

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 36

Cade made sure that no one was around as he sneaked into the packhouse from the back door. He crept inside and dashed up the flight of stairs. Holding his breath, he ran towards their room which was a short distance away. He was sure that they were safe. No one saw them.

"We're almost there..." he gasped as he approached their room. He knew the door would be locked, so he placed Monica on the floor so that he could use the extra key he hid under the carpet to open the door.

Shaking in excitement, he took the key and inserted it into the keyhole when they heard a gasp from the distance.

"Oh my God! Cade?"

Cade felt as though he might rather disappear from plain sight. That was undoubtedly his sister. She caught them red handed. He quickly unlocked the door and grabbed Monica as he dashed inside before slamming the door shut.

"She saw us!" Monica felt her face heat up.

"We are not hearing the end of this," Cade groaned, face-palming himself.

Monica giggled when she saw how embarrassed her mate was.

"I mean...this isn't the first time she saw me nude, but I'm damn sure that she would understand what happened between us," he scratched his head.

Monica shrugged her shoulders. "Well, everyone will understand that it should happen between mates, right?"

Cade glanced at her. Her cheeks were tinted a light shade of pink and a bashful smile decorated her lips. Her wide eyes sparkled as she stared intently at him. Cade felt his embarrassment melt away. His gaze shifted towards the mark on the crook of her neck and his lips stretched in a smirk.

Making eye contact with her, he tucked the strands of hair off her face. He then slowly ran his fingers down her neck and traced the mark, making her hiss.

A shiver ran down her spine, making the hair on her skin rise. An immense feeling of pleasure travelled throughout her body, making her knees go weak. Her chest heaved as her breathing hitched and her racing heart made it worse. Her emotions were all over the place and she didn't know how to control them.

Cade knew what was happening to her. His face remained void as he kneaded one of her breasts with one hand as he pulled her body closer to her.

"You're right. They should understand that it will happen..."

His throaty whisper made Monica gulp.

"C.. Cade..." she gasped.

"Hmm."

He lowered his head so that he could sniff her hair and pepper kisses on her soft skin. He deliberately ran his tongue over his mark, making her moan.

"Cade," she whimpered.

"Yes, baby. Say my name," he whispered into her ears, making her shudder.

A new, and alluring scent hit Cade's nostrils making his senses go haywire. He paused whatever he was doing with his hands to inhale the enchanting scent. The more he inhaled the aroma, the more he desired it. The new scent was slowly pulling him into a trance.

"Mate!" He heard Aspen growl in his mind. "Mate needs us!"

Cade's eyes dilated and his mouth watered. Yes, his mate needs him. He slowly touched her ladyhood, only to find it soaking. Licking his lips as he played with her, he looked right into her eyes.

"What do you want?" He whispered, yet all Monica could do was moan in pleasure.

"Tell me!" He demanded.

"You...I need you....Cade... I need my mate..." she managed to breathe out in between her gasps of breath.

The scent that had been pulling him into a reverie took over his senses. And soon they were once again lost in their world of lust and love.

“I love you, Moni,” Cade whispered as he gasped for breath, after several rounds of lovemaking. Smiling in contentment, she snuggled close and sighed.

“I love you too, Cade,” she replied and closed her eyes.

“We better take a bath before anything else. I’m starving,” he breathed out.

Giggling, “me too. But I seriously want to stay in bed. My limbs are begging me to rest,” she replied.

“I can bring us food into the room,” Cade suggested. Monica’s face lit up.

“That would be great!” She exclaimed.

“But we need to clean ourselves,” Cade stood up from the bed. Without saying anything else, he scooped Monica up in his arms, making her yelp in surprise.

“I don’t think you can walk after all that,” he smirked. “So let me carry you. The warm water should relax your muscles to some extent,” he mumbled and carried her towards the bathroom.

They spent time washing their bodies, teasing each other while they were at it. After spending a fun time in the bath, they dressed themselves up before contacting Calli.

“Sissy, can you send us our lunch to the room please?” Cade told her.

“Why? Too exhausted to walk to the dining room after all that s*x?” She snorted. Cade flinched. He knew she would try to use this chance to tease him.

“Aw, come on,” he chuckled through their link, smiling in contentment.

“Sorry, just teasing you a bit. Sure, I’ll ask one of the maids,” Calli replied.

Cade’s eyes shifted towards the soiled sheets of the bed. Scratching the back of his head, he gulped.

“Uh...and we need a change of sheets too,” he said, and this time he couldn’t prevent the blood from rushing to his face.

He heard his sister suppress a laugh before she replied.

“Sure little bro,” she smugly replied. “I’ll send them,” she paused for a little while.

“Did you mark her?” She suddenly asked, taking Cade by surprise.

“Huh? Yeah...” he didn’t expect her to ask him that.

“Good. Because if you didn’t mark after all that, that’s going to be so weird,” she mumbled. “You guys were so loud!!!” She finally exclaimed and Cade could imagine how she would be smirking at him.

Groaning loudly, “don’t you have any duties to attend to? Maybe Astrea needs you,” Cade replied.

Laughing, “sure, I’ll leave you alone. The food and new sheets are on their way. Eat and rest well, not-so-little bro,” she chuckled before she cut their link.

Smiling as he shook his head, he leaned against the couch. Resting her head against his arm, “what did she say?” She asked.

Chuckling, “oh she is sending us what we need. But of course she wouldn’t let go of a chance to embarrass me,” he replied. “She asked if I marked you and I said yes,” he added, smiling.

Monica’s smile faltered a little. She was still not able to mark him and that saddened her a little. “Cade,” she sighed sadly. “Do you think I’ll be able to shift?”

Monica’s question caught him off guard.

“I think so,” he replied.

“What if I never can mark you?” She glanced at Cade, puckering her lips.

