

## The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 26

Ava's grandma took the girls inside the pack where they were safer so that they could speak in peace. She knew that Amelia was most probably kept in the dark and that they must have lied to her.

"What is happening?" Amelia gasped when she felt her feet land safely on the firm ground. She realised that she was outside, yet, away from the mayhem of the war. She looked at the disgruntled face of her instructor. She knew she had done something improper for her trainer to be disappointed with her, and she was going to find out.

"They aren't the ones who were wronged. They are the bullies....they are tyrants and they must be reprimanded," Ava explained, yet it increased Amelia's confusion.

She knitted her eyebrows and faced Ava. Amelia didn't know how to react. She trusted her teacher enough to believe what Ava had said. However, she was extremely bewildered.

"What do you mean? Elijah told me that they needed my help to get revenge on those who had wronged them," She spoke softly, studying Ava's face.

Her statement made Ava's grandmother click her tongue in frustration. Scowling, she shook her head.

"Young girl. You are so naive. The bad guys will not tell you that they are the villains on their own, would they? You must not trust anyone. Did you forget that?" She grimaced.

"Watch. I'll show you something I have learnt from a girl from that pack. These are snippets from her past," Ava mumbled and waved her hand in the air and some events of the past started to play in front of her like a movie. Amelia stared in disbelief. She saw how a young, dark haired young girl was mistreated by Baron and Elijah. Wide-eyed and open-mouthed, she gaped at the events that unfolded in front of her. Aghast, she remained frozen on her spot, until Ava waved her hands again.

Soon, the scenery she witnessed was no longer visible, yet the nasty images were embedded in her mind. She gulped.

"Elijah...."

Her voice was breathy.

“Baron’s young beta had helped him carry out the horrendous activities. They want to get the girl back, but we aren’t going to give her up. She is our pack member now.” Ava told her.

Amelia felt miserable when she realised that she had aided the bad guys. Her breathing laboured as she stepped to one side.

“What have I done?” She gasped. “What in the world have I done!” She cried, clutching a fistful of hair.

“I have supported them! The tyrants! I shouldn’t have! I should have known they were bad news when they abducted me from the forest! I have ruined it! I have ruined everything! Now I’ll be on the bad side! No...no, no...this....” She started to panic as she paced in front of Ava and her grandmother.

Ava’s grandma frowned as she grabbed the young witch forcefully.

“Amelia! Stop it!” She ordered, shaking her slightly.

“It is still not too late. Relax.... We are all here to help each other, aren’t we?” Ava’s Grandma spoke when Amelia looked into her face.

The young witch held back a snuffle. Her throat tightened as she tried to form words.

“I have disappointed you, Ms Wilma,” she whispered, teary eyed.

She chuckled. “Silly lady. I’ll be disappointed in you if you don’t amend it.”

“Amend it....” Amelia whispered. “I will amend the damage I have caused. But first, I need to teach one wolf a lesson,” she said.

“I’ll be back. I promise....but let me go back to their pack. I need to put my so-called ‘mate’ in place,” she added, as she gritted her teeth.

“Wait....what?” Ava gaped at Amelia with her forehead creased.

Rolling her eyes, “unfortunately, I am Elijah’s mate. I have agreed to give him a chance to prove himself, but it looks like he doesn’t deserve it,” Amelia told them. Her eyes darted from Ava to the older sorceress.

“May I?” She asked.

Ava glanced at her grandma who nodded.

“Yes. I hope you choose to do the right thing, Amelia. I am counting on you,” she said.

Amelia nodded. “I won’t disappoint you, ma’am,” she promised and snapped her fingers, teleporting herself to the pack.

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Baron paced in the grand room of the packhouse. He was agitated. Only a handful of his warriors managed to escape safely and there was no news from the vampires.

“Draven went into the pack. I saw him step aside from the battlefield. I had let him escape safely so that he could go and get her while everyone was distracted with the battle.” He mumbled as he paced around. Elijah sat on one of the seats in front of Baron. He has been trying to stay calm. However, he couldn’t help worrying about his mate. Since he had not marked her, there was no way that he could trace her and it was putting him into distress.

“Mate where are you?” His whisper was barely audible, yet didn’t go unheard by his alpha.

“And my beta is more concerned about his witch,” Baron sneered at him.

Covering his face, he sighed. “Well, she is my mate,” he muttered.

Baron sat down beside Elijah and leaned towards him.

“Look. If she wants to be with you, she will come and honestly, she wouldn’t have left you alone in the first place.” Baron said, studying Elijah’s demeanour.

Elijah breathed out heavily and glanced at his alpha. He knew that there was no use in discussing further on this topic.

“So what about the vamps?” He said, diverting the topic. “Do you think that they got her?”

Baron's lips twitched at the mention of the problem he was troubled about. Scowling, he leaned back in the seat.

"I'm damn sure he did." He grumbled tilting his head against the seat.

"Why don't you call Draven. I think we have waited long enough. And remember, how the vampires slowly left the war. I have a hunch that they went back on their words." Elijah pointed out.

"Damn those blood suckers," baron hissed and fished his phone out of the pocket of his pants to call the vampire prince.

The phone rang for a long time until it disconnected. The creases on Baron's forehead deepened as he dialled again, but this time, Draven's number was unreachable.

"He.... Did he block me?" Baron stared at the screen of his phone. "How could he? Did he sever our alliance?"

