

# **A Warrior Luna's Awakening**

## **Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 406**

[ 1,090 words ]

20:29 Wed, Jan 7 A D

Chapter 406

Third Person's POV

24 Finished

When Parker was about to charge into the burning hall, Everett's voice cut through the chaos like a blade.

"Stop him."

Several guards of the Williams Family moved instantly, forming a wall in front of Parker. Their stances were steady-too steady for a man desperate to reach the flares.

"Move," Parker growled, his wolf simmering under his skin, claws threatening to break through.

But the guards didn't budge.

Everett stepped forward, the firelight reflecting in his eyes. His fingers rolled the obsidian prayer beads he always carried, each bead worn down from years of guilt and penance.

"I'm doing this because I don't want anything to happen to you," Everett said, voice heavy, almost solemn. "If something happens to you, the old matriarch will break again. You know her health—she cannot take another blow."

Parker let out a humorless laugh, sharp and bitter.

"So as long as I'm safe, that's all that matters to you? My life is worth protecting, but my sister's isn't? Freya's survival means nothing to you?"

Everett didn't answer. His gaze lowered to the beads again, silence speaking louder than words.

Because everyone knew the truth.

For Everett Williams, the only people who truly existed in his world were his mother and the sister he lost. Everything he did, every breath he took, was a quiet, endless attempt at redemption.

Parker's voice trembled-but not with fear. With fury.

"But Freya is my sister. And no force in this world will stop me from going in there for her."

"You dare-" Everett started.

But Parker didn't wait. He moved like a wolf freed from chains. One strike-two-three-his fists cut through the guards' defense, sending them stumbling. His intent was unmistakable; he would fight every last one of them if he had to.

He glared at Everett.

"You have a sister too. If she were the one trapped in the flames right now, would you really stand here doing nothing?"

Everett's expression cracked-just a fraction. A shadow flickered across his face, a wound reopening. The memory of the sister he lost, the one he failed to protect, carved into his soul.

The guards stepped forward again, but Everett lifted a hand.

"Stand down."

1/4

20:30 Wed, Jan 7 A D.

Chapter 406

They froze instantly.

Finished

Parker didn't waste a heartbeat. Without looking back, he sprinted straight into the burning hall, vanishing into the smoke.

Everett watched his silhouette disappear. The fire reflected in his eyes like molten regret. His jaw tightened as he lowered his gaze to the beads again-beads representing every year he lived with the question:

Why did I let go? Why didn't I hold her hand tighter?

If it were his sister trapped in there...

He would burn the world itself to save her.

Yet his sister had vanished years ago.

Never found.

Never returned.

The regret clung to him like a shackle, threatening to follow him into the grave.

Inside the rest lounge, Freya realized something was terribly wrong the moment she smelled smoke seeping under the door. She rushed toward the exit-only to find the handle unmoving.

Locked.

Someone had locked her in.

She kicked the door with strength fueled by her wolf. It took several attempts, but the weakened hinges finally gave way. Smoke burst into the room immediately, thick and suffocating, swallowing everything in its path.

Freya tore the bottom half of her gown away, turning the elegant dress into something functional. Her movements were swift, efficient-Stormveil instincts sharpening under pressure.

She grabbed a water bottle from the table, soaked the fabric, and pressed it over her mouth and nose.

Get out. Fast. Before the smoke destroys your lungs.

She took two steps toward the exit-

Then a muffled voice rose through the haze.

"Freya. Did you really think you could get out?"

Freya spun around.

Jenny stood at the hall entrance, wearing a smoke-proof mask. And in her hand-  
A gun.

The muzzle pointed directly at Freya's chest,

Freya narrowed her eyes. She and Jenny had history, ye, but never to the point of murder.

2/4

20:30 Wed, Jan 7 A D.

Chapter 406

Unless... someone else was pulling the strings.

