

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 12

Monica was glad that the guards didn't beat her up, or tried to send her away. Perhaps they took pity on a frail little wolf who already seemed to have gone through a lot. They asked Monica to stay where she was until their alpha came to see her.

Monica sat on the forest floor, taking her time to relieve her exhaustion and praying silently that their alpha would arrive soon and let her stay in the pack. At least before Baron and his men got to her.

I just hope Philip makes it.

She thought, as she worriedly glanced at the direction she had come.

After some time, an enchanting fragrance hit her nostrils. The scent of the dense forest was mixed with that new, amazing scent and it made Asena stir internally. That wonderful aroma seemed to make Monica feel better all of a sudden. It was as though a part of her worries were suddenly non-existent. It appeared to heal her.

"Girl, I feel....weird," Asena told her through their link.

"As if something that would change our lives forever is going to happen," she added.

"What could be more life-changing than what is happening to us now?" Monica responded to her wolf.

"Yes.... But that scent....." Asena trailed off and Monica felt her heart skip a beat.

What about that scent?

Monica inhaled deeply while closing her eyes. An involuntary smile curved her chapped lips. She had always loved how cinnamon smelt like, yet, it had never amazed her like it was doing now. That, without question, was the most extraordinary whiff of aroma she had ever smelt.

However, one question kept jabbing her mind? How can a simple whiff of fragrance make her feel lighter all of a sudden?

She was still bewildered by it when a group of powerful wolves halted at the perimeters. She kept her gaze lowered as they shifted back and covered up. However, she couldn't help but notice that the incredible scent of cinnamon was now more prominent.

Nonetheless, she knew the alpha and beta also was with them, along with other powerful wolves, as all of them reeked of power.

Alpha Miles of Dark Howl pack furrowed his brows at the frail female who apparently looked as though she could use some help. However, he couldn't take her in without questioning her. Usually, rogues were those who had left the pack because they didn't accept their alpha and didn't want to submit to their leader for pathetic reasons. Or they could be exiled lawbreakers, who had committed a vicious crime.

But this little she-wolf didn't look like one.

He thought. Yet, he lifted his chin and faced her so that he could question her.

"Who are you? And why are you here?" Miles sternly asked.

"Please alpha. Help me." She gasped. "My alpha has forced me out of my pack. He accused me of witchcraft. I swear that I was framed."

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"What if she is lying?" Miles heard his gamma question via mind link.

"She needs help. We can find out if she is lying. I'm sure Ava can find out, right Nolan?" Miles replied to him through their link.

"Yes," Nolan replied. Since Nolan's mate, Ava was a sorceress-lycan hybrid with special powers, she would have the power to scan through anyone's mind if required.

"Take her to the infirmary and treat her wounds," Miles ordered.

Cade, who was their Luna's brother and a ferocious warrior, stepped forward to carry out the orders. He had been silent the whole time since he didn't want to interrupt his superiors. However, ever since he had arrived at the perimeters, an enchanting aroma of Vanilla had been invading his nostrils.

That strange, yet comforting scent kept pulling him into a trance. However, he fought against it, as he believed that now wasn't the time to get distracted by a beautiful fragrance.

Monica slowly stood up so that she could follow them. Someone had stepped forward to carry out their alpha's orders. She slowly looked up so that she could see the wolf who had stepped forward to help her.

She froze.

Every single muscle in her body went completely rigid when a pair of piercing blue eyes met with her hazel ones. She gulped as Asena started to jump in joy.

"Mate!" Asena screamed in her mind.

Oh no!

Monica thought.

The male who stood in front of him gaped at her with his eyes dilated. She could clearly see that his breathing had hitched and his jaws had clenched.

"Mate!" He growled.

She couldn't believe it. She had found her mate and she wasn't ready for it. Biting her inner cheeks, anxiously she furrowed her eyebrows. With piercing blue eyes and a sharp jawline, he was extremely handsome.

But.....I'm not ready.....

She thought.

"Mate! He is our mate!" Asena started to chant.

Gulping, "mate," she whispered, as her heart thudded hysterically in her ribcage.

"She is your mate?" Alpha Miles questioned, frowning at Cade.

"Wow," Nolan, the pack beta whispered. No one expected that to happen. Everyone was astonished, yet no one had any complaints. Finding one's mate was a joyous event.

“Well, what are you waiting for, Cade? Take her to the infirmary!” Miles urged Cade when he saw that his brother-in-law was frozen on his spot.

Snapping out of the reverie, Cade scooped her up in his arms, grasping her bruised body firmly and dashed towards the infirmary of the pack.

Miles and his men watched him go.

“It was just a few minutes back he was joking about finding his mate at home,” he told his friends.

“Joking?” Castor, his gamma asked, raising an eyebrow at him.

Shrugging his shoulders, “you know Cade. A carefree prankster. He was trying to get on his sister’s nerves,” he chuckled.

“Well, it looks like the prankster has got more responsibility on his shoulders now,” Nolan smirked.

Miles nodded, smirking.

“Let’s go there. Mind link Ava to go to the infirmary. We still must see if what she had told us was true,” Miles told Nolan.

Nodding in agreement, all three of them sprinted through the trees in their human forms since they knew they could reach the infirmary within a matter of minutes.

Monica was admitted in the infirmary and the nurses were shocked when they saw how badly her body was bruised. New and old scars were visible in different parts of her body and she was without doubt under-fed. Another thing that shocked them was, despite being a werewolf, her injuries seemed to take a long time to heal. Hence, her treatment was started without delay.

“Now I can heal for real,” Asena happily chirped in Monica’s mind. Smiling in contentment, Monica laid on the hospital bed and closed her eyes. Perhaps it was now safe to fall asleep.

“She certainly needs to be cared for. We cannot send her back to that hell hole!” Ava told Miles and the other pack leaders after scanning through her mind. Cade too was with them as they discussed. After all, she was his mate.

“You mean, she was telling the truth?” Miles inquired.

“Yes. She had been severely abused in her pack.” She stated as shortly as she could.

Cade clenched his fists. His mate was abused! Miles saw how Cade had his teeth gritted. Every muscle on his body was stiffened.

“Mate!” He growled, involuntarily.

Miles nodded. “Perhaps, you should see her, Cade.”

He didn’t respond. Instead, he dashed towards the room his mate was kept in. His heart broke a little and his wolf whimpered in his mind when he saw the tubes connected to her.

“They hurt her! They hurt my mate!” His wolf, Aspen wailed.

“I know,” Cade replied through their link.

She had been sleeping for a while, due to the sedatives the doctors had administered.

“Mate,” he whispered as he tucked away a strand of hair. The sparks of the mate bond erupted where their skin contacted and her eyes flung open.

With teary eyes, she glanced at him.

“Please don’t send me back,” she begged.

Cade felt his throat tighten.

“I won’t,” he promised.