

## **A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 30**

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Third Person's POV

In the days that followed, Caelum Grafton found himself scrambling desperately to secure funds. The banks had shut him down cold—no loans, no lifeline. SilverTech Forgeworks' financial chain was dangerously close to snapping.

After yet another curt refusal over the phone, Caelum slammed his device onto the desk, frustration simmering beneath his composed Alpha exterior.

Three years since the company's founding, everything had flowed smoothly—until Freya Thorne left. Suddenly, projects faltered, finances unraveled, and chaos spread through even the most stable ventures.

"Why can't even these small problems be handled anymore? Nothing used to go wrong," Caelum bellowed at the latest meeting.

But the senior executives' answer was a cold splash of reality: "Those issues were always managed by Supervisor Thorne."

Though Freya was gone, her presence clung like a ghost, shadowing the corridors and boardrooms of SilverTech.

His mind involuntarily flicked to the words of the rival project manager who'd once warned him, "You don't understand Miss Thorne's true worth."

Worth?

To Caelum, she'd been just an Omega with an unremarkable degree—why else had he slapped her into a desk job so easily?

But now he wondered: beyond her national defense academy credentials, her top-scoring brilliance in the capital's sciences and pilot's nerve—what other secrets did Freya carry?

"Trouble on your mind?" Aurora's calm voice cut through the haze.

Caelum blinked and looked up at the Bluemoon Pack's Beta daughter. Once, she'd been just a distant dream—Bluemoon's precious heiress, while he was nothing but a penniless pup, w

He never imagined he'd one day sit across from her, sharing a meal like equals,

“Just minor issues,” he replied, downplaying the storm inside.

Aurora smiled softly. “About that villa you mentioned—I upfront, the seller might knock off five million.”

Went to see it. I actually liked it. The realtor said if you pay in full

Her words sent a ripple through Caelum’s face. The villa had been intended a according to plan, spending thirty million wouldn’t have been a problem.

But now? That money was nowhere in sight.

a gift for Aurora. If everything had gone

“Let’s postpone buying the villa. Maybe there’s a better one waiting,” Caelum suggested cautiously.

Aurora lifted her chin with a proud tilt. “If you don’t want to give it, just say so. I’m not desperate for gifts.”

“No, that’s not it. Compared to the life debt I owe you, a villa is nothing,” Caelum said hurriedly. “It’s just... the company’s cash flow is tight. I can’t pull the funds right now.”

He prayed she wouldn’t see his desperation.

A flicker of understanding passed through Aurora’s eyes. “I never expected repayment when I saved you. If money’s tight, the villa can wait. Unfortunately, the Bluemoon’s wealth is controlled by my uncle’s branch; my side has no real power to help with funds.”

Aurora’s empathy eased the weight on Caelum’s shoulders.

“I’m grateful for your support. I’ll fix the company’s problems. One day, I’ll repay you in full,” he vowed, voice thick with sincerity.

He remembered the day a gang had attacked him, stabbing him eight times to protect his tuition funds before dumping him in the river.

At death’s door, a fierce grip had pulled him from the water, accompanied by a desperate voice shouting, “Hold on! I will save you!”

That voice—Aurora’s—had been his lifeline.

When he woke in the hospital and learned she was his savior, his heart had sworn an unbreakable oath to repay her, whatever it took.

Her smile now was gentle but firm. “I don’t need repayment. I only wanted you to survive.”

Truth be told, she hadn’t done much more than happen upon him at the riverbank, with paramedics arriving just after her call.

At the time, it felt like a hassle—but now, seeing the man he’d become, the payoff was beyond what she imagined.

Who would have thought the penniless pup would rise to lead a publicly traded company?

Only one thing remained—a barrier yet unbroken: he still hadn’t finalized his divorce.

After their meeting, Aurora stayed to accompany Eleanor and Giselle on a shopping trip.

If she ever married Caelum, she’d need to navigate the delicate ties with his mother and sister.

At the Song family’s cosmetics chain, Aurora offered warmly, “Take whatever you like I’ll cover it.”

Compared to what she’d taken from Caelum already, a few beauty products were nothing.

Aurora, you’re far too generous,” Giselle praised at once, her tone dripping with admiration.

“Indeed,” Eleanor agreed with an eager nod. “Far better than that Freya Thorne, that’s for certain. If only you were my daughter-in-law instead!”

The older she-wolf seemed to have forgotten—completely—that for the past three years, it had been Freya who had accompanied her to the healer’s den, arranged her treatments, and tended to her needs without complaint.

Aurora’s smile held a note of wistfulness, her silver-blue eyes softening just so. “I’ve always wished my future mother-in-law might be someone like you, Eleanor. But when I returned from the Airborne Wing and crossed paths with Caelum again, he was already bound in mate-bond.”

Giselle leaned forward eagerly, her eyes gleaming. “Just one more week, and when my brother and Freya complete the Lunar Severance Phase, you could finally become my sister-in-law

Aurora’s gaze sharpened faintly. “Caelum is ending his bond with Freya?”

“Of course,” Giselle replied, her voice edged with indignation. “And he’s supposed to give her one hundred million in gold- backed credits. Can you believe it? My brother’s company—SilverTech Forgeworks—is already facing a cashflow strain. He’s been scrambling to raise funds. If he really pays her that kind of money, he’ll have to sell every single share he gave to our mother just to cover it!”

The younger she-wolf rattled on without pause, spilling every detail of the private divorce pact that Eleanor and Freya had drawn up without Caelum’s knowledge.

Aurora’s expression remained thoughtful. The Alpha of the Silverfang Pack might be unaware of this little scheme, but if the separation truly went through, it would mean his bond with Freya could be broken.

A hundred million, though... Aurora felt the sting of it in her chest as if the fortune were her own to lose.

“It’s a pity,” Giselle muttered darkly, “that we couldn’t prove she broke the mating vow. If she’d been found guilty as the erring mate, she wouldn’t be entitled to a single coin.”

Eleanor’s growl was low and bitter. “Exactly. Every ounce of that wealth was earned by my son’s blood and claws, And she— walking away from the bond—dares demand such a sum?”

Aurora’s lashes lowered slightly, concealing the calculating gleam in her eyes. Her voice was calm, but carried the weight of suggestion. “There are... ways, Eleanor. Means by which that sum might not need to be paid at all.”

At her words, Eleanor and Giselle’s eyes lit like twin sparks in the dark.

The thought of it hung in the air between them—unspoken but unmistakable—while, outside the manor’s heavy timber walls, the winter wind howled like a hungry wolf circling for the kill.