

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

c 281-290

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

The verdict landed like a wolf's fang tearing into flesh. Eleanor and Giselle were sentenced to three years in prison. I could see the disbelief and terror twist their faces, the same faces that had once looked down on me as though I were nothing.

Eleanor's shrill cries filled the courtroom. "Freya... Freya, please, we can negotiate! You can name any condition, and Caelum will fulfill it! I... I cannot go to prison at my age!" Her words were desperate, clinging to me like a drowning wolf to a ledge.

Giselle's voice trembled as she babbled, "Yes, Freya! Please forgive me! It was Aurora who pushed us! We... we would never have dared to do such things without her!"

Eleanor turned on Aurora even as tears streamed down her face, hatred and fear battling for dominance. "That woman... Aurora is despicable!"

I couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh. The irony was exquisite. Once, they had fawned over Aurora, so eager that Caelum might marry her immediately, practically begging for it. Now, they spat venom at the same woman. Life had a cruel, satisfying sense of humor.

"I will not negotiate with you," I said coldly, my voice slicing through the courtroom air like frost over a still *lake*.

Their reactions were immediate. Eleanor's hands fluttered helplessly. Giselle's jaw tightened, disbelief etched across her face. Eleanor shouted again, her voice trembling with a false hope

that I would relent.

"Freya, don't you love my son? If you agree to negotiate, I will have Caelum reconcile with you! He is my son, he will obey me! Just... please!"

“Mom, enough!” Caelum’s voice cracked, sharp as iron. He had long ago begged me to reconcile with him, and now his mother’s words only made him uncomfortable, a humiliation he could not hide.

I met Caelum’s gaze for a split second, letting him feel the chill of my resolve. “The one I love is Silas,” I said plainly, my hand reaching for his tie. My fingers curled around the silk, pulling

him closer.

Silas obeyed instinctively, tilting his head to press his lips to mine, one hand steadying my waist, the other lifting my chin to deepen the kiss. Heat flared through me, an instinctive wolffire, and I felt the world around us blur into insignificance.

...

96

s

Eleanor and Giselle froze, eyes wide, mouths agape, as if they had been struck by the bite of some unseen predator.

Silas pulled back slightly, his gaze sharpening, now fixed on them with an alpha’s chilling authority. “I will not tolerate anyone speaking of my mate loving another,” he said, his voice low but carrying the weight of command. “Unless... that person wants to spend a lifetime behind bars.”

The threat was unmistakable, directed not only at Eleanor and Giselle but at anyone else still present, anyone who dared imagine interfering in our bond. Their faces blanched, the fear in their eyes plain to see.

Giselle’s lips parted in indignation. “But Freya... she’s only been married once before! How could she possibly be worthy of the Alpha of Whitmore? She’s just the woman my brother discarded!”

Silas’s eyes narrowed, icy daggers aimed straight at her. If we weren’t in a courtroom, surrounded by witnesses and law, I could feel his wolf trembling, a predator ready to strike. Giselle might have been foolish enough to provoke him here in theory, but the reality would have cost her dearly.

“You still cannot claim her,” Silas said, voice like iron tempered with warning. NEW
NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON find—novel.net

Before any of them could recover from their shock, the courtroom officers stepped forward, escorting Eleanor and Giselle away. No protest could halt them. No pleading could change the verdict.

I took Silas’s hand and felt the warmth of his fingers intertwining with mine, the steady heartbeat beneath his chest like a drum of reassurance. Together, we left the courtroom, our path certain, unshakable.

Caelum lingered behind, awkward and humiliated, absorbing the curious stares and whispered murmurs of those around him. Silas’s words still echoed in his ears—the truth he could not change, the woman he once thought his, now bonded to another.

We reached the car, and I exhaled, letting the tension of the morning bleed away. Silas started the engine, and for a moment, silence reigned. Then I spoke, the words spilling out hesitantly.

“I... I’m a divorcee,” I admitted, keeping my gaze on the streetlights passing by. “People will talk. They’ll always bring that up.”

Silas’s hand found mine across the console, warm and steady. “And what of it?” he said softly, his wolffire evident in the sharp edge of his tone. “I’ve never cared about your past. All that matters is that you love me.”

:

I smiled, the tension in my chest easing. “Guess I was overthinking it.”

96

s

His fingers brushed a loose strand of hair behind my ear, and his gaze softened. “If I truly minded, Freya, it would only be that I met you too late. If I had met you sooner... I would have made sure you never married Caelum.”

I raised an eyebrow, teasing. “And you’re sure if you’d met me earlier, you’d have liked me?”

His eyes held mine, resolute and burning with certainty. "I am sure. Even if the first glance didn't capture my heart, every encounter thereafter would. I would be drawn to you, again and again, until every part of me knew... I love you."

I let out a small laugh, the tension finally loosening. "So it's not a first sight thing. It's... the sunlight in the darkness?"

"Exactly," Silas said, his hand tightening slightly over mine. "We found each other now, and it's never too late."

I leaned against his shoulder, letting the hum of the engine and the steady beat of his heart fill the space between us. "Yes... it's not too late," I whispered.

But even as we spoke, a subtle tension prickled at the edges of my mind. My WolfComm chimed, drawing my attention. I opened the message with a slow, apprehensive motion, my heartbeat accelerating.

Silas noticed immediately. "What is it? What happened?"

I shook my head, keeping my voice steady despite the cold edge of worry in my chest. "I can't say yet. When the time comes, I'll tell you everything."

He gave me a quick, understanding nod, eyes narrowing with instinctual protectiveness. "Then I'll wait."

He drove me back to my apartment before heading to the Ironclad Coalition headquarters for business matters. I watched the taillights fade from view, and only then dared to fully open the

email.

The words on the screen were succinct, cold, and demanding:

"Three days. One hundred million. I can give you information about your brother. Do not tell

anyone, not even Silas."

I swallowed hard, the weight of the demand sinking into my bones. Three days. One hundred million. And a threat to silence, binding me in shadows. My brother... Eric. My pack... everything seemed to converge into this moment, a dangerous game played under the veil of

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

*5 free Coins

Back in her apartment, Freya sat at her sleek, black desk, the cold glow of the monitor illuminating her furrowed brow. She stared at the anonymous email that had just landed in her inbox. Every instinct of her wolf prickled. Whoever had sent this knew too much.

Who could it be? The sum demanded—one hundred million—was astronomical, far beyond what Freya could summon from her own resources in an instant. But the very fact the sender suggested such a number hinted they assumed she could borrow it from Silas Whitmor. The sender had also explicitly forbidden her from involving Silas. That made it likely that this person was someone within her or Silas's network, someone who knew her intimately enough to understand the limits of her finances but also the dangers of bringing Silas into the equation.

Freya had already traced the account details provided. It was an offshore account, perfectly insulated. Once the money was transferred, the holder of the credentials could withdraw it at any moment, no questions asked. And more importantly... this person knew she was searching for her brother, Eric. Did they really have any information about him? The thought twisted. Her chest, a sharp pang echoing in her lungs.

