

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 21

They went back to the packhouse and secured the witch to a chair in the basement. They tied her hands and legs together and covered her mouth using duct tape. They didn't want to take chances. She might escape or cause trouble with a flick of her wrist if they didn't tie her up.

Elijah couldn't ignore the strange sensation he felt each time his fingers brushed against her skin. They were faint at first, yet he noticed how it intensified each time he touched her. His wolf, who doesn't speak much, started to stir in his mind. He gaped at her face. He found her long eyelashes, rosy cheeks and soft pink lips appealing.

"She looks very young...." He blurted out before he could stop himself from forming the words.

Rolling his eyes, Baron shook his head.

"Look lad, I know you are young and women are interesting, but not now and especially, not her," he responded solemnly.

Elijah gulped and nodded. He believed that his alpha wouldn't be wrong.....

"What are we going to do?" Elijah asked Baron. His eyes darted from the tied up witch to his alpha. Ever since they found her in the woods, he had been feeling strange. However, he ignored the new emotions and tried to focus on his alpha's orders.

"We wait for her to wake up. Then we force her into submission," Baron's reply made Elijah uneasy. He didn't like the idea of forcing her into submission. He couldn't pinpoint why, however, he was feeling protective of her.

"Umm, alpha? May I suggest something?" Baron glanced at Elijah.

"What?" Baron's reply wasn't very friendly and it made Elijah hesitate. He faced his alpha nonetheless and spoke with confidence.

"Why can't we try to talk to her? Maybe she will agree to help without being forced to do it." He suggested hopefully.

Baron made a face. "What? Talk?" He bellowed. His voice thundered in the blocked basement and the tied up witch started to stir.

She was regaining her consciousness. Elijah couldn't help but inhale deeply.

The scent he had been trying to ignore just intensified in the blocked compartment. He found it strange that a witch who was supposed to smell like fire and smoke smelt like freshly cut grass to him. He simply adored that fragrance.

"Oh she is waking up," Baron gleefully rubbed his hands together as she groaned and stirred. Elijah too kept his eyes focused on her. His heart thudded like crazy and his wolf was on the edge. He was staring at her without blinking when her eyes fluttered open. Every muscle in his body stiffened when their gazes met. His wolf started to jump with much enthusiasm screaming out the words he wasn't hoping to hear anytime soon.

"Mate! Mate!" His wolf chanted.

He blinked and sucked on a huge breath.

"She is my mate," he breathed out before Baron said or did anything.

Baron froze. His gaze slowly shifted towards the young beta who stood beside him. With wide eyes, he scanned Elijah's demeanour. Baron noticed that his muscles were stiff, eyes dilated and fists were clenched.... It could only mean one thing. They were mates and Elijah wasn't making it up.

"You got to be kidding me." He mumbled.

Anxiously wiping his mouth, he glanced at Baron.

"Alpha," Elijah gestured to Baron to step aside. They walked towards the exit which was a good distance away. It was a bit too far for a witch to hear them who wouldn't have enhanced senses like the werewolves.

"I'd like to speak with her...alone. I might be able to talk her into this."

Baron glanced at the witch and then at Elijah.

"Fine. And you better succeed. I don't want our efforts to be wasted." Baron responded sternly before exiting the basement, leaving the two youngsters alone.

Her wide eyes peered at the handsome young man who sauntered over to her. She found him attractive, however, she wasn't the type of person who cared about looks. She was more worried about being held captive. She couldn't comprehend why she was being tied up. She hadn't disturbed anyone. At least she didn't think she had. Her eyes didn't leave the man who crouched in front of her and sighed deeply.

"Can we talk?" He asked, looking straight into her eyes. She nodded.

"Promise me that you wouldn't cast a spell or do anything weird once I remove the tape off your lips." His voice was soft. He couldn't believe that he was speaking like that. He had never treated anyone, especially a female with kindness. He knew it was the effect of the mate bond and he didn't have any complaints against it.

He removed the tape when she nodded in assurance. His eyes focused on her lips. He started to feel bad for tying his mate up. His heart skipped a beat when his eyes rested on her deep orbs. He couldn't speak for a while. As though his body had a mind of its own, he cupped her face and involuntarily traced her lips.

"I thought we were going to talk," she whispered, her heart also racing. The mate bond was affecting her as well, though not as much as it affected Elijah.

Elijah felt the palpitations of his heart increase. Her voice was as gorgeous as she was.

"You are my mate. Are you aware of the mate bond?"

Her lips parted. "Well, I've heard about it. But I never thought I'd have one.... And I never anticipated that I would be kidnapped from the middle of the wilderness like this." She added.

"What were you doing there anyway?" Elijah asked.

Shrugging her shoulders, "I was told that I would meet my fate in the woods. So I had left my home and walked in the forest, calling the spirits for help. I was enjoying the peace of the forest...well until you decided it was a good idea to abduct me," she spoke.

Elijah scratched the back of his head as he smiled sheepishly.

“What were you up to?” She asked him.

“Uh... we hoped you would help....” He trailed off.

“You needed help? Then why did you kidnap me and tie me up?”

Elijah stared into her wide eyes. All he could see was innocence in her chocolate orbs.

“We were worried that you might cast a spell on us.” He sighed. To his surprise, she started to laugh.

“I always knew that you wolves were crazy. Why would I cast a spell on someone just because he asked for help?” She wiggled against the rope that bound her.

“Can you untie me. These ropes are too tight. I think they are cutting through my skin.”

Elijah hastened to set her free. He effortlessly cut the ropes using his claw. When he saw the reddened skin on her arms his wolf whimpered.

“Mate is hurt.”

Elijah started to kiss her hands, and she raised an eyebrow in confusion.