“Are you worried about that?” Cade was a little surprised. “But that is the least of my concern. I belong to you, no matter what!” He assured her. “But I have a feeling that Asena will soon find enough strength to shift,” he told her.

“Hell, yeah! I need to meet my mate!” Aspen cheered in Cade’s head.

The rest of the day was uneventful. Monica and Cade joined the regular duties of the pack. Monica was learning to work in the office with Calli and the other female leaders before she was abducted. So she joined them in Luna’s office. Everyone noticed that her scent had changed a little. It was now a mixture of her scent and Cade’s and it made them rejoice silently. She had finally gotten over the near-rape experience.

Monica was woken up by a strange feeling. She was without a doubt overheated. A feeling so bizarre forbade her from sleeping another minute. She glanced at Cade’s sleeping form and gulped. She didn’t want to disturb his peaceful sleep. However, the new feeling was pulling her into distress.

“Asena? What is happening?” She tried to contact her wolf, however, silence answered her. She frowned.

“Maybe a glass of water will cool me down,” she mumbled to herself and walked towards the water bottle that was kept on the side table. Suddenly her arms and legs started to itch.

“What is happening?” She gasped as she frantically scratched her arms.

“Asena! Where are you?” She cried internally.

She checked the time and realised that it was only 4 in the morning. Too early to wake Cade up. But she needed help and even her wolf was not responding to her calls of distress.

She glanced at her arms and her eyes widened when she saw black fur sprouting from her skin.

“What?” She gasped. She realised that she was shifting. She desperately glanced at the closed window in the room. She knew she had to move if she didn’t want to wake Cade up, but she wasn’t sure if she would be able to in this situation.

Slowly, her limbs started to throb in pain. She covered her mouth, trying to prevent herself from screaming. Lentils of sweat trickled down her face, as she fought against it.

However, the pain intensified to the extent that she could no longer remain silent.

“Aaah!” She screamed, waking her sleeping mate.

“What? Moni! Where?!.....” Cade sprung up from the bed and rushed towards her.

He instantly understood what was happening and pulled her into his arms.

“Shh... don’t fight it. Let it happen,” he cooed.

“I’m here for you mate,” he assured her.

Little droplets of tears escaped through her closed eyelids as she whimpered in agony. However, she knew Cade was right. She tried her best to relax and soon she started to feel her limbs change shape.

She was petrified hence she couldn’t open her eyes to see how her body was changing. All she knew was her entire body was throbbing painfully as the bones and the muscles rearranged. Her nose elongated, to form her snout. By the time she felt that everything was over, she felt as though her sense of smell had heightened.

She quickly opened her eyes, to see Cade grinning at her, staring with awe.

“Asena, you’re gorgeous! Just like my Moni,” he said.

“I’m so glad that we shifted to this larger room. Otherwise, it would have been a huge problem,” he chuckled, stroking Asena’s black fur. “You are an Alpha wolf. This is the first time I’m seeing an alpha female,” he proudly stated, admiring his mate’s wolf form.

Monica was watching awestruck as Cade spoke to Asena.

“I’m glad he thinks we are beautiful,” she mumbled, smiling in satisfaction.

“That we are girlfriend,” she heard Asena’s reply. Smiling, she relaxed. She knew it was time for Asena to meet Cade and perhaps his wolf.

“Aspen is eager to meet you. Do you want to go for a run?” He asked, flashing a lopsided grin.

Asena nodded her head and huffed out a puff of breath.

“Very well then. But stay close to us. I don’t want to lose sight of you,” he said and shifted into his brown wolf – Aspen after opening the window so they could jump out of it.

The two wolves leapt out of the window and raced out of the packhouse. Since it was deep into the night, the entire road was deserted. They raced each other until they entered the woods. However, as soon as they did, Cade skidded to a halt.

His senses were alerting him of a foreign scent.

Rogues?

He wondered.

The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 37

Aspen quickly jumped in front of Asena, and looked around. Although Asena was an alpha, Aspen felt protective over her and his instinct to keep her away from danger kicked in. Asena too had smelt the strange scent. Narrowing her eyes, she sniffed the air. There was something familiar about that smell. However, she couldn’t lay her finger on it. Curious, she stepped aside. She wanted to investigate.

However, Aspen started to push her towards the pack with his snout and indicated using his massive head to follow him. It seemed to her that Aspen was worried about the rogues.

Aspen desperately tried to push her away from the woods. He kept wondering if he should try to mind link her. He knew marking her would form a link between them. But since she had not marked him yet, he wasn’t sure if it was possible.

But he had to try ...

“Let’s go! We shouldn’t wait here. We are not alone,” he urgently mind linked her. It was their first mind link. Although it was not as strong as it should be, Asena heard Aspen’s voice loud and clear.

“But I think I know that smell,” she retorted and squinted into the thick foliage of the forest.

“Asena! No! Let’s go!” Aspen insisted, however, Asena didn’t seem to listen. She took a step further into the forest with her senses on full alert.

Aspen once again blocked her path.

“Asena, it isn’t safe here. I know you are an Alpha, but still, we must go. We don’t know how many of them are here,” he pleaded.

Asena stared at him. Tilting her head, she licked his face, catching him off guard.

Chuckling internally, she used his distraction to her advantage and dashed into the wilderness.

“No! Asena!” Cade gasped and Aspen rushed after her.

Asnea was amused that she had managed to distract her mate. She knew he was chasing her and it added fuel to her adrenaline rush. However, her excitement was cut short when the foreign scent intensified. She skidded to a halt beside a huge oak tree. Aspen quickly caught up with her.

“Shhh,” she hushed him through their link before he said anything to her.

Asena took cautious steps forward. She was certain that the rogue was hiding behind the trunk. Aspen copied her movements, not wanting to let her out of his sight.

