


A Warrior Luna's Awakening

chapter 91-100

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

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Silas Whitmor had never admitted it aloud, but as a boy he had always wanted someone to stand before his father for him, to shield him, to help him escape. Back then, he was weak—too small, too fragile to fight back. He had dreamed of rescue.

Now he was Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, stronger than most wolves alive, feared by rivals across the territories. He no longer bowed to any man—not even his father. And yet... sitting there beside Freya Thorne, he had almost bared the softest part of himself to her. Almost told her of the broken boy that still lived inside him.

“If one day,” Silas said, voice low and quiet in the hush of the sitting room, “I could be as you described- loyal to only you, never betraying, standing shoulder to shoulder with you, bound by blood and battle, through life and death without abandon... would you give me your heart then?”

His words hung between them, drifting like smoke.”

Freya's brows knit, her lips tightening. “Are you joking?”

Because Silas Whitmor—iron-willed Alpha, cold-eyed wolflord—did not seem like a man who could ever love like that. She couldn't even imagine what it would look like if he tried.

“Maybe...” He closed his eyes slowly, inhaling the faint, natural scent clinging to her. Not perfume, nothing artificial—just her. Sun-warmed skin, wild grass after rain, and the subtle trace of wolf musk. It wrapped around him like a balm, easing the sickness left behind by his father's voice on the phone.

“Maybe I am joking,” he murmured, letting his head rest against her shoulder. He didn't want to move. He only wanted to stay there a while longer, drinking in her presence, letting her scent burn away the poison.

For once, the ever-watchful Alpha allowed himself to lean.

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The following two days, Freya made her way daily to the Stormveil Primal Hall, the ancestral stronghold where generations of her pack's bloodline were honored. She carried with her the ashes of her parents, Arthur and Myra, and set them to rest in the shadow of the tablets of her grandparents.

Her throat tightened every time she stood there. The Fifth Branch of the Stormveil Pack—once numerous, once proud—now reduced to ashes and carved names.

Freya knelt, touching her forehead to the cold stone floor. “Father. Mother. I swear I will find Eric. One day I’ll return with him, and we will both stand here to honor you, and every Thorne who came before us.”

Her voice did not break, but her wolf keened low within her chest.

Five years had passed since her brother Eric Thorne disappeared on the borderlands. The Iron Fang Recon Unit had scoured the mountains. She had scoured them herself, crossing dangerous passes and claw-marked battlefields, but he was never found. Still, she refused to give up. Once her duty protecting Silas Whitmor was complete, she would return to the frontier again. She would not stop until she uncovered something—anything—that could lead her to him.

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But leaving the Primal Hall that day, Freya's path crossed with Jocelyn. Jocelyn's eyes burned with bitterness as she blocked Freya's way.

“Freya Thorne,” she hissed. “Don’t think that just because Grand Elder Ken shows *you* a shred of kindness, you can strut as if you matter. Your Fifth Branch is nothing—extinct, save for you. A line of ghosts.”

She spat the words like venom. To her, the Fifth Branch was a stain, a reminder of sacrifice she could neither understand nor respect.

Before she could blink, Freya's palm cracked against Jocelyn's cheek. The sound echoed in the ancestral chamber like the snap of a whip.

“You dare strike me?” Jocelyn shrieked, clutching her face.

“You insult my Branch,” Freya said coldly, wolf-fire burning in her gaze. “I will strike you again, and even before Grand Elder Ken himself I will not regret it. The Fifth Branch died in loyalty, not disgrace.”

“You-!” Jocelyn’s face flushed crimson, humiliated. But she dared not run to the elder for judgment. Still, rage shook her. “You think you can live forever under Ken Thorne’s protection? He pities you, that’s all. You’re nothing, Freya. Nothing!”

Freya’s lips curved into a razor’s edge of a smile. “I didn’t strike you because of Ken’s protection. I struck you because you deserved it.”

Jocelyn lunged, her hand raised to return the blow. But Freya was faster. She pivoted, sliding behind her, and drove her boot into the back of Jocelyn’s knee.

The other woman gasped, stumbling, collapsing forward onto her knees—right before the line of the Fifth Branch’s ancestral tablets.

Freya loomed over her, pressing a hand hard to her shoulder, forcing her to bow her head toward the honored dead. “Apologize.“.

“Why should I-!” Jocelyn spat, writhing under her grip.

“Because these wolves did not die by misfortune. They died for the Pack. For the Stormveil. For our bloodline. You disgrace them with your words, and you disgrace yourself.” Freya’s voice rang like steel against stone.

“You don’t tell me what I am!” Jocelyn snarled, struggling to rise. But Freya’s weight held her down, unyielding as the blood-oath carved into her bones.

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Freya’s POV

“Were it not for them, there would be no Stormveil Pack standing proud today!”

The voice rang like thunder in the Primal Hall, rolling off the carved stone walls.

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I lifted my head. Abel Thorne—my First Uncle—stood at the threshold, his expression carved with the authority of decades. Of all the elders of our bloodline, seemingly he was the one Jocelyn feared most.

Her smug defiance crumbled in an instant. Color drained from her face.

“Jocelyn,” Abel’s tone carried the weight of Alpha command, sharp enough to pierce marrow. “Offer your respect to the fallen. Were it not for the sacrifices of your ancestors, you would not be living in comfort today.”

