

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

chapter 51-60

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

Just as I opened my mouth, a familiar voice rang sharply behind me.

+8 Pearls

“Looks like I came just in time. If Alpha Whitmor wants to move against me, go ahead. But don’t even think about using Freya as leverage!”

My body froze. I turned, and there he was—Kade Blackridge, striding across the range with that commanding wolf-born presence.

Kade? Here? My brows lifted in surprise.

He reached my side in a few strides. “Freya, I heard from Lana that you were here. So I came to get you. Returned the coat?” “Yeah... it’s returned,” I said, realizing immediately that Lana must have told him.

“Then let’s go.” He tugged my hand free from Silas’s collar and turned to face the Ironclad Alpha. “Mr. Whitmor, if you think you can move against me, use my sister as a plaything, be my guest. Try it.”

Silas’s frown tightened, his gaze narrowing at the sight of Kade and me side by side. The image stabbed like sunlight into his chest—just like the scene he’d witnessed at the hospital, me held close by Kade.

“There’s nothing in this world that’s absolute. You may think you’re the hunter, but perhaps... unknowingly, you’ve become prey,” Kade said, gripping my hand, and then we left.

In The Capital, few had the audacity to confront Silas Whitmor head-on. Fewer still survived such encounters unscathed. “Wren,” **Silas’s** voice cut softly behind us, cold as ice, “tell me... could I ever become the prey?”

Wren stiffened. “Impossible. Who in The Capital would dare?”

Even Kade, a notorious small-scale Alpha in the city, could not compare to Silas in sheer authority and reach.

“Yet,” **Silas** murmured, his **gaze** lingering on the pistol I had just used, “what if... someday, I truly become prey? Who do you think the hunter would be?”

The thought **was** chilling. Who in this world could, or would, hunt Silas Whitmor?

I followed Kade out of the shooting range, still gripping his hand. “Were you not afraid of what you **just** said to him? That you’d provoke him?”

Kade

smirked, calm **as ever**. “Since I said it, why would I be afraid?”

“But Whitmor isn’t like anyone **else**. **Even if you’re** strong-”

“**You** think I’m that **weak**?” Kade interrupted, a predator’s grin tugging at the corner of his **lips**. “I’m no longer the reckless pup from **the** Iron Fang Recon Unit. If Silas wants to strike, he better prepare for mutual destruction.”

His confidence made **me** pause. There was no use arguing further. Whatever happened, we’d face it together.

“And... you, Freya,” he added, teasing **yet** earnest. “Weren’t you the **one speaking** boldly for me back there? Didn’t you feel **fear**?”

”

I let out a bitter laugh. “**Me**? This is **my fight**, too. And Kade... unlike you, I have no family watching over me. If something happens **to** me, no one will mourn. I am alone. Even **if** danger comes, 1-”

never finished my sentence,

“How you think no **one** would mourn you?” Kade’s **grip** tightened, his amber **eyes** blazing. “If something happens to **you**, I cannot speak for others—but I swear, I will carve my way through fire and blood to avenge you!”

I stared at him, unsteady. **The** boy who once needed my guidance, my protection, **had** grown into **this** unwavering Alpha-

+8 Pearls

mature, decisive, dangerous. His expression left no doubt: if harm ever came to me, he would act, without hesitation.

“I... won’t fall so easily. You forget what I can do,” I said, my throat tight but voice steady.

Kade’s grin deepened, wolfish. “Of course. And I will not let anything happen to you, either.”

We climbed into the car.

“I want to go pay respects to your parents,” he said. “Would that be alright?”

I blinked, touched by the thoughtfulness in his voice. “You don’t have to. They’re still at the funeral home, waiting to be interred.”

Kade nodded. “If I’d known you were retrieving their ashes, I would have come with you.”

I felt the sting of tears but smiled faintly. “Your intention is enough. They are safe, for now.”

When we arrived, I knelt before the casket holding my parents’ ashes. The national flag draped across it shone bright, the same red my parents had once fought to protect with their lives.

pressed my hands together in silent prayer. “Mom, Dad... just a few more days, and I’ll bring you home.”

I opened my eyes and saw Kade bowing sincerely before the casket. “Uncle, Auntie... rest assured. I will protect Freya. She will never be hurt again.”

The determination in his posture, the heat of his wolf-born aura—it made my chest tighten. In this city of power and predators, I was not alone.

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Freya’s POV

I let out a small, wry smile. “I don’t need you to take care of me. I can handle myself.”

“Even if you’re strong, I still want to take care of you,” Kade said, his amber gaze locking onto me. “If I’d known what Caelum Grafton—what that bastard—did to you back then, I would have...”

My phone rang, cutting off his words. The screen flashed Caelum’s name. I frowned, answering.

“Why have you cleared out all your things from the villa?” His voice was sharp, threaded with irritation.

"I moved out. If you see anything left that belongs to me, just throw it away. No need to call," I said, my voice calm, steady.

"Moved out? What is this supposed to mean? Are you sulking at me?"

"Not sulking. I just don't want to live there anymore," I said lightly. "And about the divorce... I don't want to drag it on. I can waive the hundred million in the agreement, but I need you to finalize the divorce papers as soon as possible."

Three more days, and the thirty-day Lunar Severance Phase would end. Once he agreed, we could be done. I wanted this marriage ended cleanly, with no lingering chains.

"Fine. You want a divorce? Then come back to the villa. We'll talk about it now!" he barked, then hung up.

I put my phone away and turned to Kade. "I need to go to the villa."

"Is this about the divorce? I'll go with you!" Kade said immediately, having overheard some of the call.

"No. This is between me and him. I'll go alone," I replied firmly.

"Are you really going through with it?" His gaze bore into me.

I glanced at my parents' casket in my mind, remembering their sacrifices. If they could see me now, would they want me to remain trapped in this hollow marriage?

