

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

## chapter 81-90

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

I tugged twice, hard, trying to free my wrist from Silas's grip.

No luck.

76%

+8 Pearls

If I really wanted to pull my hand away completely, I'd have to break each of his fingers one by one. And that would wake him.

I bit my lip and let out a soft sigh. Fine. He wanted to hold on, he could hold on. Sitting against the nightstand, I could still rest. After all, years of Iron Fang Recon Unit missions had trained me to sleep anywhere, anytime. Short bursts of rest were enough to restore my strength.

I settled on the floor beside the bed, back against the nightstand, letting him clutch my hand. Lights out, eyes closed—I drifted off.

Morning came with the push of a door, and I jolted awake. Wolf instincts alert, I caught the figure in the doorway: Wren, Silas's personal secretary.

Wren froze, eyes wide, voice trembling. "Miss Thorne... you... you didn't sleep with Alpha Whitmor last night, did you?!"

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I blinked, black rising to my cheeks. "You're overthinking. I was just... doing my job. Bodyguard duty, nothing more."

His gaze flicked suspiciously to my wrist, still trapped in Silas's grip. Somehow, it didn't make sense to him. A bodyguard's duty didn't normally involve hand-holding all night. Not to the Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition. Not to Silas.

“Even as his bodyguard, Miss Thorne... Alpha Whitmor would never allow someone to stay by his side while he sleeps.” Wren’s voice carried disbelief.

I rolled my eyes. “Then ask him. He’s the one still holding my hand—I had no choice.”

I might be the one trapped here, yet somehow Wren’s expression made it look like I’d taken advantage of Silas. As if I’d barged into his Alpha’s bed.

Then a low, husky voice cut through the tension. “You’re saying it’s me holding your hand?”

My body froze. I turned, and there he was—Silas, awake. Eyes dark, cold, yet edged with that raw intensity that always kept the room taut.

“Yes,” I said carefully, “last night... I wasn’t comfortable sleeping on the bed. I sat on the floor, leaned against the nightstand, and you grabbed my hand when I came to check on you.”

His gaze sharpened, surprise flickering in the golden depth of his eyes. My wrist, still in his hand, radiated warmth straight into his palm and fingers.

Sleep... uneasy sleep. I realized then he’d had a nightmare. His past clawing into his dreams again. The memory of whips, of a father’s cruelty, of being helpless as a pup. How many times had he relived it? Therapy. Medication. The nightmares had eased... for years. Until last night.

Maybe it was me, seeing the scars on his back, that reopened old wounds in his subconscious.

76%

+8 Pearls

And yet... the warmth of my hand seemed to tether him to the present. It didn’t make him gag or recoil.

I cleared my throat. “Alpha Whitmor? Could you... release my hand now?”

Numbness had crept in from hours of  
pressure.

He frowned. “I thought you said you’d call me Silas Not Alpha Whitmor.”

I blinked, irritation threatening. And Wren, witnessing this, looked as though lightning had struck him— shocked to the core.

Silas Whitmor, who never let anyone call him by his given name, expected me to.

I bit back a smirk. “Silas... can you

let

go now?”

He hesitated, then slowly eased his fingers from around my wrist. Freedom. Sweet, though I flexed carefully to wake circulation back into my hand.

“I’ll be heading back to my room,” I said, standing and brushing off the carpet. “Today I’m visiting the Stormveil Primal Hall. I won’t be able to cover you, so the other guards will have to manage.”

I opened the connecting door, stepping back into my chamber.

Silas’s gaze fell to his hand. The warmth lingered on his skin. For a long moment, I sensed he didn’t want to let go, as if holding my hand anchored some fragile part of him. A wolf hiding behind steel and ice, finding safety in the smallest tether.

Even from here, I could feel it. The Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, wolf blood fierce and commanding, still trembling from dreams of pain—and still seeking comfort.

And I... well, I was there.

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya’s POV

76%

+8 Pearls

I stepped out of the mansion, cradling my parents’ ashes tightly. Every step toward the Stormveil Primal Hall carried the weight of my promise: today, their remains would finally rest among our ancestors, and their memorial tablets would take their rightful place. From this moment on, their spirits would join Grandfather, Grandmother, and the lineage of the Thorne family in the Hall—a place steeped in centuries of wolfblood legacy.

The car came to a smooth stop at the gates. My pulse quickened at the sight of the hall. Solid ebony beams, etched with age, loomed above, and the polished wood plaque gleamed faintly in the dawn: “Stormveil Primal Hall.”

On either side, inscriptions read: “Honor your bloodline. Uphold the pack.” The air itself felt heavy with expectation, the weight of generations lingering like the scent of old wolfhide.

I swallowed hard. This was the hall Grandfather had sworn to defend with his life, and now I would step in

as his kin.

I lifted my foot to step forward, and a sharp voice stopped me. “This is the Stormveil Primal Hall. Unauthorized personnel may not enter.”

“I am Freya Thorne of the Fifth Branch,” I said steadily, pressing the ashes closer to my chest. “My parents have passed. By family custom, their ashes are to remain here for three days, and their memorial tablets installed within the hall.”

“The Fifth Branch?” the guard asked, brow furrowing. “Isn’t that line extinct?”

I squared my shoulders, letting my wolf senses sharpen. “Our branch has long resided in The Capital. I’ve already informed Seventh Uncle James by WolfComm—he is aware of today’s arrangements. Please let me speak to him.”

The guard hesitated. “He... is not here today.”

I arched a brow. “Not here?”

Before he could answer, a voice rang out, commanding and low: “Uncle James is unavailable. I will be in charge. Any issues, speak to me directly.”

