

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 21

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 21

Elias insisted that I visit the hospital and see Dr. Eris for a full check-up. However, despite running all her tests, she couldn't find anything unusual. Not only had my stab wounds vanished without a trace, but even the scars my father had left all over me throughout the years had disappeared. Every last mark—whether from the whip or any other kind of abuse—was gone completely.

No one could offer an explanation for it. But I wasn't upset about that. I had never felt this physically strong before, never felt this sure of myself. It felt like stepping into a whole new version of me. Unreal—but in the best way. And I was savoring every second of it.

Naturally, Elias didn't leave my side for even a moment, which wasn't a surprise. But I didn't find it annoying at all. In fact, I welcomed it. I needed his presence—needed him close, constantly. And now I understood that he would never leave again. When that bond clicked into place, it was unlike anything I could ever have imagined. It felt like my broken soul—fractured for so long—was finally whole again because of him.

Once Dr. Eris gave the all-clear for me to leave the hospital, I didn't hesitate—I wanted out. So we started the journey back toward our pack. But we had to go the long route, since the

location of our pack was a carefully guarded secret.

Warriors surrounded us the entire way, forming a protective circle, and Elias never once let go of my hand throughout the entire hike. I didn't complain, not at all. The little shocks of warmth—those sparks that danced along my skin where we touched—were more comforting now than ever. And now, they made perfect sense.

We were retracing our way home, but not through the same path we had taken when we left.. Back then, Elias had only been concerned with getting me to the hospital as fast as possible. Now, we had to move more carefully, which meant a much longer walk through the forest.

Still, my mind wouldn't stop replaying the images of my mother and Isolde. Their words. echoed inside me. I was the only one who could stop my father. I had time, yes—but I needed to be ready. I was sure that part of being ready meant learning how to fight, but beyond that, I didn't even know what he was planning. I had no clue what his ultimate goal was.

That was the first thing I needed to uncover. I couldn't begin to formulate any kind of plan

without knowing exactly what I was up against.

Finding out what he was doing had to come before anything else. That much was clear.
But

<CHAPTER 21

More Heyrandi

how in the world was I going to uncover that? The only place where he kept real secrets was his office—and I knew for certain that it was locked tight. It was the one room in his entire packhouse where I had never been allowed, not even to clean.

So that had to be my starting point. But even knowing that, I still had no idea how I was going.

I I

to get inside.

“You’re being awfully quiet. Well... you’re usually quiet, but I didn’t expect it now,” Elias said as he gave my hand a gentle squeeze. I smiled, resting my head against his side, and he instinctively wrapped his arm around my waist.

“I’ve just got a lot on my mind, that’s all,” I said softly.

“Want to talk about it?” he asked.

“Not yet. I think I’m still processing everything. Still kind of in shock,” I replied honestly.

“Yeah, well, you’re not the only one. If there was ever any doubt about you being royalty

before, there’s none now,” he said, chuckling lightly.

“I guess not,” I murmured, my eyes scanning the warriors who surrounded us—not too close,

but close enough to protect.

“What are you thinking about? You look troubled,” Elias said.

“Everyone keeps mentioning these royal powers, and I can’t help but wonder—what exactly are they? I mean, yeah, I look different now, but is that really all there is to it?” I asked, voicing one of the many thoughts crowding my brain.

“I haven’t really thought much about it either,” he admitted. “Maybe your powers are still waking up. We both know there’s more to this world than what appears on the surface. There

might be a lot more to your powers than anyone realizes.”

I nodded slowly, still lost in thought. Because honestly, I had no clue where any of this was

headed—or what was coming next.

But then, without warning, I came to a complete stop. Elias immediately halted beside me, glancing over with a confused look, clearly wondering why I had stopped. I turned my head slowly, scanning all around us, and noticed that the warriors had stopped moving too. They

maintaining a secure perimeter, surrounding us fully, making absolutely sure that nothing—and no one—could get close enough to harm us. If anything or anyone wanted to reach either me or Elias, they’d have to fight through a full circle of trained warriors first.

were

2/4

< CHAPTER 21

More Benards

But my attention wasn’t on them. I was staring beyond the warriors, out into the shadows of the forest. I couldn’t explain how I knew, but somehow, I was certain we weren’t alone. There was something else out there, something hidden and watching us. I started slowly turning in place, scanning every direction, hoping to catch a glimpse—but whatever it was, it stayed well out of sight. Still, I had no doubt that it was there.

Elias immediately barked an order to all his warriors, telling them to stay alert. Something was tailing us, and clearly, it had been hoping to catch us by surprise.

We stood in silence, waiting. And waiting. All the while, I kept looking, letting my eyes jump from one point to another, searching. Then, without knowing why, my gaze locked behind us. I couldn’t see anything tangible, but somehow, I just knew. That was where it was. There was

something back there—following—and it was getting closer.

I raised my arm and pointed in that direction. The warriors followed my gesture, but they all looked puzzled, some shaking their heads, saying they couldn't see a thing. Still, I was absolutely sure. I told them there was something there. It wasn't a rogue, and it wasn't a

werewolf. It was larger—much, much larger.

Suddenly, a deafening roar exploded through the air, louder than anything I'd ever heard in my life. I clamped my hands over my ears instantly—it was so loud it physically hurt to hear it. The forest trembled as enormous trees began snapping and crashing to the ground. The unseen creature was moving toward us, ripping its way through the woods like the towering oaks weighed nothing—just tossing them aside like paper scraps.

Elias instantly stepped in front of me, his body shielding mine, and the warriors sprang into position, preparing themselves to fight. But the truth was, we still didn't know what it was. All

we knew was that it was massive—and it was coming straight for us. The idea that something that big could sneak up on us without anyone noticing made no sense at all.