Freya's fingers hovered over the keyboard before she typed her reply: "Why should I believe you have any clue about my brother?"

Almost immediately, another email arrived. This time there was no text—only a three-second video clip.

Freya's eyes narrowed as she clicked play. Even in such a short span, the figure was unmistakable. Her brother, Eric, clad in ragged, blood-stained clothing, stumbling through some dark, indistinct urban environment. The buildings blurred, the footage grainy, but the figure... it was unmistakably him.

Her heart clenched, a wolfish howl of helpless rage echoing in her chest. She had to know more. She shot another email to the anonymous sender, demanding a clearer copy, but the account had been abandoned. The message was unmistakable: pay, and only then would the rest be revealed.

One hundred million. Freya's mind whirled. If this sum could secure real leads on Eric's location, she would find a way to gather it. She could borrow from Silas, leverage a line of credit at the bank—after all, she had raised enough to take Caelum Grafton's company public within three years. This sum was within her capacity. And if the price were higher? She would pay. Every single credit. The thought of Eric, trapped somewhere, suffering... it ignited a cold, determined fire within her. Whoever this shadowed figure was, Freya vowed she would

s

uncover them.

Meanwhile, Jocelyn Thorne, Freya's cousin from the Metropolitan Pack's first branch, had closed her own computer with a satisfied smirk. She had been waiting for the opportune moment, biding her time. If not for Arthur Thorne's reckless accounting that forced her to fill the gap, she wouldn't have needed to press Freya so urgently.

This money... it was already owed to Jocelyn in her mind. Had Freya not come, Silas would still have been Jocelyn's anchor in the Capital. A single word from her would have absolved her family of all scrutiny over Arthur's embezzlement. Now, Silas had cut ties with her entirely, and those within the Thorne family who once sought her favor now nursed nothing but envy and resentment.

Jocelyn's plan was meticulous. She knew Freya's tenacity, her intelligence. The very surveillance footage she held—recorded years ago in D and painstakingly retrieved from international authorities—would inevitably drive Freya into action. If Freya traced it, she could connect the dots back to Silas having crossed paths with Eric. And if Freya and Silas argued over this discovery? That outcome would serve Jocelyn's interests perfectly.

But Freya's mind was a steel trap, her wolf instincts alert. Even as she navigated this shadowed, invisible war, she was already tracing the email's origin, tracking its faint digital residue. For someone untrained, this might have been impossible. But Freya was no ordinary wolf. Her work restoring the fire-damaged drone footage had given her access to Wing' networks, with permission granted directly by Silas. Her tracking could tap into resources few could dream of.

That evening, as Silas's truck hummed outside her building, he leaned in slightly, his wolfish instincts sensing her focus. "What are you tracking?" he asked softly, his voice low, a warning and an offer of aid rolled into one.

Freya didn't turn, her eyes scanning the encrypted pathways of the email. "Not yet," she replied, her voice even, careful. "If I need help, I'll tell you."

Silas's gaze darkened with concern, his wolf alert. "Does it have anything to do with the message you received earlier today?"

"Yes," Freya admitted, still keeping her focus locked on the screen. "But not yet. I can't risk telling anyone—not even you—for now."

Silas's jaw tightened. His golden eyes reflected the fading city lights, sharp, protective, "Because the sender specifically forbade it?"

"Exactly. They mentioned you by name. That means any slip could compromise everything. It's about Eric. I can't take that risk yet." Her voice was steel and velvet intertwined; even as she spoke, her pulse raced, wolf-fire coiling inside her. She would protect him, no matter the cost.

10:42 Wed, Sep 24 Fresh chapters posted on find(N)ovel.net

:

96

s

She looked up finally, meeting Silas's gaze. "But I may need to borrow the money... and if necessary, I'll need access to your resources, your men."

A small, reassuring smile touched Silas's lips. "Freya, I've said it before—anything I have, is yours. Money, men, information... everything. You only need to ask."

Freya's shoulders relaxed fractionally, the tension of the hunt giving way to a flicker of trust. Yet her wolf remained restless. Whoever had sent that message, whoever held Eric's fate, had underestimated her. They were in her territory now, and she would hunt them with a predator's precision, guided by instinct, intelligence, and the unyielding drive of a sister's love.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

:

s

Freya's heart hammered in her chest, each beat echoing like the pounding of war drums deep in her ribs. She stared at the man before her and realized perhaps this was what people meant when they spoke of a wolf's sudden, helpless surrender to fate.

Every time her gaze met his, she felt her composure slip. That inexplicable pull, the flutter of her heart, the warmth that grew until it turned into something fiercer—love. Piece by piece, moment by moment, she found herself bound tighter to him, as if some unseen thread wove their souls together.

“Thank you,” she whispered, her voice soft, almost fragile, though her wolf stirred with a dangerous yearning beneath the words.

Silas leaned closer, his presence overwhelming, his nose brushing hers until his breath mingled with hers. His lips curved into a wicked smile. “If you truly want to thank me,” he murmured, voice thick with heat, “then tonight... you’ll have me more than once.”

Color flared hot across her cheeks. His words, delivered with such brazen confidence, carried an allure she found impossible to resist.

“Do you?” he asked, his voice dropping to a husky growl, eyes shimmering like molten gold. The faintest ripple passed through his lupine gaze, a predator softened only for her. His breath brushed her cheek, sending tremors through her body.

Freya had never thought herself the kind of woman to fall prey to raw beauty. Yet here she was, faltering, undone by the sheer magnetism of Silas Whitmor.

“Freya...” His voice came again, low and needy, shaping her name like a vow.

“Yes.” The word slipped *free*, bold and unhesitant. Her hands cupped his face, pulling him down to her as she pressed her lips to his. His answering growl rumbled deep, and then his mouth claimed hers with a hunger that set her whole body alight.

They tangled together, wolves in a dance older than the moon, each touch sparking fire, each kiss fanning it into flame.

Later, as moonlight spilled across the sheets, Freya asked Silas for the impossible: one hundred

million.

And without hesitation, he gave it. Yet unease lingered in his chest, an itch he could not scratch. Since they had bonded, Freya had never hidden things from him. This time, however,

:

95

s

she told him plainly that he could not know. That message she had received on her WolfComm... what was it that had turned her expression so grim? And why did she need not only his gold but also free rein over his bodyguards?

Silas lay awake, watching her sleep. His gaze drifted to the WolfComm resting on the bedside table. If he reached for it, if he opened her messages now, he would have his answers. Perhaps then this gnawing worry would vanish.

His body leaned forward, hand stretching toward the device. So close. He could almost feel the cool glass beneath his fingertips.

But then he stopped.

If he broke her trust like this, would it not only add another wound, another secret between them? She had promised she would tell him when the time came. He had to wait. Wolves who did not honor trust were no better than rogues.

