

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 41

Monica was furious that she was restrained. However, when the athletic man cupped her face, strange sparks erupted making her wonder. She narrowed her eyes on him. His piercing blue eyes seemed interesting. His eyes were alluring and she felt like she was being sucked into those bright pools of blue.

Who was he?

She wondered. He seemed familiar to her. She felt as though she knew him.

"Mate. It's me, Cade," he told her and her eyebrows knitted together. There was something about him. Something soothing. Something enchanting. She slowly relaxed as she gazed deeply into his eyes.

This man seemed to be someone she knew....maybe. She felt the grips of those holding her loosen up a bit.

She smirked. This handsome male maybe someone she knew, however, she was too thirsty at the moment and she wasn't stupid. Monica silently studied the movements of the others. She was going to use whatever technique she had to, in order to have what she wanted.

"Babe," he whispered once again and she responded with a smile.

"Monica?" A blond female cautiously approached her.

"Do you need to talk?" Cade asked, gazing deeply into her eyes which were now a mixture of red and brown. It was an indication that she was still under the influence of the vampire, however, Cade hoped that Monica was slowly regaining control.

Still smiling, she nodded. She just needed to be alone with someone...anyone. She knew they would once again restrain her if she made a move in front of them.

"Ok.... Can you please remove the force field around us?" Glancing at Ava, Cade requested.

"Are you sure?" She asked, furrowing her eyebrows.

Nodding his head, "yes. She is my mate. I'm sure I can handle her."

His confidence was great, however, Calli felt scared for her brother. Ava glanced at Calli's worried face. Forcing a smile she bobbed her head.

"I believe in him," she said.

"Okay, but be careful Cade," Ava warned before removing the force field around them. Celeste didn't lower her guard down. She kept studying Monica's movements. However, she couldn't stop Monica from using her super speed to take Cade away from them.

The doors of the dining room opened wide all of a sudden. Undoubtedly, Monica had inherited Draven's power of telekinesis. Grabbing onto Cade, Monica bolted through the doors and out into the wilderness. They felt her whizz past them. Within a blink of an eye, Cade and Monica were gone.

Monica dashed through the trees. She had no trouble seeing where she was going. Cade kept his eyes squeezed shut until he felt his back being pinned against a hard surface.

Aspen was on full alert and so was Cade. Monica was already baring her fangs, ready to feed on her prey.

"Mate," Cade spoke, distracting Monica. She froze for a split second. His voice had a strange effect on her.

"Mate?" She tilted her head.

Cade's lips twitched. He realised that he should use the mate bond to his advantage. He lifted his hand and traced her cheek with his forefinger.

"My beautiful mate," he whispered.

The sparks that erupted made Monica shudder. However, she scowled and tried to focus on what she wanted to do.

"Shut up! I don't want to listen to your nonsense! Stop trying to distract me with thatthat magical sparks..." she hissed, pressing him against the tree trunk.

Cade chuckled. He maintained eye contact with his mate and placed his hand behind her ear. His lips crooked upwards as he continued to trace the skin on

her face with his thumb and it was distracting Monica. Although Monica wanted to focus, she couldn't. Something kept nudging in her mind.

Something so familiar....

"Aspen, keep trying to contact Asena. We have to do this together," Cade linked his wolf, without breaking eye contact with Monica.

"Try to make her break free of whatever is holding her back," he instructed.

Cade ran his fingers down her neck and traced her mark. She hissed as jolts of excitement ran through her body.

"Wh....what is that?" She stammered.

"This?" Cade smirked as he traced her mark again and this time, she felt her knees go weak. Sucking in a deep breath, Monica closed her eyes as the hair on the back of her neck rose.

Memories started to flood back to her. Memories of her and the handsome man in front of her. Sweet memories. How he showered her with love. How he took care of her and assured her that she too was worthy of love. All that when she thought she wasn't worthy of anything and when she was at her weakest point, he loved her.

Cade didn't give in. He kept his thumb on her mark. It was the mark of their love and the proof of their bond. It was much more than a mark that was put on their skin. It was what connected their souls.

"My love," he whispered.

Monica's forehead creased. His whisper seemed to shake her soul. Her breathing hitched and she suddenly let go of him. However, his hold was firm on her body

"Let... me go...." She managed to breathe out.

"Never," Cade replied, secretly hoping that his efforts were paying off.

"Aspen.... How is it going?" He desperately called for his wolf.

