

## The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 101

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I tried really hard to push my suspicions of King Arthur aside. It wasn't easy—every instinct in me whispered that there was more to his actions than what he let on, that some hidden motive lingered beneath his calm words and steady gaze. But I forced myself to remember who he was, what he had already endured, and the weight of the crown that pressed upon his shoulders every single day. I knew that he had his faults—flaws that any ruler might carry, moments of weakness and decisions that could be questioned—but I also knew, deep down, that he would never deliberately harm his people. For all his mistakes, his heart still beat for his home, and for the dream of a kingdom that stood united and strong.

And beyond that, I reminded myself that he wouldn't turn against us either. We weren't enemies to him—we were allies, bound by a shared hope to see his realm restored to its former glory. Every step we took, every risk we braved, was for the same purpose: to help him rebuild what had been lost. I clung to that belief like a lifeline, even when the shadows of doubt tried to creep in. Because if I let go of that trust—if I truly began to doubt Arthur—then everything we had fought for would unravel.

I sat off to the side watching everyone go about their new daily routines while trying to stay hidden from the Ash Queen and that's when Arthur was the one that made the first move.

"Lyra. I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't be pushing you into something that could get you killed." Arthur said, his voice low but urgent.

"Well, yes. We both know it's dangerous. What I don't understand is why you insist I go there alone—without my warriors." I shot back.

"Because if you bring them, it screams invasion. Just us? We're less of a threat. She might talk. She might not run." He leaned forward. "But if you're too afraid—th we won't go."

My jaw tightened. "Don't twist this into fear. I'm not afraid, Arthur. I'm cautious. There's a difference."

Silence stretched, heavy. He sank into the chair beside me, studying me.

"There's something I don't understand." He said finally.

"What?" My tone was sharper than I intended.

"I've seen your power. I know what you're capable of. So tell me why is Elias the one on the throne in your world? Why isn't it you?"

My chest tightened. "It's not his throne. It's ours. We rule together. Every decision, every battle, every alliance—we share it."

Arthur shook his head slowly. "That's weakness where I come from. One throne, one ruler. Splitting power is asking for betrayal."

My eyes narrowed. "You don't understand because you don't live in my world. In mine, loyalty isn't bought with fear. It's built. It's trusted."

"And what happens," Arthur pressed, "when Elias decides he no longer wants to share?"

Heat rushed through me. "That will never happen."

Arthur's lips curved into something between a smile and a sneer. "You say that with such certainty. But power... it changes people, Lyra. It makes them lie. It makes them turn."

The air between us felt sharp, electric. I folded my arms across my chest.

"Then maybe you should worry less about my mate," I said, "and more about whether I'll still trust you after this."

Elias then walks around from the side of a hut and even though he was acting like he didn't hear anything, I knew that he did. I knew that he was listening to the whole conversation. But I didn't care.

He knew how I felt on the subject and I could feel that he was just happy that I was sticking up for werewolves instead of bowing down to Arthur and his ridiculous notions of what royalty should be.

"I really think we should get moving. I don't like just sitting here." Elias said.

"But we don't have a plan." Arthur said.

"I know. But I've lost contact with a group of wolves that were staying with some survivors. I need to go and check on them." Elias said.

So I stood up and started getting my stuff together as well.

"Lyra. This is something a King should do on his own." Arthur said.

"If you just said that to me then you really don't know me at all, do you?" I asked.

“How far away are they?” Arthur asked.

“They were in some underground tunnels.” Elias said.

“You think they’re in trouble?” I asked.

“They’ve been checking in every hour like they’re supposed to. I haven’t heard from them for a while. Long enough to be worried.” Elias said.

We decided it was wiser to leave a portion of our warriors behind to guard the village—its people had already endured enough, and we couldn’t risk leaving them completely unprotected. The rest of us gathered what supplies we could carry and began the slow journey toward the underground caves.

Elias and I walked side by side at the front of the group, our footsteps crunching softly on the uneven path. Neither of us spoke much at first; there was an unspoken tension hanging between us, the kind that came before entering the unknown. Ahead, the faint outline of the cave system loomed like the gaping maw of some ancient beast waiting in silence.

The wolves, ever vigilant, darted in and out of our sight, their sharp eyes and keen senses sweeping the land long before we reached it. Every so often, one would pause, ears pricked, ensuring the way was clear. Their presence gave me comfort—our guardians, both fierce and loyal, watching over us as we pressed onward. Still, I couldn’t shake the prickling unease crawling along the back of my neck. The caves were said to hold more than just darkness.

“I think we should probably shift. I’m getting a really uneasy feeling here.” Elias said.

“You too? I thought that was just me.” I said.

We looked around and made sure the warriors were busy before we stripped off our clothes and we shifted into our wolves.

As soon as we were in wolf form we started running towards the camp which took a lot less time than us in human form and as soon as we got to where the underground caves were located, we stopped.

Elias walked in first, his hand brushing against the rough stone wall as he disappeared into the narrow opening. I followed close behind, unwilling to let even a breath of space separate us in the shadows. The entrance itself had been difficult to find. It was clear that this concealment wasn’t accidental. Whoever had carved or chosen this place had done so with purpose, making sure only those who truly knew where to look could ever stumble upon it.

The passage was tight, forcing us to move in single file, the damp air pressing in from all sides.

The first thing I saw when I walked into the caves was a smear of blood on the walls.

As we made our way further in we saw more blood splattered all over the walls but there were no wolves, no survivors from this realm and no bodies. Not until we turned around the corner and we found two bodies laying there wearing black military type uniforms.

“They were attacked.” Elias mind linked me.

“Well, where the hell are they now? They obviously fled.” I said.

“They either fled or they were taken. They wouldn’t have only sent two men to this cave.” Elias said.

So I started walking around, trying to find whatever clue I could find. But there wasn’t much to go on except tracks that I knew would lead me back to the Ash Queen’s castle. And that’s not a place I was willing to go yet.

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There was nothing more we could do at the caves, so we gathered everyone together and began the journey back toward the village, moving with as much caution and vigilance as we could muster. The path offered few places to hide, and yet, the thought didn’t comfort us—if anyone was watching, they would have an unobstructed view. But it wasn’t just ordinary eyes we feared. The Ash Queen’s magic could reach us in ways we couldn’t see or understand. She could be observing every step we took right now, her presence hidden in shadows or whispers, and we wouldn’t even know it. The weight of that possibility pressed down on us with every careful footfall.

We made our way straight back to the village, moving as quickly as we dared, and reported everything we had seen. Elias was particularly distraught, his fists clenching as he spoke about the wolves that were now missing. The worry in his eyes mirrored the unease we all felt—those creatures weren’t just animals; they were part of the balance we were trying to protect. The rest of us exchanged uneasy glances, knowing that the disappearance was more than just a simple loss—it was a warning.

They had either been taken or had fled—there were no bodies to be found. If it had been a death struggle, the area would have been littered with the aftermath, but there was nothing. The absence of evidence only made it more unsettling. Whatever had happened defied explanation, leaving a gnawing sense of unease in all of us.

Something powerful, something beyond our understanding, had occurred—and we were left to wonder if it was over, or if it was only the beginning.

Arthur ordered Kronos to leave and go check the other camps immediately. But to take back up with him so Kronos did as he said. And Elias made double sure that they weren't attacked so he sent wolves along with them.

"Well, we were able to hunt today while you were gone. There's not a lot of food but it should be enough for everyone to get a little bit." Arthur said.

"That's fine. Whatever we can get." I said.

"Lyra. Have your abilities changed at all since you were here last?" He asked.

