

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

## chapter 161-170

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

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+8 Pearls

I pressed my back to the crumbling stone wall in-game, fingers flying over my WolfComm screen as I strafed out and unleashed a rain of bullets at the enemy squad closing in.

“Go,” I barked into the comms. “Lana, take the others and finish the mission. I’ll hold them off.”

This wasn’t the first time I’d volunteered to take the heat. I had no active quest that needed clearing, and if I had to throw myself into a digital meat grinder to cover my team, so be it.

“Understood!” Lana’s voice crackled back, firm as always. She and the three veteran players slipped through a gap in the enemy’s line while I cut a path for them.

My thumbs slammed my avatar’s ultimate ability into play. Explosions ripped through the battlefield, sending half a dozen enemy characters sprawling. For a moment, I felt the rush—the same raw, reckless surge I’d once known running with the Iron Fang Recon Unit, shoulder to shoulder with wolves who trusted me with their lives.

But this wasn’t blood and steel. It was pixels. And yet my pulse still thundered as if I were truly back in a kill-zone.

Gunfire and grenades blanketed me in a storm of fire. I ducked behind cover, teeth grit, dragging out every second I could. My ammo counter blinked red, flashing its warning. Just a little longer. Just until they finish-

Then, Lana’s triumphant cry rang in my headset: “Objective secured!”

Relief cut through me, sharp and sweet. I let my avatar stand tall, bracing for the inevitable last exchange. At least their mission was done. I was ready to burn out in a blaze of glory.

But it didn't happen.

The enemies that had cornered me—one by one, they fell. Precise headshots dropped them cleanly, no wasted bullets, no hesitation. My screen filled with kill notifications, not from me... but from him.

I froze, my wolf stirring uneasily in my chest.

“Freya!” Lana’s voice rose, incredulous. “You said Silas Whitmor was new at this? That was insane!”

“Too sharp,” one of our teammates added, awe heavy in his tone, “No way a rookie plays like that.”

“Is he even human?” another whispered.

I turned my head. Beside me on the couch, Silas sat calm and steady, his massive frame relaxed as if this was just another training drill. He wielded the rookie rifle I’d handed him earlier, but in his hands it had turned into something deadly. His in- game avatar approached mine, step by measured step, until his soldier stood over mine.

And then his voice—low, unyielding—filled the comms.

“Even in a game, I won’t watch you fall.”

My heart skipped a beat. No, it lunged. Wolf-sense and human instinct tangled together, pounding against my ribs until I had to suck in a breath just to ground myself.

When we finally logged off, the silence in the room felt strangely charged. I busied myself with my WolfComm, cheeks burning, forcing a casual tone.

“Well. That’s enough for tonight. It’s late—you should rest. I’ll head back to my room.”

I stood, but his hand caught mine. Firm. Warm. Unrelenting.

“Wait

I blinked down at him. “What is it?”

His storm-grey eyes caught mine. “Did you really go with Lana to a bar to chase males back then?” His voice **was** deceptively calm, but I felt the undercurrent, a growl held on a leash.

10:09 AM P P.

I nearly choked. Of all the things he could ask, it was that.

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“That was Lana exaggerating,” I said quickly. My face heated despite myself.

His gaze sharpened. “So you never went? Never looked?”

+8 Pearls

I hesitated, lips parting but no words coming out. Technically, yes—we’d gone. Lana had been heartbroken and dragged me along. She’d ordered drinks and even called in some of the bar’s so-called “famous charmers” for her own distraction. I’d sat through it, nursing my drink, my attention fixed on her misery, not the men.

But the truth lodged in

I my throat \*\*\*

His grip on my hand tightened fractionally. “Your silence tells me enough. You did go.” His tone dropped to a murmur, dangerous in its softness. “Did any of them catch your eye? Were they better than me?”

My wolf bristled at the sheer audacity, a mix of irritation and reluctant amusement twisting in my chest. “No! Of course not,” I said hotly. “That was years ago. And no one there came close.”

For a moment, he said nothing. Then his mouth curved, the barest hint of satisfaction tugging at his lips. “So you think I’m better looking than them?”

The words were plain, but in his voice they coiled with something primal, something that scraped against the edges of a claim he hadn’t spoken aloud.

I swallowed. “Yes.” It wasn’t even a lie.

His smile deepened, predator-smooth. “You really believe that?”

“Yes,” I admitted.

I could barely remember the faces of those men Lana had brought into that private booth. They’d been meaningless distractions in her heartbreak, blurred silhouettes in a haze of music and liquor. But Silas... he was here, real, carved into every one of my senses. His presence was inescapable, his scent—iron, smoke, and something dangerously intoxicating—curling into me.

His eyes didn't leave mine. "Then that means you can see yourself with me, doesn't it?"

I stared, breath catching. The question shouldn't have made my pulse race, but it did. In the Capital, in every pack and every whispered corner of werewolf society, Silas Whitmor's name carried weight. Ironclad Alpha. Son of the richest dynasty this side of the continent. And yet here he was, tethering me with a simple question that felt heavier than any battlefield command.

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"Who," I thought, faintly dazed, "would dare say no to him?"

He leaned back slightly on the couch, still holding my hand, his head tilted at an angle that exposed the clean, elegant line of his throat. The position was casual, but the effect was devastating. My wolf stirred again, restless and conflicted.

I had no answer for him. Or maybe the answer was already written in the way my heart thundered, betraying me.

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

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+8 Pearls

"If I truly didn't want you," I said quietly, meeting his storm-grey eyes head-on, "why would I have agreed to be with you at all?"

Silas's lips curved into something unreadable—half a smile, half a question. He leaned closer, his tall frame folding toward me until the heat of him pressed against my senses. One of his hands stayed wrapped around mine, unyielding, the other slid around my waist as if he feared I might bolt.

"Then..." his voice dropped low, the timbre rougher than I'd ever heard from him. His lips parted, so close to my skin I could feel the whisper of his breath along my jaw. "If I do this... will you hold it against me?"

The brush of his mouth against the line of my jaw was so feather-light it barely counted as a touch. Yet every nerve in my body lit up like fire.

I froze, my wolf stiffening within me. I could feel the hunger in his gaze when I finally dared to meet it—raw, molten, almost desperate.

“Freya...” His voice was hoarse now, rough silk edged with gravel. “I want to kiss you.”

My heart slammed hard against my ribs. I blinked at him, once, twice. We were already bound together by choice, though not by mate-bond. And it wasn't as if I hadn't felt the pull toward him before—the subtle way his presence dragged my gaze, the way his scent coiled around me like smoke and steel until my wolf bristled in restless awareness.

A kiss didn't seem impossible. It seemed inevitable.

And yet...

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“If you don't want it,” he whispered, his forehead nearly brushing mine now, “you can push me away. I won't force you.” The words, though spoken in that commanding Alpha's voice of his, broke strangely soft—like a plea wrapped in power.

His lips trailed upward, tracing the sharp edge of my jaw, closer and closer to my mouth, I didn't push him. My body was taut as a bowstring, but I didn't move away.

I could feel the tremor in his hand at my waist, just the faintest quiver. Was he actually nervous? Silas nervous because of a

kiss?

Then his lips finally met mine.

It wasn't fierce, or claiming, or anything like the hunger I'd expected from him. It was soft. Careful. A ghost of a kiss, reverent in its restraint—as if the moment he pressed too hard he would shatter

g sacred.

