

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 27

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Freya's POV

He said yes..

That was all I needed to hear.

If Kade Blackridge had agreed to step in, the Runestone Market would be evacuated—quietly, efficiently, without panic. That meant I could focus on what came next.

Finding Silas Whitmor.

I bolted toward the elevator, slamming the call button with blood—slick fingers.

Nothing,

No response. Just a dead panel staring back at me.

Damn it.

Had they sabotaged this too?

A low snarl rippled from my chest before I could stop it. My wolf pushed hard under my skin, impatient and coiled tight. She wanted out. She wanted to run.

So I gave in.

The shift tore through me in a flash of pain and power—fur bursting over my limbs, bones warping, lungs expanding. Within seconds, my two—legged form was gone, replaced by sinew and fang and frost—white fur.

The white wolf—the Ghost of the Iron Fang Recon—was loose.

I sprang into the emergency stairwell and tore up the concrete steps four at a time. Claws clicked against the stone, muscles burning in the best way. My eyes, keener in this form, caught every movement in the shadows. Ears twitched, locked onto sound.

Sixth floor.

I needed the tenth.

Four levels stood between me and Silas.

As I hit the eighth floor landing, the comms crackled to life above me..

“This is a routine emergency drill for fire and quake safety. Please exit calmly via the marked stairwells.”

A lie.

But a good one. Kade had already begun the sweep.

The civilians were being evacuated.

I let out a huff, tongue lolling in brief relief.

Good.

Now I just needed to reach Silas—and pray I wasn’t too late.

When I leapt through the tenth floor doorway, the lights cut.

Total blackout.

My paws slowed, pads silent as death across the tile. The scent hit me first—blood, fresh and copper—sweet, thick in the air like a mist.

Then the sounds:

Thuds, Growls. Bone striking bone.

A scream. A snarl. And then—rage.

“Silas Whitmor! I’ll tear your throat out!”

The words were soaked in fury, the kind that only came from betrayal.

I shifted mid—run, bones snapping, fur sinking back beneath my skin. My human form returned just as I rounded the corner. to the upper terrace-

And froze.

Carnage.

Bodies lay sprawled across the floor like fallen leaves, limbs bent in ways they weren’t meant to bend. Blood painted the walls in arcs. Some groaned. Most didn’t move.

And at the center of it all...

Silas.

Standing.

Drenched in red.

Blood clung to his hands, splattered across his bare forearms and throat. His shirt was torn open, exposing old scars and fresh gore. His eyes—dark, bottomless—locked on me with quiet calculation.

Dead calm.

But his lips curled faintly. “You’re late,” he said, voice smooth as wet stone. “A pity. You missed the best parts.”

I didn’t flinch.

I’d seen blood. I’d made others bleed. But something about him—the ease with which he stood among the dead—wasn’t just terrifying.

It was real.

He didn’t pretend to be anything he wasn’t.

He just... was,

I stepped closer. “Are you hurt?”

Svev

His brows lifted, amused. “I expected you to be more concerned about the ones on the floor.”

“I’m not that selfless,” I replied tightly. “If you’re still upright and sarcastic, I’ll take that as a good sign. But this place isn’t safe. We need to move—now.”

I grabbed his wrist, fingers curling around warm skin slick with someone else’s blood, and pulled him toward the exit.

Then-

Tick. Tick, Tick.

sound, sharp and steady, cut through the silence.

Not water.

A timer.

I froze.

No way I missed that on the way in. The fight must have muffled it—but now it echoed, loud and mocking.

My body moved on instinct. “Down!”

I tackled Silas, shoving him to the floor, shielding his body with mine just as the timer’s ticking shifted into a strange electric hum.

But...

No explosion.

No blast wave.

No shrapnel.

Just... silence.

His voice came cool beneath me. “There won’t be an explosion.”

I blinked. “What?”

“The payload was altered,” he said calmly. “Trigger’s dead. Even at zero, it’s inert.”

I stared at him, still straddling his chest. “You knew about the bomb?”

“Yes,” he said simply. “This was the second attempt.”

I frowned. “Second?”

“The second time you’ve thrown yourself between me and death.”

His eyes anyone?”

searched mine—dark, unwavering. “Why, Freya? Because you were Iron Fang? Because you’d do the same for

I exhaled. “Isn’t that reason enough?”

The pause between us was taut, humming like a drawn bowstring. Not panic. Not adrenaline.

Recognition.

Then I stood, just as his enforcers stormed the terrace.

They moved quickly—retrieving the disabled bomb, restraining the last of the would-be assassins, and clearing the mess like professionals. Efficient. Trained.

One of them approached with a black towel and folded clothes. “Alpha.”

Silas accepted the towel, wiping the blood from his hands like it was ash, like it meant nothing. Then he unfastened his shirt and let it fall—calm, uncaring.

I turned fast, cheeks flushing. “You’re clearly in one piece. I’ll go.”

“You should change first,” he said, voice smooth behind me. “You’re covered in blood. Would be hard to explain that in the lobby.”

I looked down.

Red.

Right. I hadn’t noticed—too focused on staying alive.

Another enforcer offered a set of women’s clothing. I accepted it without a word and retreated to the employee changing room tucked off the stairwell.

Once clean and dressed, I stepped into the elevator with Silas. It whirled to life beneath us, descending.

Silent.

Until-

“I still want you,” he said.