I frowned. "What do you mean?" Something about the way he asked made me uneasy. Was he just making conversation, or... was he testing me?

"Well, have they advanced or grown or anything like that? I mean, you were pretty powerful when you were here last, but I thought they might have improved." He said.

I hesitated. I could still shoot dragonfire, that much was true, but I didn't know if that was enough for him. "I don't think so. I can still shoot dragonfire if that's what you're worried about."

"No. Of course not. I knew you would still possess that." He said.

"So... what are you asking?" I pressed. "I'm still the same girl you knew when I was here last."

He paused, looked at me for a long moment, and then slowly turned away, walking off without another word. My stomach tightened. Had I misunderstood him? Or had he been hiding something all along?

I looked at Elias and even he was eyeing Arthur really suspiciously. He thought those questions were strange and I didn't know what to make of them either.

Why was he so interested in my powers? Even if they were the same, he still knew that I was powerful and I could do things that he couldn't. That was always pretty damn clear.

But why ask if they have advanced or if I've gained new powers. What would even possess him to ask something like that?

I slowly walked towards the edge of the village where the small forest was still standing and I could hear the faint sound of children running and laughing and playing.

I can see them right in front of my face now. I am only 10 years old and I am watching them playing in the forest having fun. I slowly start to follow them when a boy stands in front of me.

“Who said you could play with us, freak?” He spat.

“I’m not a freak.” I shot back, my voice shaking.

“Everyone knows you’re not normal, Celestra.” He sneered, drawing out my name like it was poison.

“Just let me play. I didn’t do anything to you.” I pleaded.

“You hurt everyone. That’s why you don’t belong.” His shout cut through me like a blade, and before I could respond, he shoved me hard. I hit the ground, the sting in my palms burning as he bolted off into the forest to join the other children—leaving me behind in the dirt.

I stood up from where he had pushed me down and I turned to see my mother standing at the door of our hut with her arms crossed watching me.

I turned back to face the children playing and I could feel my breathing getting heavier and heavier as my anger started to fuel whatever was inside me.

Suddenly a lightning bolt struck one of the trees and a large thick trunk fell right onto the boy, pinning him beneath it.

I turned back to look at my mother and she was standing there with a smile on her face while adults were running past me to run and help the boy.

I suddenly felt a pair of hands on my arms and it pulled me out of the day dream.

“Are you alright? You seemed uneasy just now.” Elias said, his brow furrowed.

“I’m fine... just thinking.” I replied, though my mind was anything but calm.

“About something important?” He pressed.

“Maybe.” I admitted, looking away. “But it doesn’t feel important... at least, not yet.”

“I don’t follow.” He said.

“Neither do I.” I whispered, more to myself than to him.

It was finally starting to dawn on me. I was reliving the black witch's life. I was seeing her memories from when she was a child and she grew up in this realm. But I thought she grew up in my world. Maybe there's more to her story than we even know.

But one thing I knew for sure was that nothing like this had ever happened to me before. The way my power had surged... the way it had reacted when I killed her—it was unlike anything I'd ever experienced. I had to find out what had really happened that day. I had to understand exactly what was going on with me, and why it felt so different, so alive, so .. dangerous.

I walked to the other side of the village and I started getting my bearings of where we were and where things used to be located when it was a proper realm. Before the destruction. And that's when I went back to find Elias.

"We're leaving." I said.

"What?" He asked, confused.

"Not for good. I just have to check something out. I don't want to go alone. Can you come with me?" I asked.

"Yeah. Of course." He said.

"Alright. Let's go—before Arthur starts asking questions." I said.

Elias and I grabbed our things in a rush, hearts pounding, and slipped out of the village while Arthur was distracted with his own people, wrapped up in whatever schemes or business had consumed him these days. Every step felt heavier than the last, as if the village itself knew we were leaving and wanted to slow us down. We moved quickly, staying close to the shadows, careful not to draw any attention.

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Elias had arranged just the right kind of chaos Luke picking a fight with a pair of locals, loud enough to draw Arthur's attention like a moth to flame. With eyes elsewhere, the way out was ours.

We slipped from the village unseen, and headed straight for the place where I'd ended the black witch... and Mia.

"So, are you going to tell me what's going on?" Elias asked.

"I'd really rather not. Not just yet anyway." I said.

“What do you mean? I know something is going on with you. You haven’t been yourself today. ” he said.

“I know. Something isn’t right. And I need to try and figure it out.” I said.

“What’s that?” He asked.

“Something has been going on with me since I got here. I need to figure out what happened when I killed the black witch.” I said.

“Is that where we’re going?” He asked.

“Yeah. To where I killed her.” I said.

“Are you sure we’re going in the right direction?” He asked.

“Positive. I know my way from here.” I said.

The climb brought us into the clearing, the silence heavy, broken only by Elias hanging back, his gaze sweeping the ground. He wasn’t just watching he was piecing read the echoes of what had happened here.

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it together, trying to

As I began slowly reenacting everything that had happened here, my words heavy with memory, Elias shifted his weight and leaned back against the jagged rocks beside us. The stone caught the fading light, throwing fractured shadows across his face, and for a moment he looked carved from the ruins themselves—silent, immovable, watching me with an intensity that made it hard to tell whether he was listening or judging. His arms folded loosely across his chest, but the tension in his jaw betrayed him.

I moved slowly, each step deliberate, as if the weight of memory itself held me back. My mind retraced every moment, every word, every flicker of dark magic that had passed between myself and the black witch. The air seemed heavier with each recollection, as though the land itself remembered too, and my body mirrored that burden—hesitant, unsteady, caught between the past and the present.

I tried to remember every facial feature, every movement that she made, every smirk, every word. But there was nothing here that I could actually think of that would make me start getting her memories.

I knew that it was important for me to remember what happened that day, something up here happened that I didn’t realize at the time.

“So, the dragon was over there. Right in front of you?” Elias asked.

“Yeah. And Morgana is the one that went crazy when I killed the dragon. She was the mother of the dragons. She controlled them.” I said.

“And how does Arthur know that she doesn’t have dragons behind that cloak of her tower?”

He asked.

“Exactly. He doesn’t know but he won’t admit it.” I said.

“Another reason why you’re not going there alone.” He said.

I turned to look out over the wasteland, remembering what the whole realm looked like the

last time I was here.

How lush the forest was, how beautiful the landscape was. And now it was reduced to ash and black charcoal ground.

“This place is so foreign to me.” I said.

“I know. But I’m sure you’re going to fix it.” Elias said.

“I wouldn’t even know the first place to start.” I said.

“We’ll figure it out.” He said.

“I think that’s what Arthur is hoping for me to do. But I don’t know how I would even start.” I said.

I turned to look at Elias as I was talking but he didn’t know what I was really talking about and I didn’t tell him why we were up here. I didn’t want to say anything until I knew what was going on myself. I didn’t want to tell him about the visions that I was having.

Elias was just about to say something when he suddenly froze. I looked at him strangely and walked over to him.

I tried to shake him, but he was completely unresponsive as he was just standing there.

“Relax. He’ll be alright.” A voice said behind me, so I turned around.

Morgana, the Ash Queen, was standing there staring at me. She was standing there casually, watching me and she was completely alone.

I raised my hand and a fireball appeared on my palm as I was ready to attack.

“You aren’t going to need that.” She assured me, her tone smooth, almost mocking, as her gaze flicked briefly to the weapon in my hand.

My grip tightened instinctively. “What the hell did you do to him?” I demanded, my voice sharper than I intended.

“Nothing.” She replied calmly, as though the question barely merited an answer. “I just thought we should talk in private.”

