

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

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A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

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The heat of his body lingered on my skin long after I pulled away, his lips still a burning imprint in my mind. Silas's chest rose and fell in ragged waves, and I could feel the feral strength coiling beneath his skin even in unconsciousness. My hand still tingled from the contact, as if his Alpha presence had branded me.

I took a deep breath and acted quickly. His voice, thick and ragged, had barely trailed off when I moved, the motion precise and practiced—one sharp strike to his temple. Silas went limp instantly, collapsing against me, the weight of his powerful form surprisingly heavy despite his feverish state. My heart pounded, not just from the adrenaline, but from the undeniable heat emanating from him, the sheer proximity of a wolf like Silas in such a vulnerable state.

I steadied him, making sure his head was secure against my shoulder, and quickly checked the partially unfastened buttons of his shirt. The last thing I needed was him being exposed to any unnecessary danger or prying eyes. I tightened the clothing where I could, careful not to disturb him further.

"Wren..." I called softly as we reached the door, the voice calm but edged with urgency. Outside, he froze.

"Freya... what... what did you do?" Wren's eyes widened, and I could almost see the question lingering, unspoken yet very clear.

"I knocked him out," I replied simply, my tone leaving no room for argument. "We're taking him to the hospital immediately." My eyes flicked to the surveillance cameras lining the corridor. "Have the footage deleted. Take him out the rear exit. Make sure the car is waiting back there. We don't need anyone knowing."

“Yes,” Wren said, relief and apprehension mixing in his voice. He motioned for the security team to assist in lifting Silas into the waiting black sedan. Every movement was careful, as if handling a priceless artifact, yet also urgent. I followed closely behind, hands hovering near Silas to react if he stirred.

The rear exit opened to the car, sleek and dark, waiting like a shadow. The security team eased him onto the back seat, and Wren looked at me expectantly.

“Freya... you’re not coming with us?”

“No,” I said, shaking my head. “You have enough people to handle him. I’m not needed.”

“But if he wakes... and you’re not there...”

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I cut him off, voice sharp now, a wolfish edge creeping in. “Wren, I said I’m done with Silas. I’m done being a pawn in his recklessness. Make sure he gets to the hospital safely, and leave it at that.”

Wren gave a rueful shake of his head. “In this world, Freya... you’re the only one who can calm him. I’ve never seen him care like this for anyone, not like he cares for you. He would... risk his body, his life, just to see you.” This update is available on [find•novel.net](http://find-novel.net)

“I don’t need reminders,” I said coldly, turning away. “We’re finished.”

With that, I left them. The click of the car door shutting behind me sounded like a small, private victory. I forced myself to ignore the pang that curled in my chest. Silas Whitmor- Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, a wolf like no other-was being rushed to safety because I had acted when he couldn’t. And yet... even now, the thought that he had risked everything *to* see me left a bitter edge in my stomach.

I returned to Lana, who was perched near the entrance of SkyVex Armaments’ offices, her sharp eyes immediately noticing my return.

“Freya, why are you back?” she asked, tilting her head.

“Wren and the team have Silas on his way to the hospital,” I said. “I didn’t need to ride with them.”

“Wait... he’s going willingly?”

I shook my head. “No. I knocked him out before he could protest. It was the only way.”

Lana’s eyes widened, a mixture of awe and disbelief. Not many could physically take down Silas Whitmor, let alone me. “You... you actually knocked him out? In the whole Capital; that’s practically a legend. No one dares do that!”

Before I could respond, a piercing scream erupted down the street. “Pervert! Security! Someone stop him!” The shrillness made my blood snap, and the low growl in my chest stirred instinctively.

The sound drew a chaotic crowd—security, onlookers, and a cluster of reporters snapping photos and yelling. I followed the commotion with Lana, instinctively moving closer, wolf- senses alert.

Through the mass, I spotted him: Caelum Grafton. Shirt half-torn, wild-eyed, struggling under the grip of security. The murmurs and accusations sliced through the air.

“Look at him—trying to assault a woman here in broad daylight!” someone shouted.

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“Must be drugged or insane! There’s no other explanation!”

“Isn’t that Caelum Grafton? The audacity!”

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I froze for a moment, taking in the scene. The Alpha I had once spared, the wolf I had given a chance, was being dragged away—humiliated, powerless, exposed. The sheer irony wasn’t lost

on me.

Lana nudged closer, whispering, her eyes sparkling with wicked delight. “Do you know what happened? He tried something with the daughter of the Winslow family. The boyfriend handled him personally. Caelum’s reputation is ruined for now. Even the Winslows are prominent in The Capital... he’s done.”

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Freya watched the scene with a cold, calculating gaze. It was obvious now—the chaos at Caelum Grafton’s company had been orchestrated by Silas. And Caelum had brought it all upon himself. Tomorrow, the stock price of Grafton Technologies would plummet again, and Freya could already imagine the downward spiral that awaited the company.

A company that she had once helped build, nurtured, and elevate to the heights of The Capital’s tech elite was now teetering on the edge of collapse. Grafton Technologies, once a symbol of ambition and brilliance, was about to fall from the pinnacle into the abyss. Debt would accumulate faster than even Caelum could anticipate, turning him from a celebrated young tycoon into a bankrupt man struggling to pay off obligations he could barely manage. Life shifted with brutal swiftness; the transformation was both fascinating and terrifying.

Lana ever eager for gossip, leaned in with a wicked smile. “Looks like Siverfang Technologies is going down the drain tonight. The shareholders are going to be tearing their hair out over this. And as for Caelum... well, he was just begging you to return to his company not ten minutes ago. Now he’s about to lose everything—and I doubt the Winslow family will let him off easy. What do you think they’ll do to him?”

Freya’s eyes narrowed. “Whatever they do, it’s none of my concern.”

Lana laughed softly. “True. The uninformed still think Caelum was some kind of tech prodigy, a rising star in the industry. Ridiculous. The moment you stepped away, his empire began crumbling. Honestly... did you expect this?”

Freya gave a slow nod. “Given his arrogance, unless he delegated real authority to capable professionals, there’s no way he could sustain a public company of this size.” Caelum’s hubris had always been his weakness; he overestimated his own abilities. Freya had predicted bankruptcy eventually, but the pace at which it would occur now was far faster than she had imagined.