I felt the hairs on my arms stand up straight. Goosebumps erupted across my skin as

another earth-shaking roar blasted through the clearing, this time from right in front of us. It

was so strong, the air alone knocked most of us back a step with its sheer force.

"Warriors, attack!" Elias shouted, and the group charged. They moved quickly, instinctively,

striking out where they knew the enemy had to be. But they were fighting blind—none of them

could see what they were aiming at. Whatever it was, it was invisible to us.

"Elias, they're going to be slaughtered. We can't even see it!" I cried out, panicked.

"Don't worry. They've trained for this. They know how to handle it," Elias said, wrapping an

3/4

CHAPTER 21

arm protectively around me.

“You need to go help them,” I urged him, but he shook his head, resolute.

“I’m not leaving you,” he replied, unwavering.

“Oh yes, you are,” a cold voice suddenly spoke from behind us. We spun around fast, and there he was—my father’s Beta.

“Well, hello, Cassian. Honestly, I’m surprised my father sent you instead of coming himself,” I

said, staring him down.

“I suppose he trusts me more than you think,” Cassian answered coolly.

“Or maybe he just knew this was a suicide mission. You only became Beta because the last

one got killed. It wasn’t earned,” I shot back..

“The last Beta died honorably. He gave his life in battle,” Cassian retorted, visibly tense.

I scoffed, unimpressed. “He died because he talked back to the Luna. That’s the real reason. Don’t pretend otherwise.” The smug look on Cassian’s face disappeared in an instant.

“Alpha Thorne would never do that,” he said defensively.

“Right. Just like he’d never fake his daughter’s death and keep her locked in a room for fifteen years. There’s literally nothing my father wouldn’t do,” I said coldly. That seemed to hit at nerve. I could tell Cassian was rattled. His warriors behind him still looked ready to fight, but then I felt Elias tense beside me. I turned to look at him, but his eyes weren’t on Cassian

anymore—they were focused behind us.

I spun around just in time to see the thing finally reveal itself. And it was unlike anything I had ever seen. Definitely not of this world. A massive, thirty-foot-tall dragon stood in front of us, its mouth crackling with fire, smoke rising from its nostrils.

“Oh my god,” I whispered, completely stunned.

[The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 22](#)

The Warrior’s Broken Mate Chapter 22

“Do you still think that Alpha Thorne isn’t a bad guy?” I asked, my voice trembling slightly with

disbelief.

“There’s no way he could have done this,” Cassian yelled back fiercely, his eyes flashing with anger and conviction.

“Then who the hell did?” I shouted, my voice rising sharply in frustration. Just then, the

dragon opened its massive jaws, and before we could react further, Elias grabbed me firmly. Without hesitation, we started running as torrents of blazing fire shot out from the dragon’s mouth, scorching the air behind us.

Our warriors received the order to retreat immediately. We needed to find a place where the dragon couldn’t find us, somewhere hidden and safe from its fiery breath. Without hesitation, everyone split up, each told to regroup back at the pack only when they were absolutely certain the danger had passed.

Elias and I ran in a different direction from the others. His hand tightly clasped mine as we darted through the dense forest, narrowly avoiding the dragon’s fire that seemed aimed directly at us. Glancing back, I realized the beast wasn’t actually focused on me—it was fixated on Elias. It was clear the creature intended to kill him first, then come after me.

Still holding my hand, Elias leapt over a fallen tree trunk lying across the forest floor. But neither of us noticed the sudden, steep drop on the other side. Without warning, we tumbled down the rocky mountainside, crashing into rocks and trees as we fell uncontrollably.

When we finally came to a stop, I lay just a few feet away from Elias. I lifted my head slowly and heard the unmistakable sound of wings flapping above. Looking up, I saw the dragon gliding down the mountain slope, still in relentless pursuit.

Elias was the first to rise to his feet. He grabbed my arms and helped me up quickly, and together we pushed forward into the thick forest ahead. The trees grew dense, making it much harder for the dragon to track us. After what felt like an eternity, we finally spotted a formation of large rocks that created an opening—a cave.

Elias pulled me inside, and we moved cautiously all the way to the back of the cave. He flicked a lighter to illuminate the space, checking if anyone—or anything—was lurking inside. Thankfully, we were alone.

“What about the warriors?” I asked, my breath still heavy from the fall and the chase.

< CHAPTER 22

More Rewards

"They're alright for now," Elias reassured me. "I would be able to sense if any of them were hurt or worse. And they're not."

I let out a long, relieved breath. The thought of us splitting up terrified me, but we all knew it. was the best chance we had to survive.

Because we'd scattered in different directions, Elias couldn't connect mind-links with any of the warriors. We had obviously run much farther apart than expected, putting us all out of

range. Communication was impossible for now. But Elias would sense if any of them died,

and so would they if anything happened to him. And I could see how deeply loyal they all were to Elias; they'd protect the pack fiercely until he returned. I trusted that completely.

I slid down the cave wall, my back resting against the cold stone, still breathing hard. Elias

sat down beside me. I could see the weight of everything on his shoulders—he was deeply

worried about his pack, hating the feeling of being separated from them. But I knew he believed they would be okay.

I reached over and entwined my fingers with his. He looked at me, surprised. Before today, I

had never been this openly affectionate. I had been too scared, too guarded. But so much

had changed today. I wasn't afraid anymore to hold his hand—especially knowing it helped

calm him. I wanted him to know he had me. I was here for him. I wasn't going anywhere.

He smiled softly, squeezing my hand tighter in return. I rested my head on his shoulder, feeling the steady beat of his heart. We were trapped in a cave, with danger all around—maybe even death by dragon fire. But in that moment, I was just grateful that we were

together. And somehow, I knew he felt the same.