“Talk.” I repeated, forcing the word through clenched teeth. “Fine. What do you want?”

She tilted her head, studying me with a strange mix of curiosity and amusement. “Well, I was really surprised to hear that you had come back. I didn’t think you would. I thought you killed my family and just... disappeared.”

Her words cut through me like cold steel. My chest tightened. “Why would I do that?” I shot back. “I heard this place had gone to s\*\*t, and Arthur needed my help.”

She laughed then, a sharp, unsettling sound that echoed against the ruined walls around us. It wasn’t the laughter of someone amused—it was bitter, edged with something darker.

“Arthur said he needed your help?” She repeated, savoring the words like they were some cruel joke. “I guess that’s one way of looking at it.”

A knot twisted in my stomach. “What are you talking about?”

Her smile thinned. “He’s always had a talent for bending the truth. For p ing his own spin on things. Surely you’ve noticed that by now.”

I shook my head, unwilling to follow her lead. “Why don’t you cut the bullshit. Just restore the realm. Why would you do all of this?” My eyes swept across the wasteland surrounding us- the crumbling towers, the scorched earth, the faint stench of ash still lingering in the air.

“Despite what Arthur has told you.” She said evenly, “I didn’t destroy this land.”

“You really expect me to believe that?” My voice cracked slightly, the weight of everything pressing in.

“I want to ask you something though.” She said.

“And what the hell is that?” I asked.

“I need you to trust me.” She said.

“What?” I was shocked.

“I know that I wasn’t on your side the last time you were here. But we now have an enemy in common.” She said.

“Let me guess. Arthur.” I said.

“Yeah. He’s not to be trusted.” She said.

“Well, neither are you as far as I’m concerned.” I said.

“Well,” she shrugged, her eyes glinting, “you can believe what you want. But it’s the truth. I wouldn’t do this to my own home.”

I stepped closer, searching her face for any sign of deception. “Then what the hell happened here? Who did this?”

For a long moment, she said nothing. The silence stretched between us until it became unbearable. Finally, she turned her head, her gaze locking with mine—unyielding, cold, unflinching.

“You did.”

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I stared at the Ash Queen in disbelief – I hadn’t destroyed this realm; I only wanted to finish my task and return to Elias before the baby arrived. Yet her knowing look, like many others here, told me there was more going on than I realized.

“It makes no sense. How the hell did I do this?” I asked, looking over the empty space around

1. us.

“You did it when you killed the black witch. Celestra. Have you been having strange dreams lately? Dreams that don’t belong to you?” She asked.

“Dreams? While I’m asleep and awake.” I said.

"There's a reason for that. Arthur really hasn't told you anything, has he? You don't know why you're here." She said.

"Why don't you tell me? And then we'll all be caught up." I said.

Suddenly we heard shouting and an energy blast came flying at the Ash Queen. She disappeared in a cloud of smoke, before the energy ball could hit her and Arthur came running around the rocks with a lot of his warriors and our warriors.

Elias suddenly unfroze and he looked around at everyone really confused.

"What the f\*\*k? How the hell did they get here?" He asked so I ran over to him.

"It's a long story." I said.

"Are you alright Lyra?" Arthur asked, racing over to me.

"I'm fine. She didn't hurt me." I said.

"Who?" Elias asked.

"The Ash Queen. She froze you so we could talk." I said.

"She was here?" Elias yelled.

"Yeah. But she didn't hurt me." I assured him.

"What did she say to you?" Arthur asked.

I know the Ash Queen can't be trusted, but I've had a bad feeling about Arthur ever since I got here. I know that I can't tell him the truth. He'll just spin it to his own advantage and if there's any truth to what she said, I need to find out.

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+25 Points

I wasn't an i\*\*\*t though. I know that she could have been lying out of her ass to drive a wedge between us. But that doesn't change the feeling that I've had about Arthur. I knew that it was best just to keep it all to myself at the moment.

"A bunch of mumble jumble. Like she was talking in riddles. I don't really know what to make

of it." I said.

"Let's get back to the village. What are you even doing here?" Arthur asked, holding my arm.

"I needed to come and check something out." I said.

"This is where you killed them. You don't need to be plagued with those memories."  
Arthur

said.

He started leading me away from the area with Elias standing back.

He didn't like that Arthur was getting so close to me and trying to take care of me the way that he was. But he stood back watching us with a wolf by his side.

We returned to the village, and I sat on the bed by the window while Arthur brought me food

and drink.

"Is everything alright?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine," I replied, though he studied me.

"You seem distracted. Are you sure the Ash Queen didn't say anything to you?"

"Like what?" I asked, curiously.

"I don't know. Anything. She loves playing mind games. I don't think she's ever told the truth about anything in her life." He said.

"No. Probably not." I said.

We then heard a bit of commotion outside so Arthur went to the door and I sat up to look out

the window at the village and Kronos was only just returning with the warriors.

"What happened?" Elias asked, walking towards them.

"We checked on the other survivors and the wolves that you sent to protect them. Everything is fine. I think there's something interfering with your mind link connection. That's why you're having trouble getting through to them." Kronos said.

“What could be doing that?” Elias asked.

“It could be a number of things.” Kronos said. So I got up and walked past Arthur and outside

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to where Elias was.

“You mean magic. The Ash Queen is stopping us from communicating?” I asked.

“It is possible. Yes.” Kronos said.

I looked at Luke by his side and he was looking around really strangely. He saw Arthur start to approach us and he bared his teeth slightly. Not much, but enough for me to notice.

“What is it?” I mind linked Luke.

“He’s lying to you.” Luke said.

“I already had a feeling he was. What did you find out?” I asked.

“The other camps are too far away. They’re not out of range. And they aren’t being blocked by magic.” Luke said.

“Why is that a problem? That’s just where the survivors were.” I said.

“No. One woman told me that they were forced to stay there. Kronos told all the survivors where they had to stay. Even if there are closer locations for them to set up camp.” Luke said.

“Maybe he wanted them out of harm’s way.” I said.

“No. He wanted them out of range so if anything happened to them, we wouldn’t know.” Luke

said.

Elias, Luke, and I mind-linked, keeping Arthur in the dark until we had proof of his intentions. We couldn’t let him know that we suspected anything. Not yet.

“Maybe we can have a private meeting?” Arthur asked, glancing at Kronos and me.

“Good idea,” I said, taking Elias’ hand. Arthur seemed displeased but stood quiet.

We moved to an empty part of the village and sat in a circle by an unlit firepit.

“I say we storm the castle.” Elias snapped, jaw tight. “We find it, we hit it from every side — no half-measures.”

“Arthur, you promised we could break the cloak together.” I shot back, voice sharp. “You said the two of you could pull it off.”

“They’ll see us coming and be ready.” Kronos growled. “We don’t even know how many are behind that veil. You’re talking blind charges.”

“That’s exactly why everyone we brought is coming with us.” Elias barked. “That’s why we dragged them into this. They’ll see how outnumbered they are there’s only so much room inside that stone. We make them regret thinking they could hide from us.”

“You already lost men.” Kronos hissed, stepping forward. “How many more do you want to throw away for pride?”

“I won’t sit here and do nothing.” Elias snapped, eyes flashing. “We’re losing time. She already came after Lyra once. We want to go home to our son.” His voice broke, then hardened. “I won’t let them keep us here because I couldn’t act.”

“That’s reckless.” Arthur said coldly. “Stupid and reckless.”

“Why were you so desperate to go to the castle alone with Lyra?” Elias cut in, venom in every word. “But you refuse an army? Why does it have to be only you and her?”

