

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 11

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Alpha Elias stood up swiftly and moved toward the door, but she dodged around him and kept advancing toward where I was seated.

"So you think you can come in here, steal my man, and just walk away like it's nothing? You seriously expect him to believe you're his damn mate? What are you, some kind of witch?"

she shouted, closing in on me. But Alpha Elias caught her by the arm and yanked her back

before she could get any closer.

"She's only fifteen and hasn't felt the mate bond yet. I have. There's no spell. No tricks. Now

get out," Alpha Elias said, his voice cold and commanding.

"No. Not until you look me in the eye and tell me you don't want me anymore," Lenore shot

back, locking her eyes with his. He didn't blink or glance away—he met her stare without hesitation.

"I don't want you anymore," Alpha Elias said flatly. His words hit her like a slap, and for a

moment, she looked visibly wounded. He released her arm and began guiding her toward the

front door. But she ducked under his arm and lunged at me instead.

I scrambled up from my chair, which toppled behind me with a loud crash, and backed up

fast until I hit the kitchen counter. She leapt for me—but Alpha Elias intercepted her mid-air

and hurled her across the room. She crashed into the opposite wall with a heavy thud.

My heart was pounding so loud I could barely hear. My breathing came in short, sharp gasps.

I slid down against the cabinets, pulling my knees to my chest, trembling. Tears were streaming down my cheeks, and no matter what I did, I couldn't calm myself. None of my usual tricks were working.

I could faintly hear voices entering the cabin—people yelling—but everything sounded far away and distorted. The edges of my vision were darkening, tunneling in, just like it always did when I had a panic attack.

I was gasping hard, trying to get air into my lungs, but it was useless. That only made the panic worse.

Someone called my name, and then I felt a pair of warm hands gently touching my arms, my cheeks—soothing me. But I couldn't make out who it was. The voices were still muffled, like I was underwater.

1/5

< CHAPTER 11

More Rewards >

There was more shouting all around me, and suddenly I felt myself being lifted off the ground. That was the last thing I remembered before everything faded to black.

I was in the attic of the old packhouse, and my father stood towering over me, belt in hand.

He was hitting me with the metal buckle side.

"I told you never to break the rules," he shouted, striking again. "You were never supposed to

speak to anyone," he growled, bringing the belt down on me again. "You left the packhouse!"

he bellowed. "You defied me!" he roared, hitting me each time. He raised the belt again—but

before it could fall, someone behind him snatched it away. I looked up and saw Alpha Elias

standing there.

"You will never lay another finger on her," he said darkly, tossing the belt aside. Then he

walked over to me, extended his hand, and I reached for it. He helped me up and led me out

of that attic—away from my father.

I jerked awake in a bed, breathing hard. It took me a second to realize I was back in Alpha

Elias's house. I looked around wildly, drenched in sweat and disoriented.

A tingling sensation ran through my arm, and I looked down to see Alpha Elias sitting in a

chair next to me, his hand resting on my skin.

"You're safe. Everything's okay now," he said softly.

"What... what happened?" I asked, still trying to piece things together.

"You don't remember?" he said gently. I tried to think. We were in the kitchen earlier. Drinking

coffee. Then... the door slammed open. A woman appeared. It all started to come back. She'd

come after me—accused me of bewitching Alpha Elias.

"That woman believes I bewitched you. That's why she came at me," I murmured, but he

quickly shook his head.

"No. She knows you didn't cast any spell. She's just bitter because I no longer want her. I told you last night—you're the only one I want. That's what set her off," he explained. I gave him a

slow nod.

“She was one of the bed warmers,” I whispered.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t expect her to react like that. I’m not sure what got into her, but I’m going to

2/5

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< CHAPTER 11

More Rewards >

find out,” he said firmly, and that only made the fear rise in me. She was still around. What if

she came back for me?

I darted a glance around the room and then peered out the window, trying to see if she was

nearby.

“Don’t worry. She won’t get another chance to hurt you. She laid hands on this pack’s future

Luna. That’s something we don’t take lightly,” Alpha Elias reassured me.

“Where is she now?” I asked in a trembling voice.

“She’s locked up in the cave, for the time being. I haven’t decided what to do with her yet. But

she’s not going to get close to you again,” he said.

“You can’t exile her. She might reveal your location to others,” I said quickly. He gave me a knowing smile and nodded.

“I know. That’s what makes this complicated. I guess I’ll leave it up to you to think over,” he

said. I nodded, until the meaning behind his words fully hit me.

“Wait—what do you mean I have to think about it?” I asked, eyes widening.

“You’re the Luna-to-be. She attacked you. That means her punishment is yours to decide,” he

stated plainly. But I immediately began shaking my head. I couldn’t. I didn’t know how to decide something like that. I was always the one being punished, never the one delivering it. I

didn’t know how to hold that kind of authority over someone. It felt unnatural. Impossible.

I barely knew this place or these people. I’d only arrived yesterday. The only ones I’d spoken to were Alpha Elias and, briefly, his Beta Luke. I couldn’t be the one to decide someone’s fate.

That wasn’t me.

As I spiraled deeper into my thoughts, I felt the panic start again—and then I heard someone

clear their throat by the door.

“What the hell did you say to her this time?” a woman said sharply.

“Nothing. I just told her she could decide Lenore’s punishment,” Alpha Elias replied.

“Well, clearly she’s not ready for that kind of responsibility,” the woman responded bluntly.

“Alright. Lyra, I’ll handle Lenore. You don’t have to worry about it anymore. That decision isn’t yours,” Elias assured me gently. I nodded, then looked over at the woman standing in the doorway with a small bag in her hand.