“You are so weird. First you kidnap me, tie me up and now you are kissing my hands?”

“I would never hurt my mate...” Elijah mumbled.

“Mate.” She stated pursing her lips. “Look, I don’t know what’s with you wolves, but I’m not one and if you want me to be in a serious relationship with you, you will have to earn it!” She demanded, making Elijah’s wolf whimper in his head.

“But since a higher authority has paired us up, I am willing to give you a chance. But seriously though, if I feel that you aren’t worthy of my time, I’ll leave. So prove to me that you are decent and will take good care of me. If you do, I’ll stay for sure.”

Elijah nodded in enthusiasm.

Smiling in satisfaction, she leaned in her seat. “Good. Now what kind of help were you going to ask for?”

Elijah looked at her. There was no way he could tell her the truth. He feared that she might leave him. But at the same time, he wanted to impress Baron.

He ran his tongue over his lips, thinking of a good way make her stay and be in Baron’s favour.

“Umm... we need to strengthen our army. It’s a long story. Our pack used to be one of the most prestigious packs. But then, we lost everything because of some people who wronged us. Now we need to strengthen our army so that we can get our revenge.” He paused, hoping that he sounded reasonable.

“For that we need to recruit lone vampires, but they are hard to train. Still, if we could offer a potion that would make them tolerate sunlight they might agree to make a deal with us.” Elijah proceeded.

“And you need me to make that potion.” She smiled. “Now saying that wasn’t too hard was it? I think that was easier than plucking me from where you found me.” She stood up and stretched her hand out.

“Hi, my name is Amelia. I’m a witch as you already know and I’ll help you. What is your name?” She smiled sweetly, making Elijah’s heart flutter.

“Umm... I am Elijah. Beta of this pack.” He took her outstretched hand. The sparks of the mate bond exploded as their skin touched.

“And we are mates.” He added.

She simply rolled her eyes.

“I hear you. But listen to me wolf boy. I refuse to fall for this mate bond. You have to prove yourself to me. That’s the only way you can have me.” She removed her hand. “Now, where is your alpha?”

Elijah took her outside where Baron was waiting for them.

“I’m ready to help you because I believe that you deserve it. I need a couple of things you can easily get from the woods and a separate room where I can make my potion....and oh, a cauldron too. Now, show me a place to stay. I

need to take a bath and get some sleep. Before anything else.” She didn’t wait for Baron to say anything.

He looked at Elijah who gave him a small nod.

“Uh... there are several empty rooms in the pack house. Elijah, take her to a room,” Baron said. He was amazed by her zeal, yet remained silent.

Elijah took her to a room and quickly came back, as he knew Baron would have a lot of questions to ask him.

“What did you tell her?” He asked.

Chuckling anxiously, he faced his alpha.

“That we were wronged and we needed a potion to help recruit the vampires.” He replied as shortly as he could.

“That’s good,” Baron snickered.

Elijah looked at his alpha’s face. The contentment that reflected on his face made him feel relieved.

“Alpha, may I ask you a question? It is something personal.” Elijah asked.

Smirking, “ask away. I’m in a good mood at the moment,” Baron replied.

“Why did you punish Monica like that? Everyone knows that it wasn’t her fault that the luna died....” Elijah trailed off.

Baron’s face instantly darkened. A moment of silence passed when Elijah regretted even thinking about asking it.

“I... I mean... she was a bastard wolf.... And no one liked her....” He stammered.

“Exactly. I just hate her and her mother.” Baron replied as he gritted his teeth.

The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 22

Everything was going normally in the pack. Philip healed completely and was allowed to go home. He agreed to join their army as soon as the doctor

allowed him to start training. As days passed by, Asena grew stronger, hence increasing Monica's confidence. Her relationship with Cade flourished. Slowly yet steadily, they were adjusting to their new life. They continued their lives, heedless of the brewing storm.

Meanwhile, Baron made sure he found every ingredient Amelia wanted so that the potion they needed could be prepared. Within three days, she was done and it surprised Baron.

"She seems to be a talented, and powerful witch. We need to keep her around." Baron whispered, after making sure that no one was close enough to hear their conversation.

Smiling involuntarily, Elijah nodded as he grasped onto the cold metal of the railing of the balcony. He couldn't be prouder of his mate. She had managed to do what they asked for within a few days.

His smile slowly widened until it stretched into a wide grin, as he started at the greenery of the pack. They were standing at the balcony of the grand room on the first floor of the pack house. Baron had called Elijah for a short discussion.

"Has she agreed to accept you as your mate already?" Baron's question made his heart race. He shook his head and sighed.

"No. She says I will have to make her fall for me. That I'll have to prove that I'm worth it." Elijah solemnly replied.

"Then what are you waiting for? Take her on dates, rides. Bring flowers. I don't care what you do. Make her fall for you. Then she surely won't leave." Baron urged.

Scratching his head, Elijah faced his alpha.

"Dates?"

"Yes! Dates!" Baron took the keys from his pocket and handed it to Elijah.

"Here, take my car and give her a ride around the pack ground. Ladies love cars. Do anything you can and impress her." He instructed. Elijah reluctantly took the keys and forced a smile.

"But...what do I say to her?" It was clear that Elijah was anxious.

“Sweet Lord you are clueless! Haven’t you tried to flirt with anyone?” Baron couldn’t believe that he had to explain how to woo a female to a younger wolf.

Elijah’s face flushed in embarrassment. “I...yeah. I never thought about girls much. I don’t know.... I didn’t find time for them.”

“Wow. You don’t know what you are missing out on lad.” Baron mumbled, making Elijah let out a humourless laugh.

“Alpha...when do we look for the vampires? I think we shouldn’t delay. The potion is ready and I believe that the sooner the better.” Elijah diverted the topic.