I turned. Jocelyn Thorne, her presence radiating control and authority, flanked by several others. Her scent carried the faint trace of pack arrogance, sharp as iron.

The guard relaxed. “Miss Jocelyn, this is Freya Thorne of the Fifth Branch. She wishes to place her parents’ ashes and memorial tablets in the hall today.”

Jocelyn’s gaze swept over me, icy and contemptuous. “The Fifth Branch? Everyone knows that line is gone. And the Primal Hall isn’t for just anyone.”

I met her stare evenly, letting my wolf instincts anchor my confidence. “Whether the Fifth Branch survives can be verified. Any Thorne of the pack may check.”

“Verify?” Jocelyn scoffed, a derisive curl of her lips. “You think you can just walk in and challenge the

family’s authority?”

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+8 Pearls

I held my ground, calm but firm. “The Thorne lineage is a matter of blood, scent, and pack recognition. I am family. You may test it if you wish.”

Her entourage tittered, their amusement sharp and predatory. “Family? You really think sharing a surname makes you Thorne-blood?”

I ignored their sneers, turning back to the guard. “Contact Uncle James. He will confirm my claim.”

“Freya, Uncle James is not someone you can summon,” Jocelyn snapped, her voice tight with superiority.

“I am his niece,” I said evenly. “Why would I not call him?”

A round-faced woman at her side snorted. “You claim the bloodline, but the pack would never recognize you without a proper lineage claim. Trying to stick your nose in the Primal Hall... you’re dreaming.”

The others erupted in laughter, cruel and mocking, but I tuned them out. My blood, my loyalty, my wolf instincts gave me every right to be here.

I tightened my grip on the ashes, letting the scent of my parents anchor me, letting the weight of generations guide me. My body pulsed with low, controlled feral energy.

**I would not be turned away. The wolfblood in me, even from a branch thought long gone, had every right to reclaim**

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

Freya’s POV

Jocelyn Thorne’s voice cut through the air, smooth yet laced with venom.

“Since Uncle James isn’t here today, I’ll handle this matter in his stead.”

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76%

+8 Pearls

Her lips curled into a smirk as her gaze settled on me. “Freya... this is the Stormveil Primal Hall. Not just anyone can claim a place here. Even if you truly had ties to the Stormveil Pack’s Fifth Branch, don’t even dream of placing your parents’ ashes among our honored dead, much less erecting their memorials. You’d best turn around and leave.”

My grip on the ashwood urn tightened, my face cold. “On what authority?”

A snide laugh cut across her words. Martong, her ever-present shadow, leaned in mockingly. “On the authority that Jocelyn is the heiress of Stormveil’s First Branch. If she tells you to crawl out of Ashbourne on your knees, the enforcers will see to it. You really think you can defy her?”

My jaw set. “So the First Branch believes it can trample the laws of the Stormveil Pack?”

Martong sneered, her voice dripping with arrogance. “When Jocelyn wields that authority, no one dares to oppose it. And don’t forget—she doesn’t stand alone. Behind her is Silas Whitmor of the Ironclad Coalition. Jocelyn and Silas grew up side by side. Who can compete with that bond? With just a word from her, Silas could make sure you’re cast out of Ashbourne—hell, out of the entire continent!”

“Is that so?” My voice was steady, sharp as a blade. “Then I would like to see if Silas Whitmor truly means to drive me out of my homeland.”

At that, Martong faltered, her eyes flicking with sudden recognition—yesterday, she had seen me with Silas at the restaurant.

“You think your... acquaintance with him compares to Jocelyn’s?” she sneered again, recovering quickly. “They’re not just childhood friends. Jocelyn is-

“Enough, Martong,” Jocelyn snapped, silencing her with a glare. She turned back to me, her gaze cold, her wolf aura rolling off her in waves. “Freya, even if you had some sort of connection with Silas, it gives you no right to meddle in Stormveil affairs. This is the Primal Hall of our pack. I’ll make it perfectly clear: you’re not stepping inside.”

I narrowed my eyes. “And what gives you the right to bar me?”

Her chin lifted with confidence. “My will is enough. If I say you cannot enter, then the Hall’s sentinels will not let you take a single step beyond that threshold.”

I looked past her to the guards stationed at the gates. Their postures were rigid, their eyes fixed, waiting for her command.

“So even if I am Thorne blood—Fifth Branch born—I am denied entry?”

“Even if you were,” Jocelyn spat, her voice full of old spite, “if I forbid you, you will not cross that threshold. Yesterday, you humiliated me before Silas. Today, I’ll see to it you pay.”

76%

+8 Pearls

Her arrogance seared the air between us. My heart thudded with cold fury, but my voice remained steady, the echo of my ancestors in every word.

“Stormveil’s law was not built on your whims. The pack’s creed has always been clear: honor your bloodline, stand with your kin, in strength and in hardship alike. Yet here you stand, denying your own kin the right to honor their dead. What wolf would call that loyalty?”

Jocelyn’s face twisted, color draining as my words struck. She hadn’t expected me to know the Stormveil creed—let alone speak it aloud.

“My word is law here,” she snarled, snapping her fingers at the guards. “Remove her. I won’t have the stench of a pretender tainting the Primal Hall.”

The enforcers hesitated only a moment before stepping forward. “Miss Thorne,” one said gruffly, “whatever the case, you should leave.”

I stood rooted, both hands cradling the urn, my eyes fixed on the towering doors of the hall. The storm of voices around me blurred. All I could see was the threshold barred to me, the place where my father, Arthur Thorne, and my mother, Myra, should rest among our kin.