Asena spotted a familiar brown wolf trying to hide in a bush behind the tree. The wolf was trying to stay hidden in the leaves, yet, Asena’s alpha senses were sharp enough to spot him. Baring her teeth, she started to growl. She was ready to tear the pathetic wolf apart. She knew who that was. That was Fenris, Elijah’s wolf.

During the days of her s****y, she had seen him shift on the training ground of the Red Wings pack. Elijah was one of her worst enemies. She hadn’t forgotten how he knowingly fed her wolfsbane. Each time she saw him train in his wolf form, her anger boiled. Getting her revenge was something she always wanted to do and she didn’t want to let go of the opportunity.

Fenris realised that he had been found. He had sneaked into the Dark Howl territory hoping to somehow meet the non shifter – Monica. However he got the fright of his life when a powerful aura invaded his nostrils. An aura that could only belong to a strong alpha.

And he was right. He saw a massive alpha wolf accompanied with another wolf in the woods. The black alpha reminded him of Warg, Baron's wolf. However, he knew that this cannot be him. Warg was a male and this was a female.

He knew an alpha wouldn't accept seeing a rogue and wouldn't hesitate to shred him into pieces so he tried to hide. But it looks like his attempt to hide was unfruitful. Yelping, he dashed out of his hiding spot and ran for his life. The two wolves chased him, snapping their jaws at him angrily. When he heard their angry growls behind him, he felt his fear skyrocket.

Fearing for his life, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him. He knew that the night was almost over and the sun would soon rise. He eagerly glanced at the sky, hoping to catch a glimpse of any sign of the rising sun. He mentally rejoiced when he saw the beautiful twilight in the horizon. Never in his life had he so eagerly waited for the sun to rise, especially after his mate cursed him.

He looked back. And realised that somehow he had managed to run ahead of them.

Whimpering and praying for the sun to rise sooner, he crouched under a thick bush and laid low. However, he knew the chances of them finding him was extremely high since an alpha's senses would be several times better than a normal werewolf.

"Please, please..." he mentally begged, squeezing his eyes shut. He was trembling in fear. He could hear their footsteps. They were getting closer.

Soon, the sun peeked over the horizon, spreading its rays throughout the earth. The sky was decorated in beautiful shades of red and orange. The sun rose and as soon as it did, Fenris morphed into a toad. He opened his eyes when he felt that his body had shrunk. When he saw that everything looked bigger than him, he cheered for himself. He had morphed back to a toad. Never in his life had he thought he would feel relieved that he had turned into a toad!

After cheering for himself, he peeked through the leaves of the bush just in time to see the two wolves sniffing the air and searching the area. The rays of the sun had started to filter through the leaves of the tall trees, lighting the place up.

They weren't going to find him anytime soon. He thought, chuckling to himself. The jet black, female alpha and the other dark brown wolf paced in the area while Elijah carefully studied their movements. He was rather curious about this new female who he had never seen in the past. He was especially familiar with all the alphas in the region, and this particular female alpha was without a doubt, new.

He was aware of the Dark Howl pack's alpha. He was a male and Elijah knew his wolf, Adolphus. This new female alpha looked exactly like Warg, which was strange. As far as he knew, Baron didn't have a sister or any close female relatives. But this female was of alpha lineage. But which one? He wondered.

He gazed at the brown wolf and realised that it was the male wolf that Monica had climbed on in the vampire territory. He was the same male he had seen beside Monica when he first visited the Dark Howl pack. Elijah was sure that the brown wolf was the tall, well-built man with shoulder length hair who disrespected him that day. He recalled how Alpha Miles had taken his side that day, humiliating him in front of everyone. Even in the domain of the bloodsuckers, that male didn't leave Monica's side.

Perhaps they were mates. He thought.

His toad eyes widened. So this could only be her..... Could it mean that.... the female alpha was Monica's wolf? However, he couldn't fathom how that could be a possibility. Monica was a non shifter. Yet, all the pointers pointed in one direction. She was the only new female in this pack as far as Elijah knew, and this male was the one Elijah had seen her hanging out with each time.

Elijah stared flabbergasted as the two wolves started to walk away, still in their wolf forms. He wished that they would shift back so that his interpretation could be confirmed. However, they didn't. Elijah continued to gape at them until he lost sight of them.

His little heart pounded in his ribcage as he tried to analyse what he had seen. He didn't want to believe what he had analysed. A little part of him wished that he was wrong. After all, he was the one who fed her wolfsbane and they had

made sure that her wolf was gone for good. And he did it, just because he wanted to earn the favour of his alpha.

He silently sat in the shadow of the bush, thinking about it. The only reason for her wolf to survive that gruesome ordeal was Monica's wolf being an alpha. That could only mean that Monica was silently communicating with her wolf, despite being unable to shift. Her wolf most probably was too weak because of the wolfsbane. But now she must have healed and shifted.

It all made sense!

He realised. Gulping, he glanced in the direction they went. He couldn't deny the uncanny resemblance between Warg and the new alpha female. And with the reputation alpha Baron had, the possibility of him fathering pups without his knowledge was extremely high.

Elijah felt as though the whole world stopped revolving. If his little theory was true, it meant that he had unknowingly abused his own alpha. And that Monica was Baron's daughter. In addition to that, as an alpha, she had every right over their pack.

s**t! Maybe I should go back and try to squeeze information out of Baron. He thought.

He cursed himself as his eyelids started to feel heavy.

Right, it's nap time....

He groaned and started to dig the earth so that he could sleep.

Elijah woke up in late afternoon, just a short while before the sun set. Since the sun irritated his delicate skin and dehydrated him in that form, he avoided the sun and patiently waited for the sun to completely lower itself under the horizon.

As soon as it did, he morphed into his human form and he was kind of glad that it was night time. He knew how to sneak out of the territory without being noticed by the patrols.

He ran towards the borders and glanced at the wolfsbane vine that grew a short distance away from it.