I began to think deeply about everything that had happened, and I wondered how on earth my

father could have found a dragon to send after us. Where in the world would he even know to

look for such a creature? There was so much about this world I didn't understand yet, and

even more about my father. But this summoning a dragon – felt beyond anything I could have imagined, even coming from him. It was overwhelming just how little I knew. How isolated I had been all these years. I realized I really didn't know anything at all. And that realization didn't make me sad or depressed – it made me furious. It ignited a fire inside me. I needed answers. I needed to learn everything I could. I needed to break free from the protective shell I'd been trapped in for sixteen years and finally explore the world around me, no matter how dangerous or complicated it was.

"Where would my father even get a dragon from?" I blurted out suddenly, almost to myself.

2/4

4 CHAPTER 27

More Rewards »

Elias answered thoughtfully, "There are a few places, but they're all tied to underworld dealings. Things humans aren't supposed to know about. For that dragon to be loose and hunting us, someone has to be controlling it."

—

And I knew exactly who that someone was. My father. He truly wanted me dead. He was determined to make sure my powers my abilities among the werewolves were never used for good. Instead, he wanted them twisted for evil purposes. The thought made my blood boil. Why would I ever use my gifts for anything bad? I was not, and never would be, an

evil person.

I would rather die than let him control me like that. Even when I lived with him, conditioned to

obey his every command, I always had my own mind. I still knew right from wrong.

I

After spending a few hours in the cave without hearing a sound from outside, Elias decided it was time to investigate. I could feel my heart pounding loudly in my chest, but he insisted I stay behind. "I'll be fine," he said firmly.

We walked together a short way to the cave's entrance, then I stayed inside while he stepped

outside. Elias moved about twenty feet beyond the cave's mouth but couldn't hear or see

anything unusual. Then I remembered – when we first saw the creature, it was invisible.

Suddenly, Elias froze in place, his eyes locked onto thin air. Then, a column of fire shot up from the ground, towering all the way to the dragon's head as it revealed itself in all its

terrifying, magnificent glory. The beast stood right over Elias, its blood-red eyes blazing and

the fire within it growing brighter by the second.

My heart pounded uncontrollably, and panic surged through me. I was scared – no, I was absolutely terrified. The dragon was about to kill Elias. He looked back at me with fear in his eyes, trapped with no clear path to escape without being stopped by the beast.

The dragon roared triumphantly right in Elias's face. Elias was helpless against it – all of us were. I had just found Elias, and now I was about to lose him. But I told myself I couldn't give in. I couldn't lose him. Not after everything he had done to save me from my father. I had to do something, but I had no idea how to fight a dragon. I didn't know how to stop it.

Suddenly, I felt like I was ten years old again locked in an attic, walls closing in around me, suffocating. But this time, I swore to myself I would never feel trapped like that again.

I looked back toward Elias. He was preparing to face the dragon alone. But I refused to let him fight by himself. I ran out of the cave, ignoring his screams to come back.

I reached Elias just in time and dropped to my knees beside him as the dragon unleashed a torrent of blazing fire.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 23

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 23

As soon as I reached Elias, I dropped to my knees, stretching my hand out instinctively in front of us to shield us, but the fire never touched us. Elias looked up first, while I was still crouched down, my face hidden in his chest, too afraid to look.

“Lyra. Look,” Elias said, and I slowly lifted my head to see what he was talking about. My raised hand had somehow formed a protective shield—something glowing and invisible—that was deflecting the dragon’s fire entirely. It wasn’t getting through at all, completely guarding.

both Elias and me.

I looked at him, stunned, and the dragon was getting angrier by the second, clearly frustrated

that its attack wasn’t working. But the shield held firm, and eventually, after one final blast,

the dragon gave up and turned away, flying off into the sky.

I lowered my hand and stared at it, stunned and unmoving. I had no idea what just happened, and I remained seated on the ground, too shocked to react. Elias had to physically shake me out of my frozen state, grabbing my hand and pulling me up onto my feet.

We have

to go. Before it comes back,” Elias said, right in front of my face. I just nodded in response. He kept hold of my hand as we began running again.

We ran down the lower slope of the mountain, our eyes constantly scanning the surroundings, making sure we weren’t being followed and that the creature was actually

gone.

Once we were confident that we weren’t being chased anymore, we finally slowed down, and I could feel how tired I really was.

“Are you alright?” Elias asked.

“Yeah. I’m fine,” I replied, trying to sound steady.

“Are we going to talk about what happened back there?” he asked, and I shook my head. I didn’t really think there was anything to say. That shield had come out of nowhere, and I had no idea I was even capable of something like that.

“I’m talking about the shield. I’m talking about you running out of the cave to protect me from a dragon,” Elias clarified.

“Oh. That,” I said simply.

1/4

< CHAPTER 23

—

More fowards

“Yeah. That,” he repeated, looking at me.

“I don’t know why I did that. I just... did,” I said, staring down at the ground. I honestly didn’t have a good explanation. Something just made me move. The thought of him being hurt had overwhelmed everything else.

“You did it to protect me. I understand that. But why would you risk your life like that? You didn’t even know you could stop the fire. And a dragon’s fire is literally hellfire, Elias said

seriously.

“I couldn’t bear the idea of losing you. I knew it was going to kill you, and I didn’t want to live

in a world without you,” I said, looking away awkwardly. I could feel his gaze on me, and it made me uncomfortable admitting something like that out loud. I wasn’t used to saying how I felt, and I definitely wasn’t used to anyone caring.

Elias, who was still holding my hand, suddenly stopped walking, and I had to stop too. I

turned to look at him, confused, and saw a look on his face I couldn’t quite figure out. I didn’t

know what was going through his mind—at least not until he stepped closer, placed both his hands on my cheeks, and leaned in to kiss me.

"I can't live without you either," he said softly. Then he took my hand again, and we started

walking once more.

