

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 4

Baron grunted as he pounded into the she-wolf underneath him. She was breathless and so was he. It had been a long time since he had enjoyed s*x. Ever since he found Nora dead, he had been refraining from sleeping around and for him, it was the longest period without having a female screaming his name.

He liked having omegas who were willing to spread their legs for him in the packhouse. He believed that it was a form of relieving stress and good for him, a couple of she-wolves from his pack were only too eager to have their alpha play with their bodies. If it was a possibility, he would have made a personal harem for himself, where he would keep his bitches. However, if he did that, he would be reprimanded by the king and perhaps he would be denounced from his alpha position.

“Alpha.....” she gasped when felt her c****x building. An immense feeling of pleasure built up, that originated from the bundle of nerves on her womanhood, that spread throughout her body.

“Alpha....alpha.....” her screams echoed in his room.

Grunting, he emptied his seeds in her and took a moment to catch his breath, as the she-wolf mewed and moaned in pleasure. After a few minutes, Baron stood up to go to the bathroom to clean himself.

“You better be gone by the time I’m done.” His monotonous warning was enough for the she-wolf to hasten to leave, despite her desire to rest for a while after that mind-blowing o****m.

“Yes, alpha.” She obediently obliged.

Baron spent the next half an hour relaxing in his bath, thinking about his next move. He couldn't believe that his slave had opened the door to his room without knocking and asking for permission to enter. He had almost stormed out of the room in rage to punish her without fulfilling his desire. If he did, he would have most probably beaten her to death.

“That witch!” He murmured. His eyes remained closed as he allowed the warm water in the tub to soothe his muscles. The she-wolf had stopped him just in time, pulling him back into the deep sea of passion, as both of them plunged into it together.

He still wanted to punish her. However, the form of punishment would be the same as when he was acting on impulse. This time, he was not going to beat her up like he usually did. Instead, he will make her punishment last longer. He will make sure that it reminded her of what she had done. Her punishment must have enduring effects on her. It should always remind her to remain within her limits.

A sinister smile spread across his face as he thought about the perfect comeuppance.

“I know exactly what she needs.” Snickering to himself, he removed himself from the bath and stood up to get dressed.

On his way out, his mind linked his beta, Philip.

“Is the cage in the basement good to use?”

“Yes, but why?”

Came the reply to which Baron chuckled in response.

“You’ll see. Meet me outside.”

The menacing smirk on his face was enough to send shivers down his pack member’s spine. As he marched out of the packhouse, no one dared to make eye contact with him.

“Open this place, it’s been a while since I’ve had some fun with offenders of this pack,” Baron stated, and Philip was quick to obey. It has been a while since anyone had descended into the basement of the packhouse and their noses itched when the damp odour invaded their noses.

Baron inspected the cage he had been using to torture lawbreakers of his pack. Usually, it was used during the interrogation of serious crimes, like murder or mutiny, and it has been a few years since they had used the cage.

“This is great!” He cackled.

“Who is it you want to torture...it has been a while since we last did this.” Philip frowned. He has never liked the idea of torturing anyone, even criminals. He would rather kill them off with a single blow or banish them from the pack, and let them go rogue.

“I have a little slave who I need to teach a lesson or two.” Baron’s response shocked Philip.

“What? Are you crazy? She has not even shifted yet!” He retorted, completely alarmed by what he had suggested.

“The hell!” Philip gasped and a scowl soon formed on his face. “I refuse to be part of murder!”

“Pfft!” Baron stifled a chuckle. “I’m not going to kill her. I simply am going to lock her up and place her in chains.”

Philip couldn’t believe his ears. “Chains?” He exclaimed. Closing his eyes, he clenched his fists. He took steady breaths, hoping to calm himself down.

“Those are silver chains!” He stated in between his gritted teeth. “It would hurt her!”

“Meh.” Baron waved his hand. “She has not shifted yet, so I don’t think it will hurt her much. Besides, she needs to stay within her limits.”

“I’m out of here, Baron,” Philip mumbled and walked away. He knew it was a waste of time and energy to try and make him see sense.

“Suit yourself.” Baron didn’t seem to mind.

“You have gone mad, Baron. I hope one day you manage to open your eyes and think using that brain of yours.” He started right before he ascended the stairs, leaving Baron alone in the basement.

Now that Nora was no more, no one was there in the pack who dared do anything in resistance against him. Not even his beta. The best Philip could do was reprimand him, even though Baron never really listened to his advice and lectures.

“Bring the slave to the basement.” He ordered his guards who were on duty outside the office at the moment through mind-link and waited for them to come to him, with his prey.

Monica remained in the storeroom, huddled into a corner ever since she walked in on her alpha. She had not stopped shaking. She knew her fate would be inevitable. Her alpha would get her, that was for sure. She had been

expecting him to follow her and beat the crap out of her. Yet, it surprised her when he didn't. However, she knew she shouldn't rejoice. Her alpha hated her and he definitely would retaliate against her, and the peace she was having at the moment could only be the calm before a storm.

An hour passed by without any news from him. And with each passing minute, her heart raced. She couldn't help, but dread what he might be preparing for her. She kept glancing out of the little window in the storeroom, wondering if she should flee.

"But where would I go?" She kept asking herself, feeling hesitant to leave her pack.

"There she is!" The guard's voice startled her. She stared at the two wardens who rushed towards her.

"What.....what are you doing?" She clamoured when they grabbed her hands.

"Alpha's orders." One of them responded and she felt her chest squeeze as fear gripped her. The guards lifted her off the ground effortlessly and all Monica could do was stare dumbfounded as she was being delivered to meet her fate.

Baron had opened the cage by the time they arrived and was waiting eagerly.

"Shackle her up." He ordered the guards, who frowned as they stared at him briefly, wondering if he was for real.

"What are you staring at?" Baron growled, and both of the guards went stiff. "Shackle her up! Now!" Baron commanded. Gulping, they put on the silver shackles on her thin hands.

Smiling in contentment, Baron stepped away from her.

"Good. Now leave." He uttered.

They gave the stunned girl a fleeting glance before they left. No one would want to be in her shoes. They couldn't help but thank the heavens that their alpha didn't hate them like he hated Monica.

"It is a bit lonely here." He chuckled. "But you should be used to being alone by now. Maybe being locked in a cage wouldn't hurt you that much. I hope

you will remember to knock next time.” He sneered and walked away, leaving her alone in the cellar.

Minutes ticked by. Monica was glad that he didn't beat her, albeit she was shaken up when they brought her into the dungeon. She had been expecting him to beat her up like he always did.

Being locked in a cage is fine compared to that.

She thought. He was right. She indeed had gotten used to being alone. It didn't get any better, however, she had simply learnt to be secluded.

She wasn't bothered about being in the cage until the skin on her hands started to burn. She moved her hands, hoping that it would make it better. Nevertheless, as time passed, the burning sensation only got worse.

“What is this?” Furrowing her eyebrows, she studied the shackles on her wrists. She only then realised that it wasn't made of iron. No signs of rust were on it. It was shining silver.

“Silver!” She wheezed.

Her breathing started to come out in deep gasps. She knew that silver was poisonous to them. If it is ingested, it could kill them and often, silver is used against their enemies during wars.

Desperate, she took a look at the reddened skin on each of her hands. The irritation on her hands was now too much to ignore.

“Oh my God, help me!” She cried as tears rolled down from her eyes.

“What did I do to deserve this?” She sobbed, yet there wasn't an ear to listen to her complaints or a heart that sympathises with her situation. It was as though no one gave a damn about what happened to Monica, the bastard wolf.

No one cared.