“Well, here goes,” he mumbled and started to rub the leaves on his body. He had learnt that rubbing wolfsbane leaves on the skin would cancel out his scent until it’s effects wear off. It would sting, however, being able to sneak past those scary wardens without being noticed would be worth it. He would jump into the first water body he saw as soon as he managed to escape. Then, the itching and the stinging would cease.

He moved in the trees, unnoticed by the guards on duty. The wolfsbane had helped him mask his scent. Elijah didn’t stop until he managed to leave the Dark Howl territory and dash into a safe distance. He ran despite the irritation on his skin and as planned he plunged into the river that ran in between the lands claimed by the packs.

Gasping for breath, he rested on the river bank. “Fenris, do you know what I’ve realised?” Elijah spoke to his wolf.

“I know. I was not sleeping. Just unable to contact you and in pain because I was trapped in that tiny body,” Fenris replied.

Elijah gulped. “What do you think?”

“I think we have messed up....big time. And we need to change for good,” he mumbled. Sighing, Elijah laid his back on the dirt and closed his eyes. For the first time he started to feel guilty for his actions. Fenris was right. They had messed up and they needed to redeem themselves.

But the problem was, he didn’t know how.

The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 38

Elijah spent a few minutes at the river bank to discuss the matter with Fenris. He was glad that he had his wolf with him.

“But first we need to get some sort of confirmation about it. I could be wrong....I mean....I hope I’m wrong,” Elijah sighed. “The problem is, Baron will not tell me anything. He is scary and hard to communicate with.”

“So trick him into telling him about Monica’s mom. We all know she is dead now. But maybe she slept with him. If that’s the case, then he could have fathered her. He is the alpha, so it could...” Fenris replied.

“I swear that I have a feeling that she recognised me. That look on her face....she looked like she might murder me....she hated me. There is no question about it,” Fenris added.

Elijah felt his heart race. He understood what Fenris meant. Her menacing glare was enough to make him dread meeting her again. The look in her angry eyes was clear proof of her deep aversion towards him. Attempting to calm his racing heart, he inhaled a deep breath.

“Or maybe you can use one of the were-wine bottles in the kitchen of the packhouse. After everyone left, people seldom use it.”

“Were-wine? And try to get him drunk enough so that he would blurt the truth out?” Elijah placed his right hand on the silt and clutched a fistful of dirt in his palm.

“Yeah. And maybe add a few drops of truth serum into it,” Fenris smirked.

Elijah’s eyes widened as his lips crooked upwards.

“Truth serum...where can we get that?” He asked.

“I think there might be some in the infirmary. Or perhaps in the cabinet Baron keeps special solvents and medicines which he uses against criminals.... You know...to torture them.”

Elijah nodded to show that he understood. Baron had kept a wide range of solvents including different kinds of poison to use to torture the lawbreakers. During their golden days, Baron had trusted Elijah enough to show him everything.

“Just check. Its name is Amytal Sodium,” Fenris told him.

“How do you know all of this?” Elijah frowned.

“We were taught that in school, duh,” Fenris stated, rolling his eyes. “You forgot. I guess wolves have a better memory,” he added.

“Whatever,” Elijah mumbled, getting up from the riverbank. “We should hurry up. We have a lot of work to do....ready?” He asked Fenris who nodded in agreement.

Elijah shifted into his wolf and dashed through the unclaimed part of the forest. He sprinted until he reached the deserted Red Wings pack. His heart ached at the sight. The parks and the households that were once lively were now completely silent. It was still not too late at night, and the residents of the pack would have been still awake. However, now, pin-drop silence was what he heard. The deserted houses and eerie silence made it seem like an abandoned, haunted town. Those warriors who remained were now rogues and lived on their own. They did come back to use the empty houses as a shelter, however, since the Queen had announced that the Red Wings pack was no longer a pack under her kingdom, no one cared what happened to the buildings on the ground.

He gulped. He was part of the reason for the downfall of his pack. He shouldn't have taken Baron's side. But it was a bit too late now. The damage was done and it cannot be denied. Sighing, he entered the packhouse and shifted back to his human form. He first went to his room so that he could take a bath, which was overdue, and wear a fresh set of clothes.

Thinking about what he would say to Baron, he walked towards the alpha quarters where Baron had locked himself in. He stopped by the alpha office, to search through the cabinet. A little smile curved his lips when he went through the familiar collection of bottles. Bottles of various kinds of poison were lined up. Some of them were so intense that they could kill a wolf with a single drop. Others caused excruciating pain, resulting in death. Some of them caused a slow death. His eyes rested on one little bottle at the end of the shelf.

Amytal.

It was labelled. The corners of his lips were crooked. So Baron did have it in his collection. Elijah did not give much attention to what Baron had in his cabinet. He used to simply follow his orders without a question. He used to be a lot like a puppet or a charged robot who didn't have any emotions.

Regretful about his life choices, he sighed and took the bottle of truth serum. He stood up to leave. He knew Baron most probably wouldn't be easy to approach. He didn't take morphing into a toad very well. He hid himself during the day and when night fell, he took as much as food he could into his quarters and locked himself in there.

Elijah tried to talk on the first day, however, it was in vain. Sighing in exasperation, he walked towards the kitchen so that he could prepare the were-wine for his alpha.

“Let’s just hope he will agree to have a drink with me,” he mumbled to himself.

“Well, here goes,” he sighed and walked towards the alpha quarters with a racing heart. He was anxious. After taking a couple of breaths to calm himself down, he knocked on the door.

“Go away! Leave me the f**k alone!” Baron bellowed, making Elijah wince.

Sucking in a breath, “alpha...it has been almost a week. Come on, let’s have a drink,” Elijah suggested, silently hoping that it would work. Silence followed. Elijah waited for a while, hoping that Baron would say something. However, as minutes ticked by, he started to feel despondent.

