, his senses alert.

Moments later, the woman on Lee’s lap excused herself, heels clicking down the corridor. She caught up with Kade as they crossed paths. Her voice dropped to a whisper, careful not to be heard.

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“Kade... I did what you asked. You owe me.”

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He didn’t look at her, his voice a cool slice of steel. “You’ll get what I promised. Count on it.”

She smirked and vanished into the night.

Later, in a quiet meeting room, Lana frowned as Kade relayed what he’d overheard.

“So, Lee threatened Aurora. And the woman he spoke of—the one pretending to be the rescuer -he meant Aurora too?”

Kade’s expression was unreadable. “That’s what it sounded like.”

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Third Person’s POV

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Aurora's confidence had always bordered on arrogance, but this time, it glimmered with something sharper—desperation.

She had spun a tale for Caelum, the Alpha of Silverfang Pack, a story that cast her as the loyal savior and painted Freya in the shadows. She spoke it smoothly, her voice warm, eyes filled with crafted sincerity. Yet somewhere deep inside, Aurora knew the threads of her lies were fragile, like spider silk stretched too thin across a storm.

Freya's allies, however, were not so easily deceived. Lana had caught the scent of falsehood first, her hackles raised, her instincts snapping like jaws. Kade's anger had followed quickly, his sharp words tearing at the quiet evening air as if he were tearing flesh.

"She's lying," Lana hissed, pacing like a wolf caged too long. "Freya would never mistake something like this. That means Aurora must have woven the lie herself."

Kade's laugh was cold, cruel, his teeth bared in something that was not quite humor. "How amusing. To think Caelum has been fooled so thoroughly. I can't wait to see the look on his face when he realizes he's crowned the wrong wolf as his so-called savior." His voice dropped into a snarl, bitterness echoing through the dim chamber. "Truth is, my sister should have left him to drown in that river. Would have saved us all the trouble."

Lana nodded, fury sparking in her amber eyes. "Exactly. And now? We can't just let those two run free—parading around as though their betrayal and ambition mean nothing. Aurora and Caelum deserve to choke on the mess they've made."

The name Caelum sent heat rippling through the air, an Alpha of terrifying presence and relentless ambition. Yet even he had fallen prey to Aurora's poisoned sweetness.

Kade leaned back, his words deceptively casual, but his eyes burned like wildfire. "Don't worry. They won't walk away unscathed. I'll see to it that Caelum and Aurora perform the finest tragedy the packs have seen. For Freya's sake, they'll pay."

His gaze gleamed with a predator's promise.

Aurora, meanwhile, wasted no time tightening her snare.

Two days later, she led Caelum to a secure node of the Ironhold Consortium. Her manner was calm, her smile faint but steady as the final seals were signed. The Consortium's representative transferred the funds swiftly.

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Fifty million credits. A staggering sum, sliding like blood into the veins of Caelum's accounts. Relief washed over his features the moment the transaction cleared.

Aurora leaned closer, her tone rich with sweetness, but her eyes gleamed like a hawk's. "Tonight we drink, Alpha. Let us celebrate not only your triumph, but the future. With this strength, SilverTech Forgeworks will rise higher, stronger. I've always believed in you, Caelum. I've never doubted you chose the right path."

Her words were spun silk, carefully woven, and Caelum—driven by pride as much as ambition—let himself believe.

He pulled her into his arms, the weight of his Alpha presence pressing even in his intoxicated relief. "Aurora, I will not let you down. I'll prove it. To you. To everyone. They'll see I didn't climb with Freya's shadow beneath me. They'll know I built SilverTech with my own claws."

Aurora's smile widened, smooth as moonlight on ice. The funds now flowed exactly where she wanted them—shielding her from the hounds of Lee, the private investigator she had feared, and binding Caelum ever tighter in her grasp. Two birds struck with one precise stone.

That night, back in the villa, she uncorked a bottle of dark crimson wine. The liquid shimmered like blood as she poured it into crystal. Caelum drank deeply, his throat working, his words tumbling out, loose and bitter, edged with the tang of too much truth.

"Clouds and shadows," he muttered, his voice thick, "I'll show them. Every last one who doubted me. Without Freya Thorne, without her cursed name, I'll rise higher than ever. They'll bow to Silverfang's Alpha, and they'll choke on it."