"**Yes**," I **said** aloud, voice low but unwavering.

When I arrived **at the** villa, Caelum was already sitting on the living room sofa.

"Freya... **do** you really want a **divorce**?"

"**His** tone was a mixture of disbelief and irritation.

"My marriage with **you has** no reason to continue," I said plainly.

"For such trivial things, **you** want a divorce? What do you even take marriage to be?"

"Trivial?" I **gave** him a sharp look. "Your mother and sister **treated** me that way-is that trivial? And your affair with Aurora- is that trivial?"

His **face** darkened. “My mother and **sister were** wrong, but they’ve **been** detained. They’ve paid the price. **Isn’t** that enough?” I laughed bitterly. “So **the** abuser pays, the victim should just **be** satisfied? Is that what you think?”

“And Aurora and I **were** just friends! I never slept with her, **so stop** accusing me of adultery!”

“Do you really think infidelity is only about the body?” I snapped. “When everyone thinks you two are perfect together, when everyone praises you as the golden couple—did you ever deny it? Did you **ever say**, ‘I already have a wife?’”

I was a business setting. I couldn’t disrupt **the** atmosphere. Besides, if I contradicted her, I would have embarrassed Aurora! “No,” I said, voice cold, “you **weren’t** afraid **of** disrupting the atmosphere. You weren’t worried about Aurora’s face. You **were** ashamed of me. You were too embarrassed to **say** anything because **I’m** your wife, because being married to **me** made you lose face!”

+8 Pearls

His face flushed with embarrassment, but he quickly countered, “And you? Do you think you’re flawless? You have multiple patents, **were** a drone specialist in the military, and yet never told me!”

“Yes, I didn’t mention it. Because you never cared.” I said, letting the words cut. “I told you I’d done research on drones. And what did you say? You thought I was boasting. You thought I was jealous of Aurora and trying to compete with her!”

Caelum went silent, realizing he had indeed dismissed my words when the company was expanding into drone tech.

“The one who truly despised me in this house was you. That’s why your mother, your friends, even Aurora, looked down on me!” I said, my voice sharp.

His expression shifted, a mix of red and pale. “I didn’t despise you... I just...” He faltered, struggling for an explanation that didn’t exist.

“Doesn’t matter anymore. I’m here only to settle the divorce,” I said.

He pressed his lips together, eyes narrowing. “Are you divorcing me... to be with Kade?”

I froze. My pulse jumped. How could he even mention Kade?

The air in the villa felt suddenly colder, heavy with the scent of tension and unspoken truths.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

+8 Pearls

I hadn't expected him to bring up Kade like that. His words hit me like a snapping fang. "I can't believe you're still close with Kade, Freya. One Silas Whitmor, one Kade Blackridge.... you really know how to stir trouble with men," Caelum spat, his tone dripping with jealousy, teeth bared in more than metaphor.

I narrowed my amber eyes, feeling the primal heat of indignation flare in my chest. "Caelum, don't let your own filth blind you. Kade is my comrade-my packmate. He would never betray me."

"Comrade?" His sneer cut like jagged claws. "A comrade would risk themselves for someone who left the military three years ago? Kade is known as one of The Capital's little tyrants-he doesn't lift a paw for anyone! Freya, just how deep is your bond with him that he would step into my territory for you? Were you two inseparable in the military..."

SLAP!

The strike landed across his face like ice-shattered glass. The room froze under the charge of tension, thick as wolf-scent in a

storm.

Caelum flinched,,a sting of pride burning hotter than any wound. Since building SilverTech Forgeworks, no one had dared strike him like this. Not once.

"Freya, have you lost your mind?" he growled, voice low and dangerous.

I bared my own resolve, eyes locked on his, amber fire flaring. "Those words-enough to charge a soldier with insult. Soldiers don't tolerate such venom. Between soldiers, we trust our lives with each other. When the hunt comes, when the claws strike, we risk everything to protect our packmates.",

My voice rang like the call of a lone wolf in the night, sharp and commanding, leaving no room for doubt.

Silence fell. **He** looked smaller somehow, diminished under the weight of my gaze, as though he were exposed beneath the moonlight and stripped of his armor.

"You... will never understand," I said softly, letting the wolf in me speak through the calm.

“Yes.... I don’t understand. You want a divorce, right? Fine, I **agree!**” His tone shifted, cold and calculating, predatory in its **own** way. “I’ve studied your **patents**. The **rest** I can let *go*—but that drone control program you patented **after** our marriage? After the divorce, it must be fully authorized to SilverTech Forgeworks for development and deployment.”

My fur bristled beneath the skin, **the**

chill of betrayal crawling down my spine.

“You want my **patent**?? I asked, low and dangerous.

“**It’s** marital property. I want it. When the company profits, you’ll **get** your share,” he said, **voice** smooth but sharp **as a** fang.

I **saw** through it. Opportunism, pure and unmasked. That patent **was** the culmination of my **post**–military work, most of it crafted before our union. The final **stages** were only completed after the loss of my parents and my slow **recovery** from grief. It was meant to strengthen **SilverTech**, **yet** now he tried to **seize** it like a wolf claiming prey.

“And if I **refuse**?” My voice dropped to a growl, cold and predatory, slicing the air between us.

“Then I’ll take it to the courts,” **he**

said, eyes narrowing. “I know you intended it for SkyVex Armaments, but it’s marital property. Want to see them suffer for

your

defiance? **Be** my guest

I shook my head, amber **eyes** flashing with disdain. “I thought you had any semblance of integrity left, but now... **even** this petty greed, you flaunt it.”

This is for **the company**. **If you** insist **on** divorce, the patent belongs to Silver Tech!” **His** tone hardened like steel. Survival of **his** empire depended on it.