“Maybe I should leave and focus on trying to beg for forgiveness from Monica myself,” he told Fenris who nodded in agreement.

Just as he was about to leave, Baron opened the door. Elijah was shocked to see his state. His bad eye was still patched, yet his normally well-groomed hair was dishevelled and it smelt like Baron hadn’t taken a bath in ages.

Trying not to gag, Elijah forced a smile. “Uh ...alpha, a drink?” He suggested, lifting the bottle.

Nodding his head, Baron stepped outside. Elijah was glad that Baron didn’t choose to invite him into his room. From what he saw, he knew the room’s condition was worse than ever.

They went to the table placed at the balcony which was a short walk away from the alpha’s room.

“Perhaps, a drink or two will help,” Elijah spoke, trying to lighten the mood.

Scoffing, “a drink or two? No! A whole bottle will do. I can’t believe that your mate had the nerve of cursing us like that! I mean....what the f**k was she thinking?” He growled.

Squeezing his eyes shut, Elijah bit his inner cheeks to prevent himself from saying anything against Baron. If he wanted to squeeze out information from

him, he would have to be civil, regardless of how hard it was to hear him curse his mate.

“You should have shown her where she belonged. You should have marked her on the spot. Maybe then, she wouldn’t dare curse us like this!” Baron grumbled.

Clenching his jaws, Elijah offered the bottle to Baron.

“Maybe you should take the whole bottle. Perhaps, it would help you calm your nerves a bit,” he said, trying his best to control the rising anger.

“Gladly,” Baron mumbled, grabbing the bottle of were-wine laced with truth serum.

Elijah watched gleefully as he gulped it down. It was a good thing that Amytal was odourless and colourless. Baron wouldn’t be able to detect its presence, despite being an alpha.

Baron slammed the glass bottle on the table and grinned at Elijah. Signs of being drunk could already be seen on his face.

Offering a friendly smile Elijah placed his forearms on the table and leaned forward.

“So do you miss the ladies?” He asked, carefully.

Baron started to laugh. The sound of his laughter was the only sound besides the rustling of the leaves. There was something sinister about his laugh and Elijah started to feel scared. However, when Baron glanced at him, Elijah knew that it was the effect of the wine he had offered.

“Ladies?” Baron chuckled through his hiccups. “Damn yes! But what can I do during the day? I am a f*****g toad who sleeps the whole time! And when night comes, Warg doesn’t want to cooperate with me. His depression has gone from bad to worse. He is still talking about his Luna! Damn it!” He cursed, clenching his fists in a tight ball.

Pursing his lips Elijah thought of a way to introduce Monica’s mother to the topic. “Well, Luna Norah was special. But you had several women in your life, didn’t you? My question is, how did you do it? I’m still young, and I need to learn,” Elijah acted irritated as he spoke. “You know my mate has left me. But

as a man I have needs,” he stated and waited for the older man to say something.

Baron leaned forward in his drunk state and stared into his eyes.

“Good thingyou realised this,” he hiccuped. “But where are the ladies now? Huh? Gone!” He exclaimed.

“We can find them. Perhaps there are rogue females out there. I just need to know your tips.” Elijah shrugged, wondering if he was doing it right.

Chuckling through his hiccups, Baron started to drink the remainder of the wine in the bottle.

“Some of them are sluts, and they would come to sleep with you with a snap of your fingers,” snickering, he mumbled. “Others are a bit hard to get....” He trailed off. “Sometimes if I want to bang one, I force them to.”

Elijah couldn't believe his ears. He wondered if Monica's mother was a slut, as the whole pack labelled her, or if she was forced to sleep with the alpha.

“But did you see her live as a slut? Or did you simply believe what the society told you?” He heard Fenris in his head.

He sat silently, thinking about it, only to realise that he had been living his life as a blind puppet the whole time. Monica's mom was labelled as a w***e, however, as he grew up, he never saw her speak to a male. She barely went out of the hut they lived in. He remembered that she lived a secluded life. If she was a slut as society had called her, she would have lived like one.

His curiosity increased and Fenris kept nudging in his mind to ask Baron about Clara, Monica's mother.

“Clara, the whore.....” he trailed off. He couldn't form a complete sentence. He was too overwhelmed with emotions.

“Clara?” Baron sniggered. “That little bitch....” He hiccuped. She almost ruined my perfect reputation. She almost succeeded in proving that I had r***d her. That slut!” Baron growled in anger.

Elijah froze. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. However, he knew it was the time of the truth.

“But why?” He managed to croak, despite the tightness of his throat.

“She was a maid in the packhouse... one of the prettiest. Her ...her mate rejected her without claiming her, so she wanted to take the day off and came to ask for permission from me,” he smirked as he glanced at Elijah.

“She was rejected. And I only tried to make her feel better. But she wouldn’t agree. She kept trying to fight me off her,” he laughed. “But I am an alpha. What would an omega do against me?”

Elijah didn’t realise that he had his jaws clenched. Every muscle in his body stiffened as he grabbed the side of his seat. His knuckles were going white with the force he held onto it.

“So the a*****e r***d her,” Fenris growled in his mind.

Baron wasn’t worth it and he was stupid to believe that his alpha was right. Shaking in anger he stood up from the seat and walked away from the drunk alpha.

“I have wasted eighteen years of my life!” Elijah exclaimed to his wolf.

“Let’s kill him!” Came the response and Elijah glanced at Baron who now had his head resting on his arm.

Snarling at him, Elijah shook his head.

“Let him live his pathetic life. He will turn into a toad when the sun rises and with that attitude, he will never get cured. I want to focus on becoming a better person. And hopefully, earn her forgiveness. I have learnt my lesson the hard way, Fenris. I’ll try my best to be pardoned by her. But if I fail by the time two months pass, you are free to reject me and leave. Maybe then, you will be blessed with another human who wouldn’t mess things up,” Elijah firmly told his wolf, feeling deeply remorseful about how he had lived.