“Because an army announces war.” Arthur said, voice low and clipped. “If it’s just us, she’ll know we mean to parley – to settle this without slaughter. You want to smash everything to bits before you even speak.”

“You’d gamble diplomacy on a whisper and a smile?” Elias spat. “You’d risk us in the hope that she keeps her word?”

“Better a careful plan than a massacre.” Arthur said. “Better two men and a chance to end this without more names added to the ground.”

Kronos laughed, short and bitter. “You speak of chances while men bleed. Pick a side, Arthur coward or fool.”

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Elias glared at Arthur. “If you won’t lead, fine. But don’t stand in the way when the rest of us do what needs to be done.”

“And if you tear the place down and bring down the whole realm?” Arthur snapped.  
“Then you’ll have everyone’s blood on your hands.”

Silence slammed into the clearing like a door. For a long moment none of them moved – only the hard, dangerous hum of people pushed to the edge that had snuck in to see what the yelling was about.

I sat there quietly watching the whole interaction between everyone and listening to their points as they spoke.

Listening to everything that was being said, it made one thing even more clearer than before.

Elias was the only person in this realm that I truly trusted.

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Realizing we had drawn an audience, I ended the meeting, and we returned to the village as others prepared for nightfall. Elias, however, grabbed me by the waist and led me toward the small forest beside the village.

I didn’t see any locals hanging around the forest and whatever wolves were patrolling, Elias told them to leave the forest. We’d be alright out here by ourselves. So they headed back to the village and started patrolling around the outside of where the people were.

Elias finally takes my hand and starts walking through the forest. There wasn’t anything special about it. No beautiful flowers or anything like that. It was just trees and coverage from being seen. But it felt more like home than anything else around here.

“Are you going to tell me what’s bothering you?” Elias asked.

“What makes you think something is bothering me?” I asked.

“Because even if we weren’t marked and I could feel what you’re feeling, I know you. I know that something is wrong.” He said.

“Something feels off. It has ever since we got back here. Everything felt fine while we were at home, but since we came to this village and Arthur started trying to get into my head...I just know that something isn’t right.” I said.

“I’m scared that he’s trying to use you for something that we don’t know about. He’s trying to use you for his own agenda and it’s going to get you hurt.” Elias said.

"I know. Which is why I've been playing into it and I haven't let him know how I really feel. I've been letting him think that I trust him. Especially when he 'saved' me from Morgana today." I said.

"So, that was all an act when you left me standing there?" He asked.

"Yeah. But I don't want you to think I am taking sides. I just know that he's not going to say anything to me while you're around. He's not going to let anything slip. He's more cautious when you're there." I explained.

"I've noticed that as well. Which is what really scares me." He said, stopping and turning to face me.

I saw the mischievous glint in his eye before he pushed me up against a tree and he leaned forward to kiss me.

"I didn't realize how much I've missed this." I said as he rested his forehead against mine.

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"What's that?" He asked.

"Being alone with you. Having our time together." I said.

"I've noticed it." He smirked.

"I don't doubt that." I said.

"It's too bad there are too many people around." He said.

"I know." I said.

+25 Points

"Hey, can you tell me something?" He asked, pulling his head back so he could look me in the face.

"What's that?" I asked.

"What did the Ash Queen say to you?" He asked.

I looked at him for a moment and I told him everything that she told me. I knew that he wasn't going to lie to me. I knew that he wasn't going to distrust me. He wasn't going to question me. I could be completely honest with him.

"Do you believe her?" He asked.

"Honestly, I don't know. I don't know who the hell to believe. They could both be lying to me. Trying to turn me against the other. Trying to get me on my own." I said.

"I know. But you're never going to be on your own. I am going to be here with you, no matter what." He said. And I chuckled.

"Yeah. I don't think Arthur realized that." I said.

"No. I don't think so either." He kissed me again.

"I do know that Arthur is lying about something though. He's holding something back. I don't know what. But there is something." I said.

"Well, I guess we're just gonna have to be really careful what we say and do around him." Elias said. And I nodded my head. "We can also leave at any time. You just say the word." He

said.

"We have missing warriors. We're not leaving them here." I said.

"Yeah. Once we find them." He said.

"Do you really think I could be responsible for what happened here?" I asked.

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+25 Points

"I really don't believe that Mia or the black witch were the real leaders of this realm. That's the only way this could have happened. If you killed the ruler of the realm. And that was the black witch." He said.

Elias can see how conflicted I am about the whole situation so he leans forward again and starts kissing me, so I wrapped my arms around him to pull him closer.

I am sneaking through the vast forest, now as a teenager when I see a peasant boy leaning against a tree.

"You're here." He said, smiling at me.

"I told you I'd come." I said.

"I was afraid that she was going to stop you from coming." He said.

"Nothing could ever stop me. You know that." I said, holding his hands.

"I love you so much Celestra." He said.

"I love you too." I said, leaning forward and kissing him, passionately.

"Celestra. Have you thought any more about what we talked about?" He asked.

"Running away together? Of course I have. I would love nothing more than to leave with you." I said.

"So, we're really doing it?" He asked.

"Yeah. We are." I said.

We both suddenly freeze, unable to move or speak but we are fully aware of what's going on around us.

A woman then walks out from behind a tree and my heart starts thumping in my chest as I see my mother standing there.

She had a mixture of anger and betrayal written all over her face. She heard us talk about running away together. She never wants me to leave her because I am her way out of this crappy life that she hates. She thinks that my power is going to give her a better life. But that's not what I want. I know that she's about to do something that will hurt us. She's going to stop us from running away together. She's going to stop us from being together.

I woke calmly, Elias was still asleep beside me. Outside, the camp stirred with the rising sun. At the foot of the bed, I pulled a plain yellow dreamcatcher from my bag. Holding it steady, I focused until an image formed—Grayson's bedroom. He lay on a blanket while Stephanie sat nearby, playing with him.

He was awake and looking around but he didn't look any bigger.

I was thankful for that. I didn't want to miss him growing up too much. I saw that Stephanie had gotten a couple of pictures of myself and Elias that she had put on his cupboard against

the wall.

I was suddenly overcome with emotions that I didn't realize I had been feeling. Missing Grayson was something that I hadn't been focusing on, but right now, it all came crashing down on me and I started feeling the tears start trickling down my face.

Elias wraps his arms around me from behind, resting his chin on my shoulder as he's looking

at the dream catcher as well.

"I was wondering what that was for." Elias said.

"I didn't want to miss anything." I said.

"I don't think we've missed anything. But you look like you're missing him." He said.

"Of course I am." I said, wiping the tears away.

"So do I. It's not just you. Hopefully we won't miss too much more." He said, kissing my shoulder.

"I know that we're not going to miss much more. Because we're storming the castle." I said.

"What?" He asked, shocked.

"Alert the warriors. Get Luke to gather the others. Get them here now. We're storming the castle and putting an end to this." I said with such determination that Elias smiled widely at

me and kissed me.

We were putting the plan into action – no more waiting, no more bullshit. I was leaving and I refused to be anyone's pawn. I was taking control, and if they didn't like it, they'd better be immune to dragonfire.

## The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 106

### **The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 106**

As soon as we made up our mind about what we were going to do we went to find Arthur, Kronos and Luke.

We pulled them away from all the others and made sure that no one was able to hear anything that was going on.

"Alright. You've got our attention. What's going on?" Luke asked.

"Well, Lyra has made up her mind." Elias said.

"And what would that be?" Arthur asked, looking at me curiously.

"We're storming the castle. We're gonna gather our warriors and storm in there." I demanded.

"What? Are you kidding?" He asked.

"No. We need to get inside that castle and this is the only way to do it." I said.