Finishe

"You caused this fire?" Freya asked, gaze scanning the area, mapping distances, obstacles, the angle of Jenny

stance.

Jenny smiled-a trembling, hysterical smile.

"Yes, I did. And today, you die here. So be a good girl and stay where you are, unless you want me to pull the trigger."

Behind Freya, the flames crackled, growing louder, hungrier. In minutes, this section of the hall would be an inferno.

And Jenny stood planted right where the smoke-choked corridor led to safety.

Whoever orchestrated this wasn't just trying to kill her they were ensuring she had no path to escape.

"This is a Whitmor event," Freya said, voice steady. "The Ironclad Coalition's security is too tight for a fire this large to go unnoticed. Fire crews will be here any minute."

"No," Jenny said with chilling certainty. "No one is coming here."

Freya's eyes narrowed further. The certainty in Jenny's voice was wrong-too absolute. Jenny was just a member of a collateral branch of the Williams Family. She shouldn't have had the power to disable the hall's safety systems, much less block emergency response.

Which meant someone much higher was involved.

If Jenny was only the hand...

Who was the mastermind?

“And what,” Freya said, “if I refuse to stay put?”

Jenny blinked.

“What?”

To her horror, Freya began walking toward her.

Not running-walking.

Deliberate. Controlled. Terrifyingly calm.

“You-stop! Stop right there! If you come any closer, I’ll shoot!” Jenny shrieked.

Freya didn’t stop. Her steps quickened.

Jenny panicked.

The gun fired.

Bang!

Freya dropped low in an instant, the bullet slicing past her ear. The moment Jenny pulled the trigger, her own stance wavered. She staggered backward, the recoil and thick smoke making her misstep.

3/4

20:30 Wed, Jan

Chapter 400

Behind her-

A staircase.

Jenny’s heel slipped.

Her scream tore through the smoke-

And she fell.

Her body tumbled down the stairs, disappearing into the thick, choking haze below.

Finished

4/4

Cedella

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## Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 407

[ 1,168 words ]

Chapter 407

Freya's POV

“Ah-!”

Jenny's scream tore through the smoke-filled stairwell, sharp and feral.

+5 Pearls

Her body pitched backward, boots scraping uselessly against scorched stone as gravity claimed her. Instinct made her claw at the air, fingers grasping for anything, anyone, to stop the fall.

I moved before thought.

My hand shot out, fingers locking around her wrist just as her weight dragged downward.

The impact yanked my shoulder nearly out of its socket.

For half a second, the world narrowed to pain, heat, and the roar of blood in my ears.

Then she stopped falling.

Jenny froze, suspended over nothing.

Three floors down, firelight flickered like the jaws of a waiting beast.

Her eyes snapped up to mine, wide with disbelief. Then-understanding dawned.

And she laughed.

A shrill, hysterical sound that echoed off the cracked walls.

“Freya,” she cackled. “So even now, you save me? Even after I tried to kill you?”

Her grip tightened around my arm, nails biting into skin.

“Go ahead,” she continued, breathless and wild. “Hate me. Curse me. But you can’t let me die. You won’t. Because only I can save Lina. And you know it.”

My jaw clenched.

She wasn’t wrong.

Lina’s life hung on marrow and moon-aligned stem cells. And Jenny was the only match we had found.

No matter how badly I wanted to let go-

1/6

15:11 Fri, Jan 16

Chapter 407

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77

+5 Pearls

I couldn't.

The wolf inside me snarled, furious, restrained only by oath and instinct.

"You disgust me," I said coldly.

She only laughed harder.

"Oh, but even if you save me now," she sneered, eyes flicking to my throat, "you still have to die."

Her gaze locked onto the blood-red crystal hanging at my neck.

The Moonheart Ruby.

A relic forged before the packs were divided. A key. A promise. A burden.

Her hand came up.

A gun.

At this distance, even with her dangling weight pulling her off balance, she wouldn't miss.

