

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Ascension 276

Freya's POV

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I walked into the office the next morning and barely set my bag down before whispers began circling around me like restless wolves.

My colleagues were still buzzing about last night's drama—apparently, a devastatingly handsome lawyer had shown up at the bar during Lana's celebration. I hadn't gone; Silas had kept me tangled up in another matter, so I missed the spectacle. But judging from the excitement rippling through the pack's corridors, it had been quite the scene.

"Freya, you should've seen it," one of them said breathlessly. "That lawyer—he was... gods, I don't even know how to describe it. Like he owned the entire room."

My pulse skipped. There was only one wolf who carried that kind of presence.

Later, when I finally cornered Lana in her office, I leaned against the doorframe and arched a brow. "So... Victor Ashford came looking for you last night?"

She looked up, unbothered, swirling her coffee as if this weren't news at all. "Mm. He did."

“And? What did he want?”

She gave me a sardonic little smile. “He said he wanted us to get back together.”

My mouth fell open. “What did you say?”

Lana’s laugh was quick and sharp. “What do you think? Of course I refused. I’ve got no feelings left for him.”

I exhaled slowly. Relief unfurled in my chest, but so did a flicker of anger on her behalf. “No matter what you decide, I’ll stand with you. If he causes trouble, tell me—I’ll handle it.”

She waved me off, ever the unbothered wolf. “Relax. Victor’s proud as hell. I humiliated him once already. He’s not the type to grovel twice. I doubt I’ll see him again.”

I wanted to believe her. But men like Victor Ashford never truly let go of what they believed was theirs.

Before I could say more, a knock sounded at the door. One of the secretaries peeked in. “Freya, Alpha Caelum of the Silverfang Pack is downstairs in the lobby. He says he wants to see you.”

I froze.

Beside me, Lana’s eyes narrowed. “What the hell is he doing here? Don’t tell me he’s here to beg for his mother and sister with the trial only a week away.”

“I don’t know,” I said evenly. My chest felt tight, but I forced myself to sound detached. “Whatever it is, it has nothing to do with me.”

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Then I turned to the secretary. “Tell him I don’t have time to meet him.”

I thought that would be the end of it. But fate had sharper teeth.

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At dusk, as I left the building, Caelum Grafton himself was waiting at the gates. His tall frame cut a familiar silhouette against the evening glow, and for a heartbeat I was pulled back years—back when he was mine and I was still foolish enough to believe in promises.

“Freya,” he said, stepping forward, his voice heavy with something like desperation. “Please. Can we talk?”

I tightened my grip on my WolfComm and shook my head. “I don’t think we have anything to talk about.”

His eyes searched mine, frantic, pleading. “Of course we do. I know I wronged you. I know I should never have let you go. These past weeks have been torture—I finally understand. My heart... it belongs to you. I regret everything. I want us to remarry.”

My breath hitched. “Remarry?”

Beside me, Lana made a sound halfway between a snarl and a curse.

“Caelum, do you even hear yourself? What right do you have to say that to her?”

He shot her an irritated look. “This is between me and Freya. You don’t need to interfere.”

“Her words are mine,” I cut in, voice like ice. “What makes you think you have the right to ask me for this now?”

His gaze darkened. “Because I know you still feel something for me. And I—goddess help me—I love you, Freya. I’ll prove it this time. I swear I’ll never betray you again.”

For a moment, he almost sounded sincere. But all I felt was disgust.

“Do you hear yourself?” My laugh was cold. “You swore the same thing once before. On the day you proposed, you said you’d never let me down. And what happened? You crushed me. You married betrayal. And now you think the same words will work again?”

His voice cracked, rough with urgency. “It was Aurora—she tricked me! I didn’t know it was you who saved me that night.”

The bitter taste of fury burned in my throat. “So if I hadn’t been your savior, your promises would’ve meant nothing? Your vows are conditional, Caelum? You only honor them if they benefit you?”