We ended up in a really thick part of the forest, so dense it was difficult to get through, and

the further we walked, the darker it became. My senses were suddenly heightened in a way

they hadn't been yesterday—my werewolf instincts were kicking in fully. I could hear everything: every tiny movement, every crack of a branch. My night vision had improved, and

my sense of smell and hearing were sharper than ever. I couldn't help wondering what it

would be like the first time I shifted. What would my wolf look like?

I had heard tales about people being able to speak with the wolves inside their minds, like at

quiet internal voice that would talk back when their wolves communicated—but I hadn't heard a thing for a long while now. Ever since she first made her presence known, it had gone completely silent inside my head. I had no idea where she had disappeared to.

As we continued pushing our way through the forest, the wind began to pick up all of a sudden. We both stopped to glance around, but everything appeared normal. The trees were too tightly packed together for a strong gust of wind to break through like this, so the sudden change in weather felt completely unnatural. My hair was flying all over the place, whipping across my face, and Elias raised his arm to shield himself while still gripping my hand tightly,

2/4

CHAPTER 23

making sure I stayed close by his side.

"What the hell is going on?" I shouted, trying to be heard over the howling wind.

More Rewards

"I don't know. But whatever it is, I doubt it's good," Elias responded, eyes scanning the surroundings. The wind was so forceful now that we were struggling just to stay upright.

"Lyra." A voice echoed from somewhere around us, and we instantly turned in all directions, trying to figure out where it was coming from.

"Lyra," the voice repeated, drifting eerily through the trees again. We couldn't see anything, but the sound sent a chill down my spine. Elias glanced over at me, clearly alarmed, and without saying another word, he squeezed my hand tighter and took off running, dragging me through

the forest with him.

The brush was so thick that it made moving quickly almost impossible, and I was having a hard time keeping up. I wasn't used to pushing my body like this, but Elias didn't slow down. Finally, he stopped abruptly, turned around, and scooped me up into his arms bridal-style, charging forward again despite not being able to see what lay ahead.

"Elias, you can't just keep running like this," I told him, breathless.

"I don't care. I'm not letting them take you," he said with full conviction, not slowing his pace even slightly. It was obvious he wasn't going to stop no matter what.

Eventually, we burst through the edge of the dense forest, only to find ourselves staring at a massive cliff on the other side. Elias stopped dead in his tracks and gently set me down so we could both look over the edge. The drop had to be at least 200 feet. Not even werewolves could survive a fall like that. There was no way we could jump across either. And I hadn't even shifted for the first time y

yet.

Elias scanned both sides, searching for any visible way to escape, but there was nothing we

could see.

"Alright. We're going to have to climb down," Elias said. I peered cautiously over the side.

"Good thing I'm not afraid of heights," I muttered, trying to sound braver than I felt. He scoffed at that..

"I'll go first. If you slip, I'll catch you. Just follow exactly where I step and place your hands and feet where I do," he instructed firmly.

"I'll try," I said, and before he began climbing, he leaned in and gave me another kiss. Once he

3/4

© CHAPTER 29:

had descended far enough down, I began to carefully follow him.

my

More Rewards

I stuck to his every direction. He stayed right below me, calmly guiding me on where to place feet and hands before he'd move downward again. It wasn't until I felt the sting that I realized blood was dripping from my feet—I wasn't even wearing shoes. Somehow, in all the chaos, I hadn't noticed before. I couldn't believe I had gone this long without realizing it.

We had made it about a quarter of the way down when the wind picked up again—and this time it was even worse. It hit so hard it nearly knocked me off the cliffside. One of my hands slipped off the rock, and I was left hanging by just the other. I let out a small scream as my grip faltered. Then I heard it again. "Lyra." The voice echoed hauntingly through the wind.

I looked up, and at the top of the cliff where I had just been looking, I saw something beginning to appear. Right above us, standing at the edge, was a woman cloaked in black.

She was the one doing this.

"The Black Witch," I said.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 24

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 24

I was clinging to the side of the cliff, the Black Witch peering down at me. Realizing she was the one behind all of this filled me with dread—then suddenly, I felt a strong arm encircle my waist and a solid body press against my back. When I turned my head, I saw that Elias had

climbed back up just to keep me from falling.

He noticed the witch standing above as well and let out a deep growl, but he didn't lose focus. His attention returned to getting us to safety. He began moving downward again, slowly and carefully, his body shielding mine the entire way. I knew it had to be incredibly difficult for him. He was much larger than me, yet he kept his whole form between me and

the cliff wall, protecting me as we descended.

It amazed me how he managed not to slip himself. Still, we made it most of the way down before the sound of crashing water reached our ears. That's when Elias grabbed both of my hands from behind, braced himself, and pushed off the cliff with a powerful kick. We plunged into the river below, but he never let go of me—not for a second..

The stream's current was strong, threatening to drag us apart, but Elias held tight. We reached the surface together, and he guided me to the edge of the river where we found a large flat boulder and climbed onto it. Both of us collapsed there, completely drained. We lay side by side on the rock, catching our breath, and I looked back up at the cliff—she was gone.

gone.

The Black Witch had vanished.

She could've gone anywhere, but in that moment, I didn't care. I only wanted to lie there for a little while, just long enough to breathe and calm down.

I

"You know what you just did was insanely reckless," I said to Elias, who still hadn't released

my hand.

"I know," he admitted. "But like I told you—they're not taking you from me."

"Do you really think I'm worth all of this trouble?" I asked, half expecting him to dodge the

question.

"Without a doubt," he answered, his eyes locking onto mine. And what I saw in them wasn't

hesitation or fear—it was unwavering resolve. He truly meant every word.

“I don’t want you getting hurt because of me,” I said, looking down at the ground as guilt

tightened my chest.