"Serves you right," a familiar female voice startled both of them, making them turn towards the entrance.

A huge grin spread across Elijah's face when his eyes landed on the young woman dressed in all black. Her long wavy hair fluttered with the breeze that blew into the grand room from the open window, filling the whole room with the fragrance that Elijah adored.

He inhaled and filled his lungs.

"Mate! You're back!" He was thrilled to see her. There was one thing that bothered him – her ever-smiling face was now scowling at him. He was delighted to see her nonetheless. It was good to see her safe and sound.

"Don't call me mate!" She snapped.

Elija's grin instantly vanished and he felt as though his heart plummeted.

"For how long will you keep me in the dark? Huh? Is this how you plan to treat me as your life partner?" She glared at Elijah.

He frowned. His heart pounded and his throat tightened as he wondered if she had learnt the truth. But how.....

“I don’t want my relationship to be built on lies.” She hissed, clutching her fists.

“What....what are you talking about...” Elijah stammered as he glanced nervously at Baron.

Amelia scoffed. “You know what I’m talking about. You.... both of you are tyrants. You are heartless abusers who didn’t hesitate to take advantage of a helpless orphan. I regret helping you. You and your helpers deserve what is happening to you!” She screamed.

Baron suddenly started to growl. It started as a low, menacing growl which gradually got louder. Before Elijah could react, Baron extended his claws and advanced at Amelia.

“Alpha! No!” He screamed, however, Baron was already sprinting towards his mate.

Sneering in anger, Amelia waved her hand screaming, “Ganduass!” And Baron froze like a statue.

Elijah stared in disbelief. He scurried towards the frozen alpha and looked into his widened eyes. Although Baron’s movements were restrained, he could blink, indicating that he was still aware of what was going on.

Open mouthed, Elijah shifted his gaze at Amelia, who was without a doubt enraged. Her hands were outstretched and her angry eyes were focused on him.

He had heard about the dangers of agitating a witch. What made it worse for him was that this witch was his mate.

“Did you forget that we witches have our own powers? You may be physically stronger than us, but we aren’t anything less.”

Her voice sounded different. It was as though the walls of the room were speaking with her. Fear gripped his heart.

He tried to gulp down the lump in his throat, however, it didn’t bring any comfort to him.

“You have made a huge mistake!” Amelia levitated and started to float towards them, her eyes now wide and red. She started to swirl her hand in the air, causing a whirlwind in the room.

“I curse you! Once the sun rises, both of you will turn into toads! And during the day you will not be able to contact your wolves in that state. And the only way to break the curse is to gain the girl’s forgiveness within three months from now. If you don’t, you are doomed to remain as toads for the rest of your lives!” She uttered clear enough for Elijah and Baron to understand.

The wind swirled around them and all Elijah could do was stare. He was motionless when Amelia raised her hands upwards and started at the ceiling.

He knew she mumbled something, yet he wasn’t able to hear what she muttered over the commotion caused by the whirlwind. To his shock, she disappeared into the thin air right before his eyes. Soon the commotion died down and Baron was able to move. Elijah looked around in confusion. Everything that occurred a few minutes back seemed like an illusion.

“What happened?” He heard Baron ask. However, he was stunned to his core. The silence that followed was deafening.

“We...we are doomed...” Elijah managed to force himself to whisper, despite the storm that put his soul to unrest.

## **The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 27**

Cade returned to the packhouse after winning the war. They won, yet he wasn’t satisfied. They didn’t manage to capture or kill Baron and Elijah. Even most of the Vampires who joined them managed to escape and leave the battlefield when they weren’t expecting.

Cade walked towards his room. His mate would be ecstatic to learn that they won the war once again. The corners of his lips lifted upwards. Maybe they could continue what they were doing before.

He thought about how she tried to hide her flushed cheeks. Yet, when he started to shower her with affection, she seemed to forget her previous embarrassment. His thoughts were focused on her. His beloved mate. Nonetheless, Cade noticed his wolf’s stillness as he raced up the stairs. Aspen was too silent for a wolf who was about to mark and claim his mate.

“Aspen? Why are you so silent?” Cade asked as he marched towards his room.

“I don’t know..... I feel....bizarre...” he replied.

“But why?” Cade frowned as he opened the door to his room. Without waiting for a reply, he looked inside, hoping to see Monica waiting for him inside. However, all he saw was an empty room. The window was wide open and the cool breeze of the night blew into the room. The lacy curtains hung at the window rippled in the gentle wind. Everything was in perfect order. But there was no sign of his beloved mate.

“Mate?” He called and glanced at the closed door of the bathroom. Wondering if she was inside, he started to walk towards the lavatory.

“Cade....” Aspen silently whimpered.

“Huh?”

“She isn’t here!” His wolf’s statement made him freeze on his steps.

His heart suddenly raced. But why? She didn’t have anywhere to go....

Gasping for breath, he pushed the door to the bathroom and peeked inside. He didn’t want to believe it. She couldn’t leave just like that... she was his mate....

“No,” he wheezed.

“Dude, her scent isn’t as strong as it used to be. Haven’t you noticed?” Aspen pointed out. He was right. Although Cade didn’t want to accept, he wasn’t going to give a blind eye to what was obvious.

His mate wasn’t in the room.

“But where would she go? She doesn’t have anyone...” Cade’s throat constricted, making it hard for him to speak.