He stammered, “No, that’s not what I meant-”

“I don’t care.” My tone sliced through his protest. “Whether you would or wouldn’t betray me is irrelevant. I don’t need your love. I don’t want your promises. You have three choices, Caelum: walk away, stay and get beaten, or watch me call the enforcers and charge *you* with harassment. Pick wisely.” For once, he faltered. His face twisted with disbelief. “I don’t believe it. I don’t believe you feel nothing for me!”

He lunged, hand outstretched, desperation driving him to grab me.

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But he never touched me.

Another hand shot out of nowhere, clamping around his wrist like a steel trap. A crack of bone reverberated through the air. Caelum cried out, his knees nearly buckling.

My heart leapt. “Silas.”

The Ironclad Alpha stood beside me, his aura vast and suffocating. His gaze locked onto Caelum with lethal calm. “You forget yourself. You and Freya are divorced.”

Caelum swallowed hard, sweat beading on his brow. “Even so... divorce doesn’t mean we can’t remarry.”

Silas’s eyes narrowed, his grip unrelenting. “I’ve been far too merciful with you. You’ve forgotten who she belongs to now.” His gaze flicked to me, something dark glinting in it. “Freya, may I?”

I nodded once. My voice was steady. “As long as it’s legal. As long as I can win the case.”

Silas inclined his head, and before I could blink, he twisted Caelum’s arm. A sickening crack split the air, followed by Caelum’s agonized scream.

He staggered back, clutching his mangled limb, face contorted with pain.

Silas released him, brushing off his hands as though Caelum were nothing more than dirt. His voice was calm, almost polite, “Forgive me. I wasn’t careful with the pressure. If you want compensation, you can speak with my legal team.”

The sight of Caelum, broken and gasping, should’ve given me satisfaction. Instead, all I felt was a cold finality. Whatever love I once bore for him had been buried long ago—crushed under the weight of his betrayal.

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Freya’s POV

Caelum's voice cracked through the tension like the snap of brittle bone.

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"Silas... even if the Whitmor line rules half of the Capital's skies, you have no right to humiliate me like this. Breaking my arm won't change the truth. Freya still feels for me. This only proves it."

I stood rigid, my breath caught, as his fevered eyes swung toward me. That gaze—once it had made me tremble with devotion, but now it only sickened me.

"I know you, Freya," Caelum said, voice lowering to a rasp. "You're slow to warm. It took a year of courting before you agreed to bond, three more in marriage. That kind of love doesn't vanish in weeks. You can't have given your heart to Silas so soon—unless he forced you."

My hands curled into fists. I cut him off with words sharp as a blade.

"Caelum, how long will you cling to your delusions? Yes, I once cared for you—enough to vow my life at the altar, enough to shoulder the burdens of SilverTech Forgeworks beside you. But that love burned out during those three bitter years of lies and betrayal."

The steadiness of my voice startled even me. It wasn't rage that filled me now but a terrible, liberating calm.

"Now, when I look at you, there's no affection left. Not pity, not tenderness. Only disgust." My eyes locked on his. "Silas is my mate now. I will stand beside him, marry him, bear his children. As for you—if you dare show your face to me again, the Whitmor legal pack will see to it you rot in a cell for half a moon."

Caelum staggered. His broken arm hung limp, the scent of pain sharp in the night air. Yet worse than that wound was the way his spirit flinched at my words.

“Marriage... children...” he whispered, as if the phrases themselves gutted him. He looked lost, a wolf stripped of pack and territory. “But we had three years... we were meant to have children of our own.”

He lifted his eyes, fevered and wild. “Tell me honestly, Freya. Do you truly feel nothing for me anymore?”

“Nothing,” I said, each syllable clipped with ice. “You should leave before I forget mercy altogether.”

The fury in my gaze must have reached him. Sweat slicked his brow, his face pale as moonlight. He clutched his ruined arm as though it were the only tether keeping him upright.

“Fine,” he rasped. “I’ll go. But know this, Freya—I see the truth now. I know who I love. It’s you. If you ever want to return, to re-bond, I’ll be waiting.”

