

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 61

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Elias and I went far enough away from the castle so no one could figure out where we were

hiding.

When we arrived at a small town in the middle of nowhere, we stepped into a diner, and the locals all watched us closely.

I guessed they didn't get many visitors around here, but we sat down in a booth, and soon the

waitress came over.

"Could we get a couple of coffees?" Elias asked.

"Sure thing," she replied, heading back to the counter.

"I'm not sure how private this conversation will be," I said, glancing around at the people staring at us.

"I know. We're just here to listen to him and then leave. We've got people watching outside in case this is a trap," Elias assured me.

"I get it," I said.

The waitress returned with our coffees, and I noticed her staring at Elias, but when she caught me looking, she quickly looked away and hurried back to the counter.

Elias chuckled quietly, and I turned my glare on him.

"I didn't do anything," he said.

"Exactly," I replied.

The diner door opened, and I immediately caught a familiar scent.

I glanced over my shoulder as a man entered, flanked by two large men.

The bigger men went to the counter, while the first man came over to us.

"Maddox" Elias greeted.

“Elias, Lyra is good to finally meet you,” Maddox said, and Elias moved aside so Maddox could sit down.

“Ne place you picked,” I commented, looking around again.

“It’s just a small town,” Maddox replied.

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“Yeah, we noticed,” I said.

“So, are you two ordering food?” Maddox asked.

“This isn’t a social visit,” Elias said firmly.

“Of course not,” Maddox said, then ordered a coffee for himself.

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“You seem to have a real problem with my father, but I’ve never seen you at his pack before,” I

said.

“I’ve never been there. I’m not stupid. People have known about his activities in other packs for a long time,” Maddox explained.

“I hadn’t heard about his activities,” Elias admitted.

“That’s why he called in the Vanguard – to get you on his side instead of making your pack an enemy. He didn’t expect you’d be mated to his daughter, or that you’d find her,” Maddox said.

“What kind of trouble is my father involved in?” I asked.

“A lot of shady business, illegal stuff that humans haven’t caught on to yet, but now they might start paying attention since you went public about his abuse,” Maddox explained.

“So he’s going to get more desperate,” I said, looking at Elias.

“Yeah. He’s desperate and will do whatever it takes to get you back,” Maddox warned.

“I don’t know anything about his illegal dealings,” I said.

"I know. But we also know that he was keeping you hidden for a reason," Maddox said. I looked at Elias again, who was looking a little panicked. "Don't worry. No one knows why,"

Maddox said.

"Why do you hate him so much?" I asked.

"Because we all make money in the human world. It's how we keep our packs going. It's just normal for us to do that. He's been stealing my businesses out from under me for years. He's almost sent me bankrupt several times," Maddox explained.

"Why?" Elias asked.

To get me out of the way. I own a lot of land. And a large pack. He doesn't want me to be more powerful than him," Maddox said.

"So, you want to join an alliance with us just so you can say 'f**k you' to Thorne?" I asked.

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"Yeah. Pretty much," Maddox said. Elias looked at me.

I shrugged my shoulders as I looked back.

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"That's good enough for me. If anyone is going to have a reason then why not that?" I asked.

"Yeah. I guess so," Elias said.

"How do you expect this alliance to work?" I asked.

"Well, I think that when your father finally catches up to you, then I have a very large pack at my disposal that will be there to help. They are well disciplined, well trained and I can even send several of them with you so they can help protect you in the meantime. Because, believe me. He's looking everywhere for you," Maddox said.

"He's not going to find where we are," I said.

"We don't need your warriors coming home with us. We've got that covered. It's what we do. But we do appreciate the help if it comes down to a final battle with him," Elias said.

"Absolutely. And I hope that we can keep an open line of communication. So if either of us hear anything about Thorne then we will call the other?" Maddox asked.

"I think that's fair," I said.

When we got back to the castle we went to the kitchen to get something to eat since it was the middle of the night. We had been traveling for most of the day and I was getting hungry

now.

I still saw my mother lurking around, but I was still ignoring her.

"I'm glad you guys are back," Luke said, walking into the kitchen.

"We were only gone for a day," Elias said.

"I know. And the phone hasn't stopped all day," Luke said.

He placed the phone on the bench and let us listen to the messages from Alpha's all around the country that had heard of dad or who had met him and they were all wanting to meet with us. For the same reasons. They hated my dad and they wanted to bring him down.

"I don't believe it. Did you know that so many people hated your dad?" Elias asked.

"I didn't even know that so many people knew of my dad. I thought he was telling you the truth when you first came to our pack. That he had let his pack go to hell but was ready for it to get back up and running again," I said.

"Well, you only saw what he wanted you to see," Luke said.

"Obviously," I said.

We decided that we were going to go to bed and we'd call those Alpha's tomorrow.

When we went upstairs, we had a shower and we got into bed.

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Elias pulled me close to him and put his arm around me so his chest was against my back and I went to sleep pretty quickly.

But when I opened my eyes again, I was standing in a burning room.

I looked around and there were no doors to get out and I reached out and I burnt myself. I looked at my hand where it had turned red and it was really painful. It wasn't a dream.

Where the f**k was I?

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Looking around the room engulfed in flames, I felt confused, frightened, and deeply concerned about how I had ended up in this situation in the first place. My hand was burned and still throbbed painfully, yet it didn't seem to be healing or showing any signs of recovery like it should have. Not for a wolf.

I attempted to call Noir to come forward, but there was nothing. Inside my mind, it was completely silent, as if she wasn't present at all.

I tried once more to move through the fire, searching for another escape route. When I spotted a gap in the flames, I thought I could seize the opportunity. But the opening shut again before I could dash through it, and my shirt caught fire.

Quickly, I used my hands to pat down the flames on my clothing, but when I looked down at my scorched shirt and the increasing burns on my hands, panic rose in me.

Suddenly, a hidden door swung open on the far side of the room, and Elias rushed in.

"Lyra," he shouted.

"Elias," I called back.

Upon seeing me, he tried to brave the fire and reach me, but he had to pull back several times, overwhelmed by the heat radiating from the blaze.

From where he stood on the other side of the room, he looked at me with fierce determination, then crouched down and made a leap over the fire separating us.

As he jumped into the air, the fire seemed to act on its own will. It surged up, wrapped around Elias, and dragged him back down into the center of the room.

I screamed for Elias, hearing his screams as he was consumed by the flames—burning alive, dying from his wounds.

I collapsed to the floor, hugging my legs tightly, trying to steady my breathing. Moving was nearly impossible when a familiar voice began echoing all around me.

I rose to my feet and searched the room, but I couldn't see him anywhere.

"You know you'll never win this battle against him," Dad's voice said.

"I've already won, you bastard. Don't you realize that?" I shouted back.

"You haven't won anything. All you've done is cost me a few allies and some business

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investors. If you think that will stop me, you're mistaken," he replied.