“You are right. We will leave tonight. Tell the men to be fully prepared to go vampire hunting. The bloodsuckers will be active during the night. They will sleep all day long.” He sighed. “But unlike last time, this time we must all stay together. Vampires are unpredictable. And we have to travel further towards their territory. They live in the outskirts of their habitat. I think the environment is suitable for them,” Baron shrugged.

Just then, an enchanting fragrance that he adored invaded his nostrils. Elijah inhaled deeply.

“She is coming,” he managed to breathe out just before they caught the sound of her footsteps approaching. Their wolf sense of hearing allowed them to hear sounds from a gold distance away.

“Yup,” Baron prepared to meet her. They turned around just in time to see her slender figure walk in through the entrance of the grand room.

“So, alpha. I believe that my work is done. Can I now leave?” She asked.

Elijah went stiff.

“Leave?” His eyes dilated.

Running his tongue over his lips, Baron shifted his gaze from her to Elijah.

“Uh... I thought you were going to stay. Because he is your mate,” he commented.

Shrugging, " yes. Me too. But he doesn't seem to be interested in me. He didn't try to speak with me or get to know me.... I think I should leave if I'm not needed here," she said.

Baron's jaws clenched as he glanced at Elijah. He gave him a little push and gestured to him to say something.

With a racing heart, Elijah tried to swallow down the discomfort in his throat before he started to speak.

"I... I'm sorry. I'm not used to this. I never flirted with anyone before. I mean.... I don't know how... I..." Elijah stammered and Baron facepalmed.

"Oh come on!" Baron rolled his eyes. He looked at Amelia who was now grinning in amusement.

"He means to say that he wants to ask you to go out with him." He told Amelia, trying not to laugh out loud.

Elijah's face reddened. Amelia giggled and Elijah's gaze turned to her at once. The sound of her giggles were like music to his ears.

"Yes. I'd love to." Her grin didn't stagger even for a second. Her eyes sparkled as she held eye contact with Elijah. "So when? Tonight?" She asked enthusiastically.

His heart fluttered in excitement and his wolf jumped in joy. She had agreed to go out with him!

"Uh.. Tonight, we are going on a little expedition to find the vampires," Elijah finally found his voice.

Amelia sighed. "Okay."

"Maybe tomorrow night?" Elijah suggested and she nodded in agreement.

Smirking Baron stepped away.

"I'll leave you kids alone for sometime. Maybe you guys can get to know each other a bit," he said as he walked away.

"So, you have never dated anyone before?" Amelia smirked. As she leaned against the railing of the balcony.

“Yeah.” Elijah mumbled, scratching the back of his head.

“You mean... you didn’t have a female in your life before? You didn’t sleep with anyone?” She asked and he nodded. Her smile widened.

“I’m glad. I was wondering how many she-wolves I will have to turn into toads if we were to be in a relationship. I’ve heard stories about some wolves being the worst playboys of all time.” She laughed.

Elijah’s lips parted as he glanced at her, wondering if she could turn anyone into toads for real. Suddenly feeling grateful that he wasn’t among the flirts in high school, he chuckled nervously. A moment of silence passed when Elijah kept thinking about it.

“You really can turn us into toads?” He finally blurted out.

Laughing, she faced him. “Why not? I didn’t pass the magical academy with flying colours for nothing.” She studied his face. With a defined jawline and dark wavy hair she wouldn’t mind running her fingers through, Elijah was an eye-catching fellow. She liked how shy he seemed to be, in addition to not being a great man-whore.

“Will you show me your wolf?” She asked, surprising him.

“S....sure... why not.”

“Can I ride on his back?” She asked again, making his grin widen.

“Of course, my wolf is already excited.” Elijah expressed his wolf’s passion.

“Great! We can run through the woods! I’d love that!” Amelia clapped her hands together. Elijah glanced at the keys Baron had given him.

“Would you like a car ride?” He asked, holding the keys up.

However, she grimaced. “Car ride! Who wants a car when you can ride a wolf!” She exclaimed and glanced at the greenery of the forest.

“I love this place. It is so mesmerising....” She sighed.

Elijah stared at her in contentment. She was everything he needed. She was perfect. He was certain that he could win her heart.

If only they manage to keep the reality of their past a secret forever....

Amelia stayed back in the packhouse when the warriors gathered to leave. She watched from the balcony as the small group of wolves howled towards the moon and sprinted together, into the wilderness.

A small smile curved her lips. Elijah didn't seem like a bad person to her.

"Perhaps this was the fate that I was supposed to find in the woods." She chuckled when they disappeared into the trees.

"Let's see how this goes." She mumbled and walked into her room and closed the door behind her.

The wolves sprinted towards the vampire territory. As planned, they were travelling together with Baron's wolf leading the way. After travelling for more than two hours, they halted. They had reached the vampire territory. In this part of the woods, the trees were different and so was the humidity of the atmosphere. The thick fog made it hard for the wolves to see through them, despite their sharp eyes and the gift of night vision.

The trees seemed to be eerily twisted. And it seemed as though the whole place was haunted. They hesitated, however, after ignoring their fear, they entered the territory. Some of them had shifted back, hoping that it would make it easier to communicate with the vampires.

"Stay close. And keep your eyes and ears open." Baron instructed them through mindlink.

Their hearts thudded in their chests. Hisses were heard. They knew the rogue vampires were around them. Most probably hiding in the trees. The stench of death kept seizing their snouts, indicating the presence of the vampires.

"Hssssss" a young vampire jumped out of the trees and grabbed one of the warriors who was in their human form.

"Aaah!" He screamed in fear.

Baron was quick to shift back. "Wait! We come in peace! We want to offer you something!" He quickly stated.