“Never,” I snapped, the word ringing final as an executioner’s axe.

Before he could say more, Lana’s voice cut sharp as a whip. “Didn’t you hear her? Get lost before I make the guards drag you.”

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Caelum’s jaw worked, rage and humiliation battling across his features. He turned away at last, stumbling toward the gates. I heard his labored breathing fade into the night, until only silence remained.

Lana muttered a curse under her breath and waved down the security wolves posted at the doors. “If he ever loiters outside SkyVex Armaments again, call the Wardens. Let him cool off in a cell.”

The guards bowed their heads. “Yes, Alpha Rook.”

I exhaled slowly, tension draining from my shoulders. “I’m sorry, Lana. My mess keeps spilling into the company.”

She snorted, folding her arms. “Don’t apologize. Caelum Grafton’s shamelessness is the problem, not yours. Divorce sealed, bond severed, and yet he dares speak of re-bonding? He tossed you aside for Aurora without blinking. Now that he knows you were his true savior, suddenly he’s discovered love? What’s next, an old crone rescues him from a falling airship and he declares her his mate?”

I laughed despite myself. The knot in my chest loosened a little.

“Enough of him,” Lana said, her eyes softening. “Silas is waiting, Go with him.”

I nodded, following her advice. Outside, Silas stood by his vehicle, tall and unshaken, though the storm I knew he carried was written in the dark flare of his eyes. I slid into the passenger seat.

The night swallowed us as the vehicle pulled away from the SkyVex tower. The silence between us was heavy, but not uncomfortable—until Silas broke it.

“You truly won’t consider returning to Caelum?” he asked, voice too casual to be casual.

I turned, startled. “Of course not. From the moment I entered the Lunar Severance Phase, I swore there’d be no turning back.”

“Even if he begs?” Silas pressed, gaze fixed on the road.

I frowned, suspicion rising. “Why are *you* asking this? Do you want me to go back to him?”

“No!” The denial burst out of him with unusual haste. His jaw tightened as if he regretted even posing the question. He fell silent, lips pressed into a grim line. I studied him, confusion pricking at me. It wasn’t jealousy in his scent—it was something deeper. Fear. For a terrifying heartbeat, I wondered if he saw in Caelum’s desperation a reflection of his own hidden vulnerability. If one day I chose to walk away from him, would I be just as merciless?

“Silas,” I said softly, “listen to me. I have no lingering feelings for Caelum. None. You’re my mate now. You need to believe in me—and in yourself.”

His grip tightened on the wheel. For a moment, the Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition looked less like the unshakable commander feared across packs, and more like a man stripped bare. He managed a faint smile, though it trembled at the edges.

“You’ll see,” I continued, my voice steady. “I don’t linger. When I walk away from a bond, it’s final. I don’t look

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back.”

His body went rigid. I realized too late how that might sound, and panic flickered in his eyes. As though my vow of finality was not only for Caelum, but a shadow cast over us as well,

“Freya,” Silas murmured, his voice breaking. “Promise me... promise me you’ll never walk away from me. Not like that. Not ever.”

The weight of his words pressed hard against my chest. I wanted to tell him no wolf could promise forever—that eternity was too fragile a word. But then I looked into his eyes, dark pools of longing and fear, and the protest died in my throat.

“...Alright,” I whispered. “I promise.”

The relief that swept over him was raw, almost painful to witness. He drew in a shaky breath and reached across to squeeze my hand, his warmth grounding me.

I leaned back against the seat, letting the rhythm of the road steady my racing thoughts. I hadn't known Silas long. Yet somehow, his love wrapped around me like iron and flame—terrifying, unyielding, but undeniably real.

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For Freya, it stirred something deeper than she wished to admit. It reminded her of her parents, Arthur and Myra, before the Stormveil Pack split them apart—love sharp enough to risk everything for, trust deep enough to lay down one's life.

