

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

c 301-310

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

100

+20 Free Coins

I froze, chopsticks slipping from my fingers and clattering onto the table. My gaze darted to Kade Blackridge, his expression steady yet strangely vulnerable.

“You-” My voice caught in my throat.

He didn't flinch. “Freya, do you know what those days in the Iron Fang Recon Unit meant to me? They were the happiest of my life. If you hadn't married Caelum Grafton back then... I would have told you sooner. I would have told you that I love you.”

My chest constricted, air snagging in my lungs. The words seemed to hang in the dim light of the roadside stall, heavier than the smoke curling from the grill.

Kade Blackridge—the so-called little wolf of the Capital, raised in privilege yet hardened by steel—rarely looked shaken. Yet now, under my gaze, his composure frayed. His breath came unsteady, his body taut with anticipation. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT findnovel.net

Silas had already torn the veil off this secret earlier tonight. Perhaps that was why Kade no longer bothered to hide it. If he didn't speak now, he feared he would lose me forever.

“You... like me?” I finally found my voice, but the words sounded foreign, trembling on my tongue. “But you always called me ‘sister.’”

His answer was swift, unyielding. “Does calling you sister mean I can't love you?”

I had no reply. For years, I had believed he saw me only as family—a comrade, perhaps a guiding presence. Never as anything else.

“Freya, I’ve loved you for years.” His face, sharp-boned and striking, held an earnestness that rattled me to my core.

I stayed silent, and that silence seemed to shake him. He leaned forward slightly, as if afraid I would turn away.

“If it were me,” he said, his voice rough with urgency, “I would never betray you like Caelum did. I would never abandon you as Silas has. I would give you everything I have. I would never let you bleed alone.”

“Kade...” My throat tightened. I forced myself to meet his eyes. “I’m sorry. You’re my my comrade, my brother. But you shouldn’t waste your time on me. Right now, I have no intention of starting over. All I want is to find my brother, Eric.”

friend,

8:03 Tue, Sep 30

100

+20 Free Coins

His jaw flexed. “I know. You’re going to D-country for him, aren’t you? Then let me go with you.”

“No.” The refusal came sharper than I intended. “I’ll

go

alone.”

If I hadn’t known his feelings, maybe I wouldn’t have minded his company. But now? To let him follow me, abandoning his duties, just because of me—it would feel like using him. And I refuse to chain him that way.

“The Embassy and the Iron Fang contacts will assist me. I’ve been to D-country before. I don’t need anyone to hold my hand,” I said firmly. “Besides, I promised Lana I’d send her a message every day. She’ll know I’m safe.”

Kade gave a strained laugh, though no humor touched his eyes. “Even in turning me down, you’re thorough. Ruthless, even.”

“I’m not-” I began, but he cut me off.

“Then I’ll wait.”

I blinked at him. “Wait?”

“Yes.” His tone steadied, like an oath. “You’ve ended things with Silas. So I’ll wait—for you to find Eric, for you to heal, for you to be ready to open your heart again.”

“But Kade, I only see you as my younger brother.” My words felt cruel, but I couldn’t lie.

eyes

His didn’t falter. “Is it because of what I called you all those years? Because I made you think I saw you only as family? Then I’ll stop. No more ‘sister.’ If it helps, I’ll call you Freya, as if your name alone is enough to keep me breathing.”

“That’s not it,” I murmured, shaking my head. My thoughts were a tangle of confusion. “Even if I never plan to start another relationship? Would you still wait, your whole life?”

He smiled faintly, wolfish and stubborn. “Then I’ll wait a lifetime. And maybe, one day, you’ll find yourself loving me back.”

I stared at him, stunned. “Have you considered that maybe this is just misplaced affection? That in the Iron Fang, where we lived on edge and had little contact with the outside world, you confused loyalty with something deeper? That maybe what you feel is just camaraderie?”

His reply was swift, certain. “I know the difference between admiration and love. I’ve had to test it. This isn’t confusion, Freya. This is truth.”

I frowned, unsure what to say.

years

8:03 Tue, Sep

(100)

+20 Free Coins

“Don’t be afraid,” he added, gentling his tone. “If you need space, then we’ll live as before. I’ll call you sister, we’ll spar as comrades, laugh as old soldiers. But when you are ready to love again... just consider me.”

“Kade-”

“Or would you deny me even the chance to stand as a candidate?” His words cut off mine. His gaze bored into me, fierce yet aching. “You don’t owe me anything. I chose this path. If I burn my time loving you, that’s my choice, not your burden.”

My heart thudded painfully.

“Why?” I whispered. “Why me? Aside from those years in the Iron Fang, we barely saw each other during my marriage. Three years gone, and you kept your silence. We didn’t even speak much. Why hold on?”

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person’s POV

Kade leaned back in his chair, his voice carrying the faintest hint of a grin.

GOD

\$20 Free Coins.

“You really don’t know your own pull, do you? Back in the Iron Fang Recon Unit, half the warriors had their eyes on you. If you’d wanted a mate then, Freya, I swear an entire convoy of suitors would’ve lined up at your feet.”

His words hung in the air like smoke, curling around truths Freya had long ignored. For him, admiration had started as a quiet ember. At first, it had been the way she carried herself— unyielding, disciplined, always the last to falter. That ember turned into heat, then into fire the day she trudged through waist-deep snow, carrying him on her back through a blizzard to reach the medic outpost when his fever had nearly consumed him.

That was the day Kade realized. He didn’t just admire her. He didn’t just want to fight beside her. He wanted her—deeply, wholly, in ways that gnawed at him.

And when news of her sudden marriage to Caelum Grafton spread like wildfire through the packs, that fire in his chest had torn him apart. He had fled abroad, unable to bear watching her belong to another.

For three long years, he had cursed himself for silence, for cowardice, for never claiming her when he had the chance. Now fate had brought her back into his orbit, and this time, he swore he would not let her slip away.

The next morning, Freya made her way to a law office in The Capital, guided there by Kade's promise. She had asked him the previous night to find her a lawyer. There were debts from the past she intended to settle—chief among them the gifts, jewels, and coin that Caelum Grafton had squandered on Aurora of Bluemoon Pack during their marriage.

Freya had been desperate then, eager only to sever ties with Caelum during the Lunar Severance Phase, but her haste did not mean she had forfeited her right to reclaim what was hers.

"I'll line someone up for you," Kade had told her easily. "Show up at the firm tomorrow. They'll take care of it."

She hadn't expected the man waiting for her.

"Victor Ashford?" Freya's brows arched high when she stepped into the polished office. "**You're** the one taking my case?"

1/3

8:03 Tue, Sep 30

:

\$20 Free Coina

The Capital's most feared litigator sat before her, exuding calm, lethal confidence. "Yes," Victor replied, his tone clipped, precise. "Kade already explained the matter. The claim is simple. It will not pose much difficulty."

