

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 31

"What?" Draven hissed back at Monica. His eyes were now glowing red. Clenching his fists, he glared at her.

"I said, I opened the door!" Monica repeated her confession. "I have seen what you are hiding behind that door! Is that how you treat your people?" She screamed. Her voice resounded in the palace.

Draven's muscles stiffened. Clenching his jaws, he narrowed his glowing red eyes.

"I warned you. I told you not to open that door," his whisper was menacing.

"Well, I'm glad I did. Now I know your reality," Monica retorted, ignoring his intimidating demeanour.

Draven squeezed his eyes shut and took deep breaths. He knew she wouldn't appreciate it. However, he was hoping that she would start thinking like a vampire once he marks her. But getting there was harder than he thought it was.

He opened his eyes after some time and when he did, they were no longer glowing. He had successfully controlled himself. Inhaling deeply, he looked at Monica, who was carefully avoiding making eye contact with him.

"Look. I forgive you for opening that door. Okay? Now let's forget that and get ready for tonight," he stated.

Monica couldn't believe her ears. Forgive her? For what?

"This guy is delusional!" Asena exclaimed. The creases on Monica's face deepened. She didn't know what to say. Draven truly was crazy. Her heart gripped with fear when she saw him step closer towards her. She took a step back involuntarily.

"Let's get ready for tonight. Tonight is very special to me.... To us..." he whispered sauntering towards her.

With a frantic heart, she stepped back with each step he took towards her. She didn't know what he had in mind and she didn't want to find out. All she

wanted to do was escape from this hell hole and hopefully save some if not all of the women who were trapped in the place.

“Don’t come close to me!” She warned, yet Draven chuckled in response.

“Really? Then how are we going to become one? If I don’t come close to you?” He responded.

Her eyes widened. “What?” She whispered.

“I know the full moon is extremely important for you werewolves. Tonight is the full moon and I am going to honour that...with you,” he said, still grinning like a crazy maniac.

“Is he trying to....” Asena gasped, however, Monica didn’t respond. She also could understand what he meant, though she didn’t want to believe what her conscience was telling her.

She spoke after swallowing the lump in her throat. “What do you mean?” She asked.

“Don’t you understand?” He sighed. “The sun has set already. The full moon will be at its peak within a couple of hours. I plan to mate with you and mark you then,” he took another step closer before using his super-speed to stop right in front of her.

She gasped and tried to step away. However, she soon realised that her back was pressed against the wall. She started to sweat profusely. She didn’t want to be sandwiched between this crazy vampire and the wall. The hair in the back of her neck rose when he traced her cheek with his cold fingertips.

“What better way is there to honour the full moon. We shall mate. I’ll claim you and we will be the first vampire-werewolf couple. Our offspring will be unstoppable. What could be better than creating the best generation with the most beautiful woman in the world?”

His words were poison to her ears. She shuddered when his hands slowly descended towards her chest. She was scared. Her chest heaved as she gasped for breath and her heart didn’t slow down even for a split second.

“No!” She screamed and pushed him away. Since he wasn’t expecting that, he staggered backwards, giving her the chance to run away. However, before

she could escape from his clutches, he grabbed her hand and pulled her towards him. She yelped as she crashed into his chest.

“Let me go, you crazy lunatic!” She shrieked and bent her knees, landing a sharp blow on his crotch.

“Oof!” He wasn’t expecting that either. The pain that resulted in her blow made him release her as he crouched down in pain.

“Run! Monica run!” Asena screamed.

She didn’t know where she was headed to and honestly, she didn’t care. She simply wanted to save herself from Draven the maniac. She wanted to hide. But where? She ran, hoping to find a place to hide, or a door to exit. But the best she could do was hide inside a little room that looked like a storeroom. It was damp and dark inside the room, however, she didn’t mind. Her wolf senses had gotten better and now she could see clearly in the dark.

“Be quiet. Vamps cannot sniff out the scent as we do. If he can’t hear us, he won’t be able to find us,” Asena advised through their link.

“I’m trying....” Monica replied as she tried hard to control her breathing. She tried to hide behind some boxes that were on the side, but it was hard since the space was limited. As she tried to crouch down behind the boxes, a set of brooms crashed down onto the floor, making a huge noise.

“s**t, s**t, s**t!” Asena let out a string of curses. Gulping, Monica looked at the closed door helplessly. She heard footsteps approaching them.

“Hide! Don’t just stand there!” Asena urged and Monica hastened to hide. However, fate wasn’t with her. The door flung open and Monica desperately glanced at the entrance. When she saw how infuriated Draven was, she felt as though she might die on the spot. The veins on his neck were bulging and he was trembling in anger.

“Wrong move, princess. This is my palace! I know every corner of this place!” He growled, his voice resonating in the blocked compartment.

Within a blink of an eye, he dashed towards her and grabbed a fistful of her hair. She screamed in pain, yet it didn’t make any difference to the heartless vampire. He dragged her out of the storeroom and across the corridor. He didn’t release her as he dragged her upstairs. She gasped and winced in pain

as he forcefully pushed her inside his private chamber and followed her inside.

Using his power of telekinesis, he slammed the door shut and locked it. Draven's rage was at its peak as he glared at the locked windows. He didn't bother to move from his position. Instead, he used his powers to unlock them and the windows flung open. His angry stare focused on the full moon that was visible in the dark sky. Slowly, his lips stretched in an evil smirk.

"It is time, princess. I don't want to force myself on you. But you leave me with no choice." He whispered as he slowly inched closer towards Monica who was on the floor.

Gasping for breath, Monica sat up and hugged her knees. An agitated vampire was a dangerous creature. Trembling in fear, she prayed silently, that she manages to save herself from him, and his attempt to mark her failed.

She stood up before he could pounce on her. She wasn't going to let him take advantage of her. If she had to, she would fight with her life.

"Don't you look into his eyes," Asena reminded her.

Draven placed his hands on the wall, caging her in between him and the wall.

"Look at me!" He demanded.

"No!" She retorted, turning her head to the side.

"I said, look at me!" He growled and grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at him. She had squeezed her eyes shut, as she didn't want to make eye contact.

