

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 3

Alpha Baron remained on his seat, glaring at Monica ever since she was brought to his office. His uncomfortable stare had been making her anxious. Minutes seemed to drag by, and with each passing second, she wished that she would be allowed to leave. However, she was way too scared to ask for permission. His unfriendly stare told her that he wasn't done with her.

"Sit."

He ordered after what felt like an eternity. Gulping, Monica timidly sat on the seat beside her.

"Stand!"

He ordered as soon as she sat down. Monica's eyebrows furrowed as she slowly stood up.

"Sit!" He growled.

Monica felt like crying. She had no idea what the alpha was going to do. All she knew was, she wasn't escaping his wrath anytime soon.

"Stand!" She stood and worriedly looked into his stern face, trying to read his expressions. His face was stone cold, and all she could see was immense hatred towards her.

"Sit!"

This time she burst into tears. She didn't know if she should obey, or not.

"I f****g didn't ask you to cry!" He snarled at her, making her flinch. Her heart skipped a beat when his thunderous voice echoed in the blocked office. When her sobs and sniffles didn't cease, he sprung up from his seat, causing the chair to topple over as he did, and stomped over to where she stood.

Her chest squeezed in fear when she saw her alpha furiously approaching her.

"Alpha....." she tried to speak, however, a tight slap from Baron made her stop in her tracks. The force of the slap made her fall onto the tiled floor.

“Shut up!” He hissed, pointing his index finger at her. “You will only do what you are asked to do. No talking, nothing unless you are allowed to do so!” He growled in between his gritted teeth.

“If you piss me off, there will be no food or water for you, until I say so!” He shouted. “And now you have done exactly that, so no lunch or dinner for you today!”

All Monica could do was stare as her alpha shouted out his decree.

“But alpha.....”

“I said shut up!” His voice was loud enough to be heard by the guards or anyone outside.

“Why can’t you f*****g keep your mouth shut!” He growled and started to kick her.

Her screams of pain filled the office, however, she knew no one would come to help her, even if the alpha killed her.

“Please alpha, I’m sorry.....I’m sorry...” she pleaded until Baron finally decided that he had had enough.

“b***h!” He hissed as he stepped away from her, leaving Monica on the hard tiles of the office. She hadn’t fully recovered from the previous penalty in the dungeon, and when the pain of this beating was added to that, she was barely able to stand up. Although she had not shifted yet, having werewolf genes in her had made her stronger than a normal human. If it wasn’t for the genes, the alpha’s beating could have broken every bone in her.

As she dragged herself up, she glanced at the open door. The alpha was standing at the doorway, glaring at her with much hatred.

“Guards!” He spoke, his eyes still drilling holes in her.

“This is my slave! Drag her to the kitchen where she would live, hereafter. She will clean, cook, and do all the work, in addition to anything I demand from her. Nora must have taught her enough. She will sleep in the storeroom and only after she has cleaned the kitchen, and must wake up before everyone to make us breakfast. If she doesn’t, I must be informed. Her retribution will be

big.” He addressed the guards, making sure that Monica heard every word he spat.

“Yes, alpha.” Came the reply.

“And she better be gone when I come back!” He added before walking away angrily.

Flabbergasted, Monica stared at the door. She was speechless. Her life had gone from bad to worse when she thought it couldn't get any more unpleasant than it already was.

His slave? She wanted to protest and fight for her rights, but what could an unshifted she-wolf do? She was nothing but a minor with absolutely no support. She couldn't even fight back or leave the pack. She had nowhere to go. Even if she went rogue, she wouldn't survive, since she hadn't shifted yet.

“Let's get you out of here.” Two guards grabbed on either of her hands, making her flinch. Her muscles were still tender from the beatings. However, her sobs had silenced. Tears no longer stung her eyes. Whatever happened felt surreal to her. It was simply too bad to be true.

She remained in her stunned state when the guards dragged her from the office to the kitchen and left her there. She wasn't aware for how long she sat on the floor, shocked, aghast and speechless. An omega came into the kitchen and looked at her with sympathy.

“The alpha wants you to cook rice for lunch.” She informed her. “And he also told us, none of us is allowed to help if we don't want to be punished. He wants it prepared within an hour.” The omega waited for some time to see her reaction. When Monica didn't move, the omega sighed.