Freya hesitated, unsettled. Victor was no ordinary attorney. He was the prodigy who regularly represented Alphas and consortium heads in the most high-profile disputes of the realm. To have him handle her case was like using a battle axe to cut a loaf of bread.

"You're far too expensive," she said frankly. "A minor case like mine doesn't need someone of your standing. Have your firm assign me to another lawyer."

Victor's mouth curved faintly, but his eyes remained cool. "Kade was insistent. You won't be paying my usual rate. You'll be charged as if I were an ordinary counsel."

“That hardly seems right-”

“Call it repayment,” Victor interrupted smoothly. “You carried that boy through fire and snow in the Iron Fang Recon Unit. My family owes you. If I assign your case to anyone else, Kade will storm my office and refuse to let me work in peace.”

The bluntness disarmed her. Freya gave a short, reluctant laugh. “When you put it like that... very well. Thank you.”

They went over the necessary details, the cold mechanics of claim and counter-claim, until Freya rose to leave. She was halfway to the door when Victor’s voice stopped her.

“You’re close to Lana,” he said evenly. “Has she ever told you the real reason she ended things with me?”

Freya blinked at him, momentarily thrown. Of all things she expected, that question was not one of them.

“She hasn’t,” Freya answered truthfully. “Not once.”

Victor’s

gaze sharpened, unreadable. Lana had loved him once-deeply, fiercely, or so it had seemed. Could that love truly have shattered over a single careless remark?

He pressed further. “What about her mate? What sort of man is he?”

“Mate?” Freya’s lips curved faintly, but her eyes revealed nothing. “That’s not for me to say. If you want to know, ask her yourself. It’s her business, not mine.”

Victor’s brows rose slightly, as if measuring her deflection. “So you can’t even tell me what kind of wolf he is?”

2/3

8:03 Tue, Sep 30

:

“No,” Freya replied, voice cool as winter steel. “I can’t.”

100

420 Free Coins

Because, of course, Lana had no mate at all. The lie she carried was her own secret to bear, not Freya's to betray.

Victor let the silence fall. He did not push further.

When Freya left, the faint scent of her Stormveil bloodline lingered in the room. Victor pulled out his WolfComm device and dialed a number from memory. The line clicked, and a familiar voice answered. Read full story at FindNovel.net

"Hello? This is Lana. Who's calling?"

Victor's voice was smooth as velvet, hard as iron. "It's me. We need to talk. About what you did to me the other night."

There was a sharp intake of breath, followed by a cough on the other end. "What I did? Don't make it sound so scandalous. We both had our clothes on, Victor."

"Clothes intact doesn't mean nothing happened," he countered, tone edged with challenge. "I'll be sending you proof of what you did. If you'd rather not discuss it, then we'll let the courts of The Capital decide."

He ended the call without another word.

Across the city, Lana Rook nearly dropped her WolfComm in exasperation. She stared at the blank screen, her pulse racing with equal parts fury and dread.

"Proof? What proof?" she muttered *to herself*. "That arrogant bastard better not—"

Her device buzzed again. A new message. She tapped it open.

The video played.

And as the images unfolded before her eyes, Lana's blood ran cold.

By the time it ended, she wanted nothing more than to slap herself across the face—twice, and

hard.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

The message had come to Lana's WolfComm device like a curse.

One careless tap, and the screen filled with damning truth.

+10 **Free Coins**

The video was raw, grainy, but far too clear. She was there—half-drunk, cheeks flushed, draped across Victor. From the angle, it was obvious the bastard had set his device nearby with the lens trained on them. Every movement, every humiliating slur spilled from her lips, had been captured.

Her hands clawed at Victor's shirt, sliding down from his face to the hard ridges of his chest and abdomen. Her voice slurred with drink, but the words cut sharper than any blade.

"You... you look so much like Victor Ashford. That face, these abs... mm, let me pay you—just once—let me use you, let me vent!" For original chapters go to find—novel.net

Victor's voice in the video was calm, even mocking. "Vent?"

"Y-yeah," she stammered, drunken and bitter. "That bastard... he said I was just a way to pass the time. Said I meant nothing. He played me, treated me like a toy. So I'll play him, just once. But damn it—he's too strong, I can't touch him. Come on, handsome, do me a kindness. Let me use you, let me have this, let me end this dream..."

"And you want so badly to 'use' Victor Ashford?" he asked from beneath her.

"Want it? Gods, I dream of it..." she mumbled, tugging his tie loose. With clumsy determination, she wrapped it around his wrists, binding them to the headboard with surprising force.

The screen froze there, the image of his bound hands and her flushed, drunken determination seared into her soul.

The video ended.

Lana's face flamed scarlet, though she was alone in her apartment. Her hands trembled as **she**

lowered the device. Saints above. So this was what came of drink–shame, evidence, and a noose around her neck.

That night, she agreed *to* meet him. There was no running, no denying. Victor Ashford **had** her cornered.

8:24 Wed, Oct 1

82

+10 Free Coins

The private dining chamber was quiet, lined with dark wood and silver fixtures, the sort of place reserved for powerbrokers of The Capital. Lana forced a bright smile as he entered, her pulse thundering beneath her skin.

“Mr. Ashford,” she greeted, voice unnaturally sweet. “Allow me to buy you dinner as... an apology.”

Victor’s gaze was unreadable, sharp as a hawk’s. “So. You’ve watched the video. You think you did wrong?”

Her laugh came out brittle, brittle as glass. “Heh... well... let’s eat, shall we? No point rehashing what can’t be undone.”

She snatched up the menu, desperate for distraction. “Please–order whatever you like.”

Victor took her at her word. His choices were deliberate, and every dish he named was one of the priciest on the list. She felt the sting of it like claws raking across her purse, but what could she say? She was in no position to object.

The food arrived, fragrant and steaming. They ate in silence at first. Lana chewed, her mind racing with strategies, excuses, bargains. The memory of last night was blurred with alcohol, fractured. She couldn’t remember all that she had done. Had she crossed the final line? No. She was certain she hadn’t. When she’d woken, her clothes were intact. Surely nothing irreversible had happened.

Still, her eyes betrayed her. They drifted to him, as they always had, against her better judgment. Watching Victor eat was enough to make her ache in places she refused to name. He was the very image of the noble scion: elegant, composed, carved from restraint itself. His face was sharp, ascetic, yet there was a dangerous magnetism there that only made him harder to ignore.

Beside him, Lana felt like what she was: a woman who had clawed her way up through luck and timing, building SkyVex Armaments into fortune while the winds of the market blew in her favor. To the world she was “Lana, the business wolf.” But compared to him, she still felt small. Petty. A pretender.

Her gaze slid lower, and her breath caught. Beneath the sleeve of his tailored shirt, just above the glittering watch worth more than her car, faint red marks traced the pale skin of his wrist.