Aurora pretended to drink, letting the glass hover at her lips, but only the scent of the wine touched her tongue. She smiled again, a smile polished and perfect.

Soon Caelum's body sagged against the sofa, his WolfComm slipping from his hand. He muttered once more, incoherent, then fell silent. His chest rose and fell heavily, the Alpha deep in the vulnerable pull of sleep. The glass tipped from his slack hand, crashing against the marble floor, dark liquid spreading like spilled lifeblood across the carpet.

Aurora set her own glass down and crouched beside him. Her hand brushed his jaw, lingering, almost tender. "Caelum? Caelum."

He didn't stir.

Satisfied, her lips curved. She lifted his WolfComm and pressed his hand to the device, unlocking it with the ease of his fingerprint. The glow of the banking interface shone against her face like moonlight, promising power at her fingertips.

But then-

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+5 Free Coins

A sharp wave churned in her stomach. The triumph drained from her face as nausea clawed at her throat. She clutched her belly, bolted for the washroom, and collapsed over the sink.

Her retching echoed harshly in the tiles.

It was long before the sickness ebbed. Weak but trembling with strange exhilaration, Aurora rinsed her mouth, wiped her lips, and raised her head to meet her own reflection.

Her pupils shone with triumph. Her hand crept slowly, almost reverently, to her stomach.

Her cycle had always been punctual. A week past due. And now,

now, the nausea—sudden, undeniable. The realization unfurled within her like a dark bloom.

A child.

Caelum's child.

A rush of savage satisfaction swept through her veins. Her whisper was soft, intimate, dangerous.

"If I carry your heir, Caelum, you won't be able to turn from me. You'll make me your Luna. You'll forgive everything. You'll be mine, bound as tightly as your oath to the moon."

Her eyes glittered like a wolf with prey pinned beneath her paws.

The world had cast her out, stripping her of her place, her name, her allies. She was a Beta's daughter disgraced, shunned, a shadow. Friends had fled, whispering curses, as though her ruin was contagious.

But if she bore Caelum's pup?

The game would change.

No longer would Aurora stand alone. She would chain Silverfang's Alpha with blood itself. The child within her would be her greatest weapon, her most unbreakable bond,

And she would never, ever let go.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

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I sat hunched over the console, the glow of the screen burning into my tired eyes. The military's drone footage had arrived from the Iron Fang Recon Unit earlier that morning, and I'd been working ever since to restore it. Line by line, pixel by pixel, the blurred shadows resolved into clearer shapes. My claws tapped impatiently against the desk as the software sharpened another frame.

And then—movement.

A figure stepped into view. The silhouette was indistinct, the face hidden in fog and shadow, but a sudden spark flared across the screen. My breath caught. A tiny flash—like the strike of a lighter.

If that glimmer was the ignition of a cigarette, then the smoker in the footage would be the one I was hunting. The true figure behind the fire that had haunted me.

The Iron Fang drones weren't crude machines; they carried the Coalition's best optics. If I could fully restore the video, I would know who had been there that night. I would have a face. I would have proof..

I worked until the sun bled low across the horizon. The room smelled of overheating circuits and my own fraying nerves. Just as my claws flexed toward another command, my WolfComm rang sharply, vibrating across the desk.

"Busy, little wolf?" Silas's voice rumbled through the line, calm and deep, the steady weight of the Ironclad Alpha I'd come to lean on. "Do you want me to come pick you up?"

I rubbed my temples, exhaustion making my shoulders ache. "No need. I've done enough for today. I'll drive back myself. You waiting for me at the apartment?"

“I’ll be there,” he said simply.

“Good.” I ended the call, packed up the files, and forced myself out into the night.

The roads were quiet, the hum of the engine a steady rhythm as I drove toward the Ironclad district. My WolfComm buzzed again. This time, it was Lana.

“There’s something you should know,” she said without preamble. “Kade’s digging unearthed something ugly. Aurora’s been tangled in dealings with some bastard named Lee. Blackmail. Payments. She claimed to be Caelum’s savior, but fate’s repaid her lies with chains of her own.”