I saw her jaw clench, lips trembling. She had always believed her suffering—her eye lost in some secret bargain—was enough to justify her arrogance. She told herself the wealth and honor of the pack were her doing. But Abel had stripped her pride bare in front of me.

“Do it,” Abel pressed, voice colder, heavier.

Reluctance warred with fear in her eyes. At last, Jocelyn lowered her head to the tablets of the Fifth Branch and struck the stone floor with her forehead. The sound of her forced kowtow echoed through the hall.

My heart swelled hot with vindication. Not for myself, but for my father, for my mother, for every name engraved in stone who had given their blood so Stormveil could stand.

Abel turned his gaze on me, and for the first time in days, I felt the weight on my shoulders lighten.

“You are not alone, Freya,” he said firmly. “The Stormveil Pack will always be your shield. Remember that.”

“I know,” I whispered, swallowing past the tightness in my throat.

When I stepped out into the open air beyond the Hall, the WolfComm in my pocket chimed, I lifted it to

my ear.

“Where are you right now?” Lana’s voice came through, bright and impatient.

“In Ashbourne,” I answered.

She huffed. “Of course I know you’re in Ashbourne. I meant where exactly.”

I blinked. “Outside the Stormveil Primal Hall.”

“Perfect. Half an hour. I’ll meet you there.”

I froze mid-step. “Wait-what? You’re in Ashbourne?”

“Just landed. See you soon!” she said, and cut the call.

A startled laugh slipped past my lips. Typical Lana.

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There were small shops tucked alongside the busy street beside the Hall. I slid into one of the tiny diners, the kind with scratched wooden tables and the scent of fried bread clinging to the air, to wait.

Half an hour later, I had more than just Lana rushing toward me. Kade Blackridge was at her side.

The moment he saw me, he swept me into a hug, his wolf rumbling warmly against mine. “I missed you.”

I couldn’t help but laugh, shoving a hand through his hair as if he were still the golden retriever boy I remembered. “I get it, I get it. But a little warning would’ve been nice. Why didn’t you call first?”

Kade only grinned, sheepish but unrepentant. “I wanted to see your face when you didn’t expect me.”

“Alright,” Lana cut in, ever practical. “I’m starving. Let’s eat here.”

We ordered a handful of local dishes, nothing fancy, but the food filled the table quickly. It almost felt like a sliver of normal life in the middle of the storm our lives had become.

Kade looked at me halfway through the meal, guilt clouding his gaze. “I’m sorry I wasn’t there at the airport, Freya. If I’d known what was coming-

I shook my head, waving a hand. “Don’t. None of that was your fault.”

“But still-”

Before he could finish, my WolfComm buzzed again.

I lifted it to my ear. “Hello?”

“Where are you?” Silas Whitmor’s voice cut across the line, low and commanding.

“In a diner near the Primal Hall,” I answered cautiously.

“A diner.” His voice paused, a dangerous edge sliding beneath the word. A moment later, his tone sharpened. “With Kade Blackridge?”

My heart stopped.

I looked up—and there he was.

Through the glass wall of the diner, across the street in front of a tall building, Silas stood, his presence unmistakable. His golden eyes locked on me through the crowd, through the glass, burning like fire.

Even across the distance, I felt the pull of the bond like chains coiled tight around my throat.

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A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

76%

Finished

The WolfComm nearly slipped from my hand when I heard his voice. My gaze lifted instinctively across the street, and there he was.

Silas Whitmor.

He looked like he'd just stepped out of the tall corporate tower, silver Maybach idling at his side, the kind of man who never blended with his surroundings but bent them to his presence. The timing was too precise,

too uncanny.

“What is it, Freya?” Kade's voice drew me back. His head turned, following my stare through the glass.

The moment his eyes locked on Silas, his shoulders tensed. A shadow crossed his face. Wolves always recognize a rival, and in that split second of eye contact, I could almost

feel the crackle of warning ripple across the bond lines of the air. Kade's wolf bristled—the instinct of a guardian sensing his claim slipping

away.

I forced steadiness into my voice. “Lana and Kade just arrived in Ashbourne. We're eating together.”

“I haven't eaten either.” Silas's tone was final, decisive. Then the line went dead.

My breath caught. Seconds later, I saw him cross the street, stride predatory and unhurried. Every wolf in the diner must have felt it, the ripple of dominance washing in with him.

He stopped at our table, his shadow falling over us.

“I haven't eaten. You don't mind if I join you, do you?”

Lana blinked, startled. “Here? Alpha Whitmor... in a diner?”

“Is that a problem?” His voice held no room for refusal.

I cut her glance off with a nod. “Sit. I'll ask them to bring another setting.”

He slid into the empty chair across from Kade, deliberate, as though he'd chosen his opponent. The four of us sat around the worn wooden table, the air suddenly thick enough to choke on.

I lowered my eyes, focusing on my food. The sound of their silence was louder than the clink of cutlery. Lana shifted uncomfortably, darting her gaze between the two men, trying to summon some small talk before the tension exploded.

Kade beat her to it, his voice tight. “What a coincidence, Alpha Whitmor. Didn't expect to find you here.”