Binding marks.

Her eyes widened. Saints. Those were from her. From the tie she had looped around his wrists with drunken determination.

Victor’s voice cut through her thoughts, low and sudden. “What has you staring so intently at

8:24 Wed, Oct 1

...

Ⓔ (82)

my wrist? Do you admire the watch?”

+10 Free Coins

Heat rushed to her cheeks. “Who cares about your watch? I was looking at those marks.”

She regretted it instantly, but the words were already out.

Victor set down his fork, gaze cool as moonlight. “Then by all means—look closer.”

He slid the watch free, rolled up his sleeves deliberately. The angry red welts stood out starkly against his skin.

Lana’s stomach twisted with guilt. Perhaps she had tied the knot too tightly.

“Sorry,” she muttered, uneasy. Then, with a flash of defiance to cover her discomfort, she added, “But why didn’t you fight back?”

Victor’s eyes darkened with something unreadable. “I was drunk. I couldn’t resist.”

Lana nearly snorted aloud. Liar. He'd been sober enough to set the WolfComm up and record everything. If he'd wanted to stop her, he would have. But she swallowed the retort.

"Last night," she asked instead, careful, cautious. "After I tied your wrists... what else did I do?" Victor leaned back, his expression infuriatingly calm, like a wolf toying with prey.

"You kissed and touched me from head to toe," he said smoothly. "Then you picked up a belt and whipped me."

Lana froze, fork halfway to her lips. Her entire body flushed hot, then cold.

Saints. If that were true—if even half of that were true—then she was in far deeper trouble than she'd imagined.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

:

Third Person's POV

:

"I used a belt on you?" Lana asked, tilting her head.

82

4P

A THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY Find1Novel.net

+10 Free Coins

"Yes," Victor answered, "I should still have marks across my chest. Do you want to see?"

The weight in his tone left little doubt—if she dared to say "yes," he would strip off his shirt right there in the crowded stall without hesitation.

Lana flushed and waved her hands furiously. "N-no, that's not necessary."

Victor leaned back in his chair, watching her squirm with the unhurried patience of a predator cornering its prey. His gaze didn't waver, the kind of gaze that could pin an enemy wolf to the dirt before a fight.

"So, Lana," he said, voice deceptively calm, "you mean to tell me you don't remember what you did to me last night?"

The sharp glint in his eyes sent a nervous shiver down her spine. She shifted uneasily, her pulse thundering in her ears.

"I-I was drunk," she stammered. "My memory's... hazy."

"Then should I remind you?" Victor's tone dropped, each word rolling out slowly. "Should I spell out, in detail, what you did to me?"

Lana's stomach tightened. She drew a deep breath, as though bracing herself for a blade. "No need. Just... just tell me what you want. How do you want this settled?"

Victor's lips curved into a cold smile. "If my mate had done such things to me, it could be called play. Bonded wolves have their own kind of fire. But if you are not my mate..." He paused deliberately, letting the silence drag until Lana's palms began to sweat. "Then what you did to me could be considered harassment. And I could take this before the Pack Tribunal."

Her heart skipped. Harassment? Spirits above. The video proof looked damning, and even she had to admit it resembled something of the sort. Yet—he hadn't fought back. He could have stopped her at any time. Instead, he had allowed her to continue, almost as if... as if he had wanted her to.

"You're setting me up," she whispered, half to herself. "You could've fought back. You didn't."

Victor only chuckled, low and dangerous.

8:24 Wed, Oct 1

A

82

+10 Free Coins

"I'll compensate you," Lana said quickly, desperation edging her voice. "Money. We can resolve this quietly. Just name your price."

“Compensate me?” His laughter was sharp, cutting through the night air like a blade. “Lana Rook, do you think I need your coin? Do you take me for a beggar scratching at scraps?”

Her face burned. “Then what do you want?”

He leaned forward, his words a quiet snarl. “I want you back. I want us to be together again. If you agree, you can do anything you like to me.”

Lana blinked, speechless. Victor Ashford, a man known throughout the Capital for his rigid honor and sharp intellect—was sitting before her speaking words that dripped with both brazenness and temptation.

“I can’t,” she said quickly, shaking her head. “I have a mate now.”

“Do you?” Victor’s chopsticks clattered onto the table as he set them down, his amber gaze cutting through her like a blade. “If you truly have a mate, I don’t mind if you summon him here. Let him see the footage. Let him know that though you claim him, your body still remembers me.”

“That’s not what this is!” Lana snapped, her wolf bristling beneath her skin. “I was drunk. My mate would understand. He’s not petty like you.”

“Then summon him,” Victor said softly. “But remember—I know how to uncover the truth. If you lie, I will know whether the man you call mate is truly yours.”

Her throat tightened, fury sparking in her chest. “Victor, what are you playing at? What do you want from me? Don’t tell me this is some sudden realization that you love me, years after our bond was severed.”

He didn’t flinch. His expression remained calm, but his words cut deep. “Since you left, I haven’t taken another mate. Not once. My healers say the wound left behind from our severance still shadows me, poisons me. They believe I cannot heal unless I reconcile with you. Unless I return to where it all began.”

Lana froze, stunned. “You—what?”

“Yes,” Victor continued, his voice steady, though his hands clenched faintly on the table. “They say I carry a wound in the spirit. And that only time with you can mend it.”

Her thoughts spun wildly. Healers. Wounds of the spirit. For a fleeting moment, she recalled that despite his high standing, she had never once seen him publicly with another woman. Could it be true?

8:24 Wed, Oct 1

“How long?” she asked, her voice low. “How long must I... stay with you?”

“At least a year.”

“A year?” She gaped at him. “Too long. Two months. That’s all I can give.”

82

+10 Free Coins

“A year,” he repeated, his tone flat and merciless. “No less. If you refuse, I will pursue this before the Tribunal. And when I do, it won’t just be your name dragged through the dirt. The projects SkyVex Armaments is courting with other Packs will crumble before they even begin.”

Lana’s breath caught, sharp and painful. To be dragged before the Tribunal for harassment—it would destroy her.

With clenched fists, she whispered, “Fine. A year.”

Her wolf growled low in her chest, humiliated. She had no choice. Better to bend now than to shatter everything she had built.

Far from the bustling markets, Aurora lay confined within her family’s estate, resting under strict healer’s orders. The child in her womb was fragile, and every day she stayed in bed, she thought not only of protecting her unborn cub but of finding the means to defend herself.

She needed coin. She needed allies. Most of all, she needed a lawyer strong enough to stand against Caelum Grafton, Alpha of the Silverfang Pack and master of SilverTech Forgeworks.

But the best lawyers refused her case. Those few with the strength to oppose Caelum demanded sums far beyond her reach.