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I clenched the steering wheel tighter, leather creaking under my grip. Aurora—her name itself was venom. “So the liar’s finally cornered. She wanted the world to believe she was the one who pulled Caelum from the river. But the gods don’t ignore false oaths. If the footage shows her with that lighter...”

I didn’t finish. My wolf was already snarling inside me, teeth sharp in my chest.

“Maybe this is only the beginning of her rot,” Lana muttered. “But whatever Kade’s planning, it won’t be a quiet ending for her and Caelum.”

“Good,” I whispered, though the sound was more a growl. “But I’ll find the final piece. When the video clears, if it proves what I think it will—Aurora will have nowhere left to hide.”

We spoke a little longer, but my mind was already on the hunt. By the time I pulled into the gates of Silas’s high-rise territory, the shadows of my thoughts had sharpened into cold focus.

I parked, stepped out—and froze.

Jocelyn was waiting near the entrance. My cousin. The pride of the Metropolitan branch of Stormveil Pack, her posture arrogant, her eyes calculating. She saw me at the same time I saw her. Her face twitched with surprise, then hardened into steel as she strode toward me.

“I’ll call you back,” I told Lana curtly, ending the line.

I slipped my WolfComm into my pocket, raised my head, and let my gaze cut into Jocelyn like frost. “What do you want?”

“I came for Silas,” she said, chin tilted in that familiar, disdainful angle. “But since you’re here, there are things you and I should discuss.”

“I doubt that.” My tone was sharp, my patience frayed. I brushed past her shoulder, refusing to indulge her games.

Her scent flared hot behind me as she hurried to block my path again. “You think you’ve won, don’t you? Wrapped Silas Whitmor around your finger? But tell me, Freya—what happens if he betrays you? Will you still stand by his side?”

I stopped. Slowly, I turned my head, letting my eyes lock with hers, cold and unyielding. “If Silas has something to confess, he’ll tell me. It won’t be you delivering his sins to me.”

Her laugh was sharp and brittle. “Do you really believe that? If a wolf like him wanted to hide something, he could bury it for a lifetime. You’d never know. And when you finally did, it would break you.”

I gave her nothing. Not a word. Not a flicker of reaction. I simply stepped forward, brushing

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past her again.

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Her voice chased after me, shrill and poisonous. “Freya! If he did betray you, could you truly stay with him? You’re too hard, too sharp, too unforgiving! No Alpha can stand a mate like that. He needs a woman who will love him blindly, who will forgive every sin, who will defend him no matter the crime. He needs someone like-”

“What I need,” a new voice cut in, low and dangerous, “is not for you to speak for me.”

Jocelyn froze. I felt it—the ripple of fear in her wolf, the sudden stiffness of prey sensing a predator’s shadow.

I turned and saw him. Silas.

He strode toward us, tall and broad-shouldered, the authority of an Ironclad Alpha radiating from every step. His handsome face was set in a mask of ice, his blue eyes glinting like steel in moonlight.

He came to stand at my side, his hand closing firmly around mine, grounding me. His gaze never left Jocelyn. “So tell me,” he said softly, the softness of a blade’s edge. “What is it you think I’ve done to betray Freya? What is it you believe I’ve hidden?”

Jocelyn paled. Sweat glistened across her brow. Her wolf shivered under his stare, and I knew she wouldn’t dare speak the truth she’d sniffed at the borders of the past. Not tonight. Not while Silas’s wrath hung in the air like a blade suspended above her throat.

If she revealed her knowledge now, she wouldn’t leave these grounds alive. She knew it. I saw it in her trembling lips, in the way her claws dug against her palms.

“Silas, I—I only meant...” she stammered, twisting her words into a fragile shield. “If, one day, you falter, Freya will never forgive you. She isn’t soft. She won’t look the other way. She’ll cut you down for the smallest betrayal. I only meant—you need someone who can endure you, who can stay at your side through everything, no matter what.”

Silas’s jaw clenched, the muscle twitching. His grip on my hand tightened just enough to tremble.

I tilted my head up at him, catching the flicker of unease in his eyes. Jocelyn’s insinuation had struck somewhere raw, something buried deep that Silas didn’t want unearthed. My wolf pricked her ears, sensing it.