Drawing a deep breath, Silas pulled back his hand and exhaled slowly, as if releasing the temptation with it. His gaze lingered on her sleeping face, soft in the moonlight. "Freya," he whispered, voice a vow. "I will never again do anything you would hate me for."

On the third day, as promised, Freya transferred the full sum into the account provided. Her wolf bristled as she activated the Whitmore tracking system, her fingers racing across the keys.

Almost immediately, the funds began to scatter—split into smaller sums, redirected across multiple accounts like rivers breaking into tributaries. But that was exactly

what she had been waiting for. Each transfer left a digital scent, a trail she could follow to hunt down her prey.

Her earlier trace had only narrowed the sender's location to the Capital. But now, as the funds fragmented, she pushed deeper, tightening the circle.

Yes. There—their coordinates shifted but remained local. The sender was still in the Capital.

Her hands flew faster, eyes sharp, wolf instincts thrumming as if she were chasing quarry across a moonlit plain. Would the money vanish before she could pin the trail? Or would she lock onto them first?

Click.

The final keystroke struck like the snap of a trap. Freya's eyes hardened as an address lit up on her screen. The hunt had just become real.

At that very moment, in his office tower, Silas received word from his secretary.

"Alpha," Wren reported with careful respect, "ten minutes ago, Miss Thorne departed suddenly This chapter is updated by Find-Novel.net

:

with two of your bodyguards. Their destination—Earl Hotel."

Silas froze. "Did she say why?"

"No, Alpha. But I know Jocelyn Thorne has been residing at Earl Hotel recently."

La

95

s

Silas's wolf flared with unease, his instincts howling. He remembered too well the email Freya had received, the secrecy, the one hundred million. The name Jocelyn was a bitter scent on the wind, and dread slid like ice down his spine.

Before Wren could continue, Silas had already risen, seizing his keys. He strode out with a speed that left his secretary staring after him in bewilderment.

“Alpha-!” Wren called, baffled. Why such urgency? Even if Freya had confronted Jocelyn, Freya’s own strength combined with Silas’s guards would be more than enough. She wouldn’t be at risk.

Yet as Wren replayed the Alpha’s expression in his mind, a shiver ran down his back. Was that... fear?

He shook the thought off immediately. Silas Whitmor, afraid? Impossible.

At the Earl Hotel, Jocelyn Thorne lounged in her room, a triumphant smile curving her lips. She had just finished pocketing her spoils, the stolen millions neatly settled into her accounts.

Her fingers danced quickly over her laptop. From a freshly created anonymous address, she attached the file—the precious footage of Eric Thorne—and sent it on. With one click, it was gone, delivered into the ether.

And just as swiftly, the address self-destructed, vanishing like smoke into the void. No one would ever trace it back to her.

Jocelyn leaned back, savoring the rush of power. Let Freya chase her tail all she wanted; Jocelyn held the leash now.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person’s POV

s

Jocelyn leaned back against the velvet couch of her hotel suite, the faint glow of her laptop screen reflecting in her eyes. She let out a soft, satisfied laugh as the funds cleared into her account. The number was staggering—an entire fortune that would keep her comfortable for years if she played it wisely.

But this wasn’t only about wealth. It was about power.

She had spent days perfecting the digital shell game, hiring experts to teach her how to bounce signals, hide her footprints, and funnel the money through a dozen shadow accounts. The thrill of outwitting her cousin Freya Thorne gave her a rush that not even the blood moon could rival.

“Freya,” Jocelyn muttered under her breath, her lips twisting with malice. “I truly hope you manage to trace this back to Silas Whitmor. I’d love to see your face

when you learn what your precious Alpha has done. Would you still cling to him? Or would you finally tear yourself free?"

She poured herself a glass of red wine, swirling the liquid like blood in a chalice, imagining the chaos that revelation would bring. Perhaps, just perhaps, if Freya severed ties with Silas, then the Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition might one day turn his gaze her way.

A knock rattled her door.

Her brows furrowed. "Who is it?"

"Room service," came the reply.

"I didn't order any-" Jocelyn's words cut off as she pulled open the door.

Her blood drained from her face.

Freya Thorne stood in the doorway, eyes burning like twin embers. Before Jocelyn could slam the door shut, Freya's boot crashed forward with Alpha force,

The door banged open. Jocelyn stumbled backward, tripping over the edge of the carpet and landing hard on the floor.

She scrambled to her feet, fury and panic warring in her gaze. "Freya, have you lost your mind? You can't just storm in here! I'll call security-I'll have you arrested!"

"Do it," Freya said coldly, stepping further into the room. Two broad-shouldered guards in

s

black-Silas's hired enforcers-followed her in. "Call them. I'd love to see how the authorities explain away one billion siphoned through your accounts."

The color drained from Jocelyn's face. Her lips parted, but no words came out.

"You know exactly what I'm talking about." Freya's voice was a growl, low and dangerous. She moved closer, each step deliberate, each word striking like a whip. "The money was mine to give, but the video you hold-why do you have it? How did you come across Eric Thorne? Tell me everything. Every last detail."

“I-I don’t know what you mean,” Jocelyn stammered, shaking her head violently. “You’re imagining things.”

Freya gave a curt gesture. Her guards seized Jocelyn’s arms. She shrieked and kicked, but their grip was iron.

“Let go of me! This is illegal! I’ll sue you all-”

Freya ignored her cries, her sharp gaze scanning the suite. She spotted the laptop perched on the desk, its screen still glowing. With a swift stride, she claimed it, her fingers dancing across the keys. Within moments, the evidence was laid bare: multiple transfers, funds bouncing from one account to another.

Freya turned the screen toward her cousin. “Still denying it?”

Jocelyn’s breath hitched. Her skin went pale as frost.

“Jocelyn,” Freya’s voice hardened, each syllable edged with menace, “this isn’t about money. I don’t care about the billion. What I care about is my brother. You had a video of him. You know something. Speak, or I’ll tear the truth out of you.”

Her wolf stirred beneath her skin, claws raking at the edges of her control. The Bloodmoon Pack’s scent of dominance filled the room, pressing down on Jocelyn until she trembled.

“I-I only stumbled across him,” Jocelyn stuttered at last, her voice high and panicked. “At the borderlands, near D-country. My bag was stolen, I reported it, and the footage from a street camera caught... him. Eric. I didn’t even realize until I saw his picture later that it was him. I thought I could... profit from it.”

Freya’s chest tightened. “The video,” she hissed, “Eric was being attacked. He clung to a car door, shouting something to the person inside. The angle was bad—I couldn’t hear his words. you were there, Jocelyn. You saw it. Who was in that car? Who was he trying to reach?”

But

Jocelyn’s pupils flickered with fear. Her hands twisted against the guards’ grip.

“I-I don’t remember.”

