

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 51

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Not long after, there was a knock at the door, and knowing I was the only one home, I got up and went to open it.

Standing there was Stephanie, holding her newborn, looking completely drained, and I stepped aside to let her in.

"Is everything okay?" I asked her.

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"I'm not sure. I haven't had any sleep in three days," she replied, placing the diaper bag on the table.

"Alright. Hand him over. There's a spare room downstairs—it used to be the basement, but Luke converted it into a bedroom. Supposedly he hosts quite a few guests," I told her.

"Yeah, that's when his family comes around."

"I thought he wasn't on good terms with them," I said.

"Not with his father. But his siblings and their families do visit. And there's a bunch of them," she explained.

"That makes sense. Head downstairs and get some rest. I'll take care of the baby and let you sleep as much as possible. Don't worry about little Jake—I've got it handled," I reassured her.

"Thanks so much," she said sincerely.

She nearly dragged herself down the stairs, and I could hear soft sniffing—she was clearly trying not to cry, but when you're running on empty, it's tough, especially when it seems like her mate isn't offering much help.

I paced around the living room with Jake, who was alert and a bit fussy, but I kept my voice calm, softly reassuring him that he was safe and that I wouldn't hurt him.

Eventually, Elias walked through the front door, but stopped short the moment he saw me moving around with a baby in my arms.

"Where did that come from?" he asked, gently closing the door behind him.

“Stephanie brought him. She’s been without sleep for days. She’s downstairs resting. I told her I’d watch Jake,” I explained.

“Wow. I didn’t realize things were that bad for her,” he said, surprised.

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“Corbin,” he answered.

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“Well, Corbin seriously needs to step up. She’s doing everything alone,” I commented.

Jake began fussing more, so I pulled a bottle from the bag, warmed it, and settled onto the couch to feed him.

He latched on immediately and drifted off in my arms while feeding.

Once he finished the bottle, I gently laid him beside me on the couch, keeping my book and laptop close by.

“What are you working on?” Elias asked, glancing over my shoulder.

“I’m researching the werewolf royal family crest,” I told him.

“Found anything yet?” he asked.

“I don’t really know,” I admitted.

“What do you mean by that?” he pressed.

“I’ve been browsing posts about abandoned castles across the U.S. One picture showed a castle in California. But when people tried to visit it—thinking it was haunted—it had vanished. Just completely gone,” I explained.

“You think it was demolished?” he asked.

“No. There was no evidence it had ever existed. So how is that even possible?” I questioned.

“Magic,” he answered simply.

“I think it’s hidden by some kind of cloaking spell,” I said.

“Do you know where it is?” he asked.

“Not yet. But I’m narrowing it down,” I replied.

Then someone knocked on the door, so Elias went to answer it, and I heard him greet Corbin by name.

Corbin entered and spotted the baby fast asleep on the couch.

“Stephanie’s downstairs sleeping. She mentioned she hadn’t had proper rest in days,” I told him.

“Yeah, I’ve been pulling crazy patrol shifts. We’re all doing doubles. It’s rough with a newborn,” he admitted.

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“I can imagine,” I said.

“I should wake her and take her home,” Corbin said.

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“They’re welcome to stay here a while, at least until she’s had some decent rest. She really needs it,” I offered.

“No. I think she’d feel better at home,” he replied, then walked through the house and down to the basement to wake her.

Soon enough, Stephanie came back upstairs, gathered Jake and her belongings, and left with him.

She expressed her deep gratitude for the help I gave her today, and I told her it wasn’t a big deal. I reminded her that I’d always be here if she ever needed a break.

After they’d gone, I sat there staring at the closed door, and Elias could tell something was weighing on me.

“What’s going on?” he asked.

“There’s something off,” I replied.

“What do you mean by that?” he questioned.

“I just didn’t get a good feeling from Corbin,” I said.

“Corbin’s no different from the rest of us. He’s another abused kid who came here seeking a safe place and a fresh start away from his family,” Elias said.

“Yeah. So was Lenore. But not every abused child grows into a good person,” I snapped back, feeling irritated that he brushed off my instincts.

I was getting a strong, unsettling vibe from Corbin, and Elias didn’t want to acknowledge it.

He headed into the kitchen to grab something to eat, while I stayed put, continuing my research—because apparently, that’s all I seem to be useful for lately.

Eventually, frustration took over, and I got up and left the house, walking out into the village.

I had no clear plan or destination, just wandering aimlessly while watching the warriors train.

“Hey, Luna,” Chris greeted as I passed.

“Hey,” I replied.

“You doing okay? You don’t look so great,” he said.

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“I’m fine,” I answered quickly.

“You don’t look it. Honestly, you look kind of down,” he added.

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“It’s nothing,” I muttered, trying to walk past him, but he reached out and stopped me by grabbing my arm.

“Hey, if this is about Elias, don’t let him get to you. I know he can be intense, maybe even controlling sometimes, but he never means any harm. He’s the Alpha. It’s his job to protect the entire pack. And ever since you arrived, he’s been more tense than usual. He’s increased the training regimen because he’s not taking any chances with your safety,” Chris explained.

“What do you mean? I’ve been doing fine taking care of myself lately,” I pointed out.

"I know you have. But Elias doesn't know how long your powers are going to last. They could be permanent, or they could vanish tomorrow. He's making sure everyone here is prepared to defend you, no matter what," Chris said.

"I didn't realize that," I replied.

"He may not always show it clearly, but I've never seen him care about anyone the way he does about you. The way he worries is different. Just give him a real chance. You two haven't even had a moment to settle down and try to build a life together. It's been non-stop chaos and conflict. Take time to get to know who he is when things are quiet. You'll understand him better," Chris urged.

"Thanks, Chris," I said softly, then continued walking.

I headed back toward the house, and I noticed Elias standing by the window. It was obvious he'd seen me talking to Chris, and I could tell he wasn't thrilled about it—but I honestly didn't

care.

The second I walked in the door and opened my mouth to speak to him, a sudden stabbing pain pierced through my head, and I gripped the edge of the couch to steady myself.

Elías rushed over and caught me, trying to hold me upright, but it didn't help much.

There was an entire pack running in terror, fleeing for their lives. My father and his warriors were attacking them, joined by more fighters I didn't even recognize. Screams for help echoed through the air.

A small girl was crouched behind her house, crying and calling for her mother, but her mother was gone.

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I saw the pack's name displayed on the front of the packhouse.

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Buildings were engulfed in flames, and the people were being massacred. It was brutal, senseless, and overwhelming.

I could feel everything—their terror, their rage, and their despair.

I told Elias everything I saw and gave him the name of the pack.

“That pack is only two hours from here,” Elias said, alarmed.

“I’m going with you,” I told him without hesitation.

“I don’t want you getting injured,” he replied.

“If anything, you’re more likely to get hurt than I am,” I said firmly.

“Do you know if it already happened or if it’s about to?” he asked.

“I’m not sure. All I know is that we have to get there now,” I said, taking off out the door.

Elias immediately summoned his top warriors, and we didn’t bother with cars this time.

We all took off running into the woods, shifting mid-stride. Elias led the way, and I kept pace right at his side.