If their spirits were watching, what would they think of a daughter unable to carry them home?

“Out, now!” Martong jeered, joined by the laughter of other pack heirs trailing behind Jocelyn. Their cruel delight rang in my ears. Jocelyn’s eyes gleamed, savoring every flicker of humiliation she thought she’d inflicted.

“Hurry it up!” Jocelyn barked. “Our great-grandfather’s spirit is honored in the Hall today. Disturb him with your trespass, and no one here will shield you from the consequences!”

The guards moved in closer. One, eager to impress Jocelyn, reached out, hand raised as though to strike.

My wolf stirred within me, rising in a low, simmering growl. In a single motion, I drove my boot upward, kicking him back with a thud that cracked the stillness. He hit the ground hard, gasping, shock etched across

his face.

The courtyard fell silent.

“You dare-” the man choked, scrambling back up. Rage twisted his features as he swung at me, fist heavy with brute force.

I sidestepped, swift as a shadow, and drove him down again, pinning him beneath my heel. His body hit the stone, the breath knocked from him. I pressed him to the ground, my foot locked on his spine, one hand steady on the urn I carried.

The others faltered, uncertainty flashing across their faces. He was their strongest fighter—and I had felled him without spilling a drop of ash.

I lifted my head, voice ringing out into the air, loud enough for the spirits themselves to hear.

“Elders of the Stormveil Pack, hear me! I, Freya Thorne of the Fifth Branch, stand before your Hall this day. I bring with me the ashes of my father, Arthur Thorne, and my mother, Myra, to join their kin. I call upon the bloodline, upon the honor of our pack. Open these doors, and let me in!”

My words carried on the wind, fierce and unyielding. My wolf blood surged with the weight of legacy, with

in its place in Stormveil Primal Hall.

Send Gifts

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV



The entire crowd froze. Especially Jocelyn.

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+8 Pearls

Freya's voice wasn't only heard by those guarding the Stormveil Primal Hall—it carried beyond, reaching every ear in the bustling heart of Ashbourne.

The Hall stood in the city's central plaza, its blackstone pillars carved with the runes of Stormveil's bloodline. The earlier clash had already drawn attention, but Freya's defiant cry stopped passersby in their tracks. Humans and wolves alike paused, watching as the lone woman stood firm before the sealed gates, clutching the wooden urn draped in a blood-red battle flag.

Jocelyn's composure cracked, her voice snapping like a whip.

"Drag her away from the gate! Don't let her shout another word. Do you want the Elders—or the Patriarch himself—disturbed by this circus?"

"Yes, Alpha—heir!" the guards scrambled to obey, their boots crunching against the stone as they surged toward Freya.

At that same moment, Silas emerged from the towering headquarters of Stormveil's family industries alongside high-ranking Thorne elders. Adel Thorne, Lennon Thorne and the other branch leaders walked at his side, their tone deferential.

"Alpha Silas, had we known you'd be traveling to Ashbourne, we would have prepared a proper welcome," Adel Thorne offered smoothly. Stormveil had once dominated the city, but its glory had waned. Only Jocelyn's ties to Silas kept the pack's prestige afloat.

The other branch elder chimed in, eager to please. "Perhaps tonight we host a cleansing feast in your honor. We could invite Jocelyn as well—you and she grew up like bonded cubs, did you not?"

They meant to remind him of Jocelyn's "destined bond." But Silas's attention had already drifted. His voice cut through their chatter, calm but sharp.

"The Stormveil Primal Hall lies nearby, does it not? I think I'll take a look."

The Thornes stiffened. "The... Primal Hall? You wish to go there?"

"Why?" His tone cooled, steel beneath the velvet. "Am I not welcome?"

"Of course, you are! It would be our honor," Lennon said hastily. "The Patriarch himself is in the Hall today. He would be pleased to meet you."

They did not understand his sudden interest, but none dared deny him.

The group turned toward the Hall, their stride purposeful. But before they even reached the obsidian gates, the scene revealed itself—chaos, guards strewn across the flagstones, and a lone figure standing tall amidst the carnage.

Silas halted. His pulse thundered.

There she was.

76%

+8 Pearls

Freya. Spine unyielding, eyes cold as tempered steel, both hands cradling the urn draped in the crimson flag of her father. Around her, bodies groaned, some crawling, others still on the ground from where her wolf-blooded strength had thrown them aside.

It was the airport all over again—her defiance against overwhelming force.

Jocelyn's shrill voice cut through the air, bitter and frantic.

"Freya! The Primal Hall is no place for your insolence! I've already summoned the *City* Guard—if you don't leave now, you'll be dragged out in chains!"

"I am not here to fight," Freya's voice rang like steel against stone. "I am here to honor my blood. To place the ashes of my parents within the Hall!"

Jocelyn's father, Lennon flustered and sweating, rushed to her side. "What madness is this? Do you think the Hall is open to every stray who claims the Stormveil name?"

Freya's gaze cut to him like a blade. "Arthur Thorne's blood runs in my veins. My mother Myra died bearing the same mark. Their spirits deserve the Hall. Their urn will rest here."

Lennon scoffed, his face pale despite his bluster. "The Fifth Branch has been dead for years! Don't insult us with lies."

"Then check the Stormveil Codex," Freya snapped back, her voice unwavering. "The blood of the Fifth Branch still flows, and I will not be denied."

Silas' fists clenched at his sides as he watched her—every word, every act of defiance stirring something primal in his chest.

Send Gifts

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

76%

Finished

Lennon Thorne's gaze flickered with unease. Just then, the distant wail of sirens cut through the air. A pair of Ashbourne patrol cars rolled up, their lights flashing crimson against the ancient stone of the Stormveil Primal Hall. Several enforcers stepped out, their presence commanding silence in the tense crowd.

