

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 14

The injured wolf was brought and taken to the infirmary. The nurses attended to him at once. They tried to work as fast as they could, however, the wolf was barely breathing and he had already lost a lot of blood, hence making him weak.

"We have found a beta wolf in the woods. He is badly injured," Miles mind linked Cade who told Monica about what he was informed.

"Injured?" She frowned, worried.

"That is what I've been told," he told her.

"I want to see," she exclaimed, trying to get up from the bed. However, the tubes connected to her forbade her from moving much.

She glanced at the IV injection that kept dripping droplets of fluid drop by drop. It was too slow for her liking.

"I need to see him," she gasped.

"Hey, wait until this is finished. I will personally take you there. I think that would be the best since you also are incredibly shaky," Cade told her.

Frowning, she gazed at him and then at the IV.

"Do I have a choice?" She asked, making Cade chuckle.

"Not really babe," he said. "Don't worry, he is in good hands. Both of you need to heal. He is a fully transformed werewolf so hopefully, he will heal in no time," he tried his best to assure her.

Forcing a smile, she took a deep breath and tried to relax her muscles. He was right. She was weak and needed a lot of time to gain strength. Not just physically. She needed to heal mentally and emotionally.

Her eyes darted at the handsome young man who had not left her side even for a second. He had promised her that he would help her heal.

"We must trust our mate," Asena reminded her. Sighing, she closed her eyes.

She knew that it was the mate bond that was making Asena say that. Her wolf would tend to speak with her heart and if for any reason the heart breaks, she would be completely shattered. Therefore, Monica wanted to be alert. It was heartwarming to hear him say that he would love her unconditionally, however, she didn't want to let her guard down yet.

"When will this thing be done?" She asked impatiently, gazing at the drilling IV injection.

"Soon," he told her, smiling at her.

Just then the door to the room opened. From the scent, Cade knew it was his sister and her daughter.

"Uncle Cade!" His niece's shrill voice made him beam and glance at the entrance.

"Mommy said you found your mate! I want to see!" She exclaimed as soon as she entered and wiggled out her mother's hands to run towards the bed.

"Sorry, she wouldn't stop whining until she came to see you," Calli told them, smiling smugly.

Cade waved his hand gesturing to his sister that it was fine. The little girl ran up to the bedside and looked at Monica with bright, wide eyes, curiously studying her uncle's mate.

"Hi, I'm Astrea. I thought uncle's mate was a duck!" She innocently exclaimed staring right at Monica who gaped at the brown-haired girl.

"Astrea!" Calli was embarrassed. Her cheeks tinted pink as her face heated up in shame.

Cade rolled his eyes, however, he knew where it was coming from.

"I was just joking!" He retorted, smiling and frowning at the same time. He had just met Monica a few hours ago and he knew she wouldn't be used to his silly personality yet.

"So my mate wouldn't be a bug!" Astrea stated, crossing her little hands across her chest as she grinned at Cade.

"Yes!" Cade replied, pursing his lips.

Monica kept looking back and forth between Cade and Astrea, amused by their little banter. Never in her life had she experienced the love of a sibling, cousin, aunts and uncles. It was just her and her mother until she died.

“Yay!” Little Astrea cheered and grinned at Monica.

“You are pretty,” she commented. “I hope you will like to play with me.” She added.

Monica felt her heart flutter. This was the first time anyone had said that they wanted to play or do anything with her. Even in her childhood, she had grown up watching others play hoping that they would let her join. However, they never did.

“I... I would love to,” she whispered, tears of joy suddenly gathering in her eyes.

Excited, Astrea rushed to hug her and leaned forward to whisper in her ears.

“Uncle Cade can be crazy sometimes,” Astrea whispered, making Monica snicker.

Cade who had heard Astrea rolled his eyes. Her innocence didn't allow her to realise that werewolves would hear little whispers. Giggling, Monica looked at her mate who was slightly irritated by what his niece had said, as he remained silent. He knew his little niece was trying to get back at him for frustrating her earlier.

“Let's go Astrea, we need to get you ready for school,” Calli called her and started to take her away, as she mouthed a 'sorry' at Cade.

“She is cute and fun,” Monica giggled when they left. Cade glanced at her. He loved how her eyes sparkled with excitement. The sound of her giggles was like music to his ears. She had been so miserable the whole time, however, his little niece seemed to have brought some life into her.