The vampire who was now baring his fangs as he held his prey in his hold, looked at the alpha wolf. His red eyes glimmered in the darkness. Sneering, he tightened his grip around the warrior. All the wolves heard the sound of bones crushing and the wolf let out a cry of agony. The grip of a vampire is said to be deadly, and they were now witnessing it.

"I don't believe you," the vampire hissed.

"No. We aren't lying. Why else would we step into your territory like this?" Baron pleaded.

However, the vampire scoffed. "What can you offer me, anyway?"

Baron held out a small bottle of the potion he had taken to show to them.

"This. It will give you the ability to walk in the sun. We have a witch in our pack who made this potion for us."

The young vampire narrowed his eyes on Baron.

"And in return?" The vampire whizzed, still holding the wolf in his hold.

"Join our army and help us get revenge," Baron proposed. "I need to strengthen my army. If we join forces, we can make an army that is invincible." He said.

A sly grin curved the vampire's red lips.

"I like the sound of it. But if you want an army, we must meet the leader of all rogues." He whispered.

Baron's eyebrows knitted together in confusion.

The vampire let out a little laugh. "Draven, our dear prince."

"The prince!" Baron's confusion increased. "But...the king...."

The vampire laughed eerily. "Not the crown prince, fool. His second born.... When he knew he stood no chance at inheriting the crown, he became our

leader and has been training us in secret for years. We won't go against his word."

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 23

Draven was leaning on his throne, smirking at the wolves who had arrived in his makeshift palace.

Several years had passed since he constructed a temporary palace in the wilderness and crowned himself as the king of all rogues. Since he was of royalty, he held the authority over them. They rebelled against him at first, since the rogues didn't want to submit to anyone. However, when he promised them special treatment once he got into power, they obeyed.

The wolves looked around. Their injured brother was placed on the floor of the palace. They hoped that the injuries weren't fatal. Although he needed medical attention, they couldn't leave instantly. So they took him with them and hoped that the werewolf healing process would be enough for him to hold on until they managed to go back to their pack.

The place was a palace indeed. However, it was nothing close to the magnificent castle they had seen in the lycan kingdom or the splendid palace of the vampire kingdom. The makeshift castle was dull and unnerving.

The high ceiling, the dull walls and the dusty floor made it unpleasant. What gave the wolves the real spook was the gatekeepers who stood at every entrance. Their pale, emotionless faces and the stench of death made them tremble. They knew they were surrounded by vampires. And if they chose to attack, escaping alive was going to be hard.

Baron stood tall and proud despite being in their court. The vampire prince's intimidating stare didn't waver his determination. He had come this far and he wasn't going to back off. Elijah too remained focused on the pale face of the vampire Prince. They knew making a deal with the vampires was going to be risky.

However, since they had come here already, he was going to face anything and everything. He now had someone waiting for him back in the pack. And for her, he would fight like he never did in the past.

“You want us to join your army and help you do what?” Draven asked the alpha who stood in front of him. He too refused to look away, for it could be a sign of weakness.

“Help us defeat the Dark Howl pack. There is one girl I especially need from that pack.” Baron stated, looking into Draven’s half dead eyes.

“Her name is Monica. She is my slave. She ran off and now the Dark Howl pack had taken her in. I want her back.”

Draven let out a menacing chuckle.

“So is this about a slave who had run off? Why are you so worried about a slave?” Draven’s question felt like an arrow that didn’t miss its target. Baron felt his face heat up.

“She... she has poisoned my brother!” Baron spoke despite the distress he felt. “And she blinded my eye. She has to be punished!” He exclaimed.

Draven pursed his lips. “That sounds like a better reason to declare war on a pack rather than going after a slave who had run away,” Draven mumbled. His gaze shifted towards the wolves. He scanned their faces. They were ferocious fighters, there wasn’t a doubt about that. Their ripped bodies screamed how well trained they were. Draven thought he detected reticence from some of their faces. He knew that they might be intimidated by the vampires. Nonetheless, they were supporting their alpha.

“And what is in it for us?” His solemn voice gave them the chills. Yet Baron was firm on his position. He didn’t look away, nor trembled.

“I will give you a potion that will make you tolerate the sunlight. We have the potion. If you help us. My beta’s mate is a witch. She has made the potion and we have lots of it in the pack. I’ll give it to you if you agree to help.....”

“Deal.” Draven snickered. “You want the girl. I’ll get the potion. I think that will come in handy when I’m going to defeat my brother when he is crowned king. Then, I’ll be the king. I wouldn’t have to hide in the woods.”

Baron held back his urge to smirk. He liked this vampire prince. Perhaps they could work together as a team.

“I like how you think, young Prince. I propose we work together as a team in the future, Prince Draven.” Baron suggested.

The vampire Prince started to laugh. He shifted in his seat and looked at the alpha who stood in front of him. The dimly lit torches in the throne room reflected its light on his pale face as he laughed heartily. The sound of his laughter echoed in the palace. No one spoke. No one seemed to have the courage to utter a word.

Everyone remained silent until the Prince stopped laughing. Some of them shifted uncomfortably on their feet. Nonetheless, Elijah and Baron were firm on their grounds.

“Work with you. In doing what? Attacking a bunch of dogs who I don’t have any interest in?” He snickered.

Baron’s eyebrows knitted together. It was not easy to remain in control when their kind was being insulted. However, Baron knew he couldn’t start a fight. If the prince wasn’t interested in joining forces there was no way he could make him. Werewolves and vampires were strong in their special ways. If a fight broke out between the two species, it would be deadly. Baron was aware that the vampires were at an advantage since they were in their territory. So he didn’t want to start a fight.

He cleared his throat. He desired to finalize this as peacefully as they could.