“First, we need to relax. And let’s go downstairs. Maybe she went to the kitchen....” Aspen paused. “I hope she went to the kitchen.” He added softly.

Nodding in agreement, Cade rushed out of the room and sprinted downstairs. He didn’t bother to freshen up. He was wearing a simple pair of shorts,

covered in sweat with blood and dirt matted on his body. Yet, he couldn't care less. He just needed to see his mate safe and sound.

"Monica?" He hopefully called as he barged into the kitchen. Yet, no one was inside. He sniffed the air. Her scent was not detectable, which could only mean that she had not come into the kitchen for a long time.

"No..." his chest heaved and he frowned in fear.

Taking a step back, he dashed towards the exit and started to pace around the stoa of the packhouse like a madman, sniffing the air, and squinting into the open space.

"No! No!"

His voice gradually boosted.

"Cade?" His sister's voice made him look around. She had already washed away the silt on her body and worn a fresh set of clothes.

"Why are you here?" She studied her brother's apprehensive profile. "What happened?"

She asked. She knew her brother well. If Cade was downstairs, restless about an issue, it could only mean that something tremendous had happened. And from what she saw, it didn't seem to be good news.

"Mate... my mate... she is gone!" He gasped.

"What!" Calli couldn't believe her ears. "Why would....no she wouldn't leave...." She frowned.

"Who wouldn't leave?" A familiar voice asked. Ava and her grandma were approaching them.

"Monica. Cade is troubled. He is saying she left," Calli explained.

"She isn't in the room. Her fragrance is just too vague. I cannot sense her in the packhouse. Even Aspen is saying that she is gone," Cade's hysterical response made them exchange glances.

"But why would she leave?" Ava quizzed as she wrinkled her forehead.



“She didn’t leave on her own. She was taken away.”

Everyone turned around to see who had spoken. An attractive, young lady who was dressed in a long black robe was standing a few feet away from them. Her dark wavy hair cascaded down her back. Her hair and her skirt danced with the wind as she walked towards them.

“Amelia!” Ava’s grandma muttered. Everyone stared, stupefied as the young witch stepped forward.

“She was taken away,” she repeated herself, breaking the silence.

“Why are you saying that?”

It was Ava’s grandma who found the strength to speak.

“Unfortunately, I was with them when they made the plan. I aided them, and I now grieve my stupidity. They told me that they wanted revenge and for that I had to help them. Long story short, the vampires were to enter the pack and get a girl – I suppose the girl you are looking for. And Draven did. He managed to slither in and grab her. But he didn’t contact Baron. I heard them discussing it when I went back,” She paused. Her face withered in sorrow.

“I’m sorry. I was part of that,” she whispered. “I think Draven had taken her to the vampire territory. Baron and Elijah don’t have contact with them now,” she sadly added.

Aghast, Cade stared at the stranger.

“What? What are you saying? Vampires? No! How...why should I believe you.... No! This cannot be happening!” Cade looked at his sister as though he was pleading for help.

“Please.... Please tell me this isn’t happening to me... to my mate...”

Calli desperately looked at Amelia who had brought devastating news to them.

“We must save her. We don’t know what Draven is up to as we speak. I am sorry, but you must face this and save your mate from the nightcrawlers...we all should. And this time, I’m here to help you,” Amelia mentioned.

Cade was in deep distress. He didn't want to believe it, however, he knew that this outsider most probably was telling the truth.

"Who are you?" Cade croaked, looking at her.

"I'm Amelia. Ms Wilma's student. I was lied to by my so-called mate and ended up being their support. But once I learnt the truth, I cursed them and left them alone," she flipped her hair.

"You cursed them?" Ava's grandma arched her brow. Her expression reflected her amusement as she focused her gaze on the young witch.

Shrugging her shoulders, "yes. They will now be toads during the day and if they don't manage to get the girl's grace within three months, they will be doomed to remain like that for the rest of their lives," she told them.

"That's good," Ava's grandma chuckled. "But we still have a lot of work left. Most importantly, we must save the poor lady. Who knows what the vampire has in mind." She pursed her lips.

"My mate...." Cade whimpered.

"We will find her. Don't worry, Cade." Calli whispered, patting her brother on his back. "I'll inform Miles and the others. This issue needs urgent attention."

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In the realm of the vampires, Draven was waiting impatiently in his makeshift palace for her to regain consciousness. Monica was now tied to the bed, in his chamber and he was waiting for her to wake up. As he loitered, he admired her ethereal beauty. He loved how her pale skin contrasted against her dark hair. He could have easily woken her up, yet he chose to memorise her features as she slept. Her beauty was remarkable.

He had seen attractive women, vampires and humans, yet this little werewolf seemed to be enchanting. She was different. So instead of marking her by force, he stayed. He didn't want to use her like he used other women. He wanted to choose her as his bride.

His eyes trailed down towards her chest. Her body was covered well with clothes, however, his eyes lingered on the two bumps on her chest. His mouth

watered. The corner of his lips stretched as he thought about the things he would do to her. Licking his lips, he shook his head.

“Not like this princess. I want to hear you scream,” he chuckled to himself. However, his body didn’t want to wait. He felt his junior stiffen because of his titillating ideas.

“f\*\*k,” he hissed under his breath and linked one of his men to prepare one of the maidens they had captured in the basement of the palace. He walked out of his private chamber since his body seemed to betray him.

“Your Highness.” The ones who worked under him were quick to commit.