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We raced through the forest at a pace I didn’t even know was possible. It felt good letting Noir run free like this—but I wished the circumstances were different. I would’ve preferred it under any

other situation. Still, I was focused on getting there, praying we would arrive before the pack was attacked. But things never work out that easily.

We reached the pack territory faster than I could have imagined, but the place was eerily quiet.

There was no movement. No people in sight. The only sound that greeted us was the faint crackle of flames from burning buildings. We found no living soul—just a few bodies of wolves who had clearly fought back, but lost.

We began searching each house. Every structure. Even the packhouse itself. But there was no sign of anyone else. At least not anyone still breathing.

“We’re too late,” I said quietly.

“You must have seen the vision as it was actually happening,” Elias responded.

“What’s even the point of having these visions if I can’t use them to stop anything?” I asked, frustration and grief beginning to bubble up inside me.

“Keep yourself together, Lyra. You can’t lose control. Not right now,” Noir cautioned, and I tried to take a few deep breaths to regain composure.

“It’s not your fault. You did what you could,” Elias said gently.

“Not enough!” I shouted, releasing a burst of energy from my paw that immediately ignited the ground ahead of me.

“Lyra, calm yourself,” Elias warned.

“I didn’t mean to,” I said aloud, loud enough for everyone nearby to hear. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean for that to happen.”

I glanced around and noticed the other wolves slowly backing away. Their expressions told me what they didn’t say out loud. They weren’t exactly afraid, but they were clearly uneasy. And that in itself made me feel uneasy.

I was frightening my own pack. Whether they’d admit it or not. That was never what I wanted.

But when I turned my gaze back to the ruins of the pack that had been wiped out, I couldn’t keep my emotions inside. I was furious. Those people had done nothing murdered simply because my father was a sadistic bastard.

But it raised another question—why did he target this pack? They’d never had any connection to him. I didn’t even recognize the pack’s emblem. They had never approached my father’s territory. As far as I knew, he had no reason to even know they existed. So how did he pick them as victims?

Just then, a few wolves let out sharp cries behind me, and I spun around immediately.

Two wolves had dropped to the ground. They’d been hit with what looked like darts, and as they collapsed, they shifted back into human form.

I began scanning the forest edges, trying to locate the origin of the attack.

Several more darts came soaring through the air. One was aimed straight at me. But then, without warning, a glowing blue shield appeared in front of all of us.

The warriors turned to look, and when they saw me focused on the men hiding in the trees, they instantly realized that I was the one who had cast the shield.

None of the darts could penetrate the magical barrier. Not a single warrior was hit. I moved forward, stepping out ahead of the others.

Elias called out, telling me to come back, to stay behind the line. But I didn't stop. I continued advancing, heading directly toward the source of the attack.

"Relax, Elias. She's in control," Noir said calmly to Elias and his wolf, Kael.

The attackers weren't werewolves—they were human men dressed in tactical black gear, faces hidden behind full masks.

At first, they kept firing darts at us, but once they saw the darts couldn't make it past the shield, they switched tactics. Their guns were reloaded with silver bullets. These men weren't playing games—they knew exactly who and what we were. And they were fully prepared to eliminate us by any means necessary.

I caught a blinking red light on one of their masks—it was a camera. That meant the entire encounter was being recorded. Someone, somewhere, was watching this live.

They opened fire again, this time with real bullets. But even that didn't work. The shield still held strong.

When I got close enough, I crouched down low, keeping my gaze on them through the tops of my eyes. I looked like I was preparing to pounce—but what followed wasn't anything like a wolf attack.

I let out a roar, deep and guttural, directed right at the group of soldiers standing closest in the forest. Flames erupted from my mouth like I was some fire-breathing dragon, engulfing the attackers and the trees around them in blazing fire.

I only stopped when I was certain those men were dead. I had to make absolutely sure they couldn't follow us, that they wouldn't be able to regroup and retaliate. They had one goal- and that was to make sure we never walked away alive.

The rest of our warriors stayed back, but Elias stepped forward to stand beside me, eyes fixed on the scene ahead.

"They were human," Elias said grimly.

"This was orchestrated. A setup," I replied.

"They didn't use wolfsbane on our guys. I've got no clue what they used, but it wasn't anything we've encountered before," Elias muttered.

"We need to get them back to safety," I said quickly.

“Agreed. And we have to do it right now,” Elias answered.

We managed to transport the wounded back to our territory, and medical help was administered immediately. But no one knew what had hit them.

Whatever substance was used, it was unlike anything we’d ever seen. Eris had to collect blood samples and begin running tests before she could even offer a guess.

I returned to Luke’s house and shifted back into human form. After throwing on some clothes, I decided to stay put inside.

Elias remained with Eris as she worked on the injured. Meanwhile, I walked into the bathroom and stared down at my hands.

Both were burned and covered in blisters—but oddly, that didn’t really bother me. The blisters were already beginning to fade thanks to our accelerated healing.

What did concern me, though, was the injury on my rib cage.

I lifted my shirt to check. That was where one of the first stray darts had grazed me. The odd thing was, it hadn’t affected me like it had the others.

The men who’d been hit had shifted back instantly or lost consciousness. I hadn’t done either.

The injury itself wasn’t deep, but it was stubborn—it wasn’t healing. And even more disturbing was the color of the blood.

It wasn’t the usual red. It was black.

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I heard Elias come into the house, and I quickly covered the wound with a thick bandage before pulling my shirt back down.

I didn’t want him to notice it—he’d start asking too many questions I had no answers for.

This was just one more mystery in a growing pile of unknowns that seemed to get bigger every day.

I walked back into the living room where Elias was already standing with Eris and Hailey.

Something was clearly up, but none of them were saying a word.

I looked at the three of them curiously, just as a strange voice echoed in my mind.

It wasn't Noir's. It was someone else.

I'm really sorry for everything I did. Please don't kill me?

"What are you sorry for, Hailey? And why would you think Elias is going to kill you?" I asked her directly.

All of them turned to stare at me, clearly startled.

"How did you know what I was thinking?" Hailey asked.

"I heard it," I said simply.

"What? That's impossible. I wasn't even using the mind link," Hailey replied, completely confused.

"What the hell is happening?" I demanded, scanning their faces.

"I ran a DNA test," Eris finally said. "I took a sample from the fluid around Hailey's baby and compared it to Alpha Elias's blood."

She looked directly at me. "It's not a match. The baby isn't Elias's."

"Well, things just keep getting stranger and stranger," I muttered, leaning against the couch for support.

"She wasn't asking me not to kill her," Elias said, looking at Hailey with contempt. "She was asking you."

"Me?" I repeated, genuinely stunned.

"You're the one she's hurt the most. You should be the one to decide her fate," Elias growled, glaring at Hailey.

"You can't put that kind of decision on me," I said firmly.

"So you don't want to punish her?" he asked.

"I'm angry. You know that. But she's pregnant. Are we seriously talking about kicking her out of the pack?" I asked.

"I believe we are," Elias said without hesitation. "She'll find another pack to leech off. I don't think she deserves to stay here."

He went on, his voice low and sharp. "I put her under Alpha command. And she admitted she always knew the baby wasn't mine. She might not have tried to kill you like Lenore did, but she had every intention of becoming Luna—using that baby as leverage."