“I ain’t going anywhere. I like this new attitude of yours. I’m sure you will somehow do it.” Fenris replied after a little while, making Elijah’s lips curve in a sad smile.

The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 39

That day, Asena and Aspen walked back towards the packhouse in their wolf forms. At first, when the warriors who were in the training ground in front of the packhouse noticed another alpha, they froze. It wasn't normal for an alpha to walk into their territory unannounced. However, what surprised them was the new alpha wolf smelt like a member of their pack. Each pack had their distinctive smell. Moreover, their top warrior, Cade's wolf, Aspen was accompanying her.

Philip, who was warming up for the regular training session, halted and frowned. He focused on the new alpha. Narrowing his eyes, he studied her features. This alpha was a female and she looked exactly like Warg. His gaze fell on the familiar wolf, Aspen. A grin slowly spread across his face. He knew who the newcomer could be. Gasping a breath of excitement, he rushed towards the two wolves and wrapped his arms around the new alpha.

Tears of joy rolled down his cheeks.

"Monica, you shifted," he managed to whisper despite being overwhelmed by emotions.

Asena huffed out a breath and nodded her massive head. Philip stepped back and ran his sizable fingers through her black fur.

"My goodness, you look exactly like him..." He mumbled. By this time, the pack leaders had gathered around Asena and Aspen.

The warriors who had gathered in the training ground studied the new female alpha in awe. They whispered among themselves, awestruck and amazed by what they were witnessing. Alphas weren't new, however, female alphas were rare, making them precious. Having one in their pack was something to be proud of.

"I wonder what her name is," Calli couldn't contain her excitement. "We never spoke about her wolf before. This is so exciting." She squealed.

"Why don't we go inside and change. We have a lot to talk about, don't we girls?" Ava suggested wiggling her eyebrows at her friends.

"Wait... she can go with her mate..." Miles said, but Calli waved her hand in front of his face.

“Oh, come on, Miles. Let us girls do our thing. You can have Cade here. He needs to train anyway,” she mumbled and gestured to the massive female alpha to follow her.

“What about your training?” He called out just as they walked away.

“We’ll join. Don’t worry about us,” Calli called out and blew a kiss towards her mate. Giggling, she entered the packhouse with the girls.

“Shift back,” Calli smiled. She knew that Monica might find it hard since it was her first time so she wanted to offer her support.

“Just close your eyes and focus on your human,” she instructed.

Asena did exactly what she was told to and soon she started to feel herself morph back. It wasn’t as painful as when she morphed into her wolf form, still, she was yet to get used to the rearranging of her bones and muscles.

“You did it!” Amara clapped her hands together and Monica’s eyes fluttered open. She looked around and to her dismay, she realised that she was stark naked in front of them.

She hastened to cover her nudeness using her hands, yet in vain.

“What the hell! I’m naked!” She exclaimed. Snickering, Ava handed her a large shirt that Monica could use to cover herself. It wasn’t abnormal for them to be naked when they shift back to their human forms. However, Monica was new to it, so she was taken aback.

“It’s okay. We are all naked when we shift back. Only lycans can shift with their clothes on,” Calli explained.

Monica chuckled anxiously.

“I know. It just felt weird,” she mumbled out feeling embarrassed.

“What is her name?” Amara chirped, her face gleaming in delight. “I meanyour wolf’s name.”

“Asena,” Monica replied, smiling.

“Sweet,” Calli beamed. “Are you excited?”

“Of course,” Monica grinned from ear to ear. “Now I can train.... If that is okay with you...” she trailed off as she glanced at Calli.

“Sure why not?” Calli chirped. “We all must train ourselves...” her eyes shifted towards Ava, who looked as enthusiastic as her.

“Did you call your grandmother?” She raised her eyebrows.

“Yes. She is rather busy with her work in the wizard kingdom, so she will be sending Amelia tonight,” Ava replied.

“Amelia? The witch girl?” Amara arched her brow.

Nodding in response, “yes. She knows all the spells. She is a pro already,” Ava told her. “I am not very familiar with the spells. I am more on the wolf side. But I’m glad that I can use magic,” smiling, she added.

Frowning, Monica glanced at them. “Who is Amelia?” She wondered out loud.

“She is a witch who we met recently.... She is the one who helped us in the fight against vampires. She played a vital role in proving to the vampire King that Draven had kidnapped you,” Calli explained.

“Yeah...and she said that she was Elijah’s mate,” Ava mumbled.

Monica went rigid when she heard Elijah’s name. She blinked a couple of times and shook her head.

“Well, guess what? I just came back from the woods and I saw Elijah’s wolf there.” Monica informed them, making them all gape at her in astonishment.

“What?” Calli’s eyes dilated.

Nodding her head, “yes. We went for a run when I shifted for the first time. Aspen tried to push me towards the pack when we sensed the presence of rogues. But I was determined to find out who it was since the rogue smelt familiar. I was right. Fenris was hiding under a bush. I don’t know why he was here or how he sneaked past the guards, but I was furious to see him. He was the one who fed me wolfsbane. I wanted to kill him on the spot. But he managed to escape,” Monica gritted her teeth.

“I followed his scent but suddenly, he just vanished,” frowning, she shook her head. She couldn’t understand how he managed to do that. It was as though her mind was playing tricks on her.

“I would have thought that I was mistaken. But I wasn’t the only one. Even Aspen was dumbfounded. I don’t know how to explain it…” she trailed off.

Calli listened to her attentively.

“That is strange. And if both of you sensed rogues on our land, we must send search parties into the wilderness. This is a serious issue that needs to be addressed,” she muttered.

Monica nodded in silence, her mind drifting towards what Ava had told her earlier. Something about the witch girl being her enemy’s mate.