And just when I thought that was all—when he began to draw back—my hand shot up. Yanked him forward, crushing the faint distance between us.

fistin

in the front of his shirt. I

“Open your mouth,” I demanded, wolf rising with sudden boldness.

For a heartbeat, he just stared at me, startled. Then, obediently, he did as I ordered.

This time, I kissed him. No hesitation. No trembling restraint. I claimed his lips with mine, tasting him fully, showing him that he wasn't the only one allowed to hunger.

When we finally broke apart, his breath came uneven, his ears tinged red. He stared expected me to fight fire with fire. “Why... why would you do that?”

at

me, wide-eyed, as if he hadn't

“Because you're my chosen mate.” I answered simply. The word slipped free before I could stop it, and though technically we hadn't completed the bond, it felt truer than anything else. “And because I wanted to kiss you. Is that reason enough?”

His eyes blazed, silver and storm, the wolf behind them flashing wild, Slowly, a smile spread across his face—sharp and devastating. “More than enough.”

The sweetness in my chest was dangerous, intoxicating, but I forced myself to step back. “Now,” I added firmly, trying to steady my voice, “will you let me go? I do need to sleep.”

10:09 AM PP.

He hesitated, reluctant, but finally released my waist. “Go, then,” he murmured.

+8 Pearls

I slipped out of his grasp and retreated down the hall to my own room. When the door closed behind me, I leaned against it, my pulse still racing. I could almost still feel the warmth of his lips against mine.

On the other side of the walls, I imagined him sitting alone in that guest suite, fingers brushing his mouth as if reliving the moment. And I wasn't wrong. Somewhere across the packhouse, I could almost hear his low murmur carried by instinctual bond-sense, though faint and fragmented:

Freya... what have you done to me? You gave me a taste, and now I'll crave more.

I had barely washed my face and brushed my teeth when my WolfComm chimed with Lana's name.

“Freya!” she burst out the moment I answered. “Tell me you're not still with Alpha Silas.”

I blinked at the screen. “No. I'm in my own room, about to sleep.”

Her sigh of relief gusted through the speaker. “Good. But you are seriously telling me you're with him now? Officially?”

“Yes.” I nodded, firm. “We're together.”

Her

eyes widened. “He didn’t threaten you, did he? Force you?”

“No,” I said firmly. “It was my choice.”

face.

Lana still looked like she was seeing a ghost. “Freya, do you understand what you’ve done? Silas Whitmor is-” She waved her hands in exasperation. “He looks like sin carved into flesh. Sure. But you? You’ve never been the type to fall for a pretty What on earth do you see in him?”

I thought about it, long and hard. Finally, I said simply, “He’s... not what everyone thinks. He’s more.”

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Her jaw dropped. “That almost sounded like sarcasm. In The Capital, there are a hundred rumors about him, and not one of them says he’s decent.”

wwwwwww

A wry smile touched my lips. “Sometimes the ones you expect to be noble are wolves hiding knives. And sometimes the ones painted as villains... carry a goodness you don’t notice until it’s aimed at you.”

“So,” she drawled, her expression softening into a smirk, “what you’re telling me is you’ve actually seen that goodness? “He’s not what I imagined. And yes,” I admitted, maybe part of this started as impulse. But I don’t regret it.”

Her teasing faded into quiet sincerity. “Then I hope he proves himself worthy of you, Freya. Truly

“Thank you.” My voice was steady, but inside, my wolf stirred uneasily. Hope and fear tangled like thorn and rose.

The future **was** a path none of us could see clearly. I didn’t know where mine with Silas would lead.

But for the first time in years, I wasn’t afraid to walk it.

Send Gifts

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

+8 Pearls

Third Person's POV

Aurora jolted awake in the dead of night, her breath ragged, her body slick with cold sweat. The shadows seemed to crawl closer, pressing against her, echoing the nightmare that had just strangled her sleep.

“You dreamed again?” Caelum’s low voice came from the doorway. The Silverfang Alpha stepped in, his tall frame carrying both command and quiet concern. Ever since their return from the Stormveil negotiations, he had noticed the change in Aurora—the way her shoulders stiffened, the haunted look in her eyes, the nights broken by muffled cries.

Aurora swallowed, forcing herself upright. “Mm,” she admitted, her tone faint, her hair clinging damply to her skin.

Caelum’s gaze softened. “It’s because of what Freya did, isn’t it? The way she struck you down in front of everyone?” His voice carried that Alpha steadiness, but underneath lay genuine worry. “If the memory won’t release you, perhaps you should speak to a healer... someone skilled in untangling the mind. It would keep scars from setting too deep.”

Aurora gave a small nod, exhaling slowly. “Perhaps.” She knew better, though. It wasn’t Freya’s sudden flare of dominance that haunted her. It was the WolfComm message that had appeared that same night—the one that called her murderer. The letters still burned in her mind, as though branded into her very soul.

Who had sent

it?

She had tried to trace the number, clawing at every lead, but it was a phantom—an unrooted signal, discarded and gone. Whoever had done this knew how to cover their tracks.

Her chest tightened, and her pulse hammered louder in her ears.

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Caelum moved closer, a cloth in hand, gently wiping the sweat from her brow. “You’re trembling. I’ll fetch you water. Stay here, Aurora.”

She nodded again, watching as he turned to leave. But as the door closed behind him, his WolfComm chimed sharply. Aurora caught the sudden flicker in his face—his features



tightening, his eyes shadowing—as he glanced at the caller ID. Without hesitation, he stepped out into the hall and answered.

Something in his posture made Aurora’s gut coil. In all the time she had known him, Caelum had never once avoided taking

a call in front of her.

Sliding from the bed, she padded silently to the doorway, pressing herself against the stone wall.

“... It’s me,” Caelum’s deep timbre carried through the stillness. “You’ve found something? The one who pulled me from the river eight years ago—who it was?”

Aurora froze. Her blood ran cold.

So that was it.

Caelum was still searching. Still digging for the truth of that night. The night he had nearly drowned.

He had always sworn he trusted her—that it had been her, Aurora of the Bluemoon Pack, who had saved him. He had built their bond on that foundation, elevating her, giving her a place at his side. And yet, secretly, he was still investigating. Still doubting.

Her hands trembled. If he discovered the truth—that it had not been her, but Freya Thorne—everything she had fought for would crumble.

Her place at Caelum’s side. Her chance to rise as Alpha’s mate. Even her carefully woven path to one day become Luna of the Silverfang Pack. All of it would vanish like ash in the wind.

could

No. She could not allow that truth to surface.

Her mind spun, claws of panic raking at her chest. And then, in a rush of instinct, she staggered forward, letting herself fall hard against the floorboards. Pain shot up her leg and she let out a sharp cry.

Inside the hall, Caelum’s voice cut off mid-sentence. The call ended abruptly, footsteps pounding back toward her. He burst into the chamber, his wolf eyes flaring at the sight of her collapsed form,

10:09 AM P P.

“Aurora! What happened?” He knelt beside her immediately, his hands strong but careful as they slid beneath her.

+8 Pearls

“I... I felt my chest tighten. I tried to come find you... but I stumbled.” Her voice trembled, laced with just the right measure of vulnerability. Her lips pressed into a pained smile. “My foot... it hurts, Caelum. Will you... carry me back?”

Without hesitation, he lifted her effortlessly, cradling her against him. The warmth of his aura enveloped her as he returned her to the bed.

“I should still bring you that water,” he said softly, beginning to rise.

But her arms shot up, locking around his neck. “Don’t go. Please.”