“Not coincidence,” Silas replied, calm as ever. “I came for Freya.”

The nickname that followed made me stiffen.

“Freya,” he repeated softly, like a claim sliding into place.

Kade froze. Lana nearly choked on her water.

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Finished

“Freya?” she echoed, wide-eyed. Not the formal “Freya Thorne,” not the respectful “Thorne Heiress.” Just my name, shortened, personal-intimate.

Kade’s frown deepened. “And who gave you the right to call her that?”

Silas dipped his chopsticks into his tea, rinsing them with meticulous calm. His answer was simple, edged.

“She did.”

Both pairs of eyes landed on me. My cheeks warmed, but I forced my chin high. “It’s easier this way. Only temporary.”

Kade’s gaze lingered, searching, troubled.

“Eat,” I urged, trying to cut through the standoff.

Lana latched onto my words like a lifeline. “Yes, yes, let’s just eat before everything goes cold.”

Kade finally picked his food back up. Silas mirrored the action, elegant in motion, each gesture smooth, measured. Where Kade ate with the careless ease of a soldier, Silas consumed with the sharp grace of a predator who had endured starvation.

I caught myself studying him, and his words broke through my thoughts.

“I am not a man who only eats fine meals. I’ve eaten far worse than this. Bark, ash, even dirt, if it meant surviving.”

The matter-of-fact tone jolted me. For a heartbeat, I saw shadows in his gaze—echoes of nights I couldn’t imagine.

Kade’s lip curled. “Surely Alpha Whitmor jests.”

Silas’s eyes lifted, dark fire in their depths. “I do not jest.”

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“Then I’d like to try it,” Kade countered, jaw tightening. “To see if it’s truly as foul as you claim.”

Silas leaned back slightly, his dominance flaring with dangerous amusement,

“Then strip the bark from a tree, Blackridge. If you crave to prove me wrong. But be sure your stomach is as strong as your pride.”

The growl in Kade's throat was low, unmistakable. The table quivered beneath the weight of unspoken challenge. Lana pressed a hand against her forehead, muttering something about indigestion.

I cut through them before the wolves in their skins broke loose. "Enough. Eat."

Two Alpha-born men, two forces of power, fell quiet under my voice. Their chopsticks lifted again, but the tension never eased.

Two of the Capital's brightest sons, sitting across a simple wooden table, glaring at each other over bowls of Ashbourne noodles.

And I, caught between them, could feel the storm gathering, the bond tightening, the dangerous inevitability of wolves circling the same prey.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

75%

Finished

By the time the meal ended, Lana looked like she'd lost a year off her life. The tension across the table had been thick enough to chew.

Silas Whitmor rose smoothly, his shadow falling over me. "Let's go."

I didn't hesitate. "Alright."

After all, I had made an agreement with him. While in Ashbourne, I would see to my personal matters—but the rest of my time was bound to his protection. His safety, until the deal was fulfilled.

I turned to Lana. "Lana, you and Kade—"

Before I could finish, Kade's hand wrapped firmly around my wrist, tugging me back. "Freya, where are you staying tonight? I'll take you home."

The air shifted instantly.

"She stays with me," Silas cut in, voice low and edged with command. His hand closed around Kade's wrist, prying mine free. "Your hand, Blackridge—release her."

Kade's jaw tightened, his wolf flashing in his eyes, "And if I don't?"

Silas's smile was nothing but lethal promise. "Then if your wrist shatters in my grip, do not call it injustice."

A sharp growl coiled in Kade's throat. "Try me. See if you have the strength."

The air thickened like stormclouds ready to burst. My wolf bristled, sensing the fight about to detonate.

"Enough!" I yanked free of Kade's grasp and then pried Silas's fingers from his wrist, shoving them apart. My voice came out low and sharp, wolf-command laced in it. "He is my friend. Harm him, and I will not forgive you."

Silas stilled, dark gaze unreadable.

I turned back to Kade. "I'm staying with him. For now. I'm contracted to act as his guard."

Kade blinked. "Guard? Did he threaten you?"

"No."

"Then why?"

"I can't tell you." The words were clipped, but he knew what they meant. Some tasks were bound by oath and secrecy.

He nodded after a pause, accepting what I couldn't say. "Then I won't ask. But tomorrow is the burial. Your parents will be laid to rest at the Stormveil Primal Hall. I'll be waiting outside the gates for you."

The grief swelled sharp in my chest. I swallowed it down. "Alright."

I turned to leave with Silas when Kade suddenly pulled me into his arms.

I froze. "What are you doing?"

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"Nothing," he murmured, voice raw. "Just... you're still the same, Freya. Still the one who protects the people you love."

The memory hit me hard. Snowbound roads. His fever burning high. My body carrying him across the drifts, lungs heaving, whispering through my teeth, “Hold on. We’re almost there. I won’t let anything happen to you.”

The weight of him. The ice in my veins. And yet the fire in my chest, burning brighter with each step.

Sometimes, a heartbeat was all it took for a bond to spark.

And now, his voice was steady, absolute: “If you ever face danger—blade or fire, blood or death—I’ll be there. I’ll follow you into it all.”

My throat tightened. If Silas was my storm, then Kade was my anchor—and yet...

“I don’t need saving,” I muttered, forcing lightness into my voice. I ruffled his hair like I had years ago. “Now let me go.