But this was not the place for weakness. Not with Jocelyn circling, hoping for blood.

I squeezed his hand in return, steady, firm, grounding him as he had grounded me. My gaze snapped back to Jocelyn, my voice low and lethal. “Whatever lies you’ve pieced together,

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whatever venom you think you can spit—you won’t bring it here. If you speak again, cousin, it won’t be words you leave with. It’ll be broken bones.”

Her eyes

widened. Her skin paled further. For a moment, I thought she might still try to push. But then the fire dimmed. She faltered. The bravado drained from her shoulders.

“You’re threatening me?” she whispered.

“No,” I said, my voice as sharp as a fang. “I’m promising you.”

The silence that followed was heavy, dangerous. And Jocelyn, for all her pride, took a step back.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person’s POV

Freya turned slowly, her eyes meeting Silas’s. “Let’s go,” she said.

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+5 Free Coins

Silas inclined his head, the familiar weight of his presence walking with her, steady and reassuring. But even as they moved. Jocelyn’s gaze lingered on their retreating forms. A flash of resentment burned in her eyes—she hadn’t come here to witness Freya and Silas together, not after everything she had sacrificed.

Jocelyn’s voice cut through the tension like a sharpened fang. “Freya, don’t you care that Silas’s heart might belong to another?” Her tone carried desperation, yet edged with venom. “There’s a girl... a girl who once saved his life. All these years, he’s been searching for her. Don’t you fear that if he ever finds her, he will turn his loyalty to her completely? That you will be cast aside?”

Freya’s steps faltered, just a fraction, yet it was enough. The hand she had clasped around Silas’s stiffened in her grip. The warmth of his fingers—the comforting pulse she had relied on—suddenly seemed distant, taut with tension.

Even his breathing changed, shallow and rapid, betraying the calm mask he usually wore. Silas’s face paled, the color draining in an instant as if Jocelyn’s words had cut through his very veins. The warning in Freya’s heart tightened—this was no trivial accusation. At least some truth lingered there. Silas had been searching for a girl who had saved his life.

“I...” Silas’s voice was rough, caught in his throat. He opened his mouth, as if to explain, but words failed him.

Freya lifted a hand, cutting him off. “Later. Go back!”

She released his hand deliberately, the warmth and security that had anchored her slipping away in that single gesture. As her steps carried her closer to Jocelyn, Silas’s heart thudded in an unfamiliar panic. Each beat screamed *at* him, warning that distance was being forged, not by space, but by choices and truths left unspoken. He could feel it—the unrelenting pull of fate nudging Freya away. A surge of possessive instinct rose, clawing at him. No... not her. Not now.

Jocelyn forced herself to hold her posture, lifting her chin as if to appear defiant. “See? I told you the truth, Freya. Silas’s heart belongs to that girl. The moment she appears, you will be nothing to him!”

Then, like a bolt of lightning striking a wolf’s flank, Freya’s hand shot out. The slap landed with a sharp crack, pressing Jocelyn’s meticulously made-up cheek. Jocelyn reeled, pain flashing across her features. “You... you dare hit me?!” she spat, fury mixing with disbelief. “Do you even know the consequences? I can call the authorities!”

Freya didn’t flinch. Another strike followed, echoing in the hall, leaving a deep mark across Jocelyn’s face. She stared coldly, her voice carrying the authority of an Alpha yet tinged with raw emotion. “Call whoever you want. I don’t care. But Jocelyn, who gave you the right to demean me in my presence, to speak words Incant to wound and belittle met

Jocelyn stammered, trying to find footing, her gaze flicking past Freya to Silas, standing a few **steps** behind. Those amber-gold eyes were no longer the warm presence she remembered—they were predatory, coiled like a wolf ready to strike. A warning burned in that gaze: linger, and Silas would not hold back. Not even for her. Not a slap, not a word—he would unleash the full force of the Ironclad Alpha’s wrath.

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Fear edged Jocelyn’s resolve. She could feel the power, the danger, and with a final, resentful glare, **she** turned and fled.

Freya pivoted, walking back to Silas. “Let’s go home.”

His voice was hoarse, low and edged with tension. “Mm.”

