

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

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A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

I froze in place, my pulse still hammering from the chaos just moments ago. Then I saw him- Silas Whitmor, flanked by his usual shadow of guards, stride confidently into the casino. The atmosphere shifted immediately; every security guard seemed to tense, their instincts recognizing a higher authority. The tension between the two groups was palpable, a standoff crackling in the air like lightning waiting to strike.

The lead security officer stepped forward, narrowing his eyes at Silas. "These... they're Whitmor's people?" His voice was wary, cautious, the respect clear in his tone.

Silas gave a measured nod, but his gestures were precise. He pointed to me first. "She is." Then he gestured to Kade Blackridge. "He isn't. But both of them are leaving with me."

The security officer hesitated, shifting his weight. "They caused a scene. They broke the rules of the casino. If we just let Whitmor take them, how can we enforce the rules in the future?"

Silas didn't waste words. He pulled out his WolfComm and dialed a number with the calm authority that had earned him his position in the Ironclad Coalition. The subtle, low hum of wolf energy around him set everyone on edge.

"It's Silas Whitmor," he said. "I'm taking two people from your casino. As discussed, I can increase the profit share by 0.3%."

The conversation was brief, but its impact immediate. The lead guard's posture softened as he listened, tension draining from his muscles. A few moments later, he nodded curtly to his team, issuing commands to step back. Then, with a forced smile, he addressed Silas. "Very well, Whitmor. We'll stand down. Enjoy your evening."

The standoff evaporated as silently as it had appeared. The potential brawl that had seemed inevitable now dissolved into nothingness, leaving me breathless and still burning with adrenaline.

The moment the casino security moved away, I bolted out the door, my wolf senses prickling, scanning the bustling street outside. But there was no trace of him. Eric—my brother. Had I truly missed him? The thought tightened around my chest, each beat of my heart pounding with frustration and longing.

Then, something caught my eye—a small, precise detail that sent a spark through my mind. The surveillance cameras mounted at the entrance. Of course. If I could access the casino’s footage, I could track him: the exact vehicle he left in, maybe even his path afterward. With the right frame, I might identify him definitively.

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“Freya!” Kade’s voice was at my side, sharp and grounding. “Are you looking for Eric?”

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I nodded, determination and desperation mingling. “Yes. But I can’t find him outside. We have to get the surveillance footage.” My wolf rumbled low in my chest, furious at the delay. If the casino refused, I’d find a way to access it myself. I’d hack the system if I had to, claw my way through the digital locks, whatever it took.

Kade’s lips pressed into a thin line. “Give me a few days. I’ll handle it. With my family’s influence, we can find the right intermediary to negotiate access discreetly.”

Before I could respond, Silas’ deep voice cut through the night air, smooth and commanding. “If you want the footage, I can get it for you immediately.”

I turned, startled. Silas Whitmor. Of course—Whitmore had extensive holdings in Deepmoor City, with partnerships, contracts, and influence in places like this. His presence alone made the odds shift in our favor. Latest content published on find-novel.net

“You... you can get the footage?” I asked, urgency burning in my tone. My wolf prowled impatiently, scenting the air, eager to find Eric.

“I did say I could,” he replied evenly, the authority behind his words leaving no room for doubt. “It will take some time, though. Perfect timing, too—it’s dinner hour. Why don’t we eat while we wait?”

I hesitated, then nodded. Quickly, I detailed the specific time window I needed for the footage, the locations within the casino we needed to see. My wolf senses were on edge, every moment without confirmation of Eric’s presence gnawing at me.

“I’ll come along,” Kade said, stepping beside me. “I doubt Whitmor would mind an extra person.”

Silas’ amber eyes flicked briefly to Kade, sharp and unreadable. He said nothing but motioned to Wren, his assistant, who immediately moved into the casino to coordinate.

“The footage should be ready by the time we finish dinner,” Silas assured, his presence alone keeping everyone in check.

His car awaited at the casino entrance, sleek and black, exuding the sort of wolfish authority that only Silas could carry. His guards opened the door with precision and respect. Silas looked at me, eyes calm but calculating. “Not getting in?”

“I drove with Kade,” I said quickly, my voice tight. “Our car will follow yours.”

He tilted his head, wolfish instinct reading the tension in my posture. “And if I insisted you ride with me?”

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Kade smirked, tossing the car keys to one of Silas’ guards. “Then someone else will have to drive ours.” He guided me into the passenger seat, his energy radiating calm confidence. Then, with a teasing edge, he looked back at Silas. “So, Silas, are you coming?”

For a moment, it was a standoff. Two alpha presences, each assessing the other, the air charged like a storm about to break. Silas finally lowered his gaze and eased into the back seat, Kade following suit.

The car hummed with tension, low and thick, the scent of wolf energy mingling in the confined space. My thoughts raced, over and over, circling the memory of the man I had seen in the elevator. Was it really Eric? Or was this some cruel trick fate had played on me? He had seen me too, but his eyes had been cold, distant, indifferent—like I was a stranger.

I shivered. Something was off.

Kade broke the silence, his voice low but steady. “I’ll cover the 0.3% extra profit for the casino. Consider it my contribution. After all, this whole situation—our little incident—it came from us.”

Silas’ lips curved into a faint, wolfish smirk. “You’ll cover it? That 0.3% is sixty million. You’ll pay that?”

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Freya’s POV

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Kade snorted beside me. “Even though the Blackridge and Whitmore families don’t have the kind of wealth Silas does, sixty million isn’t exactly unattainable.”

I barely glanced at him, my focus consumed entirely by the lingering memory of Eric—the brother I hadn’t seen in years yet whose image haunted every nerve of me.

Silas Whitmor’s voice broke through the tension, calm but tinged with an edge of possessive pride. “It’s a shame. The money I’ve spent on my girlfriend isn’t meant to be covered by any other man.”

Kade’s jaw tensed. “She’s not your girlfriend anymore. You two broke up.”

A small, almost wolfish smile curved Silas’ lips. “I never said we broke up. We’re merely taking a temporary separation. Nothing more.”

The air in the car grew heavier, thick with unspoken dominance. Kade and Silas, two alphas in close quarters, their presence alone charged every molecule around

them. The driver's hands tightened around the wheel, white-knuckled and trembling. If a fight broke out in the backseat, even in Deepmoor City, the fallout would be catastrophic.

I kept my eyes downcast, pretending to nibble at the corners of my thoughts like a careful huntress, though my mind was anything but calm. Eric. That single thought clawed at my chest. My wolf was restless, pacing behind my ribs, sniffing the air for the familiar scent that had eluded me for far too long.