Reluctantly, he released me.

But when I turned, I caught Lana staring, wide-eyed—not at me, but at Silas. At the way his eyes had narrowed, dark fire locked on the sight of Kade holding me.

Jealousy.

The word burned through me, startling as it was. Silas Whitmor, Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, heir of power and legacy—jealous? Wolves like him didn’t need to covet anything. And yet....

I brushed the thought away. Surely I’d imagined it.

We returned to the villa in silence. I was halfway to my room when Silas’s voice halted me.

“If I had broken his wrist tonight, Freya—what would you have done?”

I turned, startled. His eyes gleamed with something more than challenge.

“I would never let you touch him.”

“I only said if.”

“There is no ‘if.’” My words came sharp. “I won’t let you harm him.”

His lashes flickered, gaze pinning me. “You protect him because he was your comrade-in-arms?”

“Is that not reason enough?”

“You’ve both left the Iron Fang Recon Unit.” His voice hardened. “The field, the battles, that’s over.”

“Even so, he is my war-brother,” I snapped back. “If danger fell, I could entrust my life to him without

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hesitation.”

For a long moment, his stare burned into me. Then his voice dropped, low and quiet.

“And me, Freya? If danger fell... could I be the one you entrust your life to?”

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A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person’s POV

Freya stared at Silas, startled that he would voice such words.

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To her, Silas was danger incarnate. Every instinct in her wolf warned her to keep distance—to never let a man like him slip too close. His presence was a storm, his soul an iron blade honed for

conquest.

Her hesitation did not escape him. For Anne Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition faltered, shadows

crossing his gaze. He understood—she had never once considered entrusting him as she did Kade Blackridge.

“What a pity,” he murmured, voice low and edged with something almost human. “I was never your comrade-in-arms. If I had been... would you have guarded me as fiercely as you guard him?”

His eyes glimmered with something rare—an unspoken plea buried beneath Alpha dominance, as if awaiting a promise that might never come.

Freya pressed her lips together. “Hypotheticals mean nothing. Right now, I am your shield. Your sworn protector. That is enough.”

“And if you were not bound to me as a protector?” he pressed.

“Then you would still be surrounded by guards. You would not lack protection.”

Silas flinched, though his composure barely cracked. His lashes lowered. “True. There is no sense in questions that have no answer.”

Yet, when he turned away, a hollowness gnawed at his chest. The truth remained immutable—time could not be reversed, and he would never be her battle-brother. Still, the emptiness curdled in him like rot, a loss unnamed.

Later that night, steam still clinging to his skin after the shower, Silas stood before a mirror. His reflection stared back at him—a fusion of his parents’ features. His jaw carried his father’s harsh edges; his eyes, his mother’s.

That resemblance had always damned him. Every glance from his mother had been laced with revulsion. You are his son. You’ll grow into him, into a demon. Don’t come near me!

His father’s answer to that rejection had been the lash of a whip and the venom of words: Useless boy. You can’t even win her heart. Yet afterward, the man would crumble, clutching the son whose eyes mirrored the woman he craved. I’m sorry, Silas. I just love her too much. You must help me keep her. She will love me through you. She must.

From birth, he had never been a child—only a pawn carved from obsession. Their love was grotesque, a poison that seeped into his bones.

Now, gazing at his own face, Silas whispered into the empty room, “Freya...” His voice shook with something he could not name. “I think... I might be jealous of Kade Blackridge.”

The admission twisted inside him like a blade. Watching her with Kade earlier, that unbearable gnawing had grown into pain. Fear. The primal dread of a wolf whose claim might be stolen. Every time her gaze turned

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Finished

toward Kade, the ache sharpened. When she had stood against Silas for Kade’s sake, the pain had become nearly unbearable.

So this this was jealousy. Bitter, raw, undeniable.

At dawn, Freya rose early. Today her parents, Arthur and Myra, would be laid to rest at the Ashbourne Legion's Hall of Martyrs.

She clothed herself in black, the traditional mourning garb of Stormveil, and entered the Stormveil Primal Hall.

Inside, the Thorne bloodline stood ranked according to branch and age, their black attire a tide of grief. The air itself seemed heavy with incense, with the weight of legacy.

At the front, Ken Thorne, patriarch of the line, leaned on his carved ironwood staff. His gaze lingered on the memorial plaques of the Fifth Branch—the Bloodmoon line Freya hailed from. His eyes were distant, heavy with memory, perhaps with regret.

“Ken Elder, miss Freya has arrived,” a clansman whispered.

The old Alpha stirred, turning to see her approach. His voice, though weathered, carried the resonance of the Stormveil bloodline. “Freya, you are here. Today, we give your parents the honor they earned. Arthur and Myra’s sacrifice was the pride of Stormveil. Come. Kneel before the plaques of your forebears—your father, your mother, your grandsire, and your great-grandsire. Offer them the respect owed.”

Freya sank to her knees on the cold stone, bowing her head, pressing her forehead to the ground. Her wolf stirred beneath her skin, recognizing the weight of the moment the communion of blood and bone, of vow and memory.

Ken Thorne’s voice cut across the chamber. “And the rest of you—should not the whole house honor the Fifth Branch this day?”