:

s

Freya's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Don't remember? Or don't want to say?" She took another step forward, her aura crashing down like a storm tide. "You forget Eric was part of the Iron Fang Recon Unit. The military has never stopped searching for him. If I hand you over to them, they'll drag every truth from your lungs. Do you think you can withstand their methods?"

Jocelyn shuddered violently. Her mind raced, torn between two terrors: Freya's wrath... and Silas Whitmor's. Because if she revealed what she knew—if she dared to speak of that night—then Silas himself would come for her.

Her lips trembled. "The one in the back seat was—"

The door slammed open.

99

A figure stormed inside, radiating Alpha dominance so intense the air thickened like smoke.

"Freya!"

The voice cracked like thunder.

She spun

around.

Silas Whitmor stood framed in the doorway, his aura surging with power, his eyes locked on her with a mixture of dread and fury.

For a heartbeat, silence hung in the air. Jocelyn sagged in the guards' grip, relief and terror mingling in her wide eyes. Freya's breath caught in her throat.

The storm had just broken.

3/3 The link to the origin of this information rests in find-novel-net

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

s

Silas's sudden arrival froze the room. His chest rose and fell rapidly, his face pale beneath the sharp hotel lights.

"Silas?" Freya whispered, shock rippling through her as she turned to face him. His expression wasn't the cool, calculating calm she had grown accustomed to. No—his eyes were wide, his jaw tight, and every line of his body screamed barely-contained panic.

"I heard from Wren that you came here with guards," Silas said quickly, stepping toward her. His voice was tight, brittle. "I couldn't just sit by. I had to make sure you were safe."

But his gaze flicked past her, toward Jocelyn Thorne, and the cold gleam of Alpha fury lit his

eyes.

"Yes," Freya answered slowly, her tone guarded. "I didn't expect Jocelyn to be holding a video of Eric... after his disappearance."

Even speaking the words made her chest tighten. The flickering footage of her brother's battered body haunted her mind. She had replayed it over and over—the image of Eric Thorne, warrior of the Iron Fang Recon Unit, clinging desperately to a car door, lips moving in unheard pleas.

And inside that car... someone had been there. Someone Eric trusted enough to beg.

"Video?" Silas froze mid-step.

"Yes," Freya said firmly, pulling her WolfComm device from her pocket and thrusting it toward him. The video played on the small screen, Eric's desperate struggle flickering in the grainy light.

The blood drained from Silas's face. His hand trembled as he took the device, clutching it as if it weighed more than stone. His knuckles whitened.

Five years. Five years buried and hidden—resurfacing in Freya's palm.

Jocelyn felt the shift in the air. The way Silas looked at her now—like prey, like something already dead—made her legs quake. Even if she kept silent, the damage was done. Just possessing this video had condemned her.

“Jocelyn,” Freya snapped, her voice sharp as steel. She stalked closer, her wolf power rolling through the air. “I’ll ask you again. Who was in that car? You were there. You saw it. Who was

Eric begging for?”

Her cousin’s lips parted, but no sound came.

18

The memory of her brother’s agony scorched her mind. Freya’s wolf pushed harder at the surface, claws aching to rend, to tear, to drag the truth out of Jocelyn’s throat.

“Tell me!” she barked.

The guards tightened their hold on Jocelyn’s arms. She writhed, fear and desperation twisting her features. Fresh chapters posted on findnovel.net

“I—if I tell you, I want your promise,” Jocelyn gasped, voice shrill. “Swear you’ll protect me. Swear you’ll keep me alive!”

Freya opened her mouth, but Silas’s voice cut over hers, rough and urgent.

“Freya, don’t waste your breath on her!” He surged forward, his presence dominating the

space.

“You don’t need her answers. Let me handle this. I’ll find the truth for you. I’ll find Eric. I swear it!”

There was something in his tone she had never heard before—an edge of wild desperation. His hands reached for her, gripping her arms as if anchoring himself. His body trembled against hers, every muscle coiled tight with fear.

“Silas, you—what is it?” Freya whispered, confusion threading her words. He wasn’t himself. His aura was fractured, shadowed by something darker than guilt—something closer to terror.

“I... it’s nothing,” he forced out, his voice breaking slightly as he tried to summon his usual composure. But his body betrayed him. Even his wolf seemed to shiver beneath the surface, unable to mask the dread that consumed him.

“Because the one in that car-” Jocelyn’s voice rose suddenly,

The guards startled as her teeth sank into one of their hands. With a yelp, the enforcer loosened his grip. Jocelyn seized the moment, twisting free just long enough to scream her truth into the room.

“The one in the back seat was him! Silas Whitmor!”

The words split the air like lightning.

Freya froze.

Her breath caught in her lungs. Her gaze snapped from Jocelyn to Silas, whose face had

10:42 Wed, Sep 24

A

95

drained of every trace of color. The mask of composure he wore so carefully shattered completely, leaving only raw horror in its wake.

s

Jocelyn’s chest heaved as she glared at him, defiance and spite lacing her expression. “That’s right. Your Alpha. Your mate-to-be. He was there when Eric was dragged down. He did nothing!”

Silas moved in a blur, his dominance flooding the room like a crushing wave. Jocelyn choked on her words as his aura slammed against her, forcing her wolf to submit. Her knees buckled.

“Shut your mouth!” His roar shook the walls, his wolf bleeding through in every syllable. His eyes glowed with a dangerous, golden fire.

But Freya stood rooted to the ground, the shock sinking claws into her chest. Her heart thundered, her mind racing through the fragments of memory, the

inconsistencies she had ignored, the shadows in Silas's gaze every time her brother's name surfaced.

"No..." she whispered, her body trembling. "No, that's not... Silas, tell me it's not true."

His head whipped toward her. His lips parted, but no words came out. The silence was heavier than any denial.

The weight of it crushed her.

For the first time in years, Freya felt her knees weaken, not from fear but from betrayal. Her wolf howled within her, the sound a keening wail that threatened to split her apart.

Eric's blood. Silas's silence.

The truth clawed at her chest.

And suddenly, she realized—maybe Jocelyn hadn't lied at all.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

:

s

Freya's pupils contracted violently, disbelief flooding her gaze at the words that had just been

hurled into the air.

The guards moved at once, shoving Jocelyn forward and clamping a heavy hand across her mouth. She kicked and struggled, but their grip was merciless.

"Stop!" Freya's command cracked through the tension like a whip.

The guards froze, still pinning Jocelyn in place.

At the same time, she turned toward Silas. "Let me go.

“”

But his arms were still locked around her, holding her as if he could shield her from the truth itself. His grip trembled against her ribs.

“Freya, don’t-” His voice rasped, breaking.

With a sudden wrench, Freya tore herself free, breaking his hold by sheer force of will. Silas staggered back two paces, breath caught, and instinctively reached to catch her again. But when his eyes collided with hers—burning, unyielding, demanding—his hands faltered in midair and fell uselessly to his sides.

Her voice rang clear, sharp enough to cut through marrow. “Silas Whitmor, whatever happens, I will hear Jocelyn’s words for myself. I’ll make my own judgment.”