“If you don’t want to, it is okay. Just help us capture our slave who had run away and I’ll give you the potion.” He said.

The silence that followed was deafening for Baron and the others. The tall, lean figure who stood beside Draven bent down to whisper something in Draven’s ears. They were aware of the werewolves’ enhanced senses, so the vampires made sure that they used their powers to shield their words from the wolf ears.

A sly smirk spread across Draven’s face.

“Okay. I am ready to join forces with you. But I have a condition.” He said.

Baron and the others listened attentively.

“Yes, Prince Draven.”

"I and my men should be able to capture wolves from werewolf communities. We need slaves," he paused to eye Baron and the others.

"Slaves, and blood bags," he added somberly.

Baron felt his heart race when Draven mentioned wolves being used as blood bags. He may be a ruthless tyrant. However, he couldn't imagine the unimaginable pain anyone suffering as a blood bag would have to endure.

"Blood bag?" Baron breathed out.

"Yes. Rogues have a hard time finding food. They have to kidnap humans from the human city and that's hard work." He paused. "If you don't like it, leave it," Draven mumbled, looking away.

Baron clenched his fists and closed his eyes as he sucked in a deep breath.

"Fine! But you shouldn't take any wolf from my pack." Baron demanded. Draven's lips crooked upwards in a smirk.

"That is good enough." He whispered.

After agreeing, Draven invited the wolves to go to a separate room while the warriors rested outside. The injured wolf was attended to. They couldn't take them to the medical facility in the vampire realm, as it would attract the attention of the locals and eventually the king. So the vampires tried using their powers to enhance the healing process. Thankfully, it worked and he joined his comrades.

They rested in the woods, under the trees with the rogue vampires as their leaders discussed their strategies.

"We better attack them when they are least expecting. That way we will be able to ensure the worst possible damage." Baron stated.

"Do we attack at night?" Elijah mumbled.

"I think that's the best," Draven replied.

“The sun will rise in a couple of hours. Which means we cannot go out into the open after that. We must travel during the night.” Draven told them. “I want to have that potion before we leave for war,” Dave added.

“How about we go to the pack now, rest the whole day and attack tomorrow night? Then the vamps can have the potion before leaving,” Elijah suggested.

“Can we travel that far in an hour or two?” Draven raised an eyebrow sceptically.

“Yes. We can in our wolf forms.” Elijah’s reply made Baron roll his eyes.

“Oh hello. We are vampires. We don’t shift. We have powers alright. Power of healing, hypnotising, confusing our prey and luring them into our traps, but we can’t travel like that.”

“Don’t you have unnatural speed?” Elijah’s forehead wrinkled.

“We do. But we don’t use it to travel far distances. It uses up a lot of energy. We use it for short distances.” Draven told them.

“We can carry you. If we hurry we can reach the pack in no time.” Baron spoke.

“Then hurry up!” Draven stood up from his seat.

“Let’s go.”

They made it back to the pack and safely entered the packhouse just minutes before the sun rose. As planned, they rested during the day and when the time for the sun to set got close, the potion was served to the vampires.

The warriors lined up. Baron, Draven and Elijah were to lead the army. Baron looked at his army in satisfaction. They were now strong. With the vampires on his side, he knew he was dominant. They would win. And this time, nothing could go wrong.

The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 24

“Where is your mate?” Miles asked Philip. They ended the training session for the day and were walking back to the packhouse. After a week of rest, he had

joined the training sessions with the other warriors and had blended in well with the pack.

“Mate?” He huffed out, chuckling humorlessly. “She rejected me and left years ago. So I don’t have a mate.” He said and glanced at Miles.

“But why?” Miles questioned, frowning. “I mean, why did she reject you? Did she say anything?”

Philip grimaced. “Something about not accepting the mate bond. I don’t know. It has been so many years since she left. I didn’t try to look for her or anything.” He sighed and paused for some time.

“It broke my heart. It hurt like hell. But I believed that if she left me, just because she didn’t accept the sacred bond formed by our superior, then it is not my problem. She is gone and mourning over someone who didn’t want to accept me in her life was a waste of time.” He smiled, despite his aching heart. “I used my time to serve my pack.”

A moment of silence followed as they walked side by side. Nolan, Castor and Cade remained silent. They knew the topic must be painful for Philip to talk about.

Shaking his head, Philip sighed sadly.

“I have wasted my entire life. I never thought that I was assisting a heartless tyrant. What made the Red Wings pack prosper was Luna, Norah. After she committed suicide, the condition of the pack quickly deteriorated.”

His face wilted as he lowered his gaze. He couldn’t say a word more about his pack or his past. It was too painful.

Cade glanced at Philip. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing. A prestigious pack was destroyed because of their alpha’s recklessness. Whether he believed it or not, the main reason for the downfall of the Red Wings was Alpha Baron. Even though Cade was young, he could comprehend that much.

Miles looked at Nolan and Castor. They were speechless. Monica and Philip’s life in the Red Wings pack was appalling.

“She committed suicide?” Miles asked after much hesitation.

Nodding his head, “sadly, yes. She left a note saying that she could no longer endure the pain each time he slept with other she-wolves...”

He trailed off. Miles and the others nodded in understanding. They perceived what he meant. The mate bond was a precious connection formed between two souls, and if any one of them betrayed, it would cause excruciating pain to the other half. Especially if they have completed the mating process.

“So, that must be the reason why Monica keeps telling me not to hurt her,” Cade mumbled after remaining silent for the whole time.

“She does that?” Philip asked, turning towards the young warrior to look at his solemn face.

“Yes. I keep hesitating to ask her for details. I just know that it would be horrifying.” He admitted. “The scars on her body are proof of how she was treated there.”

