

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 05

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Freya's POV

"Divorce? Just because my mother refused to let your parents' ashes enter the estate?" Caelum's brow furrowed, disbelief curling on his lips.

His voice made me sound irrational. Like my grief—my bloodline—was a petty inconvenience.

That was the moment it clicked.

I was done clinging to illusions.

"It's not just that," I said coldly, claws flexing beneath my skin. "Let's not pretend. You've been circling Aurora for years. Now you can finally crown her your Luna."

He growled low in his throat. "We're friends. Don't twist it."

His irritation scraped through the mind-link like claws on raw bone.

I laughed—bitter and sharp, like frostbite.

Everyone saw what they were. Everyone but him. Or maybe he did see, and simply enjoyed lying—to me, and to himself.

"I'm done, Caelum. I've carried this bond alone for long enough. This isn't a mating—it's a sentence."

His expression faltered. Barely. But enough for my wolf to sense it—that flicker of Alpha panic, the realization that his Omega might finally break the leash.

"If that's what you really think..." he said slowly, "then let's have a pup. If that makes you feel secure."

I froze.

"...What did you just say?"

We'd been bonded for three years. He had never touched me. Not once.

In the beginning, he said we needed time—he had Alpha duties, I had to "grow into my Omega station." He said, "Let's build something lasting. Wait for me."

So I waited. Like a fool.

The silence between us became routine. Even in bed, his back was always turned. His skin, always cold.

Now—now—he wanted a pup?

He stepped closer, brushing his lips against my cheek.

Revulsion crawled up my spine.

I used to want that too. A child. A future. A family built between equals.

But he was never faithful—not to me. Only to the ghost of his first love.

Now that I was breaking free, he suddenly remembered his honor? His duty?

I shoved him back. Hard.

Then wiped my cheek with the back of my hand like his touch had soiled me.

“You’re disgusting, Caelum.”

His jaw tensed. “I told you when we bonded—I’d never abandon you. So I’ll pretend I didn’t hear that. If you’re not ready for a pup, we’ll wait.”

“There’s no more waiting.” My voice was ice. “There will never be a pup between us. Not now. Not ever.”

Before he could respond, his comm-stone pulsed.

He answered it.

I heard her voice—soft, smug, sickening.

Aurora.

“...Alright, darling. I’ll be there soon.”

He ended the call and looked at me, utterly unfazed.

“I have urgent business. Cool your temper while I’m gone.”

Then he turned, cloak sweeping behind him, and left.

Just like that.

I watched his car disappear down the estate road, tail lights vanishing into the mist.

Running to her. Again.

He had already abandoned me. The moment he answered her call over fighting for his own mate.

I gave him everything—my trust, my loyalty, my family's legacy. All because once, he promised, "I'll never fail you."

But he had.

Again.

And again.

And again.

This bond was broken.

For the first time in three years, my wolf stilled.

No confusion. No ache. Just silence.

I turned toward the window, letting that quiet take root in my chest.

Then—

The door slammed open.

The scent hit me first—rose oil, iron, and polished arrogance.

Lady Eleanor.

She strode in without knocking, velvet cloak brushing the floor, high heels cracking across the marble like gavel strikes.

In one gloved hand: a crimson envelope, wax-stamped with the Lycan Council's crest.

"Freya," she said sharply. "Let's not drag this out."

She tossed the envelope onto the table like it was nothing more than a dinner bill.

I picked it up slowly, eyes narrowing.

Inside: a bond dissolution contract. And Caelum's signature, written in red Alpha ink.

“You forged this?” I asked flatly.

She gave a tight, polished smile. “Does it matter? You’re getting what you want.”

No. I was getting what they wanted.

My hands tensed around the envelope. The contract wasn’t complete.

There—at the bottom.

Lunar Severance Phase.

A mandatory thirty-day cooling period required by ancient Lycan law before the final bond break. A tradition meant to protect the mind-link from sudden rupture—especially when one party wasn’t willing.

It meant I couldn’t leave publicly. Couldn’t speak the truth. Couldn’t reject the title of “Caelum’s mate” for one full moon cycle.

A leash. Drenched in law and wrapped in velvet.

“You’re invoking the Severance Phase?” I asked quietly.

Eleanor smirked. “Naturally. You’ll remain silent, compliant, and invisible. Thirty days, and you can vanish. Quietly.”

“And if I don’t?”

She raised one brow. “Then I’ll see to it your name is buried right alongside your parents’ ashes. Outside the estate.”

A beat passed.

“I’m offering you one hundred million credits,” she added smoothly. “Take it and disappear when the moon turns. No scandal. No public spectacle.”

I stared at her.

Then said, calmly:

“Done.”

She blinked.

“You’d really walk away from Caelum just like that?”

“One hundred million and I vanish. I won’t even wait for the moon to reach its zenith.”

She stepped forward, placing the stylus before me. “Sign.”

I did.

The bond inside me shivered. Not broken yet—but bleeding.

“You’ve got thirty days,” she warned. “The full Severance Cycle. Until then, stay silent. No contact. No suspicion.”

I turned to leave.

But she wasn’t done.

“On second thought... one hundred million is too much. You’re just an orphaned Omega. Twenty million is more than generous.”

I stopped.

Then turned back, slow and wolf-sure, eyes glowing amber.

I smiled—a lethal, Alpha-killing kind of smile.

“If we go by Lycan marital law, I’m entitled to half of Caelum’s estate. That’s fifteen billion credits. Do you want me to file publicly?”