

A Warrior Luna's Awakening Chapter 06

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Freya's POV

She went pale.

"One hundred million it is," she snapped. "You better not back out."

The moment Lady Eleanor left, slamming the door behind her, I stood alone in the cold silence of Caelum's estate.

My wolf stirred beneath my skin—not in grief this time, but in stillness. In clarity.

I hadn't just signed a contract.

I had signed the death warrant for every illusion I once clung to.

There would be no turning back. No more patience. No more quiet dignity.

Only truth. Only freedom. And vengeance served cold under a highland moon.

Later that day, I met my best friend, Lana, at the Moonshadow Market.

She squeezed my arm. "Took you long enough. The whole pack's been watching Caelum and Aurora flaunt their little soap opera in public. You were too good for him."

"It doesn't matter anymore. I'm free soon."

"What about the ashes?"

"Once the dissolution is official, I'm taking them home. To the highlands. Where they were born."

By dinner, we'd ended up at a quiet dining hall in Upper Crescent.

Just as we sat down, I heard laughter from the next booth—followed by a voice that curled bile up my throat.

"Caelum, when's the Luna ceremony with Aurora? Don't forget to invite us."

Another chuckled. "Freya? She was nothing. Probably some back-alley educated Omega. If Caelum hadn't tossed her scraps, she'd be howling in the gutters."

“Aurora’s a real catch. Royal training. First female flight commander. Her name’s already in the Council records.”

The divider between us muffled their voices, but not enough.

Lana growled beside me, claws twitching. “I’ll tear their throats out.”

“No,” I said quietly. “They’re talking about me. I’ll handle it.”

I rose, walked around the divider—and smiled.

“Why wait for the Luna ceremony? Allow me to offer a toast now.”

Every male at the table froze.

Caelum looked up, guilt flickering behind his eyes.

Too late.

The wolf in me was done waiting.

I was reclaiming my name—starting now.

I narrowed my eyes at Caelum. “Don’t tell me to calm down. They slandered me to my face—and you stood there and let them.”

Caelum’s brows drew together. “Freya, don’t make a scene. They were just joking around. No harm meant.”

No harm meant? I stared at him, a cold laugh slipping from my lips. “So what, I should kneel, slap myself, and apologize for ever marrying you? Would that finally count as ‘harm’ to you?”

He stiffened at the mockery, and I didn’t miss the flicker of unease in his so-called friends. Even Aurora looked like she’d swallowed a lemon.

Caelum reached for my wrist. “Let’s talk in private. Not here.”

“No. We’ll talk here, in front of everyone you’re so desperate to impress.” I jerked free from his grip. “You and Aurora deserve each other. One’s a lying cheater, the other’s proud to be the mistress. I hope the Moon Goddess grants you two a blessed mating bond—preferably one that burns.”

His face darkened like a storm front. Aurora blanched.

Then Ryker spoke up, tone thick with disdain. “Freya, who the hell do you think you are to talk to Aurora like that? What do you have that she doesn’t? You’re a no-name orphan who probably barely clawed her way into a backwater training academy. Caelum doesn’t love Aurora, but he sure as hell doesn’t love a mutt like you.”

“Watch your mouth!” Lana, bless her, shot up like a wildfire, ready to fight. “Freya graduated top of her class from the Halston Combat Academy.”

A wave of snickers followed. “Please. That’s the best lie yet. Like anyone from Halston would end up playing Luna to a pack who doesn’t even respect her.”

Halston. The name alone should have silenced them. It wasn’t just any academy—it was the most prestigious combat institution in the werewolf realm. The place where only the fiercest, fastest, and most disciplined wolves were forged. Most came out warriors. A few came out legends.

“Lana, don’t. They’re not worth it,” I said, stopping her. Then I turned my gaze on Aurora, the corners of my lips lifting. “You don’t need to lie, Aurora. My credentials don’t require your approval.”

Aurora’s eyes narrowed. She was flustered—and that told me I was winning. She expected me to crumble under the pressure, to falter. I didn’t.

Then her eyes flicked to the restaurant entrance. Someone had just walked in.

“Professor Hawthorne!” Aurora called, beaming like a pup. “What a coincidence!”

The older man paused, then nodded politely. “Aurora. It’s been a while.”

Aurora’s smile widened. “You’re still teaching at Halston, right? We have someone here who claims to be one of your graduates. Perhaps you can help us clear up the truth.”

All eyes turned toward me, most gleaming with the anticipation of a lie exposed.

I stepped forward, calm and poised. “Professor Hawthorne. It’s good to see you again.”

He blinked, then grinned, stepping forward to clap a hand on my shoulder. “Well, this is a surprise. It’s been years, Freya. I heard about Arthur and Myra. I’m so sorry.”

“Thank you,” I said softly.

The table went silent.

Aurora’s mouth dropped open. “Y-you know her?”

“Of course. She was my student. Top of her year. When she joined, she broke the academy’s entrance records. Even the Elders took notice.”

Murmurs spread through the room like wildfire.

Aurora sat frozen, all her earlier smugness draining from her face. Her fingers trembled around her wine glass.