3/5

< CHAPTER 11

More Rewards >

“I’m Dr. Eris,” she said in a soft voice. “I was called here after you lost consciousness. I’ve

been waiting for you to wake up.”

I slowly swung my legs over the edge of the bed and sat up. “How long was I out?”

“Roughly an hour. Not too long,” she replied. Then she turned to Alpha Elias. “Alpha, why don’t you give us a moment? I think your Beta needs you.”

“Of course. I’ll be just down the hall,” he said, casting a glance my way. I nodded, and he left.

Dr. Eris closed the door gently behind him.

She walked over and sat in the chair he had vacated, but I couldn’t bring myself to meet her

eyes. I’d never had a doctor examine me before, and I had a sinking feeling she could see

everything—everything I’d been through. And as soon as she opened her mouth, I knew I was

right. She was here to assess the damage. To see what years of silence and bruises had

done to me.

Dr. Eris carefully took a few blood samples, placing one vial aside before adding a drop of my

blood into another that already contained a clear solution.

Then she moved on to examine the wounds on my legs and arms, her expression calm but

focused.

“Alright, Lyra. Do you think you could take your shirt off for me?” she asked gently. I froze, uncertain, my hands instinctively clutching the hem.

“I promise, no one can see us, and I won’t let anyone come in while I’m with you,” she added softly. “I just need to assess how serious the injuries are.”

Reluctantly, I lifted my shirt. Her sharp intake of breath made my chest tighten—but that was only the front. I stood slowly and turned around. I heard her breath catch again.

Bruises layered over older bruises. Welts that hadn’t even begun to fade sat beside deep, raw lines from recent whippings. I didn’t need a mirror to know how horrific it looked.

As soon as she said I could put the shirt back on, I did—quickly, almost frantically. I hate anyone seeing the evidence of what I'd lived through. It wasn't just painful—it was humiliating.

When she finished, we stepped into the living room. Alpha Elias was mid-conversation with

Luke, but he stopped and sent him away.

"I tested Lyra's blood with a reactive solution I carry. The result was positive," Dr. Eris announced.

"Positive for what?" Alpha Elias asked, tension rising in his voice.

"Wolfsbane. And silver," she replied grimly. "She's been poisoned."

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 12

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 12

Poisoned. I was being poisoned. The idea barely registered in my mind. But honestly, it wasn't much of a surprise. After all, Dad had done everything else to me – why wouldn't he

poison me too?

"Ever since you arrived, you mentioned the food tasted different," Alpha Elias pointed out.

"Yeah, it really did," I answered quietly.

"Your father was putting poison in your food," he said firmly.

"That's why your wounds aren't healing. They won't start to heal until all that poison is flushed out of your system," Dr. Eris explained.

"How long will that take?" Alpha Elias asked, leaning forward on his knees as we all sat in the

living room.

"It's difficult to say. It depends on how much poison was ingested. It could be days or even

weeks. Eventually it will leave her body, but it will take time,” Dr. Eris said.

I sat silently, listening as they discussed me. All I could do was nod; I didn’t know what else

to say. I knew my father was a sadistic bastard, clearly getting some twisted satisfaction

from poisoning me as well.

“Will this poison affect her getting her wolf?” Alpha Elias asked.

“When is your sixteenth birthday, Lyra?” Dr. Eris questioned.

“I’m not really sure. I don’t know the exact date. I think it’s coming soon – maybe in about a

week,” I said. Both of them looked at me, surprised.

“Well, if the wolfsbane is still in her system, it will definitely delay her from bonding with her

wolf. She can’t get her wolf until she’s clean, healthy, and strong. She needs to gain weight

and get better. Otherwise, shifting could be fatal for her,” Dr. Eris stated bluntly, without hesitation.

So that explained why Dad was poisoning me: to stop me from getting my wolf. Everyone knows you become stronger once you bond with it. Maybe he feared I would fight back, or that my wolf would take control and attack him. I honestly had no clue.

In less than 24 hours, so much had happened that my thoughts were a tangled mess. I was confused about everything happening around me.

1/4

:

< CHAPTER 12

More Rewards

Dr. Eris gave me cream to apply to my wounds and pills to take if I felt a panic attack coming on. She promised to return in a couple of days to check on me.

After she left, Alpha Elias sat beside me on the couch.

"I'm sorry. You don't have to punish Lenore. I'll handle it myself. I should've known it was too

much for you," he said softly.

"I've spent so many years being punished. I can't do that to someone else. That's all I could

think about when you said it was my decision," I explained. He nodded, understanding.

"I'm really sorry," he repeated.

"Don't be sorry, Elias. It's okay. You didn't know," I reassured him.

"Don't call me Alpha. Just Elias. You don't have to be so formal with me," he said gently. I

smiled at him but glanced down at the cream in my hand, realizing a problem.

"You know, I won't be able to put this cream on all my wounds. I can't reach some of the

places," I said quietly.

"Do you want me to help?" he asked. I hesitated but nodded. Slowly, he took the cream and unscrewed the cap. I turned my back to him and shakily lifted the back of my shirt. I heard a small gasp from him, but he quickly controlled himself and began gently rubbing the cream

on the fresh whip wounds.

I hissed in pain at first. I could tell Alpha Elias hesitated after that and was being very careful. I knew I needed to try changing the subject – it was hurting both of us. The wounds were still raw and painful, and I wondered how I was managing to move around as well as I did.