"Look, Elias, I've always been the one getting punished, not the one handing out sentences," I said.

"I know. That's why I'd understand if you can't go through with it," he said quietly.

"I'm sorry. I just can't," I said, shaking my head.

"I know an Alpha on the far side of the country," Elias said, turning to Hailey. "I'll call him and tell him to expect you. You're now banished from this pack. The bus will leave in a couple of days. Start packing."

"That's it? You're just kicking me out? Just like that?" Hailey asked, her voice trembling.

"Yeah. Just like that," Elias replied coldly. "You tried to come between me and my Luna. You're lucky you're pregnant—that's the only reason you're not being punished worse. Otherwise, you'd be due for a proper whipping too."

The threat seemed to hit her hard. Hailey looked terrified and hurried out of the house to gather her things.

Eris left soon after, and Elias crossed the room to stand in front of me.

He looked me in the eyes, and it was hard not to meet his gaze.

"You going to threaten me with a whipping too?" I asked, half serious.

"Why would I do that?" he said, confused.

"Because I killed humans. Because I shot fire from my mouth," I said.

"You saved our warriors and got us all out alive. Though... the two guys who got hit probably wish they weren't," he said with a sigh.

"What? Did you find out what they were shot with?" I asked.

"No. They're conscious, but barely. They're weak—and they can't sense their wolves anymore,

Elias said, concern in his voice.

"It wasn't wolfsbane. But Eris is sure it's something new. Something we haven't dealt with before."

"I'm scared to even ask," I said warily.

"She needs to do more tests before we'll know for sure," Elias said. "But her theory? She thinks they've developed a new weapon. Something made just for us."

"You've got to be kidding me," I whispered.

"I wish I were kidding. But we won't know anything until she gets the test results back," he said, and I nodded quietly.

He placed his hands on my arms and gently pulled me into his embrace, and I wrapped mine

around his back.

"So does this mean we can finally go back to normal? No more you hating me?" he asked.

"I never hated you. I was just jealous," I admitted.

"You have absolutely no reason to be jealous. Those girls? They don't mean anything to me anymore. You don't need to think about them. You're the only one I want," he told me.

"I know that. I really do. But when I started thinking the baby might be yours and no one was telling me anything, I guess I got angry. Angry that everyone was keeping the truth from me. And deep down, I was afraid you might pick her over me because she was having your child. I guess I'm still just that same insecure, pathetic girl you found hiding in the attic," I said.

"There's nothing pathetic or insecure about you," he said. "You don't even see how much you've changed, do you? Today, you killed multiple men. By breathing fire. You almost triggered an earthquake just by stomping. And you threw up a magic shield out of nowhere to protect me and the warriors."

"I guess," I said softly, and he reached up to gently tilt my chin so I'd look at him.

"You're amazing. Far more than most people can even comprehend. Including your father. And he has no idea what's coming his way when you finally face him," Elias said.

"But the warriors are scared of me," I said quietly.

"No, they aren't."

"I can feel it, remember? I can feel what they're feeling. They were afraid," I insisted.

"And soon you'll realize they see you the same way I do. Like a damn miracle. Someone we're beyond lucky to have," he said. I couldn't help but smile a little at that, and he leaned in to kiss me.

His hands slid downward, and I flinched when his touch brushed my ribs.

He paused, then lifted the bottom of my shirt and saw the bandage I had placed over the injury. Carefully, he peeled it back, revealing the spot where the dart had grazed me.

"What the hell?" he muttered.

"One of the first darts only scraped me. I think they were aiming for me. But it didn't force me to shift, and it's not healing like it should," I explained.

"And the blood," Elias added.

"Yeah. It's black. I don't know why," I said, shaking my head.

"I need to call Eris back here," he said immediately.

"No—please don't tell anyone. Let me try to figure it out first, before we involve anyone else. Maybe it's not the dart. Maybe it's me. Maybe it's something to do with my powers awakening. Until I know more, I don't want anyone else knowing about this," I said.

"Okay. I won't tell a soul," he said.

"Thanks," I replied.

He pulled me into another hug, holding me tight—like he wasn't planning to let go anytime soon—until Luke interrupted us.

"There's a problem with the warriors," Luke said.

"What is it?" Elias asked, clearly annoyed.

"The two guys who got shot—Karl and Cart. They've lost their wolves," Luke said.

"It's just the drugs. They're cut off from feeling their wolves," Elias replied quickly.

“No. That’s not it. They said they can’t sense them at all. Their wolves are gone,” Luke said.

“I want to see them,” I said.

We left the house together, and I was led to where the two warriors were being kept. As soon as I stepped into the room, the others filed out, giving us space.

Karl and Cart looked crushed. The anguish was written all over their faces—they didn’t even seem like themselves anymore.

I stepped closer and sat on the edge of Karl’s bed, placing my hand gently on his. I closed my eyes and began to focus.

Noir helped me, searching deep within Karl’s mind for any trace of his wolf.

But after a moment, I opened my eyes suddenly and pulled my hand away.

“What is it?” Karl asked, alarmed. I turned to Elias and shook my head.

“I’m sorry. There’s no wolf left. Whatever they were shot with—it killed their wolves,” I said.

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Elias summoned the warriors and held a meeting out on the training field. Everyone gathered, and he began to explain what had happened to Karl and Cart. Soon enough, warriors were voicing their own theories about what could have caused it.

“That covert government agency working with Lyra’s father—they’ve clearly started developing new weapons designed to eliminate us,” Elias said.

“But Lyra was hit too. Why didn’t it affect her?” a woman questioned.

“I know. Maybe it’s because of her heritage—her bloodline,” Elias replied.

“I think we need to learn more about our Luna and figure out why she was immune. Maybe there’s a way to use that to our advantage,” another added.

“We’re not turning Lyra into a test subject. She’s not here to be poked and prodded. Look, we’re probably not going to remain here much longer. Lyra knows about a castle the royal family once owned, which technically means it belongs to her now. We believe relocating there might be our best shot at staying protected,” Elias explained.

“Where is this castle?” a woman asked.

“We don’t know yet. She’s still trying to locate it. It’s been abandoned for decades, and no one knows exactly where it is,” he said.

“Well that’s not helpful, is it? You keep bringing up all these ideas, but they’re all just talk. Having a princess here hasn’t helped anything. It’s only brought more trouble,” she snapped.

At that, Elias stepped forward and released a thunderous growl from deep in his chest. His Alpha aura rippled out, dropping everyone around him to their knees in agony.

“If you so much as speak another word against my Luna, you’ll be exiled. Do I make myself clear, Mona?” he snarled.

“Yes, Alpha,” she whimpered, barely audible. And with that, he withdrew the aura from his pack.

I could sense their pain—but I wasn’t too concerned. I turned and caught Elias’s eyes just as he glanced over at me.

“Another one of your groupies? Let’s hope this one’s not carrying your child,” I said, walking away toward Luke’s house.

While I could still hear the voices from the meeting drifting from the training field, I entered

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the spare room, sat down on the bed, and opened the laptop, determined to find this damn

castle.

When the meeting ended, I heard the front door creak open and footsteps echoing down the

hall.