She once again attempted to land a blow to his balls. However, Draven was on alert this time. Smirking, he stepped aside, so that she wouldn't be able to hit him where she wanted to. But it had loosened his grip on her and she quickly opened her eyes to see him still dangerously close.

Holding her hands forcefully, "that won't work all the time princess," he chuckled. He stepped closer, his eyes on her lips. Running his tongue over his lips, he bent down to kiss her.

“Noooo!” Monica gasped. She didn’t know how she managed to push him away. She managed to muster up enough strength to push him and run towards the door.

However, it was useless. The door was locked using telekinesis.

“His heart! Vampires need to be impaled in their hearts!” Asena suddenly exclaimed in her mind. “Quick! Grab that candlestick holder!” She exclaimed.

“What! We can’t impale him with that!” Monica responded. Nonetheless, she grabbed the candlestick holder that was kept on the table beside the door and turned around, ready to fight.

Draven saw what Monica was up to and started to laugh.

“Well, I never thought I’d enjoy chasing you, but this is fun,” he snickered. “Let’s play a game. I’ll chase you around until I manage to hold you down. But then, it’s my turn to play,” he said, grinning from ear to ear. “I promise I won’t use my super speed.”

Monica gasped for breath as she carefully studied Draven’s movements.

“We can’t find anything pointed in here,” Asena sounded desperate.

“Something sharp....” Monica mumbled as her eyes darted around. Her eyes fell on the full-length mirror across the room.

With a racing heart, she ran right towards the mirror. She knew Draven will be chasing her. To him, this was a game, but for her, it was a battle she was fighting. She used the candlestick holder to try and break the mirror. But it was hard.

Draven chose to watch her for a while. He found it entertaining. This was the first time anyone fought so hard against him.

“Hurry!” Asena urged.

Panicking, she took the stool in front of the mirror and slammed it into it, shattering the glass. Her heart thudded in her chest as she quickly grabbed a shattered piece of glass to face her enemy.

Due to her fear, she didn’t realise that the glass was cutting her hand. She was unaware of the blood dripping onto the floor.

Draven's smile slowly faded when he saw the crimson liquid drip onto the marbles. He stared at the blood with wide eyes. He hadn't fed after he woke up and the sight of the delicious blood was making him lose control of his feral side.

"Blood....." he whispered. He felt his fangs elongate. The metallic scent of the blood soon reached his nostrils and his mouth watered.

"Sweet blood..." his eyes turned red and soon he was pulled into a trance.

"What's happening?" Monica panicked when she saw Draven's demeanour change.

"Monica, your hand!" Asena gasped.

Monica felt her heart plummet when she saw her hand dripping with blood. Before she could do anything about it, Draven was standing in front of her, with his fangs bared, ready to feed on her.

"No!" She gasped, however, Draven was now no longer in his right mind. His vampiric side had taken over. The sight of fresh blood was too tempting.

The last thing Monica heard was a hissing sound, right before he plunged his fangs into the vein on her neck.

Monica felt her soul being sucked out of her as he fed on her. She was slowly losing consciousness.

I'm sorry, Cade.....

She thought, right before she succumbed to exhaustion.

Draven couldn't stop. Her blood was too sweet. It was the best that he had ever tasted. Perhaps the blood of a werewolf was different. He ravished her and enjoyed its sweetness until he felt that there was no more. He retracted his fangs and licked the wound close. He held her limp body for a while before looking into her face.

This wasn't how he wanted it to happen. He wanted to make love to her and mark her, not feed on her. But he had lost to his feral side. He looked at her closed eyes. Her pale face was as white as a sheet.

“F**k...” he cursed. He had sucked her dry and now he wasn't sure if she would survive.

“s**t!” He cursed as he lifted her and carried her towards the bed. He laid her on the mattress and stared at her motionless body.

Wiping his mouth, he looked at the candlestick holder that was now lying among the shattered pieces of glass. Droplets of her blood contrasted against the white tiles on the floor.

Before he could do anything about it, he received an urgent message through the link he had formed with the rogue vampires – his coven members.

“Your Highness! We are being attacked! Your father and the royal army is also with them!”

One of his loyal fighters urgently exclaimed.

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 32

Draven urgently glanced at the unconscious girl on his bed. Only time could tell if she made it. But it looked like he didn't have that.

“s**t!” He cursed. “How did dad find out about this place?” He dashed out of the room. He heard grunts and swords clashing and instantly realised that they had entered the palace.

He wasn't ready to fight against his father's army yet. He knew his men would lose. Hiding behind a pillar, he peeked at the fight that was going on downstairs.

Just a few rogues were struggling against his father's warriors. Another thing was that the royal vampire army was fortified with wolves and lycans.

“s**t! We don't stand a chance! Everyone! Escape!” He ordered through their link. He knew whoever could leave would escape the battle at once. He didn't know how many had died already and he didn't have time to find out.

He hastily rushed towards the private compartment once again. He wanted to leave. But he didn't want to leave the girl there.

He looked out of the window. Maybe, he could jump out of it, but would it be possible with Monica in his hands? He stood at the window contemplating whether he should jump or not. He glanced at Monica's motionless body. She was still as white as a sheet and displayed no signs of life. He had seen people die in this situation and he honestly had no idea if she was dead or not.

He stepped towards her and studied her face.

"Gah! She most probably is dead!" He exclaimed and rushed towards the window. He was going to jump out in an attempt to save himself. He couldn't let his father catch him in here.

He grabbed the windowsill and was about to climb in when he heard footsteps rushing into the room.

"Freeze!"

He felt as though his heart had stopped beating completely. That was undoubtedly his father's voice. He was too scared to move and soon, he wasn't able to move a muscle. That could mean only one thing. His father had used his powers of immobilising on him.

"Draven! I cannot believe this! What has made you stoop so low?" His voice was stern yet filled with hurt and pain.

"Little bro..... so it was true...."

His brother, Crown Prince Damien's voice made Draven want to barf.

"I was hoping that the wolves were mistaken or something like that...even after the witch who came with them displayed what had happened..... I" Damien stuttered.