"So, you and Luke looked pretty intense while he was here," I mentioned, trying to distract us

both from the heaviness hanging in the air.

"Yeah. We've had a few requests for help from other packs, and there are reports coming in

from people who need assistance,” he explained carefully.

“Are you planning to leave?” I asked him, curious.

“No, I’m not leaving. I’ll be sending others out. There are enough warriors here who know exactly what they’re doing,” he replied calmly. I wondered why he wasn’t going on the missions himself—he always did. He’d told me before that he had to be in charge since this was his pack, and he needed to make sure everyone stayed safe. It was his responsibility.

Suddenly, I realized the real reason he was staying behind.

2/4

< CHAPTER 12

More Rewards >

“You don’t have to stay here just to babysit me,” I said, glancing over my shoulder with a

small smile.

“Well, you need help putting cream on your wounds, and you only just arrived. I’m not going to leave you alone. The others can handle the missions—they’ve been trained for this kind of thing,” he said firmly.

“I hope you’re right. I don’t want anything bad to happen to them just because you’re not there with them, Alpha... I mean, Elias,” I corrected myself awkwardly. He chuckled softly.

“It’s okay. I wouldn’t send them if I didn’t trust them to get the job done. Luke will be back later to tell me who he has chosen for each of the missions,” he explained. I nodded silently,

taking it all in.

He then carefully rubbed the cream on my arms and legs, making sure all my wounds were properly covered. After that, he placed the cream on the shelf in the living room, right next to my pills, so we wouldn’t lose them and they’d be easy to reach.

“It’s almost lunchtime. What do you want to eat?” I asked as I headed toward the kitchen.

“I told you, you don’t have to cook here,” Elias said, standing up from the couch.

“Well, I have to do something,” I replied, determined to keep busy. He walked over to the shelf, pulled a book down, and handed it to me. The book looked old and worn, but it was written in

English.

“I thought this might help you a lot. It’s about werewolf history and everything to do with being a werewolf. It even touches on the mate bond,” he said, passing it to me.

“My first book,” I said softly, smiling at him.

“Don’t worry, I’ll find you more books when we go into town next,” he said with a reassuring

smile.

“This is perfect, thank you. But I’m still making lunch,” I insisted. So I started preparing food, and when we sat down to eat, Elias gave me a strange look.

“You were the cook at the packhouse too? This food is incredible. I wanted to meet the cook, but they clearly wouldn’t let me,” Elias said, surprised. I smiled in response.

“I’m glad you like it,” I said quietly. He nodded as he dug into the massive plate I made for him, while I only managed to eat about a quarter of what he had.

My stomach had shrunk from not eating regularly, so large meals were difficult. I could only

3/4

< CHAPTER 12

eat small portions at a time.

More Rewards >

After lunch, I cleaned the kitchen and washed the dishes. Elias watched me carefully, amazed at how quickly I worked.

Suddenly, we heard noises outside. Elias went to the front door and flung it open. There was

a fight breaking out among some of his pack members.

I moved to the door to look outside. Elias tried to break up the fight, but everyone stopped

when they saw me standing there. They realized the rumors were true—that he had found his

mate. I felt uneasy with all those eyes fixed on me.

One of the warriors stepped forward, his eyes wide, then dropped to one knee with his hand

over his heart, facing me. Elias looked at him strangely, clearly confused by the unexpected

gesture.

“Your majesty,” the warrior said. I quickly turned my head toward Elias, stunned.

[The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 13](#)

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 13

I stood there, completely shocked, staring at the warrior who had dropped to one knee,

showing me full respect and calling me ‘Your Majesty’. I glanced over at Elias, feeling really confused by the whole situation. After that first warrior knelt, several others seemed to

realize something too, and they began doing the same, bowing and showing reverence.

“Elias,” I said softly, as my heart started to beat a bit faster. I wasn’t used to having so much.

attention directed at me. He hurried upstairs to me and wrapped his arm around my

shoulders, trying to calm me down.

“It’s okay. I’m here with you,” he said, gently rubbing my arms, which helped me relax just a

little.

“What’s happening?” I asked, still puzzled.

“I have no clue,” he admitted, equally confused. Then a woman from the crowd stepped

forward, bowing her head toward me, just like I would, and handed a book to Alpha Elias.

The book looked as old as the one Elias had given me before. He showed me the front cover:

‘Heritage of the Werewolf Royal Family.’ We exchanged confused looks again.

Elias excused us as we moved inside, and I held the book in my hands, eager to start reading

it first. Maybe it would explain why they were addressing me as ‘Your Majesty.’ I sat on the

couch with the book in my lap.

Elias made two coffees, placed them on the coffee table, and sat in the chair beside me so

we could read it together. He was just as confused as I was, wanting to understand what the

book contained and why his warriors acted like that around me.

The book began with the original Royal Family—the Gaelic family, Irish in origin, who left Ireland in the 1400s and settled in Europe. It described every family member. The King and

Queen back then were considered the strongest and largest wolves in the world. They had

ten children, and a family tree was included. As I skimmed through, I noticed multiple family

trees, so I started reading from the beginning.

There were detailed sketches showing what the King and Queen looked like in wolf form- large, magnificent beasts to be respected. The drawings depicted them in battle, painted by a

talented artist who showed the battlefield with the King and Queen at its center. They were

clearly winning. No one could defeat them. They were unbeatable.

< CHAPTER 13

More Rewards >

After reading a few chapters, a headache started to build. The book was massive, covering the lives of the entire royal family, including all ten children. We decided to stop after a while

since I needed a break.