I looked up and saw Elias standing in the doorway. I let out a long breath.

“Let me guess—you think I’m being a childish brat,” I said.

“No. I don’t think that. You’ve got every reason to be angry. And yeah—she’s an ex,” he admitted.

“You seriously need to start dating outside your pack,” I muttered.

“Why would I, now that you’re here?” he asked.

“Beats me,” I replied.

He came into the room and sat beside me on the bed. When he noticed what I’d been working on, he lay down and gently rubbed my back.

“Stop stressing over this. We’ll track down the castle eventually,” he said. I reached for the book on royal bloodlines.

“I know. There has to be something—a clue hiding in here somewhere,” I said.

I flipped through the pages, scanning them for anything useful, then turned back to my laptop to search the internet again.

I was trying to find anything that might bear our family’s crest, but I wasn’t having much success. The book didn’t even contain a photo of the castle itself. It did show the crest, sure -but I’d been hoping to see an actual image of the castle, even if it didn’t come with a

location.

Eventually, Elias took the book out of my hands and shut the laptop. I stared at him in confusion.

“What are you doing? We still need to keep searching,” I said.

“The castle isn’t going anywhere. We can look again later or tomorrow. You need to slow down a little,” he told me.

“I don’t have time for that. I need help learning to control my powers, and Noir’s the only one who can help with that,” I insisted.

“I get it. But you’ve got more time than you think,” he replied, leaning in to place a kiss on the back of my shoulder.

“What do you think you’re doing?” I asked.

“What do you think it looks like?” he said in return.

“Elias,” I said, barely holding back.

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“What’s the matter?” he asked, his lips moving along my neck up toward the place where he’d marked me, pulling a soft moan from me before I could stop it.

“Elias, I really think you need to stop that,” I said.

“And why is that?” he murmured, not taking his mouth off my skin.

“Because you already know why,” I replied.

“You don’t need to be afraid. You know I’d never hurt you,” he said gently.

“I do know that. But that doesn’t mean the fear just disappears,” I said.

“I understand,” he said softly, his mouth still brushing along my jaw and neck.

Then he gently took my face between his thumb and forefinger, turning it so that I was looking directly at him.

I could feel my heart pounding wildly in my chest, and I was sure Elias could hear it too. He leaned in and kissed me, deep and full of intensity.

My hands were starting to sweat, and I could feel my nerves kicking in hard. He definitely

noticed.

“It’s okay. You know I won’t hurt you. If you want me to stop, just say so,” he whispered.

“I don’t want you to stop... I just honestly don’t know what I’m doing,” I admitted.

“I don’t care,” he said. So I pushed him back just a little, needing space.

“Elias, I’m not like those other women you’ve been with. I don’t have the experience they do. I’m not anything like them,” I told him.

“And honestly? That’s one of the things I love most about you. No one else has kissed you before. No one else has touched you... I get to be the first man to make love to you, and don’t know how much I love that thought,” he said.

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I couldn't help but let a smirk form on my lips. I wanted to be mad at him—I really did. I wanted to still feel bitter over Hailey and the rest of those girls—but then it hit me: the only reason they were being so awful to me was because they were jealous. I had something they desperately wanted. And instead of feeling ashamed of that, I should be proud—should show them exactly how little I thought of their games.

As I sat there, looking into Elias's face, all I could see was raw honesty. And so, I leaned forward and kissed him again.

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Elias encircled my waist with his arms and drew me in closer. His lips sought mine once again, sending waves of desire through my body. Turning to face him fully, I ascended to my knees, draping my arms around his neck. My fingers danced along the edge of his shirt, teasingly, until he finally relinquished it, pulling it over his head in a fluid motion.

My gaze fell upon his chiseled form, and I traced the contours of his muscles with my fingers, his eyes locked onto my every move. Then, with a sudden sweep of his hand, he brushed the strap of my shirt off my shoulder, replacing the fabric with his lips as he showered my neck with kisses. In one swift movement, he divested me of my shirt, casting it aside, followed by my bra, which joined its companion on the floor. His arms then returned to my waist, guiding me down onto the bed with a gentle touch.

He positioned himself above me, his arms forming a protective cage around my body, ensuring not to burden me with his full weight as our lips met once again. His hand ventured downward, skillfully working to free me from my pants. I arched my back slightly, assisting him in his endeavor, and then employed my legs to kick the garments away. He mirrored my actions, and I soon felt the heat of his erection against the inside of my thigh.

My heart pounded within my chest, and Elias tenderly pushed my hair away from my face. "It's alright, baby. If it becomes too much, just tell me," he whispered, his voice a soothing balm. I nodded, and his fingers found their way to my lips. I savored the taste of him before he continued his exploration, trailing his fingers down between us, skillfully stroking my throbbing desire.

The sensation was far more intense than I had anticipated, and he met my gaze with a knowing smirk. After a moment, he withdrew his fingers, aligning his member at my entrance. He moved slowly, allowing me to adjust to his presence. As the head of his

c**k breached me, I dug my nails into his back, my eyes fluttering shut at the initial sting.

“It’s alright, baby. It will sting at first,” Elias reassured me, gently retracting himself. He leaned in to capture my lips once more, his kiss designed to distract me as he sheathed himself within me again. This time, he delved deeper, and with each subsequent thrust, he inched further inside.

My whimpers were muffled by his kisses until he was fully seated within me. He remained still, granting me time to acclimate to the profound fullness that enveloped me. After a short while, he propped himself up on his arms, gently brushing my hair from my face as he gazed into my eyes.

“Are you alright?” he inquired, his voice laced with concern. I nodded in response, and he commenced a slow, deliberate rhythm, increasing his pace with each movement but never veer too far from my comfort.

As the initial pain began to yield to waves of pleasure, I twined my fingers within Elias’s hair. However, he halted his movements abruptly, sliding out of me. I was unsure of his intentions until he reached toward the bedside table, his hand closing around an object that I soon recognized as a condom.

My heart swelled with gratitude as he ripped the foil with his teeth and donned the protection, a fact that had slipped my mind in the heat of the moment. The thought of conceiving sent a ripple of fear through my body, but he soon dispelled it as he settled back atop me, guiding his member into my depths once more. This time, the discomfort was minimal, and I

welcomed the swift rhythm he established.

My moans were swallowed by his kisses as we moved in unison. A peculiar sensation began to sweep over me, akin to goosebumps spreading across my skin, followed by a fluttering in my abdomen. I clutched at Elias’s back, my nails seeking purchase as my inner walls began to tighten.

He paused to look into my eyes, his voice a husky whisper as he asked, “May I mark you?” I responded affirmatively, and he reiterated his question, seeking confirmation. Upon receiving my consent, he assumed a position on his ankles, pulling me up with him, his member still

buried within me.

As he continued his movements, I witnessed the transformation of his canines as they extended from his gums. He sank them into my flesh, a symphony of pain and pleasure melding together as I teetered on the brink of release. The agony of his bite faded into the background as bliss washed over me.

Once he withdrew his teeth from my neck, a peculiar expression crossed his face, as if he were gazing past me. "What's wrong?" I inquired, only to be met with a smile as he replied, "Nothing. My turn."