"You lost allies, we gained new ones. They want nothing to do with you. You're the one who will burn in hell for everything you've done" I growled. He began to look uneasy.

"Look where you are, Lyra. You're the one who's going to burn before I do," he said.

"And if you believe my people will let you get away with this, you're going to die in the most agonizing way imaginable" I snarled.

"Well, not if you can't find me," he sneered.

"That'll never stop them. They are the Vanguard's pack. They're called that for a reason. You will never win" I said firmly

"My pack isn't as weak as you assume," Dad shot back.

"And I'm not as weak as you think I am," I answered.

A door suddenly opened on the opposite side of the room, and I saw my pack gathered there. They were in the gully where they had taken me when they first rescued me. They were going about their usual activities when, all of a sudden, everything began to ignite. The buildings caught fire, and the people did too. He was burning them all alive, just to send a message to

1. me.

"That isn't real," I said.

"Not yet. But it will be. Once you're out of the way, they'll come back to the gully. And I'll be there waiting for them," he replied.

I watched through the door as each person burst into flames, screaming in agony. He left the closest ones for last—Luke and Stephanie, and the others I had become friends with in the Vanguards pack

How did he know they were the ones closest to me? How did he know they were my friends?

If the witch was giving him the ability to see that, then he could watch us whenever he Wanted There was a real chance he knew we were at the castle.

The thought sent a chill down my spine and stirred up a swarm of hornets in my stomach just imagining it. I couldn't let him get his hands on my people.

Then the door slammed shut, and I began to hear a baby crying.

I scanned the room from where I stood, and suddenly, I spotted a baby in a cot on the left side of the building.

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The baby was standing up, crying and staring directly at me.

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I don't know how I just knew, but I knew without a doubt it was my child—mine and Elias's. Our future child. One who didn't even exist yet.

I tried to move past the flames to reach him, but I couldn't. The fire flared up and blocked my way to the cot every time I tried to get close.

Then I saw a figure walking toward the baby. The flames parted before him, and he turned to look at me with a crazed expression on his face.

"Leave him alone," I growled.

"Why would I do that? I lost you. I might as well take the next heir to the throne and train him to work for me to destroy my enemies like you were supposed to," Dad said.

"Screw you. Leave the baby alone. You'll never get my children," I said fiercely.

"I already have him," Dad said, bending down to pick up the baby.

He walked over to the side wall, opened another door, and disappeared through it.

I screamed at him to come back, to bring my baby back.

I turned and faced the wall behind me, pounding my hands against it, desperate to find another secret door. But it was useless. There was no door behind me. Flames suddenly flared up next to me, forcing me to raise my arm to shield my face.

I screamed again, then collapsed to the floor, hugging my knees tightly to my chest, rocking back and forth.

Elias was gone. My baby was gone. I felt like I had lost everything—my pack, my friends, everything. Just when I had finally found where I belonged, it had all been torn away from me.

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Elias POV

It didn't take long for either Lyra or me to fall asleep that night. We had spent most of the day on the road, so exhaustion had caught up with us quickly.

But I really wish it had stayed that way.

In the early hours before dawn, I was jolted awake by the sound of Lyra screaming.

It scared the hell out of me. I turned over to look at her and saw her tossing and turning violently on her side of the bed, her body drenched in sweat.

I grabbed her shoulders and tried to shake her awake. Whatever kind of nightmare she was having, it was a serious one. I'd been with her through some bad dreams before, but none had ever been like this.

I called her name and shook her again, several times, but she wouldn't respond. It was like

she couldn't hear me at all.

I tried to lift her into a sitting position, but her body felt completely limp in my arms.

I rushed to the door and flung it open so forcefully it nearly flew off the hinges. I started shouting for Luke.

He came running into the room, a few others behind him, though they hesitated and remained just outside.

Luke jumped into action to help me try waking her. He ran into the bathroom and came back with a cold, damp cloth, but no matter what we tried, she wouldn't wake up.

"What happened to her hand?" Luke asked, and I glanced down. I lifted her hand to see a burn

that hadn't been there before.

"I have no idea. It wasn't like that when we went to sleep," I answered.

"Is there anything we can do?" Stephanie asked as she stepped cautiously inside the doorway,

"There's nothing any of you can do right now. We don't even know what's wrong with her," I snapped, frustration boiling over.

Rowan came rushing into the room, immediately moving over to Lyra and examining her. She touched her forehead, and Lyra began to scream and thrash again.

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We did everything we could to hold her still, to keep her from injuring herself.

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Rowan started setting down several strange-looking crystals around Lyra, then began waving her hands slowly above her body. She murmured a chant under her breath, something I didn't recognize. I had no clue what she was trying to do.

There wasn't any visible change happening around Lyra, but Rowan looked utterly focused on whatever magic she was performing.

"You're not going to be able to wake her," Rowan finally said.

"What do you mean by that?" I demanded.

"She's been hexed. My guess is the black witch," Rowan replied grimly.

"What the f**k are we supposed to do then?" I asked, trying to contain my panic.

"I don't know. I've never broken a hex like this before. Especially not one this strong," she

admitted.

“Stephanie! Stephanie, where are you going?” Corbin’s voice echoed as Stephanie suddenly bolted from the room and ran down the stairs.

Corbin chased after her, but I wasn’t going anywhere. I stayed at Lyra’s side, constantly refreshing the wet cloth on her forehead.

Her temperature was so high that the towel kept heating up within moments of placing it.

“Everyone, get to the library right now. Start looking for any book that might tell us how to undo a hex, I ordered. The room cleared immediately, and I could hear them waking others who hadn’t already heard the chaos. One by one, everyone headed toward the library.

I returned to Lyra’s side, holding a newly dampened towel for her forehead, but then I noticed something else—part of her shirt had been singed, and now both of her hands were badly

burned.

I quickly grabbed a burn cream and began applying it to her palms and her side, trying to ease the pain in whatever way I could. I wasn’t sure what, if anything, she could feel right now. But deep down, I feared she might be experiencing every second of it.

“What do you know about the black witch?” I asked Rowan, who was leaning against the side wall of the bedroom.

know that Thorne has been relying on her for as long as I can remember. I only came face-to-face with her a couple of times—and trust me, that was more than enough,” Rowan

replied.

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“You didn’t get along with her?” I asked.

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“She terrified me. She’s not the type of person you cross. And she’s absolutely not the kind of individual you want to make business deals with,” Rowan said firmly.

“Good to know. But why would Thorne go to such extremes? I mean, what reason could he have had for involving the black witch when Lyra was still just a baby?” I asked.

“I have no idea. He never confided in me about things like that. He kept everything to himself. It wasn’t until I realized he was exploiting me for my magic—and planned to do the same to Lyra—that everything fell apart in our household,” she explained.