The ride back to their apartment was silent. The city passed like a blur, the sounds fading behind the solid bubble of their shared presence. Once inside, Freya removed her coat,

turning to find Silas's face pale and tight with something she hadn't expected—guilt, perhaps, or the strain of unspoken truths.

“Was what Jocelyn said... true?” Freya asked, her voice steady but carrying the weight of a question that could fracture trust.

Silas stiffened, feeling as though the warmth in his blood had frozen. Every fiber of his being braced under her gaze, knowing a single misstep could shatter what they had built.

“Don't lie to me,” Freya pressed. “I've said before, the love I want is one built on trust. Lies destroy it. If there's no trust, I don't know how to share a life with someone who cannot be trusted.”

Silas's lips pressed thin. After a long moment, he spoke, his voice raw with memory and regret. “When I was a child, I was caught in a violent uprising abroad. There was... a little girl. She saved my life. But I don't remember her face. I was small, the events... they blur. And yes, I've sent people to find her, over the years, though I've never expected anything more than knowing she was safe.”

Freya's pulse quickened. “So she's always been in your heart?”

“Always,” he admitted quietly. “I wanted to ensure she never lacked for anything. If she ever struggled, I would provide, repay the debt of her saving my life.”

A tense silence settled between them. Freya's own chest throbbed, a mixture of fear and something unspoken she hadn't anticipated. She swallowed, the next words trembling on her lips.

“And... if one day you find her? If she seeks you out, shows affection, wishes to be with you... could you... remain indifferent?”

Her voice carried in the room, delicate yet fierce. Silas's golden gaze met hers, locked in the unspoken truth of a wolf alpha: that past debts and loyalties could never erase the bonds forged in trust and love.

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A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Silas's POV

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I watched Freya Thorne closely, my chest tightening with every word that passed between us. Her gaze didn't waver; those amber eyes were fixed on me, steady, unyielding,

burning with a fire I knew could consume me if I misstepped. I could feel the weight of her expectation pressing into me, testing me.

“I.. why wouldn’t I be able to remain indifferent?” I murmured, my voice low but firm. I needed her to understand. “Freya, I am not a child anymore. I know the difference between gratitude and love.”

Her brows furrowed slightly, but she didn’t interrupt. Good. She needed to hear this from me directly, without shadows of doubt. “I am grateful to her,” I continued, feeling the words weigh heavier than I expected. “The world around me... it’s always full of people who want something from me. My father wanted to use me to control my mother, to manipulate and bind her. My grandfather.... he wanted me to be the perfect heir, a shield to guard the SilverTech Forgeworks name. But that girl... she never wanted anything from me. She only wanted to save me.”

I took a slow breath, letting the memory flow over me. The memory wasn’t clear, not the face, not the features—but the essence of that moment remained, sharp as a fang against my ribs. “And after I met you... Freya, my gratitude to her became even deeper. Because if not for her, I might have died in that chaos. I wouldn’t have met you. I wouldn’t have understood... the depth of what love can feel like. How much one person can come to mean.”

I saw her chest rise and fall slightly faster. Her lips pressed together, a telltale sign of her tension. She was holding back something. I could feel it in the air around us—sharp, fragile, like the scent of rain before a

storm.

“But...” I hesitated, each word deliberate, measured, absolute. “Beyond that gratitude... I will feel nothing else for her. Not love, not longing. Even if she is my life-saver, even if fate had brought her back to me, my heart... my soul... they belong to you. If you have doubts, Freya, I swear it: should I ever find her again, I will not see her. I will let my people handle her, repay the debt of her bravery, and that will be all.”

Her eyes didn’t leave mine. I could see her weighing every word, the intensity of her gaze burning through me like wildfire. She believed me. At least, I hoped she did.

“If we ever do find her...” she said softly, and my heart skipped a beat. “...I want to go with you.”

I blinked, momentarily surprised. I hadn’t expected that. The thought of her being part of that moment...

it should have been unnecessary, yet the way she said it, the way her voice held steadiness amid uncertainty... it warmed something in me I hadn’t dared to name.

“Because... I want to thank her too,” she continued, her amber eyes softening, fierce even in that tenderness. “For saving you. For letting me meet you.”