“Do you need to go sort out that fight your warriors had outside?” I asked.

“No, it’s been handled. The moment they saw you, they stopped fighting and completely

forgot what the argument was about,” Elias said with a smirk.

“Glad I could help,” I replied, and he chuckled softly.

Did they really believe I was actually part of the royal family? That idea seemed completely impossible and didn’t make any sense to me at all. There was absolutely no way my father had any connection to royalty because if he did, he would have been loudly boasting about it

to everyone around him. There was no chance he would have kept such an important fact so

quietly hidden. But then, I began to think more carefully about my mother instead. Could it be that my mother was the one with royal blood? Could she have been the person who passed down that powerful lineage to me? I wasn’t sure at all. But if that was true, then my mother must have been an incredible woman with immense strength. Yet, if she was truly that

strong, how could she have died giving birth to me? It didn’t seem to add up—she should

have been stronger than that and survived.

Just then, our thoughts were interrupted by someone knocking on the door. Elias stood up

and went to answer it, inviting Luke to come inside without hesitation.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you both. I know you probably have a lot on your minds right now," Luke

said quietly but respectfully.

"That's okay," I replied, trying to sound calm despite everything.

"Alpha, I've compiled a list of the warriors I think would be best suited for each of the different missions that have come our way," Luke explained carefully. He and Elias went over

to the kitchen table and began looking through the list together, discussing the best options

for each task.

Meanwhile, I went to Elias's office and found some blank paper along with pencils and colored pencils. I opened the ancient book to the page where the King and Queen were shown in the middle of a fierce battlefield, fighting courageously. I began carefully tracing the beautiful picture onto the paper in front of me. The image was breathtaking, and I felt

strongly that it didn't belong hidden away in some dusty, forgotten book. These wolves were the best and most powerful warriors of their time, and I wanted to honor them by making

2/5

< CHAPTER 13

sure their memory lived on through my drawing.

More Rewards

After Luke had left, Elias came into the office and noticed what I was doing. He smiled warmly at me, clearly impressed.

"I'll make sure we get a nice frame for that picture the next time we go into town," Elias said,

admiring the drawing I was coloring with as much detail as possible. I had tried to replicate

every shading and expression perfectly, especially the pain on the faces of the other wolves

in battle.

“Is there anything you can’t do? That looks absolutely amazing,” he said, watching me lift the

drawing into the light to inspect it more closely.

“I’m struggling a bit to get the shading just right,” I admitted, still studying the picture carefully.

“That doesn’t matter at all. To me, it’s perfect already,” Elias reassured me with a kind smile.

But even with his encouragement, I couldn’t shake the many questions and doubts swirling in

my mind. I had no idea what any of this meant or how it could possibly relate to me. My thoughts were already racing uncontrollably after everything that had happened since I left

my father’s side—and now this unexpected revelation. How on earth was I supposed to process all of it when I didn’t even know where to begin?

“Have you figured out what you’re going to do with the prisoners yet?” I asked, trying to sound

casual while looking back at my drawing.

“Well, we’re still questioning the intruder thoroughly. As for Lenore, I haven’t made a final

decision yet. I’m still thinking it over carefully,” Elias admitted honestly. I nodded, understanding the difficulty of the situation.

We then moved into the living room where Elias put on another movie. I rested my head

against the armrest and soon drifted off to sleep again, exhausted because I hadn’t gotten

much rest the previous night.

I found myself standing in a vast, sunlit meadow. It was breathtaking, filled with wildflowers swaying gently in the breeze, their vibrant colors painting the landscape all around me. Nearby, a serene lake mirrored the sky, and a waterfall cascaded down rocks with a soothing roar. Drawn to the water, I slowly approached and peered into the clear surface. But the reflection staring back was unfamiliar. It was me—yet not the me I knew. This version of

3/5

< CHAPTER 13

More Rewards >

myself wasn't thin or starved. Instead, I looked healthy, strong, even beautiful. I could hardly believe the image before me.

"Hello, Lyra," a calm voice spoke behind me. I spun around quickly to see a woman standing there. She had light brown hair, much like mine, but her eyes were a deep, warm brown.

"Hello," I replied simply, my voice barely above a whisper.

"You don't know who I am?" she asked gently.

"No," I said honestly, my eyes fixed on her as if she were the most breathtaking woman I had

ever laid eyes on.

"My name is Rowan," she said softly, her gaze dropping to the ground for a moment before

returning to me. When she saw the sudden change in my expression, her eyes softened even

more.

"Mom," I choked out, the word barely escaping my lips.

"Yes, sweetheart," she said with a tender smile. I ran into her arms, hugging her tightly, and

she squeezed me back just as fiercely.

I knew this was only a dream, but I didn't want to let go. I didn't want to wake up from this

moment of pure comfort. I was finally in my mother's embrace—the one thing I had longed

for my entire life.

"Lyra, you need to listen to me carefully. You're in danger," she warned, her voice urgent yet

gentle. "Your father is coming for you."

"Why?" I asked, confusion flooding me. "My father hates me."

"He needs you. He needs your power," she admitted quietly.

"I don't have any power. I'm nothing special," I protested, feeling lost.

"No, Lyra, You are everything special. That's exactly why he kept you, not me. I was trying to escape and take you with me, but he wouldn't allow it," she confessed with sadness in her

eyes.

"You died giving birth to me," I said softly.

"No, sweetheart. I didn't," she replied firmly. "Your father needs you, and he will find you. He'll do whatever it takes to get you back. You must stay close to your Alpha. He will protect you. Your father will stop at nothing." She cupped my face in her hands, and I leaned into her

4/5

< CHAPTER 13

touch, savoring every second of it, desperate to remember this moment forever.