1/4

< CHAPTER 24

More Rewards 1

“I’m the Alpha of the Vanguards pack,” he said without missing a beat. “If I can’t protect my own mate, what good am I to anyone?”

When we finally stood again, we surveyed our surroundings. It became obvious that Elias had no idea where we were. He had never ventured this far from his own territory before, and with no way to contact his pack, we were completely on our own. Our only option was to move forward and hope to find something Elias recognized—some landmark or sign that could point us home. But the odds weren’t looking good.

We began walking away from the stream and back into the woods. This part of the forest wasn’t nearly as dense, making it easier for us to push forward. Still, my mind was a whirlwind. So far, my father had sent both a dragon and a witch after me. What else did that man have hidden up his sleeve? His mission was clear—capture me or kill me. Whichever came first. But if I died, the royal bloodline would end with me.

I couldn’t let that happen—not to my mother, and not to the werewolf community. According to Elias, many believed the royal family had simply gone into hiding to avoid being hunted down. And in a way, they weren’t wrong. I was the last remaining heir, and someone out there clearly wanted me dead.

Instead of sitting on a throne, guiding a kingdom, I was barefoot, soaking wet, trudging through a forest with dirt on my face and fear in my chest. It was hard not to feel like I was failing everyone. The weight of that responsibility was heavy. I didn’t want to let anyone down. I knew I had to stop my father and reclaim the throne, but before I could do that, there were questions that needed answering—too many secrets left in the shadows.

As the sun began to sink below the horizon, the air quickly turned colder, and I was still stuck wearing this thin white dress—which at this point wasn’t exactly white anymore, more like a stained and dirty version of it. The second Elias noticed, he instantly snapped into his usual.

protective mode.

He quickly located a spot that seemed secure enough for us to stay the night and motioned for me to sit on a fallen tree trunk while he went to gather firewood. Soon enough, he had a small fire burning to offer me some warmth. But more than that, he sat right behind me and let me rest against his chest, his body heat radiating into me and slowly easing the chill.

I never really understood why I didn't have that same warmth. All werewolves always seemed like they were burning up from the inside, like they were constantly running a fever—but they weren't. And yet here I was, feeling cold all the time compared to them. Why didn't I get that kind of body heat? It would've been especially helpful on a freezing night like this. But maybe

2/4

< CHAPTER 24

More Rewards

it was just another mystery. At this point, nothing about me was predictable. We were all learning not to expect anything normal where I was concerned.

I sat there with my back against Elias, watching the flames flicker and dance, but every time I heard a rustle or crack from somewhere in the woods, my eyes darted toward the sound. I

had no idea what kinds of things were out there in the darkness. But Elias did—he could

immediately tell me exactly what type of animal was making the noise, like it was second

nature.

He had been a wolf much longer than I had. That much was obvious. He was far more

experienced, far more attuned to everything than I was. I knew deep down that once we

returned to the camp, I had to start training seriously. I couldn't stand feeling this useless,

this helpless, and I refused to let myself feel like this again. I was going to train, grow stronger, and all the while I'd keep reading those books. I had to uncover more about my bloodline. So far, I had only gotten to the earliest family tree recorded in the 1300s—and they

had ten children. So how was it even possible that I was the only one remaining?

Or maybe... maybe I wasn't the last one after all. Maybe there were others still out there

somewhere, hiding. If people were trying to hunt us down, it wouldn't surprise me if some

had gone deep into hiding. Still, I didn't have an answer to that, not yet. It would be amazing if

I had family left somewhere in the world. But I wasn't going to let myself believe it. My own

family hadn't exactly been dependable so far, and I wasn't about to start depending on them

now. I had to accept the truth: I was on my own. And honestly, that was the only thing I'd ever

been used to.

I had no idea how long I had been lying there before I drifted off to sleep, and I couldn't tell how long I'd slept either. But when I opened my eyes again, I found myself lying on the ground beside a dying fire, the embers barely glowing, and a strong, warm arm wrapped around my waist. Elias's body was pressed up behind me, his presence grounding and

comforting.

I rolled over slightly to get a look at him, and I found that he was already awake. He was lying there watching me quietly while I slept.

"Isn't it dangerous for us to be sleeping out here in the open like this?" I asked softly.

"No, not really," he replied with a faint smile. But he made no move to get up or change our

position.

"We really need to figure out how to get back to the pack," I said. "I don't want to spend

S CHAPTER 24

another night like this."

More Rewards

"I know you don't," he said. "It's okay. We'll get moving now." He sat up reluctantly and then

helped me to my feet.

As soon as we were both on our feet and Elias had made sure the fire was fully extinguished,

we continued walking along the path once more. But suddenly, the ground beneath us started

to tremble. Something was happening ahead of us, and I instinctively grabbed onto Elias to stop myself from losing balance.

The mud in front of us began to rise unexpectedly, lifting up and reshaping into strange, solid forms. I stood frozen as dozens—maybe even hundreds—of small creatures took shape in front of us. Their features formed completely before my eyes, and then, one by one, they started moving, all of them slowly turning their heads to stare directly at me.

"Princess," they all spoke in eerie unison.

"What the hell are those things?" I asked in alarm.

"Golems," Elias said with urgency. "And they're not here to make friends. RUN!" he shouted.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 25

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 25

"Golems? You mean like from The Lord of the Rings?" I asked, my voice sharp with disbelief

and confusion.

"No," Elias said firmly, grabbing my hand and yanking me off the main path and straight into the thick of the forest. "These are real golems. And trust me—they're way worse than anything from a movie."

He darted through the trees, yanking me along. His grip was so fierce my sweaty, panicked hand nearly slipped free.

I glanced back. My heart nearly stopped. The creatures gave chase—not just animated earth, but fast, darting between trees like shadows. Breathless, I kept running.

