

## **A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 28**

### **A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 28**

Freya's POV

I blinked in surprise.

"Have you really thought about being my bodyguard?" Silas Whitmor asked, his voice low, deliberate.

So that was what he meant.

"I already told you—I'm not planning on being anyone's bodyguard right now. Besides, you have plenty of others protecting you. They're more than enough," I said, steady despite the sudden tension.

"But if it were you, no matter what danger came, you wouldn't leave me behind. Right?" His gaze locked onto mine, intense and unblinking.

He lowered his head, closing the gap between us. Those usually cold, dead-looking eyes flickered—just barely—with something like... longing.

Longing?

The word flashed in my mind, and I almost laughed at myself. What was I thinking? No matter what, Silas Whitmor wouldn't desire a bodyguard.

"There are many who wouldn't abandon you, Silas. You don't need me."

Ding.

The elevator chimed, arriving at the first floor. The doors slid open, and I stepped out quickly.

"You should still get a full check-up at the hospital. Better safe than sorry. I'm heading back," I said, turning on my heel.

Men like Silas Whitmor radiate danger like a beast marking territory. Instinct screamed: keep your distance.

I felt watched my retreating figure quietly, then slowly spoke to the man beside him.

"How do you think I can win Freya Thorne?"

Wren, Silas's personal secretary, stiffened.

"Her history... she's not one to be swayed by money. Even though she's out of the Iron Fang Recon Unit, there's still that soldier's pride deep in her bones," Wren said carefully.

He was the one who'd done all the digging on me. He knew my story inside and out.

Silas murmured, "If it's an order... would she obey?"

It was clear now. Silas truly wanted me.

I wondered if that was a blessing... or a curse.

Back at the villa, I dropped the bloodstained clothes I'd changed out of in the laundry room. Silas's gift—a full outfit from some luxury brand—I'd looked it up online on the way back. Over seventy thousand credits. Typical of the rich—throwing money around like it was dirt,

I'd get it dry-cleaned and send it back later.

My phone buzzed. Lana's name flashed on the screen.

I answered.

Freya! You actually ran into that bomb at the mall? Are you okay?" Lana's voice was loud, frantic.

"I'm fine," I said. "How'd you hear so fast?"

"You called Kade Blackridge, didn't you? Of course, I'd find out! You went to him first and didn't think to call me?" She sounded hurt—and jealous.

I chuckled softly. "Kade can evacuate a crowd in minutes. Can you do that?"

Silence.

Kade Blackridge was Blackridge Pack's golden boy. Son of the district commander and a renowned scholar. His connections were as sharp as his instincts.

"But you know, you really pissed Kade off back when you married Caelum Grafton without telling anyone," Lana grumbled. "Now one call, and he drops everything to help? Does that mean he's forgiven you?"

"Even if he's still mad, he knows when things are serious," I replied.

“True. After all, he was military, too,” Lana muttered.

Back when I served in the Iron Fang Recon Unit, Kade had been on my team. We’d fought through hell together.

“Was?” I paused. “He’s out now?”

“Yeah. Not long after your wedding, he retired, went overseas for three years. Just got back recently,” Lana explained.

I was surprised. I thought the Blackridge family wanted Kade climbing ranks, becoming a top Alpha one day.

“We should get together sometime—just us girls. That’ll teach him not to hold grudges for three years,” Lana said, a teasing edge to her voice.

“Deal,” I smiled, picturing the young soldier shouting “Big sis!” at me with all the fierce loyalty of a wolf pack.

I had been rash—marrying Caelum quietly, leaving so many in the dark. It wasn’t right.

At that moment, Caelum stepped into the laundry room.

I frowned slightly, pocketing my phone.