

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 08

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Freya's POV

Because of the attack, everyone involved was taken back to the Coalition's central precinct to give statements.

After I finished mine, I walked out of the questioning room and saw Caelum in the main hall. He was surrounded by his usual circle—Ryker, Giselle, and of course, Aurora.

As soon as he saw me, he stepped forward, face tense.

"What were you thinking?!" he snapped. "You pointed a weapon—replica or not—at Silas Whitmor! Do you have any idea who he is? The Silverfang Pack has an alliance with the Ironclad Coalition. You provoke him, you provoke us all!"

"Alliance?" I scoffed. "If I truly meant anything to you, Caelum, then when the Rogues attacked, you wouldn't have shoved me aside just to protect Aurora."

His expression faltered. A flicker of guilt crossed his face.

Ryker rolled his eyes. "Aurora's the daughter of Bluemoon's Beta. She's part of the Airborne Wing now. Of course she needed protection! You think you're more important than her?"

I laughed coldly. "That's funny. I thought Aurora was a top pilot—'doesn't lose to male wolves, right? But now she's a fragile flower that needs rescuing?"

Ryker flushed red, unable to respond.

Aurora stepped forward, her face serene. "Freya, Caelum was just doing the right thing. You're really overreacting. This is exactly why people say women are too emotional."

"Emotional?!" Lana's voice cracked through the air as she came storming out of the briefing room. "He shoved his mate into danger to save his favorite playmate, and she's the emotional one? Aurora, you've got nerve—I'll give you that."

Gasps rippled through the hall. Heads turned.

Caelum's face turned to stone.

Aurora's composure finally cracked. "Don't call me a—"

“What, a homewrecker?” Lana snapped. “If it walks like one and talks like one...”

She stepped closer. “Caelum pushes Freya—his Luna—into the line of fire to protect you. You let him. And now you stand here, smug as ever, blaming her?”

People started whispering. The whole precinct was watching now.

And me? I stood tall, unshaken.

Because this time, I didn’t need to say a word.

Lana had already said it all.

Aurora’s expression stiffened. She wanted to snap back, I could feel it—but for once, she couldn’t find the words. Not when the entire precinct was watching.

Caelum, ever prideful, turned his frustration on me.

“Freya, was this your plan? Get your friend to make a spectacle and humiliate me in front of everyone?”

Lana let out a scornful snort. “Oh, please. I speak for myself. Don’t blame Freya just because you can’t defend your precious little side piece.”

But Caelum didn’t look at Lana. His eyes were locked on mine, his voice sharp with accusation. “What do you want, huh? Is this your revenge? You want to see me cornered? Embarrassed? Fine. What’s the price for your silence? You want compensation?”

I looked at him—truly looked at him.

This was the male I once thought I could change. The Alpha I gave up everything for. The one I defended before my own pack, my own blood.

How could I have been so blind?

“I don’t want your compensation,” I said quietly, the storm in my chest turning cold. “I want to resign.”

That got his attention. His brows furrowed, confusion flickering in his golden eyes.

“What?”

Even Ryker looked up, startled. “You’re serious?”

"I'll hand in my resignation tomorrow. I'll hand over every project. From now on, Silverfang's business, its operations, its future... none of it has anything to do with me."

Because if I was leaving this mate bond, I was leaving it clean. No ties. No dependency. No looking back.

"You're threatening me?" Caelum growled. "Over what? Because I didn't shield you during an attack? You're quitting for that?"

"No," I replied coolly. "I'm giving you what you want. You want Aurora beside you? Fine. Have her. I'm not clinging to a position just to stay by your side. This is a choice, not a threat. I'm cutting the last chain between us, Caelum. From now on, you and Aurora—whatever you two do—it's none of my concern."

Around us, the whispers were growing again. Too many ears. Too many eyes. But I didn't care anymore.

Caelum rubbed his temples, annoyed. "Fine. Do whatever you want. Take a break. Clear your head. I don't have time for your drama."

Without another word, I turned and left the precinct, Lana close behind.

As the door closed behind me, I felt the weight of three years fall away like a broken shackle.

As I walked out, my wolf-like keen hearing still allowed me to hear their whispers.

Ryker let out a low whistle. "No way... she's actually quitting? She really thinks she can get a better position out there?"

Caelum's lips curled into a humorless smirk. "Let her. She'll come crawling back soon enough."

"She's always been dramatic," Aurora chimed in with a flick of her silvery braid. "The kind to throw away everything just to make a point. Honestly, it's pathetic. All that training at Halston Combat Academy... wasted."

"She's smart, sure, but out there?" Ryker snorted. "Without your protection, Alpha, she'll be lucky if someone hires her to serve drinks."

Aurora smiled faintly, satisfied. "Exactly. What is she, really, without a male to cling to? She lived off your name in the pack for years. She was never made for the battlefield or the boardroom."

She didn't say it outright, but I knew what she was thinking.

That without Caelum, I was nothing.

And maybe that's what they all thought.

But that's where they were wrong.

It is time to show them who I am.