"No. It isn't the only way to do it." Arthur said.

"Yeah. It is. We're not going in there alone and we need as many warriors to help us fight since we don't know what the hell we are walking into. I know that you don't want us to do it this way, but I don't see any other way. We've been sitting here in this village going back and forth about what to do and coming up with nothing. We're taking the fight to her since she's obviously not bringing the fight to us. She's just sitting back and enjoying herself. Probably watching from a far with some stupid crystal ball. We are going in there and we are going to make her pay for what she's done to this place. And we're going to make her restore it." I demanded. Not leaving any room for argument.

Arthur and Kronos gave each other a strange glance but they could tell th I wasn't playing games anymore. I wanted to go home. I wanted to see my baby. I wanted to make sure that my family was going to be safe from this place.

"Luke. Go and collect the warriors that we have at the other villages. Bring the locals here. I know that it might be a lot of people, but it's the best that we can do right now." Elias said.

"Yes, sir. I'll be back soon." Luke said, walking to the edge of town before shifting into a wolf and running off into the distance.

"I really think there is another way." Arthur said, starting to look really worried.

"Arthur. Do you know how hot dragonfire burns?" I asked.

"Yes." He said.

"And do you know how easy it is for me to create dragonfire with my own hand?" I asked.

"Of course I do." He said.

“Then stop arguing with me. And just get to work.” I said.

I started gathering locals to get as many sticks from the forest as they could. Thick sticks that could be made into weapons. Into spears and arrows after we made the bows for them.

We all sat down and started shaving the tips of the sticks, creating weapons and throwing them into the pile that we were making.

Elias was helping us but also going over a game plan with the warriors that we had in this village.

I could see Arthur pacing around the camp and Kronos would occasionally run up to him and whisper something to him.

I didn't know what they were talking about or what they were plotting. But I knew that they had something up their sleeves.

They weren't going to make this easy on us. But once we had our army, even if it wasn't the full army, we were still going to storm that castle and get to the bottom of this.

Elias was walking around doing a few different things at once until I saw him freeze in the middle of the camp.

I got up and ran over to him, knowing that he was mind linking someone.

“What is it?” I asked.

“It's Luke. The camps.” He said.

He started running through the village so I dropped the weapon that I was making and I started running after him.

We shifted as soon as we got to the edge of the village and ran the rest of the way to find Luke pacing out the front of a hideout for the locals.

“What is it?” I mind linked. But Luke couldn't talk.

Elias and I looked at each other and when we walked inside we saw the same grizzly scene that we saw at the underground tunnels. There was blood smeared everywhere and everyone was gone.

“What about the other camps?” Elias's voice was low, but it carried the weight of dread.

“They're the same,” Luke answered, his expression hollow. “Empty. All of them.”

“All of them?” My chest tightened. “The locals? Our warriors? They’re just... gone?”

Elias bared his teeth. “How the hell does an entire force vanish without a sound?”

“They were checked only this morning.” Luke’s words cracked. “This shouldn’t be possible.”

“Magic.” I whispered. “Nothing else could erase them like this.”

Elias’s gaze flicked to the blood-soaked earth. “Magic doesn’t explain the slaughter.”

“It could.” I said, though my voice faltered. “But to take everyone... it wasn’t mortal hands alone. This was something far darker.”

“The Ash Queen.” Elias muttered, the name cutting through the silence.

“If she learned what we were planning... she’d have reason to strike first.” My throat burned as the thought settled.

“And how would she know?” Elias pressed.

“Maybe it wasn’t her.” Luke’s eyes narrowed.

I turned toward Elias, already dreading his answer.

“It could have been him.” Elias’s voice was like a blade.

“No.” I shook my head. “He’s been with us all day.”

“Drifting. Watching. Sending gods-know-what messages while we looked the other way.” Elias countered. “You know he’s never supported this plan. He doesn’t w us there. He only wants you.”

“Arthur wouldn’t risk his own people.” My protest sounded weak, even to me.

Elias’s stare hardened. “He would. He’s capable of sacrificing anything—anyone—if it puts him closer to you.”

A cold silence pressed in. The air reeked of blood and betrayal.

“Then what the hell are we doing, sitting here?” My paws dug into the dirt as anger started to fill me. “We can’t just wait.”

Elias bent to the tracks at his feet. “We move. Luke—get Lyra back to camp, then return. We’re hunting down our warriors.”

“Yes, Alpha,” Luke said quietly.

I caught Elias’s glare. “Be careful.”

His eyes, dark with suspicion, met mine. “You too. And watch Arthur’s every move. We don’t know who the hell stands with us anymore.”

So Luke and I ran back to camp as fast as possible and Luke headed straight back out to find Elias so they could hopefully find our missing warriors.

I shifted outside the village and got dressed again.

I stood there for a moment, forcing myself to take slow, steady breaths, trying to piece back together some semblance of composure. My heart was still hammering against my ribs, too loud, too erratic, as if it wanted to give me away. I couldn’t let anyone see the cracks forming in me, couldn’t let them guess that suspicion had already rooted itself in my mind. If I walked back into camp trembling or frantic, it would only draw more attention. I needed to be calm- calm, unreadable, untouchable.

But the thought lingered like poison: Arthur. His words, his actions, the way he had looked at me—it all felt wrong. Was it just paranoia clawing at me? Or was it my instincts warning me of something darker beneath the surface? I didn’t know. And worse, I couldn’t ask.

For all I knew, the whole camp could be against me. Every smile, every friendly nod, every hand that reached out to help could just as easily be hiding a dagger meant for my back. I imagined their eyes following me, weighing me, waiting for me to slip. The uncertainty gnawed at me until my stomach turned.

No—I couldn’t show weakness. Not now. Not here. If I was going to survive this, I had to keep my head down and my suspicions locked tightly behind my teeth. Trust no one, not until I was certain. That’s not a risk I was willing to take... not yet.

## The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 107

### **The Warrior’s Broken Mate Chapter 107**

As soon as I entered the camp I walked around looking at everyone making weapons and trying to find places to hunt for food. There was so little of that around here that they had to travel far distances to find where the food was.

I saw Arthur standing at the end of the village talking to a few people and I felt completely depleted when I saw him.

He noticed me but I just stood there staring at him for a moment. Not moving, not talking... not doing anything.

Loud talking soon got my attention and I looked over at two men having an argument but I just ignored them and I turned back and went to my hut where I had been staying with Elias.

I sat on the bed, watching the sun dip lower in the sky. Hunters left camp, always eager, as if they'd return with a large kill to feed everyone. I doubted it—there wasn't enough left in this realm to sustain the few survivors. The thought made my chest tighten. Even when they came back, I feared we'd go hungry, like we had so many times before.

I just kept thinking about the warriors. They risked everything, they left their packs and vowed their allegiance to me only to be snatched away and possibly killed while trying to protect the survivors of this realm.

It was an honorable way to die—they were protecting innocents. Otherwise, they weren't harming anyone. They were just in the way of someone who opposed my decision to storm the castle. That was the only explanation I could grasp. The only thing that made sense to me.

Someone was stopping them from helping me take the castle. Whether it was the Ash Queen or it was Arthur. Someone was doing something here. And I didn't know w to stop them.

"Lyra." Arthur sang out from the doorway.

"Yeah." I said.

He walked inside and saw me sitting on the bed, staring out the window as if the forest might hand me back all that I'd lost.

"Is everything alright?" he asked.

"Nope. Far from alright."

"Where's Elias? He didn't come back with you."

"There were tracks at the site. He's following them. Hopefully he's going to find our warriors." "I hope he will too. He's a good tracker, isn't he?"