I met him with unflinching eyes, wolf instincts sharpening my senses. “For the company? Fine. Hold **your** press **conference** to announce the divorce, accompany me to the **civil** affairs **office**, and the patent is yours.”

Surprise flickered **across** his features. “You really mean it?”

“I do,” I said, claws metaphorically sheathed but resolve unyielding.

“Three days, then,” he said, eyes dark, predatory. “I expect you to honor your word.”

+8 Pearls

I let out a low, bitter laugh. Once, I had bared my heart to him. Now, even this divorce—a severing of ties—was twisted into leverage.

“Caelum, I, Freya Thorne, have never regretted anything in my life... but marrying you? That, I do regret!” My words struck like fangs, sharp and unflinching.

Send Gifts

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Third Person’s POV

Lana’s amber eyes widened as Freya’s terms hung in the air. “You’re really giving him the patent?”

+8 Pearls

Freya’s lips curved into a slow, wolfish smirk. “Whether Caelum can wield it or not... that’s another matter.” There was a predator’s edge in her voice, subtle but unmistakable, as if the steel in her gaze could cut through SilverTech’s reinforced walls.

Lana relaxed slightly, sensing the coiled strategy beneath Freya’s calm exterior. “And the divorce... what’s your price?” “1.53 million.” Freya said, steady, precise—her words marking territory like a lone wolf staking a claim. Every syllable carried **weight**, every pause measured.

It was before leaving Caelum Grafton’s penthouse that she had laid down her demand.

“What? Only 1.53 million?” Lana blinked, disbelief coloring her tone. “You helped Caelum push SilverTech to go public. By rights, you should get half his assets in a divorce.”

Freya’s amber eyes narrowed, her fangs barely showing in a faint snarl. “His properties are tied up with the banks, and SilverTech is strapped for cash. Even if I wanted more, he simply can’t give it. And... I just want to sever the tie cleanly. I don’t want to stay bound to him anymore.”

Lana tilted her head, sensing the precision behind Freya’s calculation. “Then why 1.53 million? That’s oddly specific,” she asked.

Freya's gaze darkened, **eyes** glinting with a flicker of fire. She pursed her lips bitterly. "1.53 million... it's my parents' death compensation. I **used** that money to help Caelum start SilverTech. Now... **if** I am to cut ties, I need at least this back. The **scales have** to be balanced."

Lana's **jaw** tightened. "Caelum truly **is** despicable. Taking your parents' money to build his empire and not even collecting their ashes? If Eric were here... he would tear him apart verbally. And you... you'd probably get scolded too for getting involved!"

A small, bitter laugh escaped Freya, low and almost wolfish. "Yes... if Eric knew, he'd certainly give me one of his legendary scoldings."

Her mind drifted briefly to her brother—Eric Thorne. The man who scolded not with venom, but with precision. The words **cut deep, leaving** invisible marks that **shaped** her discipline and instincts. Back then, she had feared his voice, **his** judgment. But now... she longed for that clarity, the grounding presence of a pack's discipline.

"Don't worry," Lana said, her hand brushing **Freya's** shoulder—a silent gesture of solidarity. "Soon enough, you'll get that scolding. Not long now."

Freya's gaze lowered, amber **eyes** fixed on the floor, but **her**

wolfish instincts remained alert. Once the divorce was finalized, she would return **her** parents' remains to **their** resting **place** in their hometown, honoring their memory properly. Then... **the** hunt would resume—she would track Eric to wherever he had vanished, no matter the distance.

"That **may** delay the **start** of your work **at** SkyVex Armaments," Lana said softly, reading the tension in Freya's posture, "but the drone **research** can wait. You'll find him first."

Freya nodded slowly, her jaw set. The **wolf** within her prowled, restless, sniffing the trail, sensing **the** territories yet **to** reclaim. Amber **eyes** reflected determination, **the** kind **that would not be denied**. She would find Eric. She would reclaim her legacy. **She** would not allow Caelum or anyone else to stake **a** claim over her life or her intellect again.

Meanwhile, across town at the Cloud Horizon restaurant, Aurora watched Caelum Grafton with cautious curiosity. "She really agreed to give **you** the patent?"

Caelum exhaled, tension **knitting** his brow. "Yes. As long **as I** hold the press conference **to** announce **the** divorce, **she'll** hand **it** over." Even he felt **a** pang of disgust at himself. He had never imagined divorce could become a weapon, **a** transaction **to** secure survival for SilverTech. **Yet** the patent was **crucial**

; without it, the company's **path** through the current financial storm would be blocked.

+8 Pearls

“And... did she ask for anything else?” Aurora’s concern was genuine. Any increase in Freya’s leverage meant a decrease in his own future gains with her.

“She only requested 1.53 million in cash as a divorce settlement.” Caelum replied, carefully choosing his words.

*1.53 million?” Aurora frowned. “Why that number?”

He shrugged, a flicker of discomfort crossing his features. “Who knows? Perhaps it was offhand. I’ve long since lost track of the first capital she lent me when SilverTech was barely breathing.”

Will you give it to her?” Aurora pressed. A sum of 1.53 million was not massive, but it would allow him to clear the legal path and resume his life.

Caelum hesitated, feeling the sting of pride and the pull of responsibility. “Aurora... I need to discuss something with you. You know SilverTech’s cash flow is tight. Paying 1.53 million in one go... it might be difficult. Could we...” His face betrayed a hint of awkwardness—he was accustomed to giving rather than taking, especially money, even more so to those he had wronged or owed.

Aurora’s brow creased. “I just became a co-pilot; I don’t have much liquidity. My parents’ wealth is largely tied in antiques, real estate... very little cash.”

A shadow of disappointment crossed Caelum’s features.

“I have around 100,000 in cash. You can borrow that first,” Aurora offered, voice steady, her wolfish practicality coming through.

“Never mind, I’ll find another way,” Caelum said, dismissing it. 100,000 wouldn’t cover the debt anyway.

