

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

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A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

Freya sat quietly for a long while before finally speaking.

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“It just happened when I was alone with Parker,” she said, her voice low. “I lost control of my

emotions for a moment.”

Kade frowned slightly. “Parker Williams... is that your brother Eric?”

“I don’t know,” Freya replied. “When I spoke to him earlier, I deliberately used a few gestures- subtle ones that only he and I would recognize-but he didn’t react.”

If her brother truly had some unavoidable reason, or was under surveillance and couldn’t speak freely, he would at least have responded to those signals.

But Parker hadn’t.

Not even a flicker of recognition.

“And when I asked him about the events from three years ago, he avoided the question,” she added.

“Then just get his DNA tested,” Kade suggested flatly.

“Blood, or a strand of hair with follicles-unless we drug him, it’s impossible to collect without him noticing,” Silas said calmly. “From what I’ve gathered, Parker rarely shows his strength, but he’s no easy opponent.”

Freya fell silent, her mind turning rapidly.

DNA testing was the most direct way.

But to extract a valid hair sample, she'd have to pluck three to five strands by the root using tweezers, making sure the samples weren't contaminated.

And blood? That would be far too obvious.

As Silas said—unless Parker allowed it himself, or was rendered unconscious—it would be impossible.

Then suddenly, Freya looked up, eyes gleaming with a sudden idea.

“There's another way,” she said.

Kade blinked. “What way?”

“Strip him.”

Kade nearly choked. “What?”

Silas caught on immediately. “You mean to check his shoulder—for the scar.”

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Freya nodded firmly. “Yes. If he's really my brother, even if he's lost his memory, the scar will still be there.”

That scar... the one he'd received protecting her.

The one etched into her heart like a burn.

On the other side of the city, Parker sat on the couch in his hotel suite, his gaze lowered to the handkerchief in his hand.

It was the same one he had used to wipe Freya's tears earlier.

There were faint traces of her scent and the salt of her sorrow clinging to the fabric.

His fingers brushed the tear-stained spot lightly.

For reasons he couldn't explain, a strange heaviness settled in his chest.

“Parker,” Jenny said from across the room, her tone sharp, “that handkerchief’s filthy now—it touched that woman’s face. You should just throw it away.”

“That won’t be necessary,” Parker said quietly.

“What do you mean, not necessary?” Jenny frowned. “That woman—always throwing herself at men—she’s disgusting. I don’t know what Silas was thinking, letting someone like her be his girlfriend,”

Parker’s voice turned cold. “Jenny, I was the one who wiped her tears. And I told you before—she’s not that kind of woman.”

That woman’s eyes...

They weren’t the eyes of someone trying to flirt or attract him.

They looked at him with something far deeper.

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As if she were gazing at a long-lost family she’d yearned for all her life.

Pure. Pained. Familiar.

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It was as though she wasn’t looking at him, but through him—at someone who looked like him.

The thought triggered a sharp sting behind his temples.

He pressed a hand to his forehead, groaning softly.

“Parker, your head again?” Jenny asked, worried.

“Yeah,” he murmured.

“Then let’s go back to the hotel room. Take your medicine and rest. We’ll be returning to the Capital in a week anyway, and once we’re back, you can have Doctor Reid check on you again,” Jenny said briskly.

Parker nodded faintly.

Later, back in his suite, Jenny handed him two white tablets and a glass of water.

He swallowed them without a word.

“By the way,” he said suddenly, “Jenny... the accident three years ago—are you sure there’s nothing left? No records, no photos, no belongings?”

Jenny froze for a moment before replying, “If there were anything left, I’d have given it to you already. You lost everything in that fire. But it doesn’t matter—you’re Parker Williams now, my brother. And I’m your only sister.”

“Yes... my only sister,” he murmured.

But when he closed his eyes, it wasn’t Jenny’s face that lingered in his mind.

It was Freya’s tear-streaked and trembling.

Night fell.

Parker lay in bed, but his sleep was anything but peaceful.

Flames. Endless, roaring flames.

The heat licked his skin, blistering, suffocating.

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He couldn’t breathe. Couldn’t move.

But he couldn’t die.

Not here. Not yet.

There was someone waiting for him.

Someone he had to protect.

He had to survive—no matter what it took.

A sudden, primal instinct jolted him awake.

His muscles tensed; his wolf stirred within him.

Someone was in the room.

The lights were still off.

It wasn't Jenny—she would have called out.

So who-

Before he could finish the thought, Parker moved, instincts sharper than reason.

In one swift motion, he leapt from the bed and struck at the intruder.

The figure countered, blocking his attack.

“Parker—wait! It's me, Freya Thorne!” a woman's voice gasped in the darkness.

He froze, hand stopping mid-strike.

“Freya?” His tone was sharp, wary. “Miss Thorne?”

“Yes.” Her voice was steady now.

The next moment, the light snapped on. The source of this content is FindNovel.net

Parker's eyes narrowed as he took in her figure—standing there, breathless but unafraid.

“Miss Thorne,” he said, his voice low, dangerously calm, “breaking into my room in the middle of the night... don't you think you owe me an explanation?”

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Freya's POV

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When he asked me for an explanation, I could still see how pale his face was.

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“Of course,” I said softly, but the moment I looked closer, my voice faltered. “You... what’s wrong with your face? You’re completely white.”

His skin looked drained of life—ashen, almost translucent in the dim hotel light.

“Nothing,” Parker said evenly. “Just a nightmare, that’s all.” His eyes lifted to mine, calm but guarded. “Don’t you think you should tell me why you broke into my room in the middle of the night?”

I bit my lip, gathering my courage. From inside my jacket, I drew a small envelope and placed it in front of him.

“These are photographs,” I said. “Of my brother.”

He raised a brow, confusion flickering across his expression. “Your brother’s photographs? Why are you giving them to me?”

“Just look,” I said quietly.

He hesitated, then took the photos.