Lana’s eyes gleamed with mischief. “I really want to see his mother and Giselle when they get out of custody and realize Caelum’s a penniless wreck. The expressions on their faces will be priceless.”

Freya allowed herself a small smirk. There was a savage satisfaction in knowing that some predators would finally taste consequences, even if temporary. The world of the packs—and humans—was unforgiving, and Caelum had proven he was no exception.

At that moment, Lana's WolfComm buzzed insistently. She glanced at the screen, frowning when she saw Victor Ashford's name. A faint blush colored her cheeks before she answered.

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"I'm waiting outside the investor gala. When will you be out?" Victor's voice was deep, calm, and commanding, yet there was an edge that made it clear this was not a casual call.

Lana straightened, startled. "You didn't mention meeting today."

"I just did," he replied, the faintest growl in his tone.

A moment of silence passed, and Lana muttered under her breath. "Figures." She glanced at Freya. "Just give me ten minutes. I'll come out."

Freya watched Lana move away, her wolf senses picking up the tension radiating from Victor even through the WolfComm. Victor Ashford had a presence that could dominate a room- and a pack-without raising his voice. She felt a familiar stir of caution, a wolfish instinct that reminded her how dangerous these interactions could become.

Outside, Lana spotted Victor's car waiting, black and imposing. As she approached, the driver's side window rolled down, revealing Victor's sharp, piercing gaze. "Get in," he said simply.

Lana raised an eyebrow, contemplating opening the rear door, but Victor's cold glance made her reconsider. "What, you actually think I'm your driver?" he said. "Sit up front."

She muttered something under her breath, resisting the urge to complain, and circled the car to take the passenger seat. Victor's presence was suffocating, yet magnetic, his aura exuding the restrained power of an Alpha.

“Now, what do you want?” Lana asked, settling into the seat, her posture relaxed but her senses alert.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Victor replied smoothly. “We’re together now. Boyfriend seeing girlfriend- are there problems with that?”

“No... not really,” Lana said, forcing calm, though a slight tension coiled in her gut.

Victor started the car, the engine a low growl, as if mirroring the wolfish intensity in his gaze. “We have a dinner engagement. You’re coming with me.”

Lana tilted her head, curiosity piqued, though she did not protest. Dinners and corporate gatherings were second nature to her, and today’s outfit—a sleek ensemble that balanced authority with elegance—was perfect for such a scenario. Her eyes drifted to Victor again. The tailored black suit hugged his broad shoulders perfectly, the deep navy shirt beneath adding a mysterious, almost predatory elegance. The blue tie, sharp and precise, completed the look. She couldn’t help but think, with a small smirk, that if someone blindfolded him with the tie, he would still command the room.

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Third Person’s POV

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Lana felt a sharp pang of self-reproach as she stared out the window of Victor’s car. What on earth was she thinking? The question gnawed at her like a wolf’s teeth on bone. Her mind replayed the moment over and over—why had she ever doubted herself enough to let Victor back into her life?

The sudden, low tone of his voice cut through her thoughts. “Admiring me so intently... do you regret breaking up with me back then?”

Lana’s gaze snapped back to the road, carefully masking her inner turmoil. “No, I don’t regret it.” She had always prided herself on being decisive. Ending things with Victor had been the clearest-headed choice she had ever made. To linger, to

hesitate, would have meant falling under the pull of his face, his commanding presence, all over again. Chapters first released on [NovelFind.net](https://www.novelFind.net)

Victor's eyes, sharp and calculating like a wolf scenting prey, flicked toward her. "You'd better hide that thought. Don't let anyone at the dinner see it—don't let them know you don't regret breaking up with me."

Lana narrowed her eyes. "What do you mean by that?"

His smile was tight, predatory. "It means you should act like you regret it. Pretend that you've yearned for me all this time—and that you love me deeply."

"Victor... it's just a dinner. Do you really need to act like this?" Lana's brow furrowed, irritation prickling her like claws.

"I do," he said coldly, voice low but firm, commanding her attention as any Alpha would his pack.

The car came to a smooth halt in front of an upscale private club, black glass glinting in the streetlights. The doors opened, and Lana followed Victor inside, her senses alert, instincts tingling. She had been trained to notice subtle movements, the faint shift of energy in a room, and now she felt the tension radiating from Victor like heat from a wolf's fur.

Inside, a suite of people clustered in conversation, laughter dancing lightly over the rich scent of expensive wine. The moment Victor and Lana entered, a voice greeted him. "Victor! Finally, we thought you wouldn't make it."

A few heads turned, and another voice added, "Oh! And who might this be?" Their gaze fell on Lana, assessing her with curiosity, some tinged with amusement.

Victor stepped forward, voice low but firm. "This is my girlfriend, Lana Rook."

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Immediately, the room shifted. Eyes widened in surprise, interest flickering in gazes like hunters sensing new prey. A few looked amused, a few wary. It was a subtle ripple of power, recognition, and Lana, though accustomed to business meetings, could feel it even now—the unspoken rules of dominance and territory, like scent marking in the wild.

Victor began introductions, a systematic display of social authority. “These are people I work with professionally,” he said, guiding Lana through each handshake, each careful nod. Lana’s mind raced, impressed and slightly overwhelmed. These were influential figures in The Capital, movers and shapers whose acquaintance could take years for even the most well-connected entrepreneur. Yet here she was, swept into this circle in a single motion.

She smiled politely, responding with the practiced grace of someone used to navigating tense social terrain. Her mind, however, remained alert, reading each subtle cue—the slight shift of a shoulder, the glimmer of interest in an eye, the faint ripple of recognition from those who had underestimated her before.

One voice, light with teasing, broke the rhythm. “Victor, you actually have a girlfriend? I thought you were joking before. We were trying to match you with Velda.”

At the sound of the name, several heads turned to a woman standing nearby, elegant and composed. She wore white, her presence ethereal, almost aloof. Lana’s instincts kicked in immediately—this woman was waiting for a confrontation, positioning herself like a rival wolf staking claim to territory.

“My, you flatter me,” Velda said, voice light, a smile that didn’t reach her eyes. “I could never measure up to Victor. He’s always been protective of me... merely treating me like a junior. But Miss Rook, your name sounds familiar. It reminds me of someone Victor once dated.”