They closed in fast. My lungs blazed, legs trembling, dread telling me I was nearly out of

time.

Without warning, I yanked my hand free and stopped cold.

“What are you doing?” he called, alarmed.

“I’m not running from tiny–ass gnomes,” I snapped. I scanned the area, grabbed a branch, and

raised it like a bat.

The creatures were on us in seconds. I swung the branch with all my strength. The impact shattered the first golem instantly, but the others quickly encircled us, moving in like wolves

preparing to attack.

Elias grabbed a branch and joined the fight. One creature climbed a tree, leapt down on my

shoulder, its grotesque face and jagged teeth lunging for my neck. I grabbed its skull, but not

before its teeth sank into my hand. Agony shot up my arm, but I didn’t stop. I tore it off and

ripped it apart with brute force, scattering clay and dirt.

Panting, I grabbed my branch and stepped back, scanning for more, until I felt Elias’s back

against mine.

“Where the f**k did they go?” I asked, teeth clenched, scanning every shadow.

“I don’t know,” Elias replied, voice low and tense. “They’re small, fast, slippery. Could be hiding anywhere—rocks, logs, trees...”

“This has to be the f*****g witch’s doing,” I muttered angrily.

1/6

CHAPTER 25

“She’s working with your dad,” Elias said grimly.

I nodded. “Yeah. That much was obvious. That prick wants me dead.”

More Rewards.

“You’re bleeding,” he said. He hadn’t looked at me—he could smell it. “How bad is it?”

“The little bastard bit me,” I replied without taking my eyes off the space in front of me.
“But

I’ll live. It’s nothing.”

I heard rustling above. I looked up as several creatures dropped from the trees like living rain.

I swung, smashing a few mid-air, but couldn’t stop all of them.

I

They rained down on us, latching on with claws and teeth. Their jagged bites tore at my skin. Tiny fingers dug in like roots. Desperate, I hurled myself against a tree, crushing several to dust. I ripped the rest off, hurling them to the ground, and ground them beneath my heel.

Finally, Elias and I stood back to back, breathing hard, blood and dirt covering us, turning in

slow circles, eyes sweeping every direction.

But there was nothing.

No movement. No sound. The golems had melted away, no longer crashing through

branches or dropping from above. Maybe they were gone for good, or maybe they lurked just

out of sight. For now, the forest held its breath.

Elias had to pry the branch from my white-knuckled grip before dragging me away, urgency in

every step. His actions made it clear: linger here, and we wouldn’t survive.

We ran, feet pounding the forest floor, until Elias suddenly paused, listened, then led me in al

new direction. He'd picked up the sound of flowing water nearby.

He brought me to a narrow stream. As we stepped closer, I immediately noticed how different it was from yesterday's stream.

Yesterday's stream had roared with wild energy. This one whispered, its surface glassy and still, the silence so deep it made my skin crawl.

Elias stepped into the stream first and pulled me in behind him, not waiting for me to decide

if it was smart.

After monsters had crawled from earth and bark, the idea of stepping into mysterious water sent a chill through me. Who knew what waited beneath the surface?

But Elias gave me no choice, pulling me in until icy water lapped at my waist. The shock stole

2/6

CHARTER 25

my breath.

More Bewarchi i

Elias cupped his hands, dipped them in the stream, and began pouring water over my arms. and shoulders, silent.

I winced as the water touched broken skin, then realized he was washing away the blood and

bites.

I did the same for him, rinsing away dirt and blood. His arms were as wounded as mine, but

he stayed focused on me.

Once we were as clean as we could get under the circumstances, we stepped out of the water and kept moving. We had no idea if those things would come back. Or if more were

waiting.

We pushed through dense trees until we came across a narrower, more overgrown path and started down it, eyes constantly scanning for anything unusual.

By now, fear had soaked into my bones. I could never have imagined my father capable of

such cruelty, orchestrating nightmares like these..

I kept wondering what he could've promised the witch to make her go along with it. What

could possibly be worth all this?

No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't come up with an answer. Whatever deal they had, I just

prayed it didn't involve me—my powers, my blood, or my life.

If they wanted me dead, taking my powers couldn't be part of their plan. You can't claim power from a corpse.

The rest of the walk was silent. We didn't speak; we had to stay alert.

But one thing I did notice: Elias didn't leave my side. Not even for a second.

While his eyes scanned every inch of the forest around us, he held onto my hand the entire

time, fingers firm around mine like he was anchoring me, or maybe protecting me from something I couldn't see.

That's when it struck me: Elias would walk through fire to keep me safe. Something fierce

and dazzling bloomed in my chest, a wild mix of hope and raw gratitude.

No one had ever done that for me before.

Sure, my mother had tried—she gave everything she had, and even though she failed, I never

13/0

CHAPTER 25

blamed her for that.

But beyond her, every single person I'd ever known had either used me, hurt me, or tried to

destroy me.

No one else had stood between me and danger. Until now.

It was a strange feeling. Even with these powers—this unpredictable strength that awakened

at sixteen—it still felt unfamiliar. Having someone on my side was new.

alk away the

A part of me had always expected Elias to reject me, to moment things got

hard. But here he was, still standing by me, still fighting my battles as if they were his own.

I could hardly believe it. More than that, I kept stealing glances at him whenever his gaze was

elsewhere, unable to help myself.

Strange feelings welled up inside me, impossible to name or voice. Maybe they would always

stay unspoken.

We had made it a decent way through the woods when Elias suddenly stopped dead in his

tracks.

I felt the tension ripple through his body as he froze, his muscles going rigid.

When I looked up at him, I saw his eyes had gone glassy. It was like he was seeing something I couldn't.

I stared at him, my heart starting to race again, wondering what had happened—what he was

sensing now.

But then, without saying a word, Elias turned his head and smiled at me.