The moment his eyes fell on the first one, something changed in his face—a flicker of recognition, or maybe unease.

He went through them one by one, his fingers pausing now and then, his gaze sharpening with every image until he reached the last.

“So,” he finally said, “the man you told me about—the one I resemble—is your brother?”

“Yes,” I answered, my voice trembling slightly. “But to be precise.... I suspect you might be him. Parker, have you ever lost your memory?”

There had been *too* many people at the banquet earlier, too many ears and eyes. I couldn’t ask then.

That’s why I’d taken the risk—hacking into the hotel’s security system and sneaking into his suite myself.

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Parker regarded me coolly. "And if I say no?"

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The photos lay between us on the table. The man in them—Eric Thorne—was younger, maybe by three years, but the resemblance was uncanny. Same eyes. Same quiet intensity. Same way his mouth tightened when he was thinking.

My stomach clenched.

No memory loss? Then how could there be two people so alike?

He must've seen my doubt, because his tone grew firmer. "Miss Thorne, you're from the Stormveil Pack, aren't you? And I'm from the C-country. I don't believe I'm your brother."

I swallowed hard. "Then, Mr. Williams... would you let me see your shoulder? My brother once saved me during an attack. He took a blade meant for me—there's a scar on his left shoulder. I just need to see if it's there."

"Scar?" he repeated, frowning slightly.

"Yes," I said, pulling one of the photos from the pile. "Here—look. That mark on his shoulder. That's what I'm talking about."

He studied the picture, then shook his head. "Then you'll be disappointed. I have no such scar."

My heart sank, a cold weight pressing deeper and deeper in

my

chest.

But I couldn't just accept that. Not yet.

"I'd still like to see it for myself," I said, steadying my breath. "Just once. If you feel I've offended you, I'll make it up to you in any way I can."

“Compensation?” His lips curved, faintly mocking. “And what if my price is for you to kneel before Jenny and apologize? You made my sister rather upset today.”

The words hit me like ice water.

If he really were Eric—my brother—he would never say something like that.

But even so, I couldn’t stop hoping. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY find~novel~net

“Fine,” I said, exhaling sharply. “If that’s what it takes—if you let me see your shoulder, I’ll do it. I’ll apologize.”

His eyes narrowed slightly, wolfish and assessing. “Why go that far? I’ve told you already—I don’t have amnesia, and I don’t have the scar in your photo. Even then, you still need to see for

yourself?”

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“Yes,” I said, my voice fierce with conviction. “I have to see. Even if it means humiliating myself, I need to know with my own eyes. If you’re not him, I’ll stop searching. I’ll let it go. But I need the truth.”

He went silent for a long moment. The air between us grew heavy. I could hear my own pulse drumming against my ribs.

Then he asked quietly, “Your brother means that much to you?”

“Yes.” The answer left my lips without hesitation. “He’s the most important person in my world. I would give my life for him.”

His

gaze

flickered—something raw, something uncertain.

He looked at me as if my words struck a chord deep inside him, a place even he didn’t know existed.

“You must have been close,” he murmured. “Your brother’s lucky—to have a sister who’d risk everything for him.”

He said it softly, but his voice carried a strange ache, as if he were speaking not just to me, but *to* something buried within himself.

Then, without another word, Parker’s hands moved to the buttons of his shirt.

One by one, they came undone.

The soft fabric of his sleepwear slipped off his shoulders, revealing the sculpted lines of his chest and the strength hidden beneath his calm demeanor.

And then—I saw it.

My breath caught.

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Freya’s POV

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What met my eyes were patches of uneven skin.

Burn scars.

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Not just on his shoulder—those marks extended across his chest, abdomen, even his waist, a silent testimony to pain I couldn’t imagine.

“How... how did you get all those burns?” I asked, my voice trembling before I could stop it. My fingers itched to reach out, to touch the roughened skin on his shoulder, as if that could confirm he was real.

But before my hand even brushed him, he pulled his shirt back on. His movements were sharp, precise—like someone used to hiding every weakness.

“You’ve seen it now,” Parker said evenly. “My shoulder bears burn scars. Not the kind of wound you showed me in that photograph.”

Burn scars... My heart twisted.

Could it be... from that fire five years ago?

No. That couldn't be right. In the footage Jocelyn had shown me, my brother's shoulder had still carried that mar.

Then who was this man standing before me?

"When did this happen?" I asked quietly.

"Three years ago," he replied. "A fire. That's all." His tone was calm, detached. "Now, Miss Thorne, I've answered your questions. I'm not the man you're looking for. May I go now?"

My throat tightened. "Could we... do a DNA test?"

He fastened the last button of his shirt with cold precision. "After all that, you still believe I might be your brother?"

"I just..." I swallowed hard. "If I'm going to give up, I want to do it completely. No doubts left."

Because the truth was—something about him felt like my brother.

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Everything but the way he looked at me.

My brother would never look at me like that—cold, distant, unreadable.

He met my gaze with eyes as hard as ice. "And why should I agree to that? Just because of your wild speculation? Miss Thorne, I've made myself clear—I'm not your brother."

For a heartbeat, the air between us froze.

My chest ached, as if my heart had fallen into a frozen lake.

He wasn't my brother.

He said it plainly.

But why did I still refuse to believe him?

Because if I stopped hoping now... I might never find my brother again.

After leaving Parker's place, I returned to my hotel room.

The silence of the hallway pressed against me like fog.

No matter how many times I replayed our conversation, I couldn't let it go.

Even if he claimed he hadn't lost his memory—those scars could have easily hidden an older wound beneath.

I needed proof.

A DNA test.

Only then could I be sure—whether Parker Williams truly wasn't my brother Eric.

He had refused me today, but that didn't matter.

There were other ways to get what I needed.

I was deep in thought when I reached my room.

Then I froze.

Someone was leaning against my door.

Silas.

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He stood there with his arms crossed, head bowed slightly, eyes closed—as if asleep.

Had he really fallen asleep outside my room?