When we arrived at one of D-country's finer restaurants, my body remained tense, every sense alert. We entered a private dining room, away from the prying eyes and ears of the city's bustling elite. The waitstaff barely dared breathe in our presence—Silas exuded a wolfish authority that silenced the room.

Once seated, menus momentarily forgotten, Silas leaned back, his amber eyes assessing me like a wolf tracking its prey. "You want the surveillance footage. Is there a lead?"

I nodded, my fingers unconsciously drumming against the table. "In the casino... I saw someone who looked exactly like Eric. But when he saw me, there was no reaction. And by the time I tried to reach him, the casino security blocked me."

Silas' expression darkened, muscles tightening under his tailored suit. The slightest tremor

your brother?" touched his voice as he asked, "You... saw someone like

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"Yes," I said, my voice steady but my heart threatening to tear itself free from my chest. Appearance alone told me it had to be him, though his elegant attire and cold, distant gaze seeded doubt. Was it really Eric, or was fate mocking me?

Silas' tension was palpable now, far greater than mine. He understood the stakes better than anyone. If Eric were alive, there might still be a chance for reconciliation. But if he truly wasn't... the weight of that possibility was unbearable, and I could sense Silas' wolf instincts bristling in response.

I picked at my food absentmindedly, the taste bitter and hollow. Kade, ever observant, nudged me with his fork. "Don't just eat rice. Eat a little of the food too." This content belongs to

I sighed, my wolf growling low and restless, "I know... I just... I can't focus on eating right now."

Kade's hand hovered over mine, warm, grounding. "No matter what happens, I'm with you. We'll find him—Eric—together."

I looked up at him, taken aback by the intensity in his gaze. In the past, I had taken Kade's words as the loyalty of a comrade, a protective elder brother figure. But now, his promise felt... heavier, layered with a personal devotion that made my wolf stir uneasily, like it could sense the bond was more than mere blood.

Silas sat across from me, his hands clenched around his chopsticks, knuckles white. The veins in his forearms threatened to surface, taut and pulsing, as he controlled the storm coiled within him. He had just about to snap his fingers when his WolfComm vibrated. Wren's voice came through.

"Silas, the surveillance footage you requested is ready. Sending it now."

My heart thudded painfully against my ribs. I leaned forward, eyes locked on the screen as the files transferred to Silas' device. "Have the videos arrived?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper, trembling with anticipation.

Silas' amber eyes met mine. "Yes. You can check if they're what you're looking for." He forwarded the files, and I immediately opened them.

The footage played, each frame sharp and precise. There—entering the elevator, a side profile that made my pulse race—and there—exiting, flanked by strangers, his movement measured, controlled. He stepped into a sleek gray business vehicle, the license plate captured clearly in the camera's unforgiving eye.

I pointed at the screen, almost breathless. "We can track him from this plate, can't we? Find him?"

Silas nodded, already tapping commands into his device. "Of course. I'll have my team find

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out exactly who he is."

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Kade leaned closer, the wolfish glint in his eyes reassuring. He understood the subtle intricacies of Silas' influence in D-country—his reach, his intelligence network, unparalleled. Tracking someone through Silas' channels would be quicker, more precise than anything I could manage alone.

“Thank you,” I murmured, feeling the tight coil of tension in my chest ease slightly, though my wolf still prowled, restless.

Dinner passed almost mechanically. Kade and I were preparing to leave, to wait at the hotel for news, when Silas' hand suddenly caught my arm. A grip both commanding and gentle.

“I need to speak with you,” he said, his gaze flicking meaningfully toward Kade.

I tilted my head, wary but attentive. “What is it?”

Silas' voice was low, controlled, almost wolfish in its patience. “I want it to be just the two of us. Alone.”

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

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Kade let out a cold snort beside me, his tone sharp enough to cut through the thick tension in the room. “What, Silas? You can't say what you want to say openly?”

I caught the way his eyes flicked between us, the subtle edge of a wolf waiting to pounce, but Silas ignored him entirely, amber eyes fixed on me. “Is that acceptable?”

I pressed my lips together, inhaling sharply through my nose, trying to steady the storm inside. “Yes... that's fine.”

Then I turned to Kade, forcing a calmness I didn't feel. “You should head back to the hotel. I'll come back once I finish talking with Silas.”

He raised an eyebrow but didn't argue. He had already expected this. After all, today Silas had done more than anyone else to help me. Kade's loyalty was a shield, but he also knew when his presence might interfere.

"Alright," Kade said, voice steady despite the tension in his broad shoulders. "I'll head back. Contact me immediately if anything comes up."

I gave a brief nod. "I understand."

As Kade left, the room seemed to shrink, leaving only Silas and me in the private dining area. Silence pressed against us, thick and suffocating, like the wolf inside me was pacing, restless, impatient.

"What do you want to say?" I asked, trying to sound even, though my pulse thumped against my ribs like a war drum.

Silas hesitated, and I noticed the way his jaw tightened, the faint glint of something unspoken flickering in his gaze. "If... if the man you saw today is truly your brother, then... when you finally find him, could things... could we... go back to how it was?"

I froze. "What?"

He stood, moving closer, his presence overwhelming, wolfish in its intensity. "You were going to break up with me because I hid the truth about seeing your brother, because I didn't save him when I should have. But now... if I give everything I have, every resource, every ounce of myself to help you find him, could you forgive me?"

His amber eyes glimmered, expectant, vulnerable beneath the wolfish mask of control.

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I swallowed, trying to rein in the rush of conflicting emotions. "I would be grateful if you helped me find him," I said carefully, each word deliberate. "But... for me, this is separate from our relationship."

"Separate?" His brow furrowed, a sharp crease cutting into his perfect features.

"Yes. Separate." I met his gaze, feeling the old sting of trust shattered and the ghost of pain from the past. "Silas... the biggest reason I broke up with you wasn't

because of him—it was because I could no longer truly trust you. Every word you say now, I would question: is it truth or deception? I would always wonder, always doubt.”

The wolf in me growled low at the thought, the instinctive need for loyalty and honesty twisting painfully in my chest. “That’s not the kind of love I want. I told you before—I need a love where trust is absolute, where at any moment, I know my partner will stand by me, no matter what.”

Silas’ fingers flexed, and the muscles along his jaw tightened. “Then let’s rebuild it,” he said, voice low, almost a growl. “I will make you trust me again!”

I gave a bitter laugh, the sound hollow. Trust isn’t rebuilt with words. If it were, the world wouldn’t be littered with betrayal.

