

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 32

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Third Person's POV

Caelum Grafton had never known his mate could look like this.

That flash of raw, unguarded awe in his eyes was gone almost as quickly as it appeared, but Aurora—standing beside him—caught it as well. Her lips curved in the faintest shadow of a snarl. “Caelum.”

The Alpha of the Silverfang Pack blinked, as if shaking off a trance, then stalked toward Freya Thorne. “You followed me here? What is it

3 Ou think you're doing?”

a look

Freya gave of flat disbelief. “Caelum, I have no interest in following you.”

“Then why are you here?” His voice dripped with suspicion, as if the only reason she could possibly attend an event like this was to shame him for arriving with Aurora.

“Freya's an executive with SkyVex Armaments,” Lana Rook cut in, her tone laced with contempt. “She's my guest tonight. Don't flatter yourself—do you think every she-wolf in the Capital runs on your scent trail?”

His expression tightened. His gaze flicked back to Freya, cold and warning. “If you're only here for the gathering, fine. But if you stir up trouble, Freya... don't think I won't act.”

The tension rolling off him was sharp enough to taste—whatever deals he hoped to strike tonight, they were important enough for him to stake his temper on them. He turned away with Aurora, heading for the entrance.

That was when Freya's phone rang. Eleanor.

The older she-wolf's voice was sharp and commanding over the line. “You will come to the Royal Court Hotel, Room 1205. We'll discuss the severance terms. If you don't come, you can forget about the hundred million.”

Freya's eyes lifted to the gilt letters over the main doors. Royal Court Hotel. How convenient.

“What is it?” Lana asked.

“Eleanor wants to talk about the divorce settlement,” Freya said evenly. “Same hotel. You go ahead to the banquet hall. I’ll join you after.”

Lana frowned. “That she–wolf’s not a friend to you, Freya. Meeting her in a hotel room? Watch yourself.”

“I know,” Freya murmured. Her phone pinged again–Eleanor’s message, instructing her to collect a room key from the front desk. How thoughtful.

Inside the banquet hall, Aurora was already smiling when she noticed Lana arrive alone. She didn’t have to move her lips for Freya to know what she was thinking. Eleanor and Giselle must have pulled Freya away just as planned.

In Aurora’s mind, if Freya wanted the hundred million, she’d have to prove she could take it. More likely, she expected Freya to walk out of this night in ruins–moneyless, honor shredded–forcing even a reluctant Caelum to sever the bond.

Up on the twelfth floor, Eleanor and Giselle waited in the shadows.

“Why isn’t she here yet? It’s been half an hour,” Giselle hissed, restless.

“She’ll come,” Eleanor said, certain as stone. “A she–wolf like her? She smells coin, she’ll follow the trail.”

Freya appeared at the end of the hall, and both their faces brightened. Giselle’s expression soured again when her gaze slid over the other she–wolf’s gown.

Elegant. Cold–edged. The kind of beauty that belonged in a highborn’s court–not in their trap.

Hmph. Giselle thought the fall would taste sweeter if the climb was high.

She watched with anticipation as Freya used the keycard, pushing into the room.

The door clicked shut behind her.

The scent flared.

At first–sweet, cloying, wrong. Freya’s muscles turned sluggish, her wolf’s strength folding inward like a snuffed

When Eleanor and Giselle finally swept in, she was half–collapsed against the bedframe, her limbs heavy with whatever they’d pumped into the air. Two enforcers

loomed nearby, the kind of brick-shouldered males who thrived on orders from petty alphas.

“She walked right in,” one of them reported with a grin. “Didn’t even have time to fight it before the smoke took hold.”

Giselle stepped close, looking down at Freya as if she’d already won the kill. “What, you thought you’d walk away from Caelum with a hundred million? Keep dreaming, Freya.”

Freya drew in a slow, ragged breath, fixing them both with a stare cold enough to freeze marrow. “This... is your idea of negotiation?”

Eleanor’s lip curled, showing a hint of tooth. “That money is my son’s. Every coin earned by his hands. You won’t take a single piece.”