I saw the calculation flash through her eyes.

If I released her now, she would fall. But not cleanly. The angle might let her hit the second-floor landing. Injured, yes-but likely alive.

And if I didn't release her...

She could shoot me.

Kill me.

Then take the necklace from my corpse.

She smiled, finger tightening on the trigger.

I didn't give her the chance.

I drove my knee upward and kicked hard.

My boot struck her wrist with brutal precision.

The gun

below.

flew from her grasp, clattering across the broken stairs and vanishing into the smoke

2/6

15:11 Fri, Jan 16

Chapter 407

77

+5 Pearls

Her expression shattered.

“You-!”

“You talk too much,” I snapped. “If you want me dead, you’re nowhere near capable enough.”

I braced myself, shifting my stance, preparing to haul her up and knock her unconscious. Once she was out, I could carry her clear of the building.

That was the plan.

Then the explosion hit.

The world detonated.

A concussive wave slammed into my body, heat and pressure ripping the breath from my lungs. I was thrown sideways, spine crashing into the stone wall with bone-rattling force.

The railing beside us shattered.

Metal screamed as it tore free.

Jenny shrieked.

The blast hurled her body outward, beyond the edge of the stairwell.

Her entire weight dropped.

Now she wasn’t dangling over steps.

She was hanging over open air.

Three full stories.

If she fell cleanly to the first floor, her human body wouldn't survive.

The only thing keeping her alive-

Was my hand.

Even after the blast.

Even as pain exploded through my arm.

I hadn't let go.

3/6

15:11 Fri, Jan 16

Chapter 407

Jenny finally understood what real fear was.

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77

+5 Pearls

Her voice broke. "Save me! Freya, save me! You have to! If I die, Lina dies too! And - your precious brother-he'll never forgive himself. He'll never have peace!"

your brother

My teeth ground together.

Every breath burned.

The heat from the fire licked at my skin, smoke clogging my lungs. My vision blurred at the edges.

My right leg screamed in agony.

I didn't need a medic to know what that meant.

The impact had likely shattered the bone.

A fractured leg.

Limited time.

Limited strength.

If I let go now-

I could still escape.

I could shift, force my wolf to the surface, and leap for safety before the stairwell collapsed.

But Jenny would fall.

And with her-

Lina's chance at survival.

Eric's hope.

My brother's heart.

Was I willing to live with that?

Jenny kept screaming, desperation stripping away her arrogance.

"You were Iron Fang Recon!" she cried. "You were trained to save lives! Soldiers sacrifice themselves, don't they? Isn't that what you're proud of?"

4/6

15:11 Fri, Jan 16

Chapter 407

Rage flared.

I glared down at her, muscles trembling.

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"Sacrifice myself," I growled, "for someone who tried to murder me?"

I spat. "You're not worth it."

Her face twisted, venomous.

+5 Pearls

"Then you're not afraid your brother will suffer?" she hissed. "Lana isn't just some patient. She's everything to him. If she hadn't fallen ill, they would've bonded by now. Mated. I die, she dies. And that blood will be on your hands."

My grip faltered for half a heartbeat.

I hadn't known that.

I'd always believed Lana was only his savior.

Not his future.

Damn her.

Damn this choice.

I forced the hesitation down.

"If you want to live," I said tightly, "stop talking. I'm pulling you up. Now."

"Yes-yes!" she cried. "I'll do anything!"

I inhaled deeply, bracing myself.

Then I pulled.

Every muscle screamed. My injured leg nearly buckled, pain shooting white-hot through my body. My arms burned, shoulders tearing as I dragged her weight back toward solid ground.

The wolf within me surged, lending strength born of fury and duty.

With a final heave, I hauled her over the edge.

Jenny collapsed onto the floor, sobbing, shaking, her face streaked with soot and terror.

Alive.

