

From Luna to Warrior Never Again

Chapter 3

I stopped packing and turned to face him. If I was leaving for good, I might as well get it all out in the open. "I think we should—" "Here we go again," Damien sneered, cutting me off. "Another tantrum, another packed bag. How many times are you going to pull this stunt, Serena?" "It's not a stunt!" I tried to explain. "I received an—" "I don't want to hear your excuses." He waved his hand, like he was shooing away a fly. "If you want to leave, then leave. I won't stop you this time." I won't stop you. The words pierced my heart. My wolf let out a mournful cry. The bond between us didn't just crack. It splintered. A wave of nausea washed over me, but on his end... nothing. He felt nothing. "Fine," I said, turning back to my clothes. "I'll go stay at a friend's for a few days. We can both cool off."

"Whatever," he muttered, and the door slammed shut. I collapsed onto the side of the bed, the tears finally breaking free. The next day, I went to the Elders and quickly filed the request to sever the mate bond. When I got back to my room, I heard Lila and Damien laughing downstairs, back from a shopping trip. Lila was showing off the countless luxury items Damien had bought for her, glowing like a triumphant princess. I hid in my room, my eyes fixed on a small glass dome on my dresser. Inside was a single, dried flower. A First Moon Flower. The gift Damien gave me when he first confessed his love. He said they only bloomed on the night of a full moon, rare and special, just like our love. I turned away, wiping my tears, trying not to care. But just then, the door flew open and Lila stumbled in, her foot landing directly on the glass dome, shattering it and the flower inside. "Oops, I'm so sorry," she said, covering her mouth. But there was no apology in her eyes. "I just wanted to see you..." "You did that on purpose!" I lunged at her. "Damien!" Lila immediately burst into tears, running into Damien's arms as he rushed in. "I didn't mean to..." I knelt on the floor, my hands trembling as I tried to gather the crushed petals. It was the first and last proof of our love. Damien's voice dripped with annoyance. "Serena, it's a dead flower. Stop being so dramatic." Just... a dead flower? In that moment, my heart shattered into dust right along with it. I bowed my head and whispered, "I'm sorry. I'll clean it up." That night, Damien knocked on my door. He was holding a small, embroidered box. Inside was a Moon Soul Amulet, glowing with a soft light. Moon Soul Stones were found only near the Moon Wells, a rare mineral that could nourish and soothe a wolf's spirit. "For you," he said, holding it out. "I know the flower was important to you. This is to

make up for it.” I didn’t take it. I just stared at him, my heart a block of ice. Did he really think he could just “make up” for every hurt with something expensive? “Serena,” he said, his patience gone when I didn’t move. He set the amulet on the table, his voice hardening. “I know you’re still angry about the council seat. Sign the transfer agreement, and this amulet is yours. It will help repair your damaged wolf. It’s for your own good.” He pulled out a blood-pact scroll, a contract magically bound in the old wolf traditions, impossible to break. Pack Council Seat Transfer Agreement. He was bribing me. Using a treasure that could heal my wolf to blackmail me into signing away my dignity. The irony was a poison I couldn’t spit out. “And if I don’t sign?” I asked, looking up at him, my voice raw. “Then you’re being ungrateful,” he said, his expression turning cold. “Serena, don’t force me to use my Alpha command.” Don’t force him. So this is what we had come to. A relationship maintained by power and threats. My fingers trembled as I pricked my skin, pressing my bloody thumbprint onto the scroll. “Good.” He took the scroll, a satisfied smile finally appearing on his face. “I knew you’d understand.” “You can go now,” I said, turning my back on him. He paused at the door. “Serena, maybe some time apart will be good for us.” The door closed again. I stared at the glowing Moon Soul Amulet on the table. Its light felt blinding. The next morning, as I prepared to leave for good, the calendar on my nightstand caught my eye. Right. Our mating anniversary. Damien had promised to spend every anniversary with me at the restaurant where we had our first date. If I didn’t show up... would he be hurt? After thinking it over, I went. The flight was at night; I still had time. I wore the dress he always said was his favorite. I waited from seven until ten. He never came. No response on our mind link. His phone was off. As I walked out of the restaurant, lost and heartbroken, Damien’s Beta called. “Luna, my apologies. The Alpha decided to take Miss Lila to the Northern Lights Wolf Summit. Their private jet just took off.” The Northern Lights... the summit. The most romantic place on earth for wolf mates. On our anniversary, he took another woman there. I went back to the empty manor, all the strength drained from my body. I sat at my desk and wrote him one last letter. When I was done, I closed my eyes. I gathered what little willpower I had left and reached deep inside my chest, toward the mate bond connecting our souls. It was once so hot and alive, but now it was just a cold, fragile thread. It was time to sever it myself. I reached inside myself, took hold of that cold, dying thread... and I PULLED. Agony exploded in my chest. A scream tore from my throat as my very soul was ripped in two. I clenched my teeth, embracing the torture. And with one final, savage tear—it snapped. The space in my chest was suddenly vast and empty, as if a part of me had been carved out forever. A crushing sense of loss swept over me, but with it came a strange, new lightness. Then, I dragged my suitcase out of the manor that held all my love and pain, and left. On the plane to The Talons’ headquarters, I watched the clouds swirl outside my window. I could feel my wolf, weak but finally, completely, my own. I wonder what your face will look like, Damien, when you wake up under the Northern Lights and feel half your soul being ripped away.

