

## **A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 07**

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Freya's POV

Caelum looked stunned. I could see the questions building behind his eyes. He turned to me, voice tight. "Why didn't you ever tell me? About Halston? About your accolades?"

"You never asked," I said simply.

Before he could respond, a new presence shifted the air.

"She was your student?" A low, cold voice cut through the tension. All eyes turned toward the tall man standing beside Hawthorne.

"Yes," the professor said with a smile. "Freya, this is Alpha Silas Whitmore."

The name fell like thunder.

Heir to the Whitmore Estate. The current Alpha-in-waiting of the Ironclad Coalition. A man whispered to command not just wolves—but armies.

Silas offered his hand. "An honor, Miss Thorne."

I hesitated for a beat before taking it.

His grip was firm. Controlled. Dangerous.

And familiar.

He was the one I'd seen few days ago. The man who stood in the rain, watching in silence.

Now, without the veil of weather, his face was striking—sharp features, midnight eyes, a predator's stillness cloaked in civility.

"Likewise," I murmured.

Then, just as quickly, he turned away with Professor Hawthorne. The moment passed.

Caelum stepped closer, his expression unreadable. "You really graduated from Halston? You were top of your class? Why keep that from me?"

I faced him without flinching. "Does it matter now?"

Before he could answer, a sharp roar cracked through the air.

Not gunfire.

A feral snarl, followed by the unmistakable crash of claw meeting wood. The restaurant plunged into chaos.

Wolves shifted—tables overturned, cutlery clattered to the ground as diners ducked or prepared to defend.

From the far side of the room, a rogue had burst through the terrace window, his coat matted with blood and madness in his eyes.

Then—impact. A shove against my chest.

I stumbled backward, catching myself against a chair. I looked up—just in time to see Caelum shielding Aurora behind a divider.

He had pushed me—away from him, away from safety.

I could've been slashed.

And still, he chose her.

Again.

He looked at me. Our eyes met.

He had the gall to look guilty.

Don't bother, I thought.

I steadied myself, raised my chin, and mouthed the words slowly, so he wouldn't miss them:

"Caelum Vale, I don't want you anymore."

In that instant, I saw Caelum flinch, his chest tightening like something had struck him deep inside.

"What's wrong?" Aurora asked, sensing the tremor in his body as he shielded her protectively in his arms.

"Nothing..." he said hoarsely, licking his dry lips. "It's nothing."

But I saw the look in his eyes—haunted, confused. As if something inside him had just shattered. Maybe it was seeing me rush into danger. Maybe he thought I had given up on him.

The chaos that had erupted just moments before—the Rogues' snarls, the shattered windows, the screams—had finally begun to quiet. Blood and wreckage stained the once-elegant dining hall. The elite security force of the Whitmore family surged in like a silver tide, swiftly surrounding a blood-smeared Rogue in human form. He was older, his body heaving, amber eyes burning with hatred.

But it wasn't over. The Rogue's claws were extended, fangs bared—aimed straight at Alpha Silas Whitmor of the Ironclad Coalition.

"I lost everything because of your family!" the man snarled, voice filled with venom. "My brother's dead. My pack gone. You will pay with your life!"

Silas didn't even flinch. Even with claws inches from his heart, his chiseled face was unreadable. Cold. Dangerous. He took a step forward—deliberate and calm.

"There are many who want me dead," he said, voice low, almost bored. "You think you're capable of being the one who actually does it?"

"Stay back!" the Rogue shrieked, panic beginning to override his rage. "I swear—I'll kill you!"

But Silas didn't stop. He moved faster.

So fast that by the time the Rogue lunged, Silas had already twisted his arm, shattering the joint. A sickening crunch echoed, and the claws swiped harmlessly past.

"You...you..." the man gasped, horror dawning in his eyes as Silas wrenched the weapon from his hand and forced him down, the Rogue's own fang-shaped blade now pressed against his throat.

Silas pressed the Rogue down, the fang-shaped blade biting into his throat. His voice was cold steel.

"Ever consider the consequences before you attacked me?"

The Rogue's amber eyes widened with terror. "You can't—! You're an Alpha. If you kill me here, the Council—"

"Let's see if I care," Silas murmured, the blade angling deeper. His shadow stretched over the Rogue's broken body, every line of him coiled for the strike. The predator in him demanded blood.

The room held its breath, every wolf frozen, waiting for the kill.

That was when I moved.

Silent, sure. My hand slid beneath my cloak, fingers wrapping around the compact training crossbow I carried out of habit. One soft click, and the steel tip kissed flesh—this time not the Rogue's, but Silas Whitmor's ribs.

I stepped into the storm of his aura, close enough to breathe the scent of iron and rain clinging to him. My voice cut low, for him alone.

"You can't," I whispered. "Not here. Not now. The old Ironclad Alpha's bones aren't even cold. Your Coalition is watching. If you spill blood before witnesses, the Council won't call it justice—they'll call it tyranny. And you'll hand your rivals the blade to gut your claim."

The fang-blade froze against the Rogue's throat. A muscle twitched along Silas's jaw.

I pressed the crossbow harder into him, steady as stone. "Your enemies are already counting the ways to break you. Dead wolves are nothing but wasted blood. Live ones? Leverage."

For a heartbeat, the world narrowed to the two of us—his midnight eyes locking onto mine, dark and fathomless, measuring whether I was bold or foolish enough to pull the trigger. The tension crackled like a drawn bowstring.

Then—slowly, deliberately—he eased the blade back. With a brutal yank, he hauled the Rogue upright and shoved him into the arms of the Whitmor guards.

"Chain him," Silas ordered, voice cutting like frost. "Deliver him to the Council tribunal."

Relief broke through the hall in a wave. Wolves exhaled. The storm passed.

But Alpha Silas didn't look relieved. He looked at me. Long. Unblinking. The faintest curl of a smile ghosted across his mouth—dark, dangerous, unreadable.

"You play the game well, Freya Thorne," he said softly. "Well enough to aim a bolt at my heart and walk away breathing."

The words should have felt like praise. Instead, they sank like claws beneath my skin. A shiver rippled through me—not fear exactly. Something colder.

He wasn't finished with me.