"Who's causing the disturbance here?" one of them demanded. The patrols of this territory naturally knew the Stormveil Pack by name.

"It's her!" Lennon barked, pointing at Freya Thorne, his voice louder than his daughter Jocelyn's. "She's here to provoke at the gates of our Primal Hall! Arrest her now before this spectacle shames us all!"

The enforcers strode toward Freya. Yet as their eyes fell upon what she carried, their expressions hardened, then shifted into something heavier.

Clutched tightly in Freya's arms was a dark oak urn, its polished surface draped with the crimson banner of the Ashbourne Legion.

"This is..." one officer's voice faltered.

Freya's voice rang clear, her spine unbending. "The ashes of my father, Arthur Thorne, and my mother, Myra. I came here today only to return them to their kin—into the Stormveil Primal Hall where their spirits belong. They gave their lives for the nation, for the Pack. Their souls deserve a place of honor."

The enforcers fell silent for a moment. Then one stepped forward and asked, softer now, "May we know... how they fell?"

Freya's grip tightened on the urn. Her words cut the air like steel. "They joined the Iron Fang Recon Unit. On foreign soil, far beyond our borders, they fought and bled for our people. They fell in service, defending

lives not their own."

A heavy silence followed. Then, as one, the enforcers straightened and saluted. Their hands rose to their brows, eyes locked on the urn draped in crimson.

The crowd rippled with shock. Jocelyn Thorne and Lennon stood frozen, their outrage turning into disbelief. They had expected the patrols to drag Freya away—but instead they were saluting her.

Lennon's voice cracked, thick with fury. "What are you doing?! Don't stand there saluting—take her away!"

But the enforcers merely looked at Freya again, almost pleading. "Perhaps it is better if you step back for now. Conflicts between kin can be settled in time, but—"

"No," Freya's voice cut like a blade. She turned toward the towering gates of the Stormveil Primal Hall. Raising the urn high, her voice thundered through the gathering.

"I am Freya Thorne, daughter of the Fifth Branch of Stormveil. Today I bear the ashes of my father Arthur and my mother Myra."

"Once, when our lands were torn by war, when the packs bled and the skies darkened, the Fifth Branch gave seven brothers to the battlefield. All but one perished. My grandfather, Rowan Thorne, bled thirteen wounds on these very steps, holding the Hall against invaders, and never retreated a single step."

76%

Finished

"My father Arthur and my mother Myra followed the same oath. They wore the crest of Bloodmoon, marched with the Iron Fang Recon Unit, and for thirty years gave their strength to the nation. They fell as warriors, their names engraved among the honored dead of the Ashbourne Legion's Hall of Martyrs."

"I, Freya Thorne, unworthy daughter of the Fifth Branch, plead before the Pack—open these gates! Let my parents' ashes rest among their kin. Let their names be carved within the Stormveil Primal Hall!"

Her voice cracked like thunder, echoing across the square.

For a heartbeat, silence reigned. Every wolf stood still, even those who moments before raised fists against

her.

In that moment, Silas Whitmor, Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, found himself transfixed. His gaze could not leave her—the steel in her voice, the blaze of conviction in her eyes. There was grief, yes, but also a fire that burned with ancestral pride.

No one moved to stop her now. The Fifth Branch of Stormveil—extinguished in rumor, but in truth, loyal and blood-bound. Such a legacy could not be denied.

Even Jocelyn stood dazed, struggling to reconcile her shallow understanding of the family's past with the legacy Freya's words revealed. To her, the Fifth Branch had been little more than a fading name in the lineage scroll. She had never known the weight of their sacrifices.

Lennon, at her side, masked his shock with anger. He had never expected Freya to dare reveal such truths before the Pack. If her branch's bloodline was publicly acknowledged here, his grip on power would fracture. Rage twisted in his gut as he opened his mouth again—

“Even if you speak so boldly, who can say your words are true?!” His voice trembled with fury. “I will not-

“They are true.” A new voice rose.

It was Abel Thorne, standing apart until now. His gaze was steady. “I recognize her. She is the child we once called Little Freya. At first, I did not see it she has grown. But hearing her words, seeing her bearing, there can be no mistake. She is of the Fifth Branch.”

“Brother—!” Lennon snapped, but his protest choked in his throat.

Because at that very moment, the gates of the Stormveil Primal Hall creaked open.

Gasps rippled through the crowd as an elder figure emerged, leaning on a carved wolf-bone staff. His hair was silvered, his face lined with age, but his eyes carried the sharp weight of authority.

The High Elder Ken of Stormveil Pack—the living pillar of their lineage.

His gaze locked upon Freya. “You are... child of the Fifth Branch?”

Freya straightened her spine, her arms unyielding around the urn. “Yes.”

The Elder studied her, and in his weary eyes flickered the ghostly faces of the seven brothers of old, bloodied yet unbroken. He remembered being a boy, watching them march to war one by one.

“Don't go,” he had begged them. “You'll die.”

One of them had only ruffled his hair, smiling as he answered, “If we don't go, more will die. We go not to

13:10 Tue, Sep 2 GM.

embrace death, but to shield life. Remember that.”

76%

Finished

He had not understood then. But when the smoke cleared, only one of the brothers returned, limping, maimed.

And now, before him, stood their descendant—unyielding, carrying the ashes of another fallen son of the Pack.

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## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person’s POV

Ken Thorne’s sharp gaze softened into something warmer, almost grandfatherly.