“I... I can’t, Silas,” I said, voice trembling slightly, the wolf in me bristling as if it sensed the danger of false hope.

Before I could continue, his fingers pressed lightly against my lips. “Don’t speak. Consider it a gift... for today, for what I’ve done for you.”

The weight of his presence pressed down on me, wolf instincts surging in response. I could feel the raw power emanating from him—the predator who could tear through barriers, both physical and emotional.

I exhaled slowly and pulled his hand away, stepping back slightly. “If there’s nothing else, I’ll

go

back to the hotel now.”

I turned, intending to leave, when his arms suddenly wrapped around me from behind, firm and unyielding, but not rough—protective, possessive, insistent.

“Freya,” he murmured close to my ear, his voice low, vibrating against my skin. “No matter what you think about us, your brother—I will find him. Whatever the cost, I will bring him back to you. You don’t have to risk yourself for this. Let me take the danger, let me gather the intelligence, the leads—you just stay safe.”

I tried to pull away, the pressure on my chest heavy, my wolf bristling at the closeness. “Silas... you don’t need to do this.”

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“I promised,” he said, voice firm, almost a growl. “I am your spear, your shield, your force. Use me however you need—just don’t put yourself in danger.” The rightful source is find-novel.net

The words struck me like a tidal wave, heavy and suffocating, the weight of responsibility and power pressing down on my chest. I could feel my wolf stir uncasily, a growl deep and low, restless and protective.

When I finally returned to the hotel, Kade was waiting, his posture alert. “Silas didn’t trouble you, did he?”

“No,” I said, shaking my head, still tasting the echo of Silas’ intensity.

Kade exhaled in relief but then frowned, guilt flickering across his features. “I should have been better prepared. If I had, we wouldn’t have needed Silas’ help.”

“It wasn’t your fault,” I said quietly, voice carrying the weariness of my hunt. “I was too impulsive. My focus was on finding Eric. I couldn’t care about danger or consequences—I just needed to see him, to know if he’s alive.”

Night fell, and I lay in bed, eyes squeezed shut, cold sweat clinging to my forehead. Shadows twisted in the corners of the room, my wolf restless and alert, ears twitching at every faint sound.

A sudden memory jolted me awake, heart hammering. “No... Eric!”

Darkness pressed in, and for a moment I was lost in the nightmare—the echoes of Eric being hurt, humiliated, and me, powerless to intervene.

A sharp jolt of awareness hit me. I bolted upright. My chest heaving, eyes wide and scanning the room. Someone was here.

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Silas’s POV

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I perched on the edge of the armchair by Freya's bed, letting the quiet of her room seep into me. Moonlight spilled through the half-drawn curtains, just enough to outline her sleeping form on the bed. Even without the lights, I could see her—every curve, every soft detail—and my wolf throbbed with the same ache it always did when she was near.

“Having a nightmare?” I asked softly, my voice a low murmur in the otherwise still room. The words felt inadequate, but I couldn't help it. My presence, my voice—I needed to be here, just near her, even if she didn't know it yet.

She exhaled, a shiver running through her, and switched on the bedside lamp. Warm light spilled across the room, and I saw her fully.

Her eyes widened slightly as they landed on me. “Silas... what are you doing in my room?”

I gave a sheepish shrug, though my wolf bristled at the intrusion. “I was bringing you some files... but you were asleep when I arrived.” I let my gaze linger on her, drinking in the way her eyelashes rested against her cheeks, the small rise and fall of her chest. Days apart from her had made me realize the depth of my need—I craved even this small proximity.

Freya's lips pressed together, a frown forming. “So... you used the hotel to get my room key?” “I'm... sorry,” I admitted. My amber eyes dimmed with the weight of my intrusion.

Her glare cut sharper than any fang. “If you were truly sorry, you wouldn't have come in here without permission.”

I lowered my gaze, a flicker of pain crossing me. My wolf growled low in my chest, instinctively defensive, yet *I* knew she was right. “Alright. I understand. It won't happen again.”

She finally softened, her voice calm but firm. “What files?”

I extended the folder toward her. “About the man you saw earlier... the one you thought might be Eric.”

She snatched the folder, her fingers trembling slightly as she flipped it open. My wolf tensed—her need to see the truth, her drive to hunt for answers—it mirrored my own. The first page held a photo: the man in the elevator, unmistakably the one she had seen.

I watched her intently as she scanned the details. His name was Parker Williams, a member of a powerful foreign family, recognized only three years ago as their legitimate heir after being

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hidden away as a private son. His rise had been deliberate, methodical, and his earlier life was curiously absent from public record—brushed away as though it had never existed. Officially, he was said to have grown up in obscurity until the previous heir’s sudden death left a place

for him to fill.

Freya’s brow furrowed. “A private son... recognized three years ago... this doesn’t match Eric’s timeline exactly, does it?”

“No,” I said carefully, my fingers tightening around the edge of the chair. “But the files I’ve pulled are accurate. If there’s a connection, it’s buried deeper. The photos from three years ago are all we have publicly. To trace him further back, it’ll take time.”

Her jaw clenched, and I could feel her tension radiating like a heat wave. Her wolf was already sniffing, pawing through instinct and anxiety. “Can we find photos of him from five years ago? Maybe even earlier?” she asked. “If he resembles Eric, it should show up. I need to know for sure.”

I shook my head slowly. “Publicly, there’s nothing older than these three years. To dig deeper... that’ll take resources, time, and access to private archives. It’s possible, but not immediate.”

She let out a frustrated sigh, leaning back on her elbows. “I know I’m being impatient. But... this concerns Eric. I can’t wait.”

I softened, my wolf curling protectively, sensing her desperation. “I understand, Freya. We’ll get him, no matter what it takes.”

Her gaze sharpened, fierce and determined. “Where is he now? I want to see him.”

I hesitated, then met her eyes. “Tomorrow night, there’s a gala. Parker Williams will be attending. I can get you in. You’ll see him there.”

Her face lit up, a flash of hope piercing the worry in her eyes. “Then I’ll go.”

“But,” I added, letting my wolf’s protective instinct tint my words, “your attendance will be as my companion. Discretion is critical.”

Freya’s jaw set, unwavering. “Fine. That’s not the issue. Seeing Eric... that matters more than anything.”

I nodded, and for a moment, the room fell into silence. I felt the pull of her wolf, the tension of her need, and the distance between us, still wide, still raw.

She yawned slightly, exhaustion creeping in. “Anything else, or can I try to sleep now?”