Aurora’s expression softened, tinged with guilt. “Sorry, Caelum. Can’t help much.”

“It’s fine,” he said.

“Actually,” Aurora added thoughtfully, “you don’t have to give her cash immediately. You could offset it with your shares when the lock-up period ends. That way, no immediate cash outlay.”

Caelum’s eyes flickered. “The **shares** are currently in the lock-up period—they can’t be traded yet.”

Aurora smiled faintly, wolfish cunning glinting in her gaze. “Then she can wait. If she truly wants the **divorce**, she’ll **accept** that. Trust me.”

Caelum nodded **slowly**, **feeling** the weight of inevitability settle **over** him like a wolf **pressed** against the wind-resistant, but ultimately trapped in the hunt.

Caelum hesitated **for** a moment, the weight **of** pride pressing against him. Fine... let it be for now,” he said finally. He wasn’t the **type** to stoop to borrowing money, and **his** wolfish pride bristled at the thought.

Send Gifts

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A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Chapter 55

Freya’s POV

+8 Pearls

I stepped out of the airline executives’ office and froze mid-step. There they were—Caelum and Aurora, walking side by side. The scent of dinner clung to them, a mundane trace of human routine, but beneath it, the tension between us crackled like electric fur on alert.

Our eyes met—three wolves sizing each other up in the hallway. I planned to skirt past them, to avoid unnecessary conflict, but Aurora moved first, stepping into my path like a sentinel.

“Freya... what are you doing here?” Her voice was sharp, confident, but I smelled the undercurrent of curiosity, of challenge, “Does it concern you?” I replied coldly, letting the words carry the weight of my wolf, calm yet lethal.

She didn’t relent. “Don’t lie. You’re here to complain to my supervisor, aren’t you? To tattle?” Her gaze sharpened, accusing. can’t believe you’re so petty. Your marriage with Caelum is falling apart, yet you refuse to face your own failings and instead want to blame someone else.”

I didn’t flinch. I let the Alpha’s presence flare behind him. “You actually came to lodge a complaint? If Aurora suffers any injustice because of you, I won’t forgive it,” Caelum growled, teeth clenched behind human manners.

I looked at them both, my voice calm, controlled. “Who would bother complaining over someone who doesn’t matter? **Caelum**, in my mind, you’ve never carried that weight.”

Heat flared **across** his **face**. Anger, frustration, humiliation—Alpha fire trapped in human skin.

Then I turned my attention to Aurora. “I am divorcing Caelum. The fault lies with him. If he had been loyal, respected his marriage, he wouldn’t have abandoned me t

time and again to chase... anyone else. That kind of garbage—I don’t want it. Take him if **you** wish.”

Aurora’s gaze sharpened, trying **to** read pain, suffering beneath my calm words. But there was none. Only clarity. Only control. A wolf who has survived hunts knows when to bare fangs and when to restrain them.

“You’re putting on a show,” she snapped. “You’re divorcing Caelum. How could you not resent me? Otherwise, why **emerge** from the **executive** office **just** now?”

I allowed a faint, dry humor- to touch my lips. “Do I need to be here because of you?” I asked lightly. “I’m **here to escort** my **parents’** ashes back to our hometown, to honor their memory. The executives insisted on seeing the **details**—they knew these **were fallen warriors**

‘ ashes. **That’s** it.”

She lifted **her** chin, arrogance prickling in her posture. “**If you hate** me, say it. Don’t cloak it in shadows **or** sneaky

maneuvers.”

“I don’t hate **you**,” I said, **steady**, wolf-strong. **Hatred is** fire **too** intense for **someone** like **her**. She **doesn’t deserve** it.

Her **eyes** widened slightly. Even Caelum’s **jaw tightened** in disbelief. Did I mean it? Absolutely.

“Soon, I will be divorced from Caelum. Do as you **please** after that. No **need** to hide behind **excuses of** friendship.” **My** words landed, sharp and **decisive**

, like claws slicing tension.

As if on cue, a few airline colleagues passed by, **ears** pricked at the **scent of drama**, **eyes snapping** toward Caelum and Aurora. **Her** cheeks flamed pink under **the** scrutiny.

Caelum’s glare pierced me, “How dare **you** speak to Aurora like that? This **divorce** has nothing **to** do with her!”

“It doesn’t,” said lightly, dismissing his human fury. Every pulse of his **anger** rolled off me harmlessly, like a wolf shrugging off a raindrop.

That evening, I stayed at Lana’s place. Kade arrived, wine in hand, grinning **like a** wolf smelling the hunt. “Time **to** celebrate your freedom, Freya,” he said.

We ended up on the terrace, skewers sizzling over **the** flames, wine flowing under the moonlight, the air thick **with pack** energy, **teasing** and laughter.

+8 Pearls

“Tell me, Kade,” Lana slurred, swaying, “what’s so thrilling about Freya getting divorced? Why celebrate?”

His grin was wolfish. “She’s finally free from that scum. Why wouldn’t I celebrate?”

Lana laughed, loud and unrestrained. “True. Remember when Freya hid her marriage from everyone? And you cried over it, Kade? Now... no need for tears.”

His face flamed crimson. He snapped at Lana, trying to cover his mouth, but she only waved him off. “Why hide it? I told Freya everything. She already knows.”

I smiled faintly, wolfishly satisfied, the tension melting into warmth. Pack life, its loyalty, its teasing, its fire—this is where strength lives.

Kade’s embarrassment deepened, but tonight, under the silver light of the moon, I felt the thrill of the hunt—untethered, sovereign, and completely mine.

Send Gifts

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Chapter 56

Freya’s POV

“Kade...” he opened his mouth, but the words got caught somewhere between pride and hesitation.

+8 Pearls

“I should have told you back then, when I married..... I didn’t let you know. I’m sorry,” I said, taking the first step. I wanted him to know I remembered, I cared.