He led by example. Despite his age, despite the way his body trembled with the effort, the elder bowed low, offering three deep obeisances.

Each movement was steeped in reverence, in mourning, in guilt.

For once, the hall was silent, save for the shuffle of garments and the thud of knees meeting stone.

Long ago, the Fifth Branch had been renowned—seven brothers marching to war. Only one returned. Ken had sworn then to protect what remained of their bloodline. Yet here they stood, diminished still further. Now only Freya survived of her line, the last ember of a once-brilliant flame.

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A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

2 75%

Finished

From that day forward, Ken Thorne swore in silence: as long as breath lingered in his chest, Freya Thorne would never stand alone.

When the elder Alpha bent low before the memorial wall of the Fifth Branch, the rest of the Stormveil pack followed. Dozens of wolves lowered their heads and offered three deep bows toward the bloodline's plaques.

Even Jocelyn Thorne, despite the bitterness twisting her heart, had no choice but to kneel alongside the others. Her wolf snarled inwardly at the indignity, but tradition bound her tighter than her own will. Still, as her head dipped, her resentment toward Freya only deepened.

Freya only stands tall because of her branch, Jocelyn thought, rage curdling under her calm mask. Ken Elder still reveres the Bloodmoon martyrs, and her parents died as heroes. But Ken is old, his strength failing. Once this funeral is done, when the embers of the Fifth Branch fade... she will be nothing again. Nothing.

The last bow was offered, and Freya rose, Cradling the urns of Arthur and Myra against her chest, she led the line of mourners from the Stormveil Primal Hall toward the gates."

The family fell in behind her, their dark garments flowing like a black tide.

Jocelyn's lips curved into a cold smile as she whispered to one of her cousins, "Were it not for the pack lending her its weight, she would walk this funeral alone."

One of her peers snickered, echoing her disdain. "Without us, the send-off would be pitiful. A single girl and two urns-how tragic."

"Yes," Jocelyn murmured, satisfied. "Pathetic indeed."

But her satisfaction withered the moment they reached the gates.

Her breath caught. Her smirk froze.

Outside the Primal Hall, two immaculate lines of wolves in the dark armor of the Iron Fang Recon Unit stood at rigid attention, their scarred faces solemn beneath the banners of Stormveil.

And they were not alone. Beyond them waited dignitaries—Alphas and officials from the Ashbourne Council, their attire black and marked with silver crests of mourning.

Jocelyn staggered inwardly, her wolf faltering in shock.

The spectacle was a slap across her face. She had mocked Freya for needing the pack to carry her through this day. Yet even had the family abandoned her, the Bloodmoon dead would still have been honored—not just by Stormveil, but by the Iron Fang warriors and the wider Coalition itself.

Because martyrs were never forgotten.

Even the passersby in Ashbourne's busy streets halted in silence, compelled by the sight of the funeral guard.

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Then Jocelyn's gaze snagged on a figure among the crowd, and her heart lurched.

Silas.

The Ironclad Alpha, clad in a sharp black suit, his expression unreadable but his eyes fixed solely on Freya.

Jocelyn's wolf recoiled. Impossible. Silas had no reverence for death. He had never stood in honor at another wolf's passing—save for two: his mother, and his grandsire. That was all.

And yet here he stood, for Arthur and Myra.

Did that mean, in Silas's cold heart, the Bloodmoon pair ranked alongside the only two souls he had ever mourned?

The realization seared Jocelyn, her claws biting into her palms as jealousy and hatred coiled like vipers inside her.

Freya, meanwhile, bore her parents' urns forward. As she approached the Iron Fang lines, every wolf in the formation lifted a hand to their chest, fists clenched over hearts in the old warrior's salute.

It was the highest tribute—the pack's eternal vow to remember their fallen.

A ceremonial banner of crimson was unfurled, draped carefully across the urns. Not just cloth—it was marked with the sigil of the Bloodmoon Branch, an emblem of their sacrifice.

A low, mournful howl began among the Recon wolves, swelling and carrying through Ashbourne's streets.

Freya's eyes stung as the sound rose. It was the sound of remembrance, the wolf-song of honor.

Her parents had lived and died by their creed—that the pack's peace was worth their blood. And in this moment, that creed resounded in every voice, every chest, every howl that shook the sky above the city.

When the howls faded, one of the Ashbourne Council representatives stepped forward, bowing his head before Freya. "Arthur and Myra Thorne gave everything to shield this land. Ashbourne, the Stormveil Pack, and the Coalition itself will never forget their names. Nor their daughter."

Freya lowered her gaze to the urns in her arms, her voice a whisper only her wolf could hear.

I will carry you forward. Always.

Send Gifts

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A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

75%

Finished

The Stormveil Pack never forgot my parents. That's why they negotiated tirelessly with the Bloodmoon Pack and beyond, pulling every string to bring my parents' ashes back to Ashbourne.

And today... they could finally rest in the soil of the land they died to protect.

"We'll take your parents to the Ashbourne Legion's Hall of Martyrs," one of the officials said, his tone steady with solemn respect.

I gave a small nod.

My hands tightened around the urns.

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When I climbed into the armored car, my parents' old comrades from the Iron Fang Recon Unit joined me. They had traveled across the country just to stand guard one last time. Kade was there, Lana too.