Just then, Lyra began to scream again, and I tried holding her still, praying that our mate bond might offer some comfort, even if she wasn’t conscious.

“What the hell is she going through in there?” I demanded.

“I’m not sure. But if I know Thorne, whatever it is, it’s definitely nothing good,” Rowan answered.

“Why can’t you do something? Cast a spell or something to help?” I asked.

“Because I’m not that strong. I don’t know why—my powers never came in the way they’re supposed to in werewolf royalty,” she admitted.

“Can’t you at least try? Even if it doesn’t work, at least you’ll know you tried to help your daughter,” I urged.

“Do you think I don’t want to? Of course I want to. But I don’t know how,” she said, her voice breaking.

“She has powers. I don’t know why she’s not using them right now to get out of whatever this is—but she does have them. And they’re growing stronger every day,” I told her.

“I always knew she’d be different. And so did her father. That’s the only reason he spared her life instead of killing her along with me,” Rowan said softly.

“Then do something,” I snapped. Rowan flinched when I raised my voice, but I was far past caring. I was desperate. Watching Lyra suffer like this was unbearable.

She was trapped in some kind of nightmare, and I was helpless to pull her out of it.

“I can try. But I’m afraid I’ll make it worse,” Rowan replied hesitantly.

“I honestly don’t see how things could get worse. She’s already living through hell. Just look at those burns. What the f**k are they doing to her in there?” I said, glancing down at her blistered arms and hands. Sweat soaked her body, and the pain was written all over her face.

Rowan didn't answer. She simply walked out of the room while I stayed at Lyra's side, trying to keep her as calm and comfortable as I could.

She returned a few minutes later with a handful of supplies and began carefully arranging them around Lyra and on the nightstand.

She pulled a chair closer and sat beside the bed, her entire posture tense with fear.

She looked truly afraid to even attempt the spell, but I honestly couldn't imagine anything she might do that could make Lyra's situation worse.

"Make sure your people are still digging through those books for any other way to lift this hex. I don't know if what I'm about to do will work," Rowan warned. I gave a small nod.

She rubbed her hands together, then took a long, steadying breath and exhaled it slowly.

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Rowan began to move her hands in the air, chanting in a language I didn't recognize. Her words were so faint and quiet that even with my enhanced werewolf hearing, I could barely catch any of it. As she continued to chant, she reached into a bowl and pulled out a handful of powder, which she began to gently sprinkle over Lyra's body.

I noticed that Rowan's breathing was becoming heavier, clearly strained. The spell was taking a toll on her, draining her strength with every movement. But despite the difficulty, she didn't need any book or guide to perform what she was doing.

She'd known this spell all along. She just hadn't cast it because she believed she couldn't. That was what made me angriest.

She was prepared to let her own daughter suffer without even attempting to help.

It wouldn't have mattered to me if she failed—but the fact that she wasn't willing to try in the beginning, simply because she didn't believe in herself, that's what infuriated me.

She keeps saying she doesn't have much magic, but I think it's more likely she's just never made a real effort. She's repressed that part of who she is, probably out of fear—maybe because it's the very thing that made Thorne want her dead in the first place. But who really

knows?

I glanced back at Rowan. She was focused, more intensely than ever. She continued to chant, now applying different powders over Lyra's body. But no matter what she did, there was no visible effect.

Lyra still appeared to be in pain. The suffering hadn't stopped. That much was clear.

The bed was completely soaked from the sweat pouring off of her, but for the moment, she

had calmed down.

I didn't know what she was experiencing internally, but at least she wasn't screaming anymore. I could hear her whimpering softly, but the yelling had stopped. And for now, no new burns had appeared.

For that, I was truly thankful.

It was obvious Rowan was doing everything in her power. She stood beside Lyra's body, hands moving, chanting nonstop. Still, nothing changed.

She kept at it for a long time before finally collapsing to the floor, completely drained—and Lyra's condition remained exactly the same.

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I helped Rowan off the floor, and she looked utterly worn out, like just attempting the spell had taken every ounce of her energy.

"I'm sorry," she said, her voice filled with defeat. "It's too strong. I can't fight the black witch. I never have been able to."

"I only asked you to try. And you did. That's all any of us could ask for. It's okay," I told her.

"I really do want to help her. You have to believe me. I love my daughter more than anything," Rowan said sincerely.

"I've never doubted that. Even if Lyra has. But right now, we have to focus on figuring out how to break this hex. That's all that matters," I replied. She nodded quietly in agreement.

I helped her back into the chair so she could rest after what she'd done. Now, everything depended on the people in the library digging through books, hoping to uncover a way to

remove this curse.

"What do you actually know about hexes?" I asked.

"Not much, honestly. There are so many different kinds. Some are mild—like people always having bad luck, or being in constant, unexplained pain. Those are simple hexes. But this... this one's more advanced. Lyra's trapped in a dream-like state with no way to wake up," Rowan explained.

"And she's aware of everything that's happening to her?" I asked.

"Yes. I think she can feel all of it," Rowan confirmed. I turned back to Lyra then, gently wrapping my hand around hers, silently willing our bond to reach her. Praying that somehow, she could still feel that connection. That it would help keep her tethered to me.

"Alpha," Luke said as he stood in the doorway, a book held open in his arms.

"Did you figure out how to break the hex?" I asked quickly.

"No, not exactly. But I did manage to learn something more about it, if you want to hear it," Luke responded.

"Yeah. Bring it over," I said. He crossed the room and handed me the book, pointing out a specific passage for me to read.

"I'm sorry, sir, I know this isn't what you were hoping to find," Luke added.

"What does it say?" Rowan asked, watching us closely.

"It says that if we don't manage to wake her up, she'll slowly begin to merge with the dream.

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That dream world will become her reality, and she won't ever come back," I read aloud.

"How long does she have before that happens?" Rowan asked.

"It doesn't give a time frame," Luke answered.

"Then time is against us now. We have to pull her out of it as soon as we can," I said firmly.

"We don't even know where to begin," Luke replied.

"Then get your ass back to the damn library and figure it out," I growled. Luke turned and dashed from the room, heading back downstairs.

I knew there had to be something in that library. Lyra had explored it before and told me there were books about werewolves, vampires, witches, humans, fae—every kind of being

imaginable. Not to mention historical records. Lyra had been fascinated by all of it, eager to learn. She just hadn't had the time to read most of it yet.

History had always fascinated her. That was why she always had her nose buried in that royal family book. But of course, that wasn't just any history—it was hers.

"Do you have any idea how many distant relatives Lyra might still have out there in the world? Ones descended from the royal bloodline?" I asked.

"No. I have no clue. But it doesn't really matter. They wouldn't have powers like ours. The magic was only passed down through the direct royal line. Anyone not descended from the firstborn didn't inherit it," Rowan explained.

"So, that would mean it passed from you to Lyra," I said.