He turned his head to the side, and I felt my own canines emerge without conscious thought. It was as if Noir had taken the reins, her instincts guiding me, I sank my teeth into Elias's neck, cleaving through flesh and muscle until I reached bone.

Upon completion of the bond, I withdrew my teeth and traced my tongue over the wound, sealing it. The erratic rhythm of Elias's movements signaled his own release, but it was so much more profound than that.

I felt an inexplicable connection to the entire pack, akin to a Luna's through her Alpha. Yet, it worked both ways, for Elias could now perceive everything that I felt, including the potent energy coursing through my being. His dazed expression upon marking me was likely a result of this revelation.

"How much can you feel?" I asked, seeking to understand the full extent of our connection. "Everything," he replied, his voice laced with awe. "Do you know about my powers?" I inquired, only to be met with his response, "I can feel your power within me." A question formed on my lips, born of confusion and wonder.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 56

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 56

Elias and I were lying in bed, his chest pressed against my back as he gently kissed my shoulder.

"Are you okay?" he asked softly.

"Yeah. I feel really good," I replied, letting out a yawn. Elias chuckled and kissed my shoulder again.

"Get some sleep. I'll still be here when you wake up," he murmured.

I was surprised at how quickly I drifted off, and almost instantly I found myself in a place I'd never seen before.

"Alpha, the vampires are getting closer," a warrior reported. This Alpha looked different from the one in my earlier dream—his clothes were more modern, placing him a few centuries after the first King I had seen.

“The shield over the castle will hold. We’ll be fine,” the King replied.

“I know that, sir. But it’s the warriors outside the barrier I’m worried about,” the warrior said.

“Their duty is to protect the royal family, and that’s exactly what they’re doing. Why are you telling me this? Go back out and do your job. Where are my sons?” he asked.

“Three of your sons have fallen already, sir. I’ve ordered the last two to return to the castle. They must carry on your legacy,” the warrior responded.

“Tell them to come see me as soon as they arrive. Now get back out there and defend the castle,” the King ordered. The warrior turned and ran back outside, and the King stepped out onto the grand front steps of the castle.

The drop in front of the entrance was steep, but he looked out past the soldiers, over the forest, and toward the ocean shimmering below the cliffs that held the castle.

“Where are the children?” the Luna cried as she rushed outside.

“Get back inside, woman. They’re on their way now. They’ll be here soon,” he barked, pushing her back in. She stumbled and fell, but he didn’t look back.

He focused again on the distant battle, the hills rolling in the background.

This vampire–werewolf war had raged for seven years now. The one before that lasted twelve, both sides suffering heavy losses.

“This won’t be the end of my bloodline,” the King muttered under his breath.

More Rewards >

I jolted awake, and it must’ve startled Elias because he sat up as well.

The sun had already risen. We had slept straight through the night out of sheer exhaustion,

but none of that mattered now.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“I know where the castle is,” I said.

“Are you sure?” he asked, his eyes narrowing.

“Yes. We need to go there,” I insisted.

"Where is it?" he asked.

"Ashveil Woods. In California," I told him.

"There's nothing in Ashveil Woods—not even houses, let alone castles," he said.

"It's hidden. Protected by a cloaking spell. That's why no one can see it," I explained.

"Then how are we supposed to find it?" he asked.

"I don't know. But I'm certain it's there. We have to go," I said firmly.

"Alright. I'll tell everyone to start packing," he said, kissing me quickly before jumping out of bed and slipping into his shorts.

I got up and dressed, and soon Elias had spread the word. Everyone was packing whatever they could. We were leaving the pack. We were heading for the castle.

He told them I believed I had discovered its location, and that we were setting out immediately to find it.

Elias and I packed up too, loading all our belongings into vehicles. Since it was all the way across the country, driving made more sense—it would take several days, but it was far easier than running the entire way.

Besides, we weren't being hunted at the moment.

When I came outside to hand Elias his bag, I noticed Mona and a few other women standing beside another car, glaring at me.

"Don't pay them any mind," Elias said.

"It's kind of hard not to when they're glaring daggers at their Luna," I replied.

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"I know. And if they don't stop, I'll be telling them to find somewhere else to go," he said.

"This pack's getting smaller," I murmured.

"Don't worry about that. We'll handle it. Right now, let's just get to the castle," he said. I reached out and stopped him from walking off, gently running my finger over the mark on his neck.

"That's the reason they're looking at me like that," I said.

“Because we marked each other,” he replied.

“Yeah,” I nodded. He gave me a quick wink before turning and walking away.

I placed my bag into the back of the car, and I felt someone approaching from behind. The scent hit me instantly—it was Mona.

I turned to face her just as she bared her canines, ready to strike. Instinctively, I raised my hands to shield myself, but I accidentally flung her through the air, sending her crashing into

the nearest house.

“What the hell happened?” Elias called as he rushed over.

“She just attacked me for no reason,” Mona whimpered as she got to her feet.

“Lyra?” Elias asked.

“It wasn’t unprovoked—she came at me with her canines out. I acted in self-defense. I didn’t know what she was going to do,” I said.

“Alpha, you’ve known me longer. You’re really going to take her word over mine?”
Mona

asked.

“Lyra’s telling the truth,” Elias answered.

“What?” Mona gasped.

“See this mark? I can sense what she feels—almost hear her thoughts. And before she sent you flying, I felt her fear. That’s how I know it was self-defense,” Elias snapped.

“It was just a joke,” Mona muttered.

“If you ever threaten your Luna again, you’re out. That goes for all of you,” Elias growled, turning to glare at the group of women still standing where Mona had been.

“Yes, Alpha,” they answered in unison.

More Rewards >

“Let’s move out,” Elias shouted to everyone. So we all piled into our cars, with Elias and me

leading the convoy.

All I had was the vision from my dream, but I needed to see it for myself before I could be sure of the castle's location.

I couldn't describe exactly where it was—but I'd recognize it the moment I was there. I was certain of that.

We made sure there were at least three people in every vehicle so we wouldn't have to stop for anything except gas. It took us three days to drive to California.

Once we reached the highway running through the forest, I told Elias to stay on it until I said otherwise.

There were lots of exits, but we drove for a long stretch before I finally instructed him to turn left.

We exited the freeway and took a dirt road that cut through the woods and led toward the ocean. I could smell the sea air already, and the landmarks from my dream started matching up. I told Elias to stop the car.

We both stepped out and looked around, puzzled. I knew this was the place from my dream.

"There's nothing here."

"She just wasted our time," a girl snapped bitterly.

"I can feel it," I said quietly.

"What do you mean?" Elias asked. I began walking forward, pulled by something invisible, as if the place itself was calling to me,

I crossed a barrier that no one else could see, and suddenly I stood in front of a massive gray stone castle. It was perfectly preserved, sitting atop the cliff with a stunning view of the ocean.

"Lyra!" Elias's voice rang out, muffled. I turned around and realized—he was still standing on the other side. He couldn't see me at all.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 57

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 57

I stood still, watching Elias and the rest of the pack as they looked around in confusion, trying to figure out where I had disappeared to—until I stepped back through the barrier to where they were.

The moment I crossed back over, Elias pulled me into a tight bear hug and refused to let go.

“You couldn’t get through?” I asked him.

