The Broken Warrior's Daughter

- Prologue by Cooper

Prologue

I've always known my destiny. Some search for years trying to find their place in the world, others never truly find their calling. But not me. I knew from the moment I was born to two Guardians, the most powerful warriors in my pack, that I was meant to be a warrior. A Guardian.

My parents were fated mates, short for soulmates. Two halves of the same soul. Most werewolves strive to find their mate, the one that completes them. While there are some that see the mate bond as a weakness and instantly reject their mates when they find them, most only get stronger. That's how it was with my parents. The mate bond made them stronger, and they were a powerful couple.

As Guardians and the strongest, most powerful fighters in our pack, my parents were responsible for ensuring the safety of our Alpha, Alpha Anders; his mate, Luna Calista, and their young son, our future Alpha, Rik. It was during an attack from a neighboring pack that thought they could defeat our Alpha and take over, that I lost my mother. She died protecting our Luna and their son. I was only 5 years old at the time.

During that same battle, my father, while protecting our Alpha, took on five of the eight wolves that attacked our Alpha. They both held their own until other warriors came to assist. However, at the moment my mother died and he felt the tether of his link to her break, my father faltered. One of the wolves jumped onto his back trying to bring him down. When he couldn't, he bit down on my father's back, snapping his spine. Werewolves can heal from many things - cuts, bruises, even small breaks, but not paralyzing spinal injuries.

From that day on, my father became a shell of his old self. While most wolves would have died at the loss of their mate, my father survived solely to care for me. He has done his best and he loves me, but he lost so much that day. He not only lost his mate, he lost his ability to walk, and his status as a warrior. He lost himself.