

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

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For a moment, his tears burned through my skin.

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They were hot, searing-like fire against my palm. Every instinct in me screamed to pull my

away, to protect myself from that heat, to end this moment before it broke me apart

hand

again.

Reason told me I should have stepped back. Said no. Ended it cleanly.

But the words that left my mouth were soft, trembling things.

“Silas... I don’t know if destroyed trust can ever be rebuilt.”

Because it was true. Trust breaks so easily-like glass shattering in a single breath. But to piece it back together? That takes years. Sometimes, it never happens.

“I’ll wait,” he said, voice rough with emotion. “I’ll wait until you can trust me again.”

He sounded... almost relieved. Because this time, I hadn’t rejected him outright.

And that tiny difference-my hesitation-was enough to ignite hope in him.

“So what if I never trust you again?” I asked quietly.

His eyes softened, dark and determined. “Then I’ll keep waiting. Until I’m old. Until I’m gone.”

The words hit me like a stone pressed against my chest.

Wait until old. Until death. Such promises sound eternal—but who in this world ever keeps them?

Silas and I had only been together for a few short months. Could feelings formed in such a brief time truly run that deep? Could they survive betrayal and fire?

He didn’t press further, though. Instead, his tone gentled. “Will you stay beside me tonight? I don’t want to wake up in the middle of the night and find myself back on the couch again.”

“Fine,” I murmured. “I won’t move to the couch tonight.”

I agreed, but when night fell and I stood by the bed, unease crept through me like cold wind. We weren’t together anymore. Yet here we were—about to share a bed, hands intertwined like

before.

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I told myself it was repayment. Just repayment. Nothing more.

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“Not going to sleep?” Silas asked, already sitting on the edge of the bed, eyes tracing my

movements.

“I am.” I said, drawing in a steadying breath. I climbed onto the bed, then hesitated only for a heartbeat before reaching out and taking his hand first.

If it had to happen, better to get it over with.

He flinched slightly. I felt his pulse leap beneath my fingers, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed. My small gesture—something as simple as holding hands—was enough to unravel the steel composure of the Ironclad Alpha.

I turned off the light, the room falling into soft shadow. The air grew quiet—too quiet. My senses sharpened, every brush of skin magnified, every heartbeat loud. His palm was warm against mine, his calluses familiar, his faint cedar scent wrapping around me like smoke.

“Freya...” His low voice broke through the silence. “Are you asleep?”

I didn't answer. Let him think I was. For original chapters go to [Find★Novel.net](#)

“Do you know how much I regret it?” he whispered, voice barely above a murmur. “I regret the man I used to be. Cold. Ruthless. Heartless.”

He gave a bitter laugh. “The Whitmors were never meant to be good people. To hold power in the Ironclad Coalition, you have to be merciless. That's what I was taught. But gods, Freya... I wanted to be better. If I had been a good man back then, maybe I wouldn't have turned away when your brother needed me.”

His hand trembled slightly against mine,

“If I had been different,” he said, “you wouldn't have left. Maybe you'd still be beside me now.”

Silas exhaled slowly, the breath catching at the end. “If I'd met you earlier... maybe you could've taught me how to be a good man.”

His voice faded. Within minutes, his breathing evened out, slow and steady. He'd fallen asleep still clutching my hand, as if letting go would pull him back into the darkness he feared.

And as I lay there listening to him breathe, I couldn't help but think—this was the only time he ever seemed at peace.

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It was a long time before I opened my eyes again. I turned my head toward him. The Alpha who once terrified half the Ironclad Coalition now slept quietly beside me, his expression stripped of its usual arrogance, replaced by something almost fragile.

I didn't know what I felt anymore—pity, guilt, or the faint ghost of love that refused to die.

Two days slipped by like wind through the trees.

In that time, I barely left my quarters. I buried myself in the files Silas had sent me—records about Parker Williams and the Williams Family, every detail pointing toward truths I wasn't sure I wanted to face.

When I wasn't reading, I was talking to Lana, checking in with her through WolfComm. Her voice was weak but steady, the way I remembered.

“So once the DNA test results come in,” she said, “you'll finally know if Parker is your brother.”

“Yes.” My heart tightened around the word.

“What if he is—and he still refuses to leave the Williams Family?” she asked gently. “What if he doesn't want to come home?”