His nose twitched, a sharp scent of emotion betraying him. “Yeah... I was miserable back then.”

He’d only just realized what his feelings for me truly were, but by that time, I had already been claimed by another. The Alpha Caelum.

“Now...” he hesitated, then forced a grin. “Now, I’m happy.”

“Happy?” I blinked, slightly startled. “Because... I’m divorcing?”

“Exactly,” he said, and his grin widened, wolfish and unabashed. “Because you’re divorcing, I’m thrilled.” He lifted his glass and drank deep, crimson wine spilling down the corner of his lips, tracing the line of his neck, soaking into the collar of his shirt.

His **eyes**, bright as twin moons, glimmered with a drunken intensity. “Once you’re free... there’s something I want to tell you.”

I arched an eyebrow. “Not now?”

He shook his head, a slow, deliberate movement. “Not now. Later... when there’s no chains of duty, no moral leash, no pack politics to bind **us**.”

I nodded, understanding. Wolves **feel** the truth in their bones; he wanted a moment untethered, where our fates could collide **freely**.

“Fine,” I said.

Eventually, the wine **got** to him. **Kade** toppled onto the table, half-asleep, half-lost in drunken haze. Lana, not far behind in her own **indulgence**, giggled uncontrollably beside him. I rubbed my temples, already bracing for the labor of dragging two drunken packmates to their respective rooms.

A **buzz** on **my** phone broke **my** **headache**. A message from Caelum: the details of the divorce **press conference**. I **stared** at it, **feeling the**

chill settle in my chest. **After** all **was** said and done, **all** that remained between him and me was this **frozen**, clinical

severance.

Soon, the

press would/know.

I **had** planned to go alone, but Lana refused. “You’re getting **divorced**. I might as **well** be your family—you **need** me there **she** said, her **voice warm, loyal**, unwavering.

A pang **of** something long buried **surged** through me. **My** parents **gone**, my brother missing, my marriage a hollow cage—I’d walked alone for so long. Yet **here** was Lana, a wolf standing firm **beside** me, **ready to** defend, to back me, regardless of the fight.

“**You are**

my family,” I murmured, **a rare** softness in my **voice**.

The hotel lobby for the press conference **was** already set when we arrived, though the **event hadn’t** begun. The first people I **saw** were **Giselle** and Eleanor. The **air** snapped with **tension**. Wolves **scent** danger a heartbeat before it strikes, and **both** of them radiated hostility.

Eleanor lunged at me, hand arcing **in** a slap meant to humiliate. I caught her wrist mid-air.

“The only one who can land **you** in prison... is your own misdeeds,” I said, letting the **weight** of my words be the pack’s law, then flicked her hand **away**.

She shrieked, scandalized, “How dare you strike your mother-in-law!”

I narrowed my eyes. This human pretense, this weak mask of moral outrage—it was laughable.

Caelum’s voice cut through sharply: “Freya, you hit my mother?”

I turned just in time to see him and Aurora approaching.

+8 Pearis

Giselle trailed behind, half-supporting Eleanor, spinning her own version of events. “Brother, it’s not her fault! Mom just yelled because Freya refused to sign that reconciliation statement—she barely said anything!”

I fixed my gaze on Caelum. “Do you believe her?”

“She is my mother. Of course I do. We have a press conference in a few minutes; I don’t want embarrassment. You’d better apologize immediately,” he demanded, his Alpha authority sharp but naive.

I laughed—cold, wolfish, untamed. Caelum had seen Eleanor’s lies, her venom. Yet now, here he was, swallowing her words like an obedient pup. He had never truly seen me as family, never truly respected me as part of his pack. And he never would

“What’s so funny?” he snapped, brow furrowed, claws of pride flickering beneath the surface.

“Divorcing you is, without a doubt, the best decision I’ve ever made,” I said plainly. My words, light on human tone but heavy with wolf’s conviction, cut through him sharper than fangs.

He tensed, unease creeping across him. Though today the world would witness our divorce, hearing it come from me—strong, resolute—**was** like a fresh fang in the ribs, reminding him he was about to lose something he’d never truly held.

He tried to reclaim control, masking the sting. “If you refuse to apologize... then don’t expect me to release the 1.53 million cash you demanded!”

Lana’s voice rose instantly, a fierce growl of indignation. “Caelum, are you even human? That money—it’s Freya’s parents—”

I held

up a hand, stopping her mid-rant. “Lana, let me handle this.”

I pulled **out** my phone and played a video. The footage was clear: Eleanor lunged, failed, then staged the entire assault for human eyes. The truth lay bare, the deception undone.

Tonight, I would stand, fangs bared, instincts sharp. Wolves know the hunt is never just about survival—it’s about truth, dominance, and claiming what is rightfully theirs.

Send Gifts

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya’s POV

+8 Pearls

“Caelum.... don’t you usually trust your mother? Do you... still trust her now?” I asked, my tone slicing through the tense air like a fang through hide.

He froze, a flicker of shame crossing his features as he turned to look at Eleanor and Giselle. “When I bailed you two out... didn’t you promise me this wouldn’t happen again?”

Both of them shrank back slightly, the weight of their lies and pride momentarily faltering.

Aurora jumped in, her voice smooth but sharp.” Eleanor and Giselle were only upset because Freya refused to sign the reconciliation statement. After all, you were once a family. Why make such a scene?”

She turned toward me, eyes flashing with some faux moral superiority. “If I were you, I’d never sink so low as to throw someone down when they’re already struggling.”

Giselle’s gaze softened toward Aurora, gratitude shining in her naive eyes. “Aurora, you’re wonderful. You don’t hold my past mistakes against me. Once my brother and Freya are officially divorced, I’ll make sure he marries you immediately!”

