

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 06

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Luke yanked Lyra away. She slipped from my grip. Thorne lunged, mid-shift. I dodged as he

landed—a massive grey wolf.

I didn't move, a smirk forming. Thorne's crouched, tense wolf form—almost laughable. My smirk made him angrier. That rush in my chest wasn't just arrogance—it was purpose. I fought for Lyra. Thorne fought only to own. He failed to grasp the difference.

I stepped back. Black fur raced up my arms; bones snapped. My wolf form towered over

Thorne. He flinched at my lack of fear.

Rage burned with memories of Lyra's injuries. Kael, my wolf, screamed to attack as I advanced.

I could sense hesitation in Thorne's stance. There was something in his eyes I couldn't quite

interpret—was it fear? Defiance? Doubt? I couldn't tell.

I crouched low, tuning out every sound but Thorne. Teeth bared, I watched each twitch in his

stance. The crowd gathered—he had to show strength, not weakness. I understood the pressure, but I felt no respect for him.

Lyra stood frozen, wide-eyed. Thorne launched for my throat. He wasn't fast enough.

I dodged. Thorne crashed, rolled, scrambled up. I spun, unmoved.

"It's okay, Alpha. I've got her. Don't worry about Lyra. Focus," Luke's voice came through the

mind link. And I knew I could count on him. I always had.

Thorne lunged again. I met him midair, slammed him down, and landed on top, jaws at his

throat.

“No!” Luna Seraphina screamed, her voice cutting through the chaos. I paused long enough

to see her being restrained by several of her warriors.

“Finish him, Alpha! That’s the only way to stop him!” one of my warriors shouted.

I stepped off him. Thorne lay still, awaiting death. Anger and justice for Lyra tempted me to finish it, but killing him meant inheriting his pack—a burden I refused. All I wanted was Lyra safe, not Thorne’s legacy. I stepped back, rejecting any tie to him.

I shifted back slowly. Luke ran over and handed me a pair of shorts, and I pulled them on. Lyra, clearly avoiding looking at me while I was undressed, glanced away until I was covered.

1/5

< CHAPTER 6

More Rewards >

As soon as I finished dressing, I looked back at Thorne—only to feel a sudden spark shoot up

my arm.

I turned to find Lyra beside me, her hand resting lightly on my forearm.

“Don’t kill him,” she said gently.

I stared at her, confused. After everything he’d done to her—after all the pain she had endured

-how could she ask me that?

“He’s not worth it,” she continued. “And you know what happens when you kill an Alpha.”

I looked back at Thorne.

“Shift back,” I commanded. He hesitated, still defiant, but obeyed. One of his warriors came

over and handed him a pair of shorts.

"I'm giving you this one warning," I said coldly. "Stay away from me and my mate. Next time, I won't stop."

"Why not kill me now?" he asked, his voice hoarse.

"Because I don't want your pathetic excuse for a pack," I replied sharply. "That's your burden,

not mine."

"Vanguards Pack, gather your things and load them into the cars. Now," I ordered firmly.

Without hesitation, they turned toward the packhouse to collect their belongings.

Luke left Lyra standing beside me. I positioned myself in front of her so Alpha Thorne couldn't see her directly. She kept her head down as I turned to face her.

"Lyra, do you want me to take you away from here?" I asked softly, making sure my tone was

gentle. The last thing I wanted was to scare her—she already looked fragile and shaken. Her eyes flickered around nervously, clearly trying to avoid glancing at her father.

After a moment, she finally looked up at me and gave a small nod.

"Do you have anything here you need to bring?" I asked carefully, keeping my voice low and steady.

"Only my books," she whispered.

"That's okay, I'll get you new ones. I promise," I said, resolute. I couldn't let her go back inside -not for a moment. That house felt like a threat; if she returned, I feared I'd lose her again. I

wouldn't risk it.

2/5

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< CHAPTER 6

More Rewards >

It didn't take long for my pack to finish packing. Within minutes, everything was in the cars. We'd brought three vehicles—Lyra and I would ride in the lead car, while the other two would be driven by assigned drivers. The rest of my warriors were going to run back through the

forest.