And then—through the tinted glass, my gaze caught him.

Alpha Silas.

The Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition stood among the crowd, his frame wrapped in a black suit, his expression carved in somber stone. Our eyes locked across the distance, through the window, through the noise, until it felt as though no one else existed.

He had kept his word. He came to see my parents off.

A storm churned in my chest.

When I first met Silas, I thought of him as an enigma carved from shadows—an Alpha whose mood was as mercurial as the moon, whose aura reeked of blood and death. But around my parents, he had shown nothing but reverence.

It was that reverence that cracked something open inside me, revealing a man who wasn't all steel and silence.

The engine rumbled. The vehicle rolled away from the Stormveil Primal Hall.

Through the window, I saw villagers stop in their tracks, heads bowed, hands pressed to hearts. They knew what this procession meant. They knew who my parents were.

Tears blurred my vision, hot and merciless. These people... they were sending my parents home. With respect. With honor.

By the time we reached the Hall of Martyrs, the ceremonial guards were already waiting. The burial rite unfolded with a reverence that clawed at my chest. Four soldiers bore the urns, lowering them with ritual precision into the cold earth.

I clutched my parents' portraits and followed, my legs moving as though bound by grief.

Behind me, my kin of the Thorne line and Stormveil's officials trailed in silence. Lana, Kade, and Silas

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remained further back, but I felt Silas's gaze burning into me like a brand.

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Lana's glance darted his way more than once, her expression betraying surprise. Everyone in Ashbourne whispered of Silas's ruthlessness, of the way he tore through alliances and enemies alike. For a wolf of his rank to come... and to stand humbly at the back, not seeking recognition, not staking dominance-

No. He was here for my parents.

And for me.

The thought rattled me.

Lana's sharp intake of breath told me she'd noticed it too-the way his deadened, abyss-dark eyes softened when they fell on me. The way his focus never wavered.

Could Silas Whitmor truly... care for me?

If he did-then Goddess help me. Because I didn't know if that was salvation, or ruin.

The ceremony pressed on. A crimson flag was draped across the urns, gleaming with the sigil of our Legion. Beside them, I placed a silver bullet charm-a relic my father never parted with.

That bullet had nearly claimed his life once. He survived only because my mother refused to let him go, cutting it from his body with her own hands under battlefield fire. From that day forward, he swore that his life belonged not only to the Pack and the nation, but to her.

And when they fell together-when the cannons rained down and my father wrapped himself around my mother, refusing to let go-it was a vow fulfilled. His life was hers. And theirs belonged to the cause.

The rifles of the honor guard lifted.

Seven shots split the sky.

Each one a wolf's howl of farewell.

Each one a call: "Heroes, return to the Pack."

My tears spilled freely then.

Mother. Father. You can finally rest.

When it was over, I forced myself to stand tall. To breathe. To speak with the Ashbourne officials, to thank my parents' brothers-in-arms, to wear dignity even while my heart bled. Because that's what being a Thorne

meant.

Even if my wolf wanted to collapse and howl to the moon.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

75%

Finished

Ken Thorne stood firmly at Freya's side throughout the funeral rites, his silent presence sending a clear message to all who watched.

Even though Arthur and Myra were gone, Freya was still blood of the Thorne line, still a daughter of Stormveil. And Stormveil would shield her..

Among the younger generation of the family, whispers stirred.

"Freya Thorne... she's not as insignificant as we thought. Look how many officials surround her. Even the great-elder himself stands at her side. And today—even Silas Whitmor came."

"No kidding. Silas never shows up for funerals outside his own bloodline. Never."

"Don't tell me he's actually taken a liking to Freya? Then what about Jocelyn?"

"Jocelyn? Please. She's only ever held herself up on Whitmore guilt. She forgets—Silas Whitmor isn't the type to cling to weakness. Why would he tie himself to a girl with one half-ruined eye?"

"And once she loses his backing, what will she and her pathetic father do? The Metropolitan Pack will throw them out of Stormveil's holdings fast enough."

Outside the washroom, Jocelyn Thorne stood frozen, hearing every poisoned word spill from her cousins' mouths. Her nails bit so deeply into her palms she almost drew blood.

Her face darkened as she pushed through the door.

Silence dropped like a blade.

The cousins who had been mocking her only breaths ago went rigid, eyes darting nervously toward her. They were the same wolves who usually flattered her, bowed to her presence in the Metropolitan Pack. Yet behind her back, they bared their fangs.

Jocelyn's gaze cut through them until it locked on the one who had spoken the loudest—Jewel Thorne.

In two strides she was upon her. One hand clamped around Jewel's jaw with bruising force, tilting her head back, Jocelyn's shadowed eye burning through the lens that covered it.

"You said I was arrogant. A cripple. Did you?" Her lips curled into a venomous smile. "Maybe I should take your eye right now—make you a cripple too. Let's see if Silas Whitmor still shields me then. Let's see who dares touch me."

Her free hand inched toward Jewel's eye, fingers stiff and cruel.

Jewel shrieked, thrashing. "No! Please—please, Jocelyn, I was wrong! Forgive me! You're nothing like Freya

-you're above her, you're—"

The others stood mute, throats dry, too afraid to intervene. Everyone knew what Silas Whitmor was to Jocelyn. That bond—no matter how twisted—kept her untouchable.