"Did my father kill you?" I asked, voice trembling.

More Rewards >

She looked at me with gentle, sorrowful eyes. "He had to, if he wanted to keep you. If he

couldn't have me, then he needed you. You carry the bloodline. Don't waste it. And remember,

I will always love you." She hugged me once more, but then she began to fade away, slipping

right out of my arms. I felt tears welling up and started to cry uncontrollably.

I woke up with a sudden jolt, my heart pounding as I looked around. Elias was in the kitchen

nearby, but I immediately began to sob. He rushed over and knelt down in front of me.

"Lyra, what is it? Another nightmare?" he asked, concern etched on his face.

I shook my head, struggling to catch my breath. "My mother... I saw my mother," I choked out through tears. "I didn't kill her. He did." I grabbed Elias's shirt tightly and pulled him close, burying my face against him as the sobs shook my body.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 14

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 14

I sat curled up on the couch, clinging to Elias as though he were the only thing tethering me to the earth. He knelt in front of me, arms wrapped gently around my trembling frame, one hand stroking slow circles against my back in an effort to soothe me. I buried my face in his shoulder, my sobs muffled by his shirt.

"I don't understand," he whispered, his voice laced with worry. "What are you talking about?"

"My father..." I choked out between ragged breaths. "He killed my mother. She told me. In the

dream. She said he murdered her."

Elias hesitated. "Lyra, it was just a dream. Maybe it wasn't real."

But it was real. I could feel it in my bones. It wasn't just some figment of my imagination – it

was a message, a warning. My mother had come to me. Not as a memory, not as a wish but with a purpose. She told me to stay close to Elias. That danger was coming. That he was

coming. My father.

Even now, his pack was weak, almost laughably so. But power didn't always come from warriors. My father was cunning, ruthless, and resourceful. He'd find another way. He always

did.

I shook my head, silently rejecting Elias's doubt. "She said he lied. That she didn't die giving

birth to me. She tried to leave him, Elias. She tried to take me with her – and he wouldn't let

her."

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This time, he didn't argue. He just pulled me tighter into his arms and held me as I cried, his presence a silent promise to protect me.

For fifteen years, I lived believing I had taken my mother's life. That her death was my burden

to carry. But now I knew the truth. She had loved me. She had fought for me. And he had

taken her away – then twisted the truth to keep me under control.

I didn't care if no one believed me. I believed it. And that was enough.

1

I needed answers not just about my mother, but about myself. About what blood ran through my veins. About what power he believed I held. Everything that might help me understand was back in the Crystal River Pack. And I wasn't ready to go back there

– not yet.

Later that night, I found myself on the porch of Elias's cabin, the two books he'd given me resting on the table in front of me. The air was cool, the stars clear above, but my thoughts

< CHAPTER 14

More Rewards >

were restless. A few wolves passed by, nodding or bowing politely, but no one interrupted. They could probably sense I wasn't in the mood for conversation.

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I opened the book on werewolves and flipped through the pages, scanning the same sections I'd seen before the ones about the royal bloodline. According to most, it had died out long ago. I'd never heard of werewolf royalty before. But if it was true if that lineage still flowed

—

through me then I needed to understand it. I had grown up in near total isolation. I didn't

know the first thing about what it meant to be a wolf.

I didn't even know my own birthday.

Somehow, I knew it was close. That soon, I would shift for the first time. And then... what?

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I kept reading. The section about the mate bond caught my attention how overwhelming it

was for wolves, how consuming. That once a wolf found their mate, they couldn't bear to be

apart. That the loss of one often led to the death of the other, because the grief was too much to survive.

That's when it hit me.

Elias was already feeling it — all of it. The pull, the need, the connection. But I wasn't sixteen

yet. My wolf hadn't awakened. I wasn't feeling anything close to what he was. And the

wolfsbane in my system had dulled what little instinct I might have had.

And all this time, I hadn't realized how much I was hurting him.

Elias came out a few moments later, settling quietly beside me. His eyes flicked down to the

open book, but he didn't say anything.

I couldn't bring myself to look at him. Guilt settled heavy in my chest. No wonder he'd fought

so hard for me. No wonder he'd gone head-to-head with my father, no hesitation. He didn't

just want me – his soul needed me. He couldn't leave me behind, because some part of him

already knew what I was to him.

Elias handed me a cup of coffee, his eyes searching mine with concern. "How are you feeling now?" he asked softly.

"I'm alright, I guess," I murmured, wrapping my hands around the warm mug. "That dream just really messed with my head."

"Do you still think it was real? That your mother actually came to you?" he questioned, voice gentle but laced with skepticism.

2/4

< CHAPTER 14

More Rewards >

"Yes. And I'm not crazy," I snapped back defensively, sitting a little straighter. He needed to

understand that I wasn't making this up or losing my mind.

"I never said you were," he said quickly. "I know you believe it. It's just... hard for me to wrap my head around it."

"Well, I think it was my mother. She told me she was, but I wouldn't really know—I've never seen her face." I lowered my gaze.

"You've never seen a photo of her?" Elias asked, clearly surprised.

"Not a single one. After she died, they wiped every trace of her from the packhouse. It's like

she never existed," I said, my voice quieter now. "She told me her name was Rowan." A small smile touched my lips as I remembered the soft kindness in her voice when she'd said her

name.

Elias watched me closely for a moment, then said, "I think you've been staring at these books

long enough for one night."