5/6

15:11 Fri, Jan 16

Chapter 407

77

+5 Pearls

I dropped to one knee, gasping, clutching the wet cloth pressed to my burns. My leg throbbed violently, each heartbeat a warning.

“Get up,” I ordered hoarsely. “We’re leaving. Now.”

This was Whitmor territory.

Silas was here tonight. Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition.

He knew I was in the lounge when the fire broke out.

He would move. He would summon emergency units. He wouldn’t let this place burn unchecked.

I had gambled on that.

I just hoped I’d gambled right.

Because my strength was fading.

And the fire-

Was still hungry.

12.2K

1

6/6

15:11 Fri, Jan 16

Cedella

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## **Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 408**

[ 1,113 words ]

Chapter 408

Third Person's POV

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Freya turned her body slightly, preparing to move.

That was when Jenny struck.

+5 Pearls

Malice twisted Jenny's face as she suddenly lunged forward, both hands shoving hard at Freya's back.

"Go die!" Jenny screamed.

But Freya had survived Iron Fang Recon.

She had learned long ago that danger never announced itself politely.

The moment Jenny's killing intent flared, Freya's wolf sensed it.

She twisted sharply to the side.

Jenny's hands met empty air.

Before surprise could even settle on Jenny's face, Freya stepped in, her movement clean and brutal. Her elbow came down with precise force against Jenny's neck.

A dull crack echoed.

Jenny's eyes rolled back.

Her body went slack and collapsed to the ground in a heap, unmoving.

Smoke curled around them, thick and choking.

Freya stood there for a brief second, lips pressed into a thin line.

Her right leg throbbed violently.

The fracture screamed for attention, every nerve flaring in protest. Her lungs burned from smoke inhalation, her muscles trembling from exhaustion after the explosion and the prolonged strain of holding Jenny's weight.

Her physical condition was deteriorating fast.

Could she really get Jenny out of here?

1/6

15:11 Fri, Jan 16

Chapter 408

:

Freya lowered her gaze to the unconscious woman.

Images of Eric surfaced unbidden.

+5 Pearls

The way his voice softened when he spoke of Lina. The tension he tried to hide behind forced calm. The fear he never voiced aloud.

Freya clenched her teeth.

She bent down, bracing herself, intending to hoist Jenny onto her shoulder-

When the ceiling groaned.

A deep, ominous crack split the air.

Freya's head snapped up.

“No-”

The ceiling above them began to collapse.

Chunks of burning concrete and steel supports tore free, raining down in a violent cascade.

Freya reacted instantly.

She grabbed Jenny by the collar and dragged her with every ounce of strength she had, hurling her toward a slightly clearer patch of floor to the side.

Jenny’s body rolled away.

Freya tried to follow.

But her injured leg betrayed her.

Pain exploded through her lower body, locking her in place for a fraction of a second too long.

She raised her arms instinctively, curling her body to protect her head and chest, bracing for impact-

But the crushing blow never came.

A shadow moved.

A body slammed into her space.

Something solid shielded her completely.

2/6

15:11 Fri, Jan 16

Chapter 408

Debris smashed down.

Stone shattered.

Dust and fire erupted.

Freya’s vision blurred, ears ringing violently.

When the dust settled enough for her to see, her pupils shrank.

It was Silas.

Not a firefighter.

Not a medic.

Not a professional rescue unit.

Silas.

He had thrown himself over her.

+5 Pearls

Broken concrete and burning fragments slammed into his back, forcing him down to one knee, then nearly flat against the ground.

Yet his arms were locked rigidly on either side of her body, caging her in, shielding her entirely

His face was pale as ash.

Blood trickled from his temple.

“Go...” he rasped, teeth clenched. “Get to safety... now. Move!”

Freya stared at him in disbelief.

What was he doing here?

This was madness.

She shifted, struggling to rise despite the pain screaming through her leg.

“We’re leaving together,” she said fiercely.

She pushed herself upright, hands shaking, ignoring the agony.