I hesitated, a surge of instinctive need to protect her rising. “May I... stay by your side while

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you sleep? Just hold your hand... I won’t do anything you don’t want.”

She shook her head. “We... can’t. Not anymore.”

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I sighed, a low rumble vibrating in my chest, my wolf snarling at the walls I could not breach. “Very well. I won’t force it. I’ll leave. But never doubt... I’ll do whatever it takes to help you. Always.” [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

Freya’s soft “thank you” followed me as I stood. I lingered, wanting to imprint every detail of her face into memory, every curve and shadow of her in this soft lamplight. Then, finally, I retreated to my own room.

I retrieved the sleeping aid from my bedside, the dose steadily increasing, yet even with it, falling asleep became a harder task each night. I swallowed, lying back on the mattress, my hand lingering on the photo I had taken of her earlier.

Her smile shone from the glossy paper—Freya, brilliant and fierce, yet so achingly human. My wolf growled softly in the quiet room.

“Freya,” I whispered hoarsely, letting the sound drift through the darkened space, “may tonight bring sleep... and dreams of you.”

Even if it was only in dreams, I needed to see her smile, to hear her name on her lips, to imagine a world where we had never parted.

Even if only for one night.

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A Warrior Luna's Awakening

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I slid the packet of documents Silas had secured into Kade's hands the next morning. The paper still smelled faintly of iron and smoke, the scent of Whitmor always clinging to the things he touched.

Kade skimmed the first page, his brow furrowing. "Three years ago, Parker was only just claimed by the Whitmors as their long-lost bastard son. And three years ago, records in the Capital weren't exactly transparent." He looked up, eyes narrowing with a quiet spark of realization. "It could still be Eric, Freya. There's a chance your brother is tied to this."

My chest tightened. The name of my brother was a wound that never healed, always raw when touched. "That's why I intend to see Parker Williams face-to-face at the banquet tonight," I said evenly. "Only then can I confirm anything. Some truths don't live on paper. They live in the eyes of the person across from you."

"You're going to confront Parker?" Kade's voice cracked in surprise, wolf-sharp and protective.

"Yes. Silas told me Parker will attend tonight. He has the invitations. I'll go with him."

Kade straightened, almost bristling. "Then I'll go too."

I gave him a measured look. "The banquet requires an invitation. You don't-"

"An invitation?" His lips curved into a half-smile, full of the arrogance only a wolf born to privilege could pull off. "That's nothing. Consider it handled. Sister, if all you need is a way inside, you don't have to lean on Silas Whitmor. I can take you."

Before I could answer, Silas's voice cut through the quiet like the snap of a trap. "So, Kade, you'd have her use you, then toss me aside? Burn the bridge once you've crossed it?"

I turned sharply, catching the sight of him striding toward us with that unhurried grace predators wore before they struck. He claimed the empty seat beside me as if it had always belonged to him, his presence overwhelming the air.

Kade's mouth twisted into a sneer. "She came with me. Why shouldn't she walk into a hall by my side?"

The tension between them was a palpable thing, like the charge in the air before a thunderstorm. Both males, both stubborn, circling each other in silent challenge.

"Enough." I raised my voice, cutting clean through the growl beneath their words. "If it's such a

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problem, then the three of us will go together. Or I'll go alone." UPDATE FROM FundNovel.net

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That silenced them. They locked eyes, neither willing to back down. But a moment later, they both exhaled, almost in unison.

"Then three it is," they said, voices overlapping.

Only then did I allow myself a breath of relief.

By afternoon, Kade had gone to secure an invitation of his own, and I found myself in Silas's company once more. He led me to a styling salon in the heart of Deepmoor City, where the walls glittered with mirrors and racks of gowns shimmered like cascading waterfalls.

I carried only the barest essentials when I came to this country. Not a single dress fit for the kind of stage Parker Williams would appear on.

As we stepped inside, I glanced at Silas. Shadows clung under his eyes, a bruise-dark exhaustion hidden poorly beneath his composure. "You didn't sleep last night, did you?"

He blinked, clearly not expecting the question. Then, slowly, a smile touched his lips. "Are you... worrying about me, Freya?"

My lips pressed into a thin line. “Don’t misunderstand. It was just an observation. You don’t have to answer.”

“But what if I do?” His tone dipped, lower, almost intimate. “What if I tell you I haven’t slept well since we parted? That I close my eyes and find only silence too loud to bear. Would you pity me? Would you take my hand again—heal me the way only you ever could?”

I stopped short, heart hammering, though I forced my voice to stay even. “If your sleeplessness is that severe, you should see a doctor.”

His eyes caught mine, unflinching. “And what if no medicine works? What if only you can cure me?”

The space between us thickened with unspoken history. I tore my gaze away. “Silas, I’m not a doctor. And I won’t play at being one.”

For a moment, his expression was unreadable. Then he only exhaled, the fight leaving his shoulders. “You’re right. You’re not.” He let it drop, guiding me toward the rows of dresses instead.

I moved among silks and satins, letting the attendants bring me gown after gown. Silas stayed behind on a leather sofa, his presence like a wolf crouched in shadow—silent, watchful, unyielding.

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I could feel his gaze even as I slipped behind the curtain to change. It burned hotter than any lamp, a reminder of every tether he still believed tied me to him.

His insomnia wasn’t a mystery to me. I knew his past—how he’d watched his mother’s blood soak the floor, how her death had hollowed him out until sleep itself turned traitor. He had clawed his way back to stability once, rebuilt himself piece by piece until he could close his eyes without drowning.

But since our parting, that fragile balance had shattered again. I could hear it in the rasp of his breath, see it in the tightness at the corner of his jaw. The healers warned him, he said. His nights were shortening, his grip on rest slipping fast. If it worsened, madness might not be far behind.

When I stepped out at last, clad in a gown the color of pale dawn, his silence broke.

“Beautiful,” he whispered, almost reverent.

I adjusted the fall of the fabric self-consciously. “It’s simple enough. At a banquet like tonight’s, I’ll hardly stand out. There will be plenty more beautiful than me.”

He rose, closing the distance in two strides. “No,” he said firmly. “Not to me. To me, you are the only one who shines.” His hand lifted, brushing against my cheek, warm and unbearably familiar. “You’re the star I’ve chased in every dark sky, Freya. Without you, there’s nothing but night.”

The rawness in his voice startled me. For an instant, I almost faltered. Almost.

I stepped back, severing the touch. “Don’t. Silas, my focus is finding Eric. Until I have my brother back, I can’t afford to think of anything else.”