"Maybe," I conceded. "But there's so much I need to understand."

"I know," he replied, taking the books gently from my lap. "But we've got time. You don't need

to rush." With that, we headed back inside.

We'd already eaten, so Elias put on a movie while I settled in. He rubbed the healing cream

over my wounds again, and for the first time, I noticed they were starting to shrink just a little.

The pain was still there, but it wasn't as raw as before.

Suddenly, loud banging echoed from the front door, startling us both. Elias got up to open it,

and Luke rushed in, breathless and wild-eyed.

"What the hell, man?" Elias asked, catching him by the shoulders.

"Lenore escaped," Luke panted. "She slipped past the patrol and killed one of the warriors."

Elias immediately turned to me, alarmed. "Get two guards stationed at the front door now.

She is not to come near this house," he ordered Luke, who nodded and left at once.

“Are you going after her?” I asked, heart racing.

“Yeah,” he said with a determined look. “Maybe she’ll listen to me. But don’t worry. The guards will keep you safe. I promise.”

“Alright,” I whispered.

3/4

< CHAPTER 14

More Rewards >

“I’ll try not to be long,” he added, and before leaving, he leaned in and pressed a kiss to my forehead—the first time he’d ever done something so tender. I was too stunned to respond

before he was gone, jacket in hand.

The guards arrived shortly after, announced themselves, checked every window and door,

making sure everything was locked tight before positioning themselves at the front.

I retreated to my room, peering out the window at the village below. People were hurrying into their homes, locking up, while warriors darted around, vanishing into the forest to search for Lenore. The urgency in their movements made my nerves spike.

Trying to calm myself, I sat on my bed and picked up the werewolf book again. I tried to distract myself, even though I could barely focus. I switched to the Royal book and began

flipping through the family tree section. The idea that in the 1300s, the King and Queen had

ten children intrigued me. What had happened to them? Could I really be the last living heir?

That still wasn’t certain, but I needed to know.

Some time passed before I heard the front door click shut and footsteps echo down the hallway. Relieved, I stepped out of my room, expecting Elias—only to stop dead in my tracks.

A red-haired woman was standing in the doorway of Elias's bedroom. She turned slowly, sensing my presence, and in her hand glinted a sharp blade. My breath caught. I was still too weak from the lingering effects of the poison to defend myself, even if it hadn't been silver.

"Hello, dearie," she purred darkly, her eyes black as ink, radiating malice. "I was wondering

when we'd finally get a moment alone."

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 15

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 15

ALPHA Elias POV

More Rewards

We scoured the territory for Lenore, but she had vanished, her scent masked and untrackable. She had always been a skilled warrior. The guards admitted she'd grown unstable during her confinement, her obsession with me worsening. Not seeing me seemed to push her over the edge. Her current mental state terrified me.

We returned to the village center to regroup and share any clues in hopes of finding a lead. I learned a few warriors had been injured in surprise attacks, with only one casualty. As tragic as that was, I felt relief before it vanished.

My eyes lifted toward my own cabin, expecting to see the guards I had left on duty. Instead, I saw the two warriors stationed to protect Lyra lying motionless on the porch—lifeless and still.

"No," I breathed. Panic slammed into me, cracking through my shock. With tunnel vision, I ran, heart pounding, leaping over bodies beyond help. The brutal reality caught up—gone. My horror deepened to utter despair.

I slammed the front door open with my shoulder and stepped inside, but the silence was too heavy—it was suffocating. Not a sound echoed through the house.

I moved quickly through the living room and kitchen, but she wasn't there. Then I noticed

something dark smeared on the hallway wall. My hand reached out and touched it—blood.

Fresh. I brought my fingers to my nose, and my heart shattered at the scent. It was Lyra's

blood—no doubt.

Her bedroom door was shut, and dread clenched my gut as I opened it. That's when I saw her

-Lyra, collapsed on the floor, her body drenched in blood.

"NO!" I screamed, the sound ripping from my throat as I dropped to my knees beside her. Luke burst into the room behind me, his eyes wide with horror. He quickly lifted her shirt and

revealed the extent of the damage—several deep stab wounds carved into her stomach and sides. She wasn't healing. Her body was still too weak from the poison to repair itself in time.

She had no chance to defend herself.

"Get her to the closest pack hospital—take her to Dr. Eris immediately!" Luke ordered, voice urgent and unyielding. My body moved on instinct: I gathered Lyra in my arms and carried her out. Outside, a vehicle already waited. The pack

1/4

< CHAPTER 15

stood silent, fear and worry etched across every face. The weight of their hope pressed against my panic, forcing me to steady myself for her. command ringing with fury. "I want a full-scale manhunt starting now. Begin at my house and sweep outward. I want that b***h found and brought to me alive. Do not let her escape again."

They nodded and scattered, and I climbed into the car with Lyra still in my arms. While we drove, I called Dr. Eris and explained everything, so she was already waiting outside the hospital doors when we arrived.

She and her team rushed Lyra into emergency care, working to stop the bleeding and stabilize her. They started a blood transfusion immediately—her blood pressure was dangerously low

from rapid loss. Surgery would likely be necessary.

"Can't I use my healing? My blood—anything?" I asked, desperate.

“No,” Dr. Eris replied firmly. “It’s too dangerous. The poison is still in her system. If you try to

heal her now, you could make it worse. We’ll flush the toxins out with IVs and proper treatment—it’s safer this way.”