Philip pursed his lips. “Have you noticed the marks on her wrists?” He asked in a sombre tone.

Cade nodded. For some reason, his heart thudded in his heart. He didn’t have a good feeling about it.

“She got those when Baron chained her up in silver, in a cage in the basement of the packhouse,” Philip whispered.

A shiver ran down his spine when he recalled that day.

Gritting his teeth, Cade clenched his fists.

“I don’t know why Baron thought she deserved that punishment. She was just fifteen back then,” he sighed. “I should have done more....”

Nolan’s lips parted.

“Haven’t you thought about looking for a second chance mate?” He asked as they entered the packhouse, diverting the topic. Philip laughed, yet his laughter held no amount of excitement. It was forced.

“Second chance? Only lucky wolves get that. We all know second chances are exceptionally rare.” He smirked at Cade.

“I’m glad you and Monica have accepted each other. She deserves the best. Life hadn’t been kind to her.” He paused when he sensed that Calli, the luna of the pack, was approaching them. They had entered the packhouse and were going to have a snack before they went back to their rooms.

“Oh, so you all are back! We didn’t know Monica was a great chef!” Calli grinned from ear to ear when she saw them. She had walked out of the kitchen when she sensed the boys were returning after ending their evening training session.

Cade’s eyes lit up. “She is?” His lips crooked in a smile.

“Oh yes, she works as an expert. I and the girls gawked at her as she cast her magic in the kitchen.” Calli replied, just as Ava and Amara peeked out of the kitchen.

“Guys! Come and taste some of the food Monica has cooked. They are so aromatic.” Ava waved her hands at them.

When they walked inside, they saw that the table in the kitchen was filled with various delicacies. Beef stew with vegetables, grilled chicken with rice, and salads, in addition to chocolate pudding for dessert. The wonderful aroma of the scrumptious food made their mouths water.

Especially since they were hungry after their training session.

“Oh wow. Monica made all of these?” Cade gaped at the food, beaming widely.

When he looked at her, she was smiling at him, her cheeks flushed slightly.

“Can we eat now?” Cade exclaimed.

Laughing, “I think we are going to have our dinner early today,” Calli commented.

“If she is going to keep cooking like this, I think we will have to drag Cade out of the kitchen each time,” Miles laughed as they sat around the table.

“This is so good,” Cade ate spoonful after spoonful of rice with beef stew.

“Yeah. It is,” Amara agreed, as she chewed on the grilled chicken.

Monica felt her heart flutter. Seeing them enjoy what she cooked gave a new kind of satisfaction. No one praised her in the past. They just ate the food and left. They did not give a single gesture of gratitude. At times she wondered if she was doing it right. Nonetheless, she kept cooking for the pack members, and especially for Baron since she didn't want to be punished.

"Maybe they liked your cooking so much that they didn't want anyone else to do it," she heard Asena's remark in her head. It made her scoff internally.

Ungrateful wolves. She thought.

"How did you learn to cook like this... like a pro..." Nolan mumbled with a mouthful of food.

Smiling, "I loved cooking with mom. And after she died, I lived in the packhouse. There luna Norah was teaching me how to cook until she died," she told them.

"But luna died a couple of months after," Philip added. "That wouldn't be enough for anyone to master this art."

Monica glanced at him. "Uh...yeah. I was the pack slave, so I had to cook for the whole pack every day for the past three years. I guess that's where I got to practice what I learnt from mom and luna Norah."

Cade froze when he heard that. He suddenly lost his appetite. Aspen whimpered in his mind as he glanced at his mate.

"How could anyone be so cruel?" Aspen complained.

Cade swallowed hard. Sighing, he tried to force himself to eat the remaining food on his plate. No one spoke for the rest of the time. All of them went back to their rooms, secretly telling themselves to never discuss her past again.

"You are going to take a bath, right?" Monica said as they entered their room.

Cade, who was still affected by Monica's statement, nodded.

"Yeah, I'll be fast." He told her.

Shrugging her shoulders Monica slumped onto the mattress and rested her back on the bed. An involuntary smile was constant on her face. Never had

she thought that she would enjoy cooking. And hearing words of praise was just something else. Sighing in contentment, she closed her eyes.

“I like it here,” she mumbled to herself.

“Hey.”

Her eyes fluttered open when she heard Cade’s voice.

“Hey,” she sat up. Cade was wearing a pair of tracksuit bottoms that hung right below his navel. Her eyes travelled from his face, down his bare torso and rested on his six-pack abs. Cade chuckled when he saw her lick her lips. Monica quickly looked away. Her face heated up as she covered her face with her hands.

Laughing, Cade sat beside her.

“Hey, it’s okay,” he removed her hands. “This is yours,” he told her, pointing at himself.

She groaned, still embarrassed. Never had she thought she would act like that, but it seemed that Cade had a strange effect on her.

Cade knew that she was shy so he pulled her closer to him until she was sitting on his lap. Without uttering a word, he started to trail kisses on her face and neck, until he felt her relax. Closing his eyes, he allowed the mate bond to pull him into a reverie. The enchanting sparks of their bond continued to cast their magic on them. Before they realised what was happening, they were both lying on the bed.

Her previous embarrassment forgotten, Monica let Cade shower her with love. She craned her neck to give him more access as he lay on top of her.

“Mine,” he growled, making her shudder. Her breathing hitched and her heart raced.

“Mate,” he grumbled as he licked on her marking spot, making her gasp. A completely new feeling of pleasure spread throughout her body.

With an erratic heart, she wrapped her arms around his bare torso.

“Yes, yours,” she managed to whisper.

He ground against her, as his excitement rose.

“Damn...,” he breathed out, “I can’t wait to mark you.”