His lashes lowered, shadowing his eyes. “I understand.”

But even as he spoke, I could see the truth in him. For me, everything came back to Eric. For him, everything circled back to me.

He swallowed hard, his voice rougher when it came again. “Freya... no one wishes you success more than I do. I want you to find your brother, to bring him home. More than anything.”

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Freya’s POV

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The moment we stepped into the grand ballroom, the weight of it pressed down on me like a heavy cloak. Crystal chandeliers glittered above, casting fractured light across polished marble floors, and the air reeked of perfume, ambition, and wolf musk.

My pulse quickened. I wasn’t here for spectacle. I was here for one reason: Parker Williams. If Silas’s intel was right, he would be at this gathering tonight. The thought alone made my chest tighten. Parker might be the only lead to my brother, Eric Thorne. Or... perhaps Parker was Eric.

My eyes swept the crowd, nerves taut like a bowstring. Behind me, two shadows moved in sync -Kade and Silas. They flanked me like bodyguards, but their presence was anything but simple. Their raw Alpha energy pressed against my skin, prickling like sparks of lightning, drawing curious stares the moment we crossed the threshold.

Whispers rose immediately. Two Alphas in one room was enough to stir gossip. Add me between them, and it was a storm waiting to break.

Silas drew the lion's share of attention; the Whitmor name carried weight in the Ironclad Coalition, and his striking looks weren't easily ignored. Yet to my surprise, Kade also drew recognition. Of course-his WolfComm ties to Victor Ashford's legal empire extended far beyond the Capital. It made sense that some of D-Nation's power brokers would know his face.

But for me, all of this was noise. Every handshake, every lingering stare, every smirking smile from a woman drawn to either of them-it all slowed me down. And I couldn't afford delays.

"We should split up," I said sharply, eyes scanning for even a flicker of Parker's silhouette. "We'll find him faster that way."

Kade's brow furrowed. "But-" Updates are released by find[N]ovel.net

"No buts," I cut him off. "Time isn't on our side."

Before I could step away, Silas's hand wrapped around my wrist, firm and hot. His grip was more than possessive-it was a tether. His voice, low and steady, brushed my ear. "I'll come find

you later."

I swallowed, uneasy at the intensity in his gaze. "Fine."

Only then did he release me.

But others had already noticed. A local pack elder leaned closer to Silas, voice curious. "Rare to see you bring a companion, Whitmor. Who's the lady?"

Silas didn't hesitate. "She's my mate."

The words struck me like a blow. My lungs stalled; even Kade's eyes hardened in disbelief. The men nearby blinked, startled.

“Your mate?” one murmured. “Then she must be truly fortunate.”

Silas’s gaze never left me. “Fortunate? No. I’m the fortunate one.”

His tone was reverent, almost desperate, as if by claiming me before witnesses, he could bind me back into his orbit.

Kade stepped forward, seizing Silas by the arm, dragging him aside. His voice was low, edged with steel. “She ended things with you. Stop calling her your mate.”

Silas’s lips curved in a humorless smile. “We’re only apart for now. She’ll return to me. She has

to.”

Kade’s jaw clenched. The temperature between them dropped to ice. “If you so much as think of forcing her, Whitmor, I swear on my bloodline—I’ll tear your Coalition down stone by stone. Don’t test me.”

Silas’s eyes narrowed, shadows curling in their depths. “Do you really believe you could bring down my family?”

“Try me,” Kade said, gaze unflinching, his wolf prowling just beneath his skin.

The two of them locked in a silent battle, Alphas radiating hostility so thick the nearby crowd instinctively shifted back, giving them space.

I didn’t wait for it to escalate. My focus had to remain on Parker. Heart hammering, I pushed deeper into the sea of glittering gowns and sharp suits.

Everywhere I looked, faces blurred, but none of them were his. Doubt gnawed at me. What if Silas had lied? What if Parker wasn’t even here? What if I lost the chance to find my brother all

over again?

My wolf paced restlessly inside me, nose lifting, desperate for a familiar scent. The thought of Eric—his laughter, the shadow he cast over my childhood, the way he had vanished—tightened my throat. If Parker was him, if I could just see...

I turned another corner, breath shallow. And then-

12:17 Sat, Oct 11 M

My steps faltered. My entire body froze.

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There, across the room, in the flood of lamplight, stood a figure I knew too well and not at all. The tilt of his head, the line of his shoulders—it was Eric’s posture, Eric’s presence. But the air around him was darker, more guarded, stamped with authority that didn’t belong *to* the boy I remembered.

Parker Williams.

Or Eric Thorne.

Or both.

My heart seized. Every rational thought scattered. Instinct took over. My feet moved before my mind caught up, propelling me across the ballroom. I couldn’t lose him again. Not this

time.

The crowd blurred around me, voices drowned beneath the rush of my own pulse. My wolf howled inside me, urging me forward, clawing at my ribs with need.

Closer.

Closer.

And then—I was there. My hand shot out, trembling but sure, and clamped onto his wrist.

His skin was warm, solid, alive.

He turned, startled, eyes widening as he saw me.

For one breathless moment, the world stopped.

I stared into his face, torn between hope and dread, and whispered the word that had been clawing at my chest for years:

“Brother...?”

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

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The man turned toward me, his deep, steady voice cutting through the hum of the ballroom.

“Miss, do you need something?”

My breath caught. That voice—low, composed, with the same faint rasp that used to carry through the corridors of Stormveil Hall when my brother called my name. My chest tightened as my vision blurred.

Could it be him?

For a heartbeat, the lights, the crowd, the orchestra—all faded into silence. All I could hear was the sound of my pulse drumming in my ears. I took a shaky step forward, my throat tightening. Get full chapters from [FindN\(\)vel.net](http://FindN()vel.net)

It wasn't a dream this time. He was standing right there—alive, real, within reach.

“Eric...” I whispered, though my lips barely formed the word.

My hand lifted almost of its own accord. I wanted—no, needed—to touch him, to feel the warmth of his skin, to confirm that he wasn't a ghost conjured by my desperate mind.

But just as my fingertips brushed the air near his cheek, another hand smacked mine away with sharp force.

“Who do you

think you are? How dare

you touch

my brother!”

The voice was sharp, young, and venomously possessive.

I blinked, jolted back into the chaos of the ballroom. The girl at his side—dressed in glittering silver, her fingers coiled around his arm like a claim—was staring at me with pure disdain.

“He’s your brother?” My voice trembled, disbelief twisting through me.

“Who else would he be? Certainly not yours,” she shot back with a sneer.