Silas went rigid, his veins pounding, his chest rising and falling with violent restraint. His wolf howled within, begging her not to move closer. But his throat locked; no sound could break through. He could only watch as she stepped toward the woman who had just torn the veil from his deepest secret.

Stop. His soul screamed it. Don’t go any further, Freya. Please... stop.

But her boots carried her onward, steady, unrelenting, until she stood before Jocelyn.

“Release her,” Freya ordered, her voice low but filled with Alpha steel.

The guards hesitated, looking toward Silas. He gave no signal. His jaw was clenched tight, his face bloodless.

Impatience sparked in Freya’s veins. She gripped one guard’s wrist and wrenched it back with

a crack. His hand fell away from Jocelyn’s face.

:

Freya’s eyes locked with her cousin’s. “Say it. Who was in the back seat?”

Jocelyn burst into vicious laughter, her voice dripping venom. “How many times do I need to repeat it? Freya, the one sitting in the back seat was Silas Whitmor himself. You condemn Aurora for her cold indifference, yet what about him? Your precious Alpha. Your Silas. He did nothing while your brother begged for his life. He is no different—no, worse. How does that taste?”

Her words were sharp, poisoned barbs meant to wound. If she couldn’t escape this room alive, then she would drag them all into the abyss with her.

Freya’s stare burned like ice. “You say it was Silas. Do you have proof?”

“Proof?” Jocelyn’s mouth twisted into a smile of ugly triumph. “Five years ago, Silas and I both went to D-country. My bag was stolen, and I filed a report there. The police record mentions him by name. His car. His plate number. If you could track me down here, you can damn well dig that up too.” Her eyes glittered with a warped glee, knowing she had landed her blow.

Freya’s lips pressed into a bloodless line. Slowly, she turned toward Silas.

The man who had always been composed, unshakable, iron-willed. Now he stood pale as bone, silent, staring at her with hollow eyes. He didn’t deny it.

Her heart plummeted like a stone into the abyss.

If he had nothing to do with it, he would have refuted Jocelyn in an instant. The silence... was answer enough.

So it was true. The one in the back seat, the one who turned away from Eric Thorne’s desperate pleas, had been Silas.

“Now you *see*?” Jocelyn sneered, fangs flashing as she leaned forward. “You know now that the man you trust most abandoned your brother to die. Eric clawed at that door, begged until his throat bled. And what did Silas do? He gave the order to tear him off, to throw him like garbage on the roadside. He never lifted a finger. That’s who he is. Cold, Ruthless. A wolf with no heart. You said you could forgive him anything—what about this? Can you still forgive

this?”

Her taunts filled the room like acid smoke, choking the air.

Freya's chest rose and fell, pain grinding in her ribs, sharper with each breath. Her brother's image blazed behind her eyes: strong, proud Eric—brought low, discarded like refuse. The ache inside her grew unbearable.

95

s

Yet even now, she forced her wolf down, forced the anguish into stillness. Her voice was ice when she finally spoke. "We're leaving."

She walked straight past Jocelyn, ignoring her cousin's laughter, ignoring Silas's pale, stricken form. With steady steps, she returned to him and held out her hand.

Silas's breath shuddered. For a moment he stood paralyzed, then she seized his wrist herself, pulling him toward the door.

He stumbled after her, dazed, his mind blank until the hotel room was behind them.

"Freya, I..." His lips parted, words falling broken from his tongue. He wanted to beg, to explain, to tell her everything and nothing at once.

"Later," she said coldly, never slowing her pace.

Her grip dragged him down the corridor, out the elevator, into the night air where their driver already stood by the vehicle.

The door swung open. They slipped inside, Freya first, Silas sliding in beside her.

The ride to her apartment was thick with silence. Freya stared out the window, her WolfComm resting loosely in her lap. Not a word left her mouth.

Beside her, Silas's body coiled like a predator cornered. His mind clawed for a solution, any explanation that might hold her, but nothing came. The truth he had fought to bury for five years had risen, and it had torn her trust open like a wound.

Fear—real, raw Alpha fear—gnawed at him. Not fear of enemies, not of war, but of losing her. For original chapters go to findnovel.net

When the car pulled into the complex and halted before her building, Freya pushed the door open without a glance. She walked swiftly, her boots striking the pavement like drumbeats of judgment.

Silas followed at her heels, each step heavier than the last. Inside the apartment, the silence grew oppressive, thick as fog.

Freya stood at the center of the room, her back to him. For a long moment, the only sound was the rasp of her breathing.

Finally, her voice broke through, sharp and unwavering. “Five years ago, you saw my brother. Didn’t you?”

The words sliced the air, heavy with truth and accusation.

:

95

s

Silas froze, his throat working but producing no sound. He wanted to deny, but every part of him knew denial was worthless now. He wanted to confess, but the words curdled in his chest.

So he stood in silence.

And the silence spoke louder than any answer.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya’s POV

:

I clenched my fists at my sides, my voice low but sharp as a blade.

99

+10 Free Coins

“Don’t lie to me, Silas. Don’t forget—you once promised me that as long as I asked, you would always tell me the truth. No deceit. No concealment.”

His lips pressed into a thin line, his jaw working as if the words were stones caught in his throat. For a long, suffocating moment, silence stretched between us. Then, finally, he rasped, “Yes.”

The single syllable burned in my chest, confirmation of everything I dreaded.

“So when my brother Eric was crying for help that night...” My voice came out steady—too steady, the kind of calm that was more dangerous than fury. “You were really sitting in the back seat, weren’t you?”

He stared at my back as though the distance between us were oceans instead of a few mere steps. I could feel his gaze drilling into me, heavy, desperate. And yet, in that heartbeat, he felt so far away that I could not reach him even if I wanted to.

“...Yes.” The word tore out of him, raw, jagged. “Freya, forgive me. If I had known then that it was your brother, I swear I would never have stood by!”

My body jolted, the truth slamming into me like claws across my ribs. Slowly, painfully, I turned to face him.

“Stood by?” My lips curved in a bitter parody of a smile. “You call that standing by?”

The laugh that left me was hollow, cut through with the same kind of ridicule I had always reserved for Aurora—the Bluemoon Beta’s daughter—whose cowardice had once cost lives. I had loathed her for abandoning others to their fate.

And now, the man I had loved... had done the same. To my own blood.

“Why didn’t you tell me before?” My voice cracked, equal parts fury and anguish. “You knew I was searching for my brother. You saw his face in the pictures I showed you. Don’t tell me you forgot about that night five years ago. Don’t you dare. Was it negligence? Or was it deliberate?”

If even Jocelyn—my cousin, who lived far from the blood and pain of my family—could piece together that the man I sought was Eric, then how could Silas not?

8:00 **Thu, Sep 25**

:

\$99

+10 Free Coins

“Answer me,” I demanded, my nails biting into my palms. “I want the truth. Not another convenient lie.”