Caelum stiffened, caught between instinct and hesitation. In his mind, Aurora had always been sharp-edged, resilient, commanding in her own right. But here, now, she trembled like a fragile doe, her lips trembling as she bit them, her eyes shimmering with a fear he had never seen in her before.

“I’ll only be gone a moment,” he murmured, voice gentling, almost coaxing.

Her reply was not words but action. Aurora’s lips pressed to his, sudden and desperate.

Caelum froze, his body locking beneath the unexpected weight of the kiss. Since arriving in Ashbourne, they had shared a roof, but never a bed. Though she had hinted before—brushed against him, lingered in his presence—he had resisted, something always holding him back.

And that something had a name.

Freya.

Even now, even with Aurora’s lips moving against his, her scent flooding his senses, a ghost rose unbidden in his mind—Freya’s eyes, her wolf aura blazing, her defiance cutting sharper than a blade. It was maddening, like a thorn lodged too deep. to pull free.

Aurora leaned closer, her gown slipping down her shoulder, baring pale skin. His breath caught, and he turned his head away sharply. But she pressed tighter, her wolf aura laced with the scent of need.

“It’s her fault,” Aurora whispered, voice breaking. “Freya. She’s poisoned everything. She won’t let me be. Every night I dream of her humiliation, her rage. You divorced her, but she’ll never forgive me. Don’t leave me, Caelum. Stay. Just tonight.”

Guilt washed through him. He had brought this upon her his failed marriage, his messy ties with Freya, the storm that seemed to follow him everywhere. Aurora's anguish was real, he thought. Perhaps she was right.

"I'm sorry," he murmured, his voice low. "Because of my past with Freya, you've suffered

Aurora shook her head fiercely, her eyes shimmering. "I don't care. As long as you're mine, I can endure anything. Even her wrath." She pressed her lips to his again, more insistent this time. "From the moment I pulled you from the river that night... I wanted you. But only now do I understand how deep it runs, Don't make me wait any longer, Caelum."

He hesitated, torn between the pull of her body and the phantom memory of another woman.

And behind it all, the unspoken truth gnawed at the edges of his mind: the call he had ended too quickly, the truth left dangling on the other end of the line.

The truth that Aurora feared more than anything.

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Third Person's POV

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+8 Pearls

"Caelum, if you still cannot forget Freya, it doesn't matter. I can wait. Tonight, pretend I never said a word. Go back to your room, don't worry about me."

Her words struck a chord, tugging at places inside him he thought long buried.

"No," Caelum growled, his tone rough and urgent. "How could I ever not care about you? And besides—Freya and I have already gone through the Lunar Severance Phase. Whatever bond we had, it's finished. I will not feel anything more for her."

Aurora's lips curved into the faintest smile. In the flicker of candlelight, it was almost triumphant. Her arms wrapped around his broad frame, pressing her warmth into him. This time, Caelum did not push her away.

Even though just hours earlier, on the call, he hadn't had the chance to ask—who had truly saved him years ago? His instincts whispered that it must have been Aurora. Yes, it had to be. The thought settled inside him like a drug.

He had ordered his people to dig into the past, to verify what he already wanted to believe. But deep down, he knew—it wasn't Freya. It could never be Freya. He wouldn't let her shadow touch him again.

And so, he surrendered.

That night, Caelum let himself sink into Aurora's embrace, into the haze she wove around him. When it was over, his wolf /exhausted, he drifted into a deep, oblivious sleep.

Aurora, however, did not.

Long after his steady breaths filled the chamber, she stirred. Slipping free of his arms, she moved with practiced silence. Her hand dipped into the pocket of his discarded jacket. Her fingers brushed against the smooth surface of his WolfComm device.

With a subtle swipe, she unlocked it. He had never told her the code, but Caelum had never shielded it from her either. She had seen enough times to remember.

Her eyes gleamed as she scrolled through the recent call log. There it was—the last number, the voice that had unsettled him before he turned to her.

Aurora memorized the digits, then placed the WolfComm back exactly where she found it. No evidence. No suspicion. Only quiet control.

Slipping beneath the furs again, she lay beside the slumbering Alpha, studying his sharp jaw, the faint crease still etched

between his brows.

“Caelum,” she whispered, her voice a mixture of tenderness and steel. “Don't blame me. Wolves who are selfless get torn apart. Only the selfish survive.”

Yes. She would survive. She would thrive. Whatever it took.

The next morning, far from the Silverfang stronghold, dawn broke over Ashbourne. Freya Whitmor residence, her eyes immediately catching on Silas.

Bepped into the sunlit hall of the

The Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition did not look like his usual composed self. His golden shadows, his aura sharp but frayed at the edges.

“You didn't sleep well?” Freya asked, her brow knitting slightly.

eyes

do were rimmed with faint

“A little, Silas admitted, his voice clipped. He did not add that he had spent most of the night restless, consumed by the memory of her lips against his. That single kiss had set his blood on fire, his wolf prowling under his skin until he was forced to stand beneath cold showers again and again, fighting the heat clawing through him.

“Then rest in the car later,” Freya said, her tone soft but firm. “The drive to the Whitmor company branch in Ashbourne will take at least thirty minutes.”

“Alright.” The great Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, **the** man whose name struck fear and **respect** across territories, lowered his head and agreed with quiet obedience.

10:09 AM

+8 Pearls

Wren, his secretary seated nearby, had grown almost numb to this side of his Alpha. At first, the sight of the cold and imperious Silas softening under Freya’s presence had stunned him. Now, he simply accepted it.

Who could have imagined? The Alpha feared by nations, a man as unyielding as iron, could look so much like a loyal hound

in front of one woman.

He still remembered the day he first learned of their relationship. He’d thought lightning had cracked his skull. The shock was unforgettable. Since then, every tender glance, every softened word Silas gave Freya—Wren simply forced himself to remain composed, even as it felt like witnessing the impossible.

After breakfast, Silas and Freya boarded the armored vehicle.

“Rest for a bit, Freya told him gently.

“Can I lean against you?” Silas asked.

“Yes,” she said without hesitation.

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Slowly, his body leaned toward her, but rather than immediately resting on her shoulder, he angled his head upward, his piercing gaze fixed on her.

“What is it?” Freya asked, puzzled by his hesitation.

“You.. don’t want to kiss me?” His voice was low, quiet, yet it carried the weight of a wolf’s yearning.

Freya’s lips parted in shock.

Wren, hands gripping the steering wheel, nearly swerved. The words of his Alpha, the Ironclad’s unshakable leader, were **so** absurdly soft—so human—that his composure cracked.

Freya hissed under her breath, “Your Beta is right there!”

In the rearview mirror, Wren caught his Alpha’s deathly glare and nearly shrank in his seat.

“I only drive,” Wren said hastily, his voice trembling. “I see nothing, I hear nothing.”

“Do you want it?” Silas whispered again, his tone husky, dangerous in its need. Or was he the only one haunted by last night’s kiss, restless and insatiable?

The image was devastating—an Alpha of his stature, a man born to dominate, reduced to this vulnerable longing. His striking face, his wolf aura simmering just beneath his skin, all wrapped around those simple words: Do you want me?

Freya’s heart clenched. How could she deny him when he looked at her like that?”

he was hers?

Her eyes flicked to the front, where Wren sat stiff **as** stone. Then back to Silas, who seemed ready to break.

She sighed softly. “Fine. You’re my mate, after all. I’ll indulge you.”

Her fingers brushed his strong jaw, tilting his face toward her. Then her lips pressed against his, a kiss that silenced his wolf and set fire through her veins.