76%

Finished

“Good... good... good!” he thundered, his voice carrying like the growl of an elder Alpha. “The blood of the Fifth Line deserves its place in the Stormveil Primal Hall. The ashes of Arthur and Myra shall rest where they belong! I would like to see who dares stand in the way!”

As his words fell, his ironwood staff struck the stone floor with a thunderous crack. The sound reverberated through the ancient hall like a war drum. Silence fell instantly. No wolf in the courtyard dared to breathe too loudly.

“Freya,” Ken’s voice softened as he turned toward her, “come. Carry your parents’ ashes and walk with me, your great-grandsire, into the Primal Hall.”

“Yes, Alpha-Elder,” Freya answered firmly. Her arms tightened protectively around the urn cloaked in the national colors.

But before she could move, a voice rang out.

“I want to walk in with her.”

The crowd turned. Silas Whitmor, Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, stepped forward, his presence alone drawing a murmur of shock.

Ken Thorne's eyes narrowed. "This is the Stormveil Pack's ancestral rite. Outsiders have no place within the Primal Hall."

A flicker of irritation crossed Silas's face.

Freya moved closer to him and lowered her voice. "This is Stormveil's hall, Silas. Today is about my bloodline. But... thank you."

"Thank me?" For a heartbeat Silas was caught off guard. Was that truly what he had been doing—caring? If not, why had he spoken so impulsively? Why had he stepped forward as if her battle was his own?

After a pause, he said quietly, "Then I will wait here until you return."

The words rippled through the gathered wolves like a storm wind. The Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, the infamous Whitmor, waiting outside Stormveil's hall—for her? Eyes darted between them, stunned, whispering disbelief.

Freya studied his face a moment longer before giving a small nod. "Alright."

Then, straightening, she turned back to Ken Thorne and followed him into the Stormveil Primal Hall. The rest of the pack, elders and kin alike, exchanged uneasy glances before trailing inside behind her.

The injured guards who had tried to bar her way earlier were carried off to heal, while the enforcers kept the swelling crowd at bay. Slowly, the throng dispersed until the stone courtyard emptied, leaving Silas Whitmor standing sentinel before the Primal Hall's looming doors.

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76%

Finished

His gaze lingered on the carved totems of wolves and moons etched into the archway. Yet his thoughts replayed only one image—Freya's face as she had spoken outside, sorrow and unyielding pride burning together.

A lineage of martyrs. A bloodline that had given everything.

He had once thought of her as merely an amusing challenge, a distraction in his restless Alpha life. But now... something was shifting. Something primal.

Within the Primal Hall, the air was heavy with the scent of cedar, ash, and wolf-magic. Freya had been here as a child, trailing behind her father Arthur during rites. But today—bearing his ashes—it was as if the spirits of her ancestors watched her every step.

Ken Thorne led her to the altar, where rows of obsidian-etched name tablets rose like a silent army of generations past. He pointed to the section of the Fifth Line. “Place them here. Arthur and Myra Thorne have earned this ground.”

“I had asked Seventh Uncle James if the memorial tablets were prepared,” Freya murmured, her voice tight. “I... don’t know if they were ever finished?”

Ken’s expression darkened. “James... Where is that whelp?”

The surrounding kin shifted uneasily. Finally, a younger pack member whispered, “He is... playing cards, Elder.”

Ken slammed his staff against the floor with a snarl. “Cards! While his kin wait to be honored? Worthless pup! Fetch the tablets, now!”

Moments later, the carved memorial stones of Arthur Thorne and Myra were brought forth, the names etched in silver runes that glowed faintly in the dim firelight.

Freya’s eyes blurred. She placed the tablets beneath the stone markers of her grandparents, hands trembling. Then she lowered herself onto her knees, the urn still clasped tightly, and bowed until her forehead touched the cold floor.

“Unworthy daughter of the Fifth Line, Freya Thorne, bows before the ancestors. May Arthur and Myra Brown, heroes of the Iron Fang Recon Unit, rest among their kin. May the Stormveil remember.”

Her voice rang through the hall like a vow.

Ken Thorne’s eyes glistened with unspoken grief, though his posture remained rigid, Alpha-Elder strong. When Freya rose, he turned, his gaze snapping toward Lennon Thorne and Jocelyn.

“You two—kneel!” His roar cracked like thunder.

Lennon and Jocelyn flinched, paling.

“Grandfather, why? Why would you—” Lennon stammered.

“Do you dare ask?” Ken’s voice was cold steel. “What you attempted today at the gates of the Primal Hall—

you think the ancestors do not see?”



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76%

Finished

Jocelyn scrambled to explain, her voice honeyed with excuses. “Great-grandfather, how was I to know she was truly of the Fifth Line? Her name carried no generational mark, and many wolves attempt to claim ties to Stormveil for their own gain. I could not have known-”

Ken’s staff struck again. Sparks of wolf-magic shivered across the floor. “And so you would cast out the blood of martyrs, while defending your own pride? Kneel, or be stripped of your Stormveil name!”

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A Warrior Luna’s Awakening

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

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Freya’s POV

When Ken Thorne’s voice thundered across the Stormveil Primal Hall, I felt the weight of generations pressing down on us.

“Wouldn’t it occur to you to ask your uncles?” he snapped at Jocelyn, his tone edged with fury. “You claim you didn’t know whether Freya belonged to the Fifth Branch. Are you telling me that all your uncles and elders are just as blind as you?”

The air inside the Hall chilled. The carved stone wolves that lined the chamber seemed to watch in silence, their eyes gleaming with judgment.

At that moment, James Thorne stumbled in, sweat dampening his collar. One of the Primal Hall attendants had called him in a panic, and from the look on his face, he already knew the storm that awaited him.