“Wait… Elijah’s mate? She is a witch?” Monica asked, furrowing her eyebrows.

All three of them nodded in response.

“They tricked her and she helped them at first, but when she realised that they had been lying to her, she cursed them and helped us find you,” Ava told her.

“Cursed them…” Monica mumbled, staring blankly at the beta female.

“Yeah…. they will be toads during the day,” Ava chuckled. “And tonight, she is coming to help us make a potion that would help a vampire friend of ours,” she said, and the creases on Monica’s forehead deepened.

“Oh, you have not met the girl yet,” Amara uttered. “Philip found his mate in vampire territory!” Amara told her in excitement. Hearing about Philip’s mate was exciting and at the same time, it made her curious.

“Wow! Really? That is great! Where is she?” Monica squealed, her eyes sparkling in delight.

“I think she will be asleep at the moment. She is a vampire,” Calli replied.

“Oh,” Monica pursed her lips. “A friendly one, I hope,” she said.

“Yes, she is a sweetheart. But she couldn’t come out of her room during the day. Amelia knows a potion that would help her tolerate sunlight. Then, she would be able to join our pack duties,” Calli replied.

“That’s great. I can’t wait to meet her. Philip deserves a loving mate,” Monica smiled.

“She is wonderful. Did you know that she is the one who saved your life?” Ava looked at Monica intently.

“What?” Monica was shocked.

“Yes. You were on the brink of death. It was her that gave your dying heart a boost, saving your life. The doctors in the medical facility of vampires had confirmed it. She said something about you saving her once, so she did the same,” Calli explained.

Monica’s lips parted. Her heart thudded in anticipation.

Could it be Celeste? She wondered, yet remained silent.

Monica joined the others in the daily activities of the pack. She waited in anticipation for the sun to set. She couldn’t wait to meet Philip’s mate.

As usual, she went to the room after lunch. It was time to wash her body and get some rest before coming downstairs for anything else. While she was in the shower, she heard someone open the door to the bathroom. A familiar scent told her who it was although she didn’t see the intruder.

“Cade,” she mumbled, smirking.

“Hey, beautiful,” Cade chuckled, turning her around so that she was facing him. Her smirk deepened as her eyes landed on his bare neck. Feeling bold, she ran her wet palms on his chest, slowly wrapping them around his torso and started to trail kisses along his neck.

Cade hissed. His mate had the power to make him feel emotions that he previously didn’t know existed. Craning his neck, he allowed her to pepper kisses on his skin. However, he didn’t expect her to run her tongue over his sweet spot.

“f**k!” He hissed, as he felt jolts of excitement spread his body, making his not-so-little guy go rigid.

“Mate, you shouldn’t play with fire....” He groaned.

“Oh? But I like it hot,” Monica huskily replied in his ears.

Cade was amazed when he realised that his mate had grown bold. His lips stretched a little.

“Yeah?” His voice was low.

Despite how bold Monica felt, the way he looked at her and the way he responded to her, made her suck her breath in.

“Hmm....” Her heart raced as she replied.

They ended up spending much time in the shower – much longer than they intended to. The running water wasn’t enough to block out her moans and screams. When they walked out of the bathroom, both their bodies were covered in marks and hickeys. Among them, the mark that sealed their connection – the mark of their bond on both their necks.

Night fell. Monica went to the dining room with Cade on time for dinner. They always had their meals together. An unfamiliar brunette was speaking with Ava, who she guessed was Amelia, the witch. Offering a polite smile, she sat on an empty seat while Cade took a seat beside her. Monica looked around. Everyone was there. Even Philip. When she spotted a familiar pale, blond sitting beside him, her lips stretched in a wide grin.

“Celeste!” She exclaimed, and everyone glanced at Monica who was undoubtedly elated to see the new vampire girl.

“Ma’am,” Celeste shyly replied.

Monica happily glanced at Philip. “I couldn’t have wished for a better way. Both of you deserve to be happy, after what you have gone through,” she said, ignoring the stares of those who surrounded her. Her eyes lingered on the mark of mate bond that proved that she had accepted Philip as her partner.

Her grin widened, “Celeste, it’s Monica. Now we aren’t strangers. You are like my sister,” she said.

Smiling bashfully, Celeste nodded.

“Finally.... Our lives are going the right way,” she heard Asena in her mind, and she couldn’t agree more.

The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 40

Dinner time was full of happiness. After a lot of struggles, they were having a moment of peace and all the pack members wanted to enjoy it. The chef had prepared a variety of mouthwatering delicacies. From a wide range of meat and vegetables to different kinds of sweets. There was a lot of food to choose from and Monica wanted to try everything, however, she wasn’t used to eating a lot so she chose to have a piece of meat with some vegetables and decided that she would have dessert after her food.

What interested her the most was something that Celeste was holding. It was a new kind of packed drink – something Monica had never seen before. Wrinkling her forehead, she tilted her head, wondering what it could be. She squinted at the packet, trying to read what was written on it. However, the letters were too small, to be read from where she was seated. There were drinks prepared, so she wondered why Celeste was having something different.

Curious, Monica watched as Celeste poured some of it into an empty cup. Her lips parted when she realised what it was. It was dark, red blood. Of course, Celeste was a vampire and it was natural for her to drink it. Blood was an important part of their diet and maybe she had brought those packets from the vampire kingdom.

Monica forced herself to look away, thinking that her stare might bother her. She didn’t want Celeste to feel awkward. She looked at the piece of meat on her plate and frowned. She wanted to focus on her food and finish eating, however, all she could think about was blood.

Dark, red blood.... It looked so good to her.

She blinked and shook her head a little. She couldn’t understand why she was interested in the scarlet coloured liquid. She never felt like that in the past. Frowning, she cut a piece of meat, trying to forget about the crimson liquid.