And Caelum himself? He didn’t merely turn his back on her—he struck at her with sharpened claws. Rumor spread swiftly: he would accuse her of stealing fifty million from his personal coffers. If that charge stuck, she wouldn’t just lose her

name. She would lose her freedom, shackled in the darkest cells *for* the rest of her life.

Now, in the SilverTech tower, Aurora faced him.

Once, Caelum's gaze had burned with desire, admiration, longing. She had been his pride. His

chosen. His Luna-to-be.

But now, those eyes held nothing but ice and loathing.

She stood trembling but unyielding before him in the polished steel chamber that reeked of power and industry.

"Why have you come here?" Caelum asked, his voice sharp, his disdain unmistakable.

8:24 Wed, **Oct 1**

482

82

+10 Free Coins

Aurora lifted her chin. "I heard you plan to charge me. I came to hear it from your own mouth."

8:24 Wed, Oct 1

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

[A Warrior Luna's Awakening](#)

[Ascension 305](#)

:

Third Person's POV

:

82

+10 Free Coins

Caelum did not bother to hide his disdain. His voice was sharp as a blade when he spoke, echoing in the steel-walled chamber of SilverTech Forgeworks.

“Yes. I intend to charge you,” he said flatly. “You lied to me, claiming it was for a funds. verification. Then, using my WolfComm device while my trust was down, you siphoned fifty million credits. Fifty million, Aurora. You knew SilverTech’s chain of resources was already stretched thin. That money was to put out the fire that could burn the whole forge. Instead, you handed it off to that man named Lee. Now those funds won’t return for three moons. Do you have any idea how much damage you’ve caused me?”

Aurora’s breath trembled, but she stood her ground. “I only did it because I didn’t want our bond to break apart. I wanted to preserve what we had.”

Caelum’s eyes narrowed, colder than winter frost on the battlements of the Silverfang stronghold. “A bond? Tell me, Aurora—did we ever truly have one? You scorned me once. Every confession I made, you cast aside as though I were beneath you. Then when I rose—when I became Alpha, when SilverTech thrived—you came crawling back. It wasn’t me you wanted. It was the title. The power. The glory of being Luna of the Silverfang Alpha.”

His words lashed like a whip. Aurora flinched, though she forced herself not to bow her head. Her hand instinctively brushed her lower belly, protectively cupping the fragile life within. “No matter what you think of me, I carry your child now,” she said. “You cannot deny that.”

“Ah, the child.” His voice sank low, dangerous, like thunder before a storm. His piercing gaze dropped to her stomach, hard and cruel. “You haven’t rid yourself of it yet?”

Aurora’s eyes blazed with fury. “This is our child. Of course I haven’t!”

“You’d do best to rid yourself of it,” Caelum snarled, stepping closer, towering over her like a predator closing in on a cornered wolf. “Or don’t blame me when I rid you of it myself.” This chapter is updated by @NovelFind.net

Her pulse thundered in her ears. “Never. I will not kill my cub.”

“Then I’ll kill it for you.”

His growl tore through the chamber, and before Aurora could retreat, his boot lifted and drove toward her stomach. She curled instinctively, shielding her womb with both arms. The blow sent her sprawling across the polished stone floor, the air ripped from her lungs in a strangled gasp.

8:24 Wed, Oct 1

(82)

+10 Free Coins

Pain burned through her body, yet when her eyes lifted to meet his, there was something unexpected in them. A spark of triumph.

Her lips curved into a broken but defiant smile. “Every word you just said... every strike you just gave me... has been recorded. Transmitted straight to my den terminal.”

Caelum froze. His breath caught, the rage in his eyes flashing into alarm.

“You think I would come here unprepared?” Aurora rasped, forcing herself upright, clutching her belly with one arm. Her other hand pointed toward the small leather satchel lying innocently on the table beside them. “That satchel carries a micro-lens. It caught everything. If you don’t withdraw your charges, those recordings will spread like wildfire through the packs. The Alpha of Silverfang, striking a pregnant she-wolf, threatening his own blood. Imagine how the Coalition would feast on that.”

Snarling, Caelum lunged to the satchel, tearing it open. His sharp eyes immediately caught the glint of the micro-device hidden in the seam.

She wasn’t lying.

His fangs bared, fury twisting his expression. “You would use even the life inside you as a weapon against me?”

Aurora staggered to her feet, her body trembling but her voice steel. “And you dare question me, Caelum Grafton? You, who would murder your own cub? Do not speak to me of honor when you’ve cast it away.”

His chest heaved, eyes flickering between rage and something darker—fear of exposure, fear of disgrace. After a long, burning silence, his growl subsided into a

venomous hiss. "Fine. I'll withdraw the charges. But hear me, Aurora—if that recording ever leaks, if it ever touches another's ears, I will hunt you to the ends of the wilds and end you myself."

Aurora let out a bitter laugh, clutching her belly as she limped toward the door. "Your threats no longer frighten me. Do what you will. But you'll never silence me forever."

The heavy doors of the SilverTech chamber closed behind her. Each step she took was laced with pain, but also with clarity. She had seen the truth of Caelum Grafton at last.

She had once believed his coldness toward Freya Thorne was a moment of cruelty, that he had abandoned Freya because their bond had failed. But now she knew. If Caelum could discard Freya without a second thought, he could discard her too. Alpha or not, savior or not—without leverage, without usefulness, she was nothing to him.

How foolish she had been, believing that bearing his child would bind him to her. That motherhood would grant her immunity. She had believed his bloodline mattered. But it did

8:24 Wed, Oct 1

:

not. Not to Caelum.

He could cast aside a cub as easily as a trinket.

:

82

+10 Free Coins

Later that night, Aurora staggered into the healers' ward at Bluemoon's outpost infirmary. The pain in her abdomen gnawed at her with every breath. She lay back as the healer examined her, her hands trembling as she awaited the verdict.

The healer's face darkened. "The child lives," she said at last. Aurora's heart nearly burst with relief. But the healer's next words struck her like ice water. "Aurora, your womb is... fragile. If

another.” you lose this cub, there is a chance you may never carry

Her blood ran cold. “What...?”

Before she could process the truth, her WolfComm rang, vibrating harshly in her palm. She answered with shaking fingers.

“My daughter!” Emilia’s voice cried out from the other end, panicked and broken. “The court’s men— they came to the house. They’ve seized everything Caelum ever gave you. The jewels, the gifts—all gone!”

Aurora’s hand slipped. The WolfComm clattered to the infirmary floor, the healer rushing to steady her before she collapsed.

The jewels. Her last lifeline. She had planned to sell them, to use their worth to hire a defender strong enough to face Caelum in the Tribunal.

Now they were gone.

Her final hope stripped away in an instant.

Report chapter Comments

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person’s POV

82

+10 Free Coins

When Aurora arrived at the Bluemoon Pack estate, her heart sank *to see* the grim reality laid bare before her. The court envoys had already swept through, leaving the grand hall stripped of all the treasures Caelum had once bestowed upon her. Every gem, every trinket, every gilded relic had been seized without hesitation.