His scent enveloped her—powerful, intoxicating, wholly male. Despite his terrifying reputation, in this moment he yielded completely, letting her take control, letting her kiss him as though he belonged entirely to her.

And he did.

Send Gifts

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Silas' POV

"Freya," I murmured, "if you ever want to kiss me again, you know you don't have to ask."

+8 Pearls

Her sigh was soft, amused, teasing. I could feel her wolf's pulse against mine—curious, wary, but playful. Outside, the streets of Ashbourne blurred past, the city waking, unaware of the storms that prowled its shadows. Our trip here was supposed to be simple: deliver my parents' ashes to the Legion's Hall of Martyrs, perform the ceremonial rites, and fulfill the military escort obligations.

Yet, as always, the universe seemed intent on testing me.

The car descended into the underground garage of Whitmore Ashbourne. I allowed my eyes to close for a moment, but my wolf stayed alert. And then—the tires screeched. A violent jolt threw me upright. My senses screamed before my human mind could catch up.

"Collision—another vehicle!" Wren, muttered as he opened the door. I barely caught the flicker of movement from the corner of my vision—a white car, positioned to force us into a corner.

Instinct took over, My claws flexed beneath my gloves; my wolf coiled, ready to spring. Freya shifted slightly, sensing it too, though she didn't need me to tell her anything. Her wolf flared, eyes bright.

Then I saw it—Wren stiffened unnaturally, back to me. My teeth clenched. A dart, a subtle glint—I caught the reflection of needle being injected into his neck. He crumpled, consciousness stolen in an instant. My wolf snarled, rage and warning fused into a single vibration that rolled down my spine.

a

Freya reacted before I could. Agile, precise, lethal. She rolled from the vehicle, claws flexed, wolf flaring in the primal instinct of survival. The Rogue female who emerged from the white car—predator scent heavy, wolf—stench of violence thick—was trained, calculating, dangerous.

I followed instinctively, not to interfere but to dominate the field. My wolf surged, powerful, aware of every movement, every breath, every shift of air.

Freya struck first. The Rogue barely had time to react before her claws ripped through leather, opening the first crimson streak. The Rogue hissed, snapping teeth. My wolf's growl echoed, low and possessive, warning the intruder that she was mine to protect.

The first exchange was a blur of motion—slashing claws, snapping jaws, and primal yelps. Freya kicked against the half-open car door, using leverage to knock the Rogue off balance. Blood streaked her arm, bright and urgent, but her focus never wavered. Every strike precise, every move calculated to end the fight before it escalated further.

I intercepted a second Rogue attempting to flank her, claws tearing through shoulder and side. The Rogue yelped and fell back, but my eyes never left Freya. My wolf was coiled around her, protective, alert, ready to erupt at the slightest threat.

She dove toward the main attacker, rolling and twisting, the grace of her wolf-essence in every motion. The Rogue sneak attack, but Freya was faster—flipping, slashing, striking with teeth and claws. Her arm bled freely, the crimson marking her strength, her resilience.

I stepped in only when she needed an opening, biting at a Rogue's flank to ensure he wouldn't rise again. Freya's wolf flared beside mine, synchrony perfect, a dance of claws and instinct. Her breathing was sharp, shallow, but eyes alight with the fire

of battle.

Finally, the female Rogue faltered. I lunged, powerful and controlled, pinning her to the concrete. Teeth sank into shoulder. claws held her fast. My wolf's growl filled the parking garage—a deep, resonant warning that none could ignore.

“End it!” My voice, low and commanding, reverberated through the chaos. The Rogue froze. Freya's eyes flicked to me, relief washing over the primal tension.

I released her shoulder but kept the Rogue pinned, eyes scanning, wolf flaring. She had bled on her sleeve; crimson streaks vivid, alive. “You hurt yourself?” I asked, concern laced with frustration.

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Silas's POV

My wolf snarled, protective fury uncontained. Whoever sent these Rogues would pay dearly.

+8 Pearls



Then I heard the footsteps—Whitmore security finally arrived. Only four of them, not the full detail. Wren lay unconscious, carefully lifted by one of my lieutenants. I kept a sharp eye on every shadow, every movement, ensuring no other threat approached.

I tore my tie off in frustration and haste, my fingers trembling as I pressed it tightly around Freya's bleeding arm. The heat of her blood seeped through the fabric, crimson soaking my hands.

My wolf roared inside me—possessive, protective, primal. Every instinct screamed at me to keep her safe, to shield her from the predators that dared to cross her path.,

“We'll get you to the healer, now!” I growled, lifting her into my arms. My strength was steady, but inside, my wolf pulsed with frantic energy.

She was light, yet every movement threatened to betray the gravity of her injuries. Two of my lieutenants followed closely, settling into the front seats, the hum of the engine beneath us a weak buffer to the storm raging in my chest.

“I'm fine, just a scratch,” Freya murmured, her voice calm but tinged with adrenaline. My wolf snarled softly at her casual dismissal. Scratch? The sleeve of her jacket was stained deep red, her blood painting a vivid banner of how close she had come to death.

I tightened my grip instinctively, my claws flexing beneath my gloves. “No,” I muttered, voice low and harsh, “you're not fine. Not when it's your blood I'm holding.” The lieutenants in the front seats exchanged uneasy glances; they knew better than to speak unless spoken to..

The

memory of the

garage attack burned hot in my mind.

Rogues had descended like shadowed wolves, teeth bared, cla

ready, and Freya—my Freya—had met them head-on, fierce, unflinching. She had taken hits, scraped and torn her arm, yet she had never hesitated to strike back, using everything she had learned with the Iron Fang Recon Unit.

My wolf had howled in fury at their audacity, my human mind trapped in a cage of helplessness until she had finally thrown one of them down with a precision that had made my chest ache with pride and terror all at once.

Now, in the enclosed vehicle, I felt every pulse of Freya's blood through my arms, her scent thick with adrenaline and iron.

I pressed harder with the tie, stopping the flow temporarily, my jaw tight, eyes narrow.

“Silas...” she whispered again, the same calmness in her tone that made my wolf bristle. “It’s really just a small injury. I can heal myself.”

I ground my teeth. Small injury? Small? My wolf growled, snuffing, tasting the warmth of her blood.

The threads of instinctive anger surged through me.

Back when she had first become my bodyguard, I had treated it as a convenience—a way to keep her close, a delightful puzzle to amuse my senses. If she were hurt, it didn’t matter then; her life was expendable in the cruel calculus of my amusement. But now... now every droplet of her blood felt like a knife twisting in my chest. I had miscalculated. I had underestimated the cost of letting her fight.

By the time we reached Ashbourne General’s VIP wing, my wolf had already scented every movement outside the vehicle.

The moment the emergency doors opened, I carried her straight to a room lined with the latest equipment, hands still trembling

Doctors and nurses flitted around us, but I could only see her, Freya, lying in my arms.

“Alpha Whitmor,” one of my lieutenants reported, “Wren was shot, two broken ribs, no life-threatening injuries. Shall we hand the Rogue over to the authorities?”

“Hand her over,” I said, voice ice, eyes dark, claws flexing even beneath my gloves, “but not before she loses the use of that

10:09 AM P

hand permanently.” My wolf snarled, satisfied with the justice, primal and complete..

D

+8 Pearls

The doctors moved quickly, stitching five deep points into Freya’s arm, washing away the blood but unable to erase the lingering crimson scent that still clung to her. Even though I know Freya can heal herself, I’m still worried about those Rogues having wolfsbane or something on their claws.