“Yes,” Draven responded.

“She is ready,” the man who stood at the entrance informed him.

“Good. I will be back. Guard this door and alert me as soon as she wakes up. And remember, no one touches this one, except me. She is mine,” he warned before marching towards the bed-chamber across his quarters.

That was where women were prepared for him. Humans and vampire females who he used as blood bags and play toys. Using women as his playthings were nothing new to him. Especially those who he managed to capture.

A sly grin spread across his face when he saw the trembling woman handcuffed just the like he wanted her to be. The sunkissed skin and dark, curly hair was nothing like that of Monica’s. Yet, he didn’t mind. He hungrily gawked at her curves that were visible underneath the skimpy onesie she was forced to wear.

“Hello, little human. Are you waiting for me?” Draven’s chuckles resounded in the blocked chamber and it only fueled her fear.

Her chest heaved as her breathing laboured and all she could do was helplessly stare when Draven picked one of his whips. She knew what was coming. He wouldn’t attempt to please her. He wouldn’t care about anything except satisfying himself. She would have to endure pain upon pain. And it will be sealed by him feeding on her, causing her to lose consciousness.

She wanted to scream, yet, she knew her screams will only add to this heartless vampire’s delight.

“Please...please let me go?” She sobbed.

“What? I thought you liked being f\*\*\*\*d,” he laughed and started to knead her breasts.

She flinched. This wasn't the first time she was touched. Heck, she was a s\*x worker, and that was where she had gotten entangled in this mess. Working as a s\*x worker wasn't something she enjoyed doing. Yet being touched by this cold, unfeeling vampire was way worse than being touched by her clients.

“I'm sure you love this,” Draven smirked. “Why else would you be a s\*x worker?”

“I... I was forced to....” Tears rolled down the corners of her eyes.

Draven's smile vanished instantly. The sudden change of expression scared her.

“Lies,” he hissed as he grabbed her hair forcefully.

He didn't care about her pleas and screams as he had his way with her. In the end, the girl lay unconscious on the floor, with two holes punctured into the vein of her neck.

“Clean this mess!” He ordered the warden as he stomped away from the chamber and out of the temporary castle.

## **The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 28**

Draven stared into mist as he stood at the balcony of his palace. He had no desire to go outside of the palace. He wanted to be there when Monica woke up. His eyes darted towards the sky. He knew the sun would rise within a few hours. By then all the doors and windows of the palace should be tightly closed.

From where he stood, he could clearly see the flags of the prestigious vampire kingdom waving in the distance. It was night time and dark, however, the vampire's gift of night vision enabled Draven to see through the darkness without any trouble.

He grimaced at the sight. His father was stupid to believe him when he said that he was going to live in the human city for a couple of months while in

reality, he was perfecting his plan to attack them and take the throne for himself. Making a coalition with the werewolves and finding Monica was not in his plan. He had always thought that no woman could make his heart flutter, but just one glance at her innocent face proved him wrong.

So he wanted her as his bride. As his partner. And when he wins the war against his brother, he would announce her as his wife. But before that, he needed to mark her as his, so that no one else could claim her.

“Your Majesty. She has woken up.”

Draven blinked when he heard his faithful guard. His lips curved upwards slowly in a sly grin.

“Perfect,” mumbling, he turned around. “Now leave us alone. I need to speak with her alone.”

The warden bowed and walked towards the stairs. Taking in a deep breath, Draven straightened the collar of his long jacket and strolled towards his private chamber. The sound of muffled grunts made him smirk when he opened the door. His heart fluttered as soon as his eyes rested on the young girl who was struggling against the ropes that tied her to the bed. The fear that reflected in her eyes as she stared at him, made him chuckle.

“Hello princess. How are you?” He snickered.

Monica continued to try to break free, however, the knots were too tight. She felt her chest constrict in fear when she saw the pale stranger saunter over to her. She was trying to remember how she got here. She was waiting for Cade to return. Then why did she wake up to find herself tied up?

“He is a vampire,” Asena told her, and Monica’s eyes widened. She felt like she wanted to dig a hole and jump inside to escape this psycho. However, she was bound in such a way that she couldn’t budge.

She stared in utter horror when he reached out for her and removed the covering on her mouth. His cold, emotionless eyes studied her face as he traced her lips with his cold thumb.

“Monica, you are so beautiful,” he mumbled in a whisper.

Monica shuddered. She loved to hear Cade say that. But this vampire was just creepy. Frowning, she looked away from him. She didn't want to look into his eyes.

That voice.... She frowned.

"That is the same voice we heard before. He must have hypnotised you. A vampiric trance will block me. No wonder I was confused all this time," Asena's explanation made Monica gulp.

"Whatever you do, don't make eye contact with him. He might use his powers again," Asena warned and went silent.

Monica's heart raced. She couldn't move but she had to find a way to escape the clutches of this crazy vampire.

"What do you want?" Her voice was firm, despite her anxiety.

"You," He chuckled. "I want you as my bride!"

"What the...." Asena didn't expect that.

His statement made her furious. Her fear suddenly changed to immense rage. She was once again captured by a crazy lunatic!

"Bride? Is this how you treat your bride? You abduct her and tie her up?" She retorted as she felt her face heat up in fury.

Draven raised an eyebrow in amusement. His lips stretched in a smile. He liked a feisty female.

She was perfect. He thought.