A few people nearby turned their attention toward us. I caught the glint of amused, cruel smiles—the kind that always gathered when blood scent hit the air.

“Everyone knows Parker only has one sister—Jenny,” a man nearby said, his tone laced with mockery.

10:04 Tue, Oct 14

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Another woman laughed softly, lifting her glass. “This one’s clearly trying to climb her way into his pack. Pathetic, really.”

“She doesn’t even look like she belongs here,” another added, eyes raking over me.

Their words fell like shards of ice around me, but I barely heard them. My gaze was locked on the man before me.

“Parker Williams,” I said, forcing my voice steady. “My name is Freya Thorne.”

The name hung between us—my name, our name—something that once tied us together by blood. I searched his eyes for recognition, for even a flicker of memory.

But his expression didn’t change. He only looked at me with calm indifference, like a stranger who’d been inconvenienced.

A cold ache spread through my chest. My heart sank lower with every heartbeat.

No... it couldn't be.

If he wasn't Eric, then who was he? And if he was—why did he look at me as though I didn't exist?

“Ha!” Jenny’s voice rang sharp with laughter. “She even knows your name, Parker! She’s definitely been planning this.”

“She’s bold, I’ll give her that,” someone else snickered. “Shameless little thing.”

“She’s probably just some nobody sneaking in to hook a rich Alpha,” a man said loudly. “Security should throw her out.”

“Your name,” Parker said finally, his voice low, detached. “What does it have to do with me?”

“Let go.”

Only then did I realize I was still holding his wrist, my fingers trembling against his pulse. I gripped tighter, desperation burning through me.

I couldn't let go—not yet. There were too many questions clawing at my throat.

“Wait-“I began.

But the sharp crack of a slap silenced me.

My head snapped to the side, my cheek stinging, the world spinning for a second before I

10:04 Tue, **Oct 14**

caught my breath.

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Jenny stood before me, eyes blazing, her hand still raised. I hadn't even seen her move.

“You disgusting woman! If you don’t let go of him right now, I swear I’ll have someone break your hand!” she shrieked, lifting her arm again.

This time, I caught her wrist before her palm could reach me.

“Ah-!” she yelped, face twisting in pain.

I could feel the tremor in her bones beneath my grip, the scent of her fear breaking through her arrogance.

Then a stronger force seized my other wrist. Parker. His fingers locked around mine with a strength that made my breath hitch.

“I don’t know what you want,” he said evenly, though a shadow passed through his gaze, “but the Williams family isn’t someone you can afford to provoke.”

A sharp pain shot through my wrist. I gasped and instinctively loosened my hold.

Jenny immediately yanked her hand free, clutching it with a whimper before turning to him. “Parker! She hurt me! She actually hurt me—look at this! You should crush her hand for that!”

Her shrill voice scraped at my ears. My heart hammered painfully.

“Crush my

hand?” I repeated quietly, staring at him. “You’d really do that?”

He didn’t answer, but the silence between us said more than words ever could.

I saw nothing in his eyes—no recognition, no warmth. Just distance,

If this man truly was my brother... he would never have stood by while another woman struck me. He would never have let her insult me without a word.

Once, Eric Thorne had been my shield. When others mocked me for being the unwanted child of Stormveil’s fifth branch, he stood in front of me and dared anyone to lay a hand on

1. me.

Once, he’d nearly lost his life protecting mine.

That brother would rather bleed than see me cry.

This man—this Alpha before me—looked at me as though I was nothing but trouble.

10:04 Tue, Oct 14

Unless.... there was something I didn't understand. Unless he had to do this.

My chest ached, confusion warring with a faint, fragile hope.

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If he was my brother—if he had to pretend not to know me—then I wouldn't let him make the mistake of hurting me for the sake of his lies.

I twisted my arm sharply, slipping out of his hold, using his own momentum to free myself.

I stepped back, steadying my breathing. My wolf stirred uneasily beneath my skin, its instincts prickling with warning and pain.

If he wasn't Eric, I wouldn't allow him to harm me.

But if he was... then I wouldn't let him bear the guilt of doing it.

Either way, I would not stand there and break beneath his hand.

I straightened my spine and met his eyes head-on. "If you're truly who I think you are," I whispered, voice trembling but sure, "then you already know—I won't fight you. But I won't let you destroy me either."

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

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The moment Parker froze, I knew he hadn't expected me to break free from his grasp so easily. His eyes flickered—sharp, calculating, a predator caught off guard.

Before either of us could speak, Jenny's shrill voice cut through the tension. "Where are the guards?!" she snapped, fury twisting her perfect features. "What kind of place is this—letting strangers just touch my brother?"

The room shifted. I felt dozens of eyes burn against my skin as uniformed security wolves began closing in. Jenny Williams wasn't just anyone—her name carried weight even here, far from her homeland. The Williams family might have been C-Nation's exiled purebloods, but in D-Nation's high society, she was still a glittering jewel—vain, loud, untouchable.

"She hurt my hand," Jenny declared coldly, flashing her wrist for sympathy. "Throw her out." Then she stepped closer, the sharp scent of her floral perfume stabbing my senses. "Or," she said, smiling, "you could just apologize. Maybe I'll be generous enough to forgive you."

I stared at her, anger simmering low in my chest. "Shouldn't you be the one apologizing to me?"

Jenny's laughter rang like shattered glass. "You? Apologize to you? Don't be ridiculous."

"Everyone is born equal," I said quietly. My voice was steady, but inside, my wolf growled against the restraint.

"Equality?" Jenny scoffed, tossing her hair back. "Only lowborns say that to make themselves feel better. In the real world, power decides everything. If I want you to apologize, you will."

She flicked her gaze toward the guards, giving a small nod. Instantly, two of them stepped forward. "You heard Miss Williams," one said gruffly. "Apologize, or we'll have to remove you by force."

The air thickened. Even they knew what it meant to cross the Williams siblings. Parker Williams wasn't just any Alpha—he was the sole heir of the C-Nation lineage, a wolf whose name still made the old packs tremble.

I clenched my jaw. I didn't want to make a scene. Not yet. Not before I got answers.

"I'm Silas Whitmor's guest," I said evenly.

A murmur rippled through the crowd. The guards hesitated.

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Jenny blinked, then smirked. “Silas Whitmor? The Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition? Oh, please. Everyone knows he never brings companions to public events. If you’re going to lie, at least pick something believable.”

The laughter that followed was cruel. Sharp.

Jenny leaned closer, voice dripping with venom. “You know what? I changed my mind. I don’t want your apology anymore. I want your hand.”