“I'm sorry this is happening to you.” She whispered. “You better hurry if you don't want to be beaten up again.” She added in a hushed whisper.

Monica's eyes widened. She most certainly didn't want to have to go through that again. Gasping, she rushed to prepare the meal he wanted.

“Oh, and he likes it a bit spicy.” The omega told her before leaving.

Monica did her best and prepared the meal, trying to recall every detail Luna had told her. She wasn't aware how the time went, she was anxious that even

a slight mistake might anger him. Just as she managed to put the rice on the serving plate, the omega returned.

“The alpha is here.” She whispered urgently.

Monica’s heart thudded in her chest as she hastened to go to the dining room to serve him his meal.

He looked at his wristwatch and narrowed his eyes on her.

“You are a minute late!” He growled. “If this food doesn’t taste like how Nora used to make it, I’ll make sure you don’t forget it!” He spat at her.

Monica chewed on her lower lip, anxiously as he tasted the food. Her erratic heart and sweaty palms made the situation worse. She wanted to remain calm, however, that wasn’t happening. When he didn’t react and ate without hesitation, she started to feel a bit relieved. Maybe it didn’t taste bad. By the time he had finished eating, she had managed to calm down a bit.

“You are lucky that I was famished.” He grumbled and walked away. She breathed a sigh of relief when he left. At least this time, she wasn’t unfairly retributed.

Sighing, she cleaned the place up and was just about to rest her pained body when an omega came with another order.

“The alpha said that you must cook dinner for everyone.” She said, and Monica nodded at once. She will have to bear with anything for now. Perhaps someday, things would finally start to go her way.

She had not eaten anything the whole day, and when she went to clean the kitchen that night, she was starving. Luckily, she found bits of leftovers from the dinner, which she gobbled up after making sure that no one was around.

Perhaps, working in the kitchen was a good thing. Bits and pieces of food were better than nothing. She thought as she cleaned the kitchen. By the time she was able to stop working, it was already late at night.

She practically dragged herself to the storeroom hoping to get some sleep. The omegas were kind enough to bring an old pillow and a sheet for her to use during the night, which she was immensely thankful for. As she laid on the

floor, she thought about her life and wondered if anything would change if she shifted on her sixteenth birthday.

Perhaps then, she would find some amount of strength in her to defend herself. Or maybe, she could simply leave the pack. But her birthday was months away, and a lot can happen during these days.

“I just hope I survive until then.” She sighed and closed her eyes, and soon, she drifted off into a deep slumber.

Days passed and Monica started to learn how to escape being punished. There were times that the alpha humiliated her in front of everyone, or punished her for the slightest mistake. However soon, she started to become better and better at doing housework and that saved her from being beaten up or humiliated in front of the pack members. Despite her tender age, she was wise enough to learn from her mistakes. She was being super careful since even the slightest mistake would result in unimaginable pain for her.

She dearly missed the Luna, and even more so, her mother. Every night, she prayed for them. Her heart wept, albeit the tears in her eyes had dried up. She had seen and endured too much and she knew, if she wanted to survive in this cruel world, she had to be strong.

It became a normal routine for her to cook and clean, and she started to do it daily. At times the omegas came to help. Even if she received no help from anyone, she was expected to clean the entire packhouse by evening, in addition to cooking their meals.

As usual, she walked over to the alpha’s quarters to clean the place up. It was right after lunch, and she expected the alpha to be busy in his office. However, when she walked up to the door, she heard sounds that were new to her. Moans, groans and screams, as though someone was in pain.

Naive, Monica opened the unlocked door, only to be scarred by what she witnessed. It most certainly was alpha Baron, pinning an omega to the wall, both stark naked.

Baron snapped his head at the door, his eyes filled with utter fury.

“Get the f**k out of here!” He roared, and Monica stepped outside and slammed the door shut.

Trembling, she ran to the storeroom. She wanted to hide. She wanted to scream. She wanted to disappear into the thin air.

“No, no, no....this cannot be happening....” She stuttered, as she hugged herself in a corner of the room, fearing what she might have to endure, once the alpha came to find her.