I chuckled quietly to myself. Watching the two of them now, **so** sisterly and affectionate, it was almost laughable. They’d barely survived a war of words in the station earlier, clawing at each other over petty pride, and now they played this game of sisterhood like wolves licking at each other’s necks in mock submission.

Soon, the press conference began. Reporters packed the room, alongside some high-ranking executives from SilverTech Forgeworks and representatives from partner companies.

Caelum and I sat in the center on the raised platform.

Caelum cleared his throat. “Today, I am here to officially announce that Freya Thorne and I have decided to finalize our **divorce**.”

A wave **of** murmurs rippled through the room.

He continued, smoothly, **as if** rehearsed: “The UAV software patent Freya applied for during our marriage will, upon the divorce taking effect, belong to SilverTech Forgeworks. It will be developed exclusively under the company’s management.”

The murmurs grew **louder**.

“And **I** will provide Freya with financial compensation as part of the divorce settlement,” he added. “This compensation will not draw from SilverTech’s **resources**, but from a portion of my **personal shares**, pledged to her.”

I **froze**. My instincts flared, sensing the deception. Those shares were still locked–

untouchable. Transferring them wasn’t **just** impossible overnight; it required layers **of** approval, **signatures**, and corporate maneuvering. Caelum was speaking, but he **wasn’t** planning to **deliver a single cent**.

“This **isn’t what we** agreed on!” I stood abruptly, **eyes** cold and razor-**sharp**, scanning him as **if I** could pierce through to the truth behind **his** words.

“Yes, I said I’d **give** you **cash**,” he replied, calm **and calculated**, “but I do not intend to drain company funds to pay for our marriage. Every **personal** dime I **had**

is tied up in the company’s operations. It’s a critical period for the company. Freya... **are you** willing to risk the company just for money?”

His words were a trap. They painted him **as** the dedicated **Alpha**, the selfless pack leader, while framing me as greedy, petty, unreasonable,

Executives’ eyes flicked to me, judgment glinting like sharpened claws.

Eleanor’s voice shrieked above the murmurs. “My **son has** devoted himself to this company! And you... you only **care** about taking money and walking away. You married him to **live** off his efforts, and now even more, all you think about is cash!”

Giselle joined, righteous and venomous “Freya, **are** you willing to sacrifice **the** company’s collective hard **work** for your personal gain? This company wasn’t built as your **private** vault—it was co-founded with my brother and dedicated

colleagues!”

+8 Pearls

Their words painted me as selfish, my integrity shredded beneath the weight of their lies. I could feel the tension of the room like a wolf’s hackles rising. Even though those executives knew, deep down, the work I’d put in for years to build and protect this company, when personal stakes came into play, their loyalties shifted like fickle winds.

I met Eleanor and Giselle’s accusations with a cold, unflinching gaze. Caelum said nothing.

Private vault? Funny... I remembered who had treated company profits as their own personal treasure.

Then, a voice cut through the growing storm.

“Haha... this is rich,” Kade Blackridge said as he strode into the room. The journalists turned, recognizing the infamous wolf of The Capital. His presence radiated power, raw and untamed, and all eyes snapped to him. “Divorce and suddenly the patent is off-limits? Wanting Freya to walk away empty-handed? This is... bone-sucking evil, sharper than any vampire’s fang.” The room fell silent, all the subtle murmurs halted.

Caelum’s face shifted. He straightened, rigid with authority. “Kade, that’s a harsh accusation. That patent was developed during our marriage and, as marital property, belongs to the company. There’s nothing wrong with the arrangement.”

Kade's lips curved into a sharp, predatory grin. "Just because it was developed during the marriage doesn't make it joint property. That software was Freya's creation—your name on it means nothing."

Giselle's voice shrilled, unrestrained. "How do you know it had nothing to do with my brother? He's an elite graduate... Freya couldn't have done it alone. She must've used his research somehow, right?"

I felt the **surge** of the pack in me—my fangs itched, my muscles tensed. The room's false hierarchy, their staged morality. **their** claws—in-disguise, it all smelled like carrion. Wolves don't forgive deceit, and I was ready to tear through it all.

Send Gifts

30

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A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

I barely restrained a laugh. I knew how ridiculous this all must have looked to anyone who knew the truth.

"Kade." I murmured under my breath, "go on."

+8 Pearls

His eyes glimmered, predatory and amused. "Your brother's a finance graduate, right? Does he even know how to code? Build drones? And yet he thinks he can claim a UAV patent?"

Giselle's face froze. Her tone was sharp, defensive. "And Freya? What skills could she possibly have to claim a patent?"

Lana, blazing with fury beside me, sprang to her feet. "Freya graduated top of her class at Halston Combat Academy! She was the top of The Capital's science track. Is that enough? Your brother's only got brains for money, apparently. He wants to grab Freya's patent, yet now pretends he can't pay her 1.53 million?!"

I let the words hang in the air, feeling the pack inside me stir with raw satisfaction. Giselle's mouth fell open, disbelief written across her face.

Graduated from Halston? Top of The Capital in science? That... Freya?

Impossible. In her eyes, I was nothing. And yet here I was, standing at the center of truth while she gaped like a wolf caught in the sun.

“You’re... lying,” Giselle stammered, disbelief still clinging to her words.

“**You** can always **ask** Caelum himself,” Lana said, cold and deliberate.

Giselle turned toward her brother. His silence confirmed everything. The truth, undeniable, pressed against the air like the scent of blood in a full moon hunt.

While Giselle gawked at my qualifications, the others in the room were more shocked by how little I’d requested for the **divorce**. Only 1.53 million? Most had assumed I’d demand far more, and now they began to realize how unfairly I’d been **treated** all these **years**. After **all**, by any normal division, I could have claimed half of Caelum’s wealth.

“Caelum,” I said, my voice **even**, razor-sharp, “keep the patent. I only want the 1.53 million we **agreed** upon.”