"I'm trying, dude. Keep doing what you were doing. The mark is our key," he responded. He knew that Aspen was right. Gulping, Cade lowered his head

towards the crook of her neck and kissed her mark. Squeezing his eyes shut, he prayed to the heavens that it was working.

When his lips touched her skin, she felt as though she was being transported into another dimension. It was as though she and the young man were the only ones who existed. She breathed in deeply, yet she felt as though her erratic heart might jump out of the ribcage.

Gasping for breath, she leaned against Cade for support. Her legs were wobbly and now, she was soaked in sweat.

“Monica....”

A familiar voice started to call her.

“Huh?”

Monica’s eyes widened. She knew she was still in the young man’s arms. She had no desire to distance herself from him, as being close to him gave her a sense of protection.

“Monica....”

Once again the voice called her. She gulped. The voice was distant, yet, she knew it didn’t belong to anyone who was in the woods. She had taken the handsome young man into the woods, to make sure that she would be alone with him.

But then...who was that?

“Monica ...it’s me...Asena,” the voice called.

She frowned.

“Asena....?” She whispered, loud enough for Cade to hear her.

“She is your wolf,” he told her, pressing her frame against his.

Frowning, “wolf?”

“Don’t tell me you forgot already!” The voice was louder and clearer, and this time, Monica realised that it was inside her head. Her lips parted as she wondered if she had a wolf and a mate?

“Oh yes, we do! And we are in his arms already,” Asena answered her unasked question.

“How did you know I was wondering about that?” Monica asked the voice.

“I’m inside you. I can hear your thoughts, duh...”

Monica found herself suppressing a chuckle at the wolf’s response.

“How can you forget? Come on Monica. We have been together for three years. We were best friends and we shared every joy and pain. Don’t you remember how we woke up in vampire territory? Don’t you remember the crazy prince, Draven? How about alpha douchebag, Baron?” Asena tried to remind her of her past. Aspen’s constant nudging had helped her break the block and emerge. It was Aspen who pulled Asena out of the state of confusion and now, it was her turn to help her human.

“Vampire.... Draven...” Monica whispered. Her heart skipped a beat when the horrible memories flooded back to her. The room that was filled with half-naked women, tortured and mistreated. The time when she attempted so desperately to hide from the maniac and when he finally lost control and bit her.

The ground shook underneath her. Realisation hit her like a ton of bricks. His bite had turned her into a vampire.

“Not completely, honey. It is part of you now, but I am also here, so we are more like a hybrid,” Asena told her. “I’ll help you control. And as time passes you’ll be a pro at this,” she added.

Monica blinked. Her fangs had retracted back and when Cade saw that her eyes had returned back to the normal brown colour, he mentally rejoiced.

“Mate?” He hopefully called.

Monica smiled. She had now remembered everything, and she now knows who she was.

“Mate,” she whispered back, tracing his lips with her thumb.

Cade wanted to make sure as he didn’t want to fall into a trap. “Aspen? Is she back?” He asked his wolf.

“Yes. She is back now. It was hard to pull Asena out of her state of confusion. It’s a good thing we had completed the mating. The marks strengthened our bond and it made my work easier,” he explained.

Cade’s heart jumped in joy. She was back! His mate was back. He pulled her closer and let her rest her head on his shoulder.

Smiling, Monica laid her head at the crook of her neck and closed her eyes. She no longer felt the need to drink blood. She now had it under control for the moment.

“Do you still want to drink my blood?” Cade asked her. Chuckling, she shook her head.

“No, I’m good,” she replied, wrapping her arms around him and beaming in contentment.

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Draven was chained to the wall in the mental asylum. Strong, metal chains were bound to his arms and legs, forbidding him from making any movements. In addition to that, he was locked up in a special compartment that was specially made to confine uncontrollable patients. It felt more like a cage to him. It was as though he was caged, just like his slaves. The only difference was, no one tried to torture him or feed from him. He was put into the special room only because he was stubborn and rebellious.

He was furious nonetheless. Not only because he was locked up, but because his plans were completely ruined. Also, he felt humiliated, since he was being locked up exactly like a lowly slave. Tugging at the chains, he screamed. “Let me out of this hell!”

His voice reverberated in the empty hallways. It wasn’t a jail, however, being in the mental asylum felt like being locked up in the dungeon to Draven. Or perhaps, it was worse than that. Here, the doctors and nurses force him to take medicines and administer various injections to him. All of that, in addition to the therapist who speaks nonsense every evening. To him, they were nothing short of torture.