The comment sent a subtle ripple through the room. Eyes flicked toward Lana, some evaluating, some judging. She finally understood Victor’s earlier warning in the car—he intended to use her as a shield, a barrier to the lingering attentions of would-be rivals.

Victor’s voice cut through the moment, calm and commanding. “Lana and I dated in the past. We were apart for a time, but recently we realized there’s still a bond between us. We’re together now—and this time, we won’t separate.”

Lana’s inner voice screamed. Yeah, right. One year from now, this will all blow up. She forced a polite smile. “Yes... I’m happy *to* be with Victor again,” she said, masking her skepticism with grace.

A toast was proposed. The room’s energy shifted again as glasses were raised, a ritualistic display of social cohesion and hierarchy. Lana sipped cautiously, knowing better than to let wine loosen her instincts. Two cups in, she excused herself, slipping toward the washroom.

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Inside, she unexpectedly found Velda waiting, eyes sharp, calculating. Lana's senses flared; she could almost smell the challenge radiating off her.

"Do you have business with me?" Lana asked, brow raised.

"You don't deserve Victor," Velda said coolly. "I've heard you're just a nouveau riche, and that you hurt him badly in the past. How dare you sit by his side now?"

Lana rolled her eyes, suppressing a laugh. The one who was hurt? That was me!

"Whether I deserve him is between Victor and me. Why do you care? On what authority do you question me?" Lana's voice was sharp, low, wolfish.

"I speak as someone who cares for Victor. I don't know your motives, but he hates being used. Should he ever find you're using him... he will despise you." Velda's words dripped with assumed righteousness.

Lana smirked. "Funny. The one being used right now is me." She stepped closer, voice dropping to a whisper, dangerous and intimate. "Do you like Victor?"

"I just think he deserves someone better," Velda replied, a practiced coldness in her tone.

"Too bad. Victor seems to like people like me." Lana's lips curved into a wolfish grin as she glanced over Velda, then turned her attention to Victor, who had silently approached.

"Victor," she whispered, her hands sliding around his neck, voice husky, meant for him alone, "I acted for you once. Now it's your turn to act for me."

Victor's lips pressed into a thin line, his Alpha dominance radiating like heat from a wolf's pelt, but he said nothing. Lana leaned in, taking the initiative, and pressed her lips to his—a silent challenge, a claim, a declaration only the two of them could understand.

The room's energy shifted subtly, like the pack sensing a change in dominance. Allies and rivals alike held their positions, feeling the tension, the unspoken claim being made in that fleeting, dangerous kiss.

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Third Person's POV

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The sudden kiss froze Victor's body in an instant. His mind went blank for the briefest heartbeat, and then it ignited. Every nerve, every instinct in him stirred, the taste and warmth of Lana's lips wrapping around him like a familiar hunting scent he had longed for in silence.

How long had it been since she had kissed him like that? He couldn't even remember. The memory of her touch, once scared into his consciousness, now felt unbearably vivid, drawing him toward an almost animalistic need for more. His body betrayed him, leaning instinctively forward, craving, searching. Content originally comes from Find~Novel.net

But it ended abruptly, leaving him hovering in the sharp edge of desire and denial. His gaze followed her as she stepped back, eyes glinting with mischief and challenge. She looked toward Velda, her expression saying it all—"See that? This is mine, and only mine."

Velda's composure cracked, her face twisting into something unrecognizable. Humiliation, surprise, and bitter resentment mingled in her wolfish glare. Victor felt a cold, hard twist in his chest. This woman—Lana—had kissed him as a performance, a show for another. Yet the only one who could claim her lingering desire, the one who truly mattered to her in *that* intimate, consuming way, was him.

Meanwhile, across the city in the sterile confines of a VIP hospital room, Silas Whitmor stirred awake. His first conscious words were sharp, cutting through the quiet hum of machines. "Where is she?"

"Miss Thorne had you brought here after you were rendered unconscious," Wren replied, voice calm but cautious. "She didn't come with you."

Silas's eyes fell to the three fingers of his hand still encased in splints. His mind churned. Even after he had pleaded, exposed vulnerability he never allowed anyone to see, she had still kept her distance. Not even a touch. She had the strength of a true Alpha in subtlety—freely giving and letting go as she saw fit.

The memory of her decisiveness in her divorce from Caelum Grafton burned in him. Once she made a choice, there was no turning back. If she chose to end something, it was final. And now... she had chosen to sever ties with him. Would she truly never look back?

No. He gritted his teeth, jaw flexing with the effort to contain the storm within him. Even if she refused to return, he would make her. He would bend fate itself until she had no choice but to come back to him.

Days later, Lana accompanied Freya to Capital International. The airport was bustling, a

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stream of travelers moving in every direction, their faces a blur compared to the sharp focus of a wolf on the hunt.

“Everything packed? Nothing forgotten?” Lana asked, her voice carrying the edge of worry only close allies earned.

“I have everything,” Freya replied calmly. “Even if something is missing, I can buy it there. I’m heading to the second-largest city in D Country, not some remote mountain town.” Her voice was practical, sharp, but beneath it, a flicker of excitement for the journey ahead.

“Promise me you’ll call every day once you arrive,” Lana added, her tone softer than before.

“I will,” Freya assured her.

As they approached the security checkpoint, a familiar figure came into view, dragging luggage with a determined stride. “Sister!” Kade called, breathless but grinning as he caught up.

Freya’s eyebrows rose. “What a coincidence. Didn’t expect to see you here. Where are you headed?”

“I’m going with you to D Country,” Kade replied casually.

Lana’s eyes

widened. “You’re going too?”

“Yes. I figured I’d keep you company. Been a long time since I’ve had a proper break anyway,” Kade said, a subtle wolfish pride underlining his words.

“Besides, *if* anything happens where I can help, I’ll be there. Otherwise, I’d just return when my leave is over.”

Freya exhaled slowly, a smile breaking her usually composed demeanor. “Alright then. Thanks.”

“No thanks needed between us,” Kade replied, his tone firm yet protective.

“Good. Now, with Kade accompanying you, I feel a little more at ease. Let’s not waste time,” Lana said, her voice carrying the efficiency of a seasoned pack leader.