“I’m sorry.” His voice was hoarse, defeated. Just two words.

But those two words shattered everything.

My heart plummeted into the abyss.

With a strangled breath, I crossed the space between us in three strides, fury propelling me. My fist shot upward and collided hard with his face.

The sound cracked through the room like thunder.

He didn’t dodge. Didn’t even raise a hand to block me. He took the blow head-on, his head snapping to the side, the smell of blood cutting through the air sharp and metallic.

“Why?!” My voice broke, my chest heaving. “Why would you lie to me? Why would you hide something this important? You saw my brother in D country—you knew it was him—and you said nothing!”

Tears blurred my vision, but rage kept me steady.

“I’m sorry, Freya. I was afraid... afraid that if I told you the truth, you would never forgive me. That you would leave me.” His words stumbled out, frantic. “I sent people to search for him. I swear it. In D country, I deployed scouts. I thought—when they found him—I’d confess everything. I just... I wanted to protect us.”

My laugh was a broken, guttural sound. “Protect us? So your truth depends on conditions now? You’d only confess if you had good news to soften the blow?” My fists shook as I raised them again. “Do you know how much I trusted you? Do you know how I believed, blindly, that you would never betray me?”

My knuckles smashed against him again. And again.

He staggered back, blood streaking his face, his handsome features twisted in pain. Still, he whispered nothing but, “I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

I didn’t stop until his body reeled, unsteady, until he stumbled two paces backward, clutching the wall for balance. Only then did my rage drain enough for me to lower my hand.

My chest heaved. My vision blurred. My heart splintered.

Never—not once—had I imagined my fists would ever land on the man I had once thought was my future. Yet here he stood, Silas Whitmor, Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, brought low

8:00 **Thu, Sep 25** Read complete version only at [find♦novel.net](#)

:

not by an enemy pack, but by the truth I had dragged out of him.

99

+10 Free Coins

Blood trailed from the corner of his lips. The sight twisted something inside me, tearing me

open.

“Tell me, then,” I whispered, my voice raw. “What did Eric say when he begged you for help?”

Silas’s eyes clouded with torment. “He... only said he needed saving. He was hurt, bleeding. He spoke in your tongue, in the old Stormveil dialect—that’s why I remember. But at the time...” He swallowed hard. “At the time, I was cold to everything. I told my men to drag him away, to keep him from blocking the car. I didn’t want to get involved with the chaos of D country.”

I laughed then, sharp and hysterical. The sound scraped my throat raw. My brother had begged, and the man I loved had turned his back.

“What was Eric facing that night?” My voice trembled. “Was someone hunting him?”

“I didn’t see. There were industrial yards nearby, warehouses, smuggling routes. Later, when I recognized his face on the photograph you showed me in the diner, I sent my hunters back to search those grounds. But he was gone.” His voice dropped to a whisper. “Vanished.”

Gone.

I bit down on my lip so hard I tasted blood. Gone meant escaped... or dead.

But no. No, I refused to believe it. Eric Thorne was Stormveil. He was my brother. He would not die so easily. Even in the worst hellhole of D country, even hunted, he would survive. He had to.

“One last question,” I whispered, meeting Silas’s gaze with eyes burning red. “When did you realize the man you had abandoned was my brother?”

His throat bobbed. “The night you took me to the diner in town. I saw the photo on the wall- your face beside his. That was when I knew.”

The diner. That was months ago. Which meant from that moment onward, he had been lying. Every smile, every vow, every touch of his hand had been built on concealment.

“You swore to me,” I said, my voice breaking, “that if I asked, you would never lie. Was that your plan all along? That if I never asked the right question, you could live with yourself, keep me in the dark, pretend your silence wasn’t betrayal?”

“Never again, Freya. I swear it.” His desperation bled through the words. “There will be no more secrets between us. Not anymore.”

8:00 Thu, Sep 25

I stared at him, empty.

Not anymore.

But could there still be an us?

I didn’t know.

For the first time, I truly didn’t know.

8:00 Thu, Sep 25

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya’s POV

∴

+10 Free Coins

I let out a hollow laugh, the kind that tasted of ashes, and my lips twisted into a bitter curl. My eyes lowered, lashes shielding the storm in them.

“I’ll move out of here,” I said quietly. “The hundred million I borrowed is in Jocelyn’s private account. I’ll submit the account details to you. The interest—I’ll transfer it straight to your name. As for Jocelyn, hand her to the authorities if you wish. I’ll provide every piece of transaction evidence between her and me.”

My voice was steady, stripped of the fury that had burned only moments ago. It sounded detached, like I was merely cataloging business matters. Yet the words made Silas flinch as though I’d driven a blade into his ribs.

“You don’t need to move out,” he blurted, panic crackling in the air like lightning before a storm. “I’ll move. This can still be your place. Stay as long as you want—forever, if you wish.”

I shook my head. “This is your apartment, Silas. I was only a guest here. It’s me who should leave.”

“Freya, please,” he begged, his voice rough with desperation. “Don’t go.”

Every instinct in him screamed it—he knew as well as I did. The moment I left this place, there would be no coming back. It would be the end.

“I’m leaving,” I said again, firmer this time. My gaze rose, locking with his. “And one more thing—”

I paused, steadying the tremor in my chest, before I delivered the final blow. “We’re done.”

His pupils constricted, shock rippling through him like an earthquake. “Done? You mean...” His throat worked. “...you want to break up with me?”

“Yes.” My lips curved, but the smile was a fragile, broken thing. “I want to break up.”

The words tasted like venom on my tongue, but they were the only truth left between us.

I had once dreamed of a future with him—hand in hand, white-haired, a bond that nothing could sever. I had even planned that after my journey to the borderlands

in search of Eric- whether I returned victorious or empty-handed-I would marry Silas. I had trusted in that future.

8:00 Thu, Sep 25

But that future had died the moment he chose silence over truth.

99

+10 Free Coins

“I won’t accept it!” Silas’s growl tore through the air, wolf-raw and feral. “I know I wronged you by hiding what happened with your brother. I know you’re angry. I’ll stay away. I won’t disturb you. Just... just give me time. When your fury burns out, we can speak again.”

I shook my head. “Whether my anger fades or not doesn’t matter. I can’t do this anymore.”

His face contorted in disbelief. “You’d end everything... just because of one lie?”

“One lie is enough.” My voice cracked, my heart splitting open with the words. “You know what I’ve always wanted in love. Absolute trust. Complete honesty. And now... how could I ever believe you again?”

He surged forward, closing the space between us in a heartbeat, and crushed me against him in a desperate embrace.

That warmth-his arms, his scent, once my sanctuary-now strangled me. Because in his embrace, all I could see was Eric. My brother, bloodied and desperate, dragged mercilessly aside by Silas’s men while Silas himself sat motionless in the back seat.

