

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 81

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 81

I'd let another couple of weeks pass, running the pack the way Elias would have wanted. We were back to rescuing people again, but the biggest issue now was figuring out where to put

everyone.

The village was coming along well—many families had already moved into the newly built apartments—but the reports of abuse kept coming in. We couldn't ignore them, which meant I was constantly sending out more and more teams to save those who needed us.

But I couldn't shake the thought of Elias. It had been weeks, and I knew I needed to check on him again. I didn't expect much to have changed, but I wasn't going to give up on him. Elias was the best friend I'd ever had, and he'd saved my life more times than I could count. I refused to turn my back on him now.

When I reached the field where Lyra had vanished, I scanned the area and then focused on

the tent.

That's when I saw him.

Elias was lying motionless on the ground in front of the tent.

I sprinted toward him and knelt at his side. The sight made my stomach twist—he'd lost even more weight than the last time I was here, and it had only been two weeks. He must have completely stopped eating. His breathing was shallow, and he was close to death.

"No, not like this," I muttered.

I hauled him up and slung him over my shoulders, carrying him back to the car with grim determination. Once he was in the back seat, lying down, I drove straight to the castle.

Chris and Liam were waiting when I arrived, and together we helped get Elias inside.

As soon as we opened the door to his room, Elias' head lifted slightly. We all knew why. Lyra's scent still lingered here—it was everywhere. On the bed, on her clothes, in the air. No one had been in this room since she disappeared.

We carried him straight into the bathroom, turned on the shower, and practically dropped him under the stream of water.

It roused him a little, but not much. He barely reacted, and he certainly didn't fight us.

Once we had him clean, we got him dressed in fresh clothes and moved him to the bedroom. We sat him in a chair and brought in a tray of food.

1/3

:

< CHAPTER 81

More Rewards >

He was so weak he couldn't even lift his arms, so we started feeding him ourselves, one spoonful at a time.

Then two women came in—one to cut his hair, the other to shave off the thick, unkempt beard he was now hiding behind.

It was startling to see how far he had let himself go. He didn't even look like Elias anymore.

The women quietly worked, but the one standing in front of him suddenly froze.

Elias had grabbed her wrist, his black eyes snapping up to hers with a force that made the entire room fall silent. The intensity in his stare was enough to chill everyone in the room. No one moved, unsure of what the hell he was thinking.

"Alpha, let her go. She's not here to hurt you," I said, keeping my voice calm as I stepped

closer.

Elias kept his dark, piercing eyes locked on the woman for a moment longer, his grip iron-tight, before finally releasing her wrist.

"Get out," he ordered coldly.

The women looked at me nervously, waiting for direction. I gave a slight nod, and they quickly

scurried out of the room.

I moved around to stand in front of Elias so he could see me clearly, then picked up the scissors myself. Without a word, I started trimming his overgrown beard down to a length short enough to shave.

He didn't stop me. He didn't tell me to get out. He just sat there, silent and still, letting me

work.

When I was done, Elias didn't even glance toward the mirror. He didn't shift in the chair, didn't change his posture—just sat there, hollow and motionless, like he was somewhere else entirely.

Not long after, I was called downstairs to deal with the newest group of survivors that had arrived. They needed placements, and I was the one who had to make it happen.

Before I left, I told one of the guards to stay stationed outside Elias's bedroom. I needed to know if he tried to leave or did anything suspicious. I didn't want to think of it as putting him under guard, but that's exactly what it was—twenty-four-hour watch.

It took hours before I was able to get back upstairs, and when I did, Elias was no longer in the chair. He was lying on the couch now, pointedly avoiding the bed.

2/3

< CHAPTER ST

"Why did you bring me back here?" Elias asked quietly as I stepped inside.

"Because you were killing yourself out there," I said simply.

"That was the point," he replied, his voice cold and lifeless.

More Rewards >

I clenched my jaw. "I know you miss her. We all do. But I am not going to stand by and watch you waste away. We need you, Elias. I need you. I can't do this alone."

He didn't even look at me. "I need her. That's all I care about."

"I know. And I don't blame you for that," I said, softening my voice. "She's your mate. But if she makes it back, she'll know where to find you. I promise you that."

"Just get out," Elias said sharply. "Leave me alone."

I stood there for a moment, looking at the man who had once been unstoppable, now broken

in a way I'd never seen.

"You might not believe it right now," I said quietly, "but I'm doing this for you. You're in pain, but I know you don't really want to die."

I left the room and shut the door behind me, exhaling a heavy breath.

"Anything," I told the guard stationed outside. "If you hear anything inside that room—him walking, moving around, whatever—I need to know immediately. In case he tries to do something stupid."

Everyone loved Lyra. But I wasn't about to let Elias destroy himself because of her absence. Even if losing her had been the worst thing to happen to him.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 82

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 82

Lyra's POV

I could still hear the distant screams of the giants and smell the thick smoke from the fires as we walked away with the Aetherion. I forced myself not to look back, but the sound of their agony clung to me like chains—fading little by little with every step until the forest swallowed it entirely.

I jolted awake drenched in cold sweat, my chest rising and falling in uneven bursts.

The camp was still and quiet. Malric and his soldiers were asleep in the clearing where we had settled for the night. I saw the first light of dawn cresting over the hills and stood up slowly, stretching stiff muscles before pacing the edges of the field.

"Another nightmare?" a voice murmured behind me.

I turned to see Maxwell still lying on the ground, his head propped on one arm, eyes fixed on

1. me.

"How can you tell?" I asked.

"I'm a light sleeper," he said with a faint shrug. "And I know the look of someone running from dreams they'd rather forget."

I glanced toward the hills, the morning light turning them gold. "It's beautiful here," I said quietly.

"Yeah," Maxwell agreed, sitting up halfway. "Too bad there are so many monsters out there ruining it."

"That's a shame," I muttered.

"We should cover a lot of ground today," he added.

"You say that every single day," I shot back. "We should've reached the damn castle by now."

"I know," he admitted. "If we didn't have to keep taking detours, we would've."

I narrowed my eyes. "Are you dragging me in circles, Maxwell? Taking me on some wild goose chase?"

He shook his head firmly. "No. I know it feels like it, but we're not. I promise."

Before I could answer, I noticed an eagle perched in a nearby tree, its beady eyes locked on

1. me.

1/4

:

C CHAPTER 82

"That bird's been hanging around a lot lately," Maxwell said, following my gaze.

"Yeah," I muttered. "It has."

"Why's it so interested in you?" he asked.

I shrugged. "I'm new here. Maybe I'm a novelty," I said, half-joking.

"Right," he said, clearly unconvinced. "We'll deal with it later."

"Fine," I replied, though I kept one wary eye on it.

More Rewards >

It wasn't long before the rest of the group woke up and we began breaking camp. I sat off to the side, watching as they packed up supplies. Malric glanced at me more than once, as though trying to read me.

"Everything alright?" he asked at last.

"Yeah," I said flatly. "Everything's great."

"Then let's get moving," he said, turning to lead the way.

We set out across the open field toward the hills, the grass wet with morning dew. My attention wasn't on the trail though—it was on that damn eagle still circling above us.

Malric looked up at it too and, without a word, kicked a stone hard in its direction. The bird let out a sharp cry and flew off, retreating to the distance.