Several heavy slabs of ceiling debris were pinning Silas down.

3/6

15:11 Fri, Jan 16

## Chapter 408

More cracks echoed above them.

Time was running out.

0:0

77

+5 Pearls

Freya gritted her teeth and began dragging the rubble off his back, one piece at a time. Each stone felt impossibly heavy, her arms burning as smoke scorched her lungs.

“Don’t waste time on me,” Silas murmured, breath ragged. “I won’t die. The rescue teams... they’ll reach us soon.”

He hadn’t come here to be saved.

He had come so she could live.

That realization struck harder than any falling stone.

“Shut up,” Freya snapped, hauling another slab aside. “I said we’re leaving together.”

Her voice was hoarse, unwavering.

Firelight flickered wildly around them.

As she moved, the red gemstone at her throat swayed, catching the flames. The Moonheart Ruby refracted the firelight into sharp, burning shards of crimson.

The sight made Silas freeze.

His breath caught.

His

gaze locked onto the necklace.

Memory slammed into him with brutal force.

A battlefield.

Smoke.

Explosions.

A ruined city far from home.

A child's voice.

“Do

you know this necklace?” a little girl had said, holding it carefully in her soot-stained hands. “It belonged to my mother. She loved it very much.”

Her face had been smudged with ash, eyes bright despite the devastation around them.

4/6

15:11 Fri, Jan 16

Chapter 408

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77

+5 Pearls

“She traded it for food and medicine,” the girl continued softly. “So more people could live.”

“She said... one day, when things are better, I should buy it back for her. Then she'll be happy again.”

The memory fractured.

Stone pressing down on his chest.

Pain everywhere.

Fear.

And then-

A small body forcing debris aside.

Bleeding fingers.

Trembling arms.

“Don’t die,” the girl had sobbed, voice breaking. “Please don’t die. I’ll save you. I promise. We’ll get out together.”

That was the first time anyone had fought for his life.

His father hadn’t.

His mother hadn’t.

He had been kidnapped, dragged into a foreign warzone. He remembered the cold voice over the WolfComm.

“A useless child,” his father had said flatly. “If he survives, he survives. If not, then he was never worthy of the Whitmore name.”

The kidnappers had fled in fear, abandoning him beneath rubble and gunfire.

He had expected to die.

But a child had saved him.

Small.

Stubborn.

5/6

15:11 Fri, Jan 16

Chapter 408

Unyielding.

The girl’s face had faded with time.

But her words never had.

And now-

The necklace.

The fire.

The voice.

+5 Pearls

Freya was still hauling stone from his back, her face strained with pain and determination.

Silas stared at her as the pieces fell into place.

His voice came out rough, disbelieving.

“The necklace...” he said slowly. “It belonged to your mother. She traded it... for food and medicine... didn’t she?”

Freya paused.

The fire roared around them.

And fate, at long last, began to bare its teeth.

12.2K

Cedella

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## Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 409

[ 1,195 words ]

Chapter 409

Third Person’s POV

Freya froze.

:

For a split second, even the fire and collapsing ruin seemed to fall silent around her.

Her eyes widened, disbelief flickering across her smoke-streaked face.

“How do you know that?” she demanded, her voice hoarse from heat and ash.

Silas looked at her and smiled.

It was a strange sight.

77

Finished

His face was bloodless, sweat soaking his hairline, his breath uneven. His back was still pressed beneath the weight of shattered concrete and twisted metal, every muscle trembling under the strain. He looked battered, half-crushed, barely holding himself together.

And yet he was smiling.

A real smile.

As if something long lost had finally returned to him.

“So it was you,” he murmured, the words barely audible beneath the roar of flames and sirens. “All along... it was you.”

The truth struck him with the force of a blood oath snapping into place.

The wolf inside him howled.

It had been her.