I nodded, agony threading through me. Through the glass, the team moved in, and my composure splintered as I saw them cut into her side and insert a tube—her lung collapsing. Helplessness washed over me, pushing out the last fragments of

hope. I turned away, pressing my back to the wall, my fists shaking as fear threatened to

become rage. cutting into me, too.

It felt like forever before they finally stabilized her enough to consider surgery. The team had

to transfuse several units of blood just to keep her vitals from crashing. Eventually, Dr. Eris

walked over to where I stood, motionless and numb, and spoke to me in a calm but serious

tone.

“We’re taking her into surgery now,” she said, her voice steady despite the gravity of the

situation. “There may be internal injuries—damage we can’t treat unless we open her up.”

“Is she going to die?” I asked quietly, not lifting my eyes to meet hers. The question came out like acid, sharp and trembling, but I needed to know.

“I swear to you, I will do absolutely everything within my power to prevent that from happening,” she answered with conviction. “The procedure will take a few hours at least. If

there’s anything urgent you need to take care of, now would be the time.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” I told her firmly, shaking my head. “But I do need to speak to your

< CHAPTER 15

Alpha. This incident—it can't go unaddressed."

More Rewards >

"He's already en route," she replied, giving me a reassuring pat on the back of my hand before turning to rejoin the medical team. I watched in silence, my throat tight, as they began wheeling Lyra out of the emergency room. She was so small on that hospital bed, almost swallowed whole by the mass of machines and wires connected to her fragile body. I could barely see her under it all.

I made my way to the waiting room, but sitting still was impossible. I paced back and forth like a caged animal, nerves stretched so tight that I felt like I might snap at any moment. Luckily, Alpha Alaric arrived not long after and came straight to me, wasting no time.

He was clearly deeply concerned by the attack. I gave him a thorough and precise description of Lenore—her appearance, her skills, her instability—and warned him that she was

unpredictable and dangerously unhinged. This wasn't some rogue problem. His pack needed

to treat her like a serious threat—because she was.

To his credit, he listened intently and offered words of support that eased my tension a little. The news had already reached him—that I had finally found my mate. Now she was inside, fighting for her life. Everyone assumed I'd never find her. Maybe I had believed that myself. But I had. And no one was going to take her from me—not like this.

Lenore better pray she's long gone from these lands, because if they manage to drag her back alive and put her in front of me, then I swear her death won't be swift or merciful. She would suffer every agonizing second the same way Lyra is suffering now. I would make sure

of that.

The longer Lyra remained in surgery, the harder it became to keep my anger contained. Anxiety simmered into rage, then threatened to boil over until I dug my nails into my palms to keep from destroying something. But I held back, forcing myself to remember: this wasn't my pack. I needed to focus and keep it together—for Lyra. I pushed the thought into my head through the mind link, grounding me slightly.

“Did you find her?” I asked immediately, my tone sharp and low with a growl.

“Not yet,” he responded quickly. “But here’s something—we found her scent near your house. She didn’t even bother hiding her tracks. We’re closing in. I just wanted to give you an update. How’s the Luna doing?”

“She’s in surgery,” I answered bitterly. “She couldn’t fight back. The knife wasn’t even made of silver, but she still couldn’t heal. Her body’s too weakened—because her own father poisoned

3/4

<CHAPTER 15

her. She never had a chance.”

More Rewards >

“She survived that bastard’s abuse for fifteen years, Luke said with confidence. “She’ll survive this too. I believe in her. I’ll keep you posted once we have her.”

Then the link cut out.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 16

The Warrior’s Broken Mate Chapter 16

ALPHA Elias POV

Those words became my lifeline. Luke’s belief steadied me. She had endured fifteen brutal years; she could survive this. For a moment, hope pierced the fear.

Leave it to Luke to know precisely what to say at the right time. He had always been the one person in the world who truly understood me. Of course he’d know how to pull me back from

the edge.

We grew up in the same pack, walking the same paths and enduring the same pain. From childhood, we found solace in each other. Best friends, bonded by trauma. Our fathers, also

close, shared tempers and whiskey.

They were both violent drunks who treated fatherhood like a curse. The bruises they left were more frequent than words, and after one brutal night, Luke and I decided we'd had enough. We ran away together, two broken boys trying to outrun a past that still clung to us. If anyone truly knows me—how to reach me in moments like this—it's Luke, the friend who's been by my

side since I was five.

I was still trying to keep my spiraling thoughts in check when Dr. Eris finally stepped into the waiting room. It felt like hours had passed, and I all but leapt to my feet the second I saw her appear. My heart was pounding with dread and hope all at once.

"How is she?" I asked immediately, my voice catching slightly in my throat.

"She's incredibly lucky," Dr. Eris told me, offering a small, tight smile. "There was some

internal damage—two organs sustained minor trauma—but nothing we couldn't repair. We

were able to stitch them up. They'll heal quickly, especially now that the toxins are finally

being flushed from her system."

"Can I see her?" I asked, barely waiting for her to finish.

"She's being transferred to a recovery room as we speak. She's still unconscious, though. And

I can't tell you when she'll wake up. It could be tomorrow. It could be a week. Her body has been through a lot."

Her unconscious state didn't matter. Whether she woke in a week or a month, I just needed to be near her. Pressing past the fear, I focused on letting her sense my presence, anchoring myself to that need.

1/4

CHAPTER 16

More Rewards >

Dr. Eris led me to her room, and the sight took my breath away. Lyra looked impossibly small, childlike beneath the wires and machinery—more fragile even than after the attack. I hadn't

thought that was possible.