“I tried to follow you, but I just ended up walking straight into the forest. It blocked us,” Elias

said.

“I have royal blood. Only someone like me can pass through,” I explained.

“How the hell does that help the rest of us?” one of the girls snapped.

“If you keep speaking to me like that, then I won’t f*****g help you at all,” I snapped back. Elias leaned his head back and stared at me, clearly surprised.

“Damn,” he muttered.

“Sorry. But those bitches are seriously starting to get on my nerves,” I said.

“Don’t be sorry. That was f*****g hot,” Elias said, wrapping his arm around my waist.

I walked over to a large boulder nearby and sat down, pulling out the royal family’s book.

I started flipping through the pages, searching for any reference to the castle, a protective barrier, or a spell. I wasn’t sure if the magic had been cast by a royal with powers or by a

witch on their behalf.

Elias instructed the rest of the pack to head down to the beach while we tried to sort this out.

They didn’t hesitate for even a second. They took off in a hurry, and Elias settled down beside me, helping me comb through the book.

“You don’t have to stay here with me,” I said.

“I know. I want to,” he replied.

Eventually, I came across a page near the back that had the royal crest at the top. It didn't say where the castle was, but it did explain that a barrier spell had been placed around it—one that only allowed royals to pass in and out. The spell had been cast about a hundred years ago, and it was done by the royals themselves.

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"Noir, do you know anything about this?" I asked.

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"I know royals can cast barrier spells," she replied, "but I'm not sure we're able to undo one."

In the back of the book, the exact wording of the barrier spell was written, so I studied it intently. I figured if I wanted to remove it, maybe I could reverse the incantation—say it backward in intent, turning the spell from sealing to unsealing.

I wrote down the reversed version of the spell and went over it several times before stepping in front of the castle.

I raised both hands and called Noir to come stand with me—I would need every ounce of strength I had if this was going to work.

I began reciting the spell I'd rewritten myself, focusing intensely, eyes shut tight, until I started to feel the warm trickle of blood running from my nose.

I could sense Elias stiffen beside me, but I pushed away his concern and kept all my focus locked onto the spell.

I kept repeating it until I finally heard Elias gasp—and when I opened my eyes, the castle stood clearly before us.

A towering five-story gray stone fortress perched on the cliff, surrounded by perfectly kept gardens and trimmed lawns.

As soon as the castle came into view, the rest of the pack rushed over to join us, staring in disbelief. None of them could believe what they were seeing—it was the largest and most stunning house they had ever laid eyes on.

I began climbing the staircase that led up to the castle, and when I reached the top of the fifty stone steps, I paused to take in the breathtaking view.

From the front terrace, I could see straight out over the forest below and all the way to the ocean. The sight was absolutely beautiful.

I moved toward the door and reached for the handle. It wasn't locked. I pushed it open and stepped inside, surprised to see it wasn't as dusty as I had expected.

The rest of the pack scattered throughout the grand castle, eager to explore. The place was enormous, and with so many rooms and corridors, we didn't even know where to begin. It would be incredibly easy to get lost here.

Elias stayed close by my side while the others headed off in the opposite direction. We decided to go left.

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We followed a long corridor and made a turn into another hallway.

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The furniture throughout the space was all covered in white sheets, and framed portraits

lined the walls.

Each painting had a golden plaque beneath it, and every one began with the title 'King Alpha.' They must've been portraits of the former Kings.

As I continued further along the hallway, I started to recognize some of the faces in the portraits—ones I had seen before in my dreams.

We were almost at the end of the hallway when I caught a strange scent in the air. It didn't belong to anyone from our pack. I turned to Elias, and his face had gone dark with concern.

He was thinking the same thing I was: someone else was in this castle.

We walked quickly to the end of the corridor and turned the corner, where the unfamiliar

scent grew much stronger.

Following the trail, we went deeper inside until we turned another corner and entered what looked like a sitting room—just in time to see a door closing on the far side of it.

Without hesitation, we dashed across the room and burst through that door as well, racing through a formal dining area, a spacious kitchen, and into a butler's pantry.

Whoever we were following, they were quick—much faster than we anticipated.

We chased them to the end of the pantry, where we entered a large library.

There were no obvious exits in this room, so we paused and carefully examined our surroundings.

“Do you think there's a hidden passage?” I asked, glancing around.

“Maybe. These old places are full of surprises,” Elias replied.

“No. She hasn't left. She's still here, hiding,” I said, sniffing the air again.

We spread out, each of us searching opposite sides of the room.

A few moments later, I heard a scream from the other side of the enormous library, and I ran

in that direction.

When I reached the far end, I saw Elias gripping the woman who had been running from us. I stopped in my tracks, completely frozen.

“You'll have to do better than that if you want to outrun us,” Elias said, pulling her out from

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where she had been trying to hide. Then he turned to me, and I just stood there, my eyes wide, stunned by who I was seeing.

“Mom,” I whispered.

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The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 58

Elias looked utterly baffled, his eyes shifting back and forth between me and the woman in front of us—my mother.

“I thought your mom was dead,” he said slowly, clearly unsure of what he was witnessing.

“Yeah, so did I,” I replied, my voice flat with disbelief.

“Lyra... is it really you?” she asked, her voice trembling.

“What the actual hell?” I shouted, and she flinched just slightly at the sound.

“Okay, you’re angry. I get it. You have every reason to be,” she said, trying to stay calm.

“Oh really? You think so?” I snapped sarcastically. “I thought Dad’s Beta had killed you,” I added, bitterness dripping from my words.

“No, that’s not what happened. He took me to the border and told me to vanish. I had to renounce the pack so the connection would break. Your father believed I was dead. But the Beta spared me. He said to go as far away as I could. This was the only place I knew to come,” she explained.

“You’ve been here all this time—for sixteen years?” I demanded.

“Sixteen years?” she repeated, looking genuinely surprised.

“Yeah. It’s been that long,” I confirmed.

“I’ve been alone for so many years now. I lost track of time,” she said softly.

“You’ve been alive the entire time. You had the chance to come back for me—anytime you wanted,” I said, voice rising.

“I really believed you’d be safer staying in the pack,” she replied, still sounding convinced.

“Are you serious? Do you even know what Dad is like? How could you possibly think I’d be better off with him? He was a violent monster. You think that stopped after you left? No, it got worse. I have royal blood too, remember?” I shot back angrily.

“I’m so sorry, Lyra, I never wanted you to be hurt. But I couldn’t return. If I had, he would have killed me. And then I wouldn’t have been able to help you at all,” she said.

“So instead, you just hid out here. Pretended nothing was happening. Like Dad wasn’t out there torturing your only daughter. Do you even know what he’s doing now?” I asked.

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“No... I don’t,” she said quietly.

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“Well, for your information, he’s hunting me down, trying to steal my powers, working hand in hand with some black witch, and if I’m not mistaken, something about world domination was tossed in too. Honestly, I’ve lost track of his madness. All I know is, he needs to be stopped- like, yesterday,” I said.

“That’s why you came to the castle. Because it’s protected,” she said.

“Exactly,” I answered.

“But how did your pack manage to cross the barrier?” she asked.

“I removed it,” I told her simply.

“You got rid of the barrier? By yourself?” she asked, astonished.