“We’re almost there. I can mind link with my warriors.” His voice was filled with relief.

“Are you serious?” I asked, unable to stop the smile that stretched across my face in response to the hope in his eyes.

“Yeah,” he replied, moving faster. His need to get back—home, to safety—was clear. He was

eager, almost restless.

We picked up the pace. Suddenly, something huge wrapped around my waist, I screamed as it yanked me off the ground, lifting me high into the air.

Elias was still on the forest floor as I was hoisted upward—at least thirty feet above the ground—until I was staring directly into the horrifying face of an enormous, ugly green ogre

© CHAPTER 25

that had snatched me like I weighed nothing.

More Rewards

From my elevated position, I could hear the sound of Elias’s clothes ripping as he shifted. I didn’t even need to see him to know what was happening. The next moment, I heard his feral

howl echo through the woods—and then his massive black wolf form lunged and sank its

powerful jaws into the ogre’s leg.

The ogre gave a startled, high-pitched whimper. Its grip on me faltered for a second.

nearly

slipped from its hold, but it managed to clamp down on me again, even as pain twisted its grotesque features.

It tried to kick Elias away, swinging its huge foot with deadly force, then attempted to crush him beneath its massive body. I screamed at it to stop—to leave Elias alone—but it didn’t

even acknowledge my voice. It wasn't listening. It didn't care.

Something inside me broke loose. A wild, primal anger surged through me, burning hotter than anything I'd ever felt. Suddenly, a strange pressure built in my gums.

Confused, I realized my canines were lengthening—extracting themselves unnaturally as if some dormant part of me was waking up.

I didn't even know I had a wolf side, not really—but in that moment, my body knew. My

instincts knew. My new fangs were fully out, and without hesitating, I bit down hard on the

ogre's thick, disgusting hand.

It let out another pained whimper and finally dropped me. I fell fast, landing hard on my back with a painful thud. My entire spine screamed in protest, but I was still able to get back on

my feet, staggering upright.

Elias turned his head to check on me, even as the ogre, now fully enraged, bellowed at us. Its

breath was vile—rotten and heavy. The stench hit our noses, making us both recoil in disgust.

Then, as if on cue, we heard multiple howls rising up from every direction around us. We both

glanced around, instantly alert, and that's when we saw them.

The Vanguard's Pack had finally arrived, charging into the clearing in full wolf form, ready to

fight.

They quickly took up formation, growling and

Surrounding the one with practiced

precision. I moved to stand beside Elias, but I realized with a jolt that I was still in human form. Something inside me told me I wasn't done transforming yet.

The ogre lunged again, coming straight for Elias and me—clearly still focused on the two of us as its targets.

Elias stood his ground, refusing to back down even as the creature charged. I launched myself into the air, not even thinking, and mid-leap, I felt it—my entire body shifting, bones

realigning, muscles changing.

I didn't fully understand it at first, but I landed with my teeth clamped around the ogre's leg,

holding on with a strength I had never felt before. I had shifted. For the very first time.

As my paws hit the earth, instincts kicked in. I heard Elias's howl—this time summoning the

rest of the pack to fight.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 26

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 26

The entire Vanguard's Pack charged in and launched their attack on the ogre from every possible direction, biting and clawing until the creature began shrieking and yelping from the pain. It was clear the ogre couldn't speak, but it also couldn't handle the full force of the pack.

It began kicking wildly at the wolves, trying to knock them away as it slowly backed off, clearly intent on escaping. Then it turned and took off, running back toward the trees from where it had first appeared.

The pack let out a victorious series of howls, celebrating the win, but my attention shifted to Elias, who was still watching me instead of the ogre.

"What's wrong?" I asked Elias through the mind link.

"How are you able to mind link with me? You haven't even been initiated into the pack yet," he

replied, clearly confused.

"I'm royalty," I said calmly, like it was something I had always known. In truth, it was only something I'd learned since turning sixteen—since everything about me had changed.

"Well, you're one stunningly beautiful wolf," he said as he started walking toward me, while the rest of the pack quietly slipped away, giving us space.

“What do I look like?” I asked curiously.

“You’re white. With a black star right on your chest,” he explained, his gaze moving across my form. I lifted my paw to get a better look, and sure enough, my fur was completely white. But I also knew it was time to shift back, and I felt nervous about doing that in front of others. It was my first time, and unlike most wolves, I hadn’t grown up around shifting—or the nudity

that came with it.

Fortunately, a couple of Elias’s warriors came back in their human forms. They brought Elias a pair of shorts, and also handed me some clothes, which I was sure Elias had asked them

to do.

I took the clothes behind a tree and tried to shift back. I expected it to be simple like before, but it wasn’t. This time, it was slower and so much more painful. I didn’t understand why shifting had been easy the first time but was now so difficult.

From the other side of the tree, I could hear Elias talking to me, his voice calm and

1/5

<CHAPTER 26

More Rewards

reassuring. He tried to soothe me, telling me everything was going to be okay. But the sensation of my bones breaking and reforming was excruciating—I wasn’t sure I could actually survive it.

It probably took half an hour before the shift was finally over. I lay on the ground afterward, breathing hard, my body aching all over. It was easily the most painful thing I had ever endured. Slowly, I got up and started putting my clothes on.

When I stepped around the tree, Elias was right there waiting for me. He hadn’t moved. He

smiled and came closer, wiping the sweat off my face with a gentle touch.

“Why was it so hard to shift back?” I asked. I didn’t have any trouble shifting the first time.

“That’s because you weren’t trying to shift,” he said. “The first time, your instincts took over. You transformed out of pure reflex to protect yourself—and me. That made it easier.”

“Well, it hurts like hell,” I muttered, and he laughed softly at that. Then he wrapped his arm around my shoulders, and we began walking along the edge of the tree line. As we started descending a steep mountain slope, Elias stayed close, helping me navigate the path. Eventually, we reached the gully where his pack made their home.