I let Malric take the lead, hanging back to watch his every move. Something about this entire trip was starting to feel wrong.

We should've reached Morrigan's castle two days ago. But every time we got close, Malric found a reason to veer off course—a "safer route," a "shorter path." None of it made sense

anymore.

And I was done with it.

I didn't care about more detours. I didn't care about more excuses.

I wanted to find the black witch. I wanted to end her. And I wanted to go home.

Malric stopped abruptly, and I bumped into his back, his tail whipping around and smacking me across the face.

"What the hell are you doing?" I snapped.

"Your Majesty... is this you?" he asked, his voice tense.

2/4

:

< CHAPTER 82

"Is what me?" I demanded.

More Rewards >

I stepped around to his side and froze. A line of werebears stood before us, shoulder to shoulder, at least twenty of them.

"No. I was attacked by one of them once in my world. They were working for the black witch,"

I said.

"Well, I think she's sent them after you again," Malric replied.

"Are you sure? They're not attacking. The last one I saw was savage. These are... calm," I said, watching them carefully.

"One wrong move, and they'll turn savage fast," he warned.

One of the bears stepped forward, tilting its head slightly as if studying me. I knew instantly these were not like the werebears I had encountered before—something about them was

different.

"They're not here to hurt us," I said quietly.

"How can you possibly know that?" Malric demanded.

"I just do. But the flock of birds overhead? That might be a problem. By the way, what exactly is a Mage?" I asked.

Malric whipped his head toward me. "How the hell do you know about Mages?"

"Just answer me," I shot back, glaring at him.

"Fine. They're people who can control animals," Malric admitted.

"Like eagles... flocks of birds... and snakes?" I asked, glancing to our left where an entire field of snakes was slithering toward us, not attacking yet, but waiting.

"We're in serious trouble," Malric muttered.

"Correction," I said, stepping sharply away from him. "You're in trouble."

His head snapped toward me. "What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything" I said coldly. "But I do have this little voice in my head telling me you've been leading me on a wild goose chase... because the black witch asked you to."

His eyes widened, but he stayed silent, scanning his soldiers, then the animals surrounding

1. us.

3/4

< CHAPTER 82

More Rewards T

"Why don't you stop screwing around and tell me the damn truth?" I said, my voice like ice.

He was still darting frantic looks around, and that alone told me what I needed to know—the Aetherion clan had never truly intended to help me. They weren't as peaceful as they claimed, but I had expected as much. I didn't trust anyone.

And right now, the lesser evil seemed to be the creatures closing in—the ones sent to pull me away from Malric.

"I guess you were right not to trust anyone," Malric said at last.

"I usually am," I replied.

"Well, no one ever said this was an easy world to survive in. We do what we must," he said.

"It's a shame you're not even people. You really are Aetherion, aren't you?" I asked.

His mouth twisted into a grim smile. "Too bad those things won't reach you in time," he hissed—then lunged straight at me.

[The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 83](#)

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 83

Malric lunged at me, but I twisted out of the way, raising my hands instinctively to shield myself.

When I opened my eyes, black smoke swirled around me—and I was no longer standing near Malric. I was now on a hill behind the werebears.

The bears had turned, charging Malric and his soldiers. Suddenly, someone grabbed me from

behind.

“Who the hell are you?” I snapped.

“My name’s Kronos. I’m here to get you somewhere safe,” he said.

“Sure. I’ve heard that line before,” I muttered.

“Mage! Give the bears a little help!” Kronos shouted. A woman stepped out from behind a tree, her golden eyes glowing as she locked onto the animals. At once, the werebears attacked Malric and his soldiers with renewed fury.

Kronos grabbed my hand and we sprinted down the hill until we reached the bottom, where horses were waiting.

“Seriously? Horses?” I asked.

“Have you ever ridden one?” he asked.

“No,” I admitted.

Without another word, he hoisted me onto his horse and swung up behind me. We galloped away just as other men appeared from their hiding spots, bows and arrows ready, unleashing a rain of attacks on the Aetherion’.

“Where exactly are we going?” I yelled over the wind.

“You’ll find out soon enough,” Kronos said.

We rode for hours before reaching a towering castle. Kronos guided the horse straight up to the front entrance and dismounted, then helped me down.

“I’m guessing this isn’t Morrigan’s castle,” I said dryly.

“No,” he said with a low chuckle before leading me inside.

I followed him hesitantly through the twisting corridors of the castle until we entered a

< CHAPTER 83

modest room at the back. A round table dominated the center.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” I muttered.

More Rewards >

A man turned toward me—mid—twenties, with slicked—back blond hair and a short blond goatee.

“Are you alright?” he asked.

“You’re... King Arthur,” I said. He smiled faintly.

“I see I’m well known in your world too, Your Majesty,” he said.

“Yeah, but... you’re more of a myth there. They even made movies about you,” I explained.

“Movies?” he repeated, confused.

“Oh, right. You don’t have TV here, do you?”

“No, I’m afraid not,” he said.

“Well, for the record, you’re famous in our world,” I told him.

“I hope for good reasons,” he said with a small grin.

“Yeah. You’re a hero. Is that true here?” I asked.

“I like to think so,” he replied.

“Well, forgive me for saying this, but I thought Malric was a good guy too,” I said pointedly.

“Don’t trust anything that walks on four legs in this realm,” King Arthur warned.

“I’ll remember that,” I said.

“So, where exactly did you think he was taking you?”

“Morrigan’s castle. He told me the black witch is holed up there,” I answered.

“At least he was honest about that. But now they probably know you’re coming,” Arthur said.

“I have to kill the witch. I’m the one who brought her here, and I won’t let her wreak havoc on your world the way she did on mine. But I need to hurry—I have to get home before my mate does something stupid, like killing himself because he thinks he’s lost me,” I said firmly.

“I’ve heard that werewolf mates can be a little... intense,” he said.

“You have no idea,” I replied flatly.

2/5

< CHAPTER 83

More Rewards >

“Alright. Her castle isn’t anywhere near here. I’m guessing you already figured that out,” he

said.

“I assumed as much,” I answered.

“Do you trust us to take you there?” he asked. I glanced around the room at the men standing behind him.

“You don’t exactly look like a traditional King’s court,” I said.

“We’re not,” one of them replied.

“I had to fight for this crown myself,” King Arthur explained. “I didn’t even know I was the rightful King until the man who stole it from my father tried to kill me.”

“That sounds about right. And these were the men you trusted before you became King,” I guessed.

“You’re not just a pretty face,” he said with a small smirk.

“I guess not. Just point me in the direction of her castle and I’ll handle it myself,” I said.

“You’ll never make it inside on your own,” one of the men warned.

“You’d be surprised at what I’m capable of,” I shot back.

“We’ve been itching for a reason to storm that castle for a long time,” Arthur said.
“You’ve just given us the excuse we needed.”

I let out a sharp breath, looking around the room as I weighed whether or not I could trust them. Too many people here had already proven untrustworthy. But I was in an unfamiliar land, and I didn’t know where I was going—or what else was out there.

“Do you know how to get me back home?” I asked.

“I think we can figure out a way, though I don’t know how just yet,” Arthur admitted.

“At least that’s honest,” I said. “Fine. But if you betray me, I’ll kill you myself.”

“Fair enough. Looks like we have a mission to prepare,” he said.