“Yeah, and?” I replied, clearly unimpressed.

“I’ve never been able to do that. I never had enough magic or strength to pull it off,” she admitted. I turned to look at Elias.

“Seems like your daughter’s the one who inherited the real power,” Elias said with a grin.

“Hey, Alpha? Luna? Where are you guys? I can hear the shouting but can’t find the room,” Luke’s voice called out playfully from somewhere outside. Elias moved to the library door.

Soon enough, Luke wandered in and finally saw the woman standing beside me.

“Who’s this?” he asked, puzzled.

“This here is Lyra’s mother—apparently alive and well,” Elias said.

“Well, she might as well be dead, far as I’m concerned,” I muttered bitterly, storming out of the room without another word.

Elias ran after me—I could sense how worried he was, and I could feel the concern radiating from him. He was afraid I’d regret the words I had just thrown at my mother.

I made my way back to the entrance of the castle, flipping through the royal book again, trying to figure out how to erect a new barrier spell—this time one that only allowed werewolves to pass through. But this version looked a lot more complex.

“I know you didn’t really mean what you said to your mom,” Elias said gently.

“Right now, I absolutely meant it,” I replied firmly. “She had every chance to come back for me. Dad wasn’t always around when I was little—he’d leave for days. She had so many

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opportunities. But instead, she chose to save herself. Meanwhile, I spent my entire childhood locked in an attic, treated like garbage. Whipped with silver chains. Poisoned so I couldn’t defend myself. Told over and over that I was worthless, that I’d be a slave forever because my mate would reject me the second he saw me,” I said, my voice shaking with fury.

“But your mate didn’t reject you. I found you and got you out of there,” he said quietly.

“Yeah, well, that doesn’t erase everything else I went through,” I muttered.

“I know. But your mom is here now. And this is your chance to get something back. Most people don’t even get that much,” he said.

“You know what? I honestly don’t care right now. I need to get this new barrier working. What I need from you is to gather the warriors and start figuring out which other packs we can recruit to fight my father,” I instructed.

“You’ve already worked out the plan,” he noted.

“Pretty much. Just take care of that while I handle this,” I said.

“Maybe your mom could help,” he offered.

“She said she couldn’t even bring down the last one. So how the hell is she supposed to create a new one that only lets werewolves through?” I shot back.

“Alright,” he said, dropping the subject.

I walked down to the base of the staircase and reached out with my senses, trying to feel the space around the castle.

There was lingering energy from the old barrier—probably because it had been there for so long. I tapped into that energy and merged it with my own, channeling everything into the same magical space.

I had to focus with every fiber of my being to bring the barrier back. It drained me more than anything I’d ever attempted alone.

I felt Noir stir inside me—offering strength, lending support.

She reminded me that I had the power to do it. And soon enough, a glowing blue shield began to rise, wrapping around the castle. Once it had fully sealed the perimeter, I felt its hold

stabilize, and I let my arms fall before collapsing to the ground.

Arms wrapped around me—I instantly recognized Elias.

“I’m fine,” I managed to say, out of breath.

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“You don’t look fine,” he replied, concern thick in his voice.

“That took everything out of me,” I admitted.

“I could tell. Is the barrier in place?” he asked.

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“Yeah. It’s done. We can see out, but no one can see in. Humans and other creatures are

locked out entirely,” I said.

“You never stop amazing me,” Elias murmured, gently pulling me against him.

“That was extraordinary. The power in the barrier is overwhelming,” my mother—Rowan—said from nearby.

“No one asked you,” I snapped without even looking at her.

I heard her footsteps as she turned and walked back up the staircase, but Elias didn’t comment. He knew there was nothing he could say right now that would change how I felt.

All I felt was betrayal. My mother had stayed away all those years, fully aware that I was suffering.

A mere apology wouldn’t make up for the trauma I endured at my father’s hands.

All because she was too afraid to come back for me.

I knew one thing for sure—I would never abandon my child the way she did.

Not for anything.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 59

The Warrior’s Broken Mate Chapter 59

It took me some time to get used to the layout of the castle.

Elias and I eventually found our room at the very top floor, and it had an incredible view.

For miles, there was nothing but forests and open land—a perfect landscape for a werewolf pack.

I was standing out on the balcony, admiring the scenery, when Elias stepped out from the bathroom.

He came out onto the balcony, slipped his arms around my waist, and leaned them casually on the railing.

“I was looking around earlier. Turns out, this room wasn’t the King and Queen’s—it actually belonged to their eldest child. Always has,” Elias said.

“Well, I suppose that makes sense, doesn’t it? I’m the Queen’s firstborn,” I replied.

“You’re the Queen now,” he said.

“Not while my mother’s still alive. That title belongs to her,” I said. He leaned down and kissed my shoulder gently.

“I hadn’t really thought about it that way. But she’s been alone in this castle for years—she doesn’t know what’s happening anymore. I think you’re the one who’s actually ready for the

role,” he said.

“You’re probably right. But I doubt that little fact is going to change much,” I said.

“Let’s not dwell on it for now. I can think of better ways for us to use our time,” he said, brushing his lips against my shoulder again.

“I bet you can,” I murmured, relaxing into his chest.

Looking down, I could see the warriors moving along the perimeter of the barrier, patrolling.

They were running back and forth, keeping watch.

The one flaw in the barrier was that any werewolf could pass through it.

Elias turned me around so I was facing him, then leaned in and kissed me.

Still kissing me, he walked me backward into the bedroom.

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He turned just as I fell onto the bed, gently laying me down.

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He trailed his leg up my thigh, brushing over my shorts, and began toying with the waistband.

But a knock came at the door, cutting the moment short, and Elias growled in frustration.

“Go away,” he shouted.

“I’m sorry, Alpha. I can’t really do that,” Luke’s voice called from the other side, cheerful as ever. Elias sighed, kissed me one more time, and sat up beside me on the bed.

“What is it?” Elias asked, clearly annoyed. Luke stepped inside, noticing quickly that he had interrupted something, and instantly looked nervous.

“Apologies, Alpha, Luna. I just thought you’d want to see this,” Luke said, bringing over a tablet and holding it out to us. On the screen, a video was playing—something that had clearly been broadcast to the public.

“What the hell am I looking at?” I asked.

“That would be your father—he’s speaking from wherever he’s hiding,” Luke said.

“That’s a pretty fancy place. Have you seen it before?” Elias asked me. I focused on the mansion behind my father in the video, but it didn’t ring any bells.

“No. I’ve never seen that place before. Not in real life, and not in any of the photos from his packhouse either,” I said.

“That doesn’t matter right now. Just listen to what he’s saying,” Luke told us. Elias raised the

volume.

“As many of you may already know, my daughter has been abducted. She was taken from our home a week ago. And the man who took her was someone we once trusted like family. Elias Dalton is the one who kidnapped my 16-year-old daughter, and I will stop at nothing to bring her home. I will pay any price necessary to get her back. Please, I’m asking for your support. I just want my daughter back,” my father pleaded.

I paused the video on the tablet because I couldn’t stand to hear another word from him.

“He’s just officially made you the number one enemy. Dad’s got a lot of powerful connections in both the human world and the werewolf world,” I said.

