

## Broken Warrior 85

### Chapter 85

“What kind of information?”

Dad looks me straight in the eye when he answers. “Eli is the one that killed Liam’s mother.”

My hand flew to my mouth and I gasped. “What? How does he know that? And how is Eli still alive?”

“Apparently, Eli was found with Luna Estella in his arms and he was covered in her blood. When he was found, he ran and

escaped. Apparently, he is good at that, as he escaped our warriors and Liam when they found you.”

He paused before continuing. “He’s been hunting Eli most of his life. Now he’s close and I’m afraid that this will consume him.

Anders is talking to him daily, making sure he doesn’t lose himself while he searches for Eli. He may need a friend during this

time Cara.”

“Of course. Liam is a good friend and a great Alpha. I will do anything I can to help him.”

Dad nods just as Dr. Harris enters. The news is good. The amount of venom in my body continues to decrease, Artemis will

continue to get stronger and I should recover with no lasting effects from the Beta’s venom.

When we return home, there’s a stack of books on our porch. I realize they are books from my school and there’s a note. I

pause. Could this be from Rik? He’s the one that has been my secret admirer writing notes to me.

I smile as I read, and I laugh outright when I get to the part where it references that he doesn’t want me to get bored with nothing

to do. The smiley face lets me know he’s referencing me watching him this morning.

My heart flutters when he says he misses my smile and my smart mouth. And then he had to go and sign it Yours, Rik. Is that

intentional? I have to think that it is. He’s been very clear about his claim on Artemis and me. He wants me, and while I’m not

sure exactly what it is that he wants from me, he has surprised me. Not only has he always known who I am, but his respect for

me and my family warms my heart. He appreciates and values everything that my parents have done for him.

An idea begins forming in my mind as I pick up my books and take them inside. I think through my plan of action before looking

at my list of assignments that I have to catch up on. Ugh, I'll be studying all weekend.

I crawl into bed early. I'm about to turn off my lamp when I see the flowers from Rik sitting on my desk. The flowers that started it

all. They are dead now, but I can't make myself throw them away.

I get back out of bed and head downstairs. I find some card stock paper in a junk drawer in the kitchen. I take it back upstairs

and write out my note.

When I sleep, my nightmare returns to me. I'm trapped, handcuffed, Eli is coming toward me with his canines elongated to mark

me. Out of nowhere, Kai jumps on him, taking him down and ripping his head off. He then jumps on the bed and lays on top of

me, protecting me.

When my alarm goes off, I find myself tangled in my bed linens. I must have been tossing and turning when I was dreaming of

Eli. I get up and go to my window. I want to watch Rik again. I want to see if he'll look for me, if he's missing me as he said.

He doesn't disappoint. As soon as he arrives, he looks up into my window. When he sees me, he smiles and nods his head in

acknowledgement. I smile back at him and then watch him in training again. He really is good. A natural leader, a natural fighter.

When training is done, he waits while the other warriors leave ahead of him. He stays, watching me before pointing at me then

making a fist with his hand and thumping it over his heart. The message is clear. I have his heart.

He walks backward, keeping his eyes on mine, his fist remains over his heart until he reaches the forest line. He stands still for a

moment just looking at me before turning and running into the woods headed home.

I rush to get ready for school. I know my father wanted me to take this week off, but I have no intention of sitting around the

house for days. I need to get back into my routine, get back to my normal life.

As expected, Dad argues with me, but he's always taught me to push through, to fight whatever is making me weak so I come

out stronger on the other side. That's what I intend to do. After he finally concedes that going to school shouldn't cause any

regression to my recovery, and I promise that if I start to feel bad at all, I'll call him, I grab my things and head to school.