

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 41

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Elias' POV

The moment the blinding light faded, my mind snapped back into focus. I lifted my eyes to what was left

of my house, smoke still swirling in the air, not yet cleared.

I dragged the rain out of my face with one hand, trying to see clearly, and I was almost certain Lyra hadn't

survived. I didn't see how anyone could have lived through that.

But then, through the dust and smoke, I saw a silhouette begin to form. She was slowly making her way

across the rubble, her steps cautious as she tried to find a way out of the wreckage. She stopped just in

front of what used to be the house, her eyes landing on me.

"Elias," she whispered, her voice soft and trembling. I didn't hesitate. I ran to her, catching her just as her

legs gave out, and she collapsed into my arms. I lowered us both to the ground, holding her head carefully

against my chest.

Chris, who had some medical training, rushed over and immediately started examining her.

"She doesn't have any visible injuries," he said, confused. "Not a scratch. No bleeding. Nothing broken."

"Then why the hell did she collapse?" I asked, barely able to think straight.

Theo came up beside us, just as baffled. "A better question is—how is she even still alive?"

I turned my head slowly, scanning the entire area. My house was the only one that had been struck by a

meteor. No other buildings were damaged. Just mine.

Without waiting, I gathered Lyra into my arms again and carried her to Luke's house. He still wasn't back yet from running the kids to other packs, but I knew he wouldn't care if I used his place.

Once inside, I brought her into the spare bedroom and gently laid her down on the bed. I grabbed a towel

and started drying her off, doing whatever I could to coax some sort of response from her.

But she didn't react. She just lay there like she was asleep—completely unresponsive. Everything looked

fine, but still, she wasn't waking up.

I called Luke and explained everything, told him he needed to get home immediately. Something wasn't

right, and I needed help.

I didn't leave her side. When Dr. Eris finally arrived, she did a full check-up on Lyra, going over every detail.

"There's nothing wrong with her that I can find," she told me at last.

"Then why won't she wake up?" I demanded.

"I don't know. But based on everything you've described to me... I don't think this is medical."

"What are you saying?"

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She hesitated for a second, then answered. "The moon shining through a storm, a meteor hitting your

house specifically... This feels supernatural."

"You're talking about the Moon Goddess, aren't you?" I asked, voice tight.

Dr. Eris nodded. "It fits. She did something to Lyra."

"But why would she leave her like this? It doesn't make any sense," I snapped, my voice rising.

"Maybe Lyra's body just couldn't handle it. She might need time to recover—physically or otherwise."

"And what happens when she finally does wake up? What's she going to be like?" I asked, needing some

kind of reassurance.

"I can't tell you that," she admitted quietly.

The longer Lyra stayed unconscious, the more agitated and helpless I felt. Nothing made sense anymore. I didn't understand any of it. But somewhere deep down, I was trying to convince myself that this was part of some bigger plan the Moon Goddess had for her. Even though a large part of me wished the goddess would just leave her be. She had suffered enough. Now should have been her time to start fresh, to rebuild everything that had been torn down by her father.

Later that same day, Luke finally came home. He found me in the spare bedroom, and we stepped out to

the living room to talk.

"I don't get it," Luke said, running a hand through his hair. "I checked out the rest of the pack. Your house

was the only one that got hit."

"I know. I've been thinking the same thing. Lyra seems completely unharmed. No injuries, no trauma that anyone can find. Eris thinks it's supernatural," I told him.

"Honestly? That doesn't sound too crazy at this point," Luke said, shaking his head slowly.

"I just need her to wake up," I muttered, rubbing a hand down my face.

"She will," he said with quiet confidence. "She probably just needs time to process... whatever that was. I'm

sure she'll be alright."

“That’s what the doctor said too. I hope you don’t mind that I brought her here,” I added.

“I’d be offended if you hadn’t. Want a beer?” he asked.

“Yeah. Thanks.”

We headed into the kitchen together. I paused at the window, gazing out into the grey sheets of rain that

still fell steadily from the sky. The village seemed empty—quiet. No one else was outside. I figured they

were all hunkered down inside their homes, just waiting for whatever would come next.

“Did anyone else get hurt?” Luke asked while offering me a bottle of beer.

“No, everyone’s accounted for and nobody suffered any injuries,” I replied.

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“Well, at least that’s one thing off your plate,” Luke said.

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“Yeah, I suppose so. They’re capable. They know how to protect themselves—and their children. But Lyra... she’s different. She feels like the only person I truly have now. The only one I care about, and I need her to

be okay,” I said.

“She will be. After everything she’s already made it through, I doubt there’s anything left in this world that could take her down. She’s stronger than you give her credit for,” Luke said with certainty.

Just then, the patrols’ voices echoed urgently through the mind link, shouting that we were under attack.

Alpha Damon and his entire pack were advancing on us.

Luke and I jumped up instantly and bolted through the front door.

Almost all of my warriors quickly assembled with us—except the pregnant women and the mothers who

stayed behind to care for their children.

Aside from them, I had 193 fighters at my back, and together we sprinted toward the forest, shifting mid-run, heading to where the patrols had reported the attack was happening.

We reached the edge and saw our patrol units being overpowered, outnumbered and falling quickly. But the attackers hesitated when they spotted us closing in with force.

I picked Damon out at the front of their formation—he was clearly leading them—and I made him my focus. But as we advanced, his warriors formed a wall around him, drawing inward and shielding him from

harm.

They boxed him in tightly, ensuring nothing could reach him, and I couldn't help but think it was a coward's move. He wasn't participating in the battle himself. Instead, his pack fought while he stood protected in

their center.

Being present at a battle doesn't mean anything if you're too afraid to lead on the front lines.

Two of his wolves saw me at the forefront and rushed straight toward me.

I easily took down the first, tearing his throat open as I passed, but the second one dodged my attack, lunged, and landed on my back, driving its claws deep into my shoulders.

I let out a roar of pain and tried to throw the wolf off, but it clung tight. So I threw myself sideways to the ground, crushing its legs beneath my weight, and finally, it let go.

I scrambled up again and glanced down at the wolf under me. I lunged forward, sank my teeth into its throat, and finished it off before charging back into the battle.

Our numbers far exceeded theirs, and it didn't take long before Damon was exposed again, no longer

hidden within his warriors.

I had always known his pack was small, but seeing them struggle like this was pathetic. Coming after us with such a disadvantage was idiotic. He had no hope of winning.

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I told my fighters not to kill them all. Annihilating an entire pack wasn't what I wanted. If I killed Damon, their Alpha, I would be forced to take in his entire pack, and I had no interest in doing that.

I didn't want him dead—but I did want to leave a mark. Something he'd remember.

Before long, we were facing off. Damon was a big Alpha, no doubt, but I was still larger. As I stood before him, I saw the fear behind his eyes, even though he tried hard to hide it. It was faint, but it was there.

I didn't hesitate. I charged him, and he braced for impact as I slammed into him. He gave it everything he

had in return.

I knocked him to the ground more than once, and meanwhile, his warriors were getting torn apart by mine.

Even still, Damon wasn't going to let his pack see him break. He lunged at me again. I rose up on my hind legs and waited, letting him come closer, then I dropped back down and slashed his face with my claws.

He stumbled back, blood now dripping down from his wounds. He roared in fury and lunged at me again, preparing for another strike.

But right before he reached me, the ground beneath us shook violently. Every tree in the forest leaned sharply in one direction, as though a massive force had just detonated nearby, and everyone on the

battlefield was thrown off balance.

I scrambled up as fast as I could, trying to make sense of what had just happened. When I turned back, I

saw her.

Lyra was kneeling a short distance away from the fight. Her fists were pressed firmly to the ground, and her face was locked in a fierce, concentrated expression. When she finally stood, she slowly lifted her

head—and her eyes glowed a brilliant white.

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Lyra POV

I came to in a bed I didn't recognize at all. The last clear memory I had was hiding in my living room during a thunderstorm. Strange objects had been falling from the sky, terrifying me, and I had tucked myself away, hoping desperately that I wouldn't get hurt. Then, I woke up here.

I pushed the blanket off and stood upright, immediately feeling a strange surge of energy unlike anything I'd experienced before. Glancing at my arms, I saw sparks of electricity running along my skin.

I left the bedroom and stepped into the hallway, scanning the unfamiliar house. I had no idea whose place this was—there were no family photos or decorations to offer any clues. So I made my way to the front door and opened it to figure out where I had ended up.

I was on the far side of the pack lands, and everything around looked eerily lifeless.

Off in the distance, I could see the ruins of our home—what was left of it, anyway. But that wasn't what truly caught my focus. It was the sound coming from somewhere just beyond it.

There was the unmistakable roar of battle coming from the woods, and I didn't hesitate. I stepped into the rain and took off running toward the direction of the noise.

As I arrived, I spotted members of our pack locked in combat with Alpha Damon's wolves. It was immediately obvious that Alpha Damon was getting thoroughly beaten.

It was only a matter of time, I figured, before Elias stopped holding back and decided to eliminate them all -which would mean wiping out nearly an entire pack in one move.