“My daughter!” Emilia’s voice trembled, thick with worry as she caught sight of Aurora. “Those jewels... those were gifts from Caelum! How could they just... seize them like that? You have to go to him, figure something out!”

Aurora's jaw clenched. Begging Caelum? Never. The man's cruelty had always run deeper than she'd allowed herself to see. Even now, faced with her life hanging by a thread, she could not bring herself to rely on him. "Mother," she said, her voice low but resolute, "don't expect anything from Caelum. If anything, he's probably glad it happened. He wants me to suffer."

Emilia's hand flew to her mouth. "But... I can't believe this. That Freya-Freya Thorne-she's so vicious. Already divorced from Caelum, and now she's scheming to take what's mine! And... and she even brought Victor Ashford to handle it for her!"

Aurora froze at the name. Victor Ashford, the undefeated legal wolf of The Capital. Even the thought of facing him sent a chill down her spine. Any lingering hope she had of a favorable outcome had been shattered.

"Mother," Aurora pressed, urgency cutting through her fear, "how much cash do we have at home? Take what you can. We need a lawyer, no matter the cost. That border wildfire case-if I lose, I could end up in the holding cells, and I cannot allow that!"

Emilia's shoulders slumped. "You know we don't have much liquid capital, Aurora. Hiring a top-tier lawyer would cost a fortune..."

Aurora's fists clenched. "Then sell the land! Sell the estate plots if you must. And what about your jewels, your handbags? Those could be liquidated for funds too."

"That house cannot be sold-you know your father won't approve. And my jewels... selling them won't cover even a fraction. Any competent attorney who sees this case wants a retainer of at least twenty million credits. Twenty million! How are we supposed to raise that now?"

Aurora's claws dug into her palms. "So.... you'd rather see me rot in a cell than try?" Her voice cracked, raw with hurt and rage.

"Even if you served a few years, you're pregnant," Myra said, a mixture of fear and cold

8:24 Wed, **Oct 1** NEW NOVEL chapters are published on Find~Novel.net

:

+10 Free Coins

pragmatism in her tone. “By the time you deliver, you’d be nursing, and they might show leniency. But the money, twenty million credits—if you lose, that’s gone. And with Wing fired.... your reputation in shambles... where would you get that kind of money?”

Aurora’s eyes narrowed, disbelief mixing with a hot, bitter rage. “So you mean... you’d rather I sit in prison than spend to protect myself? I’m your daughter!”

“Because you’re my daughter, that’s exactly why,” Emilia snapped. “We pushed to get you into the Wing, remember? If we hadn’t greased some wheels, you wouldn’t have risen to deputy pilot so quickly. You think it was your talent alone? Do you see all the other capable pilots stuck at the bottom while you climbed so fast?”

Aurora’s chest tightened. Her pride, her achievements, all felt like ashes in her claws. She had worked, obeyed, sacrificed, only to be crushed by the very people she wanted to impress most.

“You realize what you’ve done,” Emilia continued, voice rising with shame and anger, “brings dishonor to your father and me. We cannot face our peers, our allies... the whispers and scorn would follow us like a pack of wolves on the hunt!”

Aurora shook her head, her lips trembling with indignation. “I did nothing wrong! I dropped a single ember, it was chance that it sparked the wildfire. All my accomplishments, all the sacrifices I’ve made—gone because of one unlucky mistake? One slip of fate?”

Emilia’s eyes hardened. “Either you go to Caelum for help or hire a mediocre lawyer. We aren’t going to throw any more money at you.”

Aurora’s eyes

burned with disbelief and betrayal. “Not waste money? So all your fortune, all your estate investments, they’re for my brother? You’ve bought him houses, vehicles overseas, yet I cannot get even a fraction to defend myself against ruin?”

The slap came sharp across her cheek, echoing through the vaulted estate hall. Aurora staggered back, stinging with both pain and the harsh truth it carried. “You speak nonsense! Your brother is *to* support us in the elder years. Everything we spent on you has already been more than fair!” Myra hissed.

Aurora's face burned with *more* than the sting of her mother's hand—it was the blow to her heart, to her very identity. She had spent her entire life chasing approval, striving to be seen as worthy, proud, capable. She had excelled at university, become Bluemoon Airborne Wing's first female pilot, captured the admiration of pack and tech lords alike... and yet here she was, abandoned by *blood*, left to fend for herself.

All for a single ember.

Laughter ripped from her throat, bitter and broken. Tears streamed unchecked, hot and stinging, carving tracks down her cheeks. “Ha... ha... how absurd,” she whispered, voice tight

8:24 Wed, Oct 1

with fury. “How laughable it all is.”

∴

+10 Free Coins

Her gaze hardened, flashing with raw, predatory resolve. “The way you treat me today, mother... the way Caelum treats me now... mark my words. One day, it will return to you. The law of the wilds does not forget. Karma, retribution... I will wait. And Caelum... I will watch and see how he suffers for what he's done!”

Aurora's eyes glinted like moonlight on silvered fur. Despite the world closing in around her, despite the law, despite her pack, she would fight. She would claw her way back from this abyss, sharpened by betrayal and driven by the blood bond of vengeance.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

I was at the City Economic Summit with Lana, trying to focus on the project pitches, but I couldn't help noticing that she seemed distracted. Her brow furrowed, lips pressed in a line, and every so often, she would glance at her tablet as if expecting a message that could tip the balance of her entire week.

“Lana, what’s wrong? You look like you’re carrying the weight of the whole pack on your shoulders,” I asked softly, trying to keep my voice casual. “Worried about the project not going through?”

She shook her head, biting her lip. “Not exactly... it’s just...” She hesitated, her amber eyes clouded with thought. “It’s complicated. I’ll tell you later.”

Before she could elaborate, a commotion rippled across the room. I followed her gaze and froze. Silas had entered the hall, flanked by a swarm of reporters. His presence alone seemed to shift the air—his iron-gray suit perfectly tailored, his expression cold and distant, and his eyes sharp and calculating.

It was the same feeling I had always had when observing him from afar—like I was being weighed and measured by a predator, and there was nothing I could do to hide. For a moment, time seemed to fold in on itself, and I felt that dizzying loop of memory again, the one that tied past and present together with invisible threads.

“Freya, look—Silas is looking this way,” Lana murmured, her voice tight with unease.

My chest tightened. Silas was looking at me. I could feel the intensity of his gaze as though it had pierced through the bustling crowd straight to my spine. My mind raced: Would he approach? Would he speak? The press cameras were everywhere—one wrong move, and this could explode across the networks, going viral in a heartbeat.