Freya’s eyes met mine once, and I caught the faint smirk, wolfish and teasing, as if to say, I survived. My wolf growled low, warning the world: she was mine, and she always would be.

When the medical staff began to leave the room, I remained close, watching every shift of her body. Freya sighed, slightly annoyed at the fuss I was making. “You can let them go. I don’t like being watched like a... exhibit,” she said, a hint of amusement in her voice.

My wolf snorted softly, a rumbling vibration of possessive amusement. “And yet,” I murmured, “I cannot leave you unguarded. Not while your scent and blood remind me of what was almost lost.”

Once alone, I asked, almost hesitantly, “Do you want something to eat?” My wolf relaxed slightly at her faintly teasing look, her scent calming, though still tinged with danger.

“An apple,” she replied simply, nodding toward the fruit basket already sent by the hospital:

Car,

I picked one, washing it with then sat beside her, peeling it slowly. The knife moved in my fingers with ease, controlled, precise. She watched, eyes curious, and I realized, with a strange, human pang, that she had never seen me perform such mundane, careful tasks. My wolf purred softly inside, attuned to her intrigue, protective and possessive.

“Still like my hands?” I asked suddenly, voice low, teasing.

She froze, looking up at me, and our eyes locked.

“I’m glad my hands please you,” I murmured, my wolf brushing her scent with a slow, possessive nuzzle. “But I hope you’ll like every part of me... just as fiercely.”

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

REBECCA’S POV

58

20 vouchers

“Look, I can’t have you drinking at my party,” Scott stated, trying to keep things chill. “Maybe you should just stay calm and eat a slice of pizza. Drew has never looked at another girl the way I’ve seen him look at you,” he said with a half-smile. “I’ve never even seen him dance before tonight.”

I sighed and glanced toward the crowd. “You’re right. I’m just overreacting. Maybe I could eat something.”

“That’s the spirit. Stay here, and let me go grab you a fresh batch from the kitchen. Pepsi or Coke?”

“Surprise me,” I said, trying to sound more upbeat than I felt.

Scott jogged off into the house. The fact that he even had cooks and a pizza oven impressed me. And this house was huge. It had a backyard the size of a football field, pool lights changing colors like a rave, and a patio that looked straight out of a luxury magazine.

I vaguely remembered him telling me earlier that after his parents died in a car accident a few years ago, he inherited everything. Poor guy.

I was rocking gently to the beat, letting the bass shake through my body, trying not to think about Drew and Edith. That’s when I felt arms circle me from behind. My entire body stiffened. His skin was cold, and he reeked of cheap perfume and booze.

“You’ve been teasing me all night,” a rugged voice rasped in my ear. I tried to wiggle out of his grip, but his arms were like a steel trap, locking me in place against his chest.

“Let me go,” I hissed, my voice shaking more than I wanted it to.

He chuckled low before finally releasing me.

I spun around and got a good look at the asshole. He was cute and had that boy-next-door vibe. But something about his dark eyes told me he shouldn’t be trusted.

“I’m Cody Forester,” he said, offering his hand.

I eyed it and then shot him a glare. “I’d appreciate it if you kept your hands to yourself, Cody.”

He dropped his hand, unfazed, and chuckled again. “What’s your name?”

“Ah, Becca, I see you’ve met my friend Cody, Scott came back out. He had a box of steaming pizza and a big bottle of Pepsi. “You can have the first slice, Becca,” he said, placing the food on the table. He grabbed a clean

and handed it to me. “Pour yourself some Pepsi when you’re ready.”

red

cup

“Thank you,” I said, grateful for the distraction.

“So, are you and Clawbelle a thing?” Cody asked, way too interested.

“No. They’re step-siblings,” Scott chimed in with a full mouth. “And she’s here as a guest.”

“So she’s fair game,” Cody grinned, biting into a slice.

The way he was eyeing me like I was tastier than the pizza made me roll my eyes.

**58**

20 vouchers

“Listen,” Scott said, wiping his mouth. “She’s still a kid, and she’s off-limits. Plus, you and Drew already have beef. We don’t need another reason to start World War III tonight.”

“I’m not a kid. Just so you know I turn seventeen in a couple of days.”

“Cool,” Cody grinned.

“I think I’m gonna go find Drew,” I announced, needing an escape before Cody said something else to make my skin crawl.

“You sure? Do you want me to come with you?” Scott asked.

“No, I’ll be fine. Someone needs to stay here in case Cody chokes,” I deadpanned.

Cody burst out laughing, mouth open, revealing chewed-up food. Disgusting.

I slipped away, heading toward the side door Drew had left through nearly forty-five minutes ago. The hallway was quieter than the backyard, and I spotted a staircase at the far end. My heels echoed as I climbed.

“Drew, I’ve dreamt about this moment for so long.”

I froze when I heard Edith’s voice. She sounded so seductive. I followed the sound of chatter to a door slightly ajar at the end. I peeked in.

And my heart shattered.

Drew was sitting on the edge of the bed, his head tilted back, eyes closed like he was lost in a dream. Edith was kneeling between his legs, her mouth lowered as she got ready to suck on the tip of his dick.

The world stopped spinning.

I couldn't breathe. Couldn't think. I backed away slowly, one shaky step after another, then turned and ran back to the party. Back to the noise. Back to the alcohol.

Scott was waiting near the pool, eyebrows raised. "So... did you find him?"

"Yeah," I said hollowly. "I found him alright."

He blinked. "So where is he?"

I didn't answer. I grabbed the red cup from Cody's hand and sniffed it. I gagged at the scent. Was it vodka? Tequila? Paint thinner?

"What is this?"

"A little bit of everything," Cody said with a grin.

:

"That'll do." I tipped the cup back and chugged it down.

"Becca, what are you doing?" Scott grabbed my wrist.

"This is a party, right?" I snapped. "So let's fucking party!"

The crowd cheered loudly.

"DJ!" Cody called out. "Play something wild!"

**58**

20 vouchers

"Coming right up!" the DJ shouted as a filthy rap track dropped. The lyrics was about wet pussies and stiff cocks. Classy, I know.

And just like that, I stopped thinking.

I swayed to the beat. The intoxication hit fast. Cody came up to me, pulled my glasses off, and slid them into my back pocket.

"Now I can see your eyes better," he whispered, tugging me into his chest.

Another red cup appeared in my hand. I didn't hesitate. I drank it all in one go.

"Becca, this is not a good idea," Scott warned, watching me like a hawk.

“What’s the harm in drinking and dancing?” Cody shrugged. “Are you gonna drive yourself home, sweet lips?”

“Nope,” I said, too loudly.

“Then what’s the big deal?” he said with a smirk.

“You know what? I’m going to fetch Drew,” Scott growled.

“He’s in the bedroom upstairs to the far left. Whatever you do, just make sure you knock first,” I said sweetly, then turned back to Cody.

We were dancing for maybe ten minutes. Grinding against each other like we were in a Jamaican dancehall party,

“I need another drink.”

“Maybe stick to water from now on,” Cody said, eyeing the sweat on my face.

“Are you growing a conscience or something?” I snorted. “Gimme another shot.”

“Jell-O shot?” someone offered a green one. I squeezed it into my mouth and gagged as it slid down my throat.

“I want you sober enough to remember me tomorrow,” Cody muttered, scratching the back of his neck. “I know I can come off too strong at times, but spending these last ten minutes with you, I realized I wanna get to know you better. I like you, Becca.”