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I hesitated before stepping closer. The Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition—resting against my door? The thought alone made my pulse jump.

His tall frame leaned lazily against the wall. Because of his lowered head, a few strands of dark hair fell across his forehead, making the sharp lines of his face even more striking.

The hallway light spilled softly over him. His lashes were long, brushing faint shadows over his cheekbones. He looked almost peaceful... if not for the faint darkness under his eyes.

I frowned slightly. Was that bruising? No, it didn't look like he'd been hit.

No one would dare strike Silas Whitmor.

Then it must be lack of sleep.

Without thinking, I reached up and lightly touched beneath his eye. The skin there was warm, not tender.

But before I could pull away, his lashes fluttered. For original chapters go to Find★Novel.net

I froze.

A moment later, his hand came up, wrapping around my wrist—firm, unhurried, unmistakably awake.

His eyes opened slowly, those mesmerizing silver-gray irises meeting mine.

“Freya,” he murmured, my name leaving his lips like a sigh.

“You’re... awake,” I said awkwardly, trying to pull my hand free.

But instead of letting go, he guided my hand, tracing it along the same path I’d just touched on his face. His skin was warm beneath my fingertips.

“I wasn’t asleep,” he said softly.

Heat shot up my neck. Moon above—he’d been awake the entire time?

“So you were just standing here in the middle of the night?” I demanded, trying to sound composed.

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He smiled faintly, though exhaustion dulled the edge of it. “Couldn’t sleep. I thought if I stayed close to you... maybe I could.”

My heart skipped. “What do you mean by that?”

“I don’t know,” he said quietly. “Maybe I just needed to feel your presence.”

He looked genuinely tired. The Alpha who usually commanded every room now seemed... human.

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I took a slow breath. “I went to see Parker Williams,” I said finally. “Now—let go of my hand, and let’s talk inside.”

Silas hesitated, then reluctantly released me.

I swiped the WolfComm card through the scanner, the door unlocking with a soft click.

Stepping inside first, I flicked on the lights.

He followed close behind, silent as a shadow.

As the door shut behind us, I caught the faint scent of him—cedarwood and cold iron. Familiar, grounding, and dangerously comforting.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya’s POV

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“Can you find out anything about Parker Williams’s background from three years ago?” I asked directly.

Silas leaned back against the table, his expression shadowed. “We’re digging. But it’s not easy. He’s the illegitimate son of the Williams family. Even in the last few years, he’s kept an extremely low profile. And as for his past from three years ago—it’s like someone deliberately erased it. It’ll take time.”

I nodded slowly, my jaw tightening. “I went to his place tonight. Showed him a picture of my brother...”

I began to recount everything—the way I’d slipped into Parker’s apartment, the cold way he’d spoken, the scars, the denial.

When I finished, Silas’s brow was furrowed deep. “You went there alone?” His voice was low, edged with anger. “What if something had happened to you?”

“Going alone made it easier to get in without being noticed,” I said calmly. “If I brought anyone else, the risk of being caught would’ve doubled. I came back safe, didn’t I?”

“And what if you hadn’t?” he snapped, his tone sharper now.

“I had a contingency,” I said simply. “I sent a timed message to Kade. If I didn’t return by three a.m., the message would’ve gone straight to his WolfComm. He’d know what to do.”

Silas’s

eyes darkened, the muscles in his jaw twitching. “So you did plan ahead.”

“Of course I did.”

Still, I could feel the Alpha energy simmering beneath his calm exterior, barely leashed.

“Even if Parker insists he’s not my brother,” I went on, “I still want to run a DNA test. But when I asked, he refused. Getting a sample from him now... won’t be easy.”

Silas’s

gaze lingered on me. “If I... let’s say, happened to knock him out cold, would you be able to handle the rest?”

I paused, half turning *to* face him. “You mean... take a sample while he’s unconscious?”

He gave a small shrug, utterly serious. “Or get him drunk. Either way, it’s cleaner than letting

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you sneak into danger again.”

I slipped off my jacket and draped it over a chair. “If we were in the Capital, this wouldn’t be an issue. I could just file a report with the Iron Fang Recon Unit, and the military would compel the test. But we’re not home.”

The room fell quiet for a moment.

Then I frowned. “Why aren’t you saying anything?”

Silas’s voice came suddenly, lower than before. “Why Kade?”

I blinked. “What?”

“Why was your backup Kade Blackridge?” He stepped closer, shadows swallowing the space between us. “Why him—and not me?” UPDATE FROM findnovel.net

I stared up at him, momentarily speechless.

“You know damn well I have more ways to protect you here,” he said, his tone rough with restrained frustration. “If anything had happened, I could’ve gotten to you faster than anyone. But you didn’t even think to tell me?” His eyes—those silver eyes—were sharp, accusing, and something else... something wounded.

I exhaled. “Kade and I were partners in the Iron Fang Recon Unit. We’ve been through missions together. There’s a certain rhythm—a trust we don’t need to speak aloud. That’s all it

was.”

“And you think you and I couldn’t have that same trust?” Silas shot back. “You never gave us a chance to find out.”

I met his gaze evenly. “You’ve already done more than enough, Silas. I can’t ask for more.”

He gave a hollow laugh. “You think helping you is a burden?”

I looked away. “No. But I know that helping me... isn’t just about me for you.”

He went still.

“I’m not blind,” I said quietly. “You still have feelings for me. And maybe I’m using that—to get what I need. To find Eric.” I swallowed. “That’s not fair to you. I know that. And I’m sorry.”

Silas’s voice softened, but it still carried the Alpha’s edge. “You don’t owe me an apology. Whether you call it using or borrowing my strength—it doesn’t matter. I told you before. I’m doing this because I want to.”

I lifted my eyes to his. “And if I never come back to you?”

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The words hit harder than I meant them to. “If I can’t return your feelings, Silas... if that part of us really is over?”

“Don’t,” he cut me off, his tone suddenly sharp. “Don’t finish that sentence.”