Smiling in satisfaction, he kept looking at his mate.

“I wouldn't mind Astrea trying to frustrate me every day if that means I get to hear her laugh,” Aspen mumbled in his mind.

“I feel the same dude.....,” Cade replied through their link.

Cade took her to see the wolf that was brought to the infirmary as soon as the nurses removed her IV injection. Miles and Nolan were still there. By the time they had gone to see him, he had shifted back to his human form, however, was still unconscious. Monica looked at Philip's sleeping form through the glass window of the intensive care unit. She had been told that he had shifted while he was still unconscious and had not woken up ever since.

"Why did he shift back like that?" Monica asked the nurse, frowning. She sensed that it was not good news.

"He is too weak. Wolves tend to shift in the state of unconsciousness if they are extremely unstable. I'm sorry, but he might not make it..." the nurse told her, and she felt her heart plummet.

"No!" She gasped. "No, not him.... Please. He is the only one who helped me from my pack. Everyone who cared for me cannot die just like that! First my mom, then the luna and now him? This cannot be happening. There must be something we can do." Monica begged as tears welled up in her eyes.

"Umm....there is something that might save him. But.....I don't know how practical it is," frowning as she pursed her lips.

Sighing, "he has been stabbed numerous times on his abdomen with a silver blade. The only reason he is alive is that no vital organs were injured badly. But it has caused a lot of blood loss. And if the alpha of his original pack or any of his offspring would donate some blood to him he would survive for sure. But....." She trailed off as she looked down avoiding Monica's eyes.

Stunned, she kept staring at the nurse.

The alpha of his original pack?

She gulped.

"Monica.....we can save him..." she heard Asena whisper in her mind, making Monica wince.

She had been trying to ignore addressing the fact that she was the result of him forcing himself on her mother. But now it looked like she now had no choice.

"I.... I'll do it," she whispered, shocking everyone around her.

“What?” Cade hissed. Miles and the others kept gaping at her in astonishment. Her heart raced as she wondered if Cade would still accept her once he found out that she carried his genes.

“I... I am his child. I am ready to donate blood to save Philip.” She said, strengthening her previous statement.

“But....” The nurse glanced at Cade and then at Miles, who seemed to be speechless.

“But you also need to heal....”

“If that is the only way that Philip could be saved, I am ready,” Monica cut her in.

“Will donating blood kill me?” She asked the nurse who shook her head.

“Then please..... do it. I’m not ready to see the death of another wolf who cared for me.” She whispered as she kept her gaze lowered. She didn’t have the stamina to look at Cade who was staring at her without blinking.

Miles cleared his throat.

“Do it. We are all here to lend any help required,” he told the nurse.

Monica was taken to a room where her blood was taken to be prepared for the transfusion. Monica was a little surprised when Cade remained by her side. Though he said nothing, she knew he had a lot of unanswered questions.

Aspen kept nudging in Cade’s mind.

“Ask her....” He continued to push.

“But...”

“Just do it!”

“H..how....” He hesitantly asked, but then paused.

What if I hurt her unintentionally?

He wondered.

Smiling sadly, Monica glanced at him.

“Why do you think my wolf survived even after being fed wolfsbane for two weeks?” Chuckling sadly she mumbled.

“I am the result of his infidelity. He r***d my mom. The day I found out about it was the day I found enough courage to escape the pack despite being unable to shift,” she whispered and looked away.

Stupefied, Cade stared at her wide-eyed.

“The hell!” Aspen hissed

Sucking in a shaky breath, Monica spoke again.

“I... I understand.... It's ok if you don't want me. I carry the genes of that monster....”

Tears stung her eyes as she said that. Cade blinked.

“Can you stop saying that? There is no way I'm going to let you go. I want you and only you. You are my mate and you are perfect for me,” Cade uttered.

Surprised, yet happy, Monica looked at him.

“Really?” She gasped, still unable to believe what she heard.

“Yup. You are stuck with me forever,” he stated as he stood up from his seat and walked over to her. He bent over and placed a lingering kiss on her forehead. The sparks of the mate bond made her sigh.

“I told you we can trust our mate,” Asena chirped.

Maybe..... We can....

She thought.