"One of the best."

"Then he'll find them. I'm sorry about your men. I know they were good people. They risked everything to come here and help you. To help their Queen."

“Yeah. A lot of good that did them. Imagine how many families I’m going to have to talk to when I get home if we can’t find them.” The thought alone made my chest tighten.

“You can’t think like that.” He pulled out a chair and sat across from me, trying to steady his tone.

“I know. But it’s hard sometimes. I don’t know why this can’t just be easier. Why can’t life be easier?” My voice cracked at the end, half frustration, half despair.

“I know you’ve had it rough. I mean, you’ve had it rough since you were born.”

“Yeah.”

“But I know that this will work out. I promise this will all work out.”

“I don’t see how.” The words were sharp, heavier than I intended, but they were the truth.

“You’ll find your warriors, and we’ll defeat the Ash Queen. Then you’ll be able to go home to your baby.”

“I’ve already been away from him for too long.” My throat ached, and I forced my eyes back to the window so he wouldn’t see the wetness gathering there.

“He’s still a baby. He’s not going to really notice.”

“He won’t. But I will. I’ll always know I left him when he needed me most.”

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As the sun set and everyone prepared camp for nightfall, I heard Elias and Luke return.

I walked out, and Elias looked furious. One glance told me everything.

He punched a hole in a hut before walking toward me.

"No sign of them?" I asked.

+25 Points>

"No. They went around in circles for a while. I don't even know if we were following the right tracks. Could have been from patrols or... some s\*\*t like that." Elias said, his voice tight with

frustration.

"Alright. We'll find them. If they're alive, we're not leaving without them." I said, keeping my tone steady.

"We can't leave anyway. Not until we figure out what the hell is going on here," he growled, clenching his fists.

"I know." I replied calmly, taking a slow breath to match his storm.

"Anything from Arthur yet?" he asked, eyes darting with suspicion.

"No. But I want to talk to you about it. Not here. Later." I said, careful to hold his gaze without flinching.

"Alright," he muttered, though the tension didn't leave his shoulders.

"I know he had something to do with them going missing. It's so we couldn't attack the castle." Elias said, his jaw tight.

"I know. He's already managed to get everyone to stop making weapons." I said, letting my words sink in.

"Really?" His eyes widened in disbelief. "If he had nothing to do with it, he be acting differently. Letting them keep making weapons while hoping we find the wolves..." His voice trailed off, angry.

"I know. That's exactly what I was thinking." I said evenly.

"I really want to kill that guy." Elias admitted, the fury clear in his tone.

"And

you know what? I'm going to let you. He's all yours when the time is right." I said, voice steady, letting him vent while keeping control.

"And that's why I love you." He said, finally softening, wrapping his arms around me.

I knew he wasn't doing that just for appreciation—he needed me to calm him, his wolf, and his thoughts. He was furious, and it wasn't helping any of us. We had to stay sharp, even if we didn't know the rules. That night, the village warriors stayed vigilant, reporting every movement in camp. We needed to know everything.

As soon as morning came, Elias got up and headed out with Luke. They would keep searching for the warriors until they found them.

I stood by the hut, watching them go, then turned to the village, seeing people walking around like a normal day.

But it was anything but.

I walked through the center of the village and I found Arthur talking to a couple of people.

"Go away." I said to the other people.

They looked at Arthur and he just nodded for them to leave.

"That was a bit rude." Arthur said.

"I don't care right now. You win, alright." I said.

"What are you talking about?" He asked.

"You win. Let's go. You and me. We'll go to the castle alone. Elias has already gone so we have to go now. Before he comes back." I said.

“Are you sure?” He asked.

“Why are you questioning me? You’re the one that wants this. Let’s go. I’m sick of sitting here and doing nothing.” I said.

So he smiled at me like he had actually won something and he turned to get a couple of things and I grabbed a bow and arrow and we started to leave the village.

“Do you know how to use those?” He asked.

“Yeah. I do.” I said.

So we walked through the village and out towards the vast empty space that used to be filled with lush forestry and special animals and flowers.

I was nervous, I wasn’t going to lie. But I knew that this was the only way I was ever going to get any answers. So I felt like I had no choice.

## The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 108

### The Warrior’s Broken Mate Chapter 108

Arthur and I set off for the castle and he seemed to know where he was going, but all I saw was absolutely nothing ahead of us. I couldn’t believe that this land was once so beautiful and lush and green but has all been turned to ash now.

“So, how long until we get there?” I asked, shifting my weight and glancing at the invisible path ahead.

“A couple of hours on foot.” Arthur said, his voice calm, but there was something in the way he said it that made me uneasy—like he was measuring more than just distance.

“And what should I expect when we get there?” I asked again, unable to hide my curiosity.

Arthur hesitated, squinting at the horizon as if the answer might reveal too much. “I’m... not exactly sure.” He said finally. “The castle—it’s nothing like mine. Too clean, too sterile. Flashy, almost... theatrical. She wanted to make a statement with it. And she definitely did. You’ll know it when you see it.”

I frowned. “And the people inside? Her sister... She was called the Mother of Dragons. Should we expect dragons?”

“No.” His voice dropped, almost to a whisper, and I caught a shadow cross his face.”

Dragons... all animals, really. Gone. Every single one. When the realm died, they died. All at once. It was... incredible, in a bad way."

"Incredible? You mean terrifying?" I asked, trying to picture it. "They weren't hunted? They

didn't vanish because of some curse or war?"

"No." He said, shaking his head slowly. "Nothing like that. One moment, everything was alive. The next... it just fell apart. It's hard to describe. Like the world itself stopp

caring."

"How? How does everything just die?" I pressed, my voice trembling despite myself.

Arthur's eyes darkened. "The Ash Queen. She cast a spell. Something we still don't understand. And it was over. Life just... ended."

"Really?" I asked, leaning closer, drawn in despite the fear prickling my skin.

"Why?" He asked, frowning. "What are you thinking?"

"When I saw Morgana, she said it's my fault." I admitted, the words tasting bitter. "That killing the Black Witch... that's what killed the realm."

Arthur stiffened. "What? That's impossible. How could that even be?"

1/4

< CHAPTER 108

"I don't know. Do you have any clue what she meant?"

"No." He said, his voice clipped. "I don't. None at all."

I exhaled slowly, trying to calm the racing thoughts. "I had to ask. I couldn't just leave it unsaid. When she told me, I didn't know what to believe. I was... hoping it wasn't true."

"Of course not." He said firmly. "Killing the Black Witch couldn't have caused any of this. Don't let her words make you doubt yourself."

"Good." I murmured, relief and lingering doubt tangled together.

"You can't believe anything she says. Ever. Lies are all she knows. Truth isn't in her vocabulary." He added, his eyes searching mine.

I nodded slowly. "Yeah... I'm starting to understand that."

He fell silent for a moment, as if weighing whether to continue. "There's something you don't know. Something... important. I wasn't sure if I should tell you yet."

"What is it?" I asked, my curiosity sharpening.

"Beneath the wasteland I once called home." Arthur leaned closer, his voice dropping so low I almost felt it vibrate in my chest. "There's a heart to this realm." He said. "A pulsing core of magic. It used to control everything—the beauty, the life, the very essence of this place. Everything you see—or used to see—was because of it."

I blinked. "So if magic controlled everything... what stopped it? It clearly isn't working now, or this place wouldn't be... dead."

Arthur's jaw tightened. "There's only one person with enough power to do that. And if we want this realm to live again, we have to find out how to make it work—how to make it pulse again."

"The Ash Queen," I whispered, the words tasting like ash.