Draven wanted to roll his eyes in annoyance.

"Guards! Seize him!" His father, the King ordered and his loyal warriors quickly obliged.

By this time Cassy and the Dark Howl Pack's leaders had arrived at the scene with Cade and Philip right behind them. Cade desperately looked around,

hoping to catch a glimpse of his mate. When his eyes fell on her lifeless body, he felt as though the ground shook underneath.

“No! Mate!” He gasped and rushed to her side. Philip too dashed to her side. Cassy and the others followed them. They gasped, shocked to see her like that. Pale and lifeless as though she was dead.

“Is she..... no...she can't be dead...” Philip's heart thudded in his chest as he looked from Miles to Cade with widened eyes.

Calli gulped down a lump and touched Monica's forehead with a trembling hand. Her heart plummeted. Monica was as cold as ice. Reluctantly, she glanced at her brother, who was staring at Monica's motionless body without blinking.

“No! No, she isn't dead....sheshe must be tired...yeah. She is sleeping....” His throat tightened. His eyes fell on the two puncture marks on her neck. It wasn't a mating mark. It was a sign that a vampire had fed on her.

His heart raced as he took deep gasps of breath. “She isn't dead..... please...”

He continued to deny as he kneeled beside her, holding her hands. When he realised that her hand was icy cold, he started to rub it in between his hands.

“Babe....please, wake up. The fog is making you cold. Mate.... Mate wake up....”

His voice gradually reduced to a mere whisper. Sobs started to escape his lips and Aspen howled in his mind. He seldom cried. A tough childhood had taught him to be strong and face what life threw at him. However, seeing his mate like this was unbearable.

He threw a hateful glance at the restrained vampire prince. Growling, he sneered at him.

“You! You fed on her! Look at what you did! You had no right!” He screamed, slowly getting up from the ground. Aspen wanted to tear the vampire apart. He had hurt his mate. Cade's claws slowly elongated. He was ready to shred the pathetic vampire into tiny pieces. Had he been untamed, he wouldn't have hesitated.

“Cade! Control!” Cassy ordered and Cade had no choice except to obey his superior.

“Draven needs to be taken to court. Don’t place yourself in this mess, Cade,” she advised.

The vampire king and his eldest witnessed the heart rendering scene. They knew that Draven undoubtedly will have to face punishment. He needs to be penalised for his actions.

Yet, the King was having a hard time believing that his son would do something like that. However, he couldn’t deny what he was seeing and hearing.

“Draven! What is this? I have a lot of questions. There are a lot of things that I want to understand. I have provided everything you need and want. I tried to fulfil your every whine. I cannot digest this.” The vampire king shook his head in disbelief. Sighing, “but right now I need your answer to one question....Why?” He asked, looking intently at his son, Draven.

“Speak!” He ordered, releasing the invisible force he had used to restrain Draven. The guards had handcuffed him and four, well trained guards surrounded him. So he wouldn’t be able to escape.

“Why, son?” He bitterly repeated his question.

Draven scoffed.”Why? Are you asking me why? You always treat me as the second best. Damien is the first. First in everything. And even if he bullied me, you will simply brush it off. I hate that! I f*****g hate that! And after everything, he will be crowned king! I will not tolerate that!”

“What?” Neither the King nor the Crown Prince could believe their ears.

“I didn’t bully you...” Damien tried to speak but was rudely interrupted.

“Oh f**k! You did! You always did! You had always been belittling me since childhood. Why in the world are you acting as you cared for me now? Huh?” Draven vented.

“You will snatch away blocks and other toys from me and when I cry, mom and dad will simply tell you to share! They don’t punish you for being a huge bully!” Draven shrieked.

“What the hell!” Damien exclaimed. “That was childhood! I didn’t even take it seriously!”

“Silence! I have heard enough!” The vampire King turned towards Cassy.

“I am extremely ashamed about what had happened, Your Majesty. And I am sorry that I had doubted you. Please don’t hold a grudge against our kingdom. Draven needs to learn a lesson. I know he had wronged your people. But please your Highness, let me take care of my son.” He pleaded.

Sighing, Cassy glanced at the king.

“What do you intend to do?” She asked.

“I feel that he is having a serious mental illness. He will be locked up in the mental asylum in our kingdom. He needs treatment. But of course, he will be retributed for the damage he had caused after his treatment.” He begged.

“Fine. But if you fail, or if he ever comes to attack us ever again, believe me, I won’t spare him. He should never set foot on our land hereafter. I will order all the werewolf packs to kill him on sight.” She warned.

After a short pause, the king nodded in agreement.

“Don’t worry, Queen of the wolves. If he doesn’t change, I wouldn’t mind his death. This is my last attempt to redeem him. I hope he changes,” he sighed and gestured to his men to take him away.

“And Damien, you are in charge of tearing this place down. I don’t want this place to witness the next sunrise,” he told his eldest son, who bowed down in respect.

Damien looked at the remaining warriors. “Check the whole place. And tell me what you find. We must see what Draven has been up to and what he hid in this place before we demolish the building. And we must work fast. We have just a few hours before sunrise.” He instructed his men and they hastened to carry out the orders.

He glanced at the mourning wolves sympathetically. Pursing his lips, he sighed.

“You...should take her and leave. I need to get our men to work as soon as possible. You heard dad’s order.” He somberly said. Miles and Calli glanced at each other while Cassy and Elliot nodded.

Cade continued to stare at Monica with tears rolling down his cheeks. An awkward silence followed. No one knew what to say.

“I didn’t feel her pain....” Cade broke the silence. “She is my mate.... But I didn’t feel it...maybe she is still alive...” he whispered hopefully.

Calli couldn’t stop her tears. She had never seen him so broken. Even when their parents died years ago. But back then, Cade was too small to understand anything. Miles grabbed her shoulder and gave it a little squeeze. Ava and Nolan were speechless. So was Amara And Castor.

“Please tell me she is alive,” Cade begged.

“Let me check for a pulse,” Amara stepped in and held her hand. She tried hard to feel a pulse, however, there was nothing. After a while, she looked at Ava. Frowning, she shook her head. She didn’t have the courage to look at Cade, who was watching her every move.