My breathing became heavier, and the energy inside me was only building, intensifying with every step.

Without thinking, I slammed my fists into the ground. That rising force within me burst outward in one massive, blinding electrical shock, sweeping the trees harshly in a single direction and knocking down every wolf in front of me.

As I stood again, I noticed Elias staring at me in complete disbelief. He shifted back into human form while watching me, but at first, my eyes could only register outlines and glowing edges around everything.

I blinked several times until the white glow faded from my vision, and then I could see Elias slowly

approaching me.

“Lyra, can you hear me?” he asked cautiously.

“I’m standing right here in front of you. Of course I can hear you,” I replied plainly.

“Okay. Just checking. You don’t really seem any different—aside from that little stunt you just pulled,” he

said.

“What the hell are you even doing, Damon? Are you really trying to get your entire pack slaughtered?” I

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asked, glaring in his direction.

“I told Elias to take care of you,” Damon said through the mind link.

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“Well, I think it’s pretty obvious Elias isn’t going to follow that order,” I replied coolly. Everyone turned to look at me in surprise. Somehow, I could hear Damon through the mind link—despite not being part of his

pack.

“How can you even hear me?” Damon demanded.

“The same way I can hear Elias, even though I haven’t officially joined their pack either,” I answered.

“Well, from our view, your presence here is a mistake. He’s putting my entire pack at risk,” Damon said.

“This isn’t about your pack. And after what you just witnessed, maybe you should be thankful I’m this close. Because whether you like it or not, you’re going to need me before long,” I said firmly.

“And why would we need your help?” he asked suspiciously.

“Because a war is coming. And you need to decide which side you’re on—the one that’s bent on destroying everything you care about, or the one that’s going to stand up and fight against it,” I said with urgency.

“And you’re saying you’ll fight against them?”

“Well, we’re definitely not going to help them ruin the world. Now gather your pack and get the hell off this

territory,” I commanded.

There was a moment of tense silence, but finally Damon gave the order for his warriors to retreat from our land. As they moved away, Elias and Luke remained, both staring at me like I had grown a second head.

“Someone’s going to try to destroy the world?” Luke asked, clearly stunned.

“Is it your father?” Elias followed up quickly.

“He’s not nearly smart enough for something like that. The witches are planning to convince the humans that vampires aren’t the only threat—that werewolves are just as dangerous,” I said.

“The witches are going to start a war against us?” Elias asked.

“Yeah. But humans won’t know they’re witches. That’s the trick,” I explained.

“Alright, everyone. Return to your homes. Things are under control now,” Elias called out to his warriors.

Elias and Luke brought me back to Luke’s place, and while they went to change into fresh clothes, I slipped

into something dry as well.

We all made our way into the kitchen, where I started preparing coffee for everyone. Elias entered shortly

after and wrapped his arms around me from behind.

“I wasn’t sure you were ever going to wake up,” Elias murmured.

“It’s going to take a hell of a lot more than that to take me down,” I told him.

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“Yeah, I’m beginning to understand that killing you isn’t as simple as everyone might assume,” he said with

a small smile.

“Apparently not,” I replied with a shrug.

“How did you end up with so much more power after you woke up?” Elias asked curiously.

“I don’t have an answer. I don’t remember anything after blacking out. I woke up alone in this house, and there wasn’t anyone around. Then I heard the sound of fighting nearby, and something just started building inside me. That energy—it surged. I ran toward the sounds, and then that happened. I really don’t know

how,” I explained.

“Well, whatever it was, it was damn impressive,” Luke added.

“You were about to kill every single one of them,” I said bluntly.

“No, that wasn’t the plan. We were only going to rough them up a little. I never intended to wipe out the whole pack—I don’t want the responsibility of managing them,” Elias replied. I nodded in understanding.

“You mentioned something earlier about a war coming. How do you even know that?” Luke asked.

“I honestly don’t. I just... feel it. It’s coming, and it’s going to be bad,” I answered.

“Then we’d better start getting ready. If the witches are really planning a war against both vampires and

werewolves, we can’t afford to sit around,” Elias said.

“What about your father? Wasn’t he the one we thought was hunting you down?” Luke asked.

“I’m not sure how—or if—he’s involved in this. Right now, there are bigger threats than him,” I said.

"Your dad's got a dark witch working with him. He might be the one stirring up this war. I thought you said witches were mostly good," Elias reminded me.

"They are—for the most part. But it only takes a few evil ones to bring about catastrophe. You're underestimating how powerful they really are," I said.

"Okay, then. What do we do about it?" Luke asked.

"I don't have an answer. But whatever they're planning, we need to uncover it. And fast," Elias said.

"That's easier said than done. We don't even know where to start looking," I pointed out.

"Do you think there's a way you could track them? Using your power?" Luke asked.

"I'm not sure. That's a type of magic I don't know anything about. Things like spellbooks, potions... I

wouldn't know how to begin with that," I said.

"We're not putting Lyra in harm's way just to try luring these witches out," Elias said firmly.

"No, that's not what I meant. I was only thinking maybe she could discover a way to locate them," Luke said quickly.

"I doubt it. I wouldn't know how to go about it," I admitted.

Not long after that conversation, we heard a stir outside and went to the front of the house. One of the

patrol teams had apparently caught someone.

"He says he's here to see the Luna," one of the guards informed us.

"Who are you?" Elias demanded sharply.

"My name is Holt. I came here because I needed to speak with Lyra," the man answered.

"Why?" Elias questioned, eyeing him suspiciously.

"I know you," I said, stepping forward slowly. I couldn't quite place him, but his face was familiar.

"I used to be a warrior in your father's pack. I didn't know you had been locked away in the packhouse all

those years," Holt explained.

"What are you doing here now?" Elias asked, still wary.

"It's taken me this long to locate you. Your father relocated the entire pack to a hidden area. I didn't follow him, so I don't know where it is. But he's planning something—something massive," Holt said seriously.

"And why should I take your word for it?" I asked, narrowing my eyes.

"Because if your father knew I was here, he'd kill me without a second thought," Holt said.

"Or maybe he sent you himself," Luke countered skeptically.

"He definitely didn't send me. Look, I need protection if you want the information I can offer," Holt said.

"Who says we even want your help?" Elias challenged.

"You do. Trust me—you'll need it. He's losing control. He's working with a group of humans, some kind of military operation that already knows all about the supernatural world. They're hunting Lyra. And they won't

stop until she's dead," Holt said.

Perfect. Now I had an entire military group coming after me—on top of the witches who wanted to destroy the world. And, of course, my father, who still likely had plans to get his hands on me.

There was no escaping any of this. No matter how far I ran, they would always find me.

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Elias clearly didn't trust Holt, and he wasn't trying to hide it. Trust was going to be something Holt had to earn through actions, not words. For now, Elias arranged for him to stay in a house with no kids and three warriors stationed inside—men who would be watching his every move, day and night, with no intention of being discreet. Elias

wanted the message to be loud and clear: Holt was not to be trusted, especially considering his background with my father's pack.

Still, we heard him out. He told us everything he possibly could about this military organization my father had allied with. And this agency didn't sound like anything we'd ever come across before. It was darker, more dangerous. Unlike any standard government body, this one was built to deal with supernatural beings—werewolves, vampires, witches—anything not entirely human. Listening to the details chilled me to the bone. I had never believed such an agency could exist outside of fiction. But I had been wrong, and

now that ignorance was going to cost me.

For the time being, Elias and I were staying at Luke's house. That night, we tried to rest, lying in bed together, but sleep was hard to come by. Both of us were silently fighting to switch off our minds, trying to shut out the looming threat ahead, but neither of us succeeded. There were too many threats piling up against us, and none of them were provoked by us.

Elias created this pack with good intentions—to offer protection, to give help to those in need. Somehow, we had ended up as the targets of everyone's rage and aggression, and we had no idea how it escalated

to this point.

The next morning, I got out of bed and made myself a cup of coffee before stepping outside to the front of the house. From there, I noticed that all the mess and wreckage left behind at our home had already been cleared out, and a group of workers was up there starting on something new.

Elias joined me shortly after, slipping an arm around my waist. He reassured me that the house would be rebuilt as soon as they could manage it. His crew was going to be working on it daily until the new structure stood in place.

"How long does it usually take for your crew to finish building a house?" I asked him.

"Not long at all. Maybe one to two weeks for a full two-story home," he replied.

"Damn. That's fast," I said, impressed.

"They work long shifts and don't waste time. And when it's done, they're rewarded pretty well for their efforts," Elias added. I leaned back slightly, resting my head against his chest.

It was still early, and the coolness of the morning air was refreshing. I always liked stepping outside during

this time of day, before the sun really started heating everything up.

“Elias, Holt said my dad’s pack is abandoned now. Completely empty,” I said thoughtfully.

“Yeah. That’s what he told us,” Elias responded.

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“Well, if that’s true, then now would be the perfect time to go back. See if anything was left behind,” I

suggested.

“You’re still hoping to find something about your mom, aren’t you?” he asked.

“I’m convinced he had her murdered. But I don’t think that’s the whole story. There’s more. I can feel it,” I

said, staring off into the distance.