“Sir,” a man suddenly burst into the room.

“What is it?” Arthur asked.

“There are people approaching... and they’re not friendly,” the man reported.

“Alright. Get everyone into position,” Arthur ordered.

3/5

< CHAPTER 83

More Rewards >

The room erupted into motion, men scattering in every direction. I followed them out through the back door and up a spiraling staircase until we reached the top of the castle. Soldiers were already stationed there, bows drawn and cannons primed.

I peered over the stone edge and saw an army of creatures marching straight toward the

castle.

“Who are they?” I asked.

“The one leading them is Lugh,” Arthur said grimly. “He commands an army of dangerous misfits, and he’s... let’s just say, close with Morrigan.”

“They’re sleeping together,” I guessed.

“Yeah, pretty much,” he confirmed.

“Well, they clearly know I’m here,” I muttered. “And what the hell are those things?”

“Sphinx,” a soldier answered.

“Human-headed lions,” I said, narrowing my eyes.

“You know your creatures,” Arthur remarked.

“They’re just myths in my world. Fairy tales in storybooks,” I said.

“Well, they’re very real here,” he said.

I stood and watched as the lions sprinted closer to the castle. When Arthur gave the order, arrows and cannon fire rained down on them, taking out as many as possible.

The drawbridge was raised, and the moat around the castle was set ablaze with oil, flames leaping high into the air. But the creatures didn’t stop. Those that survived the onslaught bounded across the burning moat and clung to the castle walls, beginning to climb.

“Got any better weapons?” I asked sharply.

“Like what?” Arthur replied.

“Guns?” I said.

“What’s a gun?” he asked, genuinely confused.

“We’re screwed,” I muttered.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 84

The Warrior’s Broken Mate Chapter 84

As the creatures clawed their way up the castle walls, the soldiers fired arrows as fast as they could. They managed to take down many of them, but more and more kept leaping across the flaming moat.

The King grabbed my hand and yanked me back through the doorway and into the castle’s

interior.

We sprinted into a room stacked with weapons, and a familiar smell immediately hit me. I rushed to the barrels, ripping off lids one by one while Arthur stared at me in confusion, until I found exactly what I was looking for.

“That’s what we use for the cannons,” he said.

“Gunpowder,” I replied. “Highly flammable, obviously.”

“And what exactly do you suggest we do with it?” he asked.

“We use it to our advantage. We need this on the roof,” I said firmly.

Arthur quickly ordered men to haul several barrels up top while I gathered every piece of cloth I could find. Tearing the fabric into strips, I filled one with gunpowder and tied it tightly at the

top.

Running to the edge of the castle wall, I peered down. The creatures were getting dangerously close to reaching us.

I tossed the makeshift bomb over the side and held my palm out. As soon as it landed where

I wanted, I sent a fireball streaking down after it. The explosion incinerated the nearest climbers and left minimal damage to the castle.

“Holy hell,” King Arthur breathed beside me. “Do exactly what she just did,” he barked at his

men.

One after another, they handed me more of the improvised bombs, and I circled the battlements, detonating them down the walls and wiping out the lions that were scaling the

stone.

Eventually, Arthur’s men drove the remaining creatures on the ground into retreat, and we finally allowed ourselves a moment to breathe.

“So, when exactly were you planning on telling me you had powers?” Arthur asked, eyeing

1. me.

< CHAPTER 84

More Rewards

"You already knew I was a werewolf. That's magical enough, don't you think? I just have a few extras," I said casually.

"And how does one get those 'extras'?" he pressed.

"Apparently, it's a perk of being a royal," I replied.

"So that's why you thought you could break into Morrigan's castle alone," he concluded.

"Something like that," I said with a shrug.

"Well, it's useful. My men are terrified of you now," he admitted.

"They don't need to be. As long as no one tries stabbing me in the back, I won't have a reason to hurt them," I said evenly.

"Good to know," he said with a small nod.

When we finally headed back inside, his men focused on extinguishing the remaining fires and assessing the damage to the castle.

Arthur led me back to the dining room, where his servants brought wine and food to the table.

"I haven't eaten like this in ages," I said, digging in.

"I can imagine. You've been living off whatever scraps the Aetherion could find," he said.

"Yeah, that's one way of putting it," I muttered. "So, the Evil Queen and the black witch already know I'm coming. This isn't going to be easy, is it?"

"They'll make it as difficult as possible," he said grimly.

"Then I'll need to leave soon," I said. "The longer I'm here, the more attacks your castle will face, and your people don't deserve that. I'll go as soon as I figure out where exactly I'm heading."

"We can handle this kind of thing. It's what we're built for," Arthur said.

“Yeah, I know. But I don’t want that weighing on me. The sooner I kill her, the sooner I can get back home,” I replied.

“You really miss him, don’t you?”

“Yeah. It’s only been a couple of days for me, but for him... it’s been weeks,” I said quietly.

“What do you mean?” Arthur asked, frowning.

214

:

< CHAPTER 84

More Rewards

“I think time moves differently here than in my world. That’s why I have to get back as soon as possible,” I explained.

“I get it now. That’s why you’re so worried about him,” Arthur said.

“Exactly. The longer I’m stuck here, the longer it drags on for him. And he has no idea what’s happened to me. He doesn’t know if I’m alive or dead,” I said.

“Is it true what they say about the bond between mates? That you can sense each other?” he

asked.

“Yeah. We can feel each other’s emotions and things like that. But right now, I can’t feel him at all, which means he can’t feel me either. That’s killing him—I just know it. I know how I’d feel if it was the other way around,” I said.

“Alright. Then we’ll figure out a way to get you back to him,” Arthur promised.

When we finished eating, Arthur called all of his men back to the round table. They spread out a large map, and I saw exactly where his castle was in relation to Morrigan’s. It would be much faster to travel on horseback, but since I’d never ridden one before, I wasn’t sure how well that was going to go. Arthur assured me it wouldn’t be a problem.

We plotted out the route we’d take, and his men dispersed to prepare for the journey. Soldiers were assigned, some for the mission and others to remain behind to protect the castle.

I stepped out to the courtyard for some air while the preparations were underway, but I stayed inside the walls. One of Arthur's men followed me out.

"So, you've got a mate you're desperate to get back to," he said.

"Yeah," I replied.

"That's a shame," he said.

"Why?" I asked, turning to face him.

"Because I haven't seen Arthur look at anyone the way he looks at you," he said.

"What? He doesn't even know me," I said, incredulous.

"That doesn't stop him from being drawn to you," he said.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I belong to someone else," I said firmly.

"I know. It's just unfortunate. I wanted you to understand how he feels because we're heading into something brutal. We can't afford to lose him," he said.

3/4

< CHAPTER 84

More Rewards >

"You're protecting your King and your friend. I get it. I'll make sure nothing happens to him," I promised.

"Thank you. Because honestly, you might be the only one who can. The magic we're going up against... it's not something we've ever fought before," he said.

"I know. I actually told Arthur I'd go alone, but he said he'd been waiting for an excuse to storm Morrigan's castle for a long time," I said.

"And that's true. We have. We just didn't expect the black witch to be there too," he said.

"I know," I said softly.

"Don't hurt him."

"Why would I? How could I? I'm not leading him on," I said, shaking my head.