“Maybe because she wasn’t marked.....” Amelia who was silently watching them mumbled. She may be a witch, yet she knew that mates were supposed to mark each other.

“No....” Cade gasped and he collapsed onto the ground. Wheezing, he covered his face in despair.

“No!”

Everyone in the room had their hearts torn apart. She left too soon. Just as mysteriously as she arrived into their lives, she was gone.

“We must leave,” Miles finally mumbled. Despite the pain and sorrow, they had to do what they must.

“But, my mate....” Cade whimpered.

“Cade....” Calli sat beside her brother and hugged him tightly. “Please... please be strong. For me...for her....she wouldn’t want you to be weak,” she begged.

“Let’s go. We have to take her body back to the pack and arrange her funeral,” Miles solemnly mumbled.

Hearing about making the arrangements for his mate’s funeral felt surreal to Cade. He stared at his alpha and then at the Queen before he shifted his gaze towards his sleeping mate. The little hope of her waking up slowly diminished as he stared into her now completely white face. Philip, who wiped away a lone tear, offered his hand for Cade to stand up.

“She was the strongest she-wolf I have ever heard of,” he whispered.

Cade closed his eyes, allowing the tears to flow freely from the tear ducts. He couldn’t believe that they were too late.

She was gone.

The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 33

Cade lifted Monica’s limp body in his arms. As much as it hurt him, he wanted to be part of her funeral. His heart wept as he turned around to leave. Just then, one of the vampire guards came, dragging a frail blond female vampire into the room.

She looked weak and the bruises on her pale body reminded the wolves of Monica when they first met them. She timidly stared at her feet, seemingly she was too scared to look up.

“What? Who is this?” Damien asked, frowning.

“A girl we found. She was hiding in one of the kitchen cabinets,” the guard explained, shoving her in front of the prince.

“Look at me!” Damien ordered.

Trembling, the young vampire looked up and gulped.

“Who are you? And what are you doing here?” He demanded.

The female seemed to recognise Damien. She suddenly fell on her knees, bowing her head in front of the heir to the crown. She has always hoped that one day she would be saved. Perhaps this was the day.

“Your Majesty!” She gasped. “I am Celeste. I was kidnapped from the kingdom earlier this year. I was homeless and while I tried to hunt for a wild animal to feed on, they grabbed me. It has been a couple of months since I was abducted and forced into slavery. Please....please your Majesty, save me from this hell,” she pleaded, lacing her fingers together.

“Kidnapped! Good Lord! I can’t believe Draven.....he is beyond crazy!” Damien was dumbfounded. He had never thought that his younger brother was a maniac.

“I can’t believe this! Are there any more of you?” He asked, now not knowing what to expect.

“There is a room full of his slaves. Vampires and humans.....” Celeste whispered, shocking every ear that heard her.

Inhaling deeply, “Good gracious! Find them all! We shall release them. The king must know about this!” Damien exclaimed as he glanced at the vampire female.

“Get up Celeste. You will not endure the pain anymore. My brother is now captured,” he sighed. “And guards! Find that room! Now!” Damien ordered.

“It is downstairs. The huge black door on the right,” Celeste informed them.

Grateful that the days of torture was finally over, she slowly stood up and looked around. When she saw Monica’s limp body, her lips parted and her forehead wrinkled in a frown.

“Ma’am...” she whispered. “What.... He fed on her....”

She stepped closer, her creases deepening.

“Oh....she was the only one who showed any kind of respect and compassion towards me....she doesn’t deserve this....” Celeste whispered, lifting her hand to trace the puncture marks on Monica’s neck.

“Ma’am. You must heal...” she whispered and closed her eyes.

Cade watched in anticipation. He wondered what she was up to. His wolf Aspen too was on his toes.

“Will she....will she live?” Aspen gasped

Once again, Cade felt hopeful. Maybe a vampire could heal her. They had special powers.

“What are you doing?” He expressed his curiosity as he carefully studied her actions. Celeste didn’t answer. She seemed to be deeply engrossed in something.

“But...can a soul come back to its body after departing?” Aspen asked Cade through their link.

The creases on Cade’s forehead deepened. He didn’t know how to answer that question. He found himself hoping that Celeste was able to do something to bring her back.

“Maybe she isn’t dead....” Cade replied to Aspen after a short pause.

Celeste opened her eyes and smiled. Everyone was waiting for her to say something.

“I used to work as a healer before I lost my job in a clinic I used to work in. I eventually became homeless but I still have the skills.” She spoke.

Calli stepped forward. “Can you bring back a dead person?” She eagerly asked.

Chuckling at her question, she shook her head.

“No. If the person is dead, I can’t. Once the soul leaves the body, it is too late for me to do anything. But if I get there in time, I might be able to help.” She replied, her smile widening.

“And for this ma’am, I’d do anything. She had saved me from being punished tonight. So I’ll do anything to save her,” she added.

Cade’s heart thumped.

“You mean...she isn’t dead?” He breathed out. His grip on Monica’s body tightened as he pulled her closer to his heart.

“She isn’t dead, right?”

Smiling sweetly, Celeste nodded. “She isn’t dead. But yes, she is extremely weak, because she has lost a lot of blood. However, I could feel a faint pulse.

It is so faint that one might think that she is gone. But her soul had not completely separated from her body," Celeste explained.

"I have given her heart a little boost. She will heal with time. Let her rest. She needs special nutrients and a blood transfusion." Celeste explained.

"s**t!" Miles cursed. "Blood transfusion from who? Please don't tell me that we need the blood from the alpha of her original pack," he mumbled.

"No, blood from her soulmate will be good. Soulmates are part of each other. You wolves easily find their soulmates unlike any of us. You have an incredible sense of smell," Celeste said, shrugging.

"That's great! I'll give blood! What are we waiting for! Let's go!" Cade exclaimed, glancing desperately at Miles.

"Uhexcuse me. I think you should hurry to the hospital in our kingdom. It is closer. You can leave after she is treated," Prince Damien interfered. "It is the least we could do after the trouble my brother has caused," he added looking at Miles.