"Exactly. Lyra's the last one. As far as I'm aware, we're the only two left alive who carry the bloodline," she said.

"What happened to your parents?" I asked.

"They were killed after I moved in with Thorne. I think it was someone who believed that killing the reigning King and Queen would automatically give them their powers," Rowan explained. I gave her a curious look.

"So that happened right after you went to live with Thorne?" I asked her.

"Yeah, it did. Why?" she asked.

"You don't think there's something a little suspicious or too convenient about that?" I said.

"You think Thorne arranged it?" she asked, eyes widening.

“Who else would have had the motive? You said yourself—he wanted your magic. Then he tried to have you killed, and he kept Lyra hidden away so no one would know she existed,” I

said.

“That manipulative bastard,” Rowan muttered, the realization hitting her hard.

“Alpha,” someone called from the doorway. I looked up to see Stephanie standing there.

“Where the hell did you run off to?” I asked.

“I went to get someone I knew might be able to help,” she said calmly.

“Who exactly?” I asked. But before she could answer, a soft blue glow began to radiate from around Lyra’s body. Rowan and I both instinctively stepped back. The light grew stronger as Stephanie moved aside, making room for a woman dressed entirely in red to enter.

But the moment I saw the deep red cloak covering her face, I immediately knew who she

was.

“No f*****g way. Get that damn witch out of here!” I shouted.

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I turned my gaze back to Lyra, and the red witch was still performing some sort of incantation over her, which made me instantly lunge forward, intent on stopping whatever she was doing. I had no clue what kind of spell she was casting, and the fear I felt for Lyra was overwhelming. It wasn’t because she was a witch—I’ve known many witches who were kind and trustworthy. But this red witch... she had a reputation almost as dangerous as the black witch’s. I didn’t want her anywhere near Lyra.

I moved to put an end to whatever the red witch was doing, but Corbin stepped into my path and blocked me from getting any closer.

“Move out of my damn way, Corbin,” I growled through clenched teeth.

“Alpha, I’m really sorry. You know I wouldn’t normally go against you like this, but we need you to trust us right now. We would never allow any harm to come to our Luna. She can break the hex. She knows what she’s doing,” Corbin said firmly.

“She’s going to end up killing her. I don’t trust her, not one bit,” I shouted.

“But Stephanie does. And Stephanie’s never once betrayed this pack. You know how loyal she’s been to you,” Corbin argued, his tone unwavering.

“I don’t give a damn. That’s my mate lying in that bed,” I snapped, voice filled with rage.

“Please, Alpha. Let her try. You won’t regret this, I swear it,” Corbin pleaded.

“Elias, please,” Rowan added, stepping forward. “Just let her attempt it. I know the stories about the red witch too. But you heard what Luke said—if we don’t pull Lyra out of this soon, we may lose her for good.”

I glanced around the room, and every single face—Corbin, Stephanie, Rowan, and now Luke—was fixed on me. They weren’t just begging me. They looked like people hanging on by a thread, utterly desperate.

I turned to look back at the red witch. Her focus hadn’t wavered for a second. She was still

entirely centered on Lyra, inching closer as I watched the soft blue light surrounding Lyra gradually shift into a glowing red.

“If she hurts her instead of helping her, I swear I’ll hold every last one of you accountable,” I warned them in a low, furious voice.

Corbin and Luke finally stepped aside, giving me a clear path.

I moved closer to the red witch, who remained locked in her spell, undistracted. I could make out the faint sound of chanting escaping her lips. Whatever magic she was using, it was clearly far beyond what Rowan had been capable of.

Suddenly, Lyra let out a bloodcurdling scream and started thrashing on the bed again. I tried to rush to her side, but Corbin stopped me.

“You can’t go near her. Not while this is happening,” Corbin said firmly. I had no choice but to stay back, seething, casting furious glares at everyone around me before turning my attention back to Lyra. Watching her writhe in pain, knowing I couldn’t hold her or soothe her

It was unbearable. I could only imagine what kind of torment she must be going through.

And I didn't even know why I allowed myself to be persuaded. What had I been thinking, letting them talk me into allowing that witch near my mate? She wasn't part of our lives—she didn't care about us, and we were even less important to her. She'd always made her hatred of werewolves perfectly clear.

"It's okay, Alpha," Stephanie said calmly. "She owes me a favor. She won't do anything to hurt anyone here. I've called in the debt, and she's going to help our Luna."

"And why exactly does she owe you a favor?" I asked, eyes narrowing.

"It was from my past, before I ever joined your pack," Stephanie explained. "I saved her life—back when she wasn't nearly as strong as she is now. But she still honored that debt."

I noticed the red witch beginning to encounter some kind of pushback from within the hex. It was clear that the black witch was resisting her efforts. But even so, the red witch didn't falter. Instead, she doubled down and poured more energy into the spell she was working on.

It was obvious she was giving it everything she had, pushing harder, and even for a seasoned witch as powerful as she was, it looked like it was taking a toll.

There was nothing I could do but stay where I was and watch it all unfold. At last, the red witch made one final effort, pressing all her strength into that last surge of magic, and I saw her arms drop heavily to her sides as she exhaled in sharp, labored breaths.

The crimson glow that had surrounded Lyra began to recede, dimming slowly, and I cautiously approached her as it faded.

I sat down carefully on the edge of the bed, nerves eating away at me while I waited to find out whether or not the spell had done its job.

Taking her hand gently in mine, I felt the warmth that still lingered in her skin, though now she wasn't thrashing or shaking. She lay still—calm, like she was finally resting instead of struggling.

Then her fingers twitched slightly in my grasp, and she started to blink, her eyes gradually opening as she focused on me before looking anywhere else.

Her gaze swept briefly around the room, taking in the others who were gathered there. Then, without warning, she bolted upright in bed, muttering something under her breath about a baby.

"He took our baby. He took our baby," she kept repeating, panic lacing every word.

“Lyra... What are you saying? What baby are you talking about?” I asked, completely thrown off by her words.

“He took our baby. He needed the baby for his powers,” she insisted.

“But Lyra... we don’t have a baby,” I said gently, confusion etched into my voice as I tried to understand.

“It’s part of the hex,” Stephanie explained calmly. “Whatever she lived through while under the spell feels incredibly real to her right now. She needs some time to fully wake up from that illusion before she can understand that it wasn’t reality.”

I pulled Lyra against my chest and wrapped my arms around her, starting to gently rub her back to try and soothe her.

Her whole body was tense, stiff with fear and confusion, and I could sense how uneasy she still felt. That fear was real to her, even if the baby wasn’t. Clearly, her father had used that

hallucination to manipulate her.

Everything she saw in that dreamworld was manufactured—none of it had actually happened.

As I held her there, continuing to stroke her back and murmur quietly that she was safe, I began to feel her gradually loosening up, the fear in her limbs slowly beginning to fade.