“Let’s go.” Kade nodded at Freya.

“Good.” Freya smiled softly, dragging her suitcase toward the security line. Kade stayed close, senses alert, eyes flicking constantly toward her.

This time, he refused to repeat the mistake he had made before. He would not leave her side, not when threats like Silas Whitmor lurked in the shadows, ready to pounce on any vulnerability. No matter her feelings, her reluctance to engage romantically, he would be there -always present, always vigilant.

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Somewhere in the distance, Silas Whitmor’s gaze followed the pair. His eyes narrowed, calculating, a predator observing its prey.

“Alpha Silas, boarding time approaches,” Wren reminded, her voice respectful but firm.

“Good.” Silas’s expression hardened. He glanced down at his passport and boarding pass. A shadow of a smirk touched his lips. “Freya... we will meet again soon.”

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Third Person’s POV

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Freya and Kade arrived in W City, the sprawling second-largest metropolis of D Country. The city was alive with the quiet hum of commerce and culture, a blend of modern skyscrapers and traditional neighborhoods that had accommodated generations of immigrants.

“You’ve arranged your hotel stay?” Freya asked, glancing at Kade as they wheeled their suitcases through the arrivals hall.

“Yeah. Same as yours,” Kade replied casually, his amber eyes scanning their surroundings with the alertness of a wolf sensing potential threats.

Freya raised an eyebrow, a flicker of surprise passing over her face. “How did you know which hotel I’m at?”

“Lana contacted me earlier,” Kade said, the faintest edge of pride in his tone. “She wanted to make sure the place is secure, so I went ahead and booked the same one as you. Thought it’d be safer if we’re nearby.”

Freya’s chest warmed at the thought. Lana—quiet, watchful, fiercely protective—had taken the time to worry about her, to ensure she was safe even before her journey began. The kind of care that only a true pack member could offer.

“Alright, let’s go then,” Freya said softly, adjusting the strap of her bag.

At the hotel, they checked in quickly. Their rooms faced each other across a short corridor, a layout that would make collaboration and communication simple, convenient. Kade couldn’t help the subtle thrill that ran down his spine at the arrangement—it gave him proximity, a chance to respond immediately if danger emerged, like a hunter poised at the edge of the forest.

“What’s the first thing you want to do, sister?” Kade asked as they stepped into the hotel elevator.

“I’ll start at the local precinct, then head to the areas where Eric—my brother—was known to have been. Maybe we’ll find a lead, something the official records have overlooked,” Freya replied, her voice measured, eyes sharp.

“I’ll go with you,” Kade said firmly, almost possessively.

Freya didn't refuse, merely nodded. The wolfish instinct in Kade was clear—he was here to protect, to observe, to ensure no harm came to her while she hunted the truth.

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They rented a car and drove through the city streets, their focus precise. W City had a rhythm that mirrored the wolf pack's own—hierarchies invisible to most, yet apparent *to* those who knew where to look. Through embassy contacts, the police had cooperated and dug up old files regarding the incident from five years ago. But even with assistance, the records were incomplete—fragments of a story left in haste, like bones scattered on the ground after a hunt.

Freya's sharp gaze scanned the documents. The only notation of significance read: "Homeless man obstructing vehicle, dragged away."

"Did the homeless man's name ever get recorded?" she asked, her mind already running through possibilities.

"If there was one, it should have been logged. Since there isn't, he either didn't have a name, or couldn't remember it," the officer explained. "A lot of those on the streets... their minds are fractured, memories unreliable."

Freya's stomach knotted. Could it be... Eric had suffered some kind of brain trauma? Is that why he had ended up stranded in D Country, unable to contact the military, the family, or the embassy? A wolf separated from its pack, forced to survive alone in alien territory. The thought sent a pang of fury and sorrow through her chest.

From the precinct, they drove to the specific location highlighted in the footage Jocelyn had provided years ago. Despite the passing half-decade, the area had changed little—the same worn street corners, the same hollowed edges of alleyways. When Freya reached a quiet intersection, she stopped and stared. The emptiness of the space pressed on her, memories flooding unbidden.

She imagined Eric being dragged there, powerless, unable to resist. The strong, capable brother she remembered had been reduced to something fragile, tossed aside like refuse by those who should have been held accountable.

“What is it?” Kade’s voice cut through the silence, laced with concern. He had sensed the shift in her energy, the tension curling like a wolf about to strike.

“My brother... he was left here,” Freya said slowly, her voice tight, every word carrying the weight of grief and restrained rage.

“Kade’s eyes widened. “Eric?” His hands clenched at his sides, a wolf’s protective instinct roaring to life. “How could that happen?”

“They tried to get help, but the people in the car... they didn’t. They had the security remove him and leave him by the roadside,” Freya continued, fog rising in her vision from the edges of suppressed emotion. Each word felt like claws digging into her chest.

“Who were they? Did you find out?” Kade asked, a low growl hidden beneath his measured

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tone.

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Freya’s gaze dropped, voice bitter as she spoke the name. “Silas Whitmor.”

Kade’s expression tightened, realization flashing in his eyes. Now he understood why Freya had abruptly severed ties with Silas, why she had disappeared from the social spheres he had tried to navigate.

“Eric will be alright,” Kade said, confidence and instinct blending. His presence was a shield, a reminder of wolf loyalty that ran deeper than mere words.

Freya nodded slowly. “Let’s ask around. Someone might still remember... after all, it’s been five years, but maybe someone saw something.”

They moved cautiously, querying locals near the scene. Unexpectedly, a passerby’s expression shifted at their questions. “Oh, you’re asking about that? That homeless man from five years ago... he must have been some big figure. Strange, so many people keep coming by asking.”

“Who else came?” Freya pressed, her wolf senses tingling, detecting the scent of curiosity and greed in the man’s voice.

“Don’t know them personally, but a group came, and they left a lot of money.” The man’s eyes glittered, the primal lure of wealth overtaking his caution.

Kade smiled faintly, wolfish cunning shining in his amber gaze. From his pocket, he drew several crisp bills. “If you can give us any information, this is yours.” The gesture was subtle, a demonstration of dominance and negotiation, the way wolves might assert territory through ritualized offerings.