"If our Queen allows, we don't have any objections...." Miles glanced at Cassy.

"Of course! We must hurry. The sooner the better!" She exclaimed.

Philip stepped forward, looking intently at Celeste. Ever since this little vampire was brought into the room, his wolf Boone had been enthusiastic. Although he had tried to ignore her, he couldn't. He knew that she would leave to go back to her kingdom and start a life once again. But when she was the key to saving Monica, the she-wolf he saw as a little sister, he had to thank her.

He held out his hand to shake hands with her.

"Thank you so much for helping us," he said.

Smiling, she accepted the handshake and looked at the wolf who had stepped forward to thank her.

Her smile instantly vanished when she felt strange sparks where their skin contacted. As soon as their eyes made contact, Philip went stiff. His eyes dilated and his muscles tensed.

“Mate! Mate!” Boone exclaimed, elated that he found his second chance mate.

Gulping, “Mate!” He whispered after a little while.

Her eyes widened, and her jaw hung open.

“What?” She gasped.

“Mate?” Cassy asked, a wide grin spreading across her face. “That’s awesome!” She exclaimed.

Damien the Prince creased his forehead. “Is that how you find your mates?” He asked, looking at the wolf who looked like he might pounce on Celeste.

Cassy chuckled. “Well, I guess you can say that,” she said, glancing at the Crown Prince.

“So, let’s take her to the hospital. Time is ticking,” she said, highlighting the more important task they had to attend to.

Monica and Cade were taken in for the blood transfusion. The doctors and nurses at the hospital commended Celeste for her little boost since it had played a crucial role in saving her dying heart.

Everyone waited in the waiting area. Prince Damien informed his father about what had happened and waited with the wolves to hear about the girl.

“Thank you, Celeste. You are a lifesaver,” Calli held her hand as they sat side by side. “I was scared of what might happen to my brother... thank you so much,” she said and glanced at Philip.

“She saved me and I saved her,” Celeste smiled at Calli.

“Uh...there is another thing. About your mate.....”

“I am blessed,” Celeste beamed as she cut her in and Calli’s eyes lit up.

“I would love to be with my soulmate. But before I leave, I must ask permission from the king,” she said, her ever smiling face gleaming with joy.

Philip, who had been listening to their conversation instantly grinned from ear to ear. He had feared that he might have to suffer another rejection. But it looked like he was blessed with a beautiful and loving mate this time. She was a vampire, but he didn't care. She was his mate and he would love her for eternity.

"I don't think father would object. Who are we to separate soulmates? That is a bond formed by a superior form. We don't have the right to rebel against that," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

A nurse entered the waiting area, looking for Monica's guardians.

"Her heart is slowly getting stronger. She might have to be hospitalised for a day or two. We shall let her go home as soon as she is strong enough to leave," she said just as Cade entered the room after her.

"And there is one more thing. I think all of you should be aware of this," the nurse inhaled deeply.

"Since she was bitten by a royal and on a full moon night, there is a possibility that she might turn," she informed and Cade went stiff.

A moment of silence filled the room.

"What?" Cade hissed, snapping his head towards the nurse.

"She might turn. But only time could tell.... I know it is hard to digest. We never had a connection between vampires and wolves and a wolf had never been turned before," she pursed her lips.

"Will she still remember me?" Cade suddenly asked, stepping in front of the nurse.

"Yes. Of course. Why would she forget you? You are her other half," she replied. "She isn't getting amnesia. She might be more like a hybrid...."

"Oh," Cade shrugged. "I don't care. I didn't care when she couldn't shift. I don't care what she is, as long as she is fine and still mine," he mumbled and sighed.

Cassy's lips slowly curved in a smile as she glanced at Ava, the only hybrid she knew. Perhaps there was going to be more to come in her Kingdom.

“A hybrid..... I like the sound of that,” she smirked.

“But only time could tell. I informed you because of the possibility. I thought you all should know,” the nurse hastily added.

“Of course, you did the right thing,” Cassy replied, beaming in satisfaction.

The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 34

Cade stared intently at Monica’s sleeping form. It was the second day since they saved her from the rogue palace and the doctors were very satisfied with the progress she was making.

However, Cade was not happy that she was still in deep slumber. At least her pale face was now rosy and her breathing was steady. Cade was positive that she would eventually wake up, however, his patience was getting thin.

“For how long do I have to wait for her to open her eyes. I miss those deep brown orbs. I yearn to gaze into her beautiful eyes and hear her wonderful voice. I want to talk to her and hold her in my arms. I want to kiss her again..... I” Cade’s heart thumped as he complained to his wolf through their link.

“I will never let her out of my sight ever again.” He gasped.

A moment of silence passed. Both Aspen and Cade were sharing the same pain. Both of them were anxious. Although they were seeing progress, they couldn’t settle until she woke up.

“I know what you mean. I feel the same,” Aspen sighed. “At least she is still with us and she isn’t as cold as ice anymore,” he mumbled, and Cade nodded in agreement.

“I hope she wakes up soon. The doctors are expecting her to regain consciousness today sometime.”

Cade was lost in his dialogue with his wolf when Calli and Miles entered the room. They stayed back in the vampire territory while the others went back to the werewolf pack with their warriors. Cassy and Elliot went back to the kingdom since everything seemed to be stable. The pack’s beta and gamma couple had assured them that they would take care of the pack’s issues while Miles and Calli stayed with Cade in the hospital.

Everything was going perfectly well, just one thing remained and that was Monica waking up.

Calli frowned when she saw that her brother was lost in his thoughts. Her eyes shifted at Monica, hoping to catch a sign of life. She knew Monica's body needed time to heal, but according to the doctors, she should be waking up anytime now.

Slowly, Monica's motionless fingers moved. Calli's lips stretched in a smile when she noticed that.

Gasping in her excitement, she rushed towards the bed.

"Look! Her fingers!" Her face was as bright as the full moon as she squealed.

"What!" Cade jumped up from the seat while Miles too rushed towards her.

Calli was right. Monica was showing the first signs of life. Cade's heart palpitated and his breathing accelerated as he grabbed her hand. The sparks of the mate bond erupted when their bare skin touched, easing his nerves to some extent.