“I believe you. I’ll organize some scouts and send them to survey the territory. If they confirm the area is

truly deserted, we’ll go there ourselves and search for answers,” Elias said.

“Thank you,” I told him softly.

Elias didn’t waste any time. That same day, he gathered a team of scouts and gave them detailed

instructions. They didn’t hesitate. By nightfall, they had already set off on their mission.

I was honestly surprised by how quickly people got things done around here. They moved fast, not wasting a second, eager to get to my old pack grounds and begin their sweep. As soon as the area was cleared, they were going to call Elias with an update.

But since the territory wasn’t close by, they wouldn’t be arriving until the next day at the earliest. So for

now, all I could do was wait.

Later that evening, I went along to observe another training session. Elias and Luke were both leading it,

and I stood off to the side, leaning against the building, just watching. That's when Hailey came up and

stood beside me.

"Why don't I ever see you out there training?" I asked her.

"Because I'm pregnant," she replied casually. "Elias banned me from participating. He's worried I'll get

injured."

"I didn't realize you had a mate," I said, a little surprised.

"I don't," she replied, glancing over at the training field. "I'm going to raise the baby on my own. It happens. I made a poor decision, and now here we are."

"I'm sorry. Does the father even know?" I asked her gently.

"He knows. But he doesn't want to be involved. I've accepted it," she said simply. Then, shifting the

subject, she added, "So, what about that shopping trip we mentioned?"

"I'm not sure. There's a lot happening right now, and everything feels so uncertain," I said with a sigh.

"Yeah, I get that. But when you're ready, let me know. I'll talk to Elias and sort something out," she said

with a small smile.

"Sure," I replied. She turned and walked away, and I kept my eyes on her as she did. I noticed her glance toward the warriors still in the middle of training, though I couldn't tell exactly who she was looking at.

I figured it must've been the father of the baby, though, like she said, he didn't want any part in raising it.

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That was going to be difficult for her, especially in a pack like this one. Everyone here seemed so tightly connected, like family. Still, I respected her. If she was determined to go through with this all on her own,

that took strength.

I didn't get the sense that she didn't want the baby. It wasn't like that at all. She was just going to be raising it alone. And right then, I made up my mind—I was going to help her however I could. I knew she would

probably need support.

When I got back to the house, I went straight to the kitchen and began making dinner. Elias and Luke

arrived not long after I started.

They both went off to clean themselves up, and by the time they came back out, dinner was hot and ready.

We all sat down together at the table to eat.

"This is exactly what we needed. Thanks, Lyra," Luke said gratefully.

"Don't mention it. You guys have been working hard with the warriors all night," I told him.

"Yeah, I've been thinking about giving them a few days off. With everything that's been happening lately,

especially after the attack from Damon's pack, they could use the rest."

"Well, I doubt those assholes will be launching another attack anytime soon," I said.

"No. I don't think so either," he agreed.

"How's your training going?" Luke asked me.

"We keep having to pause whenever something new happens around here. But we're making progress-

slowly but surely," I replied.

“That’s good to hear. You’ll be in fighting condition before long. Especially with Elias as your trainer,” he

said with a nod.

“Yeah. That’s the goal,” I said, then paused. “Actually, I was talking to Hailey earlier. She told me she’s

pregnant, and that the father doesn’t want to be involved. Do you guys know who he is?” I asked. As soon

as I did, the two of them exchanged a quick, somewhat awkward glance.

“That’s really not our place to say,” Elias said cautiously.

“Fair enough,” I responded. “I was just thinking maybe we could throw her a baby shower or something. If

she’s going to do this on her own, it might help take off some of the financial burden. All the stuff a baby needs can be expensive.”

“I think that’s a very thoughtful idea,” Luke said. “Have you asked Hailey about it yet?”

“No, not yet,” I admitted.

“Well, maybe talk to her first. See if that’s something she’s interested in before planning anything,” Luke advised.

“Alright. I’ll do that,” I said with a nod.

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“Do you know how long a werewolf pregnancy usually lasts?” he asked me.

“I know it’s shorter than a human pregnancy, but I’m not sure of the exact length,” I replied.

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“It’s about four months total,” Elias explained. “She’s not really showing much yet, but she’s already around

seven or eight weeks along.”

“So, she’s close to halfway through. Four months is only sixteen weeks,” I pointed out.

“Exactly. She probably should be showing by now, but she’s been wearing a lot of loose clothes lately. That’s likely why you haven’t noticed anything,” Luke said.

“Yeah. That makes sense,” I agreed.

After dinner, I stayed behind to do the dishes and clean up the kitchen. Once everything was spotless, I took a shower and then went to the spare bedroom, where Elias was already sitting up in bed going through some paperwork for the pack.

I climbed into bed beside him and spent a few minutes scrolling on my phone. Then I let it fall onto the

mattress and turned to look at him.

“Luke’s the father, isn’t he?” I asked suddenly.

“Why do you think that?” Elias responded, not looking up right away.

“Because of the look you gave each other when I asked. It was strange. And I know you know more than

you’re letting on,” I said directly.

“I do know more,” he admitted. “But honestly, it’s none of our business. Even as Alpha and Luna, that kind

of thing is personal. It’s Hailey’s story to tell.”

“Alright. If that’s how you feel,” I said, letting it drop for now.

The next morning, I was feeling restless. I started cleaning the entire house from top to bottom to keep myself busy. Then finally, Elias came into the bathroom where I was scrubbing the floor.

“Lyra,” he said. “They just called. The whole pack’s abandoned. There’s no one left.”

“Is the packhouse still standing?” I asked immediately.

“Yeah,” he said with a nod.

“When are we leaving?” I asked, already feeling the adrenaline spike.

“Whenever you’re ready,” he said.

"I'll go get changed," I told him, heading straight for my room.

We were leaving now.

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Once Elias had gathered a group to join us, we met in the center of the pack, where he went over the plan with them. They were to guard the packhouse in case there were any stray wolves still hiding nearby. Elias and I, however, would be inside the packhouse, and we'd need them to cover our backs.

After that, we all got into the vehicles and headed toward the territory where I used to live.

Elias and I were seated in the third car of the convoy, and during the entire ride, I remained mostly silent.

I wasn't sure whether my father had taken the time to clear out the packhouse properly or if he had rushed his departure. I had no clue if his office had been emptied or if the things I needed had been taken with

him.

There was a chance he had forgotten about them entirely, or maybe those things had never even existed in the first place. I really had no way of knowing. But I understood that I had to go and see it for myself. I hated the feeling of not knowing where he had gone, so I was hoping to find something that could give me a clue about his current whereabouts.

He was hiding out somewhere secret, just like we were. But I'd never heard of any hidden place before, and I definitely hadn't seen anything in that pack besides the packhouse itself.

If my dad owned any additional properties, he'd kept them a secret from me, never letting anything slip in

my presence.

"How much did you know Holt?" Elias asked me.

"I never actually spoke to him. I saw him out training a few times when I was watching through the packhouse window. That's how I recognized who he was. I didn't meet anyone else from the pack. Only

my dad and his new wife.” I replied.

“She’s quite a bit younger than your father.”

“And I think she’s pregnant. That might explain why they ran—he probably doesn’t want you chasing after

him.” I said.

“That would add up. But why do you think she’s pregnant? I doubt he would’ve shared that kind of news

with you.”

“He didn’t. I just overheard some things. And honestly, I don’t care if she’s having a baby. Maybe he’ll finally get the son he always wanted to inherit the pack.”

“That would still make the baby your sibling,” he said.

“That has nothing to do with me. I’m not part of that pack anymore, and I want nothing to do with any

future children my father might have. As long as he and Sofia are raising them, they’ll never even know I

exist.” I told him.

“Yeah, that makes sense,” he said.

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“I’m sure he’ll treat them way better than he ever treated me. He needed me to be weak, obedient, and

easy to control because he wanted to exploit my power. That won’t be the case with any new kids he has.”

I said.

“Do you really believe we’ll find something at the house?” he asked.

“I can’t say for sure. But if I don’t look, I’ll regret it for the rest of my life.” I answered.

“Alright. Fair enough,” he said.

It took us several hours to reach my former pack, and during that whole time, the only wolves we came

across were our own scouts stationed throughout the area.

We drove all the way up to the front of the packhouse, which was completely dark. The entire place was

deserted. I had never seen it that empty before. Still, I couldn't say I was shocked.

Elias and I stepped out of the vehicle, and he immediately instructed his warriors to stay on high alert. He

didn't want to risk a surprise if my father had left anyone behind to keep tabs on the house.

So our fighters stayed posted outside, while Elias and I made our way up the steps.

The front door was locked, so Elias gave it a solid kick, forcing it open, and we both stepped inside to look around and make sure the place was truly empty.

I headed straight toward the office. That door wasn't locked, so I walked right in. The room looked fairly

neat, aside from a few scattered papers on the floor and the missing computer.

I reached over and flipped on the light switch, then walked toward the desk and lowered myself into the

chair that used to be my father's.

I started pulling open the drawers and going through the documents he had left behind, but I didn't find

anything of use.