The only thing refinement was the place was clean, unlike the dungeon. The walls and floor were tiled with pure white tiles giving the place an unpolluted

look. However, it brought discomfort to Draven's heart. He hated every bit of it. He hated everything that was related to it. Even the colour white.

"You'll pay for this! I swear I'll make you all regret what you are doing to me!" He screamed, however, there was not a single soul who took his threats seriously. Growling in anger, he pulled at the chains with all his might. However, the place was built in such a way that the mighty strength of a vampire could do no damage to the structure. The chains were made using an alloy of Gold, Silver and steel, which was fortified by magic – the vampires had gotten help from the wizard King when they built the mental asylum and the dungeon since they knew the buildings needed to withstand their supernatural strength. And since Draven was a royal with the power of telekinesis, they had to place him in a special cell that could inhibit his ability.

"f**k this!" He hissed and threw away the plate of food they had brought for him in the evening. He had no desire to eat. The therapist, or the torturer as Draven preferred to call him, would soon arrive.

Sneering, he rested his back against the wall. He bent his knees and placed his hands on them. He was tiring himself out. His shouts and demands fell on deaf ears. Hence, he started to think that he should play along so that he could find a way to escape.

Time passed. Although his anger didn't reside, he stopped screaming. Instead, he started to think of a good way to try and get out of the place. He was still fuming when his therapist arrived. Draven heard his footsteps, however, he didn't look up. He remained like that, with his head resting on the back of his hand, ignoring his visitor.

His therapist studied Draven's demeanour while staying outside the locked bars of the room. Draven wasn't thrashing and throwing insults at him like he usually did. Tonight, he wasn't even looking at him. He was simply ignoring him.

Sighing, he put his hands in the pockets of his pants.

"Your Highness," he spoke, studying any changes his demeanour portrayed.

Draven scowled and didn't reply.

"How are you feeling," the therapist carefully asked.

His question made Draven snicker.

“Feeling? How am I feeling?” He laughed at his misery, as he slowly lifted his head. “How the f**k would you feel if you were locked up and chained to the wall like this? Not happy, I suppose,” he laughed.

“So don’t expect me to be excited in this hell hole,” Draven glared at the therapist, who pursed his lips.

“We wouldn’t have locked you up if you cooperated with us, Your Majesty,” he humbly replied.

“We want to help you, Your Highness, please....” He looked into Draven’s face. He was a qualified and experienced psychologist, however, Draven’s unfriendly stare made him shudder.

“What can we do to make you feel better?” He spoke as carefully as he could.

Throwing his head back, he let out a peal of humourless laughter.

“Better? Make me feel better? Let’s see,” grinning like the maniac he was, he tapped his chin dramatically.

“Oh, yeah. I don’t have anything that could give anyone pleasure. When was the last time you all brought blood for me to drink? This isn’t the dungeon, I demand blood!” He growled.

“Blood...right. we can provide you with packed blood packets....” The therapist trailed off. Draven had denied it the first time they offered it to him. He was used to drinking fresh blood, hot off the source. So he rejected the blood packets they gave.

Sighing, Draven shrugged his shoulders. “Well, that’s better than nothing,” he mumbled.

A smile stretched the psychologist’s lips.

“That’s great! I’ll ask the nurses to arrange it for you,” he happily replied. He was delighted that Draven had finally conversed with him in some form.

When the therapist walked away, Draven leaned against the wall and breathed out a huge sigh.

“Assholes,” he grumbled in fury. It has been more than a week since he was locked up in the mental asylum and each day was the worst.

He watched as the nurses arrived with blood packets, accompanied by the security. He held back a chuckle. Their timid actions were amusing to him. They were, without a doubt, nervous as they opened the locked gate and placed the blood packets beside him.

“Finally!” He wheezed as he lunged forward to pick one packet. He opened it and gulped it down. The packed drink tasted a little bitter. It wasn’t as good as the fresh blood he had drunk from his slaves, however, it did quench his thirst.

“So much better,” he muttered, wiping away the corners of his lips. The nurses stared at him, stupefied. Seeing someone drinking blood wasn’t new to them, however, this was the first time they had seen anyone down a whole packet in one go.

Rolling his eyes, Draven shrugged his shoulders.