“Is that so?” I asked with a tipsy laugh. “What do you like about me?”

“Your confidence. And your style.”

I smirked. “The confidence is borrowed from the alcohol. And the outfit’s a loan from the devil.”

He laughed. He wasn’t bad looking. His eyes were steady. He leaned in, and I didn’t move away.

My brain was swimming in alcohol.

“I think I’m gonna kiss you now,” he said.

“And I think I’m gonna let you kiss me now.”

35 vouchers

He cupped my jaw gently. The music was still beating in the background as couples gyrated to it.

I closed my eyes, thinking that this was going to be my first kiss. I puckered my lips, bracing for impact.

Then a cold wind swirled my hair around my face like a tornado.

I heard a loud growl like an animal howling. People started to scream.

I opened my eyes only to see Cody sailing through the air like a ragdoll before his body slammed into the pool with a splash so loud it silenced the music.

Blood bloomed in the water and my

head couldn't understand what had happened until I saw Drew standing in front of me.

His back was to me while he stared at Cody holding his broken nose while he floated in the pool.

Drew's shoulders rose and fell to how hard he was breathing.

"You stay away from Becca, you hear me?" Drew's voice was feral. "Or next time, I'll rip your heart out and feed it to your corpse."

"Drew!" I shrieked. "What the hell did you just do?!"

I tried to run past him, to check on Cody, but Drew snatched my wrist.

"We're leaving. Now,"

"But-"

He yanked me harder, and his voice dropped into a snarl. "I said now, Becca. And don't make me say it a third

time."

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Silas' POV

Finished



Freya's face flushed at my words, though she tried to hide it. The apple knife spun lightly in my fingers as I handed the peeled fruit to her. She accepted it with her uninjured hand, trying to keep her composure. I had seen warriors stare down death with steadier eyes, yet somehow the small crack in her armor made my chest tighten.

Her voice broke the silence. "How's Wren?"

"He'll live," I said, tone clipped, forcing myself to steady the tremor in my wolf. "He needs time to heal, but nothing permanent."

Relief softened her shoulders, and for a heartbeat I wished I could freeze her like that—unguarded, safe.

But the moment my gaze drifted back to the stark white bandage wrapped around her arm, guilt surged hot through my veins. My claws threatened to unsheathe beneath my skin.

"Freya..." My voice dropped low. "Don't ever throw yourself in front of me like that again."

She paused mid-bite, confusion flickering across her face. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I won't allow it. I can't watch you bleed for me again."

Her brows drew together, defiance flashing in her wolf-gold eyes. "But I'm your protector. It's my duty. And it's just a small wound. I'll heal."

The word small tore something raw inside me. My wolf lunged against my ribs, growling at her reckless dismissal. "I don't care if it's small or mortal, I won't allow it. From this moment, you're released from the duty of guarding me. I'll make it official with the Iron Fang Recon Unit myself."

Her jaw parted in shock, words caught in her throat. She didn't expect my tone to be that final.

"What about your safety?" she challenged.

"I'll handle it," I answered, voice iron-hard. My wolf surged, a tide of violence and certainty. "And soon there will be no threats left to guard against."

The silence that followed pressed heavy between us. She ate the apple quietly, and soon the medicine pulled her into slumber. Her breathing evened, her lashes soft against her cheeks.

I sat beside her a long while, just watching. The way her chest rose and fell, the way her hair spilled across the pillow like a dark river. I reached out, brushing a stray lock from her face, my touch feather-light. In that stillness, my wolf went silent,

content.

But the moment I rose the moment I stepped into the corridor beyond her door, the softness shattered.

Two rows of my guards straightened immediately. The scent of iron discipline filled the hall.

“You’ll guard Freya Thorne with your lives,” I said, my voice carrying the weight of Alpha command. “If anything happens to her, if she draws even a single drop of blood without me knowing... you know the price.”

“Yes, Alpha!” they chorused, the words vibrating in the sterile hospital air

I turned toward the elevator, each step echoing with purpose. By the time the doors closed, the tenderness in my chest **was** gone, replaced by a searing rage. My wolf prowled inside me, demanding retribution. Tonight, the Whitmore bloodlines that had conspired with Rogues would learn what it meant to provoke me.

By the next dawn, the pack whispered of ruin. The Whitmore cousins who had eyed my Alpha seat lay broken—some stripped of wealth overnight, their assets burned to ash by Ironhold Consortium pressure, others fleeing with nothing but their skin, chased by the scent of their own debts.

And in the ancestral chamber of Whitmore Manor—a place heavy with the ghosts of former Alphas—I stood before the kneeling remnants. The air reeked of fear and sweat, their wolves subdued beneath my dominance.

12:25 AM

Finished

“It wasn’t us!” one whimpered, forehead pressed to the cold stone floor. “We didn’t know anything about the Rogues-”

“Didn’t know?” My voice cut sharp, my wolf’s growl bleeding through. I flung the stack of files onto the ground, the papers scattering like snow. “Then explain these—every transaction, every whisper to the Rogues you hired to take my life.”

Their

eyes widened, blood draining from their faces. I didn't need their confessions; their fear was enough.

"I already dealt with the rest of your mercenaries before I came here tonight," I said, my voice a low snarl. "The only reason you still breathe is because I haven't decided whether you're worth the trouble of killing myself."

They knew it was true. Once, I hadn't cared. Once, I'd looked at death as a release, even toyed with it—whether my wolf fell on the battlefield or in the shadows didn't matter. But Freya had bled for me. She had stood against Rogues with her body in front of mine. And because of that, everything had changed.

Now my life mattered. Because without it, I couldn't protect her.

"Enough groveling," I snapped, turning my gaze to the far corner where shadows clung too heavily. "Come out. I know you're there."

A deep, mocking laugh rolled out before the figure emerged. Cassian Whitmor—my father.

The sight of him sent bile rising in my throat.

"I thought you'd drag this game out longer," he said, his smile sharp as a blade.

"You want me dead that badly, Father?" My voice was flat, though my wolf bristled, hackles raised.

Cassian shrugged with feigned ease. "Dead? Not necessarily. But untested, unproven? That, I could not allow. An Alpha of the Whitmores must earn the seat. Consider this a trial by fire."

The sneer on my lips came without thought. "A trial that involved allying with Rogues? Sending them after your own son?" "You're still breathing, aren't you?" His eyes gleamed. "That means you passed."

"Do you fear I'll hand you to the Coalition Tribunal?" I asked, voice low, deadly. "Ironclad and the military both keep records. If I fall, every project tied to Whitmore blood halts. You think they wouldn't come for you?"

Cassian chuckled, arrogant. "And yet, you have no evidence. I was careful. You can't touch me, not in any court."

I clenched my fists until claws threatened to break skin. He was right. He had covered his tracks.

Then his **gaze** shifted, sly. “You didn’t care before. But now... now you’re desperate to end this farce. Because of her, isn’t it? Freya Thorne. That little warrior who bled for you. She changed you.”

The growl ripped from my chest before I could stop it, my wolf surging forward, a snarl curling my lips. The guards stiffened, the air thick with killing intent.

“Yes,” I thought **savagely**. **Because** of her.

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Silas’s POV

Finished

“Silas,” he drawled, his voice carrying that maddening lilt of satisfaction, “if that girl had taken one wound deeper, how would you live with yourself?”

The words cut through me sharper than any blade. My muscles seized. Freya’s face flashed in my mind—her blood spilling across my hands, the way she threw herself in front of me tonight, snarling against the Rogues like a wolf with nothing left to lose.