The man’s gaze flicked between Freya and Kade, reading the determination in their stance, the protective, watchful aura surrounding Kade—a wolf standing over its packmate, unwavering. Hesitation battled greed, and the tension was palpable.

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Third Person’s POV

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The man snatched the bills from Kade’s hand before speaking. “Five years ago? A homeless man? Who would care about that? But most of the street people around here come from the industrial compounds nearby. If he didn’t die back then, chances are they pulled him back in. But it’s been five years... if he survived back then, he probably didn’t make it now.”

Freya’s chest tightened. Her mind immediately went to the compounds, the so-called “industries” tucked behind high walls and security gates. She knew too well what happened inside. These places weren’t lawful—they were breeding grounds for crimes that ordinary people couldn’t imagine. The thought of Eric having been dragged into one of these compounds, subjected to whatever horrors they inflicted, made her stomach twist with anger and fear.

Could it be true? Had her brother truly escaped from one of these compounds, and was his weakened state a result of torture endured there? The thought clawed at her, gnawing on every instinct in her wolfish heart.

They questioned several more locals, but the answers were similar—fragments of rumor, pieces of history like splintered bone. Each story hinted at a truth too cruel to name.

On the drive back to their hotel, Freya kept her eyes on the city lights streaking past. “I need to figure out a way to get into one of the compounds, see if I can learn anything,” she said quietly.

“Too dangerous!” Kade snapped, voice low and edged with frustration. “This isn’t home. Those compounds? They operate beyond the law. You can’t just walk in there like it’s a street market.”

Freya considered it, jaw tight, mind racing. “Then we’ll go to the casinos. Most of them are run by people tied to the compounds. Their staff are often connected—if anyone knows anything, it’ll be there.”

Kade relaxed slightly, though the tension in his shoulders didn’t ease entirely. “Alright. Tomorrow, we’ll go.”

Freya hesitated. “I... my money hasn’t fully transferred yet. Some of it is still back in The Capital. Might not arrive tomorrow.”

Kade smiled, wolfish and confident. “Don’t worry about that. I’ll handle it. Tonight, get some rest. Tomorrow, the casino will take every ounce of energy you’ve got.”

She nodded, watching him, the weight of everything pressing down on her. “Feels like I owe you more and more every day.”

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“Talk about owing,” Kade said, a faint smirk playing on his lips. “If we’re keeping score, I **owe** you more. Remember when we were in the field, the snowstorm? You carried me to the field hospital. If you hadn’t, my fever would’ve fried my brain. I wouldn’t have come out the other side sane.”

From that day, Kade had opened his heart to her, piece by piece, letting her in, letting her **see** the wolf beneath the human mask. Now, every instinct in him was alert, determined not to miss this chance. Not again.

They returned to the hotel and dined quickly in the restaurant, the air thick with anticipation and unspoken tension. Once back in their rooms, Freya paused, turning to Kade. "Come to my room first. I have something to discuss."

Kade inclined his head, following her silently, a predator moving with cautious grace.

Meanwhile, in the hotel's security room, Silas Whitmor sat on a black leather sofa, eyes fixed on the screens. The grainy footage of the hotel corridor displayed Freya and Kade walking side by side. When they entered Freya's room together, Silas' fingers curled, tightening on the armrests of his chair.

"Alpha, Kade and Miss Thorne have separate rooms. Maybe they just need to talk. Kade should be out soon," Wren, his secretary, offered nervously.

"Is that so?" Silas murmured, eyes narrowing into sharp slits. The screens reflected the dim light of the corridor, but his mind raced. If Kade didn't leave tonight... if Freya and Kade—his thoughts were abruptly cut off by a surge of icy rage.

Time stretched in the surveillance room, every second weighing like stones in Silas' chest. The air grew taut, oppressive, as Wren watched his jaw tighten, the predatory gleam in his eyes sharpening into obsession. The source of this content is Find★Novel.net

After more than an hour, Kade finally emerged from the room. The footage showed him bending slightly, as if speaking into the room, while a hand lifted to rest against his neck. The camera couldn't see inside, only Kade's upper body framed in the doorway.

But the position was intimate—too intimate. Wren's eyes widened. Miss Thorne... and if this was true, Silas' reaction would be catastrophic. The tension in the room was palpable, a storm coiled and ready to strike.

Later, back in the safety of her room, Freya inspected Kade's neck, noting the redness that marred his skin. "It's probably a mosquito bite," she said, handing him a soothing balm. "Put this on, it'll calm it down. This time of year, the mosquitoes here are vicious."

"Thanks," Kade said, rubbing at the irritation briefly. "You rest early tonight."

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“You too,” Freya replied softly. She closed the door behind him and moved to the bathroom, the reflection in the mirror showing a wolfish focus, determination flashing in her amber **eyes**. Tomorrow they would probe the casino, following the faint scent trail her instincts told her to

pursue.

If luck didn’t reveal anything, her next step would be to access the casino’s networks, and perhaps even breach the compounds’ systems. Every ounce of her pack instincts was focused, every thought sharpened to a blade of purpose.

As she began her nightly routine, the sudden chime of the room doorbell startled her. Her ears pricked; every muscle in her body tensed. Kade, perhaps, had forgotten something—or perhaps, fate was testing her instincts once again. Either way, Freya’s wolf senses screamed vigilance.

She approached the door slowly, the shadows of the room stretching across the floor like the teeth of predators waiting to strike.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya’s POV

I froze the instant I opened the hotel room door. Standing there, like a shadow I hadn’t expected, was Silas. My heart skipped. What on earth was he doing here?

Before I could even think, he charged into the room, slamming the door behind him. In one swift motion, he pinned me against the wall, his presence overwhelming.

“Why has Kade been in your room so long? What did you do with him?” His voice was sharp, urgent, and desperate—a stark contrast to the cold, calculating tone I was used to hearing from him.

I frowned, instinctively bracing against his imposing frame. “Are you... watching me?” I asked, disbelief sharp in my voice.

“I saw the hotel corridor footage,” Silas said, eyes dark and intense. “Tell me, what have you and Kade been doing?”

I bristled. “What I do with him isn’t something I need to tell you.” My hands pressed against his chest, pushing. I wanted to shove him back, put space between us, and breathe without his heat closing in.