“Silas-”

He turned away, jaw clenched, the muscles in his forearm flexing where his hand gripped the table edge.

I sighed softly. “I’m sorry. Truly. If you ever need something from me—anything—I’ll do it. I’ll repay what you’ve done for me.”

“Repay?” he repeated, his eyes snapping back to mine. He took a step closer, his presence filling the air, heavy with Alpha dominance. “Then tell me, Freya—if I said I can’t sleep, that my nights are endless and restless, how would you repay that?”

I frowned. "If you're losing sleep, you should see a healer."

A faint smirk curved his lips. "Who says I haven't?"

My gaze flicked to the faint shadows under his eyes, that dark exhaustion I'd noticed before. So it was insomnia.

"Or is your promise of repayment just words?" he said, his tone low, dangerous in the way only he could make it. "If it is, Freya, don't say it again. Don't give me hope you'll only take away."

The quiet between us stretched until it felt almost unbearable.

Finally, I said, "If being near me really helps you sleep... then while we're abroad, you can stay here. You can sleep in my room."

His brows shot up. "You're serious?"

"Yes" I met his gaze without flinching. "If that's what you want as repayment, I'll do it."

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A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Silas's POV

"Starting tonight... is that okay?" I asked, my voice lower than usual, barely above a whisper.

Freya's eyes lifted, questioning. "Tonight?"

I nodded. "I haven't had a proper night's sleep in days." I bent slightly forward, letting my head rest lightly on her shoulder. My voice was hoarse, weighted with exhaustion. "Freya... I won't do anything. I just... want to sleep properly for once."

She hesitated for a heartbeat, then nodded. "Alright. Tonight, then. You can sleep here. But I don't have your sleepwear—so you'll have to prepare your own."

I gave a faint smirk and reached for my phone. With a quick call, I summoned Wren. Within fifteen minutes, he arrived with a suitcase in hand.

“This is some of Master Whitmor’s essentials and clothing,” Wren said, placing the bag down neatly.

As Freya saw him out, Wren handed her a small bottle. “This is Master Whitmor’s medication. If he still cannot sleep here, let him take it—but no more than five pills at a time. Make sure he doesn’t exceed the dosage.”

I caught her gaze lingering on the bottle. “Does he... often take more?”

Wren’s expression tightened. “On nights when insomnia agitates him, he sometimes overindulges. Hence, this precaution.”

I remained silent, only letting a small sigh escape. I’d almost forgotten just how restless I’d become these past few weeks—my nights riddled with shadows and unease, my body craving relief but my mind refusing rest.

After Wren left, Freya carried the bottle back to the bedroom. I had just finished my shower, the warm water lingering on my skin, the sensation of clean, damp hair brushing against my neck. Slipping into my sleepwear, I felt the old familiar pull of routine—a memory I hadn’t realized I’d missed so much. The way Freya would watch, quiet and observant, as I readied for bed. How our shared silence used to fill the room with unspoken comfort.

My eyes flicked to the bottle in her hand. She said. “Wren was worried you still couldn’t sleep here. Thought you might need it, just in case.” She rotated the bottle in her hands, reading the label carefully. I noticed her furrowed brows—the subtle tension of someone who cares.

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She looked up at me then, concern etched deep in her features. “When did you start taking these?”

I hesitated, then answered, “The third day after you left.”

The weight of that hung between us. Half a month. That was how long I had been surviving nights without her, relying on chemicals instead of presence, while every hour stretched endlessly.

Freya set the bottle down gently on the nightstand. "This medicine... it can damage your liver, your kidneys if overused. You can't take it recklessly." For original chapters go to find-novel.net

I let out a tired, humorless laugh. "If my body fails me, do you... mind?" I whispered, almost ashamed.

Her gaze held mine, steady, unflinching. "I do care. Even if we aren't together... I want you to stay safe." Her words cut deeper than a thousand apologies, and yet, they warmed something raw in my chest.

She placed the bottle aside and spoke again, softer this time, almost like a confession. "Silas... back when I found out you hid the video of my brother... I was angry. I wondered why you never told me, why you kept it from me, even why you didn't save him. But... you've also helped me so much. These last few days, your assistance hasn't gone unnoticed."

Her voice trembled slightly, carrying the weight of both gratitude and unspoken regret.

I exhaled slowly, closing my eyes for a moment. She was right. I had helped her—but the truth was, in doing so, I was also protecting my own heart. I wanted her safe. I wanted her brother found. I wanted to keep her in the world, not just for duty, but because a part of me had never truly let her *go*.

"You've done enough for me already," I said quietly. "But if my insomnia is a problem... I'll need you closer than ever."

Freya's lips parted slightly, a breathless hesitation in her eyes. "If being near me can really help... then while we're here, you can stay in my room. Sleep here."

I blinked, a flicker of disbelief mingling with relief. "You mean it?"

She met my gaze evenly. "Yes. If this is what you need... it's what I'll do."

I stepped closer, feeling the subtle heat of her presence wrap around me like a shield. The tension of sleepless nights—the nights where the dark clawed at my mind, when the shadows felt alive, pressing against my skull—began to ease.

I lifted my hand to the wooden-jasper bracelet she had given me. My thumb brushed the smooth surface, kissing the wood lightly. Every time I struggled to find sleep, this token became my anchor. Imagining it as a surrogate for her hand, imagining her presence beside me... it allowed me a fraction of peace.

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Third Person's POV

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Freya stepped out of the bathroom and immediately noticed Silas sitting by the bedside, his gaze fixed on the wooden-jasper bracelet on his left wrist. The gift she had painstakingly chosen for him—once meant for his birthday—now seemed almost tragic, transformed into a token of their parting.

A strange heaviness rose in Freya's chest. She had never imagined that a simple gift could carry such weight. Part of her wanted to look away, yet another part was drawn closer, yearning for some fragment of what they had lost.

Silas lifted his head slowly, as if hearing her footsteps. "Sleeping?" he asked, his voice low, rough with fatigue.

