

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 15

The blood transfusion was completed and Monica was happy that Philip looked better after it, though he still didn't wake up. She was told that his wolf needed time to heal, which was reasonable and it explained why he was still unconscious. She was grateful that at least the colour of his face had returned. He was now not as white as a sheet.

The blood transfusion hindered Asena's healing process. However, it didn't matter much to her. She had chosen to do it and was too glad that she was able to save a life. Monica had to spend three more days in the infirmary before she was allowed to leave and each day, she and Cade checked on Philip. He was healing, however, slowly. The silver blade had done a lot of damage internally and some of its poison had seeped into his bloodstream. Thankfully, the nurses were able to flush it out of his system before it affected his vital organs, and with the blood he had recently received, they expected him to wake up within a week.

Monica's wounds made a remarkable recovery and Cade was ecstatic to finally be allowed to take her to his home. Since he lived in the packhouse with his sister and her mate, the pack's alpha, he took her there.

"Welcome home!!!!!" Astrea squealed as soon as they entered through the main door.

Home?

Her lips crooked upwards in an involuntary smile as Astrea ran up to her and wrapped her arms around her waist.

"I missed you uncle," she said as she hugged Cade.

Chuckling, he ruffled her hair.

"I missed you too," he replied.

"We have prepared the room for you," Calli told them.

Frowning, "prepare? How? The room was good," Cade responded.

"No, Cade. You needed new furniture. You can not expect your mate to sleep on that old rusted bed."

His sister rolled her eyes and gestured to them to follow her. She led them to a spacious room on the first floor of the packhouse. Cade had his eyebrows creased in confusion as he followed his sister.

“This isn’t my room!” He exclaimed.

Smirking, she opened the door to reveal a well-furnished room. There was a king-sized bed covered in a floral sheet. The elegant curtains fluttered in the wind. The windows of the room opened to a balcony from where the greenery of the pack could be viewed.

Confused, Cade glanced at his sister.

“You are moving to this room and no excuses.” She demanded.

Monica glanced at Calli.

“I swear my brother has fallen in love with that little room. He has been persistent in not moving to a bigger room with better furniture. I know we grew up in hard conditions, but that doesn’t mean we shouldn’t enjoy the luxuries once we get access to them.”

Smiling sheepishly, he scratched the back of his neck.

“Well..... I find that place comfortable.” He shrugged his shoulders.

“I also never lived in such comfort. I also am not used to this,” Monica smiled sadly as she spoke.

“I have been sleeping on the floor in the storeroom for a couple of years. Even his old room would be a luxury to me.”

Her little whisper made everyone gape at her.

“Uh....no. You certainly deserve better. This is our room now. We will stay here,” Cade asserted, nodding at Calli.

“Good,” Calli smiled in satisfaction.

“I have moved all your clothes and some new ones to this room already. And I have already packed the closet with some clothes for Monica too. I hope that is fine with you, but if you need anything else to tell me. I’m just a mindlink away.”

Cade walked towards the closet and looked inside.

“The hell! I knew it!” He exclaimed.

“You bought all those new clothes for me!”

Snickering, “you needed more clothes, Cade! I couldn’t have had a better opportunity to buy you and your mate suitable clothes without your knowledge.” Calli mumbled as she walked out of the room.

“Let me know if you need anything,” she grinned as she closed the door behind her.

Shaking his head, he glanced at the closet again.

“Well, I think I have more than enough. What would I do with all these clothes!”

Monica’s giggles interrupted him.

“Maybe wearing those to take our mate out on dates is a good idea.”

Cade could feel Aspen’s resentment as he communicated through their link.

Cade’s lips parted as his gaze lingered on her. Her cheeks were tinted in a light shade of pink as her hazel eyes twinkled mysteriously. Her bashful smile made his heart flutter.

“She is so perfect,” he mumbled back.

“Yes and I can’t wait to mark her,” Aspen replied.

Cade felt his throat dry up. He wouldn’t lie to himself. He yearned for her. He craved to taste her. He wished to hold her close to him and shower her with love.

“I bet she would taste heavenly...” Aspen whispered and Cade’s heart raced.

“Stop it, Aspen. I want her to be ready for me.” He managed to reply even though his emotions were going haywire.

“Uh... won’t you check the clothes she got for you?” Cade offered a nervous smile as he stepped aside.

Monica stepped closer to the closet. Her eyes bulged when she saw the vast variety of clothes stacked inside the dresser.

She gasped and her mouth hung open.

“I...never owned so many clothes my entire life!” She exclaimed, gaping at the different kinds of clothes. It varied from yoga pants to jeans, shirts and dresses.

“What am I going to do with all of these clothes!!!” She exclaimed, making Cade laugh.

“Yeah. She is our other half alright.” Aspen mumbled.

