

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 33

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Third Person's POV

Freya could only feel the bitter sting of irony.

Three years as Caelum's mate—three years of giving everything she had for him and his kin—yet they saw none of it.

Foolish, that she had once believed they were family. Foolish, that she had poured herself out for them without keeping anything back.

"Alright," Giselle sneered, her voice dripping with malice. "You can do whatever you want with this she—wolf. The worse, the better."

The two brick—shouldered males exchanged lascivious grins and stepped toward her.

Freya's eyes locked on Eleanor and Giselle. "Have you even thought about Caelum? No matter what else, I am still his mate. He will not allow this."

Even as she spoke, her right hand—hidden beneath the fall of her gown—clutched her phone.

The screen was facedown, her fingertips gliding across it in quick, precise taps.

She didn't need to look; muscle memory, forged in the Iron Fang Recon Unit, let her hit every command without hesitation.

Caelum was here in the Royal Court Hotel. If he answered, he could be here in moments—enough to stop this before it began.

"My brother already has Aurora," Giselle laughed, derision curling her lips. "Do you think he cares? Even if he knew, he wouldn't lift a claw for you."

Freya's lips pressed into a thin line. The call had gone through, the phone volume turned so low only her ears could catch the Freya's lips pressed into a thin line. The call had gone thre faintest hum.

Downstairs in the banquet hall, Caelum glanced at his phone. Freya's name lit the screen.

Before he could answer, Aurora's voice chimed in sweetly, "It's from Freya? If she's upset that I'm here with you tonight, perhaps I should leave and let her attend instead."

“Don’t bother with her, Caelum replied, dismissing it with a flick of his thumb as he cut the call. To him, her calls only ever brought complaints and needless entanglement. He had more important business tonight. They could talk later—after the banquet.

A stir rippled through the hall. Aurora’s gaze sharpened toward the entrance. “Silas Whitmor is here. We should greet him.”

Caelum looked up as the Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition entered. Silas’s aristocratic bearing was cold enough to frost steel; the sharp planes of his face and the command in his black eyes made him seem born above the rest of the room.

That was the kind of wolf who ruled from the heights.

Caelum almost laughed at himself for ever thinking such a male could truly be interested in Freya. Silas must have only been acting out of courtesy when he had returned her to the Grafton estate. The two of them were from utterly different worlds.

Back in Room 1205, the moment Caelum severed the call, the weight in Freya’s chest sank like stone.

Cold. So cold.

She had given him chances—more than once. Each one had only left her more frozen inside.

Her gaze lifted to Eleanor and Giselle. “We were family for three years. If this ends now, I will let it go.”

Giselle’s laugh was sharp as broken glass. “You think you can let it go? Even if I agreed, these two won’t. I picked them for you—strong, eager—because we’re ‘family.’”

Freya lowered her lashes, her fingers moving over her hidden phone again. None of them noticed the tiny camera fixed in the far corner, its red light the size of a pinprick.

She had placed it the moment she entered and caught the sickly—sweet scent of knockout fumes, masking her breath as she set the device in place.

They thought this was about a hundred million.

She would make it about exposure.

Her phone slid into the Royal Court Hotel’s network like a wolf slipping through an unguarded fence. If Caelum was downstairs at the banquet, then he—and every wolf there—would see his family’s true faces.

In the grand hall below, Caelum and Aurora stood before Silas Whitmor.

“Lord Whitmor, an honor,” Caelum began. “At the Runestone Grounds last time, I didn’t get the chance to properly—”

A voice from the crowd interrupted. “What’s going on with the screen?”

Then a second voice rang out, unmistakable to Caelum—his mother’s, sharp and venomous:

“Hurry up. I want her gone with nothing. Not a single coin.”

Caelum froze.

Caelum

He turned toward the great display at the front of the hall. Where moments ago it had shown the banquet’s welcome crest, it now streamed a live feed—his mother, his sister, Freya, and two unfamiliar males in a hotel room.

Freya was slumped against the bedframe, the two males closing in with predatory intent.