I could feel it then—the malicious satisfaction radiating from her. For some reason, she hated me on sight. Or maybe she just couldn’t stand the way Parker had hesitated when I’d looked at him.

Before I could react, a cold, commanding voice rolled through the hall.

“If Miss Williams wishes to lose a hand tonight,” Silas Whitmor said, stepping into the light, “then I’ll be happy to oblige her.”

Gasps echoed. I turned toward the familiar voice, relief flooding me like a wave. Official source is Fmd-Novel.net

Silas was striding toward us, his expression carved in frost. Beside him, Kade Blackridge moved like a shadow, his eyes darting between me and the others.

“Freya,” Kade breathed when he reached me, his tone laced with concern. “What happened?”

“It’s nothing,” I said quietly.

“Nothing?” His gaze hardened when he noticed the bruise marring my cheek. “You were hit.”

“Who did this?” Silas’s tone dropped, lethal and low.

The crowd had gone silent now. For years, the Ironclad Alpha had been known as detached, untouchable—a wolf whose emotions were locked behind iron walls. And yet here he was, fury radiating off him in waves, his gaze cutting like a blade.

Every witness understood instantly: this wasn’t just anyone to him.

Jenny stiffened, color draining from her face as she realized the shift in power. Still, she tried to keep her voice steady. “I did. She grabbed my brother out of nowhere, and I—”

“Ten times,” Silas interrupted coldly.

Jenny blinked, “What?”

“You hit her once. You’ll repay it tenfold.”

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Before anyone could stop him, Silas raised his hand. The movement was swift, ruthless-

“Stop!” The shout came from Parker.

But it wasn’t Parker’s hand that stopped Silas—it was mine.

I caught his wrist, fingers trembling slightly from the force of his aura. “Don’t,” I whispered.

Silas looked down at me, disbelief flickering through his expression. “She hit you, Freya.”

“I know.”

“Then she should pay.”

“I’m fine,” I said, though the sting on my cheek burned with humiliation. “This isn’t worth it.”

“Freya-”

“I said I’m fine.”

Kade’s jaw clenched beside us. “No, you’re not. She humiliated you in front of everyone. You can’t just—”

But I barely heard him. My focus was on Parker—the man who looked so achingly familiar, the man whose face mirrored my brother’s so precisely it made my chest ache.

He pulled Jenny behind him, meeting Silas's glare head-on. "If you want to fight," he said evenly, "then I won't back down. The Williams name isn't one you can trample over."

For a moment, it felt like the air itself trembled between them—two Alphas, two worlds colliding.

Silas's

eyes

narrowed. Kade shifted his stance, ready to move. And I—caught between them—felt my pulse hammering in my throat.

Because somewhere beneath the tension, beneath the fury and pride and pack posturing, I could feel it again—

that same pull.

That same spark I'd felt years ago before my world burned down.

Was he really my brother?

Or just a ghost wearing his face?

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Freya's POV

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I stepped forward, my heart thundering in my chest as I faced Parker. My voice was low but steady, trying to mask the storm inside. "Jenny's slap... I'll let it pass. But I hope... Mr. Williams, you can give me a moment alone. There are things I need to say to you."

Parker's gaze flickered, a flash of curiosity crossing his otherwise unreadable face. "You... knew me before?"

I hesitated. My throat tightened. Did I even know him? Did the man standing in front of me truly belong to the memories that haunted me—the soft warmth, the

protective presence, the brother I once knew? My mind wavered, unsure, and I let my words stay neutral. “I... don’t know.” NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON Find★Novel.net

That simple admission seemed to deepen the confusion in his eyes. It wasn’t a yes or a no, but the truth—an admission of uncertainty. For now, it was wiser to tread lightly. I didn’t want this moment to explode into chaos. Just a few minutes, a small, quiet conversation, and maybe I could turn this storm into something manageable.

“Very well,” Parker replied calmly, his voice like ice brushing steel.

I exhaled, the tiniest flicker of relief passing through me. “Then, may we go to the balcony over there? It’s quieter... more private.”

He inclined his head. But Jenny’s sharp voice cut across the space. “Parker, you’re really going to go alone with her?”

“I’m only going to talk for a moment. I’ll return shortly—nothing will happen,” he said, his tone soft, almost protective.

Watching him speak *to* Jenny like that—the patience, the gentleness—I felt my eyes sting. Memories I had buried deep clawed their way to the surface. When I was young and reckless, Eric—my brother—would always say, Don’t worry, Freya. Even if the sky falls, I’ll hold it up for you. Those words, once warm and comforting, rose like smoke in my chest.

Satisfied that Jenny was calmed, Parker turned to me. “Shall we go, Miss Thorne?”

I blinked quickly, trying to hold back the tears threatening to spill, and followed him toward the balcony. The crowd behind us was a mixture of curiosity and disbelief, but I didn’t care. Silas Whitmor’s presence at the edge of the room, Kade Blackridge’s alert stance—they were my shadow guardians, ready if the situation turned violent.

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Jenny scowled at my back, her voice dripping with frustration. “That woman... isn’t she Silas’s companion? And you’re just letting her flirt with another man? I didn’t expect Whitmor to be

so tolerant.”

Silas’s cool gaze met hers. “You should be grateful. Freya stopped me, or even if she hadn’t, you’d have paid for that slap yourself, regardless of your Williams blood.”

Jenny’s lips pressed into a thin line. I could sense the unease in her stance. The way Parker looked at me... the same lingering, protective instinct he had for Jenny—it pulled at the corners of my memory, the faint echo of my brother’s love.

The balcony was a quiet refuge, removed from the glittering chaos of the gala. Moonlight spilled across the floor, washing Parker’s angular face in silver. The contrast to the harsh golden light of the ballroom was stark. Here, under the quiet gaze of the night, I could study him, look for the hints of familiarity I so desperately needed.

“Miss Thorne,” Parker’s voice was calm, formal, breaking the silence behind me. “What did you want to speak about?”

I drew a breath, steeling myself, and turned to face him. Moonlight softened the hard edges of his face, but his eyes... they were still distant, cold. Not the warmth I remembered, not the softness my heart ached for.

“You... don’t recognize me?” My words were barely a whisper. I searched his face for even the smallest flicker of recognition.

His lips pressed into a flat line. “Why would I know you?”

I swallowed hard. My hands, at my sides, curled into fists as I fought the urge to reach for him, to confirm, to feel him. “Because... you look like someone I once knew. Someone I... trusted. I heard you returned to the Williams family three years ago. Before then... what did you do? Where were you?”