"Yeah... let's sleep," Freya replied, forcing her voice calm, though her heart pounded in her chest. "How... can you sleep? Do you want to hold hands?"

"Let's hold hands," Silas said steadily.

Freya nodded, pulled back the covers, and lay down first. Her body pressed into the mattress, but her eyes kept catching his form. Silas gave her a long, deep glance, one that seemed to pierce to her very soul, before he lay down beside her. Slowly, his hand found hers, fingers intertwining with careful precision.

This time, Freya did not pull away. Not an inch. The warmth of his skin against hers, the steady pulse beneath his palm—it was a tether, grounding and undeniably safe. His lips curved into a faint, subtle smile. Around them, the soft hush of the room wrapped like a cocoon, and Freya murmured almost instinctively, "Sleep now." The source of this content is FindNovel.net

Silas's eyelids drooped, closing against the world, and the tension in his body softened, melting into the quiet rhythm of their shared presence. Only here, beside her, could he find real rest.

Time passed quietly, the kind of time that felt both eternal and fleeting. Freya stayed still, feeling the rise and fall of his chest, the light tremor of his fingers

holding hers. Only when she was certain he had drifted into deep sleep did she dare to open her eyes.

There he lay, serene for the first time in what felt like an eternity. Freya's chest tightened unexpectedly at the sight. She had never imagined that after their parting, he would sink so deeply into sleepless nights that even medicine could not guarantee rest. Could holding hands like this truly help him sleep?

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But it was not a permanent solution. She could be here tonight, maybe tomorrow, but she could not always anchor him. Once they returned home, renowned specialists would address his insomnia with precision. This—this was only temporary.

Carefully, she slipped her hand from his, mindful not to wake him. She hugged her pillow and blankets, curling up on the sofa. Sharing a bed through the night was no longer something she could commit to. Her gratitude toward him—her recognition of what he had done—was the only reason she allowed him to hold her hand until sleep claimed him.

And yet... her heart throbbed with a pang she could not ignore. It was as if it ached for him, though she tried to deny it. She told herself firmly: Do not let yourself care too much. One slip, one feeling too deep, and the lines between them could blur irreparably.

Could she ever truly be with him again? Even if he promised no more lies, no more concealment, she would find herself questioning every word, every glance, every gesture. Suspicion would creep in, slowly eroding the self she tried to preserve. That was not the life she wanted.

She closed her eyes, forcing herself into the fragile reprieve of sleep.

But while she slept, a shadow moved. Silas rose quietly, careful not to disturb her, and made his way to the sofa. His eyes, dark and reflective, lingered on her sleeping form. A bitter ache settled in his chest. Even for repayment, she would not share the same bed with me. Not until morning?

He crouched by the sofa, lowering his head so that his presence was close but non-intrusive. His hand hovered near hers, brushing lightly, careful not to wake her. His voice, low and rough, broke the silence.

“Freya... what must I do, for you to let me in again?”

Morning arrived slowly. When Freya opened her eyes, her gaze landed on Silas’s face, framed by the soft chaos of his hair. His dark lashes rested against high cheekbones, his sharp nose and slightly parted lips—a predator at rest, yet achingly human. She felt an almost uncontrollable urge *to* reach out, to touch him.

But reality struck. Last night, she had invited him to stay, and he had been on the bed. Why was he now slouched by the sofa, asleep?

She sat up quickly, and his eyes flickered open, caught by her sudden motion. He looked at her with waking clarity, familiar and disarming.

“Morning, Freya,” he said softly, voice hoarse but steady.

“Morning...” she replied, blinking, confused. “Why are you here? Shouldn’t you be on the bed?”

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Silas smiled faintly, a wolfish, knowing curve of his lips. “Because I can only sleep properly next to you. Since you’re on the sofa... naturally, I’m beside you.”

She hesitated, recalling the night. “But... you slept on the bed last night, didn’t you?”

“I did. Until your hand slipped away. Then I woke.” His hand found hers again, firm yet gentle. “If you truly want to repay me, don’t change your mind halfway. If my sleep is to be uninterrupted... you must hold my hand till dawn.”

Freya froze, caught between exasperation, gratitude, and the warmth creeping along her chest.

The moment stretched, tense and intimate, until the sudden ring of the doorbell shattered the fragile stillness.

Freya reluctantly pulled her hand away. “I’ll get it,” she said, moving quickly toward the door, her mind still entangled with the lingering presence of Silas beside her.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person’s POV

When Freya opened the door, she found Kade standing in the hallway.

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“I thought you were already done getting ready,” he said, his voice casual but his eyes warm. “I was about to ask if you’d like to come down for breakfast.”

“Just a moment,” Freya replied softly. “I’ll be right there.”

Before Kade could answer, another voice cut through the air.

“Hope you don’t mind one more joining,” Silas said as he stepped forward.

Kade froze. His eyes darted past Freya’s shoulder—straight to the man standing behind her, dressed in a dark-grey sleep shirt, the faint mark of a night’s rest still in his tousled hair.

The silence that followed was sharp enough to draw blood.

For a moment, Kade couldn’t breathe. The picture before him told its own story—one he didn’t want to believe. Silas had clearly spent the night here, in Freya’s room.

His jaw tightened. “Silas. What the hell are you doing here?” Kade’s voice was low, edged with restrained fury. He pushed past Freya, his hand shooting out to grab Silas by the collar.

“Why shouldn’t I be here?” Silas’s tone was calm—infuriatingly calm. His eyes flickered with challenge, his wolf energy simmering beneath the surface. “The owner of this room hasn’t asked me *to* leave. Since when do you get to question me about it?”

Kade's grip tightened. "You-" he began, his anger barely contained. If Freya weren't between them, he might have already thrown the first punch.

"Enough," Freya said sharply. Her voice wasn't loud, but it carried authority—the kind that silenced even wolves. "Kade, let go. He stayed here last night because of... certain reasons."

