## The Warrior's abused Mate Chapter 1

Fifteen-year-old Monica's heart shattered as she watched her mother's coffin being taken away. Her heart was too young to fathom why she had to part with her mother so soon. But she was certain of one thing. Her dear mom was never coming back.

Her tears never dried off. The pain was too much for her. Her mom had been the only support she had. She didn't know who her father was. Whenever she tried to ask her mom, she would simply avert the topic. It was as though she didn't want to talk about it. She had heard from those who continuously tried to shun her that her mother got pregnant before she met her mate and that she was a slut. However, Monica refused to believe that. If what they said was true, her mom wouldn't have tried to live a respectful life, despite the taunts of society.

At times she had gotten into fights at school because some kids thought it was fun to call her a bastard wolf. Because of that, she didn't have friends, and the only family she knew was her mother. At fifteen, she understood that she would have relatives in the pack, but she also understood that they most probably didn't want to do anything with her. If they did, they would have at least tried to make themselves known to her. Her mom always used to tell her that the world was a cruel place and that she hoped that Monica's mate would love and cherish her.

At times she wondered if her mate had hurt her. But she dared not ask. That topic was the only topic her mom had continuously tried to avoid and each time, Monica couldn't help but notice how her eyes glossed with tears. For her mom, Monica was ready to do anything. Never had she thought that one day she would have to live in a world without her beloved mom, but now, she was completely left alone. No family, no friends. Who would want to befriend the weakest wolf of the pack? The fatherless one, the one who doesn't have any kind of support.

Sniffling and sobbing, she dragged herself towards the little hut that she and her mother used to live in. Gloomily she entered and looked around. Everything seemed to be lifeless without her mother in it.

"Mommy....why?" She sobbed, her cries started to get louder as dropped onto her knees.

"What am I going to do without you?" She sobbed, through her gasps of breath. She didn't try to stop the tears that continuously streamed down her cheeks. She didn't care anymore. She had been strong for long enough. She had fought everyone who called her mother a slut. She had dealt with a lot of things that a fifteen-year-old shouldn't. However, she was exhausted now and all she wanted to do was cry.

Her sobs filtered through the thin walls. Anyone who passed by could hear her agonising cries. She was still weeping her heart out when the door opened and the pack Luna Nora walked in.

"Monica. I'm here to fetch you." She said, making Monica look at her.

"You are alone in here now. You should come with me to the packhouse and start to live there. There is a spare room in the maid's quarters. You can have food and everything. And it would be easier for me to keep an eye on you too." She told little Monica.

"Really luna?" Her hazel eyes widened as she responded, still sniffling.

"Yes. My dear." Came the reply. "I am the luna of this pack and I will not let you be alone. You are just fifteen and haven't even shifted yet. Your shift will happen when you are sixteen. I think your mom would have told you about that." She asked and Monica nodded through her sniffles.

"I will look after you until you turn eighteen. Hopefully, by then you will meet your mate." She spoke kindly, caressing the younger one on her head.

Monica took in a shaky breath and sadly looked around. This was the place she had grown up in and the place where memories of her mother remained. Sighing, she touched the crystal pendant of her necklace, the one her mother had given her. She knew that the luna was right. She couldn't live alone in this lonely hut.

"Okay." She whispered in response and went to live with Nora and other omega maids.

Days passed by and Monica slowly learnt to live with the pain of losing her mother. The endless support from the pack Luna and other maids made it easier. Soon she started to help the maids around the packhouse.

Her favourite was Fridays when the luna would personally guide her in the kitchen. She would teach her to prepare simple meals and Monica enjoyed every moment of it.

Just like any Friday, Monica went to the kitchen to look for Nora. The conjoined storeroom was partly open and she knew the Luna would be there as usual. So she prepared the vegetables and other ingredients as she always did and waited for Luna Nora. She knew the Luna would be getting the necessary items from the storeroom. She waited.....but soon realised that it was eerily silent.

"Luna?" She called and walked into the storeroom when she heard no response. What she saw made her freeze. Nora was lying face down, in a pool of blood.

"Oh my God!" She gasped and rushed to help her.

"What happened......" she whispered and touched the exposed skin on the luna's hand.

It was cold. She gulped. A piece of crumpled paper was in her fist. But none of that mattered.

"Oh no!" She gasped. It was then she saw the luna's pale face and widened eyes. A shiver ran down her spine when she noticed a silver dagger that was stabbed into her stomach. She realised that the blood was oozing from it and pooling underneath her.

"No!" She gasped and quickly backed off. But now her hands and clothes were stained with blood. Hoping to get help, she rushed out of the storeroom and didn't stop until she reached the corridor, where she stumbled into a rock hard chest.

"Why are you running around? Where is Nora? I feel that she isn't fine!"

The alpha's deep voice startled her.

"Alpha...." she trailed off.

"Why is there so much blood on you?" His eyes went from her to the trail of blood she had made.

"What is going on?" He frowned and rushed inside, following the bloody trail. He froze at the entrance to the storeroom, Monica remained speechless as he slowly turned towards her, his eyes now widened in anger.

"What the f\*\*k have you done!" He hissed.

"Huh....no! I didn't do anything." She gasped, realising that he must have gotten the wrong message.

"It wasn't me.....I promise." Monica swore, tears gathering in her eyes.

However, the alpha wasn't ready to listen to her. His eyes had turned red and his muscles had bulged out, indicating that he was about to shift.

Monica knew what that meant. His wolf was taking over and the hopes of him going wild over the sudden death of his luna was almost a hundred per cent. Especially when he thought that Monica had done it.

"Please alpha, it wasn't me..." she begged, slowly backing away, when a roar threatened to tear down the entire packhouse. The alpha had partly shifted. Trembling, Monica pressed her back against the wall.

"Please....."

She continued to beg silently, hoping the alpha wouldn't tear her limbs then and there. The commotion had attracted the attention of everyone. Soon, guards and maids and whoever was in the packhouse had gathered around them.

"Guards!" The alpha growled, making everyone cower in fear.

"Take her away!" He ordered and they quickly obliged.