He might not have known me well, but he knew of the Fifth Branch—my branch. The Bloodmoon Pack had bled more than any others. My kin had been soldiers, guardians, martyrs. Most had died with steel in their hands and wolves at their throats. What remained of us... was me, standing here now, clutching the urns of

my parents.

Ken Thorne didn't hesitate. He hurled his wolf-carved cane at James with a sharp crack, the wood striking true. "And you dare show your face here? This was your duty, James! You were meant to greet Freya at the gates of the Primal Hall, to welcome her and Arthur and Myra's ashes with the honor they are due. Instead, she was forced to stand outside, barred entry, raising her voice just to be heard!"

The words struck deeper than any cane. For a moment, my chest ached—not from shame, but from the raw pain of knowing how far my family had fallen in the esteem of our pack.

James winced, lowering his head as Ken advanced. My great-grandfather—though well into his eighties—still moved with the force of an Alpha in his prime. His boot struck James square in the ribs, sending him stumbling. No one moved to intervene.

James choked out, "It was Jocelyn—she insisted she'd handle Freya's return. I warned her told her she belonged to the Fifth—but she assured me she had it in hand."

Every gaze in the Hall shifted to Jocelyn Thorne.

Her lips tightened, but she lifted her chin. "I thought Seventh Uncle had been deceived. The Fifth has been absent from Ashbourne for years. And there were reports three years ago—rumors that Arthur and Myra fell abroad. So why, Freya, are their ashes only returning now? It doesn't make sense."

My wolf snarled inside me, low and furious. I fixed Jocelyn with a stare that could've split stone.

"They fell in battle beyond our borders," I said, my voice cold. "It took years to recover their remains, years to bring them home across hostile lands. Do you know how many of our honored dead never return at all? How many of their ashes lie forgotten in foreign soil? You dare call it 'strange' that I fought tooth and claw to bring them back? You speak of sense? You know nothing of sacrifice."

Jocelyn's face drained of color, then flared red with humiliation. She couldn't meet my eyes—not with the entire Stormveil bloodline staring down at her.

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Finished

Ken Thorne's voice cracked like a whip. "The three of you—on your knees! You will kneel before the Fifth's shrine until dawn, and perhaps then you will remember whose blood bought the stones beneath your feet. If not for the warriors of the Bloodmoon, for Arthur, for Myra, for the Iron Fang Recon Unit—this Hall would be ash and ruin, and none of you would dare call yourselves Thorne!"

James and Lennon exchanged a helpless look. Jocelyn trembled with anger she didn't dare show. One by one, they dropped to their knees before the shrine of the Fifth Branch.

Ken's eyes softened only when they turned to me. "Freya, your parents' urns will be guarded here in the Primal Hall until their funeral rites. In three days, the Stormveil Pack will stand to honor them."

Abel Thorne's voice rumbled from the side, cautious. "Grandfather, you're too old to march in a funeral procession. Let the younger generation see to it. It's ill-omened for elders to bury the young."

Ken's glare silenced him instantly. "Arthur and Myra carried the weight of this world on their backs. They bled for this land, so that pups like you could sleep beneath a peaceful moon. If I cannot walk behind their coffins, then I am unworthy of the name Thorne."

The chamber fell silent again, reverent.

At last, he turned to me, his voice softening. "Child, you've returned to Ashbourne. Stay with me at the ancestral grounds. I'll see that you are given a place worthy of the Bloodmoon's last daughter."

I shook my head gently. "Thank you, Great-Alpha, but I have matters yet unfinished. I've already secured my own den. But... if you wish to see me, I'll come. As often as you like."

Ken Thorne's eyes glistened. He nodded, his wolf still burning bright behind them. "Good. And know this, Freya—this Hall is yours as much as it is mine. If anyone dares to bar you again... strike them down. If blood is spilled, I'll bear the weight."

His cane struck the stone once more, the sound echoing like a heartbeat through the ancestral Hall.

Send Gifts

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

\* 76%

Finished

Jocelyn knelt rigidly on the cold stone floor of the Stormveil Primal Hall, her face pale. Ken Thorne's words still echoed like thunder in the vaulted chamber, each syllable cutting into her pride like a blade. She had long basked in the false glory of clinging to Silas Whitmor's name, earning the shallow reverence of pack members who fawned on her. Now, stripped bare before the family's ancestral spirits, she had not felt such humiliation in years.

Freya could see it clearly—her great-grandfather's rage had not been for show. The old Alpha Elder's fury came from a place of fierce love for her bloodline. She bowed her head, heart tight, before answering softly.

"I will, Elder Ken. I'll come sit with you, talk with you whenever you wish."

When she finally stepped out of the Stormveil Primal Hall, the night air hit her lungs like a cleansing fire. Out beyond the circle of torches that guarded the ancient stone grounds, a lone figure stood—silent, still, as though carved from steel and shadow.

Silas Whitmor.

Freya froze, her pulse leaping. He was really waiting. Not seated, not hidden away in a nearby vehicle, but standing openly, unwavering, before the sacred hall of her ancestors.

As though sensing her gaze, Silas lifted his eyes to meet hers. For a moment, everything within her chest twisted and surged. His steady, storm-gray stare locked with hers, unflinching. Then, he began to walk toward her, every step purposeful.

"Did you settle what you came here to do?" His voice was low, even, carrying that quiet command only an Alpha of his stature could hold.

"Yes," she nodded.

"They didn't give you trouble?"

"No."

"Then why stand here?" she finally asked, her voice tinged with disbelief. "You've been waiting like this for... more than an hour?"