She leaned into me, placing her arms around me in return, and that single gesture made me feel more grounded. She was coming back—bit by bit, she was reconnecting with the real world.

Around the room, I could feel the atmosphere shift, the anxiety still clinging to everyone watching.

I heard someone shuffle their feet on the floor, but I didn’t look to see who it was.

Then, without warning, Lyra flung one arm up behind my back, and the door slammed shut with a loud bang.

I turned around quickly, startled, and saw that she had sealed the door shut right in front of the red witch, preventing her from leaving. I looked back at Lyra and saw her eyes locked onto the red witch with unwavering intensity. The red witch slowly turned to face us, her hood still draped over her face, hiding her features. But it was clear Lyra didn’t need to see her face to know who she was.

"I know you," Lyra said, her voice steady and filled with certainty.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 66

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Lyra POV

I sat there, staring at the red witch, while Elias stood right in front of me, his eyes shifting back and forth between her and me. He clearly sensed that something important was happening.

I was still a little disoriented. Moments ago, I had been trapped inside a burning room with no escape, and now suddenly I was back in my bedroom, as if I had just woken from a terrible nightmare. But this wasn't a dream at all. And why were there so many people here, surrounding both me and the red witch? Why on earth would she be here if it were just a dream?

"Yes, Lyra. You do know who I am." The woman said calmly as she pulled her hood down, revealing her face.

"That's the red witch. Everyone in the pack knows her name." Elias said cautiously.

"Blair," I said quietly.

"It's good to see you again, Lyra. I always believed you'd get out of that house eventually," she said with a faint smile.

"Yeah, but it certainly wasn't because of you." I snapped.

"You know I wasn't able to help you back then," Blair replied without hesitation.

"You used to be my friend," I said, hurt.

"Wait—how do you two even know each other? She's not a werewolf," Elias said, confused.

"My dad brought her to that house when I was a kid. And don't be fooled by her appearance- Blair is fifteen years older than me. She's also the black witch's sister," I explained.

Everyone turned to look at Blair, unsure of what to say.

"I'm nothing like my sister, you know that, Lyra," Blair said quietly.

"I used to believe that, but your reputation has definitely caught up with you since then," I said honestly,

"I didn't have the power I have now back then. My sister had it all, which is why your father ignored me but kept a close watch on her. She never knew about you because of that," Blair explained.

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"And then you left. Just like her," I said, glancing at Rowan.

More Rewards >

Blair froze when she noticed Rowan standing there, clearly unaware that she was still alive.

"So, she's another one who abandoned you in that house," Elias growled.

"They would have killed me, and they would have killed Lyra too. You know that," Blair said calmly.

"I don't know anything about that. Dad wanted my power and might have killed you outright," I said bitterly.

"Luna, she just saved your life," Stephanie said firmly, stepping between us.

I looked down at my burnt hands and scorched shirt and remembered what had happened in

that room.

"What the hell was that?" I asked.

"The black witch put a hex on you. She can't do it again. I placed a protection spell around you, so even if they try to find you, they won't be able to," Blair explained.

"Are you saying there's a chance they know where we are now?" Elias asked nervously.

"Unlikely. The castle has a protective barrier. They might be able to focus on one person and see them, but they can't pinpoint your exact location," Blair reassured us.

"Why did you help me?" I asked.

“She owed me a favor,” Stephanie answered, and I looked between Stephanie and Blair.

“But why did you really help me?” I pressed.

“I did owe Stephanie a favor, yes. But when she told me who you were, I knew I couldn’t turn my back on you again. I left you once before, but I won’t do it a second time,” Blair said with

conviction.

“Alright, I didn’t know that part,” Stephanie said, throwing her hands up in exasperation.

“I know they’ll come after you again, Lyra. You need help. I want to help you—find your powers, discover who you truly are,” Blair said earnestly.

“Is this just your way of saying ‘screw you’ to my dad and your sister?” I asked, narrowing my

eyes.

“No. That’s just a bonus. This is me trying to make up for what I didn’t do back then. Please?” Blair pleaded. I glanced at Elias, and he immediately sensed what I was feeling.

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More Rewards

“Why don’t you all give us some space? Don’t go anywhere, Blair. Lyra just needs time. After everything she’s been through, she needs time to process it all,” Elias said firmly.

“That sounds like a good idea. Let’s go,” Luke agreed, ushering everyone out of the room. The door clicked shut behind him.

“Come on. Let’s get you into the shower,” Elias said, helping me off the bed. I noticed how wet the sheets were.

“You were sweating like crazy,” he told me as soon as he saw what I was staring at.

“I was trapped in a room that was on fire. I couldn’t get out. I kept burning myself,” I explained quietly.

“That explains the burns and your clothes. Everything was releasing from your body while you were unconscious,” Elias said.

I was speechless, overwhelmed by the thought that Elias had watched me suffer like that and couldn’t do anything.

He put his arm around me and kissed my forehead.

“Don’t do that. Don’t feel guilty because of me. Your father’s the one who did this, not you,” Elias said gently. I nodded in agreement.

We went to shower, and I changed into some clean, dry clothes. Elias stripped the bed and replaced the sheets. I stepped out onto the balcony to breathe in some cool, fresh air against my skin.

It was refreshing after everything that had happened tonight. When Elias finished changing the bedding, he joined me on the balcony.

“So, are you going to tell me the story of Blair?” he asked. I looked out into the forest again, memories pulling me back to those days living with my father.

I was ten years old, bruised and cut all over, weak from the wolfsbane but still cleaning the packhouse. I was in the kitchen when I heard my father welcoming guests.

I went to the door, and two women walked inside. They shook my dad’s hand, and he was clearly pleased to see them. They wore normal clothes, no cloaks or anything magical, just ordinary. But something about them drew me in—I could feel their power radiating like waves. It was magnetic. Blair caught my gaze and stared right at me. I quickly ducked back into the

kitchen.

I resumed mopping the floor, but shortly after, Blair entered the kitchen.

“What’s your name?” she asked.

“I’m no one,” I mumbled, keeping my head down.

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“You are definitely not no one. I could feel you from across the room,” she said, and I stopped

cleaning.

"I'm not a witch," I said.

"No. You're more than that. You're special. I think it was a good thing I came here," Blair said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because now I get to know who you really are," she replied.

"I'm no one," I repeated.

"You're not no one. And I'm going to prove it," she said before spinning on her heel and quickly leaving the room again.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 67

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 67

Elias and I spent some time alone in our room, just talking. I was trying to make sense of everything that had happened to me, while Elias was piecing together the events from that burning room. He said all the screaming I did made more sense now, but still, it didn't feel real to him.

When we finally headed downstairs, everyone was gathered in the sitting room on the castle's bottom floor.