Tears welled in his eyes. The sparks and her alluring scent was proof that she still belonged to him. He inhaled, trying his best to compose himself.

"She is coming back to us," Aspen too was undoubtedly emotional.

"She is.." Cade's voice quivered as he squeezed her hand.

Calli fought against the tears that kept brimming in her eyes. She knew how hard it was to endure the pain of losing a mate. She had lost her first mate years ago and she considered herself fortunate that she was blessed with a second chance mate. She continued to struggle against her sniffles and sobs. Her throat had tightened as she was overwhelmed with emotions.

Feeling her distress through their bond, Miles stepped close to her. He snaked his arm around her waist and pulled her closer, attempting to calm her down.

"Hey," he whispered, placing a soft kiss in her hair.

"Babe," she gasped, glancing at her mate." She is waking up," she chuckled through her tears.

Smiling, Miles nodded in encouragement.

“I know,” Miles whispered and looked at Monica who was now moving slightly. He was glad that he didn’t lose a pack member, especially since she was Cade’s mate – the boy who gave him company and pulled him out of anguish when he needed it the most.

Monica groaned as she winced. Her eyes fluttered open, yet closed as soon as she opened it since the brightness of the room was too much for her to handle.

Beaming widely, and trying to prevent the tears from rolling down his cheeks, Cade leaned forward and caressed her hair.

“Moni?” He whispered, addressing her with the nickname he had given her. She groaned in response. She was now conscious.

Softly kissing her forehead, Cade let the tears of joy roll out of his tear ducts.

“Babe....” He gasped. When he looked into her face, she was smiling and looking at him in contentment.

“You came...” her voice was frail.

“Of course, I did,” he chuckled humorlessly.

Sucking in a breath, she smiled weakly.

“I thought... I thought I was dying...” she mumbled.

“Shhh,” Cade hushed her. “I’m sorry I let that happen. I should have done more to protect you,” Cade muttered, smiling sadly.

“No. It wasn’t your fault. He hypnotised me. I was under the influence of a vampiric trance. It was inevitable, I guess,” Monica responded, denying Cade’s statement.

“She is right, Cade. Don’t beat yourself. Our Monica is strong enough to survive this,” Calli’s face was now streaming with tears of joy.

Monica’s weak smile widened a little when she realised that the alpha couple was in the room.

“Alpha, Luna,” she whispered.

“Shh. It’s ok. And it’s Miles and Calli. We are family, aren’t we?” Calli forced a little laugh.

Sighing in contentment, Monica looked around and realised that she wasn’t in the pack. The place looked different. The pack’s infirmary wasn’t new to her, and this for sure was not the pack.

Frowning, “where are we?” She asked.

“Wait, first have some water,” Calli offered, pouring a glass of water for Monica.

“We are still in vampire territory. The King and the Crown Prince offered to treat you in their hospital since you needed urgent medical attention. We were waiting for you to wake up. I think we can go home now,” Cade told her, as she drank the water.

Monica’s frown deepened. “But....Draven? Wasn’t he the Prince?” She was confused.

“Draven is the king’s second born. He is now captured and the king promised that he will punish him,” Miles explained. “He is in the mental hospital at the moment. The king hoped to treat him before the retribution,” he added.

Monica’s eyes widened. “Wow. A lot has happened,” she mumbled, shifting on the bed. “I hope he never gets out of there. He was the worst....worse than Baron, and all my life I had been thinking he was the worst.”

Sighing, “he won’t get you again. Don’t worry,” Cade assured her.

Suddenly, Monica’s eyes widened. The memories of the horrific room she had seen flooded back to her.

“Cade!” She gasped. “The room! The ladies! They...he... they need to be saved!” She exclaimed, suddenly jerking up from the bed.

“Hey....relax. Are you talking about some females he had enslaved?” Cade spoke as softly as he could.

“Enslaved? I don’t know what that was! It was the most horrifying thing I have ever witnessed!” She wheezed.

“They are all released now....well, all those who survived,” Miles informed her.

She blinked. A moment of silence followed.

“You mean...they are free now?”

They nodded their heads as a response. Calli pursed her lips. It was a pity that some lives were lost, yet she was happy to learn that at least some of them had escaped the clutches of death. At least they were now free. She didn't even know who they were. Perhaps they were females of different species Draven managed to lure into his trap. Her mind drifted to the young vampire female she met in the house of horrors – Celeste. She just hoped that Celeste made it.

“Who were they?” She wondered out loud.

“It seems that Draven had a habit of enslaving females, vampires and humans. He used them as s*x slaves and blood bags,” Calli told her.

Monica shook her head in disbelief. Gulping, she closed her eyes.

“He is a dangerous maniac. He should never be allowed to walk free,” she stated. “I don't care what he says or does, I will never trust that lunatic!” She said, clutching the bedsheet in her fists. She thought she hated Baron the most, but Draven was undoubtedly worse than him.

“But that doesn't make Baron any better. He rape.d our mom, remember?” She heard Asena's voice in her head.

“Asena!” She gasped in excitement. Her heart fluttered in joy, thankful that her wolf had survived the ordeal.

“Hi, girlfriend.” Asena giggled.

“How are you?” Monica wanted to know if her wolf was weakened because of what she had gone through.

“Better than ever!” She exclaimed. “I've never felt this energised. I am back, girl! I can't wait to get the eff out of this hospital!” She chirped, making Monica laugh internally.

“The doctor will arrive in a few hours. We will request them to discharge you and when the sun rises, we will go back to the pack,” Miles said after some time.

“That sounds great!” Calli agreed. Cade too nodded in agreement. “I can’t wait to go back home,” he said, running his fingers through Monica’s hair.

She finally was able to smile in contentment. “Me too,” she whispered as closed her eyes to rest for a while.

Meanwhile, in the deserted packhouse of the Red Wings pack, Elijah contemplated his life choices. It had been only a couple of days since his mate cursed them and left. In addition to the agony of not having his mate beside him, he had to endure the humiliation of turning into a toad in front of the few remaining warriors.