His **face** darkened with humiliation and rage.

I could **feel** the pack instincts flaring from him, but the audience’s **gaze** made him look small, almost pitiful. “Freya... I haven’t refused. Once the shares unlock, you’ll get your money. Why push me like

this?”

“Push **you**?” I snorted, and **then**, deliberately, I brought out a thick stack of documents. “These **are your** private **card statements over the** past **two** years. Just the **jewelry** **you** bought for Aurora—over twenty **pieces**, totaling more than **50** million. And now you tell me you **can’t** pay 1.53 million for a divorce?”

Caelum’s **face** darkened further, but I didn’t **give** him **the** chance **to** respond. I flicked my wrist, sending the entire **stack** scattering across the **stage** toward the audience.

Invoices, photos of **every piece** of jewelry, and the marked prices flew through **the** air. Even the necklace and earrings Aurora wore that day were among them. Alone, those **two** pieces were worth over 10 million:

Eyes turned toward Aurora, Some of the reporters pointed and murmured.

Her face drained **of** color. **She** hastily removed her necklace and earrings, trembling. Her plan to appear **regal and** superior, to highlight my supposed inadequacy, had backfired spectacularly. The jewelry now felt like a burning coal in her hands.

One reporter pressed, voice sharp. “Miss Aurora, are these gifts really from Mr. Grafton, as shown **in** these documents?”

“**Are** the pieces you’re wearing today also from him?” another asked.

“Do these gifts carry any particular significance?”

She stammered, caught, the **cameras capturing** every microsecond. “These... are just gifts from Caelum as a **friend**. Nothing

+8 Pearls

more.”

Kade’s tone was lazy, but it carried teeth. “As a friend... your friend’s generous, huh? Willing to give you 50 million in jewelry but balks at paying his wife 1.53 million for a divorce.”

Aurora’s face shifted from white to red. She tried to argue, but her words died before they even left her throat.

Another reporter turned to Caelum. “Did any of the 50 million in gifts come from investors’ money? You just said all your personal funds are tied in the company. Were you lying?”

His **jaw** tightened. “No. None of this involved company funds or investors. It’s all personal money.”

But then Giselle, desperate to attack, shouted, “That’s because Freya cheated! That’s why my brother won’t pay!”

A ripple **of** shock swept the room.

“And I have proof!” she continued, fingers pointing at Kade. “She cheated with him!”

She pulled out photos–Kade and I, drinking, eating skewers, laughing.

I felt the wolf in me bristle. My teeth ached to shred her lies apart. The smell of deceit, the scent of pack politics, the falsity in the air–it all called for one thing: dominance, control, and truth laid bare.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya’s POV

++8 Pearls

I looked at the photos, my jaw tight. They were taken last night on Lana's terrace, carefully framed to show only Kade and me together, deliberately cutting her out of the frame.

One picture made my stomach tighten—Kade leaning against my shoulder, my arms around his waist. That was the moment I was just trying to steady a drunken Kade and get him inside.

Giselle's voice pierced the tension, arrogant and venomous. "See? Freya's cheating with this pretty boy. She's the one at fault!

My brother's generous, still giving her some shares, but I say she should walk away empty-handed!"

Lana's roar cut through the room like a wolf's warning. "You're talking bullshit! I was there, and you know it!"

Giselle smirked, mocking. "Oh, so your friend can cover for her with lies now?"

Lana's eyes blazed fire. "This is my home. You want to slander her? At least use your brain. Last night we were all drinking together. Freya was just helping Kade inside. His uncle came for him afterward. End of story!"

Giselle scoffed. "You're just covering for them. Trying to protect a couple of lovers!"

Kade's voice rumbled from beside me, low and dangerous, like the growl of a wolf ready to strike. "Pretty boy? Hah... that's a first. Anyone else calling me that better be ready to back it up." His black, sharp eyes locked on Giselle, freezing her in place.

A shiver ran down her spine. Anyone who knew Kade Blackridge's reputation in The Capital—the way he could snap a man's life in half with a single look—knew she'd just stepped into the wrong den.

"Can you take responsibility for what you're saying?" Kade asked, voice cold, predatorily calm.

Giselle tried to stand her ground. "Why not? These photos clearly show you and Freya... together!"

"Defamation can carry a sentence of up to three years," Kade said, his lips curling in a cold, dangerous smile. "Yesterday, the one who picked me up **was** my uncle—Victor Ashford, top attorney in The Capital. Lana was there too. Do you think even he would lie?"

The name hit **her** like ice. Victor Ashford—one of the most respected lawyers in The Capital, whose mere reputation could crush a man's plans before they began. Giselle had

known of him during her brief detention, hoping he might help her and Eleanor wriggle **free**. Too bad he wouldn't touch this case with a ten-foot pole.

“

Your so–called evidence is incomplete, and now you want to slander? Do I look like the mistress **here?**” Kade **stepped** forward, each movement deliberate, **powerful**, like a wolf circling its prey.

Giselle's skin **crawled** The room seemed to shrink around Kade's presence. Anyone familiar with his reputation could feel the instinctive **threat** radiating from him. This was no man to mess with.

Caelum opened his mouth, trying to smooth things **over**, but his words faltered under Kade's shadow. Even he knew better than **to** provoke this wolf.

“Master Kade... my **sister** was only-” Caelum **started**.

Before he could finish, a **voice** cut through, commanding, unmistakable.
“Who **dares** smear my niece?”

I spun around, heart thumping,

and saw Aldred–my uncle from the Iron Fang **Recon** Unit–entering the room, with Silas Whitmor at his side, Alpha **of** the Ironclad Coalition.

I rushed forward, relief flooding **me**. “Aldred! You came?”

You child,” he scolded gently, eyes softening despite **the** sternness in his tone. “Such a big **event**–your divorce and you didn't **tell** me?”