“He's lost his memories,” I said firmly. “Once I help him remember, he'll come back. I know he will.”

Because my brother isn't the kind of man who turns his back on where he came from. He was a soldier once—a protector. The kind who'd bleed for his pack without hesitation.

He's like our parents—Arthur and Myra—who both gave their lives defending this land.

That's who he is. That's who we are.

It's in our blood.

It's carved into our bones.

And no matter what, I will bring him home.

**11:20 Wed, Oct 22**

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

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“I just hope this Parker Williams really turns out to be your brother,” Lana said over the WolfComm, her voice crackling faintly. “Oh, and did you hear? SilverTech Forgeworks has completely shut down operations. The suppliers pulled out—no payments, no raw material, nothing. Their stock’s in free fall. Yesterday, a mob of investors stormed the Silverfang headquarters. Word is, Caelum Grafton got beaten half to death.”

I froze for half a heartbeat, though deep down, I wasn’t surprised.

I knew Caelum too well—his pride, his stubborn belief that he could do everything on his own. He never understood limits. If, after I left, he’d hired a professional to manage the company, SilverTech might have survived. But he didn’t. He trusted his own Alpha instincts more than

reason.

“Give it a few weeks,” Lana went on, clicking her tongue. “SilverTech will be nothing but ashes. Caelum’s about to crash harder than he ever has. When that happens, don’t you dare pity him, Freya.”

“I won’t,” I said simply.

And I meant it.

The day he refused to come with me to retrieve my parents’ remains—the day he chose power over me—was the day my heart stopped feeling anything for him. The link to the origin of this information rests in [find\(n\)ovel.net](https://find(n)ovel.net)

Just as I ended the call, a voice came from behind me.

“You won’t pity Caelum Grafton?”

I turned. Silas stood a few paces away, framed by the soft glow from the window. His gaze was steady, unreadable.

“No,” I said.

He stepped closer. “Then what about me? Will you pity me, Freya?”

I frowned. “You don’t need my pity.”

“And if I did?” he asked quietly.

Before I could step back, his hands gripped the arms of the couch I was sitting on, caging me

1. in. His scent—a deep, ironwood musk laced with storm—filled the air around me.

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“Silas...” I murmured, meeting his eyes. “Why are you doing this to yourself? You’re the Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition. You could have anything—anyone. We only dated for a few months. It’s not worth holding onto. You’ll meet someone else-”

“Stop.” His voice was sharp, almost pleading. His amber eyes burned with something wild and desperate. “Don’t say it. I know our love was never equal. You never felt for me what I felt for you. You think it was just a few months—but for me, Freya, it was everything. My entire damn life.”

My breath caught.

“You can let go of me,” he said hoarsely. “But I can’t. I can’t stop loving you, and I can’t love anyone else. Not after you.”

He straightened, stepping back, his lips curling into a bitter smile. “You really think my feelings for you were shallow?”

“I-” The words stuck in my throat.

Silas let out a quiet laugh, the sound raw and self-mocking. “It’s pathetic, isn’t it? I was abandoned by my mother, despised by my father. All my life, I swore I’d never let myself be discarded again. But then came you. You took everything I gave, and when you walked away, I begged you to stay.”

He dragged a hand through his hair, a tremor running down his arm. “Even after you left, I didn’t regret it. I still don’t. Meeting you... loving you—it ruined me, but I’d do it all over again.”

The pain in his voice cut deeper than I wanted to admit. I had promised myself, long ago, that I’d never cry for him again. Yet now, my chest ached like something inside was tearing open.

It hurt—because I remembered.

Because I had once vowed to him that I wouldn't abandon him, no matter what scars the world had left on him.

And in the end, I did.

Yes, he lied to me.

Yes, I was the one who said it was over.

Yes, we were wrong for each other.

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**11:20** Wed, Oct **22**

But knowing all that didn't make it hurt any less.

He turned away, shoulders rigid, walking out without another word.

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I sat there for a long time, staring at the empty doorway. My fingers drifted to my chest. The pain was still there, sharp and alive beneath my ribs.

He was right. He'd been abandoned by everyone he ever loved. And despite everything, I became one of them.

A sharp knock pulled me out of my thoughts.

"Come in," I said quietly.

Kade stepped through the door, his usual calm replaced by concern. "You look pale. Are you feeling all right?"