The girl who had dragged him from death, who had refused to abandon him when the world already had. The one he had searched for across territories, across years and shifting alliances. The one whose absence had left a hollow ache in his chest long before he even understood what longing was.

The wolf he loved.

The wolf who had carved herself into his life long before fate named them enemies, strangers, or allies.

Every mark left upon his life-every scar, every choice-had somehow led back to her.

1/5

15:12 Fri, Jan 16

Chapter 409

(77)

Finished

Fire crackled above them.

The ceiling groaned again.

Freya snapped back into motion, hauling another slab of broken stone from Silas's back, teeth clenched so hard her jaw ached. She did not see the full storm of emotion burning in his eyes. She only knew one thing.

He was alive.

And he was not allowed to die.

Outside the banquet hall, chaos reigned beneath a smoke-darkened sky.

Fire engines from multiple packs had converged, their sigils blazing under emergency lights. Wolves in turnout gear rushed in and out of the burning structure, carrying the injured, barking orders, coordinating with precision born of long conflict and training.

Everett stood just beyond the cordon.

His posture was rigid, his face grim, eyes locked on the exit of the hall.

One by one, survivors were carried out.

But not Parker.

Time dragged like claws across bone.

Everett's fingers curled slowly into fists.

That boy... better not be dead.

The thought made his chest tighten in a way he did not welcome.

If Parker died, how would he explain it to his mother?

The old matriarch's mind had been slipping for years now, drifting between clarity and confusion. Parker had become her anchor, her comfort, the one presence that kept her grounded when memory failed.

And there was more.

Much more.

Everett's thoughts strayed to Parker's last words before running back into the inferno. The memory twisted something uncomfortable inside him.

2/5

15:12 Fri, Jan 16

Chapter 409

77

Finished

People always said Parker resembled him when he was young. Not just in appearance, but in temperament. Decisive. Sharp-minded. Able to grasp complex matters with only a hint of explanation. Yet unlike Everett, the boy had boundaries. Lines he would not cross.

Everett had noticed that.

Admired it, even.

At first, Parker had been nothing more than a necessary arrangement. A child given a carefully constructed identity, one that satisfied the elders and soothed Velda's expectations. A role.

But over time, Everett had begun to invest more than obligation.

He trained Parker. Pushed him. Gave him access to the Williams inner circle. Let him climb.

And sometimes, watching Parker move through the world with calm confidence, Everett found himself thinking—

If I had a son... he might have been like this.

If not for the matter of Freya's lineage resurfacing, Everett might have eventually bound Parker permanently to the Williams bloodline. A marriage. A succession. A future carved cleanly into place.

But fate had other plans.

Parker was not a Williams.

He was Eric.

And Eric belonged elsewhere.

The realization left an unexpected bitterness in Everett's chest.

A regret he did not name.

Just then, someone approached.

"Chairman Everett," Smith said, inclining his head politely.

Smith was a high-ranking representative of a multinational pack-backed consortium, overseeing several Ironhold Consortium ventures across the Western territories. The Williams family had collaborated with him more than once.

Everett recognized him and nodded curtly. "Smith."

3/5

15:12 Fri, Jan 16

Chapter 409

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"I didn't expect to see you here tonight," Smith said. "This situation is... unfortunate."

Everett did not reply immediately.

77

Finished

Smith glanced toward the burning hall. "Would you like to leave? It may take some time before the area is secured. We can go together."

Everett shook his head. "No. The boy is still inside. I'll wait."

Smith's expression shifted. "He hasn't come out yet?"

Everett pressed his lips together and gave a brief nod.

Smith hesitated, then said, "A large number of rescue units have gone in. He should be fine."

He paused, then frowned slightly, as if something had just occurred to him.

"Actually... seeing you reminded me of something," Smith said slowly. "I finally realized where I'd seen that necklace before."

Everett's head snapped toward him.

"What did you say?"

Smith continued, "You once showed me a photograph. A necklace your family has been searching for, correct? Earlier tonight, I saw someone wearing one that looked remarkably similar."