I was on him before my packmates even breathed. My hands shot forward, claws grazing his skin as I slammed him into the stone pillar. My grip locked around his throat.

“You dare.” My growl was thunder.

Cassian only smiled wider. That same damned smile he wore the day he nearly broke me as a boy. “You can kill me now, son. End it. Spare yourself the torment of wondering whether I’ll ruin what you hold dear.”

The hall seemed to shrink. Every heartbeat around us stumbled. I could hear my men’s breaths catch, the scrape of boots against the flagstones. They’d seen me tear through Rogues a moment ago, and now they saw me with my claws pressed to my own father’s throat.

A Whitmor devouring a Whitmor. The oldest whisper in the Capital.

His eyes burned with deranged amusement, as though he welcomed the end by my hand. And that was the worst of *it*—he wanted me to do it. He wanted my soul tainted like his.

I squeezed harder. Cassian’s breath rasped; the scent of his blood teased senses.

“Alpha!” one of my sentries barked, his voice sharp, breaking the haze.

It snapped me back like a lash across the spine.

my

I released Cassian with a shove, my claws tearing shallow lines down his neck as he staggered back, coughing, laughter spilling between each choke.

“Why not?” he wheezed. “Why not finish me? Don’t tell me you fear the stain of patricide.”

I lowered my gaze to my hands. These were the same hands still sticky with Freya’s blood, the ones that had shielded her when Rogues lunged for her throat. My hands had killed more than a hundred wolves in my reign. That stain I could bear.

But hers?

No. If I snapped Cassian’s neck here, in the hall my ancestors built, I would see Freya’s eyes looking at me in horror. She was too pure, too fierce, too honest to bind herself to a wolf who murdered his own sire like a beast gone rabid.

I lifted my eyes back to him. “I won’t kill you,” I said, my voice low, dangerous, steady. “But I’ll bury you in chains like Grandfather did. You will never touch her. Never again.”

Cassian froze, then barked out a manic laugh. “So that’s it. You already laid the trap, didn’t you?”

I gave the command, my voice echoing like the toll of a death bell: “Shadows!”

From the darkness of the rafters, the Iron Fang Recon Unit emerged—my loyal dark sentinels, the pack’s secret hand. Clad in black, eyes glowing amber and silver, they dropped into the hall one by one until dozens circled us.

Casps rippled through the Whitmor kin gathered in the great chamber.

Cassian’s smile curved again, this time with something like pride twisted into it. “Just like your grandfather. He caged me once. Now you’ll do the same. The blood never changes.”

He wasn’t wrong.

**12:25 AM P p**

Finished

My grandfather had ordered these very Shadows to keep Cassian locked away after Mother’s death, when his grief curdled into madness and his fists turned on me. The only

reason Cassian ever breathed free air again was because the old Alpha had died, and with him, the binding order.

And now, I renewed it.

“By my word as Alpha of the Whitmor bloodline, Cassian Whitmor is bound. He is not to set paw beyond Whitmor Isle. Any who aid his escape will be named traitors and slaughtered where they stand.”

The Shadows bowed their heads in unison. “As the Alpha commands.”

Cassian didn’t fight them as they stepped forward, chains forged of silver–steel drawn tight around his wrists. His laughter still rang, though, wild and broken.

“You think cages save you? No, boy. Your hands are already stained. And one day, that little heart you protect will see the truth of you. She’ll spit your name as she walks away.”

His words clung like rot, but I didn’t let them show on my face. I turned my head sharply. “Take him.”

The Shadows dragged him through the hall, his laughter echoing until the heavy doors slammed shut.

Silence fell.

I stared at my hands again. The blood of Rogues, the memory of Freya’s fragile body shielding mine. Her warmth. Her scent.

Would she look at me one day and see only the monster Cassian swore I’d become?

“Alpha,” one of my guards said softly at my side. My most loyal. His voice was steady, reverent. “Freya Thorne risked her life for you. Threw herself between you and their claws. A wolf doesn’t do that for just anyone.”

My chest tightened.

Yes. She had bared her throat to death itself for me. She had fought as though I were worth dying for.

But a darker thought poisoned the back of my mind—if it had been another at my side, would she have done the same? Was it me she chose... or just the duty inside her that she couldn’t silence?

The hall emptied around me, my sentries dispersing with uneasy glances. Alone, I flexed my hands, whispering to no one but the stone and the shadows.

“Will you still stand at my side when you see all of me, Freya?”

The silence offered no answer.

Only the distant sea crashing against White Isle, and the ghosts of wolves long dead, howling in my blood.

**Send Gifts**

## A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Finished

Freya's POV

When I woke the next morning, the sterile scent of herbs and wolf-healers' salves clung to the air. My lashes fluttered and the first thing I saw was Silas.

The Ironclad Alpha, my storm-shadow.

open,

He was slumped against the side of my bed in the infirmary chamber, his head resting by my arm as if he had fought sleep until exhaustion dragged him under. His broad shoulders curved inward, the powerful frame of an Alpha made strangely fragile by slumber.

For a moment, I just looked at him.

Dark, storm-black brows framed his eyes, lashes long enough to cast shadows against his cheekbones. Even asleep, tension pulled faint lines across his brow—as though even in dreams, burdens hunted him down.

Something inside me ached. My hand rose instinctively, aching to smooth away that crease between his brows. To soothe him, just once.

But before my fingers touched him, his eyes shot open—those piercing obsidian irises that seemed to cut through me. His reflexes were sharp as claws: his hand snapped up, capturing mine in a firm grip.

Then he froze, realization flashing across his gaze. He released me at once, as though my skin burned him.

“I'm sorry,” he said, voice low, almost raw. “Did I hurt you?”

I shook my head quickly, pushing away the sting in my palm. “It’s fine. I’m the one who startled you awake. When did you get here?”

“Not long ago,” he murmured.

I frowned. “Then you didn’t sleep last night, did you?” He wouldn’t have slumped like this if he’d rested properly.

A pause. “No.” His tone **was** even, but I heard the exhaustion beneath. He didn’t tell me what I later realized—that he had spent the entire night traveling back and forth between Ashbourne and the Capital, putting the Whitmor Pack in order after the chaos of the Rogues.

“Are you... alright?” he asked then, tilting toward me, voice shifting softer, more intimate. “Did you sleep well? Does the wound still hurt?”

I managed a small smile. “Better than expected. It’s not too bad.”

I began to push myself upright, determined to freshen up, but Silas moved faster. Without asking, he lifted me, arms strong and steady as steel, and carried me toward the adjoining washroom.

“Silas!” I protested, startled. “It’s only my arm that’s injured, not my legs.”

“You’re hurt,” he answered simply, his tone brooking no argument. “Let me.”

He set me gently before the stone basin, his movements deliberate, careful—as though I might shatter if he wasn’t cautious enough. He filled a cup with fresh water, set out the brush, even pressed paste onto it with clumsy determination.

Had I not insisted, I was certain he would’ve tried to brush my teeth himself.

When I’d finally convinced him to let me manage that part alone, he stood guard at my side like a sentinel, waiting. And the moment I finished, he was there again—wringing a cloth with his large hands, patting my face dry as though I were the most Precious, fragile thing in the world.

And then he reached for the comb.

I blinked “You know how to do that?\*

12:25 AM P P

Finished



He didn't look at me as he answered, concentrating on the strands of my hair. His fingers were unpracticed, tugging a little too hard, then gentling as though afraid I'd cry out. "I used to help my mother with her hair," he said at last. "When she was in a rare good mood. It was the only time she let me near her, the only time she seemed... soft."