"I'm fine," I said. Then, after a pause: "Maybe just nervous about the DNA results."

"It's about time," he said gently. "Come on, they should be ready."

I nodded, grabbing my bag. As I followed him out, he glanced toward the hall. "Silas isn't coming?"

"Leave him," I said flatly.

Kade hesitated but didn't push. I could feel his curiosity, his subtle hope. He'd never said it outright, but I wasn't blind. He wanted a chance. And as long as I stayed away from Silas, that chance remained alive.

The drive to the Stormveil Testing Center was quiet, the kind of silence that fills every gap when two people have too much on their minds.

When we arrived, my pulse had already begun to race.

A nurse handed me a sealed folder. My fingers trembled as I took it.

My brother's name—Parker Williams—was printed neatly across the top.

Could it really be him?

Could he really be alive?

My heart thudded so hard I thought it might burst through my ribs.

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If it wasn't him—if it turned out to be another dead end—then where would I even begin again?

For years, I'd searched every record, every battlefield, every rumor. I had buried my parents with my own hands at the Ashbourne Legion's Hall of Martyrs, but Eric's body was never found.

And now, this test... this one fragile hope... could finally tell me whether my brother still walked this world.

I drew in a slow breath, steadying my shaking hands. The scent of disinfectant, cold and sterile, filled the room.

Kade's hand brushed my shoulder briefly, grounding me.

"Whatever happens," he said softly, "you won't face it alone."

I nodded, but my eyes were locked on that folder—on the truth sealed inside.

Please, I thought silently. Please let it be him.

Because if Parker Williams wasn't my brother, then Eric Thorne was still missing somewhere in the endless dark—and I had no idea how to bring him home.

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

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Under the weight of restless anticipation, Freya slowly loosened the flap of the report envelope. Her fingers trembled as she drew out the folded papers inside.

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Her heart drummed so hard she could feel it in her throat. Even though she had already suspected it—deep down, she had always known Parker Williams might be her brother—the moment her eyes landed on that decisive line, her breath caught.

“Genetic correlation supports a full-sibling relationship. Probability  $\geq 90\%$ .”

The sterile words blurred as her vision misted. She had braced herself for this, told herself to stay calm, but all the anxious tension she had been holding in suddenly dissolved into an overwhelming rush of joy.

Tears spilled freely down her cheeks. She clutched the report against her chest, laughing through the sobs.

“He’s

my brother,” she whispered, voice trembling. “It’s really him. I’ve found him!”

After all these years of searching, of hoping—she had finally found the only family she had left.

“Dad, Mom,” she choked out softly, eyes lifting toward the faint sunlight bleeding through the window, “I found him.”

Beside her, Kade reached out and brushed away her tears with his thumb. “Don’t cry, Freya,” he murmured, his voice low and gentle.

“I can’t help it.” She laughed through her tears, shaking her head. “I’m just... so happy. I finally found my brother.”

To her, Eric Thorne had always been more than a name, more than a missing piece of the past -he was her blood, the only tie that still connected her to the home she had lost.

A short distance away, Silas watched them in silence. Freya’s face was streaked with tears, radiant with joy, while Kade’s hand lingered near her cheek, comforting her with quiet tenderness.

Silas’s jaw tightened. His lips pressed into a thin line, jealousy flashing in his silver eyes.

It should’ve been him beside her.

11:20 Wed, Oct 22

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He should’ve been the one she turned to, the one she smiled at through her tears.

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“Alpha Whitmor,” murmured Wren, his attendant, keeping his voice cautious, “aren’t you going to go over?”

Silas had followed her here after seeing Freya and Kade leave the hotel that morning. He knew today was the day—the day she’d receive the DNA report she’d been waiting for. He had wanted to be there when she learned the truth.

But as soon as he saw the scene before him, the warmth between them, something in him twisted too hard to bear.

He turned abruptly, striding back toward his car. “No. Not now.”

If he went to her like this—burning with envy, driven by emotion—he might lose control. He might say or do something she could never forgive. And then... she would only drift further from him.

“Where is Parker Williams now?” Silas asked as he walked. Even without hearing the words, he already understood from Freya’s expression: Parker was Eric Thorne.

Inside the car, Freya and Kade left the genetics center and headed straight for the hotel where Parker was staying. She could barely stay still in her seat; her entire body thrummed with nervous energy.