Her explanation was calm, but the weight in her tone warned both men to stand down.

Kade exhaled slowly, his knuckles whitening before he reluctantly released Silas. "Fine," he muttered.

When Freya turned to gather her things and disappeared into the bathroom, the air thickened instantly. The two Alphas locked eyes, tension thrumming between them like the low growl of rival wolves circling the same prey.

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Kade was the first to speak, his voice low, laced with accusation. "Don't think that just because you managed to weasel your way into her room, you can get her back. She broke things off

you, Silas. She doesn't look back—just like she didn't with Caelum Grafton."

with

The name hit like a blade.

Silas's expression flickered. For a split second, something like guilt—or shame—passed through his eyes. Perhaps Kade was right. What he'd done was manipulative. Using his insomnia to gain her sympathy, exploiting her innate kindness, her sense of debt, her refusal to owe anyone—he knew it wasn't fair.

But without that excuse, she would never have let him near her again.

He straightened, his voice calm but firm. "I'm not Caelum," he said quietly. "And the woman I love—Freya—she still cares for me. You saw it yourself. If she truly didn't, she wouldn't have let me stay." Follow current novels on nOvelFind.net

Kade's lips curved into a humorless smile. "You think a night in her room means something? I don't know why she let you stay—but I'm certain she didn't touch you. Which means she's not interested, Silas. Not anymore."

A shadow crossed Silas's face.

He hated how much truth there was in those words. Freya wasn't a woman who acted on impulse. Her control—her discipline—ran deeper than any wolf he'd ever known.

He could use his charm, his body, even his desperation, but if she didn't want him, none of it mattered. He remembered the last time—how he'd drunk the drugged wine meant for someone else, how he'd begged her, teased her, tempted her.

She hadn't even blinked. She'd simply knocked him unconscious and sent him to the infirmary.

So yes, maybe Kade was right. If Freya Thorne didn't want to be touched, no one could force her—not even him.

But Silas's pride wasn't the kind to retreat easily. His eyes darkened, his voice turning low and edged. "Even if she's not interested in me, it doesn't mean she's interested in you."

Kade's smirk didn't waver. "Who knows? Things change, Silas. This time, I won't let her slip away."

The tension between them thickened again, heavy enough to choke. For a long moment, neither moved. The air in the room pulsed with unspoken words—rivalry, regret, and the dangerous pull of something unfinished.

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When Freya returned, both men stood in the same place, silent but radiating hostility. She frowned, sensing the friction, but said nothing. Some battles weren't worth breaking up. Not

yet.

Later that morning, the scene shifted miles away—inside a luxury chamber of the Williams Consortium’s private club, Parker loosened his tie, his sharp gaze dimmed by exhaustion. His meeting with the high ranks had stretched far into the night.

Across the room, Jenny approached him with a glass of amber whiskey and a feline smile. Her perfume was thick—rich and deliberate. “So,” she purred, wrapping her arms around his neck. “Did the deal go through?”

“Almost,” Parker said, his voice even but tired. “The final contract should be signed soon.”

Jenny’s smile deepened. “I knew you’d pull it off. That’s why I chose you, Parker. You never disappoint.”

Her fingers traced the edge of his collar, lingering just long enough to make her intentions clear. Her eyes roamed over his face—the clean lines, the quiet strength—and something possessive stirred inside her. If she could have this man entirely, she thought, the future might belong to her.

“When we return,” she said, her tone casual but loaded, “your uncle will be very pleased. He already treats you like a son. Three years in his care, and he trusts you more than anyone.”

Parker’s expression barely shifted. “So what?” he said quietly.

Jenny’s brow arched. “You’re really going to pretend you’re not tempted? The William’s fortune, the accounts, the influence your uncle has within the C country—if you play it right, all of it could be yours.”

He gave a cold half-smile. “I’m not in this for power. I’m here because I owe him.”

Jenny laughed, the sound like broken glass. “You say that now. But no one resists power forever.” Her voice dropped, silk over venom. “If you were with me, Parker, even if you never inherited the Williams legacy, our child would. Your uncle would make sure of it.”

Disgust flickered across his face. “You’re forgetting something,” he said. “I carry his name.”

Jenny leaned closer, her breath hot against his jaw. “And what of it? We share no blood. If I bore your child, we could say you were his adopted son, not his

illegitimate one. The council would believe it. And your uncle... might even approve.”

Her lips brushed dangerously close to his.

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But Parker’s expression didn’t change—only his eyes, cold as moonlight, betrayed the storm beneath.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person’s POV

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Jenny leaned in, her breath brushing against Parker’s lips, the faint scent of her perfume mixing with the sharp tang of wine between them. Just as she was about to kiss him, Parker turned his head away, voice steady but distant.

“Jenny, I only see you as a sister.”

Her expression hardened, the warmth in her eyes vanishing. “A sister?” she echoed with a cold laugh. “You really think you’re one of us, don’t you?”

She shoved him back, contempt flashing across her face. “You got lucky, Parker. If it weren’t for that fire years ago—when you were half-dead and rotting in some hospital bed— Grandmother would never have mistaken you for one of our blood. My father only acknowledged you as his ‘illegitimate son’ to keep her from collapsing. Otherwise, you’d have died there, penniless and forgotten.”

“I know,” Parker said quietly, his gaze unwavering. “That’s why I’ve never thought of myself as part of the Williams family.”

“Good,” she sneered. “Because you’d better not forget—your precious woman still depends on Williams’s money for treatment. You’re nothing but a dog fetching bones to please Grandmother.”

With that, Jenny spun on her heel and strode out of the private lounge, her heels striking the marble floor in sharp, deliberate rhythm. Someday, she swore to herself, she’d make that man kneel before her—begging.

Inside the dim room, Parker remained motionless. Only when the door clicked shut did he exhale, long and slow. He reached for his phone, the WolfComm screen lighting his tired face. His thumb moved with precision, unlocking a secure app.