"Standing at the gate of your ancestral hall," Silas replied calmly, "was the only way I would see you the very moment you emerged—before anyone else could."

The words struck her harder than she expected.

“But it’s exhausting,” she countered, her throat tight. “And people stare. Don’t you think it draws too much attention?”

“I don’t care.”

His answer was flat, unwavering.

Freya faltered, brushing her hand against her cloak, unsure what to say. Finally, she muttered, “The rites are

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finished for tonight. Let’s... go back.”

But before she could turn, his voice cut through the night.

“Freya.”

She froze, glancing back.

3.76%

Finished

“As long as you don’t cast me aside,” Silas said, eyes burning with a solemn intensity, “I’ll always wait for you -like this.”

Her breath caught. What did he mean by always?

He didn’t explain further. Instead, he simply reached out, clasping her hand firmly, and guided her toward the waiting silver Maybach at the edge of the grounds.

Inside the car, silence stretched until Silas asked,

“When will your parents’ ashes be laid to rest?”

“In three nights,” she whispered.

“I’ll be there.”

“You?” she blinked in surprise.

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“They were fallen warriors,” he said simply. “And they were your parents. It’s my duty to honor them.”

Freya stared at him for a long moment, her chest aching, before finally nodding. “Alright.”

Later, back in Silas’s estate, Freya slipped into her chamber when her WolfComm vibrated. It was Lana Rook.

“How are you in Ashbourne?” Lana’s voice carried warm concern.

“Everything’s in place,” Freya murmured.

“And your parents’ ashes?”

“They’ve been placed in the Stormveil Primal Hall. In three nights, they’ll be interred at the Ashbourne Legion’s Hall of Martyrs.”

“That’s good. They’ll rest in honor,” Lana said. Then her tone sharpened, “By the way—did you hear Aurora’s been detained?”

“Detained?” Freya was startled.

“Of course! At the airstrip—after what she did, insulting the ashes of your parents, mocking the fallen? The Iron Fang Recon officers were furious. With so many witnesses, there was no escaping it. Ten days in detention, and worse, an official disciplinary mark on her record. Aurora’s career in the Bluemoon Airborne Wing? Over.”

Lana’s laugh was edged with satisfaction. “Can you imagine? Caelum Grafton’s been scrambling, begging for strings to be pulled, trying to shield her from punishment. But who would dare? She disrespected warriors.

who bled and died for the packs. That’s a line even an Alpha of the Silverfang cannot cross.”

76%

Finished

Freya sat silently, her grip tightening on the phone. Aurora’s arrogance had always burned, but this... this was different. She had tried to desecrate the remains of her parents—of heroes.

And now, the wolves themselves had answered.

Send Gifts

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

Finished

If Aurora had actually gone through with opening my parents' urn, I knew she wouldn't just be in detention -she'd be facing three years in prison under the Pack Accords.

Even if the Iron Fang Recon Unit hadn't intervened that night, once I had settled my parents' remains, I would have made sure she paid. I could never forgive someone who tried to desecrate the ashes of Arthur and Myra Brown. Aurora had chosen her path, and she would suffer the consequences.

As for Caelum Grafton... that man was nothing more than a stranger to me now. Our paths had diverged the moment he defended Aurora's insult.

Lana's voice buzzed through my WolfComm, pulling me back.

"Where are you staying now, Freya? The old house in Ashbourne?"

"No," I shook my head, though she couldn't see it. "The place has been abandoned for too long. It's falling apart, not fit for living. Maybe someday I'll restore it, but for now... I'm staying at Silas Whitmor's estate."

There was a sharp intake of breath on the other end, followed by a near-screech.

"You're what? You're living in Silas Whitmor's mansion? You mean-you're cohabiting? When did that happen?"

I pinched the bridge of my nose, sighing. "It's not what you think. I'm his bodyguard-just for three months. After that, we'll go our separate ways."

"You? A bodyguard for him?" Lana sounded incredulous.

"It's complicated," I muttered. "Let's just say the Iron Fang Recon Unit asked it of me. Some things, I can't explain."

"Fine, I get it." She dropped the subject immediately-after all, Lana knew me well enough to recognize when I couldn't speak freely.

But she still couldn't help herself. "Freya, be careful. Everyone knows the Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition is unpredictable. They say he's ruthless-kill-on-a-whim ruthless. Don't get caught in his moods."

Her warning sent images flashing in my mind: Silas bowing deeply before my parents' urn in The Capital's hall of remembrance, his quiet figure standing vigil outside the Stormveil Primal Hall, his solemn promise to accompany my parents to their final rest in the Ashbourne Legion's Hall of Martyrs. And... the moment I glimpsed last night, when his walls crumbled, and he looked less like a monster and more like a broken child.

"He's not always what people say," I admitted softly. "There's another side to him-one most never see."

"Oh, Moon above," Lana groaned. "Don't tell me you're falling for him?"

"I am not," I shot back instantly, rolling my eyes though my cheeks warmed. "I just buried a marriage during the Lunar Severance Phase-I'm not about to fall headfirst for another man. I'd have to be an idiot."

76%

Finished

"Hmm," she hummed in a way that meant she didn't believe me. "Well, fine. But when you're back in The Capital, I'll introduce you to someone who's actually safe to fall for."

I was about to laugh when silence pressed between us.

"Freya?" Lana's voice softened. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing... I just-something came up. I'll call you later." I hung up before she could press further.

Because when I lifted my gaze, I found Silas Whitmor himself leaning against my doorway, watching me with those storm-gray eyes-expression unreadable. How much had he heard?

We locked eyes. The air thickened. Then he crossed the threshold, closing the distance between us until I could feel the weight of his presence.