He shifted slightly, a shadow of tension passing through him. “That’s private. I don’t see why it concerns you.”

I didn’t falter. “Just now, *you* were so protective of Jenny. You must have a close bond. Do you have other sisters?”

Parker's reply was swift, cutting. "No. Only Jenny."

My chest tightened violently. My eyes stung with tears I could no longer hold back. My brother had said the same words once, almost in the same tone: My sister... only Freya.

It couldn't be a coincidence. But how could I be sure?

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"You... alright?" His voice was low, tentative, almost cautious.

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I shook my head, unable to speak for a moment. Memories crashed over me—the nights I had wept alone, the times Eric had shielded me, the moment I had failed to protect him when he needed me most. "I... I was thinking of my brother," I whispered. "He always protected me. If anyone harmed me, he'd make them pay. But... when he needed me... I couldn't protect him."

The floodgates broke. Tears streamed down my face, unchecked. Each drop fell like silver beads, clattering softly onto the balcony floor.

Parker froze, unprepared for my sudden outpouring. He reached into his pocket, pulling out a crisp handkerchief, offering it gently. "Don't cry."

I looked at the handkerchief, but my hands remained at my sides, useless against the torrent of emotion. I couldn't take it. The tears kept falling, faster and heavier.

And in that moment, in the quiet silver glow of the balcony, I saw him—him. Not Parker, not this distant Alpha of the Williams pack, but the brother I had lost. The warmth, the protection, the quiet strength that had cradled my childhood fears. Every gesture, every word, every protective instinct mirrored him.

Could it be him? Could this man, this Alpha whose eyes were a stormy mirror, truly be my brother... returned from the shadows of the past?

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Chapter 330

Third Person's POV

Parker's gaze lingered on Freya, her tears glinting in the moonlight like scattered pearls. There was something strange stirring within him—a feeling he couldn't quite name. This woman, this Freya, shouldn't be crying like this. She should be resolute, fierce, soaring above the world with the freedom of the storm-wind in her veins. She should not be reduced to trembling beneath the weight of the moment.

He sighed softly, almost unconsciously, reaching out with the handkerchief he carried and brushing the tears from her cheeks. Even Parker himself didn't understand why he did it. Perhaps it was the remnants of instincts long buried, or the echo of a brother's memory he had never admitted to himself. His fingers were careful, almost reverent, and for a moment the chaos of the gala faded from his mind.

Then a sharp voice pierced the night. "What are you doing?!" Jenny Williams' cry jolted him back into reality.

Freya hastily wiped at her face, her hands trembling slightly as she murmured a soft, "Thank you."

Jenny, furious, lunged at her. "You shamelessly trying to seduce Parker! How dare you—"

But Freya was ready. One swift motion and she caught Jenny's wrist in a firm grip, unyielding yet controlled. Jenny yelped in pain, struggling against her hold.

"Miss Thorne, please—be careful," Parker said, his voice calm but threaded with authority, his gaze unwavering.

Freya released Jenny, letting her step back, her eyes sharp. "Fine. Out of respect for Mr. Williams, I won't do anything rash. But if she dares to strike me again..." Her voice was firm, the edge of warning unmistakable.

By then, Silas and Kade had approached, having sensed the tension from across the room.

Jenny rubbed her wrist, glaring at Freya with venom. "Silas, your girlfriend—she's making a play for

my brother right in front of you! Can you really just stand there and watch this?"

"Jenny," Parker's voice cut through sharply, a warning in its calm precision, "Freya isn't trying to seduce me. I won't hear another word of this nonsense."

"But-bro-" Jenny's protest faltered under his icy stare.

"And apologize to Miss Thorne," Parker added, his tone brooking no argument.

Jenny's face twisted in disbelief. "Apologize? To her? Why should I?"

"Lies spoken without care often require accountability," Kade said, stepping closer, his gaze piercing. "If you don't apologize, Jenny, I guarantee that tomorrow, the Capital's feeds will be filled with stories about your recklessness. Whether true or not, the damage will be done."

Jenny's color shifted violently. Threats carried weight in the wolf packs, and Kade radiated the kind of authority that made even the wealthy pause. Her instincts, honed over years of navigating elite circles, screamed that this wasn't an idle warning.

"Silas... you agree she should apologize?" Jenny tried to use him to sway the situation, hoping to regain control.

Silas's expression remained calm, his voice as steady as ice. "If she truly desired Parker, I'd ensure he was at her side-bound if necessary. She'd have him, no matter what."

Jenny's jaw tightened, teeth clenched. "You... you're insane!"

Silas let out a humorless chuckle. Perhaps he was. Or perhaps only those like him and Parker truly understood the lengths some would go for what-or who-they wanted.

"Apologize. Now," Silas said, his voice leaving no room for argument.

"Jenny, you went too far," Parker said, placing a hand lightly on her shoulder, guiding her toward the retreat from the balcony.

Reluctantly, Jenny's scowl softened into a forced semblance of humility. "Fine... I'm..... sorry. I shouldn't have spoken recklessly today."

Freya nodded, the sharp sting of tension in her chest easing slightly. "I hope next time, you'll think before you speak."

Jenny's lips pressed into a tight line. She wanted to argue, to strike again, but the presence of Parker and the unwavering gaze of Silas held her back.

"Let's go, Jenny," Parker said firmly, guiding her away. But as they passed Silas, he paused, turning toward him with an almost imperceptible smirk. "Silas, not every man can be made to bend. If you want me in front of someone, you'll have to earn it."

"Is that so?" Silas replied lightly, his gaze flicking toward Freya. He was testing the waters, evaluating whether Freya's influence over Parker extended far enough to sway even him.

"Mr. Williams, don't take him seriously. He's just joking," Freya interjected hastily, a nervous

laugh betraying the flustered panic inside her.

"Fine. I'm joking." Silas said, almost immediately falling in line, as if prompted by her words. The case of it unsettled Parker slightly; he knew Silas rarely bent so readily, yet Freya's presence seemed to wield that effect.

Parker led Jenny away, his steps measured and controlled. Freya lingered slightly behind, still reeling from the rapid escalation of events.

Kade came to her side, concern evident in his sharp gaze. "Freya... why were you crying just now?"

She blinked, unsure how to explain the flood of emotions that had overtaken her. The rawness wasn't from humiliation, nor from the confrontation—it was the echo of memories she had thought long buried. Memories of Arthur, of the times he had protected her, and of the helplessness she felt the day she had failed him.