I tried to steer Lana toward a quieter corner, away from the center of attention, but the moment I took a step, Silas turned his head and walked straight past us. Just like that, the moment of confrontation dissolved, leaving only the echo of his stare.

“Did you see that?” Lana whispered, biting her nails. “He acted like he didn’t even recognize you. So... is it really over between you two?”

suppose

I let my gaze drop to the floor, my heart twisting with a familiar, stubborn ache. “I he’s made peace with it,” I murmured. Rationally, I knew I had to let go, but my wolf-heart was slow to obey. It didn’t matter that the days, the weeks, the months had passed—emotional scars were not so easily healed. Perhaps, with time, Silas and I would be like two distant

THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY find(N)ovel.net

horizons, never to intersect again.

45 Free Coins

“Let’s go

check the project details,” I said, shaking off the melancholy as best I could. **Lana** nodded, and **we** started to move.

But barely a few steps into the corridor, a sharp voice pierced through the low hum of conversation.

“Freya!”

I froze. My brows knitted. The voice was unmistakable.

Caelum Grafton.

I turned slowly, the disapproval already rising in my chest. “Caelum,” I said coldly, my tone carrying every ounce of contempt I felt. “I’ve told you before—you have no right to call me like that.”

He smiled, a cocky, unrepentant curve of his lips. “Ah, you don’t like it? Fine, I’ll stop calling. But... how have you been? Really?”

The audacity. He hadn’t so much as inquired about my well-being during the three years of our marriage, yet here he was, after everything, feigning concern. “That’s none of your business, Caelum,” I said, venom threading my words. “We’re divorced. You can stop pretending now.”

He shrugged, his wolfish grin flickering with just enough charm to irritate me. “I’m genuinely concerned. I know I’ve made mistakes, but... Aurora misled me. I thought she was my savior. I want to make things right. When I had nothing, you married me out of love. Why can’t we start over?”

I laughed, a short, bitter bark of sound. “Start over? Caelum, your gall is unmatched. There’s no way in hell that’s happening.”

His gaze sharpened, predatory. “Why not? Silas Whitmor has already abandoned you. I know you moved out from his place and are staying with Lana now. He barely glanced at you when he entered. Freya, you’ve been discarded!”

I felt a flicker of irritation—then disbelief. “You... stalked me?” I asked, narrowing my eyes.

“I’m just concerned,” he said with false casualness. “Look, even if your parents are war heroes, that doesn’t matter in the grand hierarchy. You’re a commoner, Freya. Someone like Silas... he never intended for this to last. It was a fleeting indulgence.”

He took a step closer, voice lowering, velvet and steel in the same breath. “The one suited for

+5 Free Congs

you... **is** me. During our three years of marriage, wasn’t it good? The company **thrived**. We thrived. Reunite with me—no Aurora this time. I’ll be different. I’ll divide the **company’s** shares. I’ll make you Vice President. You’ll have a voice in every decision.

His words poured over me like a torrent—pleading, yet laced with domination, a wolf asserting claim over territory. Every instinct in me bristled at the arrogance.

“I have no interest,” I said firmly, yanking Lana along as I tried to slip past him.

“Wait!” Caelum snapped, blocking my path. “I’ve made myself clear. Don’t you understand? Silas abandoned you! Who else would want a divorced woman? I’m the best choice for you— I’m here to make amends!”

I stopped, spinning to face him fully, my voice dripping with icy clarity. “Ha! Caelum, I don’t have to marry anyone. And you are absolutely not the best option in my life. Don’t flatter yourself. You want a reunion? No—it’s not to make amends for me. It’s because your company

your is sinking, and you need someone to work your grind while you sit comfortably in as Alpha and CEO.”

throne

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

3/3

Third Person’s POV

+5 Free Coins

“Some people really have no self-awareness,” Lana said, her tone laced with biting sarcasm. “Three years, and the company goes public. Then Freya leaves, and the whole empire collapses. Three years from now? Maybe there won’t even be a SilverTech Forgeworks left... if it even lasts that long.”

Caelum Grafton’s face turned red with anger. His jaw clenched as he raised his hand toward Lana, the aura of a predator ready to strike. But before his hand could make contact, Freya’s instincts took over. She lunged forward, her grip like iron, seizing his wrist with brutal precision.

Pain shot up Caelum’s arm. The next moment, Freya’s knee slammed into his midsection with all the force of a warrior defending her territory, and he collapsed to the polished marble floor with a humiliating thud.

“Caelum,” Freya’s voice was low and deadly, her gaze sharp enough to cut through steel, “if you even think about laying a hand on my friend again, you’ll regret it.”

For the first time, Caelum felt fear—not of the law, not of Silas Whitmor, but of the wrath of his ex-wife. Freya and Lana turned away, leaving him scrambling to his feet, humiliated but still scheming.

He wouldn’t submit. If Aurora could manipulate and threaten him, then he could do the same to Freya. All he needed was her back in the company, helping him stabilize SilverTech Forgeworks—and the empire could rise from its current peril.

From his pocket, Caelum produced a seemingly innocuous lighter. But embedded within it was a micro-camera, designed to capture anything he deemed useful. His lips curled into a cruel smirk.

“Freya,” he muttered under his breath, “you’re forcing my hand.”

Half an hour later, the atmosphere in the private lounge was tense, nearly suffocating. Caelum knelt on the floor, two massive bodyguards pinning his arms to either side. His knees bore the weight of his defiance, but the pain radiating through his body quickly eroded any remaining composure.

Across from him, Silas Whitmor reclined on a sleek black leather sofa, his piercing amber eyes cold and calculating. Every detail of the room—the dim lighting, the polished steel accents, even the scent of bourbon lingering in the air—seemed orchestrated to intimidate.

Thu, Oct 2

6:4

923 THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY Find_Novel(.)net

+5 Free Coins

“Sir Whitmor,” Wren, Silas’s secretary, said as he approached, holding out the lighter Caelum had attempted to hide. “This is the micro-camera he was using.”

Silas’s long fingers toyed with the device, turning it over and over as if weighing its purpose. Then, with a simple flick, he summoned Wren closer. The secretary obeyed instantly, offering a slender black cigarette. Silas lit it with the very lighter Caelum had been using, the flame flickering like a warning in the shadowed room.

Finally, he tossed the lighter onto the nearby table. His voice, calm yet lethal, cut the air. “Caelum Grafton, what exactly did you intend to film with this?”

Caelum’s voice trembled, sweat pearling across his brow. “I... I was just curious... to... play with it... nothing serious, sir Whitmor...”

“Curious?” Silas’s amber gaze sharpened, cold as a wolf stalking its prey.

“Y-yes! Curious... purely curious!” Caelum stammered.

Silas let out a single, disbelieving laugh, his finger snapping sharply in the air. “We’ll see about that. Make him talk.”