I glanced around the office, then walked over to the filing cabinet while Elias continued to check the rest

of the house.

The filing cabinet was still filled with files containing details about all the members of the pack, and I

started flipping through them until I finally located my mother's file.

I pulled the file out and sat down at the desk, switched the lamp on, and opened it.

There was a photograph of my mother stapled to the file—one I had never seen before—and I found myself

staring at it for a long time.

She looked quite young in the picture. But the file had everything related to her: her birth certificate, personal details—everything.

She originally belonged to another pack but had moved here after finding her mate at eighteen. She came to this pack to become the Luna.

I was born not long after, and then the file noted that my father started becoming suspicious that my

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mother was cheating on him.

More Rewards >

He doubted I was really his and believed she was secretly meeting with the man he suspected to be my actual father. The file even named someone—Finn Corwin.

That alone proved she hadn't died giving birth to me. I picked the folder up in both hands, and just then, a sudden chill ran through me. I could see both of my parents standing in the same room.

They looked much younger, and I was lying in a bassinet at the far side of the room, just a couple months

old.

"Quit lying to me, Rowan. I know you're cheating with that scumbag. Just admit it!" my father shouted at

her.

"You've lost your mind. You hear yourself right now?" my mother shouted back.

"I'm not crazy. You just won't admit that brat over there isn't even mine!" Dad roared.

“She’s yours, of course she is! I’m your mate. I carry your mark. If I were having an affair, don’t you think you’d be able to tell?” Mom screamed.

“Maybe you used your magic to cover it all up,” Dad snarled. And my mother gave him a strange, confused look. “Oh yeah. I know everything about you, your majesty. The last surviving bloodline of the royal

werewolves. I know the truth,” he said.

“And why are you only saying this now?” she asked him.

“Because I waited for you to come clean. But you were never going to, were you?” he accused.

“No, I wasn’t. Because that life doesn’t mean anything to me. I’m not royalty. I don’t even claim that side of the family. We don’t live in the castle anymore—it just sits there, abandoned. No one’s lived in it for decades. We became targets, so we left that life behind. We live like regular wolves now. We don’t tell anyone who we used to be because we don’t see ourselves that way anymore,” my mother shouted.

“Well, you’ve still got those powers. I’ve seen you use them. And she’s your daughter. There’s no question. She’ll have all the same powers as you,” Dad snapped.

“Stay away from Lyra. She has nothing to do with any of this,” my mom growled.

“Then you’ll do what I say. Or she’ll be the one who suffers for it,” my father growled back.

“Don’t you dare lay a hand on her!” my mother screamed, lunging toward me, trying to take me from the

bassinet—but my father caught her mid-step and slapped her across the face, then threw her hard into the

wall.

When she tried to summon her power to fight back, he punched her again and slammed her head into the wall, knocking her out cold.

He then called for his Beta, ordering him to take her away and make it look like a rogue attack. Both her and the baby.

[More Rewards >](#)

I snapped back to reality, sitting in the dimly lit room by myself, staring down at the file in my hands—and

everything I saw, everything I remembered, it was all true. My father really had her killed.

He wanted to steal her powers, but she had been protecting me—and that's what got her murdered.

I was still lost in thought, holding the file, when someone suddenly grabbed me from behind and yanked

me out of the chair.

Instinct took over—I threw my head back and slammed it into his face, then spun and smacked him with

the back of my hand. As I turned fully, I kicked him in the stomach with such force that he flew backward

and crashed through the closed window behind me.

“Lyra!” Elias shouted, bursting into the room.

He approached carefully, walked over to the broken window, and looked down. The man lay on the ground, completely still, blood covering him from the shattered glass and broken window frame.

“Where in the world did you learn to do that?” Elias asked, stunned.

“I have no idea,” I replied.

[The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 45](#)

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 45

We came to the conclusion that Dad had indeed left a few of his warriors behind, and those warriors were now actively searching for them. They were combing through the entire town.

“Dad wrote notes in this,” I said. “He suspected that my mom was cheating on him and believed that he wasn't my biological father. I really want that to be true.” I added. “But then he knocked her out cold and gave his Beta the order to eliminate her and make it

look like it was a rogue attack. He also told the Beta to take me, but clearly something changed, and he didn't follow through." I said.

"All of that was actually written down in the documents?" Elias asked.

"Oh, no. I saw it all in a vision while I was holding the file," I explained.

"That's odd, but honestly, with you, I'm not even surprised anymore," he said.

I returned to the filing cabinet and searched for my own file, and then I looked for one on Finn Corwin—but there was nothing. He didn't have any file in there. I figured that meant he was never a member of this

pack.

I started pacing around the room, placing my hands on every surface I could, hoping one of them might trigger another vision. But nothing happened. I didn't get any more flashes, which was disappointing. At least, until I came to a painting hanging on the wall. I had seen it countless times before and had always hated it. It was a portrait of my father, trying to look dominant and powerful, dressed in a fancy three-piece suit. The image he projected to everyone—everyone except me. I yanked it off the wall and hurled it across the room, where it shattered into pieces as it hit the opposite wall.

"Lyra," Elias said behind me.

"What?" I replied, glancing over at him. He was staring past me, eyes fixed on something.

I turned around to see what he was looking at, and there it was—a goddamn safe embedded in the wall.

"You've got to be kidding me. That son of a b***h," I muttered. Elias walked over to check if he could open it, but it was too well-secured. He couldn't get through it on his own. So I raised my palm and pressed it firmly against the surface of the safe.

I could sense a bit of energy beginning to stir within me, but it wasn't strong enough yet to break through

the metal.

Then I felt Noir begin to rise to the surface with me.

"Don't stop now, Lyra. You can do this," Noir encouraged. I felt the power build inside of me, growing more

intense, until there was so much heat generated that the safe's metal hinges began to liquefy, and the door collapsed from the frame.

I fell backward, trying to catch my breath as Noir faded back into my mind.

"Your eyes were glowing, too," Elias said, quickly wrapping his arms around my waist to steady me in case

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I fell.

"That was Noir," I said.

"I figured as much," he replied.

More Rewards

I stepped back toward the now-open safe and discovered a pile of documents stacked neatly inside.

"Oh my god... these are about the royal bloodline," I said, flipping through one of the notebooks.

"What exactly do you mean?" he asked.

"It's about the rest of the royal family. My mom wasn't the last. He had information about where they all

are. Distant relations," I told him.

"He's planning to wipe them all out," Elias said grimly. I glanced at him, feeling a pit form in my stomach. I didn't want to lose any remaining family I might still have out there. But the notebook looked aged, like it had been locked in that safe for a long time. We couldn't tell whether he'd already found them or not.

Then I found another file and pulled it out—it had Finn Corwin's name printed clearly on the front.

I flipped it open, and while there wasn't a photo inside, it contained data about where he had been. Every place he had lived. He moved constantly. I got the sense he wasn't affiliated with any pack. That could

only mean one thing—he must be a rogue.

Maybe he hadn't become a rogue yet when my mother knew him.

That would definitely make it a lot more difficult for us to find him now.

"Do you actually think he might be your father?" Elias asked.

"I honestly don't know. I've never even seen him. I don't have anything that makes me think he is," I said.

"Come on, they're already aware that we're here. We can't stay much longer," he said.

"I know. But something else has to be here, something I haven't found yet. All I learned was that Dad really

did kill my mother. I need more than just that," I said.

"I get it. This must be infuriating. Your father was hiding a lot," he said.

"I know. And I need to find out everything he was keeping secret," I said.

"Well, here's a contract. It's between him and the black witch," Elias said, holding it out for me.

"That doesn't shock me. We already knew she was involved," I said.

I leaned back into Dad's chair and scanned the room again. I tried to picture what he was doing in here for

so many hours day after day.

I was hoping I'd get some kind of feeling or idea, but there was nothing. Nothing came to me at all.

I stood up and walked upstairs to his bedroom, then stepped inside.

The room was empty. No clothes, no personal things, nothing left behind—but just like the hidden safe

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earlier, I was sure there was something else.

More Rewards

I started searching the wardrobe and noticed one of the boards on the wall was loose. I began kicking at it until it gave way, and behind it, there was a box hidden inside the wall.

I pulled the box out and sat down on the bed, opening it to look through the contents.

There were pictures of my mother holding me when I was a baby, along with a few other personal keepsakes like that. But beneath them, I found a bundle of letters addressed to my mother—Rowan.

I opened one of the envelopes, but there wasn't a letter inside. Instead, there were photographs of my father. He was meeting someone secretly in the woods, and whoever took the pictures had clearly sent

them to my mother.

He looked like he was doing something shady. I didn't recognize any of the other people in the images.

There were more envelopes just like it. My mom had been keeping tabs on him, but I didn't know why.

They seemed like business meetings—but they were being held out in the woods, and that made them

suspicious.

"Let's go. More of your dad's warriors are approaching. We've got to get out now," Elias said, suddenly

reentering the room in a rush.

I grabbed everything I'd found, and we ran downstairs. Elias got me to the car, and we drove off with our

warriors, not looking back.