“Freya,” Silas whispered against my hair, his voice breaking. “I know I wasn’t obligated to save your brother. But I cannot bear that you hate me for it. If only... if only I had told you sooner, instead of letting you find out like this, maybe-maybe things would be different. Maybe you wouldn’t look at me with such loathing.”

I shoved him back, my palms pressing hard against his chest. He stumbled, desperation flashing across his face.

I turned and strode to the bedroom, yanking a suitcase from the closet. My hands moved fast, too fast, shoving my belongings inside as though packing them away could ease the anguish burning my veins.

Silas followed me, his voice ragged. "If I had told you from the start—would you have forgiven me? Would you have spared me this hatred?"

I froze, my hands fisting in the fabric of a sweater. The truth? I didn't know. Even now, I couldn't find the answer. But I knew one thing for certain—if he had confessed back then, the betrayal would not cut so deep.

When Jocelyn's poisonous words reached my ears earlier today, it had been like a sword hacking into me over and over again. That pain... that sense of betrayal... would scar me for life.

"Don't leave me." Silas's voice cracked, scraping raw. He moved closer, his presence trembling with barely restrained panic. "Freya, I beg you. I hid it because I love you too much. Because I

8:00 Thu, Sep 25

99

+10 Free Coins

cared too much. I didn't dare gamble. I couldn't risk losing you if you knew I had once stood by while your brother bled. You're too righteous, too uncompromising. Eric means the world to you. How could I chance it? If I told you then, you might have walked away before you'd even truly chosen me."

He swallowed hard, his words tumbling, pleading. "So I told myself I'd wait. That I'd keep it buried until I found him, until I could hand him back to you with both hands. Only then would I confess. I thought... I thought that was the only way to keep you."

I turned my face away, refusing to look at him. Because every time I looked at him, my heart screamed in agony.

"I've already decided," I whispered, folding another garment and laying it into the suitcase. Updates are released by findnovel.net

He lunged forward and seized my wrist, his grip trembling. “But you promised me. You swore, Freya. You told me that no matter what I did—so long as it wasn’t crime or treason—you would forgive me.”

His words twisted the knife deeper.

I stared down at his hand on my wrist, his knuckles white with desperation, and I thought of the vow I had once made, back when I still believed in him. Back when I thought our love was unshakable.

Now, the vow lay shattered, scattered in the ashes of broken trust.

8:00 Thu, Sep 25

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person’s POV

99

+10 Free Coins

Silas stared at her as if he were drowning, his hand clamped desperately around Freya’s wrist. His voice cracked, raw with desperation.

“You promised me, Freya. You said you’d forgive me—no matter what. You can’t take that back now. You can’t!”

Freya froze, startled by the sheer panic in his tone. Her lips curved into a bitter laugh, sharp and trembling, her eyes glimmering with unshed tears.

“Forgive you?” she echoed, almost choking on the word. “Of course. The great Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, so cunning, always thinking ten steps ahead. And to think—I never realized you calculated even this. That’s why you pushed me into making that promise, isn’t it? Insurance for when your lies finally came crashing down?”

“I-” His lips pressed tight, pale and dry. Shame scalded his throat. He knew it was true. He knew he was despicable. But the thought of losing her ripped through him like a blade.

He shook his head, voice breaking. “Don’t go. Please.”

“Let me go, Silas.” Her tone was iron, her gaze fixed on his hand still clamped around her wrist.

“And if I refuse?” His voice was hoarse, trembling, but stubborn. His fingers tightened, wolf instincts clinging with primal possessiveness.

She didn’t argue further. She simply moved. Her free hand wrapped around his, prying, forcing. But he wouldn’t release her—his grip only grew stronger, the cords in his arm standing out, veins pulsing.

Her eyes hardened.

Crack!

Silas gasped, his face draining of color as the sound of bone splintering filled the room. His forefinger bent grotesquely, but he didn’t let go.

“If this is the price,” he panted through the pain, “then break them all, Freya. Ten fingers, every last one—if it means you’ll stay.”

Her stomach twisted with fury and grief. “Does this amuse you, Silas? Do you think this pathetic display can change anything?”

“It’s meaningless,” he admitted, his breath ragged. “But I can’t release you.”

Her jaw clenched. “Then I’ll say it once more. Let go.”

He said nothing. His silence was answer enough.

Crack!

+10 Free Coins

Another finger snapped, followed by another. The sound echoed like gunfire in the room, and with each break, it was as if something inside Freya’s chest splintered too. Pain ripped through her heart as though her own bones were being crushed.

Finally, his grip faltered. She tore her wrist free from his ruined hand.

But Silas only stared at her, his hand twisted and broken, his face pale with agony—and yet, his eyes never left hers. His voice was low, pleading. “Don’t leave me. You can do anything to me, Freya. Anything. Just... don’t walk away.”

“Anything?” Her laughter was brittle, hollow. “Can your pain bring back my brother, Silas? Can shattered bones erase your deception? Can your suffering undo your lies?”

Her gaze flicked to his mangled hand, her expression cold. She had never once imagined she would do this to him, never thought she could be this merciless. But he had forced her hand.

“If you don’t want this to get uglier, then stop standing in my way.”

Silas’s body went rigid. He didn’t move. Couldn’t. He could only watch, stricken, as she turned from him. Freya dragged out her luggage, filling the suitcase with the few possessions she still had in this apartment. Each item folded away was a piece of herself severed from him.

When she pulled the suitcase to the door, brushing past him without so much as a glance, he found his voice again.

“Freya!” His cry cracked like a whip, desperate and raw. “I was wrong. I know I was wrong. But please don’t abandon me. Don’t cut me out of your life.”

Her grip tightened around the suitcase handle. She drew in a sharp breath, her voice trembling but firm. “Silas, there is no ‘us’ anymore. Between us—it’s over.”

She never got to finish.

A dull thud split the silence.

She spun around, eyes wide, only to see him collapse onto his knees, his body hitting the floor with brutal force.

8:01 Thu, Sep 25

99

+10 Free Coins

“You-” She faltered, stunned. She had never imagined him kneeling. The Ironclad Alpha, feared by enemies and respected by allies, reduced to this.

“You said you wanted me,” Silas rasped, his voice shaking. “Then want me still. Want me forever. Don’t walk away like this. I can’t take it. I was wrong, but only once. Is there truly no forgiveness for a single mistake?”

Freya's breath hitched, her chest constricting painfully. Her hand tightened on the suitcase handle until her knuckles whitened.

"Some mistakes," she whispered, "allow no second chances. You should have saved him, Silas. You should have saved Eric. I swore to you once that nothing—short of crime—could break my promise of forgiveness. But this..." Her voice fractured, her eyes burning. "This I can't forgive."

She turned her back on him, the finality of her decision cutting deeper than any blade.

The door slammed behind her, the echo reverberating through the apartment like a death knell.

For Silas, the world collapsed into shadow.

Just one mistake. Just once. And yet she had left him as though every moment they had shared had meant nothing.