I gently led Lyra to the first car and opened the passenger door. She hesitated for a beat before getting in, and I rushed around to the driver's side. Sliding into my seat, I started the

engine.

Lyra sat stiffly, avoiding eye contact, her gaze fixed on her lap as we drove off. Alpha Thorne and Luna Seraphina stood silently at the front of their crowd, watching us leave. I didn't look back. I floored the accelerator, pulling away from the packhouse and everything it represented, with my warriors following close behind.

Just as we passed over the border, I caught Lyra whispering something. I leaned slightly to hear better, straining to catch her quiet words.

"I, Lyra Bennett, renounce my bond with the Crystal River Pack and with Alpha Thorne. From this moment forward, I am no longer a member of the Crystal River Pack," she said slowly

and deliberately.

I turned to look at her, but she didn't meet my gaze. Her eyes stayed fixed ahead.

She had just severed ties with the only pack she had ever known. I glanced at her small, tense frame, and even though she didn't speak again, I could feel it—she had been waiting for this moment for a long time. Waiting for someone to finally take her away.

The second we crossed that boundary, she let go of her pack, her blood, her history—and she didn't flinch. She hadn't hesitated for even a second. It hit me: she'd been wanting to say

those words for years.

I remembered the shocked looks on the faces of the Crystal River Pack members when I revealed that Lyra was Alpha Thorne's daughter. They all seemed stunned, confused even. It was clear they had no idea she existed. No one else in the pack seemed to know she was alive—no one but the Alpha and Luna. That realization made my blood boil. Had they really

kept her hidden from everyone this whole time?

Maybe she never spoke to anyone but them. Maybe they hid her so thoroughly that the rest believed she was gone. That idea churned my stomach. Or maybe I was wrong—maybe the shock was about my discovery. What lies had they spun? One way or another, I'd uncover the

truth.

3/5

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< CHAPTER 6

More Rewards

"Lyra, the rest of the pack looked just as surprised when they saw you outside with me," I said gently, keeping my tone cautious. "Was it because they were afraid I had found you—or did they truly not know you were alive?"

"I don't think they knew," she answered quietly. "I never spoke to anyone. If someone came to the house, I had to hide. I wasn't allowed to be seen." Her voice was soft, matter-of-fact, like

she was describing something normal. But it made my stomach twist.

She glanced at me, her eyes slightly wide, and I realized my grip on the steering wheel had

gone so tight that my knuckles had turned white. I was furious without even realizing it. I

forced myself to loosen my hands.

Looking at her again, I noticed—really noticed—her eyes for the first time. They were a deep

forest green, striking even under all the dirt on her face. She looked like she hadn't had a

proper bath in weeks, maybe longer, but somehow, that didn't take away from how beautiful

she was. She was far too thin—anyone could see she needed to gain weight. But even like

this, she was the most breathtaking being I had ever seen. Like someone who had stepped out of my dreams.

Her hair was filthy, making it hard to tell the exact color. Brown, definitely, but I couldn't tell

what kind of brown. And just like that, my mind drifted back to Alpha Thorne.

Even after everything she'd endured—being hidden away, neglected, likely abused—she had

still asked me not to kill him. That told me everything I needed to know. There was something

extraordinary about Lyra. Her heart was still kind, still soft. How does someone go through

that much suffering and still stay gentle?

She fascinated me. I knew in that moment I wanted to learn everything about her. She wasn't

just someone I wanted to protect—she was someone who could one day lead, someone with

quiet strength. A warrior waiting to rise.

She didn't look like it now, sure. But none of my pack had, back when I found them. They were

all broken, beaten down, starved. None had been in as rough a condition as Lyra, but none of

them had her quiet fire, either. She had just shown me that she was meant for far more than

being someone's hidden secret or house slave.

"How far is your pack from here?" she asked softly, her voice like a breeze brushing against the tension in the car,

Now came the part I dreaded. I had to tell her the truth—and I couldn't predict how she'd react. Ever since I found her, I kept worrying: would she accept my world? It was nothing like what she'd known. The uncertainty weighed on me.