Blair was still there—Elias had told her not to leave, and she insisted she wanted to stay and help us fight against my father.

I knew she hated him, but I wasn't sure how she felt about opposing her own sister.

"Feeling any better?" Stephanie asked gently.

"Yeah, I guess," I replied.

"Want something to eat? I can grab you something," Luke offered.

"No, thanks. I'm not hungry," I said, settling into one of the chairs. My eyes stayed locked on

Blair the entire time.

"You said you wanted to stay and help. I know you hate Dad, but what about Mia? I didn't realize she was the black witch until now," I said cautiously.

“She made her choice long ago. And so did I,” Blair replied. “I don’t have the best reputation, and a lot of people fear me. But that’s only because I had to survive after being rejected from

my coven.”

“Why were you rejected? Because you left Dad and refused to follow his plans?” I asked.

“I was punished for my sister’s actions, too. She stayed and twisted magic for all the wrong reasons—everything we once swore against,” Blair said quietly.

“Okay... so now you want to set things right?” I pressed.

“I know what she’s done. I’ve been tracking her for years, watching her every move. She doesn’t deserve those powers. It’s taken me a long time, but I’ve finally crafted the perfect spell. I have all the ingredients I need. If I get close enough, I don’t have to kill her—I just take her powers. Force her to live out her life as a mortal. That’s worse than death. Death would be mercy,” Blair explained.

“I like that plan,” Elias said.

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“Yeah, me too,” I agreed.

More Rewards

“Lyra, you have to understand—I really did try to get you out. That’s why I was banished in the middle of the night. They caught me trying to escape. I made it up to the attic, but Mia found me before I could reach you. I swear, I tried,” Blair said, her voice sincere.

I studied her face and knew she was telling the truth. It showed in her eyes.

“Well, that’s more than some people did,” I said, glancing at Rowan, who looked down, avoiding my gaze.

“Alright. You can stay. But you’re going to train me. I have power, and it’s growing every day. But I need to learn to control it—and that’s where you come in,” I declared.

“Absolutely,” Blair replied without hesitation.

I looked out the window—already midday. Outside, patrols were running the perimeter of the barrier, and everyone else had returned to their daily routines.

“I want to start now,” I said.

“Are you sure? You just went through hell last night,” Blair cautioned.

“I’m fine. I feel fine now. I’m tired, but that’s nothing new. Let’s get to it. Now that you brought me out of that hex, they’re going to know you’re here. Or at least that another powerful witch is. We won’t have the element of surprise anymore. So I need to know what the hell I’m doing,

I said firmly.

“And they could speed up whatever plan they have in motion,” Elias said grimly.

“Exactly. So let’s not waste any time—let’s get started,” I replied.

“Alright,” Blair said, standing up.

We walked through the castle, Blair following close behind as I led her toward the back of the building. We entered a room that, as far as I knew, was never really used for anything.

There were plenty of rooms in the castle that I wasn’t sure what they were for. Most had furniture, but we never used them—I honestly thought they were just wasted space. This particular room was different: empty, quite large, and perfect for whatever training we needed to do.

I closed the doors behind us and warned everyone to stay out while we practiced—I knew I’d need complete focus.

“Okay, why don’t you show me what you can do?” Blair prompted.

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I demonstrated the protective shield I could summon, the fireball I could conjure with my hands, and how I could move objects through sheer will.

“Damn, that’s a pretty impressive start. You’re only sixteen, right?” she asked, eyes wide.

“Yeah. Why?” I answered, curious.

“No royal that age has that much power. They only gain their abilities at sixteen, and it usually takes years of training to control them,” Blair explained.

“That might explain why my mother barely has any power—she never mastered hers,” I said thoughtfully.

“Could be. Do you want her involved in these training sessions?” Blair asked.

“No,” I said firmly, cutting the subject off.

“Alright then. The most important thing is learning how to fight with your powers. That’s what I’m here to teach you. You can move things and create fireballs—great starting points,” she

said.

“I’m glad you think so. But I can’t make the fireballs any bigger than what you saw,” I admitted.

“That’s easy—we’ll work on that now,” she smiled.

“Alright,” I nodded.

We trained for about three hours before finally stopping. I went outside looking for Elias.

He was out beyond the castle grounds, actually outside the barrier, talking with several men.

From the balcony, I recognized one of them—Alpha Damon, the same who had attacked us at our last pack. He didn’t want me anywhere near his territory because he thought I’d cause trouble.

I headed down the stairs and stepped past the barrier, surprising the men gathered there, and walked up next to Elias.

“What’s going on?” I asked.

“All these Alphas want permission to bring their packs here, for protection,” Elias explained.

“Seriously? Damon, you tried to kill us because you didn’t want me near you,” I said, disbelief clear in my voice.

"I know. And I'm sorry. But you don't understand how bad things are getting for werewolves out here. Your father and that witch—they're escalating. Something big is coming, and we're all going to suffer," Damon said grimly.

I exchanged a look with Elias. We knew Dad was planning something major, but no one knew

what.

"Tell us what he's planning. We'll think about it," I said.

"Have you seen strange creatures on Earth that shouldn't be here? Ogres, dragons, things like that?" another man asked. I glanced at Elias.

That's exactly what the black witch was unleashing on us—not long ago, trying to kill or capture us.

"Well, they're going to open a portal to that world—to let all those creatures through and destroy Earth," he continued.

"We don't have the space to shelter all their packs. It's way too many," I said.

"I know. What else can we do?" Elias asked.

"I'll talk to Blair. I'm sure she can put up barriers around their packs so Dad can't find them. They won't be attacked," I said.

"Yeah. Let's do that," Elias agreed.

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The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 68

Elias explained the situation to the Alphas—how the barriers Blair could cast would shield their packs from being seen, essentially cloaking them from my father and the black witch. Once that was sorted, I went to find Blair.

When I told her what was happening, she didn't take it well at first.

"I can't believe that b***h is still obsessed with that damn portal," she snapped. "She's been

trying to open it for twenty years."

“Well, looks like she finally figured out how,” I said. “And now we need to protect as many wolves as we can. Can you go with the Alphas and set up barriers around their packs?”

“What about your training?” she asked immediately.

“I’ll work with what we did today on my own, at least until you get back. But if you don’t go with them, they’ll all come here. Thousands of wolves flooding the forest around the castle-

that’ll blow our cover in seconds.”

Blair sighed. “Alright. I’ll go with them and get their protections up. But I’m coming straight back here after that—and we’re picking up where we left off.”

“Deal,” I said with a nod.

Once she left with the Alphas, Elias dragged me into the dining room, insisting I eat something. I hadn’t eaten a single bite all day.

I was completely exhausted. After last night, I hadn’t gotten any real sleep, and I could feel my body beginning to shut down. But there was still so much to do. I had to start organizing and digging deeper into whatever Mia—the black witch—was planning with that portal.

