

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 09

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Freya's POV

The next morning, I returned to Silverfang headquarters—for the last time.

As soon as I stepped onto the project floor, I felt it. Tension thick as fog. Like the entire building sensed the shift in me, in the air, in the pack order.

"Freya, you're... resigning?" one of the analysts blurted out, stunned.

"You're leaving the project? But without you, it'll crash!"

They didn't know who I truly was. To them, I was just the relentless lead who stayed long after others left, the one who made sure the UAV prototypes didn't fall out of the sky. They never knew I was Caelum's Luna—not officially. Not publicly. Not ever fully accepted.

And now?

Now,

Now, I didn't want to be.

I gave a faint nod. "Alpha Caelum will assign a new lead."

No goodbyes. No explanations. I left them with their gasps and concern, and headed straight to Caelum's office, the resignation letter clenched in my hand like a weapon.

I pushed open the door.

Caelum was seated behind his desk. Across from him lounged Giselle, his sister, her legs crossed, smugness practically dripping from her fangs.

She saw me and smirked, as if she already knew why I was there.

Caelum's eyes flicked to the paper. "You're really doing this?"

"I thought I was clear yesterday," I replied, my tone cold and even.

He leaned back in his chair. "If this is your attempt at leverage, Freya, you're only proving how little you understand me."

I almost laughed.

“No. It’s not leverage, Caelum. I’m done trying to understand a mate who, when danger strikes, chooses to shield another woman while pushing/his Luna aside.”

He stiffened, jaw tightening.

“Fine,” he bit out. “Then don’t expect sympathy later.”

He signed the resignation with a flourish and tossed the paper onto the table. “Giselle will take over. Finish the handoff and get out.”

Giselle beamed. “Don’t worry, brother. I’ll do better than she ever did.”

I said nothing.

But I could feel the wolf in me stir. It didn’t snarl. It didn’t bark. It watched, patient and sharp. Like it was waiting for the last thread of loyalty to finally snap.

During the handoff, she strutted—around like she owned the place.

This is it?” she said, flipping through one of the schematics I’d refined for months. “Wow. No wonder you had time to paint your nails.”

She tossed the binder onto the table like trash.

“Whatever. I’ve seen enough. You can go now. And don’t come back. My brother’s company isn’t some dumping ground for discarded females.”

I tilted my head, studying her like prey.

“Don’t worry.” I said softly. “I have no interest in coming back.”

I stepped closer, letting my presence darken, sharpening the edges of my voice like claws. “But you? You might find this ‘dumping ground’ suits you perfectly.”

Her expression twisted. She raised a hand, as if daring to slap me.

I caught her wrist mid—air.

Her gasp was delicious.

“I tolerated you,” I said, my voice low, controlled. “Because you were his sister. But I owe neither of you anything now.”

My grip tightened just enough for her bones to remember the strength behind my calm.

“Let go!” she shrieked.

I did.

She stumbled backward, clutching her arm, eyes wide.

And then... she saw it.

The wolf in my gaze. The part of me that didn’t need titles or a mate to be dangerous.

She didn’t speak again.

I turned and walked out of Silverfang HQ.

For the first time in three years... free.

I spent the next few days in quiet.

I didn’t rush to job listings or hunt down recruiters. I let myself breathe. Let my senses sharpen again. I ran through the forest at night, letting the wind tear through my hair, letting the wolf within me stretch in ways I hadn’t allowed in years.

No more suppressing her for the sake of appearances. No more tucking myself into Caelum’s shadow just to be “palatable.”

I let myself remember who I’d been before him.

Before I became “the wife.”

A fighter. A strategist. A soldier.

It was on the third evening, while I sat in Lana’s high-rise apartment overlooking the city skyline, that I finally told her.

She froze, wine glass mid-air. “Wait—back up. You resigned? From Silverfang Tech?”

I nodded.

She stared at me like I’d just shifted mid-sentence.

“Holy hell, Freya. Why didn’t you call me the second you walked out?”

I shrugged. “I needed a few days to remember how to howl.”

She blinked, then burst out laughing. “Gods, that’s the most you thing you’ve said in years.”

Then her eyes turned sharp. “Honestly, though—you should’ve quit a long time ago. You built that damn company with your bare hands and blood. Caelum just gave it the face. You were the bones.”

I let her rant. She needed it. So did I.

Then she grew serious. “So what’s next? Where does the she–wolf. now?”

I hesitated. “I’m considering going back to the Iron Fang Recon Unit.”

“Or,” she said brightly, “you could finally come to my company like I’ve begged you to since the day you left Halston.”

She leaned in, eager. “Freya, your UAV research was years ahead of the curve. You were a pioneer in tactical aerial tech before Caelum ever had a clue what a drone even was. If you come to me, I’ll give you your own department. Your own lab. You won’t just be building something—you’ll lead it.”

I was quiet.

But something inside me pulsed at the idea.

Not just surviving—but leading. Commanding. Unleashing my mind the same way I once unleashed my claws.

“I’ll think about it,” I said.

She grinned. “Which means yes.”

For the first time in years, I let myself smile without weight behind it.

Then, as if the moon sensed I was too close to peace, my phone buzzed.

Giselle.

I answered.

Her shrill voice crackled through the line. “Freya, you’re not dead yet, are you? You forgot today’s appointment—Mom’s check–up at the pack clinic. Or are you so full of yourself now that you think you’re above basic Luna duties?”