But my attempt barely budged him. He pressed harder, lips capturing mine with a possessive ferocity that stole my breath. Panic surged through me, claws of instinct scraping at my mind. I tried to wrench away, but my fingers brushed the brace on his hand.

I hesitated. If I struggled too hard, I could probably push him off—but I’d risk hurting his hand. The thought stopped me.

I forced my head to the side, breaking free of his kiss. “Silas, what are you doing? We’re already

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“We broke up? That’s your decision. I never agreed to it.” His lips were relentless, shadowing mine, a storm of insistence.

I bit my lip, tasting him, the faint metallic tang filling my senses. “I’ve already said it... breaking up is something one person can decide—ugh, stop!”

I could smell him, feel him, and the air between us grew suffocating, dangerous.

I did the only thing I could think of. I bit him, hard, sinking my teeth into his lower lip. Blood spread warm and metallic in my mouth. He paused for a fraction of a second—long enough

for the scent of it to swirl around us—but he didn’t let go. Not until the coppery taste grew overwhelming did he finally pull back.

“You’re insane!” I spat, glaring at him.

“Freya... if you truly don’t want me, I’ll lose my mind.” His voice was low, hoarse, almost a growl.

I stayed silent for a heartbeat, steadying my racing pulse. Then I said, “Let go of me. I need to rinse my mouth.” The blood was sharp, too strong, and my senses—wolf senses sharpened by instinct—craved relief.

He finally released me. I pushed past him, feeling the tension in the room like, static, and went straight to the bathroom. I rinsed my mouth three times, each swish of water dulling the lingering blood, until the taste was almost gone.

When I returned, Silas was sitting on the sofa, eyes fixed on me, burning and relentless. The place on his lip where I'd bitten still glistened with deep red. My hand instinctively went to the tissues on the table.

"Here," I said, holding them out. "Wipe it off."

He tilted his head back, eyes imploring, and I froze. The expectation in his gaze was sharp, raw, and unrelenting. My throat felt tight. Refusing him now felt like breaking something delicate inside him.

I exhaled softly, taking the tissue. My fingers brushed his skin as I cleaned the blood from his lip, careful but firm. "If you ever try a stunt like that again," I said, tone low and dangerous, "I won't forgive you."

His amber eyes flickered, a wild shadow of the rage that had consumed him a moment ago. I knew what had driven him—Kade. My wolf instincts sensed every flicker of possessiveness, every coil of jealousy tightening in him.

"Sorry," he murmured, voice subdued but tense.

I

I finished cleaning his lip and stepped back. "It's late. I'm going to bed. You should go too."

"No, you haven't told me. What were you and Kade doing in that room?" His voice sharpened. again, possessive and dangerous.

"We were just discussing finding Eric," I said, tone neutral. I didn't want to spark unnecessary conflict. Get full chapters from [find♦novel.net](http://findnovel.net)

"Then why at the door earlier... did you kiss him?" His gaze drilled into me, sharp as wolf teeth.

I stared at him, dumbfounded. "I kissed Kade? Are you kidding?"

His taut expression softened slightly, relief flickering in his eyes. "Good. I'm glad you didn't. I don't know what I would have done if you had."

I frowned, irritation prickling. “Don’t drag Kade into this.”

“Then don’t fall for him,” Silas said, eyes darkening with raw emotion. “Freya... I finally understand. My jealousy is worse than I imagined. Worse than anyone could describe... like the stories they tell about the Whitmore Pack. Like a mad wolf hunting its own tail.”

I stared at him, heart racing. “I only see Kade as a little brother. But no matter what, you not hurt him. If you do, I will not let it go.”

will

The warning in my voice was clear, unflinching. My eyes, wolf-like and amber in their intensity, locked onto his. Every instinct screamed for him to understand—I would protect Kade with my life if I had to.

Silas’ jaw tightened, nails digging into his palms. My warning seemed to resonate; his body tensed, the air around him charged with the remnants of his earlier storm.

“For Kade...” I said softly, letting the words hang in the charged space between us. “He’s important to me. Do you understand?”

He exhaled slowly, his wolfish pride and fire simmering down into something more manageable. “Fine,” he murmured, finally. “I promise. As long as you haven’t fallen for him, I won’t hurt him.”

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person’s POV

Freya exhaled slowly, pressing her back against the hotel room wall. She didn’t want to escalate things with Silas. The last confrontation had been enough to remind her just how dangerous he could be when provoked. Even though their relationship had technically ended, the threat of his wrath lingered like a shadow.

Silas had said it himself: if he ever truly lost control, no one could predict what he might do. The thought was unnerving, yet Freya also knew that much of it was hypothetical—potential threats that hadn’t happened yet. Still, the weight of them pressed against her chest.

“D-country isn’t safe,” Silas said suddenly, his voice low but firm. “If you run into trouble, you need to contact me immediately.”

Freya’s amber eyes narrowed as she studied him. “Why are you here, Silas?” she asked, curiosity and wariness warring in her mind.

Silas’ gaze softened, though it was still intense. “If I told you I was searching for Eric, would you believe me?”

Freya’s heart skipped. Even after she had chosen to step away from him, he had continued sending operatives to track leads in D-country. And once he remembered seeing Eric Thorne here years ago, the country had become a focal point of his search.

Freya tilted her head, thinking. “Near where Eric was taken, thrown aside... did you send anyone to ask the locals about him?”

“Yes,” Silas replied, “but nothing useful came up.”

That explained the reactions she had encountered today when questioning the nearby residents—someone had been asking questions before.

“What about the employee rosters from the factories nearby over the past five years? Have you checked those?” she asked, a spark of hope igniting.

Silas’ lips pressed into a thin line. “I have. But Eric’s name doesn’t appear anywhere.”

Freya’s chest tightened. He had already researched the exact areas she had been planning to investigate next.

“If you want, Wren can send you the electronic copies of the rosters,” Silas offered.

“Thanks,” Freya said softly, the tension in her shoulders easing slightly.

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He hesitated for a moment before speaking again, his voice measured. “You can continue your search, but avoid dangerous areas. No matter how capable you are, a single wolf can’t fight a pack of wolves. You understand what I mean, don’t you?”