Regret ripped him apart. Why hadn't he saved Eric that night? Why hadn't fate brought him to Freya sooner, years earlier, when he might have known her brother's face, his scent, his bloodline? If only he had recognized him then. If only he had acted.

Then Freya might not hate him. Then she might still be here, in his arms, where she belonged.

But now she was gone.

He remained on his knees long after she left, his broken hand dangling uselessly at his side. Time passed unnoticed. The daylight outside dimmed into twilight, shadows stretching across the Ironclad Alpha's home.

At last, he staggered to his feet, swaying, disoriented. His injured hand hung limp, three fingers grotesquely twisted, but he felt nothing. Not the pain, not the blood, not the throbbing in his bones. Only the hollow ache inside him.

His eyes scoured the apartment like a feral beast searching for prey. She had taken everything -every belonging, every trace of herself. As if she had never lived here at all.

No—there was something.

8:01 Thu, Sep 25

:

99

+10 Free Coins

He stopped before the nightstand in their bedroom. His chest heaved as he opened the drawer with trembling hands.

There it was. A small box, untouched.

He remembered—the gift she had once said she would give him for his birthday. She had taken everything else but left this behind.

His breath hitched, chest seizing as he stared at the box. It was not mercy. It was not love.

It was the cruelest wound she could have given him.

Because leaving the gift behind meant only one thing.

Freya was never coming back. This text is hosted at [find\(N\)ovel.net](http://find(N)ovel.net)

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

99

+10 Free Coins

Silas lifted his left hand, trembling as he pulled a small box from the nightstand drawer. His movements were hesitant, almost reverent, as though the box itself carried the weight of everything he had lost.

Slowly, he opened it.

Inside lay a prayer bead bracelet, carved from dark rosewood and strung with jade pieces that caught the dim light. Resting on top of it was a card—her handwriting unmistakable, strong yet delicate, the loops of her letters curling with warmth he could almost hear in her voice.

May you live each year in peace. May we walk side by side until we are old.

At the bottom, signed with the name that tore his heart in two—Freya Thorne.

Silas stared at it, dazed, the world tilting around him. Tears spilled silently down his face, falling onto the card and blurring the ink.

Peace.

Side by side until old age.

But without her, what meaning did those words hold? Without her, who would walk with him. into old age?

For all his foresight, for all the reputation he carried as the Ironclad Alpha who planned three steps Follow current novels on [find•novel.net](http://find-novel.net)

ahead in every negotiation, every battle, every deal—he had not foreseen this. Some things could not be calculated. Some sins could not be erased.

And some mistakes... could never be forgiven.

A voice, haunting and bitter, echoed through his mind—the voice of his father.

“Silas, you are my son. And like me, you will never know love returned. You will be denied, tormented, left to rot with regret. That is your fate.”

“No!” Silas’s whisper cracked, raw with defiance. His breath shook as he pressed the card to his chest, against his pounding heart, as though clutching her close. “I’m not you. I’ll never be you. I won’t lose her the way you lost everything.”

He rocked forward, the small card clutched tight as if it were her hand, her warmth, her

8:01 Thu, **Sep 25**

+10 Free Coins

heartbeat. In his mind’s eye he could see her still, luminous and furious, walking out the door without looking back.

His wolf howled inside him, clawing at his ribs, aching for the bond she had torn apart.

Meanwhile, across the city, Freya dragged her suitcase up a narrow flight of stairs to a modest apartment building. The door swung open, revealing Lana.

Lana's eyes

widened. "Freya? Spirits above—what are you doing here with that suitcase?"

Freya's voice was low, her expression calm, but her eyes betrayed exhaustion. "Can I stay with you for a few days? I'll find another place soon."

Lana stepped aside instantly. "You can stay here as long as you want. But... wait. Why are you leaving Silas's place? Don't tell me—"

"I'm not living with him anymore," Freya said quietly.

Lana frowned, confused. "What happened? Did you two fight?"

Freya exhaled, steady but cold. "We broke up."

Lana froze. Her mouth fell open. "What?"

Of all the things she expected, that was not it. Silas's obsession with Freya had been obvious to anyone with eyes. The Ironclad Alpha didn't bend, didn't beg—but for Freya, he had done both.

"You—broke up? With him?"

"Yes," Freya said. Her tone left no room for doubt.

"Wait, but... he agreed to it? Silas Whitmor just let you go?" Lana's voice pitched in disbelief.

"There's no agreement to be had," Freya answered simply, her voice a blade of truth. "When one decides it's over, it's over."

Lana's chest tightened. She searched Freya's face, saw the redness rimmed around her eyes despite her calm demeanor. She had known Freya too long to be fooled.

"I don't understand," Lana whispered. "You just bought him a gift not long ago. I thought—"

"Our values don't align," Freya cut her off. "So we end it."

Lana bit her lip, studying her friend, knowing there was far more beneath the surface. But she

8:01 Thu, Sep 25

9:

99

+10 Free Coins

didn't press. Instead, she forced a smile and gestured toward the back rooms. "Fine. Then take your old room. I never really touched it since you left. You'll need to clean it a little, but it's yours. As for finding another house... don't worry about that yet. Wait until after you've tracked down Eric. Once you bring your brother back from the borderlands, then think about settling somewhere else."

Freya nodded. "Thank you. I'll give you three thousand a month, as rent."

"Don't even start," Lana scoffed, waving a hand. "You're practically the crown jewel of my company right now—you're making me more money than half my staff combined. Consider this the least I can do as your boss. Think of it as... employee housing."

For the first time that night, the corner of Freya's lips softened. "Thank you, Lana."

She carried her suitcase into the familiar room, set it down, and closed the door.

The next morning, Freya drove to the military district. Within the reinforced halls of the Iron Fang Recon Unit headquarters, she handed over an encrypted drive containing a video—five years old, but priceless. Evidence of her brother Eric, proof that he had once been alive, that he had not simply vanished into the void of war.

"I want an official search request issued to the D-territories," she told the officer on duty. Her voice didn't waver, though her heart pounded. "He was my brother. He was part of us. Find him."

The officer nodded grimly, promising to escalate the request.

Freya stepped back into the daylight, the cold air hitting her lungs like steel. She had already decided: if the military could not bring her brother home, she would cross into D-territory herself. She would find the truth.

As she left the district gates, her WolfComm buzzed.

The name flashing across the screen made her hesitate—Wren, Silas's private secretary.

Her stomach turned. Against her better judgment, she answered.

“Miss Thorne,” Wren’s voice came quickly, tight with worry. “Could you... please come see the Alpha? His fingers were broken last night. He refuses to go to the medics, refuses any treatment. I’ve tried everything, but he won’t listen to me.”

Freya closed her eyes, her wolf stirring uneasily at the words. The image of Silas’s pale face, his bones snapping beneath her hand, rose unbidden.

She gripped the steering wheel tighter, the echo of his broken voice haunting her.

8:01 Thu, Sep 25

But she said nothing.

ち