

## **A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 34**

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Third Person's POV

On the banquet hall's towering screen, Caelum Grafton's mother stood, her face twisted with venom as she spat her words.

For a heartbeat, the Alpha of the Silverfang Pack could only stare, mind blank. His wolf prowled uneasily beneath his skin, hackles lifting.

Beside him, Aurora went pale.

What in the Moon's name...? She knew Eleanor and Giselle had plotted against Freya Thorne, but why was this playing on the banquet's main display for the entire room to see? And who had orchestrated it?

While Aurora's mind raced, the image shifted. Onscreen, Freya was breathing hard, her voice edged with steel.

"You do this, and you're not afraid of facing the law?"

"Law?" Giselle's laughter was a cold slash in the air. "Who's watching? You used your own keycard to enter this room. The booking was under your name. By the time the story spreads, everyone will believe you invited these two males yourself—for

little heat."

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Caelum's eyes widened, shock crashing through him. His sister—sweet-faced, soft-voiced in his memory—was grinning as she spewed poison.

Impossible. My sister would never...

"Your whole cursed pack is rotten!" Lana Rook's voice cut through the murmurs. She was suddenly in front of him, fists tangled in the collar of his formal jacket, her eyes bloodshot with fury. "Where did your mother and sister take Freya? If those two so much as lay a paw on her, I'll see every one of them pay in blood!"

"What? They're here?"

"Eleanor called on this hotel?" Caelum's pulse spiked.

"Eleanor called her to meet here," Lana snarled, her voice thick with self-reproach. "I told her to be careful—I should never have let her come alone. If something happens to her-

"Find out which room," Lana barked to a nearby hotel staffer when Caelum hesitated.

"Y—yes, Beta," the staffer stammered, already relaying orders through a comm-link to the rest of the security team.

Caelum's jaw worked, grasping for some thread of reason. "This... it might be a misunderstanding. There could be-

The next sound silenced him—a fresh, venomous laugh from Giselle, pouring from the screen's speakers into every corner

of the hall.

"Oh, and I'll be taking plenty of pictures. If you dare call the enforcers, your... private moments will be all over the pack-net for every unmated male to enjoy."

"Misunderstanding?!" Lana's voice was pure fire. "Caelum Grafton, Freya's curse was binding herself to you and your cursed bloodline!"

Heat flooded Caelum's face. For the first time in years, words failed him.

Onscreen, Freya's voice came again, steady despite the danger.

"You think Caelum will forgive you for this?"

Giselle's laugh was like claws down glass, "Forgive me? He'll thank me. Once you're caught rutting with these males, he'll have every right to sever the bond. Then he can claim Aurora openly. He's always loved her, after all. You? You're just dead weight a useless, broken mate ready to be discarded."

The crowd in the hall shifted, murmurs rising. Many knew Caelum and Aurora—one, a rising Alpha tech magnate; the other, the newly appointed Airborne Wing pilot. To the outside world, they had looked like a perfect pairing. But now-

"Caelum's already mated?"

"He's hiding a wife just to court Aurora?"

"Didn't he start with nothing? She probably bankrolled him—what's the phrase—'hidden mate'?"

"So Aurora's the other woman?"

The whispers were sharp as fangs, and they tore through the hall. Aurora's complexion blanched, then hardened. "This is some twisted joke. Staff! Shut down that screen now!"

Caelum was already calling his mother, his sister. No answer. His chest tightened with each failed attempt.

"Still no room number?" His voice snapped like a whip at the staff.

"Still... still tracing, Alpha!"

Caelum's eyes locked on the screen. His wolf strained against his skin, desperate to break free. If Freya was touched—if they laid so much as a finger on her—he didn't know if he'd stop at just tearing the males apart.

Onscreen, Eleanor watched coldly, arms folded, while Giselle giggled, raising her phone to frame the scene.

The two brute males gripped Freya's arms, dragging her toward the bed.

In the room, Freya lifted her chin, her gaze like frost as it speared Eleanor and Giselle. "Do you not regret this?"

"I regret not doing it sooner. My son should have been rid of you long ago," Eleanor spat, lips curling.

"Take your time with her," Giselle told the males, her voice honeyed with malice. "I want plenty of detail shots. Wouldn't want anyone to mistake who she is when the footage goes out."