After controlling his laughter, “will you go on a date with me?” He asked. Astonished, Monica stared at him with wide eyes.

“Date?”

She was feeling strange. Her life had drastically changed during the past three days. Whatever was happening in her life was new to her. Finding out that she would be living with her mate in a spacious room and suddenly finding so many clothes that were supposed to be hers felt weird.

Being loved feels bizarre.

She thought.

“Well... if you don't like it, we can stay indoors,” He shrugged, and she realised that she had remained silent for too long without answering his question.

“Say yes! Girl!” Asena gleefully tweeted.

“I... am hesitant...” Monica admitted to Asena. Frowning, she gulped down the accumulated saliva.

Seeing her concerned face worried Cade.

“Hey,” he stepped closer and cupped her cheek, hoping to offer her his support.

“It's okay. No pressure,” he whispered.

Monica closed her eyes, and inhaled deeply, allowing his scent to calm her senses. The sparks of the mate bond made her sigh. She grabbed his hand and opened her eyes so that she could look into his piercing blue orbs, which were now laced with distress.

“He is getting worried, Monica,” she heard Asena.

She sucked in a shaky breath.

“Please don’t hurt me...” she managed to whisper.

Cade studied her face. Her eyes continued to beg him. It was as if every part of her body was pleading with him to save her from pain. He felt his throat tighten as he mused on the extent to which she was abused, for her to plead like that.

“I’ll never hurt you,” he whispered back, stroking her cheek with his thumb. His eyes searched her hazel orbs. Those bright eyes deserved to sparkle with joy and not reflect pain.

He desired to take her pain away. Every beat of his heart ached for her. She didn’t deserve what she had gone through.

He sucked in a deep breath. Her alluring vanilla scent kept pulling him into a reverie. He had been trying hard to fight against it, however, he was now losing against the mate bond.

“You are beautiful,” he whispered just before his lips captured hers, taking her by surprise. At first, she went rigid. However, she soon relaxed when Asena started to whimper, stimulated by his touch...and his scent.

It was blissful. The jolts of excitement she felt kept intensifying as time passed. It was a chaste kiss, yet it was exactly what she needed..... What she wanted.

Cade took his time to savour her lips until finally he stopped and leaned back to gaze at her innocent face. There was no doubt that she was astounded. She wasn’t expecting that. Her steady soft breaths and her parted lips remained the same for a while as she stood stunned in his arms, without blinking.

Chuckling, “hey,” he whispered.

She blinked and gulped as she heaved a deep breath.

“Are you okay?” He asked.

“That felt..... amazing...” she finally breathed making him laugh.

“I don’t understand.... If the mate bond truly is that incredible, how and why did Baron cheat on Luna Norah all the time...” she frowned.

“I guess we would never understand the choices of some wolves.” Cade shrugged his shoulders.

“I promise you, I’ll never hurt you.” He told her after a short pause.

Monica felt the corner of her lips curve in a genuine smile. Her face beamed in satisfaction as her heart swelled. Yes, she could trust him. Cade is not like him. He is different.

He cupped her face once again and this time she leaned into his touch.

“Yes!” Aspen cheered in his mind. Even the slightest motion of acceptance from her made him elated.

“Do you accept me as your mate?” Cade asked softly, and her smile widened.

“Why not?”

She whispered.

“What the f**k do you mean you didn’t find her?”

Baron growled at his men. Elijah and the others had lost her the night she fled. Instead, they met Philip who was in his wolf form. He was out of their pack boundary, and he could have escaped easily. However, he chose to attack them. He continued to threaten and charge at them until Elijah stabbed his back with the silver blade he had been carrying in his belt.

He had made sure that Philip wouldn’t survive. His howls of agony reverberated in the depths of the forest and Elijah felt triumphant with each scream. He had won. He had killed beta, Philip. Something he should have done ages ago.

However, they didn't catch the unshifted girl, Monica. So Baron sent his men to look for her, yet the search was unproductive. They didn't find her. They didn't even catch a whiff of her scent. It was as if she had disappeared into the thin air.

"She couldn't have vanished, just like that!" He grumbled.

"Maybe another pack took her in."

Elijah suggested. However, when his alpha sneered at him, he wished he had remained silent.

"Then, that could only mean war! Find her! The closest is the Dark Howl pack on the east and the Silver Shadow pack on the south. No other packs are close enough for a non-shifter to travel barefoot. I don't care what you do, I want results!"

His men scampered to carry out his orders. They didn't want to anger the one-eyed alpha. He was now blind in one eye and the incident that led him to lose his sight had aggravated his cruelty. Whoever pisses him off will pay.

He slammed the door to his room shut, his face contorted in fury.

"I'll find you, slave. And I'll make sure you pay the price." He hissed.