"It's the only explanation that makes sense." He said quietly. "I should have told you sooner, but you were planning an army. I feared that if we provoked her, she'd destroy it completely before we even arrived."

I narrowed my eyes, unsettled. "Then why tell me now? Why risk it?"

"Because Elias was there. And I don't think he cares about this realm... not like you do. You've seen what it used to be. You know the beauty that was lost. You'd want to restore it. Him? He'd just kill the Queen and get back home. I can't blame him for wanting that... but that's not what this world needs."

I exhaled slowly, the weight of his words settling into my chest like a stone. "I know. I agree. It's not what this world needs."

Arthur's gaze lingered on the horizon, silent for a long moment. Then he said softly, almost to himself, "If the heart of the realm can be awakened... maybe there's hope. But if it can't... then everything we've lost... will be lost forever."

Once we reached the castle Arthur stopped me from moving any closer and to me all I could see was nothing. There was nothing in front of me, but he knew that the castle was there.

I was just about to raise my hand to feel the cloak for myself when it suddenly slipped away on its own.

“What the hell just happened?” I asked.

“She’s letting us in.” He said.

“Why?” I asked.

“Because it’s just us two. She wants you.” He said.

“Should I be worried?” I asked.

“No. I don’t believe she’s going to hurt you. If she was, she would have done it the other day when she had you alone.” He said.

“Elias was with me.” I said.

“He was frozen. She could have killed you then.” He said.

“She knows my powers.” I said.

“I know. But don’t worry about it. You’ll be fine.” He said.

Arthur slowly started walking towards the castle, his steps measured and deliberate, and I followed closely behind, trying to match his pace. The path leading up to it was lined with twisted, dark trees whose branches seemed to reach out like skeletal fingers, casting eerie shadows over the cobblestones. I couldn’t help but glance up at the castle itself. Its design was unlike anything I had ever seen before—sleek and angular in some places, yet ornate and ostentatious in others, almost as if different architectural styles had been mashed together intentionally. There was something unsettling about the way the spires jutted into the sky, sharp and glinting in the sunlight. It felt alien, not like anything from any world I knew. Somehow, it was both dazzling and menacing at the same time. More like the kind of place an evil Queen would live in a fairytale, with grand halls designed to intimidate and impress anyone who dared approach. I could feel a shiver run down my spine, but I forced myself to keep walking.

It hurt my neck looking up to the top of the castle because it was so impossibly high, its spires piercing the sky like jagged teeth. But what really caught me off guard was that there were no guards. Not a single soul in sight. No footsteps, no horses, no sign of life at all. It was eerily quiet.

So we started approaching with extreme caution, every sense on high alert. I was ready to grab a bow from my quiver at any second, my fingers itching for the string. But Arthur seemed unusually calm, almost unnervingly so. Not something I would expect to see while we were about to walk into a Queen’s den. A possible evil Queen, no less. The silence made my skin crawl.

## The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 109

### The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 109

As we approached the castle the grand doors opened for us and again, there was no one on the other side.

"I really don't like this." I said.

"I told you. If she wanted you dead, you would be." Arthur said, walking inside.

I didn't care what he said. I grabbed a bow out of the quiver and I got it ready in case I had to use it at a moment's notice.

Arthur looked at me strangely. Like he was positive that I wasn't in any danger. But I wasn't going to take the chance. He didn't know that Elias was the head of a warrior pack and he taught me much more than how to kill while in wolf form. I was going to protect myself against any threat...including him.

We managed to make it all the way to the top of the castle and there she was. The Ash Queen.

She was simply standing there waiting for us.

It was no secret that she knew we were here. She lowered the cloak and opened the doors. But for her to be standing there waiting for us, that was even more unnerving.

"I was wondering how long it would take Arthur to convince you to come here alone." Morgana said, her voice silk over steel.

"Well, it's a little hard to bring an army after my army goes missing." I shot back. She turned slowly to Arthur.

"Well played. That must have taken some organizing on your part." Morc smirked, eyes glinting.

"What can I say? I always plan ahead." Arthur said, calmly. I stepped back instinctively.

"I f\*\*\*\*\*g knew it." I muttered, heart hammering.

"I know. I've known all along that you were on to me. Which is why I had to take such drastic measures. I'm sorry about your warriors. They're not dead. Just...incapacitated." Arthur said.

"Elias is going to enjoy killing you." I said, teeth clenched.

“Why Elias?” Arthur asked.

“I promised him he’d be the one to kill you.” I said casually, but my grip on the bow tightened.

“Hey, can we get back to the matter at hand?” Morgana interrupted sharply.

“Where is she?” Arthur demanded.

“She’s dead. Buried here.” Morgana said, tilting her head.

“I know the black witch is buried on these grounds. I will not let you claim all of her power.” Arthur said, voice low and dangerous.

“Do you really think you can claim her power?” Morgana laughed, sharp and brittle.

“As soon as I bleed Lyra dry over the witch’s body, her power will be mine.” Arthur said, teeth gritted.

Morgana laughed harder, gasping between breaths. “I can’t believe you actually think you’re a contender.”

“What are you talking about?” Arthur snapped.

“Do you really think the heart of this realm doesn’t know what you did? That you destroyed this world? It’s never going to obey you.” Morgana said, her grin widening.

“So... all this was for nothing?” Arthur’s voice cracked with frustration.

“For you, yes. Lyra and I... we have a lot to discuss.” Morgana said.

“What the f\*\*k are you two talking about?” I yelled, arrow nocked instinctively.

“Oh. The heart of the realm. The pulse of magic that controls this world. It’s deciding who will be the next ruler... and Arthur? You’re not even in the running.” Morgana said, slow and

deliberate.

“It’s... choosing? Who?” I asked, voice tight.

“You. Or me.” Morgana said, eyes gleaming with power.

“And if you take the role, you can’t leave this realm. Sorry, I may have left that out earlier.” Arthur said, tension coiling around every word.

"I think there's a lot you left out earlier." I snapped, bow raised, trembling but steady.

"You said you were leaving me for Elias." Arthur said, stepping back, wary.

"Doesn't mean I can't have a little fun before I hand you over." I said, cold.

"Morgana. I need the body. Now." Arthur demanded, his voice hard, but controlled.

"No. The heart only needs energy, and you don't have enough. Even if you bleed Lyra dry, you'll never control it." Morgana said, voice like a whip.

"I will find a way." Arthur hissed, eyes flashing.

"I'm sure you will. But not on my watch. You won't get the heart. You won't control my realm. I will not answer to you!" Morgana shouted, every word shaking the air.

"Once I bleed Lyra, it still needs two contenders... and she'll be dead. So it will be you and me." Arthur said, drawing a knife. But he was still far from me, too far to strike... yet.

The air thrummed with danger. Every heartbeat felt like a countdown. One wrong move, and someone would die.

The knife didn't scare me. I stood there watching them bickering back and forth, taking in every word, every glance, every hint of hesitation, absorbing all the information but also thinking that they are the biggest f\*\*\*\*\*g idiots because I'm standing right here and I know all about the heart of the realm. What was to stop me from going there right now and destroying it? Nothing, really. Not a single thing. They had no idea how close I was to knowing everything, no idea how powerless they actually were in comparison to me. And the thought of them realizing it too late made a small, wicked smile creep across my face.

If these two are the contenders to take on the heart, then I honestly think it would be better

off as a wasteland.

1. a. He's been lying to you all along about why you're here." Morgana said.

o you think I don't already know that?" I asked, looking at her like she was an i\*\*\*t.

"He only wants you for the heart. To turn this realm into what he wants it to be. And that can never happen. He can never get what he wants." She demands.