“What’s going on out here?” Arthur’s voice cut in from the castle door.

“Just a friendly chat. I’ll go grab the rest of my gear,” his friend said quickly before retreating inside. Arthur stayed in the doorway, his eyes lingering on me. Knowing what I knew now, I quickly looked away, not wanting him to think I felt the same way.

This was the absolute last thing I needed right now.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 85

The Warrior’s Broken Mate Chapter 85

It took some time for everyone to prepare, but eventually they all gathered at the front gate, just outside the stone walls surrounding the castle.

The soldiers were adjusting saddles and checking reins when Arthur approached me.

“Come on,” he said, holding out his hand.

“We’re sharing a horse? I can walk,” I replied. He stepped a little closer.

“I know what Orion said to you earlier,” Arthur said evenly. “But just because he said it doesn’t mean I’m going to act on it. You’re trying to get back to your mate, and like you said, I don’t know you well enough to have feelings. So ignore him. I’m not going to try anything, and we’ll get there much faster on horseback.”

“Alright. I’m sorry... I feel like an i***t now,” I admitted.

“Don’t,” he said. “I do find you attractive. But that’s my problem, not yours.”

He helped me onto his horse before climbing up behind me and taking the reins.

Arthur moved to the front of the group, gave the order to move out, and we set off at a gallop across the fields. He and I rode in the lead while the others followed behind out of respect- no one was supposed to ride ahead of the King.

We’d waited until dawn to depart and had traveled most of the day before finally stopping at a stream to rest and water the horses.

“Riding horses is actually a great workout,” I said, stretching my legs.

“Yeah, it is,” Arthur agreed.

“This place is stunning,” I said as I looked around at the lush green grass, the distant forest, and the stream flowing gently in front of us.

It really did feel like something out of a fairytale. For a moment, I wished home could be more like this world—minus all the things constantly trying to kill us.

I guess both worlds had their downsides.

“If we keep this pace, we should arrive just after dark,” Arthur said.

“Works for me,” I replied.

“Can I ask what you’re planning to do to help us get inside the castle?” he asked.

1/4

< CHAPTER 65

“Well, what kind of guards are we dealing with?” I asked.

“They’re armored, likely more heavily than ours,” he said.

“Are they human? Or at least human—like?” I pressed.

“No. They’re not even alive. They’re statues,” he explained.

More Rewards

“That’s good to know. I think I can handle them. If all they know is how to swing a sword, they won’t be able to defend themselves against magic,” I said.

“Probably not,” Arthur agreed. He studied me for a moment. “You look pale all of a sudden. Are you alright?”

“Yeah... why?” I asked.

“You just look sick,” he said.

“Stomach’s off, that’s all. It’ll pass,” I said.

“Alright. But if you can’t do this, tell me,” he said.

“I’m not letting a stomach bug stop me from killing that witch,” I said firmly.

“Fair enough. You’re a lot tougher than most women around here,” he said.

“Yeah, I was raised that way,” I said flatly. “My father was a bastard who kept me locked in an attic and treated me like a slave for almost sixteen years. Sick days weren’t an option... even when he was poisoning me.”

“Damn,” Arthur muttered. “I was raised in a brothel and thought I had it rough, working myself to the bone for pennies.”

I managed a small smile. “At least you got paid.”

He raised an eyebrow, clearly skeptical.

“Slave,” I reminded him. “Slaves don’t get paid.”

“Where’s your father now?” he asked.

“Hopefully dead,” I said. “Elias was fighting him as I fell through the portal to this world. And I know Elias would have beaten him.”

“So you’ve been here this whole time, not even knowing if your mate is alive?” Arthur asked.

“Yeah... I guess so, I admitted.

2/4

< CHAPTER 85

More Rewards >

“No wonder you’re desperate to get home. That’s rough,” he said.

“So is Elias. I believe he won. I believe he’s still alive,” I said firmly.

Arthur gave me a small smile and nodded.

Once we’d rested enough, we mounted the horses again and finished the journey to Morrigan’s castle.

As soon as the towering structure came into view, we could see the guards shifting into formation at the front. Unlike Arthur’s castle, this one didn’t have protective walls. All that stood between us and entry were the guards—and whatever waited inside.

We pressed forward without dismounting, Arthur keeping me at the front so I had a clear

view.

The guards raised swords and readied bows, moving with the same rigid precision as stone

statues.

When we got close enough for the first arrows to fly, I lifted my hand, focusing on the guard stationed directly in front of the door.

Dark clouds gathered above us as my eyes turned a glowing white.

I raised my hand to the sky, calling the lightning down to my palm, and then redirected it straight at the guard. Their armor carried the current, chaining the blast from one guard to the next until each of them was engulfed in flames.

The lightning didn't kill them—they weren't truly alive—but it disoriented them, sending them crashing into one another. That was all the opening we needed to charge straight through the

door and into the castle.

Only a small group of us entered while the rest stayed behind to hold the line.

We dismounted and sprinted through the cold stone corridors, certain that the black witch

had to be somewhere inside.

But when we reached the top floor, I froze in my tracks. Arthur skidded to a stop behind me as we stared at the sight in front of us: a woman's lifeless body dangling from a beam, a rope tight around her neck.

"Who is that?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

"That's Morrigan," Arthur said grimly. "And she would never kill herself."

"The black witch," I breathed.

3/4

< CHAPTER 85

More Rewards >

My stomach lurched and I stumbled to the side of the room, vomiting in the corner.

"Lyra," Noir's voice echoed inside my head.

"What's wrong with me?" I gasped silently. But before she could answer, the heavy clang of metal slammed through the air.

Gates dropped down, locking us inside the room with Morrigan's swaying corpse.

Then the black smoke appeared, swirling outside the bars until it solidified into a figure.

The black witch stood there, smiling. "Did you really think I'd make this easy for you?" she said with a cold laugh.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 86

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 86

Arthur and I realized we were trapped alone in that room—his other men had been captured by her soldiers somewhere along the way. But neither of us could look away from what was right before us: Medea's lifeless body hanging there.

"I hope you don't think this cage will hold me for long," I said.

"No, just long enough to destroy his army," she replied coldly, turning her gaze to Arthur.

Suddenly, loud shouts echoed from outside. We hurried to the barred window and saw Arthur's soldiers under attack by the forces of Sphinx and Pegasus. Though not outnumbered, Arthur's men were caught off guard and were being assaulted from every

direction.

"My men will tear through that pathetic army down there," Arthur declared confidently.

"Maybe," the witch sneered, "but not anytime soon—and not without heavy losses on your side." Then, in a swirl of black smoke, she vanished.

"Can you get us out of this cage?" Arthur asked urgently.

"I can, but I need a moment," I replied.

"What do you mean?" he pressed.

"I don't know what's wrong with me," I admitted, sliding down the wall until I was seated on

the floor.

"Is this because you threw up?" he asked.

“Probably. I feel weak, really weak,” I said, struggling to catch my breath.

“My men are under attack out there,” Arthur said grimly.

“If I push myself now, it’ll only make things worse,” I told him.

“Damn, you’re seriously sick,” he said, concern filling his voice,

“I don’t know what’s happening to me,” I confessed.

“Has this ever happened before?” he asked.

“Never,” I answered.

Arthur glanced out the window again, his expression less tense now.