Two of Silas’s enforcers moved forward, their hands gripping Caelum’s wrists and twisting with methodical cruelty. A sickening snap echoed through the room—his right wrist fractured under their strength. He screamed, a sound full of both pain and panic.

Before he could recover, another enforcer dislocated his shoulder with a practiced twist. Caelum howled, the sound echoing like a wounded wolf through the lounge.

When they raised a heavy hammer toward his legs, he broke, his voice shrill and desperate. “I -I’ll tell you! The camera... I only... I only wanted to capture things about Freya!”

Silas’s gaze darkened, amber fire flaring in his eyes. Then one of the enforcers brought forward a bottle of liquor, identical to the one Caelum had handled earlier in the lounge. The sight made him flinch, his body tightening with fear.

“Sir Whitmor,” Wren explained, “this bottle was spiked. Only used at nightclubs for people who... don’t obey.”

Silas stared coldly at Caelum. “So, your plan was to have Freya drink this... and then capture compromising footage with your little camera?”

Caelum choked, panic overtaking him. “I..... I just wanted to remarry Freya! Sir Whitmor, you abandoned her! Seeing you cast her aside... that’s what made me... think about reuniting with her!”

9:13 Thu, Oct 2



e

“Remarry?” Silas’s voice dropped, dark and lethal. He rose from the sofa, approaching **Caelum**, In a swift, controlled motion, he pressed the burning end of his cigarette against Caelum’s forehead, extinguishing it with deliberate cruelty. Flesh hissed, and Caelum screamed, his scalp blistering instantly.

“Caelum Grafton,” Silas said, his tone as cold and hard as iron, “you will never, in this lifetime, remarry Freya Thorne.”

With that, he picked up the bottle, pouring a glass for himself and signaling to his men. “The rest—force it down him. Then drag him out. Let him learn the consequences of his actions.”

“Yes, sir!” The enforcers obeyed, forcing the remaining liquor into Caelum’s mouth until he gagged, the bitter liquid burning him from throat to stomach. They dragged him out like a defeated wolf, howling in pain and humiliation.

Silas sat back on the sofa, the remaining glass of liquor in hand, his amber eyes fixed on Wren. “Tell me, if I drink this, do you think Freya will come to save me?”

Wren swallowed, glancing at the Alpha with caution. In the shadows of the lounge, with the city skyline glowing outside the floor-to-ceiling windows, even the smallest ripple of action felt like the movement of an entire pack.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person’s POV

45 Free Coins

Wren's eyes

widened in alarm the moment he saw Alpha Silas raise the glass of spiked liquor to his lips. His hand shot out instinctively, trying to block it, but Silas's amber gaze lifted slowly, cold and commanding.

"Move your hand," Silas said, his voice calm yet carrying an unmistakable edge of threat.

Wren hesitated, sweat gathering at his temples. "Alpha, you can't possibly drink that... it's been poisoned. It could-"

Silas cut him off with a soft murmur, almost to himself. "If my body is harmed... would she care?"

Wren froze. He knew exactly who Silas meant: Freya. The question was rhetorical, but it hit Wren like a punch.

"Move your hand," Silas repeated, firmer this time.

Gritting his teeth, Wren reluctantly withdrew, stepping back. His mind raced. Silas's reasoning was reckless, but the Alpha's pride would not allow him to change his mind easily. Wren's concern deepened. "Alpha... what if Miss Thorne doesn't come to help you?"

"Then I'll accept that I lost the gamble," Silas said simply, lifting the glass and draining it in one smooth motion. The golden liquid slid down his throat as if daring the world to challenge him. He set the empty glass down, amber eyes locking on Wren. "Now... go. Tell her." Updates are released by findnovel.net

Wren swallowed, his pulse quickening. The Alpha wanted to know—through this dangerous wager—whether Freya still carried any trace of care for him. Even if the cost was his own body, Silas was willing to risk it.

Meanwhile, Freya and Lana were deep in discussion with executives from several potential investors at the City Economic Summit. The negotiation was delicate, every word measured, every gesture calculated to inspire confidence.

That delicate balance shattered when Wren came rushing toward them, his expression taut with urgency.

"Miss Thorne! Alpha Silas is in danger. Please... come with me!"

Freya froze mid-step. Her heart stuttered at the news. “What?” she asked, voice tight with concern. Silas Whitmor in danger? That was impossible... wasn’t it?

s

Wren urged her forward, but Freya’s instincts screamed caution. She took two steps, then stopped abruptly, her gaze hardening.

“Miss Thorne?” Wren’s voice was laced with confusion and worry.

Freya pursed her lips. “If Silas is truly hurt, you should call the authorities, or get medical assistance. Not... come looking for me.”

Wren’s jaw tightened, the weight of Silas’s insistence evident in his expression. “But he refuses to go to the hospital. He insists... he must see you.”

Freya’s eyes narrowed, a ripple of conflict crossing her mind. “Is he... injured?”

Wren hesitated, lowering his voice to a near whisper. “He drank... he drank liquor that had been tampered with. He refuses medical care, he only says he wants to see

you.”

Freya’s pulse skipped. Her mind raced, imagining the worst. Was this the work of some jealous rival? Someone who sought to manipulate or trap him? She inhaled deeply, trying to steady herself. Knowing that Silas was not severely harmed offered her a sliver of relief, but worry gnawed at her like a predator circling prey.

“I... we’ve already parted ways. This... this is not something I should be involved in,” Freya said, her voice tense. “Wren, you need to get him to a hospital. The doctors can handle this safely.”

Wren’s ears flattened slightly, tension radiating off him like an alert wolf in the forest. “Miss Thorne... you know him. Once he sets his mind on something, it’s immovable. He said he will not go to the hospital until he sees you. And... his current state is... not good. For the sake of what once existed between you, please—just go see him.”

Freya’s jaw tightened. She knew this was a deliberate provocation—a test, a trap even, to make her come. But stepping forward could open old wounds, confront the trust that had been broken. Could she... bear it?

Lana, standing beside her, glanced at Freya with an understanding that needed no words. “Freya... if you still care, even a little... go. Help him before it’s too late. Better to act than to regret.”

Freya inhaled sharply, weighing the risk. Her heart ached with the echo of old feelings, the pull of loyalty and unspoken history. Finally, she nodded, a reluctant decision settling over her. “I’ll go see him,” she said softly. Then she turned to Wren. “Lead the way.”

Wren’s relief was palpable, though he kept his expression neutral. He guided Freya swiftly through the corridors of the summit, their footsteps muted on the polished stone floors. When they reached the private lounge, Wren stopped. “Alpha Whitmor is inside. I... cannot enter. Please, Miss Thorne, go in alone.”

s

Freya nodded, steeling herself, and pushed the door open. The room was dimly lit, a single row of warm lights casting long shadows across the floor. The space felt intimate, almost too quiet, the air heavy with tension and faint traces of bourbon.