Freya met his gaze steadily. “I understand. I care about my safety more than anyone. I need to survive this—to be reunited with my brother. I owe it to my parents’ memory to treasure the life they gave me.”

Silas finally nodded, as though accepting her words. When he left the room, Freya let out a long breath she hadn’t realized she was holding. She hadn’t expected him to show up in D- country, but there was no denying that his presence had saved her a lot of effort.

Her mind flickered back to the storm of moments earlier—the ferocity in his kiss, the warning laced in every word. A shadow crossed her amber eyes. Perhaps she was right—love was NEW NOVEL chapters are published on find—novel.net

up chaos. dangerous, and even a breakup could stir

She wondered if Silas could truly spiral into madness, like the stories whispered about the Whitmore Pack. She thought of Cassian Whitmor, Silas’ father, a man whose brilliance had twisted into erratic behavior after his mate passed away. Silas had confided once that his father had become a different being entirely after that tragedy—a wolf lost to grief, teetering on the edge of madness.

But Silas wasn’t his father. Their time together had been brief, mere months. Even if his love for her burned fiercely now, it would naturally cool with time. He wouldn’t become a mad wolf because of her.

Glancing at her WolfComm, Freya dialed Lana Rook. She needed to hear a familiar voice, someone she trusted.

“Freya! Why are you just calling now? I was about to call you,” Lana said, her tone both relieved and exasperated.

“Silas came by my room earlier, so I was delayed,” Freya replied.

“Silas? Here in D-country too?” Lana’s surprise was audible.

“Yes,” Freya confirmed.

“Don’t tell me he followed you here.”

“Perhaps it’s business. The Whitmore family has some cooperative projects here,” Freya said cautiously.

gasped.

“Lana? What’s wrong?” Freya asked, alarmed.

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“Nothing... just saw a cockroach. Made me jump,” Lana muttered, a hint of embarrassment in her tone. “I’ve got to go, something’s come up.”

Before Freya could respond, Lana’s attention snapped to someone behind her—Victor Ashford, his presence bold and dangerous. The marks on her neck were unmistakable; no mirror was needed to see the evidence of his feral affection.

“Victor, what are you doing?” Lana demanded, shoving him lightly.

“Why is it that you can kiss me, but I can’t kiss you?” Victor countered, arms encircling her waist as he drew close. Their noses nearly touched.

Lana rolled her eyes, utterly exasperated. That wasn’t a kiss—he had been biting and sucking, leaving a trail of proof behind.

“I kissed you to help, Lana. Bringing me to the club—wasn’t that to protect you from unwanted attention? You can’t deny Velda’s intentions toward you. What you’re doing now—turning on me—is ungrateful,” Victor said, fingers brushing over the dark red mark blooming on her neck.

Lana’s cheeks flamed crimson. Memories of youthful recklessness and obsession came rushing back, old lessons paid back with interest in this present moment. The wild, stubborn fire of youth had returned with Victor’s touch, igniting frustration and embarrassment in equal

measure.

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“Just... stay safe, okay?” Lana’s voice softened, her concern palpable. Then, abruptly, she gasped.

“Lana? What’s wrong?” Freya asked, alarmed.

“Nothing... just saw a cockroach. Made me jump,” Lana muttered, a hint of embarrassment in her tone. “I’ve got to go, something’s come up.”

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measure.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

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Victor's voice resonated through the room, low and teasing. “And tell me, do you really think my kiss was ungrateful?”

Lana's jaw tightened, her fingers clenching. “Don't think that just because you're attractive, you can do whatever you want!” she snapped.

Victor arched an eyebrow, a smirk tugging at his lips. “So... you admit I'm good-looking?”

Lana froze, unable to argue. No matter how much she criticized him, she couldn't deny that Victor's sharp features, those wolfish eyes, and commanding presence made him almost hypnotically appealing.

"Enough, Victor. You show up at my door late at night-what do you want?" she asked, exasperated.

She had been alone, quietly staying in her apartment, when the unexpected ring of her doorbell had announced his presence. The moment she opened the door, Victor had wrapped her in a bear hug, pressing his weight against hers, and said in that intoxicatingly calm voice, "Let me hold you just for a moment. That's all."

Perhaps it was the exhaustion laced in his tone, or the way his head rested lightly against her shoulder as if she were his only anchor, but she had faltered. For a fleeting moment, she allowed him to embrace her, forgetting the caution she usually wielded like armor.

But ten minutes had passed. Ten long, heated minutes, and he still hadn't let go. Victor had even walked into the apartment proper, insisting on a cup of tea before leaving. And just moments ago, while she had been talking to Freya on WolfComm, he had left unmistakable marks on her neck-pressing, sucking, and biting, marking her as his.

"Boyfriends don't need a reason to visit their girlfriends," Victor said, as if that alone justified everything.

"That doesn't mean you have to leave bite marks on my neck! We're not even a real couple. I'm only helping you confront your... issues," Lana shot back, trying to reclaim some semblance of control.

Victor's lips curved into a mischievous smirk. "Helping? This is part of the therapy. Doctors recommend a bit of intimacy between partners *to*

relieve psychological shadows," he said, leaning closer, his golden gaze locked on hers.

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Lana's eyes

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widened in disbelief. “That’s... impossible! No doctor would ever advise that!”

Victor didn’t falter. He pulled out his phone and navigated to his contacts, quickly finding the doctor’s number. With deliberate care, he slid the phone across the table toward Lana. “If you doubt me, you can call the doctor yourself.”

Lana blushed, flustered by his persistence. “You... don’t need to go that far,” she murmured.

Victor smirked but withdrew the phone. “Any other questions?” he asked, voice deceptively calm.

She hesitated, then asked bluntly, “This... intimate therapy, how intimate does it get? Surely *it* doesn’t involve... sleeping together?”

Victor’s gaze flickered with a shadow of amusement. “What about you? Do you want to?” THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

Lana shook her head decisively. Sleeping together was out of the question. Victor had always been like a rare, exquisite candy from her youth—sweet, addictive, tempting—but indulging came with consequences, with lingering pain. She had tasted it before, and she would not suffer that torment again.

Victor’s eyes lowered slightly, masking a flash of disappointment. Once, this woman had been eager, coaxing him into the intimacy he hadn’t even sought, and yet now she rebuffed him so decisively.