A live feed appeared—grainy footage of a hospital ward. On the bed lay a young woman connected to tubes, a breathing mask covering half her face. Her pale skin gleamed faintly under the sterile light.

Parker’s fingers brushed over her image. His voice, low and rough, filled the empty room. “I’ll heal you. I swear. Just a little longer.”

He knew the truth—only by staying in Williams’s shadow could he earn enough to buy her time. Whatever he had been before, whatever memories had burned away with that fire—none of it mattered next to her life.

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Silas and Kade never saw eye to eye, but on one thing they agreed: they needed Parker Williams’ DNA.

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They had the resources, the connections, and the nerve. Silas tracked down Parker’s upcoming schedule, while Kade bribed one of the staff—a specialist in quiet jobs like this—to slip a dose into Parker’s drink. The drug would only induce drowsiness, the kind that could be mistaken for the heavy pull of strong liquor.

By the time Parker returned to his lounge to rest, the trap was already set.

Moments later, Freya entered with Silas and Kade at her side. The guards posted outside were Silas’s men, loyal and silent, while the staff who might interfere had been conveniently paid off.

Freya's heart pounded when she saw him—Parker, slumped against the couch, his eyes closed, breathing slow. Even in sleep, his presence was steady, commanding in a quiet, dangerous way.

For a moment, she simply stared. The scarred edges of his jaw caught the faint light—burn marks that traced down his neck, half-hidden by his collar.

Her breath hitched. He really does look like him.

“Blood or hair?” Kade asked, keeping his voice low. He'd already laid out the tools.

“Hair,” Freya whispered. “Less traceable.”

Kneeling beside Parker, she reached for the fine strands near his temple, careful not to disturb him. Each one came free with a soft tug. She sealed them carefully in a small sterile pouch, adding a few more for safety.

When it was done, she didn't move. Instead, she found herself staring at him again—the steady rise and fall of his chest, the faint crease between his brows.

Her throat tightened. “Do you know,” she murmured, voice trembling despite her effort to stay composed, “how much I missed you?”

The words were meant only for herself, but they came out like a confession. “If I'd found you sooner, maybe you wouldn't have suffered this much.”

Silas shifted uncomfortably nearby, his gaze softening. Kade rested a hand on Freya's shoulder, his voice quiet. “You've found him now. That's what matters. Let's hope he really is your brother.” Read full story at [find*.novel.net](http://finda*.novel.net)

Silas said nothing. His lips pressed into a thin line as his thoughts drifted elsewhere—to the story Freya had told him, about Parker's scars and the fire three years ago that had nearly

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claimed his life. Not the border fire five years earlier—the one he remembered.

A shadow crossed his face. If Parker was really Eric Thorne... then every scar on his body would remind Freya of Silas's failure—the moment he'd turned away instead of saving the boy from the flames.

Guilt twisted in his gut.

Then, suddenly, a faint sound broke the silence.

Freya froze.

Parker's fingers twitched.

The air shifted instantly—electric, sharp, the kind of instinctual alertness that came from years of surviving in a world ruled by wolves. The sedative was wearing off.

“Damn,” Kade hissed under his breath.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

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this.

Only when she saw the results with her own eyes would she believe them.

Later that evening, back at the hotel, Freya found Silas and Kade waiting. She placed her coat aside and exhaled softly. “Thank you, both of you. For today.”

Kade smiled faintly. “You don’t have to thank me, Freya. But there’s something I’d like to say- just to you.”

Freya hesitated, glancing briefly at Silas. “Then you should head up first,” she said to him. “I’ll talk with Kade for a bit.”

Silas lifted a brow, half-amused. “I don’t have the room key. Don’t tell me you’re backing out of your promise to repay me?” Newest update provided by Find★Novel.net

“I don’t go back on my word.” Freya took the card from her pocket and pressed it into his hand.

His lips curled into a small, knowing smile. He turned to Kade, his gaze cool and faintly challenging, before saying lightly, “Then I’ll wait upstairs.”

When the elevator doors closed, Kade looked after him, frustration flashing briefly in his dark eyes. “Freya, why did you give him the key? And what does he mean by ‘repay’?”

“He has trouble sleeping,” she said simply. “Sometimes he needs someone nearby so he doesn’t drift into those nightmares. He’s helped me a lot these past days... this is the least I can do.”

Kade’s jaw tightened. “So your ‘repayment’ is to stay the night with him? Freya, that’s exactly what he wants! Can’t you see? He’s playing this to pull you back to his side.”

She met his gaze calmly. “I’m just letting him hold my hand until he falls asleep. Nothing more. Whatever his intentions are, I don’t want to owe him anything.”

Her voice softened, but the resolve in it was unmistakable. “And right now, I have no room in my head for anything but finding my brother. Don’t waste your time on me, Kade.”

For a long moment, Kade was silent. Then, a faint smile tugged at his lips. “Whether it’s a waste of time or not,” he said quietly, “that’s for me to decide. I’ve never thought of being by your side as a waste.”

She looked away. “But what if it’s hopeless? What if I can never return those feelings?”

“There’s no such thing as hopeless,” he said, his tone low but certain. “Maybe one day, you’ll

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see me as more than just your little brother.”

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Freya gave a faint, wistful smile that didn’t reach her eyes. Kade didn’t notice—he was too busy vowing silently that he’d prove her wrong.

When Freya finally returned to the suite, Silas was sitting on the couch, his long fingers tapping across a laptop keyboard. A faint blue glow lit the sharp lines of his face. He held a phone in his other hand, his voice steady and commanding.

“Send me everything,” he said into the receiver. “And dig into the Williams family in Country D. I want to know exactly why Parker’s adoptive father did what he did.”

He ended the call as Freya stepped in.

“You’re investigating the Williamses?” she asked.

“Yes,” he replied, eyes still fixed on the laptop screen. “If Parker really is your brother, then this family holds all the answers.”