However, she seemed to have lost her appetite. Not liking what was happening to her, she forced the chewed lump down her throat.

She didn't feel fine. She was starting to feel sick. The metallic, yet sweet smell of blood seemed to be conspicuous over the aroma of all the other food to her and it was slowly pulling into a trance.

This isn't normal.... She thought.

Breathing heavily, she dropped her fork on the plate, grabbing everyone's attention.

"Is everything okay?" Cade worriedly asked her. His heart raced when she didn't reply. She was sweating profusely, while her breathing had laboured. Clutching onto the sides of her seat as hard as she could, she tried her best to calm herself down.

"Asena...what is happening?" She tried to contact her wolf, however, it was useless. Asena was unreachable. Her hands trembled and her eyes wandered around in confusion.

What is happening to me? She thought as she felt herself being pulled deeper into a daze.

"Mate isn't fine. I can't contact Asena," Aspen alerted Cade and he felt his senses heighten. He sprung up from his seat and took Monica's hand in his, trying to comfort her.

"Moni, what is it?" He desperately asked, however, she couldn't reply.

She was overwhelmed. She had tried to contact her wolf, however, it was impossible. It felt as though Asena was blocked out of reach. There was a strange feeling in her mouth. A kind of irritation in her gums and teeth. But what concerned her the most was her interest in blood.

Sweet blood.... Her conscience told her.

Squeezing her eyes shut, "no!!!" She screamed.

"No! No!" She shook her head vigorously, trying to shake off whatever was taking over her conscience. Yet, when she opened her eyes, all she could see was blood. Blood everywhere. The food on the table, the walls, and the dining

table was dripping with blood. She involuntarily ran her tongue over her lips. They looked delicious.

Sweeeeeet.....

There was a strange force that attracted her towards what she was seeing. She sniffed the air. Her mouth watered when the aroma of fresh blood hit her nose.

“Blood...”

She whispered. Her throat felt as dry as the Sahara desert. She needed to quench the thirst and for that, she wanted....no needed blood.

Celeste understood what was happening. She quickly covered the cup of blood, and tightly closed the packet so that its aroma would stop bothering Monica.

“It’s her vampiric side,” she said, hurriedly standing from her seat and rushing towards her side.

“So? What should we do now? Aspen can’t contact Asena. I am getting worried now,” Cade was desperate to bring his mate back. There was no doubt that Monica wasn’t her true self at the moment.

“We can’t let her taste blood right now. If we do, her feral side will take over and she won’t be able to control herself. Her feral vampire must be tamed. She must control it,” Celeste mumbled, holding Monica’s shoulders.

“Call her. Your mate bond might be able to bring her back,” Celeste told Cade. “Her wolf will be blocked. Usually, a vampiric trance will confuse the wolves. But both of you and your wolves have to fight against it. You must get stronger than the feral vampire and tame it. Then, her vampiric side will be an advantage for her,” Celeste explained. “But all of this is very new to us. She is the first werewolf who I know is turning...” She added as she held Monica’s shoulders, trying her best to keep her in place.

Cade shifted so that he was facing Monica. He wished that she would look into his eyes so that they could connect. However, her eyes wandered here and there.

“Monica....babe! Look at me!” He begged. But she didn’t pay attention to him.

“Blood...I need blood,” she hissed under her breath.

“No. No, Moni...you need to look at me,” Cade pleaded.

Monica felt as though her head might burst. The continuous struggle between her wolf spirit and her new vampire was putting her soul into unrest. She grabbed the sides of her head and squeezed her eyes shut. Clutching fistfuls of hair, she growled in frustration. The continuous chant that repeated in her head was disturbing her to no end.

Blood ...blood ..blood....

“Aaah!” She screamed and suddenly jerked up from her seat. Celeste and Cade were not expecting that and were taken by surprise. However, Cade was quick to step in front of her, preventing her from doing anything she shouldn't.

“Moni, please....snap out of it!” He pleaded.

The rest of the pack leaders were now on their feet and on standby. They were warned that she might turn, however, none of them were expecting something like this.

“We must help Monica control it...” Celeste cried out. “Don't let her escape. She will try to feed on a wild animal...or anything. She shouldn't taste blood in this state,” she warned.

Everyone heard the young vampire loud and clear. They surrounded her and watched her moves. Ava quickly formed a force field around them using magic while Amelia closed all the doors and windows.

Monica felt herself slowly drowning in a sea of confusion. Everything and everyone seemed alien to her. Her anger boiled as she looked around. She couldn't recognise them and it infuriated her that they were blocking her path.

She snarled and hissed at them as a warning.

“Monica! Please, snap out of it!” A male among them stepped forward and held her arms.

Another male, a tall, athletic one with shoulder length hair aided him.

She let out a growl that resounded in the room. She didn't fathom who they were, and she didn't care. All she knew was, she needed to taste blood. Her eyes landed on the man's neck, who was holding her.

A smile curved her lips. Her fangs had elongated and now she was ready to attack.

Stupid! Offering himself to me. What an easy prey..... She thought.

Philip was too focused on holding the girl he saw as a little sister in place to notice her open her mouth, revealing her elongated fangs. However, Celeste was carefully watching her as she had anticipated it. Monica wasn't in her right mind.

"Philip! Watch out!" She screamed and shoved her mate away just in time.

Shocked, Philip let go of Monica and stepped away. Thankfully Monica had not succeeded in biting him. Celeste's forehead wrinkled as she glanced in between her mate and Monica. She breathed out a sigh of relief when she saw that Cade was holding her tightly in his arms.

Miles, Nolan and Castor rushed to help Cade and held her limbs, preventing her from running away.

Cade faced her and cupped her face, forcing her to make eye contact with him.

"Mate!" He whispered. "It's me, Cade," he said, desperately trying to make her recognise him