“Don’t worry,” Victor said after a pause, regaining his composed demeanor. “I don’t force anyone. Even with these ‘therapeutic’ gestures, I always ask for consent first. Hand-holding, hugging, kissing...”

“No kissing!” Lana snapped immediately.

“Why not?” he asked, his curiosity genuine.

“It’s too... intimate,” she admitted, cheeks burning.

Victor’s smirk deepened. “Then how come when you kissed me that night at the club, it didn’t feel *too* intimate?”

Lana froze, words failing her.

Victor's voice softened, almost instructive. "Lana, a kiss without emotional attachment is just skin-to-skin contact. No different than holding hands. It only matters if you have feelings for me."

"I... have no feelings for you!" she replied quickly, a mix of frustration and defiance in her tone.

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"Then we're clear. Any more questions?" Victor asked with a composed, almost predatory ease. Lana groaned inwardly; arguing with him felt futile. A lawyer's mind paired with wolf instincts made him nearly untouchable in debates.

The next day, Freya and Kade arrived at the casino, blending into the crowd with calculated casualness. They changed some of their chips to avoid drawing attention, strolling through the bright, bustling gaming floors, occasionally tossing a few into roulette wheels or poker tables.

Early that morning, Freya's WolfComm had buzzed with a message from Wren: the personnel rosters of the nearby factories over the past five years had been sent. Each name came with a corresponding photograph—a massive convenience. Silas' foresight in providing this information would make her investigation today far more efficient.

With the rosters in mind, Freya scanned the casino carefully. Many of the factory employees had transitioned to working at the casino—some as waitstaff, some as security, and others as minor operators. If Eric had ever been in the factory, perhaps his trail could be traced through one of these employees.

After a few rounds of casual gambling, Freya's amber eyes settled on one of her primary targets a female casino employee listed in Silas' dossier. She had been working at the factory for years before transferring here two years ago. If anyone had knowledge of Eric's movements, she might be the key.

Freya muttered to Kade, "I'm going to the restroom." He nodded silently, understanding her plan.

She followed the target cautiously. The woman walked steadily down the hallway, but when she reached the elevator area, her steps faltered. Her gaze lingered on the small group gathered near the elevator doors—strangers, perhaps, but the intensity of her stare suggested recognition, suspicion, or fear.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

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I froze mid-step, following the direction of the woman's gaze. My heart hammered, a wild drumbeat echoing through my chest. Then, as if on cue, the elevator doors slid open with a smooth, mechanical sigh. Standing at the forefront, the first figure to emerge stepped into the dim lobby light.

My eyes caught him. Just a glimpse of his side profile—and my entire world seemed to pause. Every nerve in my body screamed, every blood cell seemed to burn as if stoked by an invisible fire.

Eric. It was Eric.

I blinked, unable to move for a fraction of a second, before my instincts, as primal and sharp as my wolf senses, took over. I bolted toward the elevator.

"Wait!" I shouted, my voice cutting through the murmur of the casino floor.

But two security personnel stationed by the elevator moved to block me, their stance firm, professional.

"Don't stop me!" I growled, the words barely human in their intensity. My claws flexed against the air, and I struck. One man went down with a grunt; the other hesitated only for a second before I lunged past him.

The elevator doors began to close. Panic struck like icy water. I had only seconds—and I had to see him. His face, framed by the warm lighting of the elevator, stared back at me. But it was calm, almost indifferent, like he was looking at a stranger rather than his own sister.

Could I have been wrong?

The man I had glimpsed—a tailored suit, an air of authority, confidence radiating from every line of him—looked... different from the memory I had of Eric. Older,

more mature, like the years had sharpened him into someone I barely recognized. But that didn't matter. Whether it was him or not, I had to know.

I watched as the elevator descended to the ground floor, my heart hammering against my ribs. Without a second thought, I raced for the stairwell, each step pounding like a drumbeat in my chest, carrying me down toward the lobby.

When I burst into the main hall of the casino, I saw him—Eric, flanked by a few associates, moving with calm authority, exiting the casino. My wolf snarled, raw instinct urging me

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forward. I couldn't let him leave—not like this!

But then I heard it: the sharp, authoritative bark of command.

“Block her! She assaulted our personnel!”

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A dozen security guards swarmed toward me. Their movements were precise, trained, coordinated—no ordinary group could match them. My claws flared, my muscles tensed, and I met them head-on. Blows were exchanged, bodies collided, the floor beneath me a blur of motion.

I didn't notice the chaos of the floor around me, my attention fixed on Eric, now moving out of my line of sight. Despair clawed at me. Was I about to lose him again? If this was a mistake, if he wasn't truly Eric... would I ever see him again?

Before I could answer, a heavy punch struck my shoulder. I staggered, instinctively twisting to deflect a follow-up strike—but another blow came from behind.

BANG! The rightful source is FundNovel.net

The impact never came; Kade was there, his presence a shield as his hands intercepted the attack meant for me.

“Freya! What the hell is going on?” Kade's voice was calm but sharp, his wolf instincts flaring in sync with mine.

“I... I saw him,” I hissed in my native Stormveil dialect, words rushing out without translation. “Eric. I saw Eric.”

Kade’s brows knit together in comprehension. He wasn’t from Stormveil, but during our time in the Iron Fang Recon Unit, he had picked up enough of the dialect to understand snippets. He grasped immediately why I, usually cautious and measured, had leapt headlong into a firefight with trained security personnel.

The guards lunged again. Kade’s hands slipped into his pocket and retrieved a sleek, black metal card—the casino’s mark of authority, a symbol of untouchable status.

“It’s a misunderstanding,” he said smoothly, stepping into my line of fire.

“One misunderstanding doesn’t excuse breaking the rules!” the lead security officer barked. “Take them down!”

I growled low in my throat, muscles tensing, but Kade held me back with a firm hand. My wolf senses were screaming—Eric was already gone, mingled with the crowd outside.

Then, a voice cut through the chaos like a blade:

“Even if they’re my people, you’d still take them down?”

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Silas Whitmor. His presence dropped over the casino like a shadow, commanding attention without moving. Every guard froze, uncertainty flashing in their eyes. The air grew thick with tension, the subtle metallic tang of wolf energy prickling my senses.