My throat tightened. I wanted to tell her she had no need to worry, that she was the only one my heart could ever seek, but the words were already caught in the tension of the moment. “...You.... really don’t mind?” I muttered, barely above a growl.

“I am not so easily thrown by shadows of the past,” Freya replied. Her voice was firm, unwavering. “Besides.... you have done nothing wrong. Wanting to repay a life debt, seeking the girl who saved you, there is no crime in that. I do not concern myself with what hasn’t yet come to **pass**. But-” She paused, drawing in a slow, steady breath. “...if one day, you truly find yourself drawn to someone else... and cannot

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love me fully, I will not cling. I will leave.”

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+5 Free Coins

A pang shot through me. I knew exactly what she feared—Caelum Grafton’s ghost still haunted her memories, a man who had taken without giving, a man who had betrayed every trust. But I was not Caelum. I would never be.

“Freya,” I said, moving closer, my voice dropping to a growl that only she could hear. “You are the only one who could ever make me feel this way. No past, no debt, no shadow from the world... nothing can ever change that. You, and only you, can awaken what my heart seeks.”

Freached out, clasping her hand, feeling the warmth of her skin seep into mine, chasing away the cold emptiness I had carried for so long. Her warmth... it had been absent, even for a heartbeat, and I had realized just how much I needed it.

I drew her hand up, pressing it to my cheek, feeling the heat and life in her palm. This... this was what I had craved, the brilliance of life itself. It had once been a curiosity, a light I could not comprehend in that distant, violent chaos. A little girl’s courage had shown me that. But with Freya... it was no longer curiosity. It was hunger. Greed, even. I wanted that light all to myself, wanted to shield it, to hold it, to never let it go.

And I would.

Even when that fear tried to claw its way into me—insecurities about shadows of the past, memories of helplessness—I would not let it. Her brilliance was mine to protect, mine to

keep. I would give her everything I had: my anger, my joy, my very life. And I would not let her go.

“Freya,” I whispered, my voice rough with emotion, “you spoke of me feeling for someone else..... that will never happen. And you... you cannot leave me. If you saved me once, you have already saved me again, over and over. Do not ever let me fall back into that darkness. Do not ever abandon me.”

She met my gaze, unwavering, and in that moment, I knew—our bond was forged, tempered in fire and loyalty, sharpened by the wolves we were. No shadow, no debt, no distant memory would sever it. I had found my mate. My heart. My light. And I would defend it with every fiber of my being.

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A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person’s POV

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As his words fell. Silas’s lips descended on Freya’s, a kiss that burned with a desperation only an Alpha could wield. It was as if he wanted to pour every ounce of his devotion into her, branding her with the truth of his vow.

The next morning, Caelum awoke with a pounding headache, the kind that clawed behind his eyes like talons. His mind was foggy, fragments of the night before blurred into nothing but the bitter aftertaste of alcohol.

“What happened last night?” he muttered, dragging a hand down his face. He could barely recall lifting his glass, let alone what followed.

“You’re awake,” Aurora’s soft voice came from beside the bed. She stood there, the Bluemoon Pack’s Beta’s daughter, composed yet faintly flushed. “You drank too much. It took everything I had to drag you to bed.”

“Is that so?” Caelum frowned, rubbing his temple. He remembered drinking, but the rest was a haze- swallowed whole by the dark.

“When did your tolerance slip so low?” Aurora teased lightly, though her eyes glimmered with something unreadable. “I don’t recall you being this easy to topple before.”

“Maybe... last night was simply too joyful,” Caelum answered flatly. “I lowered my guard, let the drink take me.”

Aurora tilted her head. “Then you should guard yourself better. Today—do you have time? I’d like you to come with me to the hospital.”

The Alpha of Silverfang stiffened slightly. “Are you unwell?” His tone carried an edge of concern, though suspicion lingered beneath.

Aurora’s lips curved faintly. “No. It’s nothing serious. Just a small check-up.”

Caelum nodded, though unease slithered at the edges of his mind. Why would she smile so brightly if she were truly sick? Why did her words feel rehearsed?

At the hospital, Aurora signed her name for an appointment in the women’s ward. When her number was called, she glanced back at Caelum with a serene expression. “Wait for me here.”