Monica gulped. She wouldn’t lie to herself. She too needed him.

“Mate, mate....” Asena kept chanting in her mind.

“I... I need you....” She gasped.

Cade hoisted himself up so that he could gaze into her face. Monica looked back at him. She meant it when she said that she needed him, and she knew Cade was holding himself back. She was ready now. Ready to be claimed by him, her mate.

Suddenly, his eyes clouded. She frowned. She knew what that meant. Cade was receiving an urgent mindlink.

“f**k!” He cursed as his excitement instantly died down.

“What is it?” Monica frowned when he hastened to get up.

“Our beta Ava has had a vision. We are in danger.” He mumbled as he quickly changed his clothes.

“Danger?” Monica’s lips parted.

“Yes. The vampires are preparing to attack. It seems she had seen them arriving at the borders. And there is no time. We must get to the borders before they come.” He urgently explained, as shortly as he could.

“But why.....? The vampires?” She couldn’t understand.

“I don’t know. We better hurry. That’s what I know.” Cade replied.

“Stay in here. And don’t go out. The vampires can be extremely cunning.” He instructed and ran off, leaving Monica stunned in the room.

The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 25

The troops lined up within a few minutes. Because of their regular training sessions and their obedience to their alpha, all the warriors assembled prepared to fight without hesitation.

Miles scanned through the rows of his army. They were his people. He knew that fighting against the vampires would be deadly. However, he was extremely proud of his fighters. They were courageous and faithful.

“My people. We are going to face another race, the vampires. When fighting, avoid their grip as much as possible. Aim for their hearts. They have supernatural speed but we are strong. Use your strength and don’t look into their eyes. If you do, they will hypnotise you. And remember, we are one. We will work as one family. And we will win as one family. I am proud of all of you.”

His heart swelling with pride, Miles addressed his troop. They were obedient, and never went against him, and he believed that the real reason for the pack’s glory was them, his loyal pack members. He then turned to his friends.

“Have you informed Cassy and Elliott?” He asked Nolan who nodded.

“Yes, I have. And Ava has called her grandma for help.” He informed Miles.

“Awesome,” Miles grinned.

“But we don’t have time. The sun has set, and I’m sure they must be on their way already,” Ava frowned as she squinted into the trees.

“I think we should be prepared to attack at the perimeters. We can’t wait here until help arrives. We can’t take chances.” Castor mumbled.

“You are right. The royal army will need time to travel. Let’s hope your grandma manages to arrive sooner as she can teleport herself,” Miles mumbled.

“Alright! Everyone to the borders!” He ordered and soon all of them were dashing through the thick foliage of the woods towards the pack boundaries. They were stationed at the boundaries when Miles received a hysterical mindlink from a spy they had sent to check on the activities of the enemies.

“Alpha! An army of wolves and vampires are headed towards our pack! At the speed they are travelling, they will arrive at the borders within half an hour!”

Miles' eyes dilated as he hastened to straighten the rows.

"Ava, any news?" He asked urgently.

"She said she will come. I hope she does soon." Ava frowned. "You have me. I'll do my best, don't worry," she promised.

"I know. And I have faith in my warriors." Miles replied. He looked around. His gamma and his mate were fully prepared, and so was his mate. Ever since she was announced as the luna of the pack, she never backed off from war. She had proved that she indeed was the daughter of a ferocious fighter. She was exactly what he needed in life and he couldn't be prouder of his mate.

Time passed, and as expected, their enemies arrived at the perimeters within half an hour. Miles narrowed his eyes at the familiar one-eyed alpha who was leading the pack alongside a pale vampire who was dressed in full black.

"Baron," Miles hissed.

"Miles," Baron smirked.

"I should have known that you will have something to do with this." Miles sneered.

"I'm not here to exchange pleasantries," Baron's voice thundered in the atmosphere. He glanced at the army that followed him.

"Attack!" He roared and both parties rushed forward.

The warriors of the Dark Howl pack were adamant about not letting them step on their land. Hisses, roars and grunts were heard as the vampires and the werewolves fought against each other. Bodies were crushed, some were clawed open. One by one, the warriors fell dead on the ground.

Miles and Calli fought side by side in their wolf forms and so did the gamma couple.

Ava had transformed into her lycan, Nala, who showed no mercy as she clawed through the army of the nightcrawlers. As she fought, she noticed the familiar red flares making her smile internally. Her grandma had come to help her and her pack. Nolan too fought in his wolf form, carefully avoiding their

glowing red eyes. He used his teeth and his claws to rip through their chests and crush their hearts, turning the vampires into ashes.

What surprised them was that despite how well they had trained and how enthusiastic they were, they were feeling lethargic. That was something that they never felt during a fight. It was restraining them. Ava's magic was a great help for them. However, they had to find out the reason for their lack of energy.

While both parties seemed to be indulged in the battle, Draven slowly slipped to one side. Using his special power, he camouflaged himself in the shadows and slithered into the pack. Hiding in the trees, he used his powers to navigate towards his target.

Monica. The girl Baron wanted in exchange for the potion. He could take anyone he liked as his slave, but first, he had to get that girl.... Monica.

The girl he saw in the picture Baron had shown him had hair as black as ebony and pale skin with a sad smile decorating her lips. He was told that it was a picture taken when his luna was alive and that she brought Monica to live with them after she was orphaned. Monica was just a young girl in the picture, but it was enough for Draven to recognise her.

When he reached the streets, he realised that the whole place was deserted. Not a sign of life anywhere.

The wolves must have told those staying in the pack to remain indoors. Scoffing, he travelled towards the majestic packhouse. He didn't have time to lure anyone else into his trap tonight. He needed to find the girl Baron seemed to be interested in. If they manage to defeat the pack leaders, which he was certain they would, he and his people could come here anytime to snatch an unsuspecting wolf and take them away to their coven as their slave. They were rogues, but he considered them as his coven members and had formed a special bond among them so that they could communicate through a link.