1/4

< CHAPTER 86

More Rewards >

I forced myself up and approached the doorway. Placing my hands on the iron bars, I closed my eyes and tried to summon my energy. I felt it building, focused in my palms—but the moment I unleashed a jolt, the bars shot back at me, throwing me across the room until my back slammed against the wall.

“Lyra, are you okay?” Arthur rushed to my side.

“That witch put a spell on these bars,” I said, slowly getting to my feet.

“What does that mean?” he asked.

“It means we need to find a smarter way out,” I said, leaning against the wall with a defeated look. But I knew this feeling wouldn’t last. I just needed time to figure things out. Right now, my mind was foggy.

Arthur slid down beside me, distracted by the sounds of his men fighting outside for their lives. It was hard on him, but there was nothing we could do.

I felt responsible for leading them into this trap—and helpless that I couldn’t reach them. I didn’t understand why I was suddenly sick or why my wolf senses were barely there.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered.

"It's not your fault. Remember, I insisted you come. You were going to go alone," Arthur reassured me.

"I know. But that doesn't stop me from feeling guilty. I can hear those men outside just as clearly as you—maybe even better, thanks to this damn werewolf hearing. And I want to be out there with them, helping." I said.

"I get it. You're a good person," he replied.

"So are you. Even if I doubted you at first," I said.

"You had good reason to. But thanks," he said.

"Don't worry. I'll figure a way out of here," I assured him.

"I don't doubt it. You don't seem like the type to give up without a fight," he said.

"Not a chance," I said firmly.

When the noise outside finally settled, Arthur peered out and saw his men were winning—but not without casualties.

Then the Witch appeared again. I stood, watching, wondering what she'd do next.

2/4

< CHAPTER 36

More Howards

Arthur's men hesitated before charging at her—but she turned into a swirling cloud of smoke.

This time, the smoke lingered among the soldiers. It reached out with ghostly hands, grabbing them one by one and pulling them inside until they all vanished.

Arthur shouted at the Witch from where we were, but it was useless.

When the smoke cleared, the battlefield outside was empty.

"Are they dead?" Arthur asked, voice tight.

"I don't know," I said quietly.

I stepped back to the barred doorway, ready to grab the bars—but Arthur caught my arm.

“Don’t. Unless you actually know how to break these bars, you’ll just hurt yourself. That won’t help anyone,” he warned.

I nodded, sinking back down against the wall. Arthur sat beside me.

Before I knew it, I had fallen asleep sitting up—didn’t even realize how exhausted I was.

It was a deep, dreamless sleep. When I woke the next morning, Arthur was standing by the window, looking at me oddly.

“What?” I asked, sitting up slowly.

Sitting was harder than it should’ve been. I glanced down at my stomach.

It looked bigger than it did before I fell asleep.

“What the hell?” I whispered.

“Lyra,” Noir spoke inside my head.

“Noir, what’s happening?” I asked.

“You’ve been gone over a month in our world,” she said.

“So?” I asked.

“The pregnancy is progressing at the same rate as in our world,” she explained. My eyes widened.

“What is it?” Arthur asked.

“My wolf just told me that. I’m over a month pregnant now. Werewolf pregnancies last about four months,” I said.

“You never told me you were pregnant,” he said quietly.

“I didn’t know either. We need to get out of here. Now.” I said.

He nodded, fully agreeing.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 87

The Warrior’s Broken Mate Chapter 87

Knowing now that my pregnancy was progressing at the same rate as it would in my world, I was terrified of how much time I actually had left. For all I knew, I could only have a week or two before giving birth. Arthur's expression mirrored my own worry, and I could tell he was deeply unsettled by the thought. I doubted he was at all prepared to deliver a baby.

We had both witnessed the Witch vanish along with his soldiers, and there was no way to warn the men back at Arthur's castle if she decided to attack them next. The weight of our fears was crushing, and none of them were trivial.

"Listen," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "I might be able to get us out of here, but it's not going to be pleasant. I just need to figure out how to control the magic she used on these bars."

Arthur stepped closer, his brow furrowed. "How are you going to do that? Isn't that dangerous? Harmful?"

"I can handle it," I said firmly.

He gestured toward my stomach. "And what about the baby? Are you really willing to take that risk?"

"What else can we do, Arthur?" I shot back. "Sit here and wait until she decides what she's going to do with us? I can promise you it won't be anything good. You might not have seen her work, but I have."

He exhaled slowly. "I don't doubt you. But I don't want you hurting yourself—or the baby."

"Arthur, trust me," I said, softening my tone. "If this kid is anything like me, it'll survive this just fine."

He stared at me for a moment before nodding reluctantly. "The second it looks like you're in trouble, I'm pulling you away. Understood?"

"I understand," I agreed.

I stood slowly, taking a moment to steady myself before turning to face the gate. My gaze fixed on the bars as I analyzed the layers of magic I could feel thrumming from them. Taking a deep breath, I stepped forward and reached my hands out.

The second my fingers touched the bars, they began to glow, the magic reacting violently as if trying to throw me off. I held firm, fighting against the force trying to repel me. This magic was unlike anything I had ever felt before—intense, volatile, unrelenting.

:

< CHAPTER 87

More Rewards

I clung to the bars as flashes of images slammed into my mind, visions that weren't my own.

I was standing in a wide-open field near a crumbling farmhouse. Two young girls, no older than five or six, played together in front of me. Both had blonde hair tied back in ponytails, their shabby dresses fluttering in the wind. Even in their worn clothes, they looked sweet,

innocent.

"Mia, Blair. It's time for dinner!" a woman's voice called from the house.

The two girls ran inside, and I followed close behind as they rushed to sit at a long, wooden table with their mother. At the other end of the table, their father sat apart from them, his chair angled as though ready to bolt. He didn't approach the children, only watched them from the corner of his eye. A couple of empty beer bottles sat in front of him.

"What is this?" Mia asked, frowning down at her plate as she sat.

"Honey, you know we don't have much money," their mother said gently. "We can't afford expensive food right now. This is what we have."

"That's bullshit," Blair muttered angrily.

Their father's eyes widened, and his chair scraped back slightly as if he was preparing to run if the situation escalated.

"It's okay, their mother quickly interjected, trying to calm the storm. "Blair, we'll try to have something better tomorrow night, alright?"

The vision shifted, and suddenly ten years had passed. Mia was now seventeen, Blair fifteen. I watched Mia wandering the farm, clearly looking for someone.

Their mother, exhausted from juggling countless jobs since their father had left, was leaving for work. Mia waved her off and continued searching until she reached the barn.

She stepped inside, only to freeze.

Her boyfriend was there, and Blair was bent over a hay bale as he had s*x with her.

“Mia,” the boyfriend stammered, jerking back in shock.

Blair stood slowly, a smile twisting her lips, but Mia's expression was pure fury. She exploded. Her powers burst forth, her blonde hair instantly turning black as the barn blew apart around

them.

The boyfriend rushed toward her, hands out in a placating gesture, but Mia raised her hand

< CHAPTER 87

More Rewards >

and locked him in an invisible chokehold. She held on until he collapsed to the ground, lifeless.

“Mia,” Blair said in a trembling voice.

“You are no longer my sister,” Mia snarled, her voice shaking with rage. She flung Blair across the field without even touching her, sending her crashing into the dirt.