Everett's heart slammed against his ribs.

"You've seen it?" His voice sharpened. "You're sure?"

"I can't say for certain," Smith replied carefully. "But the design was nearly identical."

Everett wasted no time. He pulled out his WolfComm, hands trembling slightly as he brought up the old scanned image.

The photo was aged, its edges worn, but the details were unmistakable.

A red gemstone, deep as fresh blood under moonlight.

"This one?" Everett asked, his voice unsteady despite himself.

Smith leaned closer, studying the image. After a moment, he nodded.

"Yes. That's it. Or so close I'd swear it was the same."

4/5

77

Finished

15:12 Fri, Jan 16

Chapter 409

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Everett swayed slightly.

“And the person wearing it?” he pressed. “What did they say about it?”

“They said it belonged to their mother,” Smith replied. “That she’d kept it close.”

Everett’s breath hitched.

His sister’s face flashed before him. Laughing. Defiant. Gone far too soon.

If she had lived, she would have had children by now.

Children grown.

Children walking this world with her blood in their veins.

“Who was it?” Everett asked, barely managing to speak. “Who was wearing the necklace?”

Smith answered without hesitation.

“Freya,” he said. “Her name is Freya.”

Everett’s vision blurred.

Freya.

□

12.2K

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5/5

15:12 Fri, Jan 16

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La 76

Cedella

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## Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 410

[ 1,212 words ]

Chapter 410

Third Person’s POV

Finished

Everett’s pupils contracted violently, his breath hitching as disbelief crashed through him like a physical blow.

“What?” he demanded hoarsely. “Say that again. What was her name?”

Smith hesitated for half a heartbeat, then answered carefully, sensing the shift in the Alpha’s

aura.

“Freya. Freya Thorne. She was originally a specialist in aerial drone warfare with the Iron Fang Recon Unit. After she retired from active service, she and her former mate founded SkyVex Armaments. I worked with her before—her expertise in autonomous flight systems is unmatched, especially when it comes to—”

The rest of Smith’s words dissolved into meaningless noise.

Everett no longer heard him.

In his mind, Freya's face surfaced with brutal clarity—calm eyes, steady spine, that quiet resilience that reminded him far too much of someone else. Someone long buried beneath blood and regret.

If... if that necklace truly belonged to Freya's mother—

Then by age alone, by the timeline he had reconstructed and revised a thousand times over—

Freya's mother could only be one person.

The sister he had searched for across packs, across borders, across decades of war.

His lost littermate.

And if that were true...

Then Parker's resemblance was no coincidence.

Why that child's presence had unsettled him so deeply. Why the bond felt instinctive, primal, unmistakable.

Because Parker was blood.

Not merely pack.

1/7

15:12 Fri, Jan 16

Chapter 410

Blood of his blood.

"My sister..." Everett whispered.

A

76

Finished

For the first time in decades, hope—raw and savage—surged through his chest. His wolf howled, clawing at his ribcage.

Had fate finally taken pity on him?

Had the Moon finally answered his prayers?

But the hope froze mid-breath.

Everett's expression shattered.

Because memory came roaring back, sharp as silver.

He had ordered an investigation on Freya once. Years ago. Standard intelligence sweep, nothing more-or so he had told himself.

And in that file-

He had read the name.

Her mother.

Myra.

Status: Killed in action.

Location: Overseas peacekeeping operation.

Time: Three years prior.

Myra...

His knees weakened.

"Myra..." he murmured again, tasting the name like poison.

Once, long ago, he had called his sister that in jest.

But her true name-her cubhood name-

Was Naya.

And suddenly everything aligned with horrifying precision.

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Finished

The surname carved into the necklace.

The old sigil etched in fading silver.

The first mark of the Stormveil bloodline.

The symbol of the Thorne matriarchs.