His gaze **swept over** the room, taking in the smear campaign being flung at me. My **parents** weren't here to **protect** me, but Aldred's presence **was** like a **pack's** shield, a sense of home and safety.

+8 Pearls

“You don't have your parents. I'm your elder. A divorce this big? I come whether you like it or not,” he said firmly.

I blinked back tears. Aldred, my parents' closest friend, the one who had handed me their ashes... he was more family than almost anyone left in my life.

Caelum's **eyes** narrowed. “Who is this? I've never heard you mention an uncle.”

Aldred didn't respond with threats. He didn't need to. He simply looked at Caelum with the quiet authority of a wolf Alpha who had spent decades hunting and commanding his own pack. Even in civilian clothes, the years in the military radiated from him like the scent of blood in the air.

"You are... Freya Thorne's chosen mate?" His voice was sharp, testing, the weight of his presence pressing down like a predator asserting dominance.

Before Caelum could answer, Eleanor's voice cut in, shrill and defensive. "Not anymore! My son doesn't need a woman like Freya!"

I stood taller, feeling the surge of my own pack instincts flare. With Aldred here, the predators in the room would have to think twice before daring to attack me further.

Send Gifts

30

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

"Caelum isn't worthy of you, Freya! He wouldn't even come to bring your parents' ashes back with you—how could he ever be your husband?" Aldred's voice thundered, fury vibrating through the room.

Eleanor scoffed, venom dripping from every word. "Bah! Ashes, such unlucky things—do you expect my son to go fetch them? Dream on!" She spat the words as if they were poison. "That day Freya came with the urn, wanting to leave it at our home for a few days... I slapped her and made her drop it. If she'd dared to leave it here. I would have smashed it myself. Trying to curse my Grafton family with bad luck? How malicious..."

Aldred's hands clenched, his body trembling with rage. He finally understood just what kind of suffering I had endured.

Kade's and Lana's faces were tight with anger, Lana's eyes wet with unshed tears. She was finally seeing the hidden layers behind my divorce—the depths of injustice I had been forced to endure.

And Caelum... how could he treat me this way?

Eleanor's malicious pride rose with each word until a cold, commanding voice cut through the room. "Strike!"

The crack of a powerful slap echoed. Eleanor's mouth froze mid-sentence, her words strangled in her throat. Everyone in the room went silent, watching. The hand belonged to one of Silas Whitmor's men—but the one who had given the command **was** none other than Silas Whitmor himself.

Eleanor staggered, stunned, before reality sank in. She screeched, "Fine, Freya! You collude with outsiders against me? Your parents gave birth to a daughter like you, that's why they died early!"

"Continue!" Silas Whitmor's voice, low and cold, issued the single word, and his men resumed, slapping Eleanor again and again. Her face quickly swollen, reddened, the room reverberating with the relentless rhythm **of** punishment.

No one **dared** intervene—this was Silas Whitmor, Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, a predator whose influence blanketed half of The Capital.

Caelum tried to step forward, to protect Eleanor—but Silas' men blocked him. He couldn't even shout without risk, and all his rage turned on me. "Freya, you won't make them stop? This is what you want?!"

I pressed my lips together, saying nothing.

If Eleanor had been merely insulting me, I could have ignored it. But my parents... my parents' honor had been dragged through the mud. My **father**, Arthur Thorne, and my mother, Myra... they were warriors, sacrifices for their country. No one insulted their memory and walked away.

The cold, echoing **slaps**

continued, resonating through the **tense** air like wolf **claws** against the **pack's den**.

"If something happens **to** my mother **because of this, Freya, can** you **take** responsibility?" Caelum shouted.

"**I** will take responsibility!" Silas Whitmor **said**, his **voice as** unflinching as **steel**. "Any injuries, any medical bills, any damages -Whitmore will pay!"

The room fell silent again.

Eleanor's **eyes** widened in **fear**, and she turned to her son for protection. "Freya, must you go this far? You just want money, right? Fine. **I'll give**

you money—just stop them!"

The slaps **ceased** temporarily. **Silas'** gaze shifted to me, waiting. If I spoke, if I demanded my rights, he would allow his men to continue,

met Caelum's eyes, voice calm and precise, my words cutting like a wolf's teeth. "I want money, yes. But this **1.53** million isn't yours to give—it's yours to return.

When you started your venture, you didn't **have** the funds. That 1.53 million... it was the money I lent **you**, Caelum, to start SilverTech Forgeworks.

+8 Pearls

My divorce from you isn't about greed. I take nothing beyond what is rightfully mine. I simply want what was always mine, to end this marriage and stop being disgusted by your family's behavior!"

The room went still. Everyone stared at Caelum differently now. They had known him as the tech magnate who rose from nothing—but no one realized the first capital he used to build SilverTech Forgeworks had been my contribution.

Giselle opened her mouth, lips twisted. "Oh please, Freya, it was money from my mother to my brother!"

Lana's gaze sliced through Giselle. "Your Graftons, if you had that money, Caelum wouldn't have been so poor that this wedding ring for Freya cost a measly 200 credits!"

Giselle sneered. "Freya's just an orphan—how could she possibly have that kind of money?"

"That **was** the death compensation from my parents, Giselle," I said, my voice cold, unwavering. My words landed like a blow, silent but heavy, and the room fell into a stunned silence.

Caelum's pupils contracted sharply. He stared at me, disbelief etched on every line of his face.

That first capital... it was death compensation?

Impossible. And yet, if it hadn't been that, where else could I have obtained such funds?

He remembered.... the grief I had carried after my parents' deaths. The quiet desperation I hid behind. And the moment he had been trapped by financial fear, trembling at his dreams, I had handed him that money.

"Take this, go realize your ambition," I had told him then.

"Where did you **get so** much money?? he had asked, stunned.

Send Gifts