"What do you think those photos are about?" he asked me.

"I think they mean that my mom knew something was wrong. That she knew my dad was hiding

something," I said.

"What do you think he was involved in back then?" Elias asked.

"I don't know. But we have to identify the people in those pictures," I said. Elias took one of the photos

from me and studied it closely while driving.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"The man on the left," Elias said, handing the photo back to me.

"You recognize him?" I asked.

"Yeah. That's my f*****g father," Elias said, jaw clenched tightly.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 46

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When we got back to the pack, we went straight to Luke's house, but I paused for a moment to glance at the progress on our own house that was still under construction. They were making real headway with it. I had a strong sense that we'd be moving back in within the next couple of days.

As soon as we stepped inside Luke's place, Elias went straight to the computer and began sifting through

his own files. Thankfully, Luke had kept backups of everything the Alpha had worked on, in case anything

ever got destroyed. That way, there was always another copy available.

I noticed Elias digging into some really old documents—stuff that dated back to the time when he had still been living with his father. It looked like files he wasn't supposed to have, maybe stolen from his dad, but I

didn't say anything.

While he was locked in and fully focused on what was on the computer screen at the kitchen table, I

started preparing something for us to eat.

I saw him highlighting bits and pieces on the screen—things that clearly seemed significant to him. And honestly, I was a little scared to ask what he was discovering.

We ended up eating together in silence, and afterward, I cleaned the kitchen before heading off for a

shower.

Once I'd changed into my pajamas, I sat on the bed and began looking through all the things I had taken

from the packhouse.

I was trying hard to make sense of it all, but at the moment it just looked like a chaotic collection of clues. I knew there was something critical I wasn't seeing yet. Something essential to the bigger picture.

My mom had been having my dad followed. He was holding secret meetings. He had accused her of cheating. He'd even had meetings with Elias's dad. He murdered her the moment he realized she intended to use her powers against him rather than for him. She had been trying to protect me. So he locked me away in order to harness my powers for his own gain.

What the hell am I overlooking?

There was a gap in the logic. Something wasn't adding up no matter how I looked at it.

I went back to Finn Corwin's file and started scanning the places where my father had supposedly tracked him. But then it struck me—what if my dad hadn't been tracking him as an enemy? What if he had actually been monitoring his movements because Finn was working for him?

I asked Luke if I could use his computer, and he agreed. So I took it and typed in the name "Finn Corwin."

Luke told me that I'd need to get onto the dark web to find anything real. I admitted I didn't know how to do that, so he did it for me. If I was trying to locate a werewolf, the dark web was the only place to look.

Once he got me in, I typed "Finn Corwin" into the search bar, and results came up instantly. Tons of them.

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Turned out that name was just an alias.

More Rewards

I kept digging, trying to find anything else on Finn Corwin. From what I could tell, he was pretty wealthy. Donating to lots of charities, coming off as a model citizen in the human world.

But no matter how much I searched, there were no photos of him anywhere, and that was driving me

insane.

Then someone else logged on to the dark web and sent me a private message through a separate link.

FOREBODE28 – Why are you investigating Finn Corwin?

ME- That's my business.

FOREBODE28 – You should be careful with what you're digging into. If you open this can of worms, you

might not like what comes out.

ME – Do you know him or not? If you don't, stop wasting my time. I already know Finn Corwin is a fake

name. I need his real one.

FOREBODE28 – He's got some very powerful friends.

ME- I'm trying to take one of those powerful friends down.

FOREBODE28 – That's a huge mistake.

ME – It's either I take him down first, or he kills me. I need to find him to survive.

FOREBODE28 – Are you the daughter that escaped?

ME – What daughter? What the hell are you talking about?

I motioned for Elias to come over to the couch, needing him to see what was unfolding on the screen. Someone was talking to me about Finn—and more disturbingly, about a daughter. I had to play dumb, acting like I had no clue what he was referring to. I couldn't risk revealing that I was that daughter, not when there was even the slightest chance they could trace our location. Even though Luke's computer was packed with encryption and spyware protections, I wasn't taking any chances.

FOREBODE28: His friend's daughter escaped. They've been trying to find her. She's in serious danger. If you're digging around, you need to be extremely careful.

ME: Who is Finn Corwin?

FOREBODE28: Declan Wolfe.

I froze. That name hit me like a brick. I looked over at Elias.

"That has to be wrong," Elias said immediately.

"It actually makes sense," I replied. "I couldn't find a single photo of Finn anywhere."

"But... it said your mother was having an affair with him. Your father believed Finn was your real dad."

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"Well, let's pray to the f*****g goddess that he was dead wrong," I muttered,

"He was wrong." Elias growled, voice sharp and trembling. "There's no f*****g way I'm mated to my sister."

Elias shot up from the couch and stormed out of the room, slamming the bedroom door behind him so hard that I jumped. Honestly, I was surprised he didn't tear it right off the hinges.

"He's not just mad about the fake name," Luke said quietly. "He's pissed because his father had a second

life."

"That's generous of you," I said flatly. "But we both know that's not the real reason."

I shut the laptop, then grabbed Elias's phone off the table. I called Dr. Eris immediately

"I need a DNA test," I told her. "As soon as possible."

She promised to be here first thing in the morning.

Luke, running on almost no sleep for days, headed off to bed not long after. But I didn't want to go into that room with Elias—not when he was in that state. The energy coming off him was volatile, too angry to

deal with right now.

So I quietly grabbed my jacket and slipped out the back door, making sure not to alert anyone.

I wandered a short way into the woods. Not far enough to reach the patrolling warriors, but far enough

that the house couldn't see me.

I sat on the forest floor, legs crossed, hands on my knees. I inhaled deeply, focusing on steadying my

breath.

"Noir," I called softly. "Are you there?"

"I'm always here, Lyra," came her voice, calm and reassuring. "Elias will come around. The mate bond is too strong. He won't reject you."

"I don't want to talk about that," I said firmly.

"I'm here for whatever you need," she offered gently.

"You know what powers I have. I need to learn how to control them. All of them. In both forms—human and wolf. Can you help me with that? Because right now, I don't have anyone else."

"Of course," she said. "I know everything you're capable of. I'll help you master it."

"Good. I want to start now. I need something to keep my mind busy."

"All right. We begin with meditation. Clear your mind completely. Don't think about Elias, or his father, or

yours. Not even your mother. Let it all go. Deep breaths."

I followed her instructions, closing my eyes and focusing solely on my breathing—slow and steady. My thoughts began to slip away, one by one, until I was floating in stillness. It was like falling into a waking sleep. Peaceful. Empty.

"Open your eyes," Noir said at last.

I did. And there, standing before me, was a luminous white wolf with a black star marking her chest.

“Noir,” I whispered, stunned.

“That’s right,” she said—out loud, with her actual voice, not through the mind link.

“We’ve separated,” I said slowly.

“Yeah,” she replied, smiling. “Another thing you didn’t know we could do.”

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“This feels completely unreal,” I said, staring in disbelief at Noir.

“I know it does,” she replied. “But this form lets me train you more effectively. Are you ready for that?”

“Yes,” I answered without hesitation.

“Good. Keep focusing. What we’re working on now is your power. And for that, you don’t need me—you need to find it inside yourself,” she explained.

“It’s part of my royal heritage,” I said quietly.

“You are the last living descendant of the royal bloodline,” she confirmed. “That makes you the one who inherited all the power. Even if other relatives exist, they don’t have what you have. They’re just werewolves—nothing more.”

“So, I have to rely solely on myself to master these abilities,” I said.

“Unfortunately, yes. But I’ll guide you as best I can. Now, stretch your hand out in front of you.”

I lifted my hand, palm down, and extended it in front of me. I closed my eyes, trying to center my thoughts, paying close attention to everything Noir was saying.

I had to search deep within myself. At first, it would be challenging, but with time, it would get easier—

once I’d unlocked the power within.

Suddenly, I felt the earth beneath me start to tremble. I flinched, but Noir calmly told me it was part of the process. It meant I was doing it right, and there was nothing to be afraid of.

I pushed deeper into my concentration, and then the roots of the nearby tree began to rise from the soil. They looked alive—moving in sync with my hand, reacting to my every motion. I had control.

“This is incredible,” I murmured, standing up, experimenting by making them twist and shift further.

When I finally lowered my hand again, the roots obediently sank back into the ground, returning to their

original place.

“You have dominion over all the natural elements—earth, air, fire, water. All of them,” Noir said. “You just need to learn to harness that control. Once you do, nothing will stand in your way.”

“I want to try something else. What else can you show me?” I asked eagerly.

“I think it’s better if we take this step by step,” she replied. I stood silently for a moment, glancing toward

the house, then back at her.

“I can’t go back in there. Not right now,” I admitted.

“I know it’s overwhelming. But you and Elias can get through whatever comes your way,” she reassured

1. me.

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“I wish I could believe that,” I said.

More Rewards >

I didn’t know how long I’d been out there in the forest training, but it must’ve been a while. Suddenly, I heard Elias yelling my name in the distance.

I jumped up and turned as he burst through the trees, spotting me standing next to Noir—my wolf in her separate form.

