

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 20

Elijah choked on his spit. He may be inexperienced, yet he knew that it wasn't a good idea to deal with those sly nightcrawlers. Eyes widened, he stared at Baron. To say that he was shocked would be an understatement. He couldn't believe that his alpha had suggested trying to deal with the bloodsuckers.

"The vamps! Alpha! But..."

Elijah trailed off when Baron started to click his tongue.

"What? Scared?" He snickered.

"But...what are we going to tell them? And why would they help us? I... I don't like dealing with the crooked bloodsuckers... They are tricky and deceitful"

Elijah froze when he noticed Baron's narrowed eyes focused on him. He gulped when he saw his jaws clenching and the nerve on his neck bulging.

"Who is the alpha here?" Baron bellowed, making Elijah wince.

"You are, alpha..." he meekly replied.

"I am the one who decides! Not you!" He growled, baring his teeth at the young beta.

Elijah quickly submitted. He hung his head and lowered his gaze. Though his demeanour showed calm obedience, his heart was pounding frantically in his chest. He was anxious. He didn't want to anger his alpha, yet at the same time, he didn't want to face the vampires.

"Yes, alpha," his soft reply and his obedience satisfied Baron. The corners of his lips curved in a smirk as he leaned back in his seat.

"They are the most likely ones who would help us anyway. The wizards and the lycans have a close bond, because of that beta female and her family. The dragons live too far away and are too respectful. I doubt they will offer their help. The vampires are the only ones who I think will help, in exchange for something they want." Baron blew out a puff of smoke into the air as he scratched the skin near the patch that covered his blinded eye.

“Now...about what to tell them. We have to make a deal. I wonder what they would want.” Squinting, he tapped on his chin.

“Do we have or can we get something they would want...” he mumbled.

Elijah opened his mouth, wondering if he should stay mum or if it would be okay to say anything. After running his tongue over his lips, he mustered up all the courage he could and looked at his alpha.

“A...alpha?” He stammered.

Baron glanced at him with a raised eyebrow.

“Are you thinking of meeting their king?” He asked and Baron nodded, making Elijah frown.

“The vampire king would want more power and wealth, right? What if...what if we promise him half of this land? He could expand his territory,” He suggested.

Baron’s face wrinkled as he thought about it.

“That is a good idea. We can give it a shot.” He mumbled. “But we need something better than that...” Baron glowered. “This is all that little none shifter’s fault. Once I get my hands on her, I’ll make sure she is retributed for each humiliation and hardship I have to face. I’ll show her hell. What she had endured in the past would be nothing compared to what I put her through,” Baron’s growls made Elijah shudder.

The young beta forced a smile. He didn’t feel comfortable about meeting the vampire king and even if he agreed with Baron about punishing the ‘slave’, hearing his angry growls was deterring. Baron noticed Elijah shifting uncomfortably in his seat.

“You are scared,” he stated.

Elijah sucked in a deep breath. Forcing a smile, he addressed the matter on hand.

“I...” Elijah wiped his mouth and furrowed his eyebrows. “Are you sure that the vampire king will help? As far as I know, all the kingdoms are living in harmony. They have made a deal so that the equilibrium of the magical world

isn't disrupted. He might lock us up when we arrive at his court and inform the lycan Queen about us. Then, we will be trapped forever," Elijah voiced his concern.

This time Baron went silent. He furrowed his eyebrows and massaged his forehead.

"You do have a point there lad." He stated as he rubbed his temples. His eye was squeezed shut as he thought deeply over the matter.

"Maybe.... They have rogues in their kingdom? You know, those who doesn't submit to their government body," Elijah suggested, and Baron's closed eyes fluttered open.

A sinister smile spread across his face.

"Brilliant!" He whispered, his eyes twinkling in excitement.

"Rogues! I should have thought about that in the first place! We will look for rogue vampires, witches, wizards, elves, whoever we manage to find. We will make the strongest army history has ever witnessed!" Baron laughed.

"We will be invincible!"

The sound of his laughter reverberated in the packhouse as he laughed heartily. He was fascinated by this new idea.

Elijah's lips curved in a lopsided smile. That sounded better than trying to deal with their king.

"That's a great idea," Elijah agreed, nodding his head.