She couldn’t wait to see him—to look him in the eye and tell him the truth.

Even if he denied it at first, even if he tried to push her away, the test results didn’t lie. If there was some reason he couldn’t acknowledge her, she would understand. She would do anything to help him.

She had a thousand things to tell her brother, and a thousand more to ask.

Halfway through their drive, Kade’s WolfComm suddenly buzzed with an urgent tone. He answered, and within seconds his expression darkened. Without a word, he swung the steering wheel hard, the tires screeching as the car veered in another direction.

“What happened?” Freya asked sharply, her pulse spiking.

Kade’s voice was grim. “I just got word—Jenny Williams has been kidnapped. Parker’s on his way to pay the ransom himself.”

“What?” Freya’s blood went cold. “Do you know where he’s meeting them?”

“I do,” Kade replied. The young Alpha had plenty of connections—even here, far from the

11:20 Wed, **Oct 22**

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Capital. He had people stationed near Parker’s movements, and his informant had been quick.

Without hesitation, he hit the gas, and the car surged forward like a hunting wolf.

Freya's hands clenched in her lap. Her chest felt tight. She had just found her brother—she couldn't lose him again. Not like this.

“Don't worry,” Kade said quickly. “From what I know, Parker contacted the authorities before going. He's not alone. The local enforcement team is tailing him.”

But that didn't ease her worry.

This was D-Country, where firearms were common and organized crime ran deep. Kidnappings weren't rare—they were business.

She had come too close to losing her family once before. She couldn't bear the thought of it happening again.

The car sped through the narrow streets until the abandoned dockyard came into view—a grim stretch of rusted containers and shadowed warehouses. The air reeked of salt and metal.

Freya reached under her seat and pulled out a compact pistol. Both she and Kade had armed themselves when they first arrived here—it was standard precaution for outsiders. She hadn't thought she'd actually need it. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT FindN\(\)vel.net](#)

“Kade,” she said, checking the chamber, “you stay in the car. I'll go see what's happening.”

He caught her wrist. “No way. I'm coming with you.”

She met his eyes, her tone firm. “This is about my brother. I have to protect him. You don't need to risk yourself for this.”

He gave a low growl, quiet but defiant. “If you're protecting your brother, then I'm protecting you. We move together, Freya. You know it's safer that way.”

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

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Freya moved swiftly, her heart pounding in rhythm with the distant gunfire. She flung open the car door and slipped out, her boots landing silently on the cracked

concrete. The sharp scent of metal and salt filled the air. Keeping her body low, she darted from one rusted container to the next, closing in on the source of the shots.

Kade was right behind her, his movements steady and instinctive.

“Stay alert,” Freya whispered without turning back. “If things go south, you pull back first- don’t argue.”

“Understood,” Kade replied quietly, though his wolf bristled at the thought of retreating. If danger came, he knew exactly what he’d do—and it wouldn’t be running. No matter what orders she gave, he would protect her first. Always.

The gunfire grew louder, closer—more chaotic.

When Freya finally caught sight of the scene, her stomach clenched. Bodies littered the ground, some in police vests, others in plain clothes—the kidnappers. The air was thick with smoke and blood. And at the center of it all was Parker Williams, locked in a desperate fight for

survival.

He was outnumbered. Only four enemies still stood, but his weapon was low on rounds, and exhaustion showed in the tense lines of his posture. Behind him, Jenny Williams cowered, her face pale, eyes wild with fear.

“Parker! You can’t leave me behind!” she shrieked, clinging to his arm. “Don’t forget—I’m the

real Williams heir!”

Parker’s jaw tightened. He could barely restrain his anger. If she hadn’t lost her temper earlier, provoking the kidnappers, the police operation would have gone smoothly. Instead, her panic had thrown everything into chaos.

Now, the kidnappers were reckless—feral. Negotiation was no longer an option.

Parker steadied his aim. He couldn’t die here. Lina’s treatment depended on him—on the funds, on his survival. Without him, everything would collapse.

Just as one of the assailants raised his weapon, two sharp gunshots cut through the air from behind the shipping crates. The man dropped instantly. Another followed a heartbeat later. This text is hosted at Find★Novel.net

9:29 Thu, Oct 23

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Parker spun around. There—emerging from the shadows—were Freya and Kade, guns drawn, eyes cold.

“You—what are you doing here?” Parker shouted, startled.