“That’s enough for tonight,” Noir said before vanishing. I felt her essence return to me, merging back into

my body.

“What the hell?” Elias demanded, his face full of confusion.

“I have to learn how to use my powers,” I told him. “Noir was helping me figure it out.”

“You shouldn’t be out here alone after dark,” he scolded.

“I stayed within the border. And I never lost sight of the house,” I replied.

“Still, why are you doing this in the middle of the night?” he asked.

“I didn’t think you wanted me in the house with you,” I said softly. He exhaled heavily.

“I’m not angry at you. None of this is your fault. Whatever happened between our parents—that’s on them.

And if it turns out my father really did this, I swear I’ll kill him. But none of that changes how I feel about

you.”

“I called the doctor,” I said. “She’s coming in the morning. We’re getting a DNA test. I need to know for

sure.”

“Alright,” he nodded. “But come back inside. You scared the hell out of me disappearing like that.”

We walked back to the house together. Once inside, I grabbed a blanket and settled on the couch to watch

a movie.

Elias glanced at me before quietly heading to the spare bedroom. We both understood that this was what

made the most sense for now.

The next morning, I was outside sipping on a coffee when a woman passed by carrying a baby, trying to

soothe him.

“Hello, Luna,” she greeted warmly.

“Hi. You’re Stephanie, right?” I asked.

“That’s me. I’m surprised to see you up so early. Word was you’d been gone a few days—and barely got any

sleep.”

“No, we didn’t go back to my old pack. I’m still here,” I replied. “But honestly, I’m not all that tired. How old

is your baby?”

“He’s four weeks,” she said with a tired smile. “And he makes sure I never forget it. Sleeps like a catnapper

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-barely at all.”

“That sounds exhausting. Do you want me to hold him for a while?” I offered.

“Would you really? That would be amazing,” she said.

More Rewards >

“Of course, I don’t mind,” I said, and she stepped up onto the porch, gently placing the baby into my arms.

“Thank you so much. I’ve had him in my arms so long I swear my whole side has gone numb,” she said with a sigh.

“So he doesn’t really sleep, huh?” I asked, rocking him gently.

“Very rarely. And when he does, I’ve always got chores or something else demanding my time. I can’t ever catch up on rest,” she said.

“Forget the chores. Sleep whenever you get the chance. Everything else can wait,” I said.

“I wish it worked like that. But things around here don’t slow down. My mate’s one of the top warriors, so we’re always hosting people, always busy,” she explained.

“That’s rough. But if you ever need a little breather, feel free to drop him off here. I don’t mind watching

him at all,” I told her.

“That really means a lot. Thank you,” she said, genuinely grateful.

“Anytime,” I said.

Just then, Hailey appeared, walking toward us. “Hey, Lyra.”

“Hey. How are you holding up?” I asked.

“Feeling bigger by the day,” she joked.

“I bet you are,” I replied with a small laugh.

Luke came out the front door then, and Hailey glanced at him for a moment before turning away and

heading back toward her house.

“I’ve got training now. Do you need anything before I go, Lyra?” Luke asked.

“No, I’m alright,” I answered.

“Okay. I’ll check in later,” he said, then walked off.

“Why would Luke just turn his back on his own child like that?” I asked aloud.

“What?” Stephanie said, caught off guard.

“No one’s actually confirmed it, but I’ve put two and two together. Luke’s the baby’s father. You can just tell by how the guys act around her,” I said.

“Well, I should be getting this little guy home. Diaper change is due,” Stephanie said, reaching out to take the baby.

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“Just remember what I said. If you ever need rest, I’m here. I’d be happy to help,” I told her.

“I’ll keep that in mind. Thanks again,” she said.

“Of course,” I said.

Mote Rewards >

After she left, I went back inside. Elias was just coming down the stairs as I sat at the table, staring out of

the window, lost in thought.

Something was off. Everyone in this pack had been acting strangely around me. Maybe the idea of having royalty in their pack wasn't something they welcomed.

The arrival of Dr. Eris brought a wave of relief. She quickly collected blood samples from both Elias and me, promising to expedite the process. She said we'd have the results in a day or two—she'd personally

ensure they were prioritized.

I thanked her for doing this, and she replied that it was no trouble. She knew this was a matter that needed resolving urgently.

After the doctor left, Elias stayed quiet. With nothing left to say, I quietly slipped out the back door again

and made my way into the woods.

I sensed Elias watching me from the window, but I didn't let it bother me. I went back to the same clearing

where I had trained the night before and sat down on the earth.

Closing my eyes, I began to breathe deeply, focusing on calming my mind. Noir was still with me, but this

time she stayed within my thoughts, guiding me silently.

I didn't want to risk anyone else seeing her—especially not in her separated form.

I raised both hands and started circling them around each other slowly, feeling a pulse of energy growing

between them. I could hear the faint crackle of electricity building, my breathing becoming heavier as I

tried to keep control over it—it was proving difficult.

Noir's voice echoed in my mind, encouraging me to hold on, to stay focused, to keep it stable. She

believed I could do it.

Suddenly, I heard a twig snap behind me. Instinctively, I spun around, and the ball of energy between my

hands flew out before I could stop it. Elias ducked just in time, and the bolt hit a tree directly behind him.

The tree collapsed with a crash, and Elias turned to look at it in shock before turning back to me, his face

filled with stunned disbelief.

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Elias POV

It was pretty clear to me at this point that Lyra's wolf was helping her unlock more of her powers—and honestly, I thought that was amazing. Well, amazing until it nearly took my head off.

Yeah, okay, maybe sneaking up on her wasn't the smartest move I've ever made. But I was curious about what she was doing, and when I spotted that glowing energy forming in her hands, I couldn't help but get closer. I should've been more cautious and definitely avoided scaring her the way I did.

"I'm really sorry," Lyra said, her voice shaky and her eyes wide with worry.

Damn. She thought I was mad. She thought she was in trouble.

"It's okay. Seriously. Don't be sorry. I was the one who crept up on you. And honestly, what you were doing looked incredible," I told her, stepping toward her, though I noticed her flinch slightly at my approach.

"I was just experimenting, seeing what I can actually do. Noir's been showing me all the things I'm capable of. She says this is only beginner stuff. That kind of freaks me out—thinking about what the more advanced things might be," she explained.

"I can't wait to see what else you'll be able to do," I said.

"I doubt I'll still be around for that," she replied softly, lowering her gaze. I moved in closer, placing a hand gently on her cheek to lift her face so she would look at me.

"What are you talking about—not being here?" I asked her.

"If the test results show something we don't want, then we can't be mates. You already know that," she said, pulling away slightly.

"I don't care what those results say," I said firmly.

"Do you really want your entire pack to find out that you're bonded to your half-sister?" she asked, watching me carefully.

"I don't give a damn what the pack thinks. If they've got a problem, they can deal with it. But if you'd rather keep it quiet, then we'll keep it between us. Unless... are you uncomfortable with it?" I asked her directly.

"I'm not sure. I never pictured myself ending up with a mate at all. So finding out my mate might be my brother? That's a lot. I'm still trying to figure out how I'm supposed to feel, she admitted.

"Maybe we're overthinking it. Let's wait for Dr. Eris to come back with the results. When she does, we'll handle whatever comes-together. But until then, let's distract ourselves a bit. We should do some regular training. And by regular, I mean the kind where I don't nearly get electrocuted," I said. She cracked a smile at that, and agreed.

We both went to change and then headed out to another clearing, just the two of us, and got started on

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some basic training again—combat drills. And pretty much right away, I regretted the decision.

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I should've been better prepared after witnessing her knock that guy out cold at her dad's packhouse.

She didn't even break a sweat when she knocked him unconscious through a window. That was something else entirely. I don't know what kind of power the moon goddess gave her that day, but it turned her into something unreal.

She was definitely flexing that strength today too. I landed a couple of hits, sure, but she was handing me my ass without much effort.

I figured that from here on out, her focus should really be on honing her magic, because her physical fighting skills were already ahead of the curve. Especially considering she'd

never had proper training and the moon goddess had basically handed those skills to her.

Not that I was envious or anything.

She'd be a major strength to the pack, no question about it.

Still, it didn't seem entirely fair that the rest of us had to bust our asses to gain the same ground.

After we wrapped up training, we went inside. Lyra took her shower first, and then I headed in for mine

once she was done.

I was honestly taken aback by how far along our house had come—it was nearly finished now, with just the final touches being added. It looked like we'd be able to move back in within a couple of days.

Going away to Lyra's former pack must've made time pass quicker than I realized. We'd been gone for several days, and when we returned, the progress was shocking.

That trip had been a useful distraction from everything, but the second Lyra stepped out of the shower, she went straight back to the laptop and logged into the dark web again.

She was relentless in her search for answers, and I couldn't fault her for that. After all, her father had spent her entire life abusing and torturing her. If anyone had a right to want revenge—or closure—it was her.

While she was working, I went in to take a shower, and my mind was racing with thoughts of my own.