"I would let you go, princess. But if you agree to give me a chance," he spoke.

"What chance? You cannot abduct me from my home and expect me to give you any chance!" Monica sneered.

"Go girl," Asena cheered her on.

"Let me go!" Monica demanded.

Sighing, Draven sat beside her. “Look, princess, I can put you to sleep and mark you by force. But I don’t want that. I want you as my bride. I want to have you while you are fully aware and conscious. I don’t want to use my powers on you.” He spoke as softly as he could.

Monica stared at him. Nonetheless, she carefully avoided making eye contact and then rolled her eyes in annoyance.

“It’s a bit too late for that, isn’t it?” She scoffed. “You have hypnotised me already and brought me here without my consent.”

Draven felt his patience run thin. He couldn’t understand why women had to be so difficult to deal with. He liked fiery chicks, but not when he had to deal with their sass. He suddenly sprung up from where he sat.

“Just marry me! I can give you wealth and power! We can rule the vampire kingdom together. You can have as much money as you ask for! Just be my bride and my partner on the bed!” He exclaimed, clenching his fists in frustration.

Monica scoffed. Staying with Cade and being loved by them had increased her confidence. She was no longer the timid girl who could be pushed around. She had learnt that she too was needed. Cade needs her. He wants her. And for him, she would preserve herself.

“In your dreams, bloodsucker,” she snickered.

Draven couldn’t believe his ears. Who wouldn’t want to share a prestigious throne? Why wouldn’t she want the wealth he could offer her? This woman was unbelievable.

“Why? Don’t you want to be the Queen? Don’t you desire to be addressed as the most beautiful vampire Queen who ever lived?” He expressed his curiosity.

Monica started to laugh in amusement. “Why would I want to share a throne with you? You just kidnapped me and now you are demanding me to marry you? That’s pathetic!”

Draven felt his anger skyrocket. No one has ever had the guts to argue with him. He was used to having everything he wanted. Everything, except the

crown. Since he didn't stand a chance to inherit the crown, he was going to snatch that away.

Infuriated, he stormed towards the cupboard where he had kept his whips. His eyes were wide in fury when he returned.

"Oh, princess. I'm used to having everything I want. If you don't agree to be my bride, I will force you into submission." He warned.

Yet his threats didn't bother her. She simply snickered as she glanced in his direction.

"Do you think a simple whip will scare me? I've been through worse!" She sneered.

"I'm with you," she heard Asena support her.

Draven beat her using his whip. Yet none of those beatings seemed to waver her determination. She winced as the whip made contact with her skin. It was painful. She wouldn't lie. However, there was no way that she would give in to a vampire.

After beating her black and blue, Draven threw his whip in frustration. Groaning, he slumped onto the couch that was in front of the bed and stared at her bruised form. She wouldn't give in to his demands. Neither bribery nor torture worked. Shaking his head in annoyance, he took a couple of hundred dollar bills from his pocket and threw them at her.

"I don't understand why you wouldn't budge to this!"

Chuckling, she glanced at him, despite the throbbing pain in her body.

"Light those up, and it will burn...." she laughed.

Her laughter was laced with agony. Yet pain wasn't something new to her. She was used to it.

"Nothing could be worse than being fed wolfsbane, or shackled up in silver," Asena sneered in her mind. "Don't give in to him, Monica. I'm with you," she cheered, giving her human the support she needed.

"You are outrageous!" Draven hissed as he stood up and stormed out of the chamber, leaving Monica alone.



Dawn broke. The leaders of the Dark Howl pack had a sleepless night. Cassy and Elliot arrived in the pack as soon as they could. When they did, the war was over and their friends were indulged in a deep discussion.

When Amelia explained everything to the lycan Queen, she was flabbergasted. She never thought that she would have to see a day like this. A day that she would have to declare war against the vampires.

“But I don’t understand.... Their king is responsible.” She frowned.

“It isn’t their king, your majesty,” Amelia spoke softly. “The prince is recruiting the vampire rogues. If I’m not mistaken, his name is Draven,” She explained.

“Draven. The king’s second born!” Elliot mumbled.

“Draven has been recruiting rogues and his father is unaware of that?” Cassy exclaimed. “Damn! We need to arrange a meeting with him at once! But the problem is, he wouldn’t believe mere words. We need to prove it to him.” She tapped on her chin as the creases on her forehead deepened.

“I will help you with that.” Amelia offered.

Nodding her head, “now, let’s make that call. The sun is rising and they will go to sleep soon. We better call them now,” Cassy mumbled.

Miles hastened to make the call as everyone else silently, and eagerly waited for the phone to be answered.

## **The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 29**

“What.... exactly do you mean by that, Queen of the wolves?”

The vampire king’s raspy voice was intimidating enough to make anyone shudder in fear. Yet, the Queen of the lycanthrope Kingdom didn’t seem to be bothered.

“I mean that one of my citizens is kidnapped by Draven and into your territory. I can prove it to you,” Cassy calmly replied.

“I don’t believe you,” the vampire king hissed. “My son, Draven, has left for the human city to live there for a couple of months. How could he kidnap anyone?” He retorted.

“Respected king. For the sake of the peace of our worlds, you must hear us out. I wouldn’t be accusing anyone of a crime as serious as kidnapping without a reason.” Cassy’s reply was firm. Her forehead creased. She knew the vampire king wouldn’t believe her. There was a long pause. Cassy waited for a while before speaking again.