“Talk later,” Freya replied sharply. “Move!”

But before they could retreat, fresh gunfire erupted from the other side.

Freya and Kade moved in sync, their training taking over. The sound of bullets slicing the air filled the yard as they fired back, each movement precise, efficient.

Jenny clung to Parker’s arm, trembling violently. “You have to protect me!” she screamed. “If I die, Lina dies too!”

“Let go of me,” Parker snapped.

She shook her head wildly. “Our blood matches—partially. I’m the only one who can donate stem cells to her. If I die, she’ll never survive!”

“What?” The words hit him like a blow.

But before he could process it, his wolf instincts screamed danger.

He caught the faintest flicker of movement—one of the kidnappers had raised his gun, aiming straight for him. Parker turned instinctively, trying to shield Jenny, but she was still clutching his right arm, immobilizing him.

He wrenched the pistol into his left hand and fired back, but the enemy’s bullet had already been launched.

There was no time to dodge. No room to shield her.

All he could do was brace himself to take the hit.

He grabbed Jenny, pulling her into his chest. For one suspended heartbeat, everything slowed -the sound of the bullet tearing through the air, his pulse thundering in his ears. He closed

his eyes.

But the pain never came.

Instead, a raw, desperate voice cut through the chaos.

“Freya!” Kade roared.

9:29 Thu, Oct 23

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Parker’s eyes flew open—and what he saw froze his blood.

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Freya stood in front of him, her gun still raised, but her white shirt was blooming red at the shoulder. Blood trickled down her arm, dripping to the ground.

For a moment, Parker couldn’t comprehend it. She had stepped in front of him—shielded him with her body.

Why?

Why would she do that?

If she suspected he was her brother, coming here to help was already more than enough. Why throw herself in front of a bullet? Didn’t she understand what that meant?

Didn’t she care about her own life?

Kade dispatched the last of the kidnappers with two quick shots before sprinting to her side. He caught her as her knees gave way, lowering her gently to the ground.

“I’ve got you,” he said hoarsely, his voice breaking. He tore off his tie and pressed it against her wound, his hands slick with her blood.

Freya's face had gone pale, her lashes trembling. Beads of sweat rolled down her temples as she fought to stay conscious.

"Hold on, Freya," Kade urged. "I'm taking you to the hospital right now."

Her breath hitched. Through the haze of pain, she turned her head toward Parker, forcing a faint smile despite the agony.

"It's... it's okay," she whispered weakly. "You're safe. That's what matters."

Parker stared at her, his mind a storm of disbelief and horror. "Why—why would you do this?" he asked, voice raw,

Freya's lips curved faintly, her eyes soft despite the blood loss. "Because... you're my brother," she said. "The only family I have left in this world."

She paused, her voice thinning. "You once protected me. Got hurt for me. So this time... it's my

turn."

Her words struck something deep within him—something buried, something locked away.

Parker staggered back a step, clutching his head as pain seared through his skull.

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

The world around Parker blurred.

Flashes of fragmented memories tore through his mind—flames, screams, the faint sound of a girl's trembling voice calling out through the chaos. Content originally comes from [find◆novel.net](#)

"Brother! Brother! Brother..."

The echo clawed at him, each repetition slicing through his chest like a blade. His wolf stirred uneasily beneath his skin, the ache of that word—brother—almost unbearable.

Across from him, Freya swayed on her feet. Her pale face was drained of color, sweat beading along her temples. “I—I’m fine, Parker,” she murmured hoarsely, forcing a faint smile that didn’t reach her eyes. “You don’t have to worry about me.”

But the crimson blooming across her left shoulder betrayed her lie. The scent of blood- sharp, metallic, and threaded with wolfsbane—hung heavy in the air.

“Your blood’s not stopping,” Kade snapped, his voice tight with panic. “That bullet was laced. I’m taking you to the hospital now!”

He had already torn off his tie and wrapped it around her wound, but the dark stain only spread faster, soaking through the fabric. The wound hissed faintly; Freya’s wolf couldn’t heal it. The wolfsbane was eating through her veins.

Without another word, Kade scooped her into his arms, holding her as though she might break apart if he let go.

Sirens wailed in the distance—reinforcements. The Ironclad Coalition’s enforcers and police units poured into the square.

And among them came Silas.