Freya froze, caught off guard by his certainty. She had never openly admitted her suspicions to him or Kade-she had always chosen the word maybe, always left room for doubt.

But Silas saw through her easily. He leaned back against the sofa, his tone quiet but sure. “The way you look at him, Freya-it’s not with curiosity or doubt. It’s recognition.”

He turned the laptop toward her. “And this might help you confirm it.”

On the screen were several files-hospital records, charity event reports, and a news clipping.

“One of the Williams manufacturing sites caught fire three years ago,” Silas explained. “Parker was caught inside. He was saved by a woman named Lina. Shortly after that, the Williams family came to Country D for a charity gala. A few weeks later, Parker was announced publicly as their illegitimate son.”

Freya’s heart lurched. “Three years ago... a fire?” she whispered.

The world tilted for a second. That was the same year she’d heard whispers of a nameless survivor pulled from the ruins outside Deepmoor City. Burned, memory lost, and taken in by

strangers.

Her breath caught in her throat.

Eric...

Could it truly be him?

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A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

Everything Silas told me aligned too perfectly with what Parker had once said.

So the burn scars on his body... were they truly from that inferno three years ago?

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And if Parker had indeed been in D country back then-then the chance of him being my brother grew terrifyingly real.

“What about Lina?” I asked, my voice thin as paper.

If Parker really was my brother, then I owed that woman my gratitude-because she had saved him when I could not.

“She’s in the intensive care unit,” Silas said quietly. His tone carried that Alpha weight, calm but grave.

I blinked in shock. “ICU...?”

“I just got the report. I’ll send it to you.”

Silas turned his laptop toward me, fingers gliding over the keys. Moments later, my WolfComm vibrated softly.

I opened the email. Lina Vale.

A girl from the slums of D country. She’d met Parker by chance, and during that same fire, she had saved him-dragging him out of the collapsing building with her own hands.

It was her desperate plea that had made the Williams matriarch-an old woman attending that charity event-rush to the scene. Without Lina, Parker might have never made it out alive.

Later, the matriarch visited the hospital and discovered Parker's remarkable resemblance to her late son. That was when Parker became the Williams' "hidden heir," and he brought Lina with him to D country.

But a year ago, Lina had been diagnosed with blood cancer. No bone marrow match. Her condition was worsening.

"Right now, all her treatments are funded by the Williams family," Silas said. "They're using the world's best medicine, the most advanced healing teams. But you understand what that means, don't you? They're willing to do all this because Parker is still their son-for now."

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His words struck me like a blow.

So that's why Parker refused to take the DNA test. Why he said there was "no need."

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Because if he truly was my brother, the Williams would cut him off-and Lina's treatment would stop immediately.

But if he really was my brother... if he came back home... our own government would help. Hell, I would help. I had savings, the Thorne family's remaining estate. Every credit I owned could go into saving the woman who had saved him.

Two more days. Just two more days, and the truth would be revealed.

Silas's voice broke the silence. "If he really is your brother... will you hate me more? For not saving him back then?"

I looked up sharply. "What?"

He met my eyes. His usually composed, iron-willed expression wavered. "If I hadn't walked away that day... maybe your brother wouldn't have been caught in

that fire. Maybe he wouldn't have those scars. Will you hate me for it—for letting him suffer because of me?"

I exhaled, my heart heavy. "No, Silas. I won't."

His brows lifted in quiet surprise. "You mean that?"

"I do. I told you before-back then, he was just a stranger to you. You had no reason to risk your life for him."

I paused, searching for the right words. "Yes, I used to resent you. Hate you, even. I couldn't help it. But now... I don't. You've done so much for me since then. I see that. I remember it. And I'm grateful."

Silas's expression softened-but in the next heartbeat, his gaze turned intense, searing.

"Then if the test proves he's your brother... will that mean we can start over?"

My breath caught. "Silas..."

"I mean it," he pressed. "You said you don't hate me anymore. Isn't that something?"

I shook my head slowly. "The reason we broke up wasn't just anger, Silas. It was trust. I can't... fully trust you anymore. Don't you see?"

His jaw clenched. "Then tell me how long it'll take. A year? Two? Five?" His voice cracked with

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frustration. "If destroying your trust took only a moment, how long must I spend to rebuild it? Name it, Freya. I'll do anything."

I didn't answer.

He reached across the space between us, catching my hand. His skin was warm-too warm. He pressed my palm against his cheek.

“I know you still care,” he whispered hoarsely. “If you didn’t, you wouldn’t still let me hold your hand when I can’t sleep. You wouldn’t still worry when I can’t breathe at night. I feel it, Freya. You still feel something.”

Heat bloomed in my chest. I tried to pull away-but the tremor in his voice, the raw pain in his eyes, rooted me in place.

Silas Whitmor, the Ironclad Alpha, the one who once let my brother burn-was trembling.

“Freya,” he murmured, his voice thick with desperation. “Forgive me. Whatever pain your brother suffered, I’ll make it right. I swear it. No more lies, no more secrets. You want my trust? You already have it-all of it.”

The gravel in his tone scraped against my heart.

And damn him, he was right. I still pitied him. I still felt that pull-the one I’d been trying so hard to bury.

I told myself not to care, not to weaken, not to let old feelings drag me back into that storm. I didn’t want to live in suspicion, to drown in the ghosts of what we were.

But when he looked at me like that-eyes glimmering with unshed tears-every word of rejection died in my throat.

“Do you remember,” Silas whispered, “when you left me, you took everything-your clothes, your sketches, even your favorite blade. But you left this.”

He pulled a small bracelet from his pocket. The wooden beads were worn smooth from years of touch.

“You left a note,” he said, voice breaking, “and on it, you wrote, I wish you peace through all your seasons. But tell me, Freya-how can I ever be at peace without you?”

The tears finally fell, sliding from his lashes and landing hot against my hand.

And for a heartbeat, I hated that part of me still yearned for him-the part that couldn’t forget what it felt like to love a man who’d once let her world burn.