“What? I’m a vampire who has been starving for a week. The food you bring isn’t enough to fulfil my diet. Where do you think I’ll get my vitamin D, huh? Did you think about that? No! You only think about yourselves!” He hissed at them.

His angry stare gave them the creeps. They were glad that they were in an area where none of them could use their powers. They looked at each other and walked away, without replying to him. They all knew that he was the one who didn’t accept the packed blood earlier. In fact, he had once tried to attack one of their colleagues and that was when they knew he had to be restrained.

“That’s right! Leave! You don’t know what to say anyway!” He screamed at them as they hurried to leave the crazy vampire prince behind. At least he was still locked up and in chains, that could only mean that he wouldn’t be able to harm them as long as he was behind those bars.

“It’s useless,” grimacing, he rested his head against the pure white wall and closed his eyes.

As time passed, his determination to get his revenge strengthened.

“I’ll roast them alive,” he sneered. “And my father is not an exception…” he was seething as he hissed under his breath.

Being seated in the same position for a long time was becoming painful for him. His body ached and he felt the need to stretch his limbs. The night deepened. Draven was bored and at the same time furious. Yet, he knew no one would care to entertain him.

He was about to rest his eyes when he felt something nudge in his mind. Frowning, he focused on it.

“Sire?”

This time he heard it loud and clear. A sinister smile spread across Draven’s face. That must be one of his faithful men. It looked like the cell fortified with magic wasn’t enough to inhibit the link he had formed with the rogues. No, his coven members.

“Yes, I’m here,” he replied through the link.

“Finally, we were worried that we might never be able to find you, Your Highness,” it was Polanski who spoke.

“Polanski, you made it,” smirking, Draven mumbled.

“Yes, Your Majesty. The war had scattered us but now we are gathering in the outskirts of the territory. We are still waiting for more of us. Right now, there are more than 500 men in our army. We have managed to gain the sympathy of other rogues who had refused to join us earlier and more are still joining us,” Polanski informed him.

For the first time since he was arrested, Draven’s eyes started to glimmer in excitement.

“Excellent! I knew you wouldn’t disappoint me,” Draven chuckled.

“One more thing, Your Highness. The potion we had in the pack?” Polanski reminded him.

“Yes?” Draven eagerly responded.

“It’s working,” Polanski chuckled.

His grin widened, revealing his retracted fangs.

“Perfect! Now we will be unstoppable!” He laughed.

“We will gather enough men in our army and attack the mental asylum in a few days, Your Highness. We plan to save you from there and then take over the kingdom, as we can’t afford to delay it anymore. We just need your approval, Your Majesty.”

Draven was impressed by Polanski’s humbleness and wit.

“I approve. And once we succeed, you will be my closest. My advisor and right hand,” Draven declared.

“I’d be honoured, Your Highness,” came the reply. “I’ll keep you informed.”

Polanski ended the link after giving Draven the good news he wanted to hear.

“Finally! I can sleep well,” he snickered as he closed his eyes. The contentment Polanski gave him was enough for him to finally be able to sleep, despite being restrained.

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Elijah paced in his room, thinking about a way to face Monica. He wondered if he should try to meet them in his human form after the sunset.

“That is the only option we have, Elijah. We can’t do anything in the form of a toad. We can’t speak. Heck, we sleep the whole day. And even if we don’t sleep, we can’t travel since the sun will dry off toad skin. We will be dehydrated and die of exhaustion,” Fenris pointed out.

He nodded. Fenris was right. However, going in front of them was nothing short of going on a suicide mission. Yet, it was the only way it could be done.

“If we die while we are at it, we would die trying to redeem ourselves,” he mumbled and glanced out of the window. It was already close to midnight. He had spent the whole day in his room, sleeping in his toad form and even after the sunset, he didn’t want to go outside, because if he did, he would be meeting his ex-alpha.

Elijah no longer accepted Baron as his alpha. Although it was too late for it, he had cut his ties with him. He would rather live as a loner than be connected to a wolf as vile as Baron.

After he learnt what Baron had done in the past, he had no desire to have any kind of connection with him. He didn't want to speak with him. He couldn't care less about what Baron did. Baron could rot in his room and Elijah wouldn't give a damn anymore.

So instead of trying to discuss anything with Baron, he spent his time in the room thinking. He had to face her, despite his fear of being shredded into pieces. What made him hesitate was the memories of how furious her wolf was when they met in the woods the previous night.