75%1

Finished

Jocelyn sneered. Her nails dragged across Jewel's cheek, leaving bloody streaks. "Think carefully next time. Every word you speak should pass through your skull first. Or one day... you'll wake up without your eyes."

Jewel trembled violently, nodding, tears of terror streaking her face.

Jocelyn released her, her expression black as storm clouds as she strode from the washroom. Inside, she knew the truth better than any of them. Her strength wasn't hers—it was Silas's shadow she leaned on.

And she could never afford to lose it.

Her ruined eye was his doing. That scar was her tether. As long as she kept that wound raw in his conscience, Silas Whitmor's guilt would remain her shield.

But then—her steps faltered.

Not far down the corridor, she saw them.

Silas and Freya.

The Ironclad Alpha stood close to her cousin, his gaze fixed on Freya with a softness Jocelyn had never witnessed from him. Not once.

Her stomach dropped. Her wolf recoiled. Silas had never looked at her—or anyone—like that.

Could he truly...?

She froze as Silas reached out. His hand lifted toward Freya's cheek.

..

Freya reacted instantly, her fingers clamping around his wrist, eyes narrowing. "What are you doing?"

"Only this," Silas said quietly. In his hand lay a folded handkerchief. "You've still got tears on your face."

Freya blinked, stunned by the sight of the pale cloth in his grip. She hesitated, then slowly released him. "I can wipe them myself."

17

"Then take it." His palm opened, revealing the light-blue fabric resting there as if it belonged only to her.

Freya had nothing else on her, no paper, no cloth, and the weight of his expectant gaze pressed her until, reluctantly, she accepted the handkerchief. She dabbed at her face, trying not to think of the way his eyes followed her.

"Why are you crying?" His voice was low, graveled, almost intimate. "Because they were your parents?"

"Isn't that reason enough?" she answered, her tone sharp.

Silas's lids lowered, shadows shifting in his gaze. "When my mother died, I didn't shed a single tear. She was the one who bore me, and still, nothing came. They called me cold-blooded. They called me a monster."

His eyes lifted again, locking with hers. "Tell me, Freya. Do you think I'm a monster too?"

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

ꠤꠤ, 75%É

Finished.

If Silas Whitmor were truly a cold-blooded monster, he wouldn't have stood at my parents' funeral. He wouldn't have come all the way to Ashbourne just to honor them.

So when he asked if I thought him one, my lips tightened before I countered, "Was your mother cruel to you?"

His voice carried no tremor, no bitterness—just a steady calm that made the words land like steel. "She hated me. Especially this face. She despised it most of all."

I froze. What kind of mother could hate her own pup's face—hate it to the point of loathing?

Then his eyes found mine again. Those sharp, lupine eyes that so often looked dead as a battlefield at dusk. Yet now... there was something flickering beneath. "And you, Freya," he asked softly, "do you hate my face?"

I blinked, taken off guard. His lashes trembled faintly, his gaze rising with quiet desperation—calm on the surface, yet underneath... the faintest thread of yearning.

A strange ache stirred in my chest. "No, I murmured. "Your face isn't one anyone could hate."

At that, the faintest smile touched his lips. Just a curve, subtle, but it cracked the stillness in his eyes. For an instant, the deathly calm in them seemed to melt, leaving a heat that felt dangerously close to temptation.

I swallowed and cleared my throat. "Here. Your handkerchief." I held it out to him.

He took it back, folding the fabric into his palm. Then his gaze caught mine again. "Promise me, Freya. Never despise this face."

I frowned at the odd request but answered simply, "All right."

6

A

Truth be told, I've never hated a face. I only ever hated the wolf beneath it. If I truly loathed someone, I couldn't bear to even look at them—let alone share the same air. Like Caelum Grafton.

But Silas wasn't done. He lifted his right hand, extending his little finger, of all things. "Then hook claws with me. Swear it."

I stared, stunned. This was the Ironclad Alpha—the same man whose name shook the whole Capital, who crushed rivals with nothing more than a look. And here he was, using a pup's oath, childish and old-fashioned.

"...What?" I breathed.

"Is that so strange?" he asked, his expression unreadable. "When I was a boy, a girl once told me that a hooked promise lasts a hundred years. Break it, and you'll lose the thing you treasure most."

For a moment, my wolf stilled. That exact phrase... I'd heard it before. I'd believed it once too, as a child. Every oath sealed claw-to-claw was bound by those words.

Could it be? No. Impossible.

1/2

75%

Finished

I would have remembered if our paths had crossed as pups. His face, even younger, would have been unforgettable. And my memory is sharp as talons; I'd never forget a wolf like him.

Shaking the thought away, I lifted my hand. "Fine. Then let's do it."

Our little fingers hooked together. A strange pulse rippled down my spine, like the faint echo of a long-forgotten howl.

"Claw to claw," Silas murmured, his voice low, almost reverent. "A hundred years unbroken."

Something inside me faltered. For the briefest heartbeat, I felt like a child again—swearing to someone in shadows, just like this.

But before the memory could take shape, it slipped through my mind like mist.

And then I felt the weight of eyes burning holes into me,

I turned slightly, and there she was—Jocelyn Thorne. Her lips pressed thin, her gaze full of venom and raw hatred.