“We would like to meet you, Your Majesty. I have proof of what I am saying. But if you don’t agree, we will have to attack your kingdom, which would result in a huge war between the wolves and the vampires. I am trying to avoid bloodshed, Your Majesty. However, either way, we will go to save the wolf that was kidnapped from our territory,” Cassy informed him.

She heard a deep sigh. “Fair enough,” he said. “The sun is about to rise. We cannot open the palace door during the day, as it would be deadly for us. So we will have to delay the meeting until evening. I am ready to meet you and hear you out.” He stated.

Nodding her head, “sounds good. So I’ll be there by sunset,” she mumbled.

“But if you fail to prove what you have said, this accusation will tarnish our alliance, Queen of the Wolves. I will not tolerate being wrongly accused, especially since my son is involved.” The vampire king sneered.

“Oh, I’ll prove that I’m telling the truth, King of the vampires. Don’t worry about that,” Cassy narrowed her eyes. “I know what I’m talking about and I assure you that I’m not lying,” she whispered.

“I’ll be waiting.” He replied right before he ended the call.

Cassy inhaled deeply and glanced at the concerned faces that surrounded her until her eyes rested on Cade.

“She will be fine. Don’t worry Cade. We will get her back. If we have to, we will fight our way through.” She assured him.

“But.....a whole day...we have to wait a whole day for that...your Majesty,” he gasped. “What if they kill her?” His heart pounded in his chest. Aspen too was perturbed. However, he showed respect to his Queen.

Cassy shifted in her seat so that she could face Cade. She looked right into his troubled eyes.

“Cade, look at me,” she said, and he silently obeyed.

“Don’t say that. Your mate is a fighter. She will rebel. She has once managed to save herself and I’m sure she will not let anyone take advantage of her. Be positive, Cade.” She chose her words carefully and made sure that she maintained eye contact with the troubled youngster.

“We will save her.” She firmly mentioned, strengthening her previous statement.

Cade took in a shaky breath and nodded. “We will save her,” he whispered, repeating after his leader.

Cassy smiled and glanced at Elliot and the others.

“We must go to the vampire territory prepared for the worst. Inform our warriors to prepare for war. We have a whole day to gird up our loins,” she paused, frowning.

“I want 500 fighters of the lycan army to join this fight. We are going against the vampires, so we need to be fully prepared.” She stated and Elliot nodded in agreement.

“I’ll call dad and ask him to make the arrangements. They can arrive at this pack by afternoon. Then we will gather the troops to leave together in the evening. Then we will be able to arrive at the vampire territory by sunset,” Elliot commented.

Everyone exchanged glances, while Cade silently sat on his seat, staring at his feet. There was no doubt that he was worried about Monica. Calli felt bad for her brother. Pursing her lips, she frowned.

“We have enough time to get everything set. Let’s do this!” Calli stood up from her seat and walked towards him. It broke her heart to see him devastated.

“We are all here to help. We will win,” she whispered as she ran her fingers through his hair.

Cade’s lip’s stretched in a sad smile as he stood to hug her.

“I know we will, sissy,” he whispered and rested his chin on her shoulder as he closed his eyes shut.

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Draven massaged his temples as he sat on his throne. He had left Monica in his private chamber. She was so rebellious and was giving him a headache.

“Polanski!” He called for his most trusted man who always stood beside him.

“Yes, your Highness,” Polanski bowed down in respect.

Draven glanced at him, his forehead creased deeply.

“How do you woo a female?” He asked, carefully watching Polanski’s countenance. Polanski stood speechless for a moment, not sure of what to say in response.

“Well?” Draven uttered, getting impatient.

“I...uh...I haven’t tried yet, your Majesty. Maybe use your powers?” He suggested.

“Bah!” Draven groaned and leaned back. “Not going to work. I want her to like me so that she could be my bride. I can’t keep her hypnotised for the rest of my life! I want her to be mine for real.” He grumbled. “She has already started to rebel against me because I had abducted her and held her without her consent,” Draven scowled.

Polanski uncomfortably shifted on his feet.

“Maybe, show her that you could make her feel good? I think ladies would love that,” Polanski propounded.

Draven tilted his head, frowning in confusion. “Feel good?”

“Yes, your Majesty. You know..... maybe if she realises that you can make her... you know .... When you get intimate....” Polanski trailed off.

Draven stared at the stammering vampire guard for a while before his lips curved in a smirk.

“Hmm... I think I understand,” he sniggered. “Feel good, huh?” He mumbled, tapping on his chin. “That could work.”

Silence followed. Draven remained in his seat with his forehead wrinkled. He seemed to be lost in deep thought.

“But how do they .....feel good? Don’t they feel good when we bang them?” He mumbled. He had never thought about pleasuring anyone besides himself. He never gave it any consideration.

Shrugging his shoulders, Polanski lowered his eyes. “I don’t know much, young Prince,” he replied.

“But maybe if you release her and talk to her she might lean towards you,” Polanski suggested and this time Draven stood up.

“Fine! We will try something. I’ll go and see her and try to talk. We will see how far this goes.” He marched to his private chamber where he had left Monica tied to his bed.

When he entered, he noticed that the bruises on her body were now slowly healing. It surprised him a bit. Werewolves had supernatural healing powers. They should have disappeared completely.