“Home sweet home,” Elias murmured as we arrived. His entire pack was already there, waiting to greet us, and they looked genuinely happy to see us return safely.

One by one, they stepped forward to introduce themselves. I knew there was no way I could remember all their names right away, but I was determined to try. I made a silent promise to keep talking to them until I learned who everyone was. They all gave off a good energy—loyal, kind, genuine.

They had answered Elias’s call without hesitation, and I couldn’t help noticing that not a single person referred to him as Alpha. Everyone just called him by his name. It struck me as unusual, but also fitting. Elias didn’t act like a traditional Alpha, and that’s exactly what made him different.

So I decided I wouldn’t act like a typical Luna either. I didn’t want anyone calling me Luna, princess, queen, or your highness. I told them all to just call me Lyra. I didn’t want to be placed above them in status—I didn’t feel like I deserved that. They were the ones who’d risked their lives to save mine. Royal blood or not, that meant something.

When we finally got back to our cabin, I walked straight toward my room. But I froze in the doorway when I saw the dried bloodstain on the floor. Elias came up behind me and stopped,

215

< CHAPTER 26

his eyes catching the same thing.

More Rewards &

“Oh s**t. I’m really sorry,” he said, sounding genuinely upset. “I thought someone would’ve cleaned that up while we were gone. Go take a shower, I’ll get this taken care of right away. Promise.”

I gave him a small nod, grabbed some fresh clothes from my dresser, and headed into the bathroom.

The hot shower felt amazing. I washed my hair twice to get all the tangles out, then changed into a pair of tights and a soft, loose shirt that hung comfortably on me.

When I came out, Elias had already made me a coffee and set it on the table. I was more grateful for that than I expected. We sat down together, but my mind kept drifting back to

everything that had happened—especially what my father had done, and what he might still

be planning.

He was clearly trying to stop me from taking the throne, and I couldn't shake the feeling that the answers were hidden somewhere in that old book about the royals.

"What's going on in that head of yours?" Elias asked gently.

"Besides the fact that I'm completely exhausted?" I sighed. "I keep wondering how my father convinced that witch to help him. And why is he trying so hard to get rid of me? I'm not even

a threat anymore."

"Well, clearly you still are," Elias said. "He probably knows things about you that you don't even know yet."

"Obviously," I muttered. "I just wish I knew what it was." I was starting to get lost in my thoughts again when a knock sounded at the door, and Elias got up to answer it.

A man and a woman stepped inside carrying a couple of dishes. Elias thanked them warmly, clearly touched by the gesture. I got up too and walked over to them.

"I'm so sorry," I said with a polite smile. "I met so many people earlier today—would you mind telling me your names again?"

"Not at all," the man said. "I'm Andy, and this is my wife, Adie. We live right next door."

"I'm really sorry," I said again, feeling bad for forgetting.

"It's completely fine. You've been through a lot over the past few days," Adie said warmly. "We just thought we'd bring you two some food, since we figured neither of you would be in the

3/5

< CHAPTER 26

mood to cook.”

“Well, that’s putting it mildly,” Elias added with a small smile.

More Rewards

After they left, we warmed up the food and sat down to eat. Once we were done, Elias finally went to take a shower. I stayed behind to wash the dishes, then brought them back to the neighbors before returning home. I actually got back before Elias finished showering, which was lucky—he might’ve panicked if I’d taken any longer.

We were both completely worn out, so we agreed to get some sleep. Elias went to his room, and I headed into mine. I paused briefly at the doorway, still a bit hesitant—but when I stepped inside, I saw that everything had been cleaned up. The bloodstain was gone. Someone had taken care of it.

Elias checked to make sure I was okay before I went in, and I left my bedroom door cracked open a little bit.

I slipped under the covers, knowing I needed rest more than anything. But every time I closed my eyes, all I could see was that wicked gleam in Lenore’s eyes. I kept reliving the moment she stabbed me—how the knife had felt plunging into my stomach. She couldn’t touch me anymore, but the memory lingered, heavy and vivid.

From the other room, I could hear Elias snoring softly, but in my own bed I was still tossing and turning. The sheets twisted around me, and the silence felt too loud. I was so tired, but sleep just wouldn’t come.

Eventually I gave up. I climbed out of bed and crept into the hallway. Elias’s door was slightly ajar too, and I glanced toward the living room. That couch was no good for sleeping—I’d tried it before and regretted it. So I made my way to Elias’s room and nudged the door open quietly.

The breeze drifted in through the open window, and Elias lay sprawled on one side of the bed. Without waking him, I walked quietly to the other side and slipped under the blanket. I just needed rest, and I knew this was the only way I’d get it. My room still held too many bad memories.

It didn’t take long for sleep to find me this time. And for once, it was deep, undisturbed—no dreams, no nightmares, just peace.

I had no idea how long I’d been asleep when I stirred and rolled over, only to find Elias looking right at me. A jolt of embarrassment ran through me, but he was grinning widely.

< CHAPTER 26.

"I'm sorry," I murmured.

"What for?" he asked, voice still raspy from sleep.

"I couldn't sleep in my room. Too many memories," I admitted.

More Rewards

"There's nothing to be sorry for," he said gently. "But I do have to apologize for what I'm about to do." He lay back against the pillow, eyes still on me.

"What do you mean?" I asked cautiously.

Without warning, he slid his arm underneath me and pulled me close, causing me to let out a surprised squeal. My head landed on his chest and he smirked. "There. Much better," he said.

I could hear the steady thump of his heartbeat beneath my ear, and it calmed something inside me. His body radiated warmth, and I didn't want to move an inch. I reached across and wrapped my arm around his waist, letting myself melt into his side.