

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

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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.

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Freya's POV

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I froze for a heartbeat, the realization slicing through me like the cold winter wind that swept over the Runestone Grounds. So... Silas's mother had chosen that day—his birthday to leave this world?

The thought settled uneasily in my chest, heavier than any pack duty or battlefield I had endured. The sorrow that flickered across my expression must have been visible, because his voice, low and hoarse, cut through the quiet of the room.

“You don’t need to look at me with sympathy,” he murmured, his words carrying the weight of self-reproach. I knew, though, that part of him might also hope my pity would bind me closer to him. But at that moment, looking at him, I couldn’t summon that kind of false warmth. Instead, my heart ached quietly at the sheer isolation that emanated from him.

Even after losing everything—family, lineage, and the pack ties that should have held him—he still carried himself with a quiet command. Yet he was truly alone. And somehow, I felt the pull, the innate desire to climb into his world, to breach the walls he had so meticulously built around his heart.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered, unable to keep the weight from my words.

“It’s nothing to apologize for,” he said, softer now, almost ashamed. “On my birthday, I’ll visit her grave at the cemetery. Beyond that... I’ll just be alone, in a quiet place.”

My heart clenched at the image. “This year...” I began hesitantly, unsure how to voice the thought.

“This

year, would you... stay with me? Just stay, quietly. No celebrations, no words, nothing but presence.” His voice was a murmur, fragile in its hope.

I looked into his eyes and saw something I rarely did: a raw vulnerability, a man stripped of his Alpha armor, asking simply to be accompanied in silence. “Yes,” I said softly. “This year... I’ll be with you.”

Just those two words seemed to ignite warmth through his chest, spreading through him like wildfire across dry leaves. I could almost feel the tension in him melt away, replaced by something new—perhaps the first real comfort he’d known in decades. Birthdays had always been a torment for him, reminders of the mother he had lost and the isolation he endured. But with me by his side, even silently, perhaps this year could be different.

He leaned forward and brushed his lips against mine, feather-light but charged with a hunger I

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hadn't fully realized until this moment. Soft. Sweet. Dangerous in the way it anchored me to him, and I realized how deeply he had sunk into me, body and soul.

"I love you, Freya," his voice was hoarse, cracking with the intensity of it. "I love you so deeply, more than I ever imagined possible."

Hearing him speak like this, so raw and unguarded, I understood something profound. For all his power, all his command over the Ironclad Coalition, his heart had been dormant—or at least, misdirected. Meeting him had changed that. All the love he had buried, all the capacity for passion he had contained, had found its focus in me.

"I love you too, Silas," I said quietly, feeling my own heart swell.

Yet beneath that reassurance, I could sense the imbalance. His love for me was a wildfire, uncontrollable, whereas mine... though genuine, was still measured, cautious. Our bond, though powerful, had yet to reach equilibrium.

Later, I found myself dragging Lana through the crowded aisles of the SkyVex Armaments district, my mind preoccupied with thoughts of gifts and the subtleties of Alpha emotion.

"It's strange," Lana observed, smirking. "Usually, it's me dragging you around, and now... you're dragging me?"

"Silas's birthday is coming," I explained, a small smile tugging at my lips. "I want to get him something special."

"Wow," she said, eyes lighting up. "His birthday? Are we talking a grand Alpha banquet?"

I shook my head. "No. Just... the two of us. Quiet. Simple."

She tilted her head, curiosity twinkling. "And his father?"

I shrugged lightly. "Their relationship is... complicated. Not something I want to probe." Lana, perceptive as ever, let it go.

"Still," she mused, "choosing a gift for Silas is impossible. The man has everything. You know what? Just be the gift. I bet he'd be thrilled."

I rolled my eyes but didn't argue. Instead, we continued, weaving through the glossy floors and polished displays until we reached the jewelry section.

There, a display caught my eye: a bracelet of small rosewood beads, strung together with a single jade bead etched delicately with a sheaf of wheat. I lifted it, turning it over in my hands. Updates are released by

"Do you like this one?" Lana asked, leaning close.

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"It's simple. Elegant," I said, my fingers brushing the smooth wood. "The jade bead... the wheat carving..." My thoughts drifted. If he wore this, I thought, it would suit him perfectly. But more than that, I hoped it could carry a wish: a wish for peace, for stability, for life uninterrupted by grief.

noded to the clerk, making the decision. "I'll take this one."

Later that evening, back in my apartment, I placed the bracelet on my desk, staring at it thoughtfully. I took a blank card, scribbled carefully:

Silas Whitmor:

May you know peace, year after

end.

year. May we stand by each other, side by side, until the very

At the bottom, I signed my name: Freya.

Just as I slid the card into the small velvet box, the bedroom door swung open suddenly. "Freya!"

The sound of his voice made my pulse quicken. He stepped inside, the faint scent of the city clinging to him, his presence filling the room like the first howl of a wolf under the moon. My heart thudded, knowing that, despite everything, our worlds were entwined now.

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Freya's POV

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I yelped and quickly snapped the small velvet box shut, my pulse racing as I slid it into the drawer of my bedside table. Heart hammering, I double-checked that it was hidden from view.

"What's got you so jumpy?" Silas asked, stepping closer, his brow lifted in curiosity.