He had to listen to their jeers and taunts. What was worse than not being able to say anything in response to their insults? Baron seemed to have shut himself in his quarters and Elijah was too exhausted to make an effort to speak to him.

Each night, his usually silent wolf complained to him. Being cursed to be a toad was painful for him.

“It is all your fault! Didn’t you have a brain? Didn’t you know that what you were doing was wrong?” He scolded Elijah every night.

“I’m sorry... I now realise that it was wrong. But....”

“It is too late! You’re half-witted! Did you know that?” He huffed. “I don’t want to be cursed forever! You better find Monica and beg her to forgive us. If you don’t, I’ll leave you forever!” His wolf, Fenris warned.

His wolf’s warning made his heart race. If his wolf leaves him, the situation will go from bad to worse. Then, he’ll be a toad by day and a human by night. But, his wolf too didn’t do his part.

Grimacing, “Well, you could have tried to make me understand. I mean, I accept that I’m at fault. I was wrong and nothing will change that. But you too didn’t make an effort to stop me,” Elijah pointed out.

That left Fenris speechless. Both of them knew that what had happened couldn't be reversed. Their only hope was finding Monica and pleading with her to forgive them.

"Fine. Let's find her. I think she'll be in vampire territory. We have gone there once, and risking our lives once again would be worth it. Too bad we can't go there during the day anymore," Fenris mumbled.

"Right," Elijah glanced at the starry sky and sighed. "We better hurry. We will be able to reach the domain of the vamps before sunrise if we leave now."

He quickly shifted into his wolf and sped out of the packhouse. Without glancing back, he dashed towards the thick foliage of the woods. He was determined to reverse everything.

"She'll forgive me," he kept repeating in his head.

When he reached the vampire territory, it was pretty late at night. He was shocked to find the palace they met Draven was now abolished. Just a pile of broken rocks and debris remained. There was no sign of Draven or any of the rogue vampires.

"What happened?" He wondered as he looked around.

"Focus on what's important!" Fenris ordered.

Elijah used his wolf senses and sniffed the air, hoping to catch a whiff of her scent. But nothing.

Soon the sky started to show signs of the rising sun. Elijah stared at the horizon in horror.

"No!" He gasped.

He wished the sun wouldn't rise, however, who was he to stop that? As soon as the natural torch rose over the horizon, Elijah's body morphed into that of a slimy green toad.

His eyes moved around. He was still aware of what was happening, however, he was a toad now.

He hopped around the ruins of the palace that Draven once owned.

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 35

"Do you want to see the ruins of the rogue palace?" Miles asked as they walked out of the hospital. The doctor had agreed to discharge her from the hospital since she had woken up and her wolf was on full alert. She had made a remarkable recovery and since her wolf was still with her, her healing process would accelerate.

"The rogue palace?" Monica inquired, glancing towards Miles.

"Yeah. The one they held you captive. Draven was recruiting rogues for years. He was trying to take over the throne after defeating his brother Damien the Crown Prince," he explained.

Monica gaped at Miles, finding it hard to believe.

"Wow, sounds like a failed coup d'etat," she mumbled, arching her brows.

"Yup. And the king had ordered the palace to be demolished at once. Do you want to see it before we leave?" Calli asked as they walked together.

"Yeah, let's go and see it. I would love to see the remains of that horrid place," Monica replied, her heart swelling with contentment. She was grateful that she survived the nasty experience and hearing about the downfall of those lunatics gave her a whole new level of satisfaction.

Monica's heart thumped in her chest as they approached the wreckage. She stared at the place, stupefied. It was hard for her to believe that the palace that she once was held captive in was now in ruins. It was nothing but a bunch of broken bricks. However, the foundations of the palace and parts of its pillars remained.

Smiling in triumph, she walked onto the tiled part of the floor. She carefully stepped over the scattered rocks and inspected the place. She noticed the remnants of the staircase that she had used a couple of times. Her eyes shifted in the direction where the forbidden door was. The door was completely broken and lying in the form of useless pieces of wood.

The room of harrows was truly gone. The memories of what she saw made the hair rise on the back of her neck. It was truly a delight that it now ceased to exist.

“What a joy,” she whispered to herself, as she touched the remnant of a broken pillar.

“I’m loving every bit of it!” She snickered, as she looked around. “I’m glad that the vampire king destroyed this place.”

Cade felt his heart flutter when he saw how appeased his mate looked. Holding her hand, he nodded.

“Me too,” he mumbled.

Pursing her lips, she looked at a broken cage that was lying a few feet away from her.

“I feel bad for those who lost their lives. However, at least the others are free. I wish them happiness in their lives,” she sighed.

Nodding in agreement, “let’s go home,” Calli mumbled.

Just as the four of them started to walk away from what remained of Draven’s palace, a little toad hopped around the debris. Its eyes moved with the movements of the four wolves. He knew who they were. Among them was the girl he was looking for. However, he didn’t know how he could get their attention.

Elijah hopped after them, feeling a mixture of emotions. He was so close to his target, however, it was a pity that none of them would recognise him in that form.

Wait!

He wanted to call out, however, the best he could do was let out an ugly croak. It didn’t go unheard by the sharp hearing sense of the wolves. Yet, they ignored it. Hearing the croak of a toad in the forest wasn’t something bizarre.

Damn!

He cursed when he saw three of them morph into their wolves. He watched with an aching heart as Monica climbed on one of the wolves and sped off.

No!

He gasped internally. He knew they were on their way to go back to their pack. He knew that he wouldn't be able to keep up with three wolves running at full speed. His quest to beg for forgiveness will have to wait till night falls. Until then, he will have to stay alive.

He cautiously looked around, since he understood that he had to fight for survival. He would have to outsmart any lurking predator that thought that he was a tasty snack.

A slight movement caught his eye. It was a bug that was crawling out from the leaves of a nearby bush. His mouth watered. And before he could stop himself, his toad instincts reacted and he swallowed the unsuspecting bug. A moment passed by before he realised what he had done.

What the hell! Did I just eat a bug?!