I opened my eyes, and they instantly glowed a deep crimson as the swarm of bats began to melt away under my touch. The sizzling sound filled the air, and I could feel the magic draining from me with every second I held on. Arthur's footsteps came up behind me, and as soon as the bats dissolved enough for us to escape, he grabbed me, steadying my body. He could see how much the effort had taken out of me, and I collapsed back into his arms, gasping for breath.

“We have to go,” I said urgently, trying to force myself upright.

“You need to stay still for a minute. Calm yourself first,” he said firmly, holding me in place.

“I can't. We have to go now,” I insisted, pushing against his hold and slowly dragging myself to my feet.

Arthur slipped an arm around me, guiding me carefully down the hallway as we searched for

a way out.

We had barely made it down one flight of stairs when a familiar voice cut through the silence.

“I thought you two were dead,” Kronos said.

Arthur turned quickly. “She was going to make us watch you die first,” Kronos explained grimly.

They all glanced at me expectantly, and I didn’t waste time. Placing my hand over the lock on their cell door, I focused my magic. This one wasn’t protected by any spell, and the metal quickly melted away under my palm. Kronos and the others poured out of the cell, running toward another room to retrieve their weapons.

Arthur was still holding me upright as we made our way toward the lower level of the castle. Everything was quiet—far too quiet.

“I should’ve known that cell wouldn’t hold you for long,” the black witch’s voice said from behind us.

I turned slightly, forcing myself to stand taller. “Well, you thought right,” I snapped.

She took a slow, deliberate step forward. “What am I going to do with you?” she asked in a

mocking tone, her cold smile never faltering.

“I don’t know,” I replied evenly. “Maybe you should ask Blair. She’s the one who suffered the most at your hands. All because she slept with your boyfriend.”

The witch froze mid-step, her eyes narrowing.

“What the hell would you know about that?” she demanded.

“You really should be more careful when using your spells,” I said, my voice sharp. “Especially when you pour your essence into them. It leaves your soul wide open for anyone to see.”

“You b***h!” she screamed, her fury exploding as she launched an electric blast straight at me.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 88

The Warrior’s Broken Mate Chapter 88

I was shoved out of the way at the very last second by someone who then took the full brunt of the electric blast, their body flung violently down the hall.

Arthur shouted, his voice echoing through the corridor, and I whipped around to see Kronos lying on the ground as Arthur's men rushed to surround him.

Mia was already advancing again, lashing out with wild strikes of her magic. But I quickly noticed her fury was making her reckless—she wasn't landing her hits. Instead, her blasts were smashing into the walls and floor, missing everyone completely.

I didn't waste the opportunity. I surged to my feet, sprinted straight at her, and tackled her to the ground with full force.

As she hit the floor, I stood up and delivered a vicious kick to her face, then stomped on her chest, forcing the air from her lungs and leaving her gasping for breath.

I stepped back, letting her roll to the side. She touched the blood trickling down her face and wiped it away with the back of her hand, her eyes blazing with rage.

Before she could react, I kicked her hard in the stomach and followed up with a solid punch to her throat.

She stumbled backward, slamming into the wall. I grabbed her by the front of her shirt, yanked her forward, and with one powerful kick, sent her flying down the hall toward Arthur

and his men.

They all stepped aside as she crashed to the ground, staring at me in shock, their mouths hanging open as they realized just how much strength I had in me.

I strode toward Mia again. She was staggering, barely able to keep her balance, but I could feel her trying to summon more magic. With every blow I landed, she was getting weaker.

She finally managed to fire off another energy ball, but I ducked out of the way and lunged forward, grabbing her by the shirt. I hoisted her over my shoulder and flung her to the floor behind me.

She hit the ground with a heavy thud and groaned as she pushed herself up, swaying unsteadily on her feet. Arthur and the others stood behind her now, but I held up my hand.

"Stay back," I ordered firmly. "This is my fight."

Suddenly, a deafening screech ripped through the air outside the castle. The sound sent a shiver down my spine, and I instinctively glanced toward the window before snapping my

1/4

:

< CHAPTER 88

gaze back to Mia.

“Arthur,” I asked sharply, never taking my eyes off her, “what the hell is that?”

“That,” Arthur said grimly, “would be the Queen of the Dragons.”

“They have a Queen?” I asked in disbelief.

More Rewards

Mia started to laugh, her bloodied face twisting into a grin. “And their Queen just happens to be a very close friend of mine.”

I turned to Arthur, and his men immediately sprinted downstairs, presumably to try and deal with the dragons, or at least slow them down.

Arthur stayed by my side as Mia glanced over her shoulder at him, then at me, before she suddenly bolted for the nearest window.

I lunged after her, but I was too far away. She leapt out just as I reached the ledge, and I watched in frustration as she landed perfectly on the back of a massive dragon. With a beat of its wings, they soared away from the castle.

“No f*****g way,” I growled, spinning around and tearing down the stairs.

“What the hell are you doing?” Arthur demanded, grabbing my arm as I stormed past him.

“I am not letting her get away again! That b***h dies today,” I snarled, ripping my arm from his grip and bolting down the rest of the stairs.

We burst through the front doors, and my eyes immediately landed on the row of horses waiting outside. I didn’t care that I had never ridden one before.

I was going to figure it out—because I wasn’t stopping until Mia was dead.

I swung myself onto one of the horses and Arthur mounted the one beside me. He quickly started shouting instructions on how to control it, and we galloped off across the field, chasing the dragon as it soared ahead of us.

“She’s got an entire army of dragons at her disposal,” Arthur warned grimly.

“And you’ve got an army of soldiers,” I shot back, glancing north. My eyes widened when I saw a wave of riders approaching on horseback. These weren’t the men we had just left behind—they were Arthur’s soldiers from his castle.

“Holy s**t,” Arthur muttered in disbelief.

“She didn’t kill them,” I said, realization hitting me.

2/4

< CHAPTER 88

“She must have sent them back to the castle,” Arthur said, his voice tight.

More Rewards >

“It was enough of a distraction to give her the upper hand. She bought herself time by sending them away,” I replied.

“Alright, let’s move!” he barked.

We spurred the horses faster, pounding across the field and up over the hill as Arthur’s soldiers closed in behind us, joining in the pursuit.

The dragon was still in sight, wings cutting through the air as it arrowed toward a looming mountain in the distance. A knot of dread formed in my gut—I had a terrible feeling about what was waiting for us inside that mountain. But turning back was not an option.

“Where’s the Queen of the dragons?” I shouted over the wind.

“The black witch is riding her,” Arthur called back. “She’s a shifter!”

“Good to know,” I growled, kicking my horse harder to go faster.

Every stride jarred my body and sent a sharp ache through my stomach, but I ignored it. I wasn’t going to let that b***h slip through my fingers again.

I glanced up and saw Mia staring down at us from the dragon's back. She could see we weren't giving up, and instead of looking worried, she was laughing—laughing because she knew we had no idea what was waiting for us ahead.

And she was right—I had no clue. But I didn't care. I'd face whatever the hell was in that mountain, even if it meant taking on every dragon in existence.

We watched as Mia and the dragon vanished into a yawning cave in the side of the mountain. When we reached the base, we had to abandon the horses—the terrain was too steep and treacherous.

"I really don't think you should be going in there," Arthur said, his voice low and grave. "You don't know how many dragons she has in there."