His cold, emotionless eyes scrutinised the exterior of the packhouse. With lots of windows, he didn't know where to look. He smirked. He would use his powers, of course. His outward appearance suddenly changed to that of a charming young man, with hair slicked back wearing a casual shirt and pants.

“Monica,” he whispered after masking his scent and allowed the wind to carry his call to the ears he wanted it to be reached. His charm had never failed him.

Monica was grooming her hair when she thought she heard someone call her name. She had decided that she would take a shower and dress up as she waited for Cade to return. She continued to braid her long black hair but the constant calling was making her restless. At first, she ignored it, since she knew that no one was around and especially since Cade had told her to stay indoors.

“Monica....”

The voice was almost a whisper.

“Aseña. What is that?” She asked.

“I don’t know. I just don’t feel too good about it.” Aseña replied, concerned about that strange voice.

“Monicaaaaaaa.....”

Monica felt her heart race. The voice was so enchanting....so appealing...

She found herself getting up from the seat and sauntering towards the open window. The palpitations of her heart kept increasing and she took deep breaths.

“This is a bad idea, girl,” Aseña warned, however, she was being pulled into a trance. Gulping down the accumulated saliva, she ignored her wolf’s warning and looked outside.

Just a little peek wouldn’t hurt...

She thought. The cool breeze of the night blew as she glanced at the young man beaming widely at her. She frowned. Who could that be? He was different. There was something about him that she found interesting. Something....unique and fascinating. She squinted at him. It was his eyes. They were so..... enchanting.....she was slowly getting lost in his glowing orbs.

Draven's grin widened. Using his powers, he started to hypnotise her as soon as she made eye contact with him.

"Monica, come to me..." he whispered, lifting his arm towards her.

By this time Monica was completely under the influence of the young vampire. She neither blinked nor showed any kind of reaction on her face. She simply remained at the window frozen like a mannequin.

The vampiric trance had blocked Asena from contacting Monica, taking her wolf into a state of confusion. Staring emotionlessly at the attractive young man in front of her, Monica gave a little nod.

"I'm coming," she whispered and walked out of her room so that she could go out of the packhouse.

Since the packhouse was deserted, no one saw her walk outside. Even the omegas had gone back to their quarters. They were instructed to stay indoors, and everyone had locked themselves inside. When Monica walked out, Draven was waiting for her at the door.

Smirking, he lifted his hands, inviting her.

"Come to me, princess," he whispered and she walked right into his arms without reluctance. He placed one hand on her head so that he could use his charm to put her to sleep. He lifted her in his arms and stared at her face. His lips parted. Her dark ebony hair and soft pink lips with long eyelashes made his half-dead heart skip a beat. He had seen her picture once, yet seeing her face to face was different. The picture was of a younger version of this beauty. The woman in his arms was better and more mature.

"Beautiful," he whispered and studied her face. She was perfect. Soft and sweet. His lips curved upwards. What if he changed his plans? Draven looked around. He knew he had to move before he was spotted.

"Let's get out of here princess," mumbling to himself, he dashed towards the shadows using his supernatural speed. Making sure that he was hidden in the shadows, he moved discreetly and notified his loyal fighters that it was time to go back to their territory.

“Change of plans, we are going back. Leave the battle as silently as you can and go home.” He ordered through their link as he carried her to his makeshift palace.

Unknown to the wolves, the vampires slowly left the battlefield, and soon it was just the wolves fighting against the Dark Howl pack.

As the leaders of the Dark Howl pack tried to spot the reason for their lack of energy, they realised that it wasn't normal.

“It feels like the work of magic,” Ava mind linked her friends.

“We will find out what's going on,” Calli replied as she scanned through the battlefield. She noticed that the vampires were gone and that just a few wolves were fighting back.

“Look! There is a witch among them!” Calli screamed when she spotted a hooded dark figure casting spells on the Dark Howl army.

“Who is that?” Ava's grandma glared at the witch.

“Not if I can help!” Ava growled. She and Calli had shifted back to their human form. They advanced at the witch while she was indulged deep in a spell and grabbed both hands, interrupting the spell she was about to cast.

“Hey!” She screamed.

“Who is this hiding in a hoodie?” Calli removed the hood off her face, revealing who it was to them.

Ava's grandma froze. Her eyes widened in fury and her jaws clenched.

“Amelia!” She screamed, her voice rising over the chaos of the battle.

The young witch went rigid as she stared wide-eyed at the familiar old sorceress.

“Ms Wilma...” She whispered, her forehead creasing.

“This isn't what I expected from one of my best students!” Ava's grandma shrieked, making her wince.

“But.... I was told that they were wronged...” Amelia frowned in worry.

“The hell,” Amara mumbled.

“We need to talk,” Ava’s grandma grabbed Ava and Amelia’s hands and teleported them out of the battlefield.

Baron and Elijah realised that they had lost.

“Let’s get out of here before they capture us,” Baron whispered. Elijah desperately looked around.

“Where is my mate?” He shouted.

“She will follow! Come, now!” Baron mind linked and fled the war, gesturing to Elijah to follow him.

He searched for a while and inhaled, hoping to catch a whiff of her scent. However, all that he could smell was the stench of blood mixed with sweat – salty and metallic. He realised that he could no longer detect her scent so it could only mean that she was gone. When he couldn’t find her, Elijah also followed his alpha. He sprinted with Baron, even though he felt like he was leaving a part of him behind.

“I hope you will safely make it back to the packhouse, mate,” he whispered to himself on his way out.