After dinner, I headed to the library. I searched through the shelves until I found the old witchcraft texts, then pulled out every book that looked like it might hold anything on portals.

I spent the next hour flipping through pages, scanning for any mention of interdimensional travel.

a lot—descriptions of alternate realms, accounts of what lived there—but nothing how to open a portal to one of those worlds. And certainly nothing about how to stop one from opening.

If Mia had figured it out, it must’ve taken her years—Blair said she’d been at it for two decades. I didn’t have that kind of time.

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“Luna?” someone said softly from the doorway.

I looked up. “Hi, Stephanie.”

“Mind if I come in?” she asked.

“Sure. I could use a break,” I said. “Where’s the baby?”

“He’s sleeping,” she replied with a small smile.

“Good,” I nodded.

She stepped in and glanced at the pile of books. “How’s it going?”

More Rewards >

“I don’t know,” I admitted. “There’s too much to figure out and not enough time to do it.”

“Yeah... I know the feeling,” she said quietly.

“I have no clue how we’re going to stop her from opening that portal. We don’t even know where they are.”

“Well, hiding seems to run in your family,” she offered gently.

I gave a dry laugh. “Yeah. Guess that’s the only talent we inherited.”

Stephanie walked over and placed a hand on my shoulder. “Why don’t you try to get some rest? Maybe things will make more sense in the morning.”

“I wish I could,” I murmured. “Blair said she put a protection spell on me—that they can’t get into my head anymore. But that doesn’t really mean anything to me right now. Not after what happened last night. It still feels too real.”

“I get that. You really do look drained, but I understand why you’re avoiding going to bed,” Stephanie said gently.

“Did Elias send you in here to check on me?” I asked, raising a brow.

“He just asked if you’d said anything to me,” she replied casually.

“I’m fine, Elias,” I called out, making sure he could hear me through the door.

“Just making sure. I’m heading to bed now,” he responded from the hallway.

“Goodnight,” I said, listening to the sound of his footsteps retreating down the hall.

“Like I told you, he’s only worried about you,” Stephanie reminded me.

“He doesn’t need to be. I’m okay,” I said firmly.

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“Alright then,” she said, not pushing any further.

I stayed in the library all night, buried in the books, and Stephanie stuck around to help for as long as she could. Eventually, she crashed on the couch around two in the morning, while I powered through with cup after cup of coffee to keep myself awake.

By the time the sun came up, I was completely frustrated. I hadn’t found anything useful.

At six, I headed upstairs to change, then went for a jog around the edge of the barrier and up and down the castle stairs for good measure. It was the most physical movement I could squeeze in.

Afterward, I took a shower and got dressed for the day.

As I was stepping out of the wardrobe, Elias was sitting up in bed, watching me like I might shatter at any second.

“Don’t start,” I said instantly, and he just chuckled, knowing exactly what I meant. He knew I hated being treated like I was fragile. I wasn’t the same broken girl who’d shown up at his pack months ago.

I had grown. I’d changed. I’d become stronger, and I wasn’t about to undo that.

We headed downstairs together for breakfast, and just as we sat down, my phone started

ringing.

“Hello?” I answered.

“Lyra, it’s Blair. I just left a pack in North Carolina. We were getting ready to head to the next one when I felt her,” Blair said, her voice serious.

“Who are you talking about?” I asked.

“Mia. I could sense her. That only happens when we’re near each other. Which means she probably sensed me too. I don’t know if she’s coming for me, but just in case, I decided to stay here and told the Alphas to continue without me. I didn’t want to risk being seen with them,” Blair explained.

“Where exactly are you?” I asked.

“Just left North Carolina,” she replied.

“Alright. It’s a gamble—she might come looking for you. If she does, call me right away. And I want to know everything. If she’s angry, or if she welcomes you back and takes you to dad’s pack. Either way, you need to keep me posted,” I said.

“I will,” she promised.

More Rewards >

“And don’t try anything before we get there,” I warned. “I know you’re thinking about taking Mia’s powers. But if you make a move and fail without backup, they’ll kill you on the spot.”

“I know. I’m not going to act yet. Keep your phone with you—I’ll call you as soon as I pin down exactly where they’re hiding,” she assured me.

“Okay,” I said, and hung up.

“What was that about?” Elias asked immediately.

“I think we just found where my dad is,” I told him.

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The Warrior’s Broken Mate Chapter 69

We made sure our warriors were prepared in case we needed to mobilize quickly, and we contacted every one of our allies to let them know what was happening—just in case we required reinforcements.

I was anxiously waiting for Blair to call back, so I stepped out onto the rear balcony that overlooked the ocean directly.

Leaning against the stone railing that lined the garden behind the castle, I stared out at the waves when I sensed someone approaching from behind.

“Hovering around me isn’t going to win you any favors,” I said.

“I know. That’s not what I’m trying to do,” Rowan replied.

“Then what are you here for?” I asked.

"I'm just observing. Looking at you, at the person you've become," she said.

"Well, I didn't get here because of you," I told her flatly.

"I know that. It was Elias. I've seen how he treats you—he's fiercely protective. But you're not someone who needs protecting, not anymore. So I'm guessing that's a habit left over from when he first found you," she guessed.

"Probably. I was in pretty bad shape back then," I admitted.

"Yeah, your father tends to have that kind of effect on people," she said quietly.

"Is this the part where you tell me another sad story and hope I'll feel bad for you?" I asked.

"No, I don't expect you to feel sympathy for me, not ever. And I don't blame you for that. I did leave you behind with a monster, fully aware that he planned to use your powers. I was just too terrified to go back. I know that's not a good enough reason..." she began.

"No, it's not. But at least this time, it's finally the truth," I cut her off, turning around to face her. There was a strange expression on her face.

"Don't think that I'm anywhere near ready to forgive you for what you did. But at least now, you're finally admitting the real reason you didn't come back. You were scared and thinking about saving yourself," I said coldly.

"I didn't want to die. I'll admit that much. But I never stopped thinking about you. I knew you were still alive. And to be honest, I truly believed he'd treat you better than he did. I didn't realize how bad it would be," she said.

More Rewards >

"Well, maybe he gave you freedom. But he sure as hell didn't give that to me," I said.

"I am genuinely sorry. This castle was the only place I could think of where he wouldn't be able to track me down. If he ever finds out I'm still breathing, he'll kill his Beta—and I owe that man my life," she said.

"He's still working for my dad. And he knew I was in that house the whole time. He never once tried to help me escape. I used to think he was just clueless like the rest of them. Turns out, he was just really good at pretending," I said.

"He did what he had to in order to survive. Same as I did. Same as you," she said.

"No. Don't lump us together. What I did to survive and what you did are worlds apart. You ran and hid in a castle. I gave my life to a cruel Alpha and his twisted mate," I said bitterly.