Her fingers trembled faintly against his chest, feeling each accelerated beat. He was nervous. Silas Whitmor, commander of the Ironclad Coalition, an Alpha who had broken armies—was trembling at her silence.

Logic told her to wait. She had survived one disastrous bond already. She had endured the Lunar Severance Phase with Caelum Grafton, the humiliation, the collapse of trust. Caution demanded she tread carefully now, weigh every word, protect her heart.

But her heart was louder than reason tonight. And something in the depth of Silas's plea made her want to leap, consequences be damned.

Her breath caught, and finally she answered. "Alright. When I return *from* the border, we'll marry."

The relief in Silas's eyes was like storm clouds parting. He drew her hand to his lips, kissing her knuckles reverently. His voice was hoarse when he spoke. "You won't regret it, Freya."

Far across the Capital, in a lavish but dimly lit villa, Caelum sat slumped on a leather chair, his right arm wrapped tightly in bandages. The scent of blood

and antiseptic clung to him. His head throbbed, not only from injury but from the relentless keening of his mother Eleanor and his sister Giselle.

“Brother, the trial’s soon,” Giselle whined, pacing like a caged wolf. “The lawyer you found isn’t strong enough. We need one of the Capital’s undefeated counsel packs. Otherwise, Mother and I will-”

Eleanor interrupted, her tone shrill. “I will not rot in a cell! The shame alone would kill me. Caelum, you must sell more, borrow more—anything. Find us a real lawyer!”

Caelum squeezed his temples until his skull ached. “Money, money, money. Do either of you understand? I’m nearly bankrupt. I’ve mortgaged every asset, even this villa. There’s nothing left.”

“What?” Eleanor’s face blanched. Giselle froze mid-step, disbelief etched into her features.

“Bankrupt? Impossible! Your company dominates the forgeworks industry. You own SilverTech! You hold stock worth-”

“Stock is worthless if *no* one will buy it,” Caelum snapped, his Alpha edge cracking through. His voice thundered in the hall, silencing them both. “Do you think projects fall from the sky just because you demand them? Do you know how many Alphas watched their packs crumble after their chains broke? If SilverTech collapses, every share I hold will turn to ash.”

Eleanor’s eyes watered. Giselle’s lower lip quivered.

“I found the best lawyers who would still take you,” Caelum bit out, his tone icy. “None of the Capital’s top four firms will touch your case. Kade Blackridge warned me as much—no one dares defend what you’ve done.”

“What if we’re sentenced?” Eleanor wailed. Giselle echoed her with fresh sobs.

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“Then you serve your time.” His voice was flat, final.

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Their wailing rose again, echoing through the house like the cries of widowed wolves. Caelum closed his eyes, exhaustion gnawing at him. The truth was undeniable: it was their schemes against Freya that had sparked the legal inferno now threatening to consume them.

And a bitter part of him whispered that if not for them, he might never have lost Freya at all. Hatred twisted in his gut—hatred for his mother and sister, hatred for himself.

Later, in the sanctuary of Silas’s apartment, the storm of the day softened into quiet.

Freya lay against Silas, their bodies tangled beneath the dim glow of the bedroom’s single lamp. Fresh marks marred her skin, reminders of their earlier passion. Her fingers trailed absently along the line of his nose, tracing the strong ridge.

“Your birthday’s soon,” she murmured. “What gift do you want?”

He shifted slightly, his expression hardening with a shadow she hadn’t expected. “Nothing.”

“Nothing?” She tilted her head, puzzled. “You don’t like celebrating?”

Silas’s lips pressed into a thin line. His chest rose and fell once before he answered. “Because the day I was born... is also the day my mother died. There’s nothing to celebrate.”

The weight of his words settled over the room *like* a heavy pelt. Freya stilled, her heart aching for him. She understood now: the strength he wrapped around himself was armor, forged long ago from grief and loss.

And though she did not speak it aloud, she resolved silently that when that cursed day arrived, she would be his shield.

For him, she would make the darkness bearable.