

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 31

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Freya's POV

I'd been meaning to return the clothes Silas Whitmor had given me that day at the mall—the ones he'd used to replace my blood-soaked garments.

My plan was simple: go to the Whitmore estate, hand them over to one of the pack's house staff, and leave without crossing paths with him. Clean. Simple. No unnecessary contact.

But fate, as always, had other ideas.

The Whitmore butler himself came to the door, his expression polite but unreadable. "Alpha Whitmor is not in the Capital at the moment. However, he instructed me that if Miss Thorne truly wishes to return the garments, she should hand them back to him personally."

My brows pulled together. "And when will he be back?"

"Two days, perhaps more," the butler said.

That was that.

Leaving the Whitmore gates behind, I made my way to SkyVex Armaments.

Lana was the first to spot me, her sharp eyes dropping to the sleek garment bag in my hand. "Oh, that piece? That's not just high-end—that's a VIP-exclusive release. Practically impossible to get your paws on. Since when do you go for that sort of thing? You've always preferred clean cuts, no frills, nothing that gets in the way if you need to move fast."

She knew me well. My wardrobe was built for practicality, not preening.

"It's not mine," I said flatly. "It belongs to Silas Whitmor. I meant to return it, but he insists I give it back in person."

I told her about my trip to the Whitmore

estate and the deliberate roadblock the Alpha had put in place.

Lana's mouth curved, her eyes glinting with mischief. "You think maybe Alpha Whitmor's interested in you? Why else would he insist on a face-to-face? Sounds like he wants an excuse to see you again."

I shot her a look sharp enough to cut hide. "And you think catching the eye of Silas Whitmor is some kind of blessing?"

The glint in her gaze flickered, and she shivered. We both knew the stories—how the Ironclad Coalition's Alpha could be as cold as the steel his pack forged, how his wrath was the kind that maimed, the kind that left scars no healer could mend.

"Fine," she muttered, shaking off the thought. "Still, three nights from now, there's a gathering. Big names. Silas will be there, and I've got an invite. Why don't..

you come with me and give it back then? That way, you can cut the tie clean."

I thought about it for only a moment before nodding. "All the better. The sooner I hand this back, the sooner I'm free of any... connection."

The wolf in me was restless, sending warning shivers down my spine. Every instinct said the same: don't linger near that man. Don't give him a reason to look twice.

Three days later, the night of the gathering arrived.

Lana, of course, had other ideas about my presentation. She insisted I change into a deep sapphire gown, the kind that clung in places I usually preferred to hide.

"I'm just returning clothes, not hunting for a mate," I protested.

And you don't even know how dangerous you look like this," she shot back, tugging at my hair until the long waves spilled over my shoulders. "Caelum Grafton must be the blindest Alpha in the Silverfang Pack—ignoring a wife like you for Aurora of the Bluemoon Pack."

Her words shouldn't have stung, but they did. Still, she wasn't wrong. The gown set off my pale skin; the cut sharpened my shoulders while the silk softened my lines. The contradiction—Alpha's steel and she-wolf's grace—was dangerous even to my own eyes.

Lana gave a low whistle. "Moon's mercy, if you were a man, I'd mate—mark you right now."

I laughed despite myself. "Enough. Let's go before I change my mind."

We arrived at the hotel where the gathering was being held. The moment I stepped out of the car, my breath caught.

Across the drive, another sleek black vehicle had just pulled up.

From it stepped Caelum Grafton—and Aurora.

Both of them carried invitations in hand. Clearly, they were here for the same event.

Caelum's gaze found me almost instantly. I saw the flicker in his eyes—just a heartbeat's worth of stillness, like a wolf catching a scent it couldn't ignore. For a moment, he looked almost... uncertain, as if the sight of me in silk and moonlight blurred something he thought he knew.