On the sofa, Silas Whitmor reclined, his jacket unfastened and collar open, revealing the broad lines of his chest and the hard planes of his abdomen. Even in this vulnerable state, he radiated the quiet dominance of a true Alpha, the kind that could command attention without uttering a word.

Freya’s steps slowed as she approached, taking in the sight of him—the way his hair fell in dark waves, the subtle sheen of sweat, the deep amber of his eyes now softened with a strange vulnerability.

“Freya... you... you came?” His voice was hoarse, labored from the poisoned liquor, yet threaded with that same low, magnetic authority she remembered.

His gaze met hers, amber eyes now tinged with something almost intoxicatingly human, the cold veneer lifted for just a moment to reveal raw need. Each shallow breath made his throat move visibly, a tremor that drew her attention despite the tension in her chest.

Silas’s lips parted, a slow, ragged exhale escaping as if it carried the weight of unspoken words. The lines of his face, so often set in imperious control, now held a seductive fragility, a reminder of the Alpha’s rare humanity when he was alone with her. Freya’s heart twisted, caught between fear, care, and the lingering pull of something that had never fully vanished.

She paused at the threshold, feeling the weight of choice pressing down like the gravity of the storm-swept cliffs that defined the borders of Stormveil territory. Every instinct—her loyalty, her caution, her pack-bonded senses—warned her. Yet the human part, the part that had once bared itself to him, urged her forward.

For now, the room held only the two of them, the faint amber light, and the heavy, palpable tension of past and present colliding. The Alpha and the Bloodmoon's daughter, facing the consequences of old bonds, the poison, and the gamble that had been silently set before them.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

s

The rise and fall of his chest drew my eyes again and again, impossible to ignore. Silas... even like this, half-reclining and drained, he carried a presence that made the room feel alive with some dangerous, intoxicating energy. His bare chest moved beneath the dim amber lights, muscles contracting in uneven waves, and I felt the pull in my chest, a mix of caution and unwilling fascination. I forced my eyes away, reminding myself why I was here.

"Yes... I came," I said, keeping my voice steady. "Wren told me... you drank some tainted liquor, and you refused medical care."

He exhaled roughly, his chest heaving, and reached out, taking my wrist in his hand. His grip was firm, scorching hot, and my breath caught in my throat.

"Medical care?" he rasped, leaning closer, his amber eyes locking on mine. "If I leave this room like this... imagine the chaos it would cause. A scandal... the headlines... the impact on the Coalition... I can't let it happen."

My hand felt as if it were being pressed into fire. Was his heat from the poison, or was this just the way he burned—Alpha, alive, dominant?

"If you're worried about people seeing you, I can block all the surveillance from the lounge to the car," I told him. "Just cover yourself with a blanket. Nobody will know it's you."

He shook his head weakly, gasping, voice thick with both pain and frustration. "And if they still find out? And even if I reach the hospital, someone will leak it..."

nothing is ever secret, not in this world. You... you know that better than anyone. You left me because of what I did with

brother. Because I failed him.” your

I felt his desperation, his voice trembling, his grip on my wrist tightening as if I were the only lifeline keeping him from toppling.

“Silas... we’ve already ended things,” I said firmly. “I didn’t come here to be your cure, to sacrifice myself for you. I came to make sure you go to a hospital. Whatever concerns you have... the Whitmore influence can handle them.”

He made a soft, almost pleading noise. “And if... I still refuse?”

He forced himself upright, tremors coursing through his body as he swayed dangerously toward me. My instincts screamed, and I reached out, steadying him. His body pressed close to mine, the heat radiating off him through the fabric of his shirt searing against my skin.

+5 **Free** Coin

His muscles twitched beneath my touch, restrained yet coiled, like a wolf barely held **back**

from full predatory release. His hands clutched me tighter, as if my presence could hold **the** poison, the pain, the chaos at bay.

“You know what this poison does,” he whispered into my ear, each word a rasping **growl**. “**It** feels like fire crawling under your skin, like venomous insects gnawing at every nerve. **Do you** want to watch me burn, Freya?”

I swallowed hard, forcing myself to maintain control. “I’ve said it already... we’re done. **I’m not** here to do this with you.”

“But you came,” he murmured, brushing against me, his hands mapping the contours of my arms, my sides, searching for a tether to keep his sanity. “So... you still care, don’t you? You still feel something for me.”

“I’m here to make sure you don’t blame Wren for anything,” I said evenly. “Not because of you.”

A low, hoarse laugh escaped him, ragged and almost feral. “I don’t believe you don’t care at all.”

“Believe what you want,” I snapped, trying to push him away. But the moment I touched him, I felt the shift. His body was changing under the influence of the poison, muscles taut, heart racing like a wolf on the hunt. My mind raced. I couldn’t let him collapse here. The only solution was to knock him unconscious and get him to a hospital immediately.

“And if I told you... that the liquor I drank... was meant for you?” he said, each word a ragged breath.

“What?” My pulse spiked.

I had assumed the poison was meant for him, some scheme of a jealous rival. But he shook his head, amber eyes clouded with fever and pain, and whispered, “It was Caelum Grafton. He intended

you to drink it.”

I froze. Caelum... that despicable man. Poison, a hidden camera... all aimed at me, at some leverage to control my actions. The memory of how I had once saved him, married him even, sent a wave of anger rushing through me.-

“I’ll deal with him,” I muttered under my breath, teeth gritting.

“I haven’t let him go either,” Silas whispered, voice raw with emotion, his lips brushing closer to mine. “Freya... if Caelum ever tries to hurt you, he’ll pay... in a way that he’ll never forget.” Read full story at findnovel.net

My heart hammered, both fear and relief running through me. “What... what did you do?” I asked, panic threading my voice.

2/3

10:07 Fri, Oct 3

“Are you

A

281

+5 Free Coins

worried about me, or about him?” His lips hovered near my car, voice low, guttural.

I didn't answer.

"If it's about me... I'm glad. If it's about Caclum... I only made him swallow the rest of that poisoned liquor himself. Everything he wanted to do to you, he will now endure."

"Then... why did you drink it?" I asked, my voice barely audible over my pounding heart.

His amber eyes, glazed and fiery at once, fixed on me, and the corners of his mouth lifted in a dangerous, intoxicating curve. "Because I wanted to see if you would come... *to see* if you'd save me."

A jolt ran through me, disbelief and something darker, something primal, gnawing at the edges of my mind. He wanted me to witness him in this state... a twisted gamble, a wolf testing the bonds of its mate.

And then, before I could even respond, his lips claimed mine. Hard, demanding, a searing heat that pressed me into the world of him, a world where Alpha strength met vulnerable need.

I froze, shock and instinct warping into a single, potent sensation. Silas Whitmor—Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, unyielding, dangerous—was burning against me, and somehow, in this moment, it was all consuming.