"Tell me," he said at last, voice low and sharp as a blade's edge, "since when is falling for me the mark of a fool?"

My heart lurched. So he had heard.

I stared, unable to speak.



He leaned down, his lips brushing dangerously close, his wolf-amber eyes rippling with something unfamiliar—something almost tender. “Or is it that you hate me, Freya?”

“I don’t hate you.” I forced my chin up, meeting his gaze head-on. “But you know where I stand. I just came out of the Lunar Severance Phase. I don’t plan on giving my heart to anyone. And you—you don’t care about me like that.”

His lips curved, but it wasn’t amusement—it was something darker, deeper. “And if I did? If I wanted you?”

My throat went dry. “It wouldn’t matter. I wouldn’t return it. Not now.”

“Not now,” he repeated softly, studying me. Then his smile widened, a wolfish curl of lips that both unsettled and entranced me. “But later... later is a different story.”

I had no reply.

That night, I tossed restlessly in bed, the events of the day pressing heavily on me. Sleep refused to come. And just when my body finally began to drift, I heard it—faint movement from the room next door.

I stiffened. My instincts snapped awake. I slid from the bed and crept into the hall.

And there he was. Silas, already descending the stairs, his tall frame cloaked in shadow.

When his eyes caught mine, a flicker of surprise crossed his face. “You really are a good bodyguard,” he said evenly.

And I couldn’t tell if it was approval... or a challenge.

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Silas’ POV

I couldn’t sleep. Not tonight.

1.76%

Finished

The weight of the Ironclad Coalition, the endless blood-feuds, the phone call from my father... it all clawed at me like unseen fangs. So I left my room, my wolf restless beneath my skin, and headed for the sitting room downstairs. The silence of the mansion pressed close, broken only by the low thrum of my heartbeat.

But I wasn't alone.

Freya emerged from the shadows of the hall, barefoot, her eyes wary yet steady. She looked as if she had expected me. A good bodyguard indeed.

"Where are you going at this hour?" she asked.

"The sitting room," I answered. My voice sounded rough even to my own ears. "Since you're awake, you may as well join me for a drink."

We descended together. I opened the cabinet and pulled a bottle of dark red wine. "What do you drink, Freya?"

"I don't." Her reply was firm, almost clipped. Always the dutiful protector. No weakness, no indulgence.

I didn't press her. Instead, I poured for myself. One glass. Then another. The wine burned down my throat, but I welcomed it. A third followed, then a fourth. I wasn't savoring it. I was trying to drown something.

When I reached for the next pour, her hand shot out, slender but strong, stopping me.

"Enough. You'll ruin yourself."

Her words shouldn't have mattered. Yet when I looked up, her eyes—steel—gray, steady as the mountains of Stormveil—met mine, and something inside me twisted.

"You care?" My tone was even, but the truth clawed beneath it.

There was a flicker of hesitation before she said, "Yes. I don't want anything happening to you while I'm meant to protect you."

I almost laughed. So it's only duty, then? My wolf bristled at the thought. "If you weren't bound to guard me, would you still care?"

Her lips parted, but no answer came.

I leaned in, closer than I should have, close enough to breathe her in—storm and moonlight, tinged with the faintest trace of her wolf. "Or is it that if you cared for me—truly cared—you'd worry no matter what?"

She frowned, instinctively drawing back, but I caught her wrist, holding her there. My voice dropped to a whisper, roughened by drink and something deeper. "Freya... fall for me. Just a little. Would that be so terrible?"

Her eyes widened. Shock. Maybe anger. And Moon help me, she was beautiful like that. Her face so close,

her lips trembling between defiance and restraint.

“No.” The word came sharp, unyielding.

I blinked, lashes heavy from drink, from weariness. “Why?”

She turned it back on me with a question of her own. “Would you ever love me?”

The silence that followed was heavy, suffocating. I couldn’t answer—not truthfully.

A 76%

Finished

Her voice cut through, clear and fierce. “When I give my heart, it’s to someone who will fight beside me, live and die with me, never betray me. Someone who doesn’t stand at another woman’s side while I bleed. Someone who doesn’t break every promise.”

Her words struck like claws across my chest, peeling back armor I hadn’t realized I still wore. She was speaking of Caelum Grafton. But every syllable lodged itself in me, demanding—prove you are not him.

“What if I could be that?” The words slipped out, rough and low. “What if I could be the wolf you just described? Would you give me your heart then?”

She stared, stunned into silence. I didn’t wait for her answer. Instead, I leaned in again—not for her lips, though the urge was maddening—but for her shoulder.

“Don’t move,” I murmured. “Just let me rest here.”

And she didn’t push me away. My head lowered onto her shoulder, and the strangest sensation washed through me. Safety. Her frame was smaller than mine, but steady, strong. My wolf settled against her scent as if he had been waiting centuries for this moment.

“My father called me today,” I said suddenly, surprising even myself.

She made a small sound, surprise clear in it. No one ever spoke of my father. The world barely remembered he existed, and I had long since wished I could forget him too.

“Our bond is... poisoned,” I admitted, my voice almost a growl. “If I died tomorrow, the first to celebrate would be him.”

Her silence was heavy, her warmth grounding me in the storm.

I nearly told her more. I nearly confessed that as a boy I had craved one thing—to have someone at my side when he belittled me, when he carved into me with words sharper than claws. But the wine, the weight of it all, stole the rest.

“Never mind.” I swallowed the truth back into the dark where it belonged.

Still, I did not lift my head from her shoulder.

For the first time in years, I allowed myself to lean.

Send Gifts