I forced a casual smile, trying to steady my racing heart. "It's your birthday gift," I said, keeping my tone light. "I wanted to give you a little surprise. So, no peeking before your birthday—or the surprise is ruined."

His eyes widened, the intensity in them sharp and unreadable. "You... bought me a birthday gift?"

I chuckled softly, shaking my head. "Of course. We're going to spend your birthday together- you think I'd show up empty-handed? Don't worry, it's not extravagant. You won't hate it, I promise." I turned to leave for the bathroom, ready to wash off the day's tension, when suddenly, a pair of strong arms wrapped around me from behind.

Before I could react, Silas had me pressed against his chest, enveloped in his warmth.

"How could I ever dislike a gift from you?" he murmured against my ear, his voice low, hypnotic. "No matter what you give me, Freya... it's precious."

My ears tingled under his proximity. "Not so close to my ear—it's ticklish," I protested, trying to squirm away.

"Then how about this?" he whispered, and I felt the unmistakable heat of his lips brushing against my earlobe. My body jerked involuntarily, sensitivity on high alert. "Don't..." I gasped.

"I want it, Freya," his voice came, rough with need. His hands slid down my arms, over my shoulders, and his lips traced a fiery path along my neck, leaving a trail of warmth and soft

pressure.

I tried to sound stern, but my voice faltered. “Stop... I haven’t even washed yet.”

“Then wash with me,” he countered gently, his arms still holding me firmly but tenderly. “If you truly didn’t want this, you could push me away. But you’re not, are you?”

My cheeks flamed crimson. “I... I do want it, but let me at least wash first.”

“Then we’ll wash together.” Before I could protest, he lifted me effortlessly, holding me like I Content originally comes from FindNovel.net

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weighed nothing at all. The world swirled as he carried me toward the bathroom, the raw pulse of his heartbeat pressing against me, grounding me, claiming me.

Inside, he set me down carefully, his touch feather-light even as he began to remove his clothing. Each piece of fabric that fell away revealed a part of him I rarely got to see—alpha strength tempered by devotion, raw power softened by tenderness. He leaned forward, kissing me again, the kiss starting slow, gentle, and then accelerating into a needful rhythm that set my pulse racing.

Our clothes shed like autumn leaves falling, and every inch of exposed skin drew us closer, silencing the outside world. His lips roamed from mine to my neck, along my collarbone, finally lingering over my heart.

“Freya, all of me... it’s yours,” he whispered. The devotion in his voice, the reverence in the way he touched me, made me shiver. It was as if I were his entire world, his very faith. And in that moment, I realized the depth of his love—far beyond anything I had ever imagined.

We gave ourselves to each other, the night stretching endlessly. We moved between the warmth of the bath and the cool sheets of the bedroom, a rhythm of intimacy and passion I had never experienced before. Silas’s desire seemed insatiable, but never reckless—every touch, every kiss, was a claim, a vow, a silent prayer. Only when my eyelids grew heavy, pleading for sleep, did he finally relent, wrapping me in his arms as we drifted into a shared, exhausted slumber.

Days later, the long-anticipated court hearing arrived. Giselle and Eleanor were dragged into the spotlight, their schemes laid bare. I had to steel myself as I approached the courthouse, my hands brushing over Silas’s reassuring grip.

Then I saw him—Caelum—his arm bandaged, his expression a volatile mix of concern and

anger.

“Freya,” he rasped, voice tight. “You really can’t let my mother and sister go?”

I fixed him with a cold, unwavering stare. “They never thought of letting me go. Why should

“**But** my mother is old... can her body survive prison? And Giselle... her whole life will be ruined if she’s locked up over this,” he pressed, desperation breaking through his usual calm.

I let out a bitter laugh, the sound **sharp** as the winter wind outside the courthouse. “You can tell the judge that, not me. This is not my responsibility—it’s theirs.”

His shoulders slumped slightly, and I could see the inner struggle writhe across his features. “Is this... hatred, then?”

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I shook my head slowly, letting the cold edge of my voice slice through him. “Hate? Caelum, you’ve never deserved my hate.”

With that, I took Silas’s hand and let his warmth ground me as we moved past Caelum. His hand, firm and unyielding, mirrored my own certainty.

Caelum’s eyes darted to meet Silas’s, and I heard the sharp edge in Silas’s voice before I even glanced back. “Caelum... do you want me to break another arm?”

Frozen, Caelum’s body stiffened. He didn’t step forward. Not a muscle moved until we vanished from sight, leaving him behind with nothing but the bitter taste of failure.

Even now, I could almost sense the shift—my presence, my bond with Silas, made him powerless in ways he had never anticipated. Not hate, not love, not even fear—just the suffocating realization that he had no claim on me anymore.

Inside the courtroom, reality settled like a wolf's shadow over the proceedings. Giselle and Eleanor tried every ploy to defend themselves, weaving lies and half-truths, but the evidence was unrelenting. Their plot—hiring men to trap me with smoke and threats in the hotel room —was uncovered in stark detail. They had aimed to force me into a surrender, to make me leave Silas and his world behind, to strip me of my rights and legacy.

Even the lawyers Caelum had scrambled to hire could not untangle the web of facts. Every objection they raised fell flat against the damning proof.