“Why aren’t you healed already?” He voiced his confusion, yet silence answered him. She wasn’t ready to talk to him. Draven studied her face. She wasn’t even looking at him. Undoubtedly, she loathed him. Draven tilted his head, wondering if what Polanski had suggested would work.

Grimacing, Monica laid on her back. She knew her silence might agitate the crazy vampire, yet she had no intention of replying to a lunatic. Monica turned her head so that she was facing away from Draven who seemed to be waiting for her to say something.

After waiting for her to reply, he walked up to her. He felt that he had waited long enough. He had to give Polanski’s suggestion a shot. And for that, he had to apologize first. However, it was one of the hardest things for him.

After inhaling a huge whoosh of breath, he forced himself to utter the words.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have beat you. Or brought you here without your consent. Happy? Now please, can we talk?” He said, confusing Monica.

“Such a lame apology.” Monica heard Aseña mumble in her mind.

“What in the world is he up to?” She asked her wolf through their link.

“I don’t know. Maybe he is trying to be friendly,” she responded.

The eff. Monica thought.

“I say play along. Maybe we can trick him and find a way to escape.” Asena proposed. “But be careful about making eye contact,” she reminded her before going silent. Monica gulped. It was showtime. She just hoped that she wouldn’t have to do anything she didn’t like.

## **The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 30**

Sighing, “what do you want to talk about?” She asked. She didn’t have the guts to look into Draven’s pale face. He looked like a dead, yet alive person. His white face and red lips gave her the creeps.

“My name is Draven. I’m the prince of this kingdom,” he paused. “Can I untie you? Promise me you won’t try to escape. Even if you do, remember, I can capture you. We have supernatural speed,” he warned.

Monica didn’t like the tone of his voice. She forced a smile nonetheless and nodded in affirmation. She wasn’t going to try and run while he was watching, anyway.

Satisfied with the response, Draven untied her, thinking that his efforts were paying off. She quickly sat up and massaged her wrists to relieve the pain in them.

Now what? She wondered as she looked at the bruises that were slowly fading away. She smiled. Her healing powers were now better than they used to be. Perhaps she would soon be able to shift.

“Would you like to look around?” Draven’s question interrupted her thoughts. Her frown deepened. Yet she nodded as she knew it would help her plan her escape. Draven stood up and gestured for her to follow him. He took her out of the private chamber and towards the grand room. Her eyes darted all over the place and realised that intimidating guards stood at each exit and that all the doors and windows were tightly closed shut. She bit her lip. It would be hard to escape a place that was crawling with vampires.

Monica followed him down a flight of stairs. "We can't go outside right now, because the sun is out," Draven mumbled, making her snap her head in his direction. "All the doors are locked to prevent the sunlight from entering this place." He looked at her. "I know this castle doesn't look nice. But this is just a temporary one. We will go to the real vampire castle soon," he paused, studying her demeanour.

"When you become my bride," he whispered.

Monica shuddered uncomfortably. However, she hid her uneasiness and forced a smile.

"Not as long as I'm alive...." She heard her wolf in her mind. She couldn't agree more. If she was going to marry or mate with anyone, it would be Cade, her mate. She avoided looking in Draven's direction, however, she knew that he was standing close to her. She could feel his gaze on her, and it added to her discomfort. In her distress, she scanned the surroundings until her eyes fell on a large door that was closed shut.

"Is that the kitchen?" She said, wanting to distract the vampire and stepped towards the door. However, before she could reach it, Draven blocked her path, startling her. Gasping, she stepped back.

"How...?" She was stunned. Draven had stepped in front of her within a blink of an eye.

Grinning, "I told you we have unnatural speed," he said. "And that's not the kitchen. Don't go in there. You can move around the palace. Go wherever you want, within the place. But don't go there," he told her.

Her curiosity increased as she glanced at the huge door.

"I wonder if he is hiding something in there," Asena mumbled. Monica chose not to say anything. She was itching to know what was behind that door. Perhaps it could lead to her freedom. She squinted at the door and then glanced at Draven. Maybe she could try to check it out when he goes to sleep.

"Ok," she whispered and his lips stretched in a smile.

"That's more like it." He muttered. "Now, let's go back to the room. I will send some girls to doll you up for tonight. Until then, you can rest. I'll make sure they make your food too," he cupped her cheeks, making her go rigid.

“I want you to be happy here,” he mumbled.

Stiffened, Monica stood frozen on her step. She gulped. The closeness between her and him was stressful for her. Sucking in a breath, she took a step back and forced a smile. Her restless heart kept pumping hysterically in her chest.

“Let’s go back?” He softly whispered.

Avoiding his eyes, she nodded and followed him back. She was thankful that he left her alone in the room and left. As soon as he closed the door behind him, she let out a breath of relief and leaned against the wall.

“Asena?” She called her wolf.

“Yes, girl.”

“Do you think that door might lead us out?” She asked.

“Maybe. He sure was hiding something. We should check it out,” Asena mumbled.

“Now?”

“No. Wait a bit. That vamp must be still around. We have to wait for him to fall asleep. I’m sure he will soon, it’s daytime already.”

Monica trusted her wolf and waited. The girls Draven had said would come to attend her soon arrived. They brought her food and new clothes and told her that they were there to prepare her for an event that was scheduled to be held during the night. She didn’t object when a young girl among them started to do her makeup. She had to play along if she were to trick them and find a way to escape.