He groaned mentally. Elijah couldn't help but cringe. Eating bugs for breakfast was not his idea of a healthy meal. Soon, he started to feel drowsy.

f**k this toad's life! I can't believe toads sleep during the day!

He cursed himself as he fought to stay awake until he found a safe place to rest. When he noticed the soft earth beside a pile of rocks, he mentally rejoiced.

Yes! A place to bury me in!

He quickly crawled towards it and started to dig a hole so that he could rest inside. When he thought he had dug deep enough, he settled inside. It was time to sleep.

I can't believe I am starting to think and behave like a toad. I better get rid of this stupid curse soon. Well, karma has got me for real. I'll have to wait until the sun sets....

He sighed as he slowly dozed off.

Monica enjoyed the ride on Aspen's back. This was the second time she rode on a wolf, however, riding on her mate's back was a better experience than riding on Philip's back.

His scent and the sparks of the mate bond continued to soothe her throughout the ride, making her sigh from time to time as she rode on Aspen's back.

Asena kept whimpering in joy. This was the first time they met Cade's wolf and both Monica and Asena agreed that Aspen was drop-dead gorgeous.

"I want to shift and meet my mate in person," Asena moaned in Monica's head. She held back a chuckle as she laced her fingers in Aspen's soft, dark brown fur.

"Maybe soon," she replied. She too wanted to shift. It would be her first, and it was an experience that she longed to have.

It took a couple of hours for the three wolves to reach their domain and as soon as they entered the perimeters of their pack, Miles and Calli left Cade and Monica alone, so that they could shift back to their human forms in peace. Monica gaped at the massive wolf when she saw how Aspen's limbs morphed. The dark brown fur disappeared and his snout shrunk until Cade's face emerged. His shoulder length hair matched that of Aspen's fur and his piercing blue eyes opened as soon as he shifted back. Monica was awestruck to witness such a majestic sight.

Soon Cade was standing in front of her in his naked glory and all that Monica could do was stare, wide-eyed and open-mouthed. Smirking, Cade sauntered up to her and without any warning, he grabbed her and covered her mouth with his in a needy kiss.

He continued to tug and pull her soft lips, savouring her taste and enjoying the moment. Their faces tingled with the sparks of their bond. Soon, she started to move her lips in synchronisation with his lips, the heat of their kiss increased with each passing second. Their hearts beat together in the same rhythm, as though they were one soul in two bodies.

By the time they pulled away, both of them were gasping for breath. Cade held her tight in his arms as he rested his forehead against hers.

"I missed you so much," he breathed out.

She cupped his cheeks and smiled as she inhaled deeply, enjoying his wonderful scent.

"I was so scared. I thought I lost you," he continued.

Chuckling, "I am yours, Cade. Always," she whispered in response as she played with his hair with one hand. Her other hand traced the bulging muscles of his biceps and chest and slowly trailed down towards his abs.

He shuddered. Her touch was magical. It made him feel emotions he never experienced in the past. Growling, he grabbed her hair and sniffed at the crook of her neck. Her breathing hitched.

"I don't have much patience, Moni. You don't know how hard it is for me to control Aspen from marking you. I don't care that we are in the woods and I'll be frank, Aspen surely wouldn't hesitate from marking you here, right now. So if you don't want me to ram into you out in the open, stop teasing me with these little fingers," he warned.

His breathy warning made her shudder in his hold. She gulped. She could feel his stiff member poking in her tummy. But she didn't want to stop. She was ready for him when she was abducted from home, and now, she was more than ready.

"What if I want this?" She whispered back and Cade went stiff. He took a moment to digest what he had heard.

"Do you want this?" He asked, in a low growl. Monica gulped. The palpitations of her heart had increased tenfold.

"Yes," she managed to whisper despite the tightness of her throat.

His eyes instantly darkened with lust as he leaned back to gaze into her orbs. He took a moment to study her face. He saw nothing but determination on it.

"Are you sure, mate?" He asked in a gruff voice.

Her heart hammered with the excitement she felt. Feeling bold, she grabbed his already stiff member and nodded.

"Yes."

A little whisper was enough. Cade ripped the baggy shirt she was wearing and tore the pair of jeans off her. Ever since she met Cade, Monica had always anticipated this moment. However, she never thought that she would feel comfortable being nude in front of him in the wild. Yet, here she was.

Her eyes rolled to the back of her head when he played with her using his hands and tongue.

“Relax, babe. Let me take control,” he whispered as he slowly lifted her while her back rested against the trunk of a tree.

Both of them plunged into the deep sea of desires. The whole atmosphere filled with their grunts and moans of pleasure as they solidified their bond. Yes, it was painful, but she didn't care. She was with the one she had fallen in love with. Her soulmate – her better half.

Cade felt his canines elongate. It was time for him to mark her as his. Just before he shot his seeds inside her, he plunged his canines into her marking spot causing her to yelp.

The pain was soon replaced with immense pleasure.

“Mmm,” she moaned while Cade ran his tongue over the mark.

He grinned as he admired it. The mark now announced to the whole world that she belonged to him. She was finally his.

Holding her tight, he brushed away the hair that was matted onto her forehead.

“You are mine,” he whispered. Gasping for breath, she let out a breathy laugh.

“Yes, yours,” she agreed.

“Let's go back to the packhouse,” Cade mumbled, slowly putting her back on her feet. However, she wasn't ready to stand on her own. Her legs were wobbly and her ladyhood was sore.

“Like this?” She gasped, grabbing onto his arms. “I can't go in naked..” she frowned.

Laughing, “we will use the back door. There is a door we use to enter the packhouse after going for a run,” he informed her.

“Okay,” she mumbled, attempting to stand, however she soon realised that she wasn't ready for that.

“Cade ...I don't think I can walk yet,” she told him, making him laugh.

He scooped her up in his arms. "I'll carry you," he said grinning.

A soft smile stretched her lips.

"Isn't he the best?" Asena whimpered. "I can't wait to shift so I can mark him too. I can feel the connection already. But once we mark him, our bond will be stronger than ever," Asena squealed.

"Soon, girl. I hope," I replied.

"Yes, soon.... hopefully," she agreed and went silent.