"And why should you?" I asked.

“Because I won’t destroy this place like him.” She said.

“Well, no one is going to bleed me dry today.” I smirked.

“And how the hell do you think you’re gonna get past me? Do you think that little bow and arrow scare me?” He asked.

But then I started laughing as I heard a howl coming closer down the hallway behind us.

“What the f\*\*k?” Arthur asked.

“Did you really think I was dumb enough to come here alone with you?” I asked.

Elias and Luke burst into the room with whatever warriors we had left, their faces set with determination and desperation. Just as Elias lunged at Arthur, he twisted with impossible speed, slipping out of reach, and sprinted toward the far end of the room, moving with the confidence of someone who already knew every hidden path. He disappeared behind a section of the wall, revealing a cleverly concealed door that only he seemed to know about. Elias didn’t hesitate and chased after him, crashing through the space where the door had been moments before, but he returned shortly, breathing heavily and clearly frustrated. I knew Arthur could have tracked him through the tunnel by scent alone, following every twist and turn, but Elias came back because he wasn’t going to abandon me, not when the stakes were this high. I held my bow steady, arrow aimed directly at Morgana, who now looked more nervous than I had ever seen her, realizing that I had managed to rally reinforcements, something that no one—especially her—had anticipated. The room seemed smaller with tension pressing in from all sides, the air thick with fear, anticipation, and the faint metallic scent of weapons. Every shadow felt alive, and I knew this confrontation was only beginning.

## The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 110

### **The Warrior’s Broken Mate Chapter 110**

I stood there staring at Morgana as Elias stood by my side, his hand brushing against mine as if to ground me. She was on the other side of a strange-looking bench, its wood dark and twisted, almost alive, and perched on top of it was what looked like a crystal ball, or something far older, glowing faintly as though it held secrets waiting to be revealed.

“I guess it’s just us now.” I said.

“That’s not the last you’ve heard from Arthur.” She said.

"I know. But he's not here. You're going to tell me everything that you know or we will rip you to shreds." I said.

"I'm on your side Lyra." She said.

"Prove it." I said.

"You don't need Arthur. You don't even need Elias. You can do this on your own." She said.

"I'm not leaving Elias. You should know that by now." I growled.

"I can help you. Please don't think I am your enemy because I'm not." She said.

"Then what are you? Because you're definitely not a friend. Not after everything that's going on around here." I said.

"I didn't think you would believe the whole story while you were with Arthur. He thinks the only way to get the heart is to kill you and merge your energy with the black witch. But he doesn't realize that you've already got her energy inside of you. He doesn't need to kill you." Morgana explained.

"Arthur doesn't have any power. If any. How the hell would he harness it is body can't handle it." I said.

"I know. He's going to die, no matter what. It's just a matter of time. If he tried to steal your energy, your power, he was as good as dead. And now he's going to die because he messed with your wolves. Even I knew that was a bullshit move." Morgana said.

"You're not answering any questions." Elias snapped.

"That's because I can't answer them in words. I need to show you." Morgana said.

"Show me what?" I asked.

"What this world could be like." She said.

1/5

< CHAPTER 110

"Oh. Is that what the crystal ball is for?" Elias scoffed.

"No. It's just a prop. Lyra knows what I'm talking about." Morgana said.

+25 Points

Elias turned to look at me and he saw me tense up as I raised my arm to grab a tight grip of

his arm.

Morgana lunged at me and I didn't stop her. But once her hands made contact with the either side of my head I started screaming.

"What the f\*\*k? Let go of her." Elias yelled.

"Relax. She's fine." Morgana assured him.

I saw myself. I was standing on the top of a lush mountain top, the wind brushing through my hair as sunlight poured across the land. The realm had been completely restored, brighter and more vibrant than I had ever imagined. Dragons soared majestically above me, their wings cutting through the sky as I looked around in awe. Below, all manners of people and creatures rushed joyfully about, their laughter and voices filling the air. The forests had returned to their natural splendor, and the villages thrived with life and harmony. As I descended, people bowed deeply to me with reverence, their eyes shining with gratitude and devotion.

The wind picks up and the white dress that I am wearing is flowing in the wind. Making me seem more like a Goddess.

That's what I am. I'm the Goddess of the realm. Not just the ruler. I control everything.

I see the ruins of the volcano in the distance. The blackened ground beneath it so I reach my hand out and create a new forest to be enjoyed instead of an area that people need to avoid.

"Hello Lyra." Someone behind me said. So I turned around to see a woman standing there. She was wearing a gold dress that moved much in the same way that mine did, but she had black hair instead of blonde.

"Hello Syltherra." I smiled.

"You know me." She said.

"The last known Goddess of this realm. Of course I do." I said.

"Well, you know about this place. You know what it can do. And you know what it needs." She said.

I turned to look down the mountain at children playing and animals roaming around without being afraid.

"I've already done that." I said.

"No. Not yet. Morgana doesn't even know that I'm here. She's just trying to show you what you can be." Slytherra said.

"You snuck in." I smirked.

"I had to. Before it was too late." She said.

"Too late for what?" I asked, curiously.

"King Arthur is selfish. The heart is never going to choose him. Once a ruler takes over then they can't leave. If they absorb the energy of the heart, then they are the ruler and they are bound to this realm for the rest of their lives." She explained.

"I already know that." I said.

"You don't know everything." She said.

"What aren't they telling me?" I asked.

"I have been watching over this realm for many years. And I've never seen anyone that is a true ruler. Not until you came here." She said.

"That was an accident. Celestra brought me here." I said.

"I know. And you defeated her. Something that no one had been able to do in several different realms that she terrorized."

"I am not leaving my home to be the ruler of this realm. I can't do it." I said.

"I know. You've got a life there. You've got a baby. I can understand that. But I had to bring you back somehow." She said.

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"I had to do this to the realm because I knew that you would come back to save it." She said.

"You did this? You destroyed the realm?" I asked.

"It's only temporary. I just need you to know one more thing." She said.

"And what's that?" I asked.

"The heart needs just as much love as it does domination. Remember that. And the heart chooses. No one else. No matter how much power they have." She said.

I looked at her strangely. I didn't know what she meant by that. It needs love. How the hell are you meant to give love to a ball of freaking energy.

I jolted awake, the cold stone pressing against my back. My vision swam before it steadied on Elias hovering over me, panic etched in his eyes. Morgana sat close by, her expression unreadable.

"Baby—are you alright?" Elias's voice cracked with worry.

"I'm fine." I muttered, though my chest still heaved.

"That's never happened before." Morgana said sharply. "The trance is only meant to show you what you need to know."

"Well, it did." I snapped, pushing myself upright despite the dizzy spin in my head.

"Easy." Elias warned, reaching for me.

But I shoved to my feet anyway. The air in the chamber felt heavier than before, pressing down on me like the walls themselves were listening. My weapons lay scattered on the floor. I snatched them up, the cold steel steadying my shaking hands. Then I turned to Elias, my jaw set.

"Let's go."

His brow furrowed. "Go where?"

"To find our warriors. We're getting the hell out of here." My voice was low, firm, leaving no room for doubt.

"You can't." Morgana's voice cut through the air, sharp as a blade. "We can't leave this realm like this."

I spun on her, fury burning hot in my chest. "I didn't do this. And it's not my realm to save. So deal with it yourself."

Without waiting for her reply, I stormed out, my boots striking hard against the stone floor. Elias fell in step behind me, silent, not daring to question. He didn't need to—I knew he could feel it too. The rage. The defiance. And the dangerous fire that wasn't going to burn out anytime soon.