He gave a curt nod, his Alpha instinct urging him to follow, yet restrained by her composure. Something

felt off.

Aurora disappeared behind the door, returning minutes later before heading for a blood test. Caelum’s sharp eyes caught the flicker of satisfaction that crossed her face, subtle, but unmistakable. His frown deepened.

Meanwhile, Freya sat at her computer, her jaw tight as she worked through corrupted footage. **Her** fingers flew across the keys, the wolf within her urging patience as she reconstructed the fractured video frame by frame. Slowly, the murky shadows gave way to clarity.

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09:24 **Wed, 17 Sept C**

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+5 Free Coins

Her pulse quickened when a figure emerged on the screen—a woman’s silhouette. The grainy image revealed little more than the curve of her face, the tilt of her jaw, but it was enough.

The woman lit a cigarette, the ember flaring briefly before fading into the dark.

Freya's eyes widened, her pupils narrowing sharply. She leaned closer, heart pounding. She knew that profile. Knew it in her bones.

Aurora.

Even blurred, even half-hidden by shadow, it was her.

The footage continued. Another figure approached—a man. From the broad frame and uniformed outline, Freya recognized him as the co-pilot who later perished in the flames. Aurora moved, a small flick of her hand, tossing something unseen.

The screen captured a spark, a sudden flare of fire, before the drone's camera drifted away, leaving only fragments of the tragedy behind.

Freya's body trembled with restrained fury. Her gaze locked on the frame, on the careless motion of Aurora discarding the cigarette, and her vision blurred with unshed tears.

If Aurora had not cast away that ember... there would have been no fire. No inferno to consume so many lives. No chaos to swallow her brother whole.

Eric

Her hands clenched into fists so tightly that the sound of her knuckles cracking echoed in the quiet room. She had endured lies, endured betrayal, endured watching Caelum claim another under the guise of "gratitude." But this... this was different.

Aurora had not only stolen her place as Caelum's so-called savior—she had stolen her brother.

Freya's wolf stirred, a low growl rumbling deep in her chest, vibrating with the need for vengeance. Her amber eyes burned as she seized her WolfComm and dialed Silas Whitmor's number.

He answered quickly, his voice steady, commanding, the Ironclad Coalition Alpha always attuned to her calls. "Freya? What's wrong? Your voice—"

"Silas," she hissed, her words sharp as fangs. "I need you to track Aurora. Find out where she is, right now."

"Of course," Silas replied instantly, though concern edged his tone. "But Freya, your voice sounds strained. Are you—"

"It's not my body," she snapped, her breath shaking. "It's the truth. I know who caused the border fire. I know who destroyed everything"

Silence fell for half a heartbeat before Silas's voice darkened. "Aurora"

“Yes!” Freya’s voice cracked with fury. “If not for her, that blaze never would have started. If not for her, Eric wouldn’t be missing, wouldn’t have vanished into smoke and ash. If my brother-” She bit **back**

a **sob**, her throat tight with grief and rage. “...If my brother is gone because of her, I will not **rest** until she **pays**. I will drag her into the flames she lit and make her choke on the ashes.”

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Silas’s growl resonated through the line. “Then we will make her pay. Whatever it takes, I will stand beside you. Wait for my word.”

The call ended, leaving the room in silence but for the sound of Freya’s heavy breathing.

Her gaze returned to the screen, to the frozen frame of Aurora tossing away her cigarette. Her vision blurred with fury as tears burned her eyes, and her heart clenched with grief **so** sharp it felt like claws piercing her chest.

She had never hated anyone like this. Not when Aurora stole her title as Caelum’s “savior.” Not even when Caelum chose another over her. Those had been wounds of betrayal, of broken trust.

But this... this was different.

This was blood.

And blood demanded blood.

Freya’s wolf surged, pacing inside her chest, snarling for justice. Her fists trembled as she whispered to the empty room, her voice raw and venomous:

“Aurora... you will pay for what you’ve done. With your life, with your pack’s honor, with every drop of blood you thought you could spill without consequence.”

The screen flickered, the image frozen on Aurora’s shadowed face, the ember of her cigarette flaring before the fire consumed it all.

Freya’s eyes gleamed with tears and rage. The time for patience was over. The hunt had begun.