Something didn't sit right with me—why had we been summoned to that pack in the first place, especially considering her father already had dark witches and other dangerous allies under his command? What did

he need us for? Why pretend he needed help strengthening his warriors when clearly they were already

being enhanced some other way?

Yeah, back then, the warriors were a disaster. But looking at everything now, I couldn't shake the suspicion

that we'd been set up. And if Lyra hadn't been my mate, I had this gut feeling he would've tried to drag us into whatever twisted scheme he was plotting.

Most likely, he'd intended to use us as tools in some plan to conquer other wolf packs or even attempt some larger power grab.

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But I'd thrown a wrench in that plan when I ran off with his daughter—the most powerful weapon he had.

That must've ruined everything he had in motion.

When I got out of the shower, Lyra was still on the computer, clearly still trying to dig something up. But I could see the frustration written all over her face. She looked completely drained.

I quickly made something simple for us to eat, and we ended up sitting in silence while we ate again.

Then, all of a sudden, she blurted out, "Holy shit."

"What is it?" I asked, startled.

"I just stumbled across a hidden site my father used to talk with someone else," she replied, eyes wide.

"Who was he talking to?" I asked.

"Neil's dad—the one I was supposed to marry so he could take over our pack," she explained.

"Okay... and why does that matter?" I asked, not following yet.

"You know how people say once something is online, it never truly disappears?" she said, raising an

eyebrow.

"Yeah, I've heard that. You can always dig stuff up again if you look hard enough," I replied.

"Well, I just found a string of messages—really old ones. They're from years before that arranged marriage

ever happened. According to the timestamps, I would've been about five years old," she said. "And in those messages, it talks about Rowan spying on my dad after she found out he was trying to make

contact with a black witch. She must've figured out that something was seriously wrong and wanted to

gather as much dirt on him as she could. And guess whose name came up again—Finn. That's your father's alias."

"Yeah... I still don't get what you're saying," I said, trying to connect the dots.

"I think your dad used the name 'Finn' specifically to deal with mine. He was secretly helping my mom try

to bring my father down," she said carefully.

"There's no way he would've done something like that out of the goodness of his heart," I scoffed.

"What if he was in love with her?" Lyra asked quietly.

"In that case, yeah, he absolutely would've. He always went overboard for women. He was pathetic like

that," I admitted without hesitation.

"It still doesn't explain everything—especially not our situation—but it does explain how they would've

known each other," she said.

"Yeah, that part makes sense now," I said, standing up and starting to clear the table.

"Elias, can I ask you something?" she said, her voice suddenly serious.

"Of course. Anything," I answered.

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"How long are you planning to keep pretending that Hailey's baby isn't yours?" she asked calmly.

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The dishes slipped from my hands and crashed to the floor, shattering everywhere, as I spun around to

face her—completely stunned by how casually she was looking at me from across the table.

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Lyra POV

I stared at Elias, who stood frozen in the middle of the kitchen, surrounded by shattered glass all over the

floor.

“Who the hell told you that?” he finally asked, his voice low but tense.

“No one told me,” I replied steadily. “They didn’t have to. At first, I thought it was Luke’s baby. But there’s no

reason for him not to be in her life or the baby’s. You, though—you do have a reason. Me.”

“You figured it out on your own?” he asked, sounding more surprised than anything else.

“That, and the fact that everyone around me starts acting really awkward whenever I bring up the baby,” I

said. “And it only gets worse when I say that it’s Luke’s.”

“S**t,” he muttered. “Look, there’s no actual proof it’s mine. She just said it was. I don’t even know for sure.

And back then—before I met you—there were a lot of girls coming and going through my house.”

“I know that. I’m not naive, Elias. I just want to understand—why did you lie to me? Why didn’t you trust me enough to just tell me the truth from the start?” I asked, my voice tight with frustration.

“Because I was scared,” he admitted, his shoulders dropping slightly. “I was terrified you’d leave me. And I thought maybe you’d believe that I’d put that baby before us... like he’d become heir to the pack or

something.”

“That hadn’t even crossed my mind,” I said, shaking my head slowly. “All I’ve been focused on is the lie. I never expected you to be celibate. I know you’ve had other women before me—probably a lot. And I’ve come to terms with that. But what I can’t wrap my head around is why you kept lying, even after I asked

directly.”

“I just... I didn’t know how to tell you. I didn’t want to hurt you. Like I said, I was scared of losing you. I’m still scared of losing you,” he said, voice cracking just a little.

Right then, Luke walked through the front door, immediately halting when he saw the mess and the tension thick in the air. He clearly wasn’t sure if he should even be here.

“It’s okay, Luke,” I said quickly. “I was just heading out to train.” I pushed back from the table and made my way out the back door, heading straight into the woods.

I heard them start talking again behind me, but I quickened my pace until their voices faded. I didn’t want

to hear Elias’s excuses. I didn’t want to listen to any more explanations that came too late.

Mates were supposed to mean everything to each other. But if I truly meant that much to him, he wouldn’t have kept such a huge lie from me. Hiding the fact that he might have a child with another woman—and letting me think it was Luke’s baby? That was beyond cruel. That was betrayal.

I knew I needed a clear head for what I was planning to do tonight, but clarity wasn’t going to come easily

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after what just happened.

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I stood alone in the middle of the forest, my heart pounding, my breath uneven. I could feel my emotions

bubbling right beneath the surface—ready to explode. But the worst part was, I couldn't even tell which

emotions were rising. Was it rage? Was it sorrow? Was it betrayal? I genuinely couldn't tell.

And that kind of emotional confusion? That was dangerous—especially for what I was trying to practice.

So I forced myself to admit that now wasn't the right time to work on my powers. Not like this.

"It's okay to feel hurt by this," Noir said softly in my mind. "Elias lied to you. He lied to both of us."

"Then why do I feel so jealous?" I whispered, feeling the lump in my throat growing.

"Because he's our mate," she answered calmly. "He belongs to us, just as much as we belong to him. That

connection—those instincts—they don't go away just because we're angry."

"I feel like I don't even have the right to be this pissed off just because he had a life before me," I admitted.

"It's not fair of me, is it?"

"You're completely justified in feeling jealous," Noir said firmly. "Especially when one of those women

literally tried to kill you, and now another is carrying his child. That jealousy is valid—because they're still

close to him in ways that you can't ignore. Don't suppress what you're feeling. You've spent your whole life

doing that. But you're not living under your father's control anymore. You're allowed to feel. You're allowed

to be angry with him."

"I used to get beaten whenever I got mad. I don't even remember how to be angry anymore," I admitted

quietly.

“Yes, you do,” she said. “You’re starting to feel it again right now. You just don’t recognize it, because it’s

been so long since you last let yourself feel it.”

“So what the f**k am I supposed to do with this?” I demanded. “Am I just supposed to accept it all and

move forward with Elias? Or am I supposed to reject him completely? Just tell me what I’m supposed to

do.”

“I can’t answer that for you,” she said gently.

At some point, I noticed I’d been wandering deeper into the forest without realizing it, and I didn’t want to

spend the entire night doing this.

I spotted a tree that looked easy enough to climb. I jumped up to grab the lowest branch and pulled

myself onto it, then made my way up a few more branches until I reached one that felt strong and stable. From there, I had a full view of the entire village. I leaned my head back against the trunk and sat silently, breathing.

From up here, the sky was wide open, and I stared up at the moon, wondering if the Moon Goddess might send me a sign—or anyone, really. My mother crossed my mind. But there was nothing. No voice, no warmth. Just silence.

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I had never felt so alone in my life.

I heard someone moving through the woods and I already knew it was Elias, even before his scent drifted to me. I held my breath, blocking it out, and remained completely still in the tree.

He walked slowly, scanning the area, stopping near the base of my tree. He must have picked up my scent -he knew I was close. He was going to find me soon.

"Do you not get the hint when someone wants to be alone?" I called down flatly.

He looked up and spotted me sitting there in the branches.

"I didn't expect to find you up there," he said, surprised.

"Well, here I am," I replied, not even looking down, just keeping my eyes on the sky.

"Can you please come down so we can talk?" he asked.

"I like it up here. It's quiet," I answered simply.

Instead of arguing, Elias started climbing the tree himself. He reached the same branch where I was

sitting but found a place on the opposite side, leaving space between us. He didn't sit against the trunk

like I was.

"What do you want me to do about the baby?" he asked after a pause.

"I don't know, Elias," I said honestly. "All I know is that there's a woman carrying your child, and she's going

through it alone. And somehow, that makes me feel sorry for her... even though I hate her. And I hate feeling like this—feeling both things at once."

"Look, there's a real chance that the baby isn't even mine," he said. "It could be Luke's. He was sleeping

with her around the same time I was. And she was also hooking up with a few other guys in the pack."

"Oh, well that makes me feel so much better," I said, my voice thick with sarcasm.

"I know it doesn't make the situation okay," he replied. "But she's the only one who's actually claimed the baby is mine. I'll get another DNA test done just to be sure."

"Wow. This just keeps getting more and more wonderful," I said. "People look to you and your pack for safety and leadership. I doubt they realize this place is just as screwed up as anywhere else."