The name “Myra” had been her registered identity after entering the Iron Fang Recon Unit. A name she took to sever ties, to survive.

And he had missed it.

He had looked directly at the truth-

And failed to see it.

The necklace bore the mark of her birth name.

The way she had always signed her letters to him.

A single glyph.

A promise.

Everett staggered.

So... she was gone?

His sister-his Naya-had died without him ever finding her?

So that day, when his grip slipped and her hand vanished into smoke and chaos—

That had been the last time.

The final time.

A sharp, violent pain ripped through his chest.

'-kh!"

A mouthful of darkened blood spilled from Everett's lips, splattering against the marble floor.

The Alpha of the Williams Family-once unshakable, once feared across the Capital-swayed as his knees buckled.

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Hands rushed to steady him.

"Everett!"

"Someone call for a healer-now!"

"Get medical staff in here!"

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Finished

Voices overlapped, panicked and distant.

Everett's vision blurred, the edges darkening. Smoke alarms wailed somewhere beyond the hall, mingling with the distant thunder of emergency response teams.

Through the chaos, his gaze locked onto the grand exit of the banquet hall.

Firefighters in reinforced gear surged past, wolves and humans alike moving in grim coordination.

Freya.

Parker.

Children of Naya.

The Moon had let him find them-

Only after she was gone.

What kind of cruel mercy was that?

His jaw trembled.

He had seen them.

Judged them.

Failed them.

And now-

“Issue an order,” Everett rasped, every word dragged from his lungs like broken glass.

“Mobilize everything the Williams Family has.”

Someone leaned closer, straining to hear.

“Protect Parker... and Freya. No matter the cost. They must not be harmed.”

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Those were his final conscious words.

As darkness claimed him, Everett’s mind filled with the image of a girl running through moonlit fields, laughing as she turned back to tug at his hand.

I’m sorry, Naya.

I’m so sorry.

The smoke thickened.

Freya coughed, her lungs burning as ash clung to her throat like claws.

She hoisted Jenny's unconscious body over her shoulder with a grunt, then reached back to grip Silas's arm.

"Can you walk?" she demanded.

Silas's face was ashen, blood seeping through the torn fabric at his back. His wolf struggled beneath his skin, suppressed by blood loss and silver residue.

"If I say no," he said faintly, meeting her eyes, "what then?"

"Then I drag you," Freya replied flatly.

Silas gave a breathless, humorless laugh.

"You really think you can carry two people out of a burning hall like this?"

"Yes,"

There was no hesitation. No bravado. Just certainty.

Even with one leg compromised-bone fractured, every step agony-she would not leave them.

Not him.

"Enough talking," Freya snapped. "Put your weight on me. Now."

When Silas hesitated, she moved without warning, slinging her arm beneath his and hauling him upright.

Pain lanced up her leg. Her vision swam.

She bit it back.

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Move.

Survive.

The ceiling groaned above them, embers raining down like dying stars.

Silas leaned heavily against her, his blood slick against her palm.

“This is on me,” he murmured. “The security perimeter wasn’t tight enough. I underestimated them.”

“I don’t care,” Freya said sharply. “The only ones to blame are the ones who caused this.”

She dragged him forward, step by brutal step.

“Don’t talk,” she added. “You’ll inhale more smoke.”

But Silas’s voice dropped, raw and unguarded.

“If we don’t make it out...” he whispered.

“If we die here—”

Her steps faltered.

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-will you regret saving me?”

Freya stopped.

Just for a breath.

Then she moved again, pulling him with renewed force.

“No,” she said quietly.

She meant it.

Because when the explosion had torn through the hall-

When debris had rained down and death had brushed past her-

The face that flashed through her mind-

Was his.

And in that moment, buried beneath fear and instinct-

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Was regret.

Not for choosing him.

But for not choosing him sooner.

For not daring to try again.

And if the Moon was merciful-

They would live.

If not-

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At least she would not face death wondering what if.

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