"I don't care," I said coldly. "This ends today."

"Think about the baby," he urged.

"I am thinking about the baby," I snapped, meeting his gaze. "And its father. And how I'm going to get the hell home."

Arthur shook his head. "You are a stubborn one."

"It comes with the breed," I replied, a ghost of a smirk tugging at my lips. "All werewolves are stubborn."

"Good to know" he muttered.

As we reached the mouth of the cave, a chorus of roars erupted from inside. The sound reverberated through the mountain walls, making the ground tremble beneath us.

Arthur and his men unsheathed their swords as I stepped forward, Arthur staying close to my side.

We entered the vast hollowed-out heart of the mountain and were immediately surrounded by dragons—hundreds of them, of every size, shape, and color imaginable.

One massive dragon leapt down from the ledge above and landed directly in front of us, its glowing eyes locking on me. I could see the fire building in its throat, the heat radiating from its body as it prepared to unleash its hellfire.

Arthur's hand shot out and grabbed my arm, but I didn't move. I stood my ground, staring the beast down, listening to the deep rumble growing in its chest.

Then I stepped forward, one foot after the other, and unleashed a scream as I raised my hands.

The dragon's hellfire burst from its throat at the same time mine erupted from my palms—our flames colliding and merging into one massive, devastating inferno.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 89

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 89

As the dragon and I clashed with fire and force, it began to understand that we weren't the easy prey it had expected. Its massive wings flared as it tried to intimidate me, but I stood my ground.

Arthur and his men seized the opportunity, circling around the creature's flank. With precision, they hacked at its legs with their swords. The beast roared in pain, momentarily distracted, and stumbled backward.

That was all the opening I needed. I unleashed another torrent of fire directly at its chest, the flames striking true and igniting its scales. The dragon screeched, thrashing wildly before collapsing in the heart of the mountain. It crashed to the ground with a deafening thud and didn't rise again.

I stepped to the edge of the cliff and looked down. Mia stood below, her face twisted in disbelief. Beside her was another blonde woman dressed entirely in black, both of them staring up at me as though they couldn't comprehend what had just happened.

"Did you really think I was going to let you escape again?" I called down coldly.

"What have you done?" the woman shrieked, sprinting toward the fallen dragon.

"I stopped your beast from killing me. Anyone in my position would've done the same," I replied evenly.

"You b***h! You killed my baby!" she screamed, her voice echoing through the cavern.

"Oops," I said with a shrug, not bothering to hide the lack of remorse in my voice.

The woman exhaled a chilling breath, snuffing out the flames that still clung to the dragon's corpse, then flung herself onto its body with a piercing wail.

"My baby is dead! You murderer!" she howled.

I exchanged a puzzled glance with Arthur, who leaned in close.

"Do you even know who she is?" he whispered.

"I don't care," I muttered.

“Morgana,” he said grimly.

My eyes widened. “Are you kidding me? She’s completely insane.”

Arthur nodded. “I know. She’s always been unhinged.”

1/5

< CHAPTER 89

“She’s got way more than a few screws loose,” I muttered.

More Rewards

Below us, Mia’s agitation was palpable. She was furious that Morgana was so consumed by grief over her dragon that she wasn’t focusing on the bigger picture. Meanwhile, the other dragons kept their distance; after we had taken down the largest guardian, none dared approach us.

“Morgana, focus!” Mia snapped.

“They killed my baby—my favorite!” Morgana wailed again. But then, just as suddenly as it had begun, her sobbing stopped. She stood up, wiped her tears, and fixed me with an unnerving smile.

“I know,” she said softly, pointing at me. “You’re pregnant.”

My hand instinctively went to my stomach. “Oh, hell,” I whispered.

“I’ll just take your baby in exchange for mine,” Morgana declared, beaming as if she’d come up with the perfect solution.

“Yeah, that’s not going to happen,” I shot back.

“Why not? You killed my baby; I’ll take yours. Fair is fair,” she said with a sickly sweet tone.

“Fair isn’t stealing my child,” I growled. “Fair would be handing Mia over to me so I can make her pay for all the suffering she’s caused in both worlds.”

“I don’t know anything about that,” Morgana said, glancing at her sister. “Mia won’t even let

me go to your world.”

“That’s not my problem,” I said coldly.

"I know my sister can be selfish—she only ever wants the best for herself. But she's still my sister. I won't hand her over," Morgana said firmly.

"Her sister?" I muttered under my breath.

Arthur gave me a sheepish look. "Didn't I mention that?"

"No. You conveniently left that part out," I said sharply.

"Sorry," he murmured.

I glared down into the cave, then jumped from the cliff, landing in two swift bounds until I stood face to face with Mia and Morgana.

"My family will never betray me," Mia sneered.

< CHAPTER 89

"Blair did," I reminded her, my voice icy.

More Rewards >

"Blair's the one who deserves punishment!" Morgana snapped. "She's the reason Mia is the way she is today."

"Oh, I'll be having words with Blair when I see her again," I said darkly. "But right now? Step aside."

"I can't do that," Morgana replied, planting herself in front of Mia.

Mia wasted no time. She fired a blast of energy at me, but I conjured a wall of ice, reflecting the attack so it ricocheted wildly around the chamber. The air sizzled with crackling magic until I finally dropped the shield.

Fire ignited in my palms, twin orbs of blazing heat swirling faster and faster as I twisted my hands. When the flames fused into one searing mass, I hurled it straight at Mia with every ounce of force I had.

She ducked at the very last second, and my fireball missed her by inches, slamming into the drapes hanging along the cave wall and setting them ablaze.

"You're destroying my home!" Morgana screeched, her voice echoing off the cavern walls.

Mia shot another energy blast at me, forcing me to dive behind the corpse of the dragon for

cover.

“Don’t you dare hit my baby again!” Morgana wailed, stomping her foot.

“She’s hiding behind the damn thing! How am I supposed to hit her?” Mia shouted back, clearly frustrated.

“I don’t care how you do it, but stay away from my baby!” Morgana barked.

I peeked up, and Arthur caught my gaze, gesturing subtly that Mia was edging closer. I gave a small nod, closed my eyes, and tuned in with my werewolf hearing. Her footsteps grew louder, each step reverberating through the cave floor,

The moment I knew she was close enough, I darted around to the other side of the dragon’s body and hurled another fireball. It struck true this time, igniting the back of her cape.

Mia ripped the burning fabric from her shoulders and spun toward me, but by then I was already airborne. I slammed my fist squarely into her face mid-leap, landing lightly on my feet as she staggered back several feet.

I didn’t stop. I closed the distance in a heartbeat, slamming a kick into her stomach and then driving a punch into her throat. As she gasped for air, I swept her legs out from under her,

3/5

< CHAPTER 89

More Rewards

sending her crashing to the ground. I didn’t hesitate—I kicked her in the head repeatedly, each blow fueled by rage.

Morgana’s piercing scream filled the cave. She stomped her feet like a child throwing a tantrum, then bolted through another doorway deeper into the cavern.

I didn’t care where she was going. I didn’t care about her at all.

Mia was bleeding heavily now, her once defiant face a mask of terror. I grabbed a fistful of her shirt, yanking her upright. My knee drove into her stomach with brutal force before I smashed my forehead against hers, the headbutt snapping her head back violently.