"Of course it is. But it is a lot of work. They are rogues, they are disobedient by nature. Recruiting them will be hard." Baron glanced at Elijah, who seemed to be listening attentively.

"Hard....but not impossible," he added.

"There must be something we can do..."

Elijah seemed to have taken a lot of interest in it.

Baron wrinkled his forehead. "Hmm. The witches aren't the problem. They will submit if they are forced to, fearing for their lives. We are physically stronger than them. The difficulty is with the nightcrawlers. As you had said, they are rebellious, treacherous and hard to force into submission. They only submit to their king, but imagine the rogues.....they don't submit to their king too. They are the worst. But...if we could get a witch to make a potion that would make the vampires tolerate sunlight, they might agree...." His grin stretched across his face. "We will make a deal!"

Elijah's face lit up. "That is excellent!" He clapped his hands together. "So we hunt for witches first!"

"Yes, now is a good time for that. Call the men. We are going hunting." Baron crushed the cigarette butt under his shoe.

"Yes, alpha," Elijah sprung up from his seat and rushed outside.

Baron relaxed in his seat, satisfied with his new idea.

"Dude, you are crazy." Baron was interrupted by his wolf.

Baron chuckled in response. "Do you have any complaints?" He asked and received a huff in response.

"You know I don't care much about anything anymore. I tried to stop you before, but you didn't and because of that Norah died. My mate's death has taken a toll on me. I don't care about what happens to my life, I don't care what you do. I won't stop you. If you think this is what makes you happy, do it. I'm here to fight whenever I'm needed." Warg mumbled out his reply.

"Maybe I'll meet my mate Katniss in wolf-heaven after we die. There I'll plead with her and beg for forgiveness. I'll tell her everything. I'll let her know how much I tried to stop you. But you didn't heed." Warg was fed-up with Baron.

"Wolf-heaven," Baron scoffed. "You believe in that nonsense."

Warg rolled his eyes in annoyance.

"Yes. I believe in hell and heaven. I don't make jokes about your pathetic life." Warg paused. "I can't believe my human is an i***t. Now leave me alone!" Warg growled and blocked himself away, without waiting for a reply.

“Stupid wolf. Hell and heaven....” Baron grumbled. Shrugging his shoulders he lit another cigarette as he waited for any news of his men. He needed something to keep his mind clear after the tension with his wolf.

“Alpha. The men are ready.”

Elijah wasn't late. He was just half way through smoking on his fag.

“Good. Let's go,” Baron crushed the remaining half of his fag and rushed out of the pack house to meet his men who were waiting outside.

“We are going to search for lone witches who are hiding in the depth of the woods. But be careful. If they know that you are after them, they will cast their magic on you. So, capture them while they are least expecting and cover their mouths before they cast their spells. Better still, knock them off, but don't kill them. We need them for our next move against those who had humiliated us,” Baron scanned through the men. There were about 50 warriors. From the thousands of talented fighters he had, his army was reduced to this. He clenched his fists in anger. Gritting his teeth, he focused on his plan.

“Split into groups of five and use your noses. Witches smell like smoke and fire. And if any of you manage to capture one of them, mindlink the others and bring the witch here. This is our meeting point.”

After shouting out, “yes alpha,” the men dispersed into the woods.

Baron gestured to Elijah to follow him. “We are going this way.”

They shifted to their wolves and dashed into the trees. Their warriors had scattered in the woods and Baron was certain that they would be able to find something. They dashed through the trees, sniffing the air from time to time.

They didn't find anything they wanted until they came across a huge banyan tree. Warg squinted through the roots that were descending from its branches towards the ground.

“I think one is nearby,” he mind linked his beta. Both wolves moved stealthily, following their snouts. The smell of smoke intensified as they walked forward.

They came across a woman covered in black who was gazing up in the sky with her arms outstretched. She seemed to be immersed in some kind of a

ritual. Baron silently shifted back and slithered towards her from behind. She was lost in her world and didn't take notice of being approached from behind.

"Hey..."

She screamed when Baron grabbed her, however, she was soon silenced. Baron whacked a sharp blow on her temple knocking her out. He threw her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes and gestured to Elliot to hurry back to the packhouse.

"Mind link the others. We have a lot of work to do."

Nodding his head Elijah hastened to carry out the orders, as they rushed back to their settlement.

Fag is an alternative word for cigarettes in some countries