

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 35

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Third Person's POV

The filth spilling from Giselle's lips only darkened Caelum Grafton's expression. His wolf was already pacing inside him, claws raking against his skin.

"Fine," Freya Thorne's voice was low, edged with ice, "If you feel no regret, then I won't either."

Giselle sneered, fangs glinting faintly under the hotel room's light. "No regret? And what exactly will you do about it?" She turned to the two brute males by the wall. "Well? Strip her."

In the banquet hall, several guests averted their eyes, unwilling to watch the inevitable humiliation.

But before the hands could touch her, one of the hulking males crumpled to the ground with a strangled grunt. Most watching—even through the feed on the massive banquet screen—couldn't track how she'd moved.

The hall froze. In the hotel room, Eleanor and Giselle froze with it.

"She's under the haze—spell," Giselle barked, though her voice wavered. "She's no strength left—pin her down!"

The second male lunged, the first dragging himself upright, fury twisting his face. "You made me look like a fool, bitch. Wait until I show you what happens when you cross me."

They came at her together.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

The sound of flesh meeting flesh, each strike clean and decisive—no wasted movement, no ornamental flourish. Only lethal efficiency.

But the gown changed the rhythm—deep blue silk spinning with every twist, the slit sweeping like a crescent blade. The fight was less a brawl than a feral dance, the kind born from years of killing with grace.

Within moments, both males were sprawled on the floor, groaning. Freya stood over them, long dark hair in wild disarray, her amber eyes—usually warm—now honed to a predator’s edge. In that instant, she was a drawn blade, gleaming and dangerous.

In the banquet hall, jaws slackened. Even Caelum was struck silent. Shock. Confusion. Awe.

He had known she’d served in the Iron Fang Recon Unit. But he assumed she was just a logistics Omega. He’d assumed it meant drills and staged demonstrations—nothing more than a soldier’s veneer. But she had just taken down two fully grown, combat-trained males/without a breath out of place.

Across the hall, Silas Whitmor’s lips curved faintly. Of course. The woman was interesting. The fact that the feed was linked to the banquet’s screens? That had Freya’s scent all over it.

Clever. Unorthodox. Dangerous.

If she couldn’t handle this kind of threat, she wouldn’t be worthy of having once led the Iron Fang.

Wren, his ever-watchful secretary, caught the smile and knew exactly what it meant—Whitmor’s interest in the Silverfang Alpha’s hidden mate had just sharpened.

*Room 1205!” a hotel staffer finally called. “They’re in 1205!”

Caelum didn’t wait. He was already gone, a blur of dark suit and Alpha speed. Lana Rook was on his heels, her wolf close to breaking free.

Aurora’s gaze flicked up to the screen, her eyes hardening as Freya’s image shifted. Things had gone too far. She’d thought the other woman would be ruined beyond recovery. Instead, Freya had not only escaped the trap—she’d turned it against them. And now, with Caelum’s hidden marriage exposed, Aurora stood in the crowd as the obvious interloper.

Her teeth clenched with the taste of humiliation.

In the hotel room, Giselle’s voice cracked. “You... you weren’t under the haze—spell?”

Freya’s eyes were cold. “What you should be worrying about isn’t that—it’s the fact that everything in this room has been transmitted straight to the banquet’s main display.”

Eleanor’s and Giselle’s faces drained of color.

“Everyone there heard it. Saw it,” Freya went on. “Your little plan, your every word. I was half an hour late for a reason.”

They stared at her in dawning horror.

“Oh, and Caelum is attending the banquet tonight,” she added.

Giselle’s breath stuttered. If it was true, then every poison-laced sentence, every humiliating threat, had just been laid bare before the Capital’s most influential wolves. She could already imagine their whispers, the judgment in their eyes. In the upper circles, her name would be ash.

“You... you’re bluffing,” Giselle choked.

Freya’s smile did reach her eyes. “You can ask your brother when he gets here.” She could almost hear the pounding of his footsteps by now—an Alpha’s run, closing in fast.