“I know. But plenty of people also know what I do—rescuing wolves from abuse. They’d never believe I could actually kidnap someone,” Elias replied.

“And what about those Alphas you angered by taking in their abused wolves? They could

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easily back my father and claim you kidnapped members of their packs too. This might spiral out of control faster than you realize,” I said.

“Well, no human is going to come looking for me inside this castle,” he said.

“Luke, how close are we to our allies?” I asked.

“We’ve got allies spread across the country. I can start reaching out to them now,” Luke replied.

“You’re going to have to. Dad’s getting serious. He’s declared war and made Elias the enemy of the world,” I said.

We stood and made our way down to a conference room I had discovered earlier that day.

I already knew we’d need to convert this space into a war room, but it definitely needed some upgrades.

The entire castle didn’t have even a single working computer. That was one of the first things we had to change.

“What’s going on?” Rowan asked as she appeared in the doorway of the conference room. But I turned my back to her and took a seat at the table.

“I’m going to make my own video,” I announced.

“That’s not safe. If you film around the castle or even just outside, he’ll recognize it. You’ll be exposing our location,” Elias warned.

“That’s why I’m not doing it here. There’s a cabin a few miles away from here—part of the castle land. It’s mine. No one lives there. Send some warriors to clean it up and make it look like it’s lived in. We need the video to show I’m being treated well. Except for the marks,” I said.

“What marks?” Luke asked.

“The bruises and cuts I’m going to draw on my face and arms. But he claimed I was taken a week ago, so by human logic, they’d be partly healed by now,” I explained.

“We’ll get everything in motion,” Luke said with a smile as he headed out of the room.

I turned to Elias and saw that he was smiling at me as well.

I was ready to fight fire with fire. If my father wanted to ruin Elias’s name, then I was going to take him down instead.

No one can threaten my mate and walk away unpunished.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 60

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 60

I knew Rowan was nearby in the castle, not too far from me. She stayed close but never crowded my space. She didn't push herself onto me, which I deeply appreciated. I really didn't

want her near me.

Elias definitely felt sympathy for her since she was an abused wolf, but my perspective was different. I also understood that he was worried about me because I was shutting her out. I ignored her presence, and he feared it might genuinely affect me.

But I couldn't focus on that right now.

I sat in my room at the vanity, with makeup laid out in front of me.

Elias entered and noticed the light purple bruises I had carefully painted on myself, along with a split lip and several other cuts and bruises that would show with what I planned to

wear.

"Wow, these actually look so real. How did you manage that?" Elias asked.

"I know what real bruises and cuts look like. I've been studying them for as long as I can remember," I replied.

"Clearly you have. People are really going to buy this."

"Yeah. The alternative would be to actually injure myself, but with our accelerated healing, the marks would fade too quickly before filming the video."

"I'm glad you chose this approach."

"I knew you'd approve."

"Well, the sun will be up soon. Are you sure you want to do this? It'll seriously anger your

father."

"I'm absolutely sure. I have to do it. He needs to learn he can't mess with me, and I'm no longer afraid of him. At least, I don't think I am."

"There's nothing to fear. You're so much stronger than when you left his packhouse. He doesn't realize what he's up against."

Once I finished applying my makeup and brushed my hair, I grabbed the clothes I planned to wear from the wardrobe.

I put on a black tank top, then an oversized white long-sleeved shirt tied in front to leave my

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bruised chest exposed, along with jeans and black boots.

I got up and we headed downstairs, where the warriors waited for us.

They escorted us through the barrier and into the woods to the cabin.

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By the time we arrived, the sun had already risen, and one warrior had set up a camera and equipment outside the much nicer cabin.

We only tidied up the exterior, inside was bare—no furniture, no electricity, nothing.

Elias stood by the camera as I positioned myself in front of the cabin, right on the porch. I noticed my mother had followed us but stayed behind everyone else, careful not to interfere or get too close.

"Alright, whenever you're ready," the warrior said. I faced the camera with a serious expression, knowing how much depended on my ability to sell this story.

"I know many of you are supporting my father because he claimed Elias Dalton kidnapped me. But I'm sorry to say that isn't true. These cuts and bruises are from my father. Elias didn't kidnap me—he rescued me. He took me away from my father, who locked me in the attic and treated me like a slave. Many didn't even know I existed until he posted that video, asking me to come home. That's because he never wanted anyone to know about me. He hid me away so he could abuse me in secret. I know a lot of you admire my father, but every story has two sides. Nothing he says can be trusted. He isn't a good man. He never has been. People only see what he wants them to see. But I have seen the real Thorne Bennett, and he isn't the

noble man you believe—the one who donates to charity and helps those in need. He does that only to maintain appearances for all of you watching this.

Elias Dalton isn't a person who deserves punishment. He saved me, and I will never go back to my father's house. Elias takes care of me. He loves me in a way I never thought anyone could. So, I want everyone to know that I am safe, I'm doing well, and I'm far better off here than I ever was with Thorne Bennett. Thank you." I said.

The warrior switched off the camera, and Elias came over and pulled me into a hug.

"That was really good," he said.

"Maybe now my dad will stop trying to make you out to be the villain once everyone around him learns what a jerk he really is," I said.

"Come on, let's get going," Elias said.

We began walking back to the castle when Luke suddenly ran up to us.

"Alpha," he said.

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"What's wrong?" Elias asked.

"The pack we lived with before coming here—someone attacked it," Luke said.

"What?" Elias asked in disbelief.

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"They burned every house to the ground. It was Thorne. He found out we were there. Luckily, we escaped just in time," Luke said.

"I can't f*****g believe this," Elias said angrily.

"I know. But he's clearly tracking us," Luke said.

"We need to increase patrols around the barrier," I said firmly.

"That's exactly what I was thinking. He won't stop hunting for the Luna. Once this video spreads, he'll tear the whole country apart trying to find her," Luke said.

Elias got me back to the castle quickly and immediately boosted patrols around the barrier.

When the video was ready, the warrior sent it to every news outlet and blasted it all over the

internet.

That happened after we sent someone into town to buy a damn computer, which was set up

in the conference room.

As soon as the video went live, the views started pouring in. Many people watched it. We sat there watching the numbers climb, knowing this would shatter my father's perfect image.

Before long, Luke's phone started ringing, and he went over to Elias.

"Alpha, someone's calling for you," Luke said. Elias took the phone and put it on speaker so I

could hear.

"Alpha Elias, this is Alpha Maddox from the Hollowthorn pack," a voice announced.

"How are you, Alpha Maddox?" Elias responded.

"I was wondering when we could meet," Maddox said.

"Well, I'm keeping a low profile at the moment," Elias said.

"I completely understand. We can meet on neutral ground if you prefer. I know it would be more comfortable for you," Maddox said.

"May I ask what this is about?" Elias asked.

"I want to show you my support and find out what you need to bring down that son of a b***h

Thorne Bennett," Maddox said. Elias looked at me with shock on his face.

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Just showing people that my father was an abusive bastard was enough to make them want to help us. I knew Alpha Maddox wasn't part of my father's inner circle, so he had nothing to gain by betraying us.

Thanks to my video, we were going to make allies.

I couldn't have asked for a better result.