She stared at her reflection as she worked on her. Although she didn’t mind the full black gown, she didn’t like the dark makeup. Dark eyes, and black lips. She detested it.

“You look fabulous! The prince will adore you!” She exclaimed, making Monica look at her. Her lips parted when she noticed the marks on her wrists. They looked as though they were punctured with something sharp.

Sighing, “where is he now?” She asked.



“He is catching up on his sleep at the moment.” The girl mumbled and pursed her full red lips. Monica studied her face. She was young and attractive. Monica couldn’t help but notice marks on her neck. They were exactly like the puncture marks on her wrists.

“Are you a vampire too?” She asked. Smiling, the girl nodded.

“What is your name?” She asked. The young female vampire seemed to be nice.

“Celeste,” the girl’s smile brightened.

“What are those marks?” Monica couldn’t stop herself from expressing her curiosity. She noticed how her eyes bulged at the question. She gulped while Monica stared at her through the mirror.

“Uh... that’s nothing....umm I mean... I ...those are little accidents....” She stammered and started to hurriedly gather her make-up brushes.

“I...I must leave...” she stuttered as she hastened to leave the room.

Monica stared at her retreating back until she exited the room. There was something bizarre about her.

“That was weird,” Asena mumbled, and Monica couldn’t agree more.

“Anyway, now is our chance. Let’s go and check what Draven is hiding.”

“Yes, we should,” Monica walked towards the exit. After opening the door, she looked across the corridor to make sure that Draven wasn’t around.

“Come on,” Asena urged.

Ignoring her anxious heart, Monica walked along the path and down the staircase that led to the closed door. After looking around and making sure that no one was watching her, she held the doorknob. Her heart hammered in her chest.

What if a murderous monster is hiding behind this door.

She wondered.

“Stop it! We will never find our way out if we hesitate. Open it!” Asena demanded.

Gulping, and biting her inner cheeks, she turned the doorknob and pushed it open. The sight she saw made her eyes bulge out of her eye sockets. She froze at the entrance. This was without a doubt the most blood-curdling scene she had ever seen in her life.

She saw females being tied up, all barely clothed. Some were locked up in cages. Some of them were tied to poles with fresh wounds on their bodies dripping with blood while a couple of them lay on the ground, motionless. Those who were conscious grunted in agony. Her brain needed a moment to register what she was seeing.

“Good gracious!” Asena exclaimed. The women inside the chamber were undoubtedly tortured.

“What is this?” Asena gasped. Monica was too terrified to say anything. Whatever this place was, she wanted to leave. Without saying a word, she stepped back to turn around and run. She ran away from the room of horrors. She didn’t know where she was going, all she knew was she wanted to leave. However, instead of finding an unguarded exit, she ran into another female, who fell onto the ground after colliding with her.

“Ooof... I’m sorry....” a familiar voice said.

Monica’s eyes darted towards the girl who had just run into her.

“Celeste?” Monica exclaimed.

“Ma’am,” Celeste quickly stood up, and lowered her gaze, adjusting the collar of her shirt as though she was trying to hide something. Monica wanted to ask a lot of questions. But she pointed towards the half open door, her face contorted in concern.

“Celeste.... What room is that?” She asked.

Frowning, Celeste gazed from Monica to the door.

“Ma’am....I ....I can’t tell....” She stammered. “Ma’am, please spare me. I don’t want to be punished. Please ma’am...”

To Monica’s shock, Celeste kneeled in front of her and started to beg. As she did, Monica saw the fresh puncture marks on the crook of the young vampire’s neck.

“I think Celeste is being fed on....maybe she is their slave?” Asena guessed and Monica’s lips parted.

“Like I was.....” Monica gasped through their link. She couldn’t help but see herself in Celeste. Helpless, and bullied. She was about to bend down and pick the trembling vampire girl up when she heard a familiar male voice.

“What is happening? Did Celeste bother you, princess?” Draven’s voice was cold and unfriendly. Monica looked in the direction of the voice and then at Celeste. She was so scared that she didn’t dare to look up.

“Poor thing...” Asena whispered.

Shaking her head, “no. Celeste has done an excellent job in serving me. I am very satisfied with her work,” Monica replied to Draven. She wanted to save Celeste from punishment.

“Good to hear. I just woke up from my slumber. If I come to know that she made you unhappy, I will punish her,” Draven casually responded. Monica felt her fury skyrocket. Clenching her fists and gritting her teeth, she glared at Draven.

“If there is anyone who needs to be punished, it’s you....” She growled. She was furious. He was worse than she thought he was.

Chuckling, Draven raised an eyebrow. He found it amusing when women growl at him. He thought it was funny since he always thought that women were weaker than him. What could a feisty little creature do against him?

He gestured to Celeste to leave and she quickly obliged. Monica gave a sympathetic glance to the female vampire who hurriedly walked away. She wanted to help the poor girl. She was trying so hard to do her best, but still was being punished.

“I thought you were ready for tonight?” Draven smirked at Monica. She sneered in response. She couldn’t care less what event was waiting for them during the night. She wasn’t going to submit to this maniac.

Chuckling, he looked around. When he noticed that the forbidden door was partly opened, his amusement quickly vanished.

“Who opened that door?” His voice was low and menacing.

Glaring at him with a critical squint, Monica sneered.

“I did! What are you going to do about that?” She hissed and Draven’s eyes suddenly turned red.

“s\*\*t!” Asena cursed.