"They don't," he said. "No one knows what really goes on here. And that's exactly why."

"There's a war coming," I said.

“With the witches?” he asked, looking at me closely.

“That’s what we’ve been told,” I said. “That witches will turn the humans against us because they blend in better than we do. But what if it’s not them? Werewolves can blend in just as easily.”

“You think the werewolves are the real threat?” he asked.

“I think my father is the threat,” I said. “And I think he’s using witches to carry out his orders. I don’t think

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they’re doing it by choice—just like I never had one. And I think I need to find a castle.”

“A castle?” he repeated, confused.

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“The royal castle,” I said. “It’s been empty for decades. No one’s gone near it because my mother and her family never saw themselves as royalty. They lived like ordinary werewolves, mixed in with regular packs. But the royal castle is out there. That’s where everything started. With the original royal family.”

“We would’ve heard about a place like that if it really existed,” he said.

“Exactly,” I said. “No one wanted it known. But I know it exists. And I have to find it.”

“How are you going to do that?” he asked.

“I don’t know yet,” I said. “But we also need to start recruiting.”

“You’re saying we need to bring people into the pack?” he asked.

“No,” I said. “To the castle.”

“Recruit werewolves to help fight this war. And make the castle our base,” he said.

“Exactly,” I replied.

“That’s actually a solid plan,” he said. “But we still don’t know where this castle is.”

“I’ll figure it out,” I said. “I just... can’t do it right now.”

“Why not?” he asked gently.

“Because when I use my powers, I need to be calm, focused. And I can’t be that way right now,” I told him.

“Alright,” he said quietly. “Then I’m going to sit right here with you until you know that I’m not leaving. I’m

with you—no matter what.”

“And what if I just want to be alone?” I asked.

“You’ve already spent too much of your life being alone,” he said softly. “It’s time to let someone be there for you—especially when you’re hurting. Even if that someone is the one who caused the hurt.”

I didn’t say anything. I just kept my eyes on the sky above me. He reached across the branch and gently took my hand in his. I didn’t look at him, but I didn’t pull away either. Deep down, I knew he was right. I’d spent my whole life trying to handle everything alone. With no one to lean on. But that part of my life was

ending.

Having a mate meant I wouldn’t be alone again. And no matter how hard it was to admit it, I needed to

start letting people in. Even when every part of me wanted to shut them out.

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I must have fallen asleep up in that tree, but when I woke up the next morning, I was in the spare bedroom, and Elias was lying next to me, still asleep.

I walked into the kitchen and found Luke already there, holding a cup of coffee and leaning against the counter while staring out the window at the warriors who were training.

“Morning,” he said.

“Hey. How did I end up back inside?” I asked him.

“Elias carried you in after you fell asleep,” he replied.

"I was in a damn tree. How the hell did he move me without waking me up?" I said as I poured myself

some coffee.

"You'll have to ask him that one," Luke said with a smirk.

"What are you doing today?" I asked him.

"I'm not sure. Probably training, more training, and then some more training," he said.

"Well, that sounds like the obvious schedule then," I said.

"Yeah, it kind of does," he replied. "What about you?" he asked.

"I need to start looking for a hidden castle," I told him.

"That makes absolutely no sense," he said, clearly puzzled.

"I know. But it will once I find it," I said.

"Well, good luck with that," he said.

"Thanks," I replied.

I didn't bother waiting for Elias to wake up that morning—I just got dressed and headed out into the woods alone. I realized that no one really came into the forest behind Luke's house, and it was honestly peaceful out here.

Even the patrols seemed to avoid this area, though I could still hear them running their routes along the

edge of the territory.

I walked deeper into the woods, taking in the scenery, breathing in the fresh air left behind by last night's rain, and just enjoying the quiet.

Everything about it was calming, and I wasn't eager to return to reality.

Reality sucked right now.

I never thought I'd feel that way again after leaving my dad behind. But I guess problems follow you, no

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matter where you go.

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I was aimlessly wandering through the trees when a loud squawk overhead caught my attention. I looked up and saw an eagle circling above me.

It landed on a branch directly over where I was standing and just sat there, staring down at me like it had

been waiting or something.

“That’s actually pretty cool,” someone behind me said, and I turned around quickly to see Hailey standing

there.

“Yeah, I guess it is,” I said. “But what are you doing here? Nobody ever comes into these woods.”

“I know. Luke told me you headed this way. I wanted to finally plan that shopping trip we keep putting off,”

she said.

“I don’t think that’s such a great idea,” I said flatly.

“Why not?” she asked, giving me a sweet, innocent look.

“You know why,” I said. She looked confused for a moment, then realization crossed her face.

“You know who the father is,” she said slowly.

“I know that you’ve claimed Elias is,” I replied.

“He is the father,” she said sharply, clearly offended.

“Alright. If that’s what you say,” I said.

“It is what I say. Why would I lie about something like that?” she asked.

“Because he’s the Alpha. And you know that eventually, the truth will come out. If that baby has zero Alpha traits, people will figure it out—even without a DNA test. It’ll just take a couple of years,” I said.

“I’m aware of that,” she said.

“What the hell are you doing here, Hailey?” Elias’s voice rang out behind her, deep and angry, as he walked

toward us.

“I just came to ask Lyra when she wanted to go shopping,” Hailey said, turning to him. “But she made it clear that it’s not going to happen.”

“She knows what you’ve been telling people,” he said.

“I’m not Lenore, okay? I’m not some obsessed b***h like her,” Hailey snapped. “I don’t have a reason to lie

about the father of my child.”

“Or maybe you’re just more patient than Lenore,” I said. “Maybe you’re playing the long game instead of

trying to kill me outright.”

“Lyra...” Hailey started to say.

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“That’s Luna to you,” Elias growled, his Alpha aura radiating outwards, making Hailey drop her head in

submission.

“I’m sorry. I’ll go now,” she said quickly, retreating from the area.

“I didn’t realize she was out here. I would’ve come sooner if I had,” Elias said.

“I’m capable of handling myself,” I replied.

“I know you are. The doctor’s arrived,” he said.

I took a deep breath and glanced up at the eagle that still perched above us in the tree, quietly watching every move we made, then turned and began walking back to the house with Elias by my side.

"How are you two doing?" Eris asked as we entered the living room.

"We've had better days," Elias answered.

"Well, things are about to improve. You're not siblings. If there ever was an affair between your parents, it

didn't lead to Lyra's birth," Eris told us.

Elias let out a breath of relief and reached for my hand, but I pulled it away.

Eris saw the interaction but chose not to comment on it.

"That's really good news. I appreciate it," I said.

"My pleasure. If either of you needs anything, please don't hesitate to reach out," she offered.

"I think that's all for now. Thank you again," I said as I exited the room.

I returned to the spare bedroom, feeling a sense of relief that we weren't related, but it didn't undo everything else that had happened.

I could still hear Eris and Elias continuing their conversation in the living room while I grabbed the book

about the royal family and resumed reading from where I had last left off.

Miraculously, it was one of the few possessions that had survived the house explosion. Still, I couldn't

shake the feeling that its survival hadn't been mere chance.

A royal emblem was printed on the front cover of the book, and at the start of every chapter about a

different royal family member, the same symbol was repeated.

The book had been passed down since the 1300s, and I believed it was still the crest of our bloodline.

So I grabbed the laptop and began searching for any old family crests that might be familiar to people but

weren't obviously tied to the werewolf royal family.

I scoured the internet for anything connected to the United States, and then I shifted my search to Ireland. All I could dig up were urban legends—at least, that's how humans would label them. But I knew better.

Resting my hand on the book, I moved the laptop from my lap and placed it on the bed beside me.

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The book stayed on my knees as I sat in silence, trying to figure out what I was supposed to do next. But I

didn't have a clear answer.

"Alpha," a man said, stepping into my father's office.

"What is it?" my father barked.

"I'm afraid your daughter and her new pack are closer to the truth than we'd like," the man said.

"Why? She doesn't know anything," Dad replied sharply.

"She went back to the old pack grounds. The safe was open. The documents on Finn Corwin are missing,"

the man said.

"She found out about Finn? Then she's definitely on the right track. She probably knows what happened to her mother by now," Dad muttered.

"And that doesn't concern you?" his Beta, Cassian, asked.

"No. I couldn't care less if she knows I killed her mother. It doesn't change a damn thing," Dad replied coldly.

"Alpha, I believe she's investigating the royal crest," the man added.

“What the hell is she hoping to uncover with that?” Dad asked.

“I’m not exactly sure. But based on what you told me about what Rowan said, the crest would be all over

the old castle where the royals once lived,” the man explained.

“You think she’s searching for that castle?” Dad asked, narrowing his eyes.

“Yes, Alpha. I believe that’s exactly what she’s doing,” the man confirmed.

“We can’t allow that. She cannot be the one to locate it. Get those useless tech guys back online and have

them find that castle. I want it located now,” Dad ordered. The man nodded and rushed out of the room.

“What exactly is hidden in that castle?” Cassian asked.

“Everything she could possibly use to bring us down,” Dad answered, his gaze fixed out the window of his

office.