

Broken Warrior 70

Chapter 70

Suddenly, the door bursts open and everything goes quiet. Then I hear heavy breathing.

“I’m getting her out of here.” I know that voice, but I can’t place it. It sounds familiar, soothing. I hope he means he’s getting me

out of here.

I feel the restraints on my wrists cut off, the person hissing as the silver touches their skin. Then I’m being lifted, cradled in strong

arms that make me feel safe. Weird, I don’t even know who it is, but I feel safe. The smell of a freshly cooked brownies floods my

senses. Instinctively, I lean into the smell, trying to curl into it, but my body still will not respond.

“I’ve got you. You’re safe now Cara.”

I want to reply that we’re not safe. Eli is here somewhere, and we need to go. But the words do not come.

I feel myself being carried. I begin to hear more sounds of fighting, the smell of blood and death heavy in the air.

He stops walking. “Call my father. Tell him I have her and I’m bringing her home. Liam is staying, he’s going after Eli. You’re in

charge.” Liam is here. Liam will make sure th

I’m safe.

I hear another voice that sounds familiar, but I can’t place it. “How is she?”

There’s a long pause. “Time will tell.”

My rescuer is moving again. I feel the cool air of the late winter weather as I’m carried outside. I hear more sounds of fighting,

but we are going in the opposite direction. I don’t know how long we walk before I’m gently set down. It smells like a new car. I’ve

rarely had the opportunity to smell a new car, but once you have, you never forget that smell.

“Hang on love, I’ll be right back.” My brownie-smelling man says, before he steps away and I immediately feel cold and lost

again. Thankfully, it isn’t long before he returns. “Ok love. Kai and I can’t stand the scent of that disgusting Beta on you another

minute, so I'm going to put one of my shirts on you instead. If you're mad at me about it my little guardian, I'd be happy to have

you get up and fight me."

I feel him unbuttoning the shirt I have on, before removing it. Then he pulls a soft shirt over my head and pushes my arms

through the arm holes. I'm surrounded by the scent of brownies fresh out of the oven. It's the most

+15 BONOS

comforting smell I can imagine. It feels like home. It makes the rhythm of my heart slow, and I feel safe again. Once he pulls the

shirt down and covers me the best he can, he leans the seat back, straps me in and closes the door.

I fall back into unconsciousness. I don't know how long we drive. I periodically come to some level of consciousness and hear

my rescuer talking quietly to someone on the phone. Sometimes, it seems like he's talking to me, telling me where we are or that

everything will be ok, holding my hand. His thumb rubbing over the back of my hand sends soothing tingles into my body which

relaxes me and lulls me back to sleep.

The next time I wake, my brownie-smelling man has me in his arms again. I smell the scent of antiseptic and cleanser. "Where

do you want her?" My rescuer asks.

"You can put her on the stretcher, we'll take it from here Alpha."

"No, I'll carry her. Where is she going?"

"This way, follow me."

Before long, I'm being laid on a bed. There are several people surrounding me, attaching things to me, putting needles into my

arms.

"Alpha, what can you tell us?"

"Not much. When I found her she was unconscious." I hear a snarl before he continues, "Her neck is bruised and has multiple

puncture wounds, but it doesn't appear that the attempt to mark her worked."

"Where is she? Where is my daughter?" I hear my father bellow before the darkness takes me again.