Her wolf bristled under her skin, her whole body rigid with fury as she watched Silas and I hook fingers like it was the most natural thing in the world.

I remembered hearing once that she had asked Silas to do this long ago, when they were younger. And he had cut her down with a single look, telling her he owed her nothing, promising her nothing.

Yet now, he had done it with me. Easily

Her ruined eye—the scar he had given her—glittered with bitter rage. She had sacrificed so much, carved herself bloody just to stay at his side. And still, he had never once offered her even a pup’s promise.

But he had given it to me.

I looked away from her, my stomach twisting.

4

And when I glanced back at Silas, I caught the faint smile still tugging at his lips, as though the oath we had just made was something more than a game. Something binding.

I had no words for that.

But I could feel Jocelyn’s fury like a storm gathering behind me, sharp as claws against my back.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person’s POV

75%

Finished

Lana had seen enough to stiffen her hackles. Silas Whitmor, the Ironclad Alpha, stood claw-to-claw with Freya Thorne, and the sight was almost... tender. The infamous predator of the Ironclad Coalition, feared across the Capital, showing softness—it didn’t fit.

Beside her, Kade Blackridge's wolf surged forward. He was halfway to storming in when Lana caught his arm, yanking him back.

"Not here," she hissed under her breath. "This is Freya's parents' burial, Kade. You want bloodshed at the Hall of Martyrs?"

Kade froze, jaw tight, lips pressed into a thin pale line. His gaze stayed locked on Silas and Freya.

Lana muttered low, "Don't tell me the Ironclad Alpha actually likes her."

The scene before them—silken and almost intimate was nothing like the cold, steel-edged image Silas carried. The way he looked at Freya... it wasn't hatred. It wasn't, indifference. It was possession. Perhaps even hunger.

Kade's growl rumbled out, sharp as ice. He doesn't love her. Don't dream it."

Lana arched a brow. "What's this, then? Afraid your Freya's going to be claimed? Relax. She just clawed her way out of a Lunar Severance with Caelum Grafton. The last thing she'll want is another male sniffing

around."

But Kade's wolf wouldn't be soothed. He had lost once before—lost her to Caelum, too late to even bare his heart before her bond had been sealed. He'd fled across oceans, burying his ache for three long years, thinking he could kill the hunger inside. But the moment he saw her again, his wolf had risen, feral and unrelenting. He had never stopped wanting her.

Part of him still wanted to tear Caelum apart for not treasuring her. Yet another part of him thanked the Silverfang Alpha's arrogance—because without it, Freya might never have broken free.

Now, when he thought he might finally have a chance, another wolf had stepped between them. Silas Whitmor, of all wolves.

When the rites were done, Freya turned to Silas. "I won't return to the Whitmor estate with you. I want to stay here awhile, at my parents' resting place."

"I could keep you company," Silas offered.

She shook her head firmly. "No. I want to speak to them alone."

For a long moment, Silas's silver eyes studied her. Then he dipped his head. "As you wish."

He turned away, leaving Freya in the stillness of the graveyard. She stood before the stone markers carved with Arthur Thorne and Myra Brown's names, staring at the black-and-white portraits fixed above them. Their smiles—bright, resolute, unwavering—shone even in death.

“Rest easy, Father. Mother,” Freya whispered, her voice trembling yet strong. “I’ll visit often. I’ll bring Eric

too. What you fought for, I’ll carry. What you loved, I’ll honor. And what you guarded, I’ll keep safe.”

75%

Finished

Her hands curled into fists, nails biting her palms. “I’m divorced now. I envied your bond, the way you lived and died as one. I didn’t have that fortune. My own bond shattered, and I won’t mourn it. I’ll live every day with my head high. My life is more than love. When I join you in the earth, I want *to* stand before you unashamed, proud to say: I was the daughter of Arthur Thorne and Myra Brown.”

Her words drifted into the night wind, raw with grief yet sharpened with resolve.

Outside the Hall of Martyrs, Silas had barely set foot beyond the gates when a shadow slammed into him, driving him against the cold stone wall.

The Whitmor guards bristled, growls tearing from their throats, ready to strike. But Silas lifted a hand, still pinned by the elbow jammed into his throat. “Stand down.”

His gaze slid to the wolf pressing him hard against the wall. “Kade Blackridge. Do you mean to fight me

here?”

Kade’s glare burned. “What if I do?”

Silas’s lips curved faintly, his tone flat as steel. “Then you won’t leave Ashbourne in one piece.”

From the sidelines, Lana ran forward, panic flashing in her eyes. “Enough! Both of you! You’re supposed to be Freya’s friends, not tearing each other’s throats out at her parents’ burial!”

Neither wolf listened. Their eyes locked, power crackling in the air like a storm before the strike.

Kade's voice dropped low, guttural, his wolf close to the surface. "Freya is not yours to toy with, Silas. If you dare lay a claw on her, I'll hunt you down myself."

Silas's silver eyes narrowed, glinting coldly. "What if I told you I've never toyed with her?"

Kade blinked, stunned by the sudden gravity in his tone.

"I've not played games with Freya Thorne," Silas said, each word slow and measured. "And hear me well- what lies between her and me is none of your concern."

Send Gifts