Something flickered through his voice—pain, sharp and old. A boy yearning for scraps of tenderness.

I hesitated, then asked softly, "You and your mother... you weren't close?"

His hands stilled for a fraction of a second. Then his voice came, flat and unflinching. "No. Most of the time, she despised the sight of me."

My chest tightened. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have—"

He cut me off, steady, not cruel. "Don't apologize. Even if you hadn't asked, one day I would've told you."

Silas resumed his task, braiding my hair slowly, carefully. Not elegant, but steady enough to hold. When he finished, he leaned forward, his presence a weight and a warmth all at once.

His chin rested lightly on my shoulder, his face reflected in the mirror before us. Our eyes met in that fragile glass space.

Freya," he murmured, voice a low rumble that carried both hope and dread. "You don't think I'm tainted, do you?"

I laughed softly, startled by the rawness in his words. "Tainted? Silas, you're not dirty."

His lips quirked faintly, but the shadows in his gaze didn't lift. "Not dirty," he echoed under his breath, almost as though he needed to believe it himself. "Not like him. Not like Cassian."

The name struck between us like thunder.

I turned toward him, meeting his eyes fully. His father's sins haunted him, twisted into every line of his body. He feared that blood made him monstrous too.

But when I looked at him, I didn't see Cassian Whitmor. I saw the Alpha who had stood between me and death, the man who had carried me like something worth protecting.

And though I didn't say it aloud, I wanted to reach for his hand and tell him—no shadow, no bloodline, no curse could make me see him as unworthy.

Not to me.

# A Warrior Luna's Awakening

贊助

Finished

Third Person's POV

The coffeehouse in the heart of The Capital smelled faintly of roasted beans and ashwood smoke, a faint attempt at comfort against the sharp tang of dominance that seemed to hang in the air whenever two wolves of different packs sat across from each other.

Aurora smoothed her flight jacket as she regarded the man across from her. He looked to be in his mid-thirties, broad-shouldered with the kind of wiry strength that told her he wasn't just another city wolf. His eyes gleamed with calculation, the kind of gaze that could peel skin from bone.

"You're the one who helped Caelum investigate the incident from eight years ago?" Aurora asked evenly, her voice pitched

low.

2

"That's right," the man replied. He leaned back in his chair as if he owned the place. "Name's Lee. Private investigator by trade. Caelum and I... we go way back. Same old roots, same broken soil." His smile carried no warmth, only the smug satisfaction of a wolf who knew he held teeth at another's throat. "I'll admit, Aurora, I didn't expect the daughter of Bluemoon's Beta to be wearing someone else's glory. All these years, letting Caelum Grafton believe you were the one who saved his life. That's quite the deception."

Aurora's face went pale. She had anticipated that Lee might have dug up fragments of truth, but hearing it spoken aloud was a knife to the ribs.

"Do you have proof?" she asked coldly.

"Of course I do." Lee's grin widened. "Wouldn't have said it otherwise. I tracked down the woman who actually stayed with Caelum that night after he was dragged from the river."

Aurora's stomach tightened. She already knew where this was going.

"After Freya Thorne hauled him out of that flood-swollen current, she had to leave urgently. Some mission with the Iron Fang Recon Unit, I believe." Lee's voice grew slow and deliberate, savoring every word. "But before leaving, she performed emergency resuscitation, called the medics, and asked a bystander to watch over Caelum until help

arrived. That bystander remembered it vividly. She didn't stay until the end, so she didn't know what happened next, but she clearly remembered who jumped into the water to save Caelum. After all, it's not every day you **see** a woman leap into death-waters like that, strong as any Alpha, dragging a half-drowned wolf to safety. And more importantly..."

He leaned forward, his eyes gleaming with the thrill of the hunt. "She never forgot the sight of Freya in military uniform, dripping riverwater, vanishing like a ghost into the night."

Aurora's hands clenched into fists beneath the table. "You're certain it was Freya?"

Lee chuckled. "Caelum himself mentioned her name once, and when I showed the witness a photo of Freya Thorne of Stormveil's fifth branch, she confirmed it without hesitation. That woman has never forgotten her face."

Silence stretched between them.

Aurora's thoughts spiraled back to that night. She had been there too, on the riverbank, when she saw a man lying unconscious against the mud. She had not seen Freya; the soldier had already vanished into the night. When she bent closer, Caelum had reached out in delirium, clutching at her dress like a drowning man clings to driftwood.

And when the medics arrived, drenched herself from the rising tide, the mistake was easy. They assumed she was the rescuer. She had not corrected them. Pride, vanity-whatever it was, she let the lie harden into truth. From that day forward, she wore the mantle of Caelum's supposed savior.

But now the real savior's name had been unearthed. Freya Thorne. The unwanted daughter of Stormveil's Bloodmoon branch, the girl Aurora had always dismissed as unworthy.

Her pulse throbbed in her throat "How much does Caelun know?"

"Nothing." Ryker said lightly, swirling the untouched coffee before him. "Not yet. Since you called me first, I thought it only polite to share the truth with you before I share **it** with him."

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Finished

So that was it. He was here to bleed her dry.

"What do you want?" Aurora asked.

“Simple.” His eyes gleamed. “You’re the Bluemoon Beta’s daughter, and soon to be Luna of the Silverfang Alpha. Caelum’s fortune alone rivals half the Ironclad Coalition. If he learns you’ve deceived him about something this important, he might not forgive you. So—give me a number.”

Aurora’s teeth ground together. “Say it.”

“Fifty million.” His smile was pure malice.

Her eyes widened, fury flashing like lightning. “Impossible. You think I carry the wealth of an entire pack treasury in my claws? I may be the Beta’s daughter, but my branch doesn’t hold the coffers. My stipend is barely enough to live comfortably. I’ve only just been commissioned into the Bluemoon Airborne Wing.”

Lee’s expression didn’t falter. “And yet Caelum has lavished you with jewels worth far more than that. Didn’t Freya Thorne herself call it out, during that public severance phase? Said Caelum gifted you jewelry valued at fifty million. I did my homework.

Aurora’s nails bit into her palms until blood welled. Those damned jewels again. Freya had dragged them into the light during the Lunar Severance Phase, and now this scavenger was circling the same carrion.

“I can’t liquidate them. Caelum would notice. The most I can give you now is half a million. Once I’m Luna, I’ll find get you the rest.”

Lee sneered. “Half a million? That’s what you toss beggars at the city gates.”

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Aurora leaned forward, her wolf aura curling, sharp and dangerous. “Then go ahead. Tell Caelum everything. You’ll walk away with nothing. Do you think he’ll spare you once he realizes you’ve been blackmailing his Luna-to-be? At least this way, you get something. And as long as the evidence stays with you, you’ll always have leverage to make me pay the rest.”

Her words landed. Lee hesitated. Greed warred with caution in his eyes.

“Fine,” he said finally, leaning back with a smirk. “Tomorrow I expect five hundred thousand transferred into my account. And once you wear Caelum’s mark, I’ll collect the remaining forty-nine and a half million. Every last fang of it.”

“Agreed,” Aurora said quickly, her voice smooth now, controlled.

Because she only needed time. Time to bind Caelum to her with vows and blood. Time to make him so entangled he wouldn't leave her even if the truth surfaced.

As for Lee-

Her lips curled into the faintest smile. He thought himself the predator. But he had no idea how wolves of Bluemoon played the long game.

In the end, the only victor would be her.