"I know. Wait, did you say mate?" she asked, sounding stunned.

"Seraphina," I replied simply.

"That traitorous b***h," Rowan spat.

"You know her?" I asked.

"She used to be my closest friend. When she found out what he was doing to me, she kept trying to persuade me to leave him," Rowan said.

"There was only one reason she wanted you gone," I said plainly.

"Because she had her eyes on the Luna title. That conniving b***h," Rowan said, her voice filled with venom.

"Yeah, I've come to realize that this world is crawling with backstabbing bitches," I muttered, and Rowan immediately averted her gaze when I said it.

"Lyra!" Elias's voice called out as he came rushing through the back door.

"What?" I called back.

"Blair just dropped a location pin on your phone. It's where your dad's pack is," he said urgently.

"Is everyone set to move?" I asked.

"They're packing the cars as we speak," he said.

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"We're heading straight for North Carolina. We'll camp there until we figure out how to break into the pack," I told him.

"Got it. Let's go," he said.

I dashed inside and we both raced up to our room to throw whatever essentials we could into bags before hauling them down to the car.

People had already started piling into vehicles when I glanced back up at the castle. Rowan was standing in the doorway, watching us leave.

I could tell she felt remorse for what she'd done to me. But once again, she was choosing to stay behind instead of confronting my father. She kept using his Beta as a shield for her fear, saying she didn't want him to get hurt. But that was crap. The truth was, she was still too afraid to face him herself.

"Maybe you should patch things up with her before we go. This could get really dangerous," Elias suggested.

"She's still too much of a coward to stand up to my dad. She hasn't earned my forgiveness. Even now, as I prepare to go headfirst into a fight with that monster, she's just standing there, doing nothing. She won't even try to come with us," I said, coldly.

"She's terrified," Elias said quietly.

"I've got more reason than her to be terrified. She went through hell for two years. I lived it for fifteen. I don't care what excuses she makes. If she's still hiding from him, then she's not worth any more of my time," I said, sliding into the car.

Elias didn't respond. He climbed into the driver's seat silently and started the engine. One by one, the rest of the cars and vans began to roll out behind us.

We were taking the entire pack because I knew this battle would demand all of us.

The only ones left behind were the children and their mothers. Everyone else was on their way to war—to take down my father and the black witch.

The moment I managed to push my mother from my thoughts, I turned all my focus to the mission at hand.

Stopping them from tearing open that portal.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 70

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We were established in North Carolina, and I noticed that the pack was situated about an hour away

from the city. I had no idea that my father owned property in this region. However, that didn't particularly surprise me. I knew very little about that man. In fact, I knew almost nothing about myself until I left his pack.

Elias dispatched scouts to scout the pack before we made any moves, and we were forced to wait at our hotel until they returned with updates.

"Is everything alright with you?" Elias asked, re-entering the suite.

"Yeah, I'm fine. How about the rest of the pack? Are they prepared?" I inquired.

"Yeah, but they're always ready." He replied.

"I guess that's the result of your training." I commented.

Elias approached and sat on the bed next to me, taking my hand as I gazed out the window.

"Are you ready for this? You haven't seen your father in a long time, and you haven't practiced much with Blair."

"Honestly, I don't think I need the practice. I just needed to confirm that I could do it. I know I can, and I don't think he intimidates me as much as he used to. At least, I hope not. I won't know for sure until I see him again." I said.

"If it means anything, you've become one of the bravest people I know. I've encountered many individuals with similar backgrounds," he said.

"I'm not so sure about that. I might see my dad and completely freeze," I replied.

"And if that happens, I'll be there to support you," he assured me.

I turned to look at Elias, and he gently placed his hand on the side of my face, caressing my chin with his thumb.

"There is one sure way to relieve stress," Elias said.

"I'm sure there is," I responded. He leaned in and kissed me, and I reciprocated.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, and he pulled me onto his lap, positioning me on top of him.

He ran his hands down my back until they reached the hem of my shirt, sliding them underneath to touch my bare skin.

He grabbed the hem of my shirt and pulled it over my head, simultaneously unhooking my bra as he pulled me closer for another kiss. He flipped us over, so he was on top, and I helped him remove his shirt while he slid off his shorts.

He began kissing my neck and chest, slowly pulling down my pants at the same time.

I kicked my pants off the edge of the bed as Elias started to suck on my breast, his tongue flicking my n****e, causing an involuntary moan to escape my lips.

He continued kissing his way back up my chest and neck, and I leaned in to capture his lips with mine.

He reached down to adjust himself and slowly entered me, causing a slight gasp at the sudden fullness.

He slowly worked his thick member deeper until it was fully inside, beginning a rhythmic motion in and out.

I reached back and gripped the headboard as Elias increased his pace.

I wrapped my arms around Elias's waist and urged him to roll over, positioning myself on top of him while he lay on his back.

I sat up and found my own rhythm, moving up and down on his c**k. His hands roamed up my stomach, finding my breasts, and began kneading them as he threw his head back into the pillow.

Elias let out a low, pleased growl, his eyes fixed on me.

He reached around and pulled my body down onto his, kissing me deeply as he held still, moving his hips faster and faster beneath me.

my waist

It wasn't long before goosebumps covered my body and butterflies fluttered in my stomach, and then I reached the peak of my orgasm. I rode out the tremors as Elias continued to move inside me, my walls clenching around him.

A few more thrusts and his movements became erratic before he found his release inside me, pulling me down on top of him.

"I love you, you know that," Elias said.

"Of course I know. I love you too," I replied.

I remained where I was, lying on top of Elias for a long time, simply relaxing as he rubbed my back.

He didn't seem to mind that I wasn't in a hurry to move, and neither was I.

This was the most relaxed I had felt in a long time, and I didn't want the feeling to end. I knew that not all good things last, but I was determined to prolong this moment for as long as possible.

That is, until we were interrupted by a knock on the door.

I heard Elias growl, and I chuckled at his annoyance over the intrusion.

"You can get rid of them. I'm going to take a shower," I said.

"Alright," Elias replied. I leaned down to kiss him again before getting up and walking to the bathroom.

I took a shower, washed my hair, and stood in front of the mirror, trying to brush out the many knots in my hair.

I got dressed in a pair of track pants and a loose shirt, and as I was picking up my wet towel from the floor, I heard shouting from the other room.

I placed the towel on the vanity and opened the door to see Elias standing face to face with a man in his fifties, with two other unfamiliar men behind him.

"Elias," I said, and he turned to look at me, his eyes black. His wolf was surfacing.

"You must be the mate I've been eager to meet for a very long time," the man said, facing me and attempting to approach. But Elias placed his hand on the man's chest, pushing him back.

"Stay the f**k away from her," Elias growled.

"Elias, what the hell is going on here?" I asked.

"This is the one person in the world I never wanted you to meet," Elias said.

"Your father," I stated.