

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 11

Baron roared furiously, waking the whole packhouse up. His guards quickly rushed to him. Elijah too had raced towards the kitchen since the ferocious roar came from there.

“That f*****g b***h has run away!” He growled, angrily, as he slowly turned towards the gathered crowd.

Everyone gasped when they saw blood oozing from his right eye. There was no question that he was blinded. Could she have done that? They wondered, yet no one mustered up enough courage to utter a single sound. They continued to stare at him. He was furious. The muscles of his body were bulging and so were the veins in his neck. His fists were clenched as he barged his teeth at them.

“She had escaped! She must be captured! She is a wanted criminal now!” He roared.

“She has bewitched my brother’s drink and then did this! She must be reprimanded! Follow her scent! Bring her here! An unshifted bastard cannot run too far away!” He barked out his orders.

Elijah glanced at the guards.

“You heard him! Let’s go!” He commanded and soon all of them were racing towards the wilderness in their wolf forms, sniffing the air and following the scent they all despised.

Monica, the bastard wolf.

Baron watched them leave until they disappeared into the darkness of the night. He was seething. It was just yesterday Philip had escaped. He didn’t order his men to follow him since he knew that most probably Philip would kill them all. He knew how capable he was. Philip was undoubtedly a talented fighter.

And things had just gotten worse when the unshifted slave fought back. He didn’t expect her to respond like that. He never thought that she would have the wit to realise that digging her fingers deep into his eye would blind him and buy her enough time to escape. Heck! He didn’t think that she would have enough power or the bravery to do that. But she had managed to cause great

damage and his wolf too was doubtful about how much it could heal. She had blinded him in one eye and she will pay for it.

He thought he could do whatever he wanted to her, just as he had done to her mother years ago. How could she suddenly become so rebellious? Her mother too was timid, pathetic, and weak. She kept screaming for help the whole time back then, yet of course, no one did. Who would help an omega anyway? She most probably had slept with a lot of wolves. He couldn't understand why she wouldn't agree to sleep with him. He was simply trying to make her feel good. Anyway, he got what he wanted back then.

All he knew was, she soon started to live a secluded life after the little encounter with him at the packhouse. He smirked. She used to work in the packhouse like any other omega but soon after that night, she started to live alone. Perhaps she wanted to have more freedom so she could sleep with as many wolves as she wanted.

"That little slut," he grumbled. It seemed to him that living alone was better than clashing with him.

He sneered. Who would want to live with them? Even her mate must have left her after sleeping with her. He was told that her mate rejected her. Maybe he rejected after impregnating her. Baron didn't believe that there could be another way she could have gotten pregnant.

Her mate must have rejected her after having s*x.

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He thought as he snickered to himself, parading towards the infirmary.

He had always thought that wolves could only impregnate their mates, and no one else, regardless of how many wolves you have had s*x with. Hence he never used protection while he got intimate with the omega she-wolves. They were nothing but play-toys for him. And Monica's mother was one toy he used without consent.

He cackled at the memory.

Pathetic wolf.

The nurses attended to him as soon as he arrived at the infirmary. His eye was soon patched after cleaning and applying some medicine on it.

“Umm...alpha...” the doctor seemed reluctant to tell him what she diagnosed.

“We will have to keep the patch on for a week and then remove it. Hopefully, your eye will be fully healed,” she stated and smiled professionally at him.

“What are the chances?” He asked. He wanted to know more about his eye.

“Umm.... We can not be very sure, alpha. The injury seems pretty bad..... Perhaps, 50-50?” She was extremely reluctant to say what she did. A low growl escaped his throat making the pack doctor shudder.

Monica! You shall pay for this!!

He vowed as he continued to grit his teeth while clenching his fists. The doctor waited for him to say anything, however, when she saw that he wasn't going to speak, she politely excused herself from the room.

“I'll leave, alpha. I have to attend to your brother and some other patients too.” She told him, forcing a smile.

He glanced at her as she walked away with his good eye.

His brother was poisoned at the party. His drink was poisoned and had landed him in the infirmary. He knew he could leave the place if he wanted to, nonetheless, he walked into the room his brother was kept in.

He glanced at the sleeping form of his younger brother. The colour of his brother kept draining and his face was now almost as white as a sheet. The tubes connected to him delayed the effects of the poison, however, Baron knew that what was coming cannot be avoided.

“It is just a matter of time bro,” he snickered. “I'm sorry I had to sacrifice you for this. But I don't plan to pass my title on. I will be alpha until I die. ” he mumbled, snickering to himself, as he patted the sleeping lad's cheeks.

“Everything is going as planned,” he whispered. He wanted to do what he did and blame Monica for everything. “Only one thing didn't go the way I wanted it to. And that is Monica's escape She surely will pay for that!”

He grumbled under his breath. Soon his scowl changed to a psychotic grin. His eyes unmistakably reflected one thing.

Heinousness.

“You escaped the prison?” Monica asked Philip as they strode through the trees.

“Yes. I took the guard’s pants with me.” He said and she stared at him, confused.

“I had to kill a guard to escape.” He explained and her eyes went wide.

“Kill?!!!” She gasped, wide-eyed.

“Yes,” Philip shrugged. “Why would I care about a bunch of wolves who didn’t care to stand up for what is right?”

Monica took a deep breath.

“That’s fine,” she heard Asena.

“What? He killed someone!” Monica retorted through their link.

“So? Did they do anything when they tried to kill me? No!” Asena sounded agitated.

Monica bit her lower lip and frowned. She knew Asena was right. They wouldn’t hesitate to kill and they were unjust.

“We are pretty close.”

Philip’s voice interrupted her thoughts.

“We are going to the Dark Howl pack. They are the closest to us.” He paused and sighed.

“I am so sorry. I was not able to help you two years ago. They killed your wolf,” he said, sounding deeply remorseful.

Monica forced a smile, wondering if she should tell him about Asena. He did help her escape the pack, yet she still didn't know if she could trust him completely.

"Feeding wolfsbane for more than a week will kill any normal wolf. I.... I was stupid. I should have gone rogue and taken you with me back then. But wanting to follow the rules put me behind bars for two years."

His statement made her frown. If what he said was true, then why was Asena still alive? She wondered. Whatever the reason was, she was glad, yet curiosity kept eating her as they walked on.

"Normal wolf?" She asked, and Philip glanced at her.

"Yeah. An alpha wolf might survive, but will be weak," he told her.

Her heart skipped a beat. Could that mean that Asena was an alpha?

Suddenly Philip went stiff. With his lips parted and eyes widened, he looked behind him and started to scan through the trees.

"s**t! They are close!" He gasped and Monica felt her heart race as her anxiety kicked in.

"Hurry, run in that direction. The pack isn't far away. You will be able to reach them within fifteen minutes if you run. I will distract the attackers," he said and started to shift to his massive wolf.

"Will you be fine?" She shouted, scared and worried about Philip. He had shifted completely by this time and the best his wolf could do was nod and let out a huff of breath.

Gasping for breath, Monica ran in the direction Philip told her to. She couldn't afford to get caught. She just wished Philip too would be able to join her soon. Crossing the fallen logs, she ran as fast as her legs could carry. By the time she reached the pack borders, she was exhausted and fell at the feet of the security guards.

"What are you doing here, rogue!" The guard sternly demanded.

Panting, "please....help me," she begged.