She slumped back against the wall, barely able to stand. I could sense Arthur and his men approaching from behind, but my focus didn't waver. My claws slid out from my fingertips

with a soft, lethal sound.

Mia's wide eyes locked with mine, panic flooding them as I drew my arm back. I could feel her trying desperately to summon her magic, but she was far too slow.

With a swift strike, my claws tore through her throat. She gagged and choked, blood spilling from her mouth as I ripped my hand free, holding the remnants of her life in my grasp.

Her body crumpled lifelessly to the ground. I dropped the bloody mess I'd torn from her throat onto her corpse and stepped back.

Arthur moved to stand beside me, his eyes flicking between my hand and Mia's body.

"Werewolf," he muttered in quiet awe.

"I'm pregnant," I said flatly, wiping my claws clean. "I can't fully shift. It would put my baby at risk."

"Fair enough," Arthur replied, understanding.

I conjured another fireball, the heat swirling in my palm before I flung it onto Mia's corpse. Flames engulfed her immediately, spreading across the floor and catching the drapes and furniture behind her.

I wasn't taking any chances. That witch wasn't coming back.

"I'm ready to go home," I said, my voice steady.

"I've already got people at my castle working on finding a way back to your realm," Arthur assured me. "With any luck, they'll have it figured out by the time we return."

We turned our backs on the burning cavern, walking toward the cave's exit as the flames consumed everything behind us—Mia's body, the drapes, and the wreckage of the life she had destroyed.

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 90

The Warrior's Broken Mate Chapter 90

It took us two full days to make it back to Arthur's castle, and I was honestly shocked at how quickly his men had repaired the damage from the last attack. Everything looked pristine again, like nothing had ever happened. They clearly didn't waste any time around here.

But even though only two days had passed, my stomach had grown noticeably larger than it had been when I killed Mia. The rapid changes were unsettling. I was curious—maybe even a little anxious—to know exactly how far along I was, but there was no way of telling until I got

back home.

As soon as we arrived at the castle, we were met with cheers and celebration. Word had already spread across the realm that the black witch was dead, and people were overjoyed. Everywhere we went, people bowed their heads and smiled at me.

"You're a local hero now," Arthur said as we made our way through the crowd. "Are you absolutely sure you want to leave?"

"As much as I think this place is beautiful, it's not home," I said firmly.

"I know," he replied with a small smile. "Come on, let's see what they've managed to find out."

We walked inside, and I was surprised to see the castle buzzing with activity. Two full rooms were filled with people poring over books, scrolls, and papers.

"Your majesty," a woman said, bowing her head as Arthur approached.

"Have you found a way to get Lyra back home?" Arthur asked.

"I'm afraid not," she said with a frown. "It's proving to be much more difficult than we anticipated to find a method to open a portal."

"Alright," I said, stepping forward. "Where have you gotten to? I'll help."

"You need to rest and get a proper meal," Arthur said, looking at me with concern.

"I can eat while I work," I said sharply. "But I'm not going to rest."

"Think of the baby," he pressed. "You've barely slept since we were locked in that castle."

"I know," I said quietly. "But don't worry about me. Sleep is something I've learned to live without."

“Are you sure about that?” he asked, searching my face.

“Positive,” I replied. “Now can we please just focus?”

1/4

< CHAPTER 90

He sighed but nodded. “Fine. I’ll have the cook bring you something to eat.”

More Rewards

I sat down at one of the large tables and glanced over the books and notes they had been working on. My heart sank. They were completely off track and clearly had no idea what they were actually looking for. At this rate, I’d be better off going through the entire library myself.

I stood, went into Arthur’s vast library, and retrieved a stack of more relevant books before returning to the table. One by one, I began working through them, page by page, determined to find a clue.

I didn’t know how much time I had left. Every day here, my stomach grew larger, and the urgency pressed heavier on me.

“Kronos,” I said, glancing up, “how are you feeling after getting blasted by that electricity?”

He gave me a wry smile. “I feel a little weird, but at least my hair isn’t standing on end.”

I chuckled. “Yeah, I don’t think you could pull off that look.”

The others nearby laughed, and Kronos shrugged dramatically. “Glad you all agree.”

“Any luck?” Arthur asked as he stepped back into the room.

“Not yet,” I said, jotting down notes from different pages. “But I think I’m getting close with these books.”

“I really think you need to get some rest—for the baby,” he said, his voice soft but insistent.

“Arthur,” I said, lifting my head to look at him, “every single day I’m here, my stomach gets bigger. I don’t even know how far along I am. I have no idea how much time has passed in my world. I need to find my way back.”

“No offense to your people, but they weren’t even looking in the right books. They don’t have a clue what they’re doing,” I said.

Arthur didn’t argue. Instead, he pulled up a chair beside me and started helping me sift through the books—the ones I knew would actually lead us somewhere.

A flicker of hope lit up inside me as I realized I was getting closer. Every page, every symbol, every half-forgotten ritual brought me one step nearer to home. All I could think about was Elias—what it would feel like to see him again, the look on his face when he saw me.

But alongside the excitement was a knot of fear. I knew he wouldn’t have handled this separation well. What if he hadn’t survived this long without me? The thought twisted my stomach. I didn’t know if I’d be able to live with that.

2/4

:

< CHAPTER 90

More Rewards >

I tried to force those thoughts out of my head and focused on the books. But nothing in my life ever stayed simple.

Arthur kept sneaking glances at me, his eyes full of unspoken concern. I ignored it. I wasn’t ready to have that conversation—not now.

Eventually, I pushed back from the table and stood to get a coffee, only to notice Kronos trailing behind me.

“Can’t a girl do anything around here without being followed?” I asked, narrowing my eyes at

him.

“Sorry,” he said with a sheepish shrug. “I know it probably feels like we’re always spying on you.”

“I don’t think you’re spying. I think your King told you all to keep an eye on me because he thinks I’m working myself too hard,” I said.

“Wow... you’re good,” Kronos admitted with a small smirk.

"You don't need to worry about me. I know my limits. And this? This is nothing. You have no idea what werewolves are capable of. We can handle a hell of a lot more than normal humans."

"I'm starting to believe that," he said. "But... Arthur's going to miss you when you leave."

"He barely knows me," I replied, brushing it off.

"He's gotten to know you pretty well these last few days," Kronos said. "Sometimes, that's all

it takes."

"Are you seriously here to try and convince me to stay?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"No. I couldn't even if I wanted to. We all know where your heart is. I just... thought you deserved to know how he feels," he said.

"Yeah. I know. Arthur and I already talked about it. He's not going to disrespect my bond with my mate. So there's nothing to worry about," I said firmly.

"Okay," he said, backing off.

I made my coffee and returned to the room, settling back in with the books.

A couple of hours passed before it happened. I was scribbling notes from various pages into my notebook when my pen slipped from my fingers and clattered onto the table.

"What is it?" Arthur asked, instantly alert.

"I think I did it," I whispered, barely daring to believe it. "I think I figured it out. I know how to open the portal."

"Are you serious?" His eyes widened.

"Yeah," I said, my heart pounding as I looked up at him. "I know how to do it."

My entire face lit up like a kid on Christmas morning. I couldn't believe it—I could finally go home.

But then the butterflies came. Because I had no idea what I was going home to.