He hadn’t expected to see her here—his Freya. His heart stopped when his gaze caught the sight of Kade carrying her limp form. Her head lolled weakly against his chest, her arm hanging lifelessly, fingers grazing the air. Blood dripped steadily from her fingertips, marking

a trail of scarlet across the cracked

pavement.

Her white shirt was soaked through on one side, the fabric clinging to her like silk drowned in

crimson.

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For Silas, the sight was unbearable.

That same color—the same suffocating red—had filled his world once before, the night his mother took her own life. That nightmare had burned itself into his memory, and now it returned, vivid and merciless.

Terror flooded his senses. His chest tightened until he could barely breathe. “Freya!” he cried out, stumbling forward, his voice raw and broken. “Freya!”

Kade didn’t slow. “Out of my way!” he barked, shoving past anyone who stood before him.

Freya’s body felt heavier with each step he took. Her pulse was weakening. The world around her began to blur into a haze of shadows and distant noise.

She knew she was losing too much blood. Even her wolf had gone silent within her, strangled by the poison spreading through her body.

Somewhere in that haze, she thought she heard Silas’s voice—shaking, terrified. He sounded desperate, as if the world were ending.

Was he afraid for her?

Freya wanted to open her eyes, to tell him she was still alive, that it was just her shoulder, nothing more. But her eyelids felt impossibly heavy, her body cold.

The metallic tang of wolfsbane burned her tongue. The darkness crept closer.

“Silas, move!” Kade shouted, his voice cracking. He rammed his shoulder into Silas’s chest, knocking him aside before sprinting for the waiting transport.

Silas stumbled, pain flashing across his face. By the time he steadied himself, Kade had already disappeared into the flashing lights, Freya’s blood staining his shirt.

Silas tore after them, heart pounding, his breath ragged in his throat. He couldn’t lose her— not again.

Nearby, officers surrounded the scene. Two of them approached Parker and his sister Jenny.

“Mr. Williams, Miss Williams—are you hurt?”

Jenny was the first to speak, her voice sharp and trembling with outrage. “Of course we’re hurt! Do you have any idea how terrifying this was? You’re supposed to protect people, and look at what happened!”

Parker didn’t answer. His eyes were fixed on the blood trail Freya had left behind—each drop

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stark against the ground.

Her blood.

If she hadn't stepped in front of him... if she hadn't taken that bullet...

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He clenched his fists, the memory searing his mind—the moment she lunged to shield him, the impact, the scent of wolfsbane burning the air.

Why did hearing her call him “brother” hurt so much?

Why did it make something deep inside him ache, as if an invisible thread had been pulled taut between them?

His head began to throb. A sharp, blinding pain split through his skull, spreading until it felt like his entire body was being torn apart from the inside.

He staggered, clutching his temples. “Ah-!” A guttural sound escaped his throat, raw and animalistic.

“Mr. Williams, are you all right?” an officer shouted, reaching for him.

But Parker didn't hear. The pain was too much—images and voices flooded his mind, fragments of a past he couldn't grasp. The sound of a girl crying. The scent of pine forests after rain. The sight of blood—so much blood.

She shouldn't have taken that hit. She shouldn't have been the one to bleed for him.

His heart twisted painfully. The bullet hadn't struck him, but his chest felt like it had been pierced all the same.

Why did it hurt this much?

Could it be true? Could she really be-

He didn't finish the thought. The pain swallowed everything.

Freya was rushed into surgery under the harsh fluorescent lights of The Central Medical

Center.

Outside the operating room, Kade paced back and forth, his hands still stained with her blood. His wolf bristled beneath his skin, restless and furious that it couldn't protect her better.

Beside him stood Silas, motionless, his jaw tight, eyes dark and unreadable.

Kade stared down at his trembling hands. He had been in the Iron Fang Recon Unit for years- he'd seen comrades wounded, even die, right in front of him. But none of those moments had ever made his hands shake like this.

When Freya had fallen, he'd felt a fear unlike anything before. The thought of losing her had struck deeper than any wound he'd ever taken.

The faint scent of wolfsbane still clung to his palms. He swallowed hard, eyes fixed on the glowing red light above the operating room doors.

Time crawled.

Inside, Freya's blood mixed with the chemical tang of the antidotes they were trying to pump into her veins. Her wolf fought weakly against the poison, refusing to surrender.

The Novel will be updated first on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!