I sat slowly in the chair beside her bed and reached for her hand. It felt cold, but I held it tightly, hoping my warmth could reach her. I prayed she could sense me there, that somewhere in her unconscious mind, she knew she wasn't alone. I watched her face, desperate for any flicker of movement—a twitch of her eyelid or fingers. But she was completely still, as unmoving as marble.

Time blurred. I didn't know how long I sat before a nurse quietly checked the machines. She

didn't speak, which I preferred—I couldn't pretend things were fine.

“Alpha,” Luke's voice broke through the mind link suddenly.

“What?” I snapped, my nerves raw.

“We have her,” Luke responded. His voice was calm but firm.

“Where is she?” I growled, already preparing to move.

“Alpha Alaric has offered us his dungeon beneath his packhouse. We're taking her there now.”

“I'm on my way,” I said curtly, severing the link with a sharp pulse of thought.

I looked down at Lyra one last time—my beautiful, brave little mate who had survived more

than anyone should. I brought her hand to my lips, pressed a soft kiss to it, then gently laid it

back down and tucked the blanket around her fingers.

My jaw clenched, and rage blazed, igniting all restraint. By the time I reached the door, fury

propelled me forward—I slammed it open without meaning to, shattering the glass panel,

shards scattering across the hall.

But I didn't stop.

I had a destination, a traitor in chains, and nothing left to lose—or give.

The moment I arrived at the packhouse, I found Alpha Alaric already waiting in the living room, accompanied by a few of his warriors, with Luke standing alongside them.

"She's downstairs in the dungeon," Luke informed me, nodding toward an open doorway.

I didn't respond. Without a word to anyone, I made my way straight to the door and descended the staircase. The air grew damp and stale the further I went—musty and

2/4

< CHAPTER 16

More Rewards >

decaying, a stench that clung to the stone walls. To me, it was the perfect atmosphere for someone like Lenore.

The floor was rough concrete, and the walls were made of aged, chipped brick. As I passed each cell, I noticed dried blood streaked across the walls and splattered on the ground. There wasn't even a half-hearted attempt to clean up after whatever had taken place down here. That didn't bother me one bit. In fact, I appreciated it.

The bloodstains served as a visual warning—a reminder of what awaited those who crossed a line. It made the space more effective as a place of fear and punishment. I admired the layout. Compared to this, my own dungeon was just a barren cave with chains on the walls,

requiring round-the-clock guards to keep anyone from escaping.

Faint sounds echoed from the last cell at the end of the corridor. A guard was stationed outside, confirming that it was the one. I walked to it and stopped directly in front of the bars.

"Elias. You're finally here," Lenore said, smiling as if nothing had happened. But the icy glare I

shot her wiped that smirk right off her face.

"Did you actually believe I'd let someone else deliver your punishment for what you did?" I

asked coldly.

"Punishment? You mean... kill me?" she stammered, eyes wide. She looked genuinely shocked, like the thought hadn't occurred to her. She really believed I would spare her,

even after what she'd done to Lyra. But under werewolf law, the rules were crystal clear—this was a pack matter. She had attempted to murder the Luna. That alone was enough for me to carry out a death sentence, and no council would challenge it.

“You’re something else, Lenore. You went after my mate. You stabbed her five damn times, and you knew exactly how weak she was—you knew she wouldn’t be able to heal from wounds like that,” I said, my voice low with rage.

“I wasn’t thinking straight—I was consumed with jealousy. I didn’t mean to... I’m sorry I killed her,” she said, her voice cracking as she tried to justify herself. I tilted my head and gave her a

twisted smile, watching confusion wash over her face.

“She’s not dead, Lenore,” I told her, and the words hit her like a punch to the gut. “We found her in time. She’s alive, in the hospital, fighting.”

Her expression fell apart completely. Disappointment etched itself deep into her features when she realized she had failed. That my mate was still breathing. I couldn’t wrap my head

3/4

< CHAPTER 16

around how utterly foolish and deluded she was.

“Open the cell,” I ordered the guard flatly. He hesitated, uncertain.

More Rewards

Then Alpha Alaric stepped forward, his presence commanding.

“Do as he says,” Alaric instructed.

With that, the guard unlocked the door, and I stepped inside.

“Elias... I was supposed to be the first Luna of the Vanguard Pack,” Lenore said, desperation

creeping into her tone.

“I never promised you that,” I replied sharply. “What made you ever think I would?”

There was no way I would’ve ever allowed someone like her to rule beside me. She wasn’t

Luna material—not even close. She may have come from our same background, but she was

petty, selfish, envious, and unstable. None of those qualities belonged anywhere near a Luna's title.

"Because what we had was real... it was special," she said softly, trying to reach out and

touch my face with trembling fingers. But I slapped her hand away without hesitation, and

she recoiled, hissing from the sting. I must have hit her harder than I meant to, but I didn't

care.

Tears began to spill down Lenore's cheeks as she stared up at me, her expression twisted in

what looked like genuine heartbreak. But I felt nothing for her. Not pity. Not regret. Not even a

flicker of the friendship we once had. To me now, she was just a monster—a woman who'd

let envy consume her to the point she tried to kill out of jealousy. That kind of act couldn't be

excused. It couldn't be forgiven.

And worse still, the one she tried to kill wasn't just any woman—it was her Luna. In our world,

attacking a Luna is more than a crime—it's an ultimate betrayal. Alphas and Lunas are revered in the werewolf community. I've worked hard to earn my people's respect, and Lyra, though new to them, had done nothing to deserve this. She had no chance to build bonds yet,

but that wasn't her fault.