"Well, we must face it," mumbling to himself, he walked towards the door to exit his room. He intended to leave the packhouse for good. He looked back at his belongings. This would be the last time he set foot on the packhouse of the Red Wings pack, which was one of the most prestigious packs once upon a time.

He decided that he would join a pack if he got pardoned. However if not, he'd either be dead or be living as a rogue. Either way, he didn't intend to return to the Red Wing territory.

Sighing, he opened the door to walk away. He didn't expect to see Baron waiting for him at the door. Elijah froze. His heart skipped a beat when Baron smirked at him. Elijah knew that look in his eyes. It only meant that he was in trouble.

Swallowing the fear he felt, he faced Baron and looked straight into his eyes.

"Hey....al...alpha," he forced a smile.

"Well, hello. I was hoping that you would come out sooner. It is already past midnight," Baron chuckled.

Elijah attentively watched Baron's actions. Working with him for the past three years had taught Elijah a thing or two about Baron. He was ruthless, and if anyone gets in trouble, he might lure him into his trap, by being a little bit too friendly.

Keeping his guard up, "why? Did you need me?" He asked.

"Oh, yes. I had a great time last night. I had a drink after a long time. It felt good," he snickered. "I was hoping we could spend some time together once again. Maybe, have another drink?" He said, lifting a bottle of wine up.

Elijah's heart raced. He didn't want Baron to be suspicious of him, so he nodded his head. He had a feeling that he might be in trouble, yet, he followed cautiously. He knew that, even if he tried to run, Baron would catch him, and then he would undoubtedly be in a huge mess. Baron was faster and stronger than him. He would then have to explain why he tried to run.

"Watch out, Elijah. I don't trust this guy," Fenris warned.

"I know," Elijah's heart thudded hysterically as he followed the one-eyed alpha.

"If he tries to make you drink from that bottle, don't. Not unless he pours a drink for himself too," Fenris alerted him.

Baron sat on the chair by the balcony and pointed at the seat in front of him.

"Sit down, why don't we simply enjoy life. I mean...I was worried about not having my pack, not being the boss of everything," he sighed. "But it honestly is better now. No stress. Just live a carefree life and enjoy it to the fullest," he glanced at Elijah.

"What do you say, eh?" His lips stretched in a lopsided smile.

"Yeah" Elijah trailed off as he reluctantly took the seat. He wasn't sure what Baron had in mind. "It's good. But if only we aren't toads during the day," he said, laughing nervously as he spoke.

"Right.... But that isn't that bad.... We would sleep the whole day. When the sun sets, we wake up. Then we can shift, go for a run. Go to look for ladies in the woods," Baron mumbled, pouring some of the wine into one of the glasses on the table.

Elijah watched with an anxious heart as he poured the other glass too. He gulped and forced a smile, as Baron pushed one of them towards him.

"So, what do you say? Let's have a drink and go for a run? Maybe we'll find something interesting in the woods," Baron snickered. "Maybe an unsuspecting female who we could jump on," he commented, as he sipped on the liquor.

Flinching at his comment, Elijah glanced at the glass in front of him.

“Go on, drink it,” Baron urged. “It isn’t laced with anything in it,” he chuckled, studying Elijah’s countenance.

Elijah’s heart raced when he heard what Baron said. He snapped his head at him, but still, decided that he better not address the issue.

“Do you think he knows?” Fenris hissed in his mind.

With a racing heart, Elijah picked the glass and sipped on it. “I’m just not used to drinking alcohol,” he tried to excuse himself.

Breathing out heavily, Baron leaned back in his seat.

“Of course. You are just eighteen. But f**k the legal age. I say you should be able to drink now. We are rogues. Why should we be living by the book?” He stated as he rested his arm against

Elijah didn’t reply and took another sip of the drink in front of him. The liquid tasted bitter and it burnt his throat. Wondering why the adult wolves loved to drink that bitter tasting drink which gave him no joy, he glanced at Baron who was staring at him without blinking.

“So....what is the plan for tonight?” Elijah asked as he tried to avoid Baron’s creepy stare.

Smirking, Baron looked at his glass and then at Elijah.

“I want to say that we should go for a run and enjoy the night before we come back before the sun rises,” he arched his brow.

“But..... I’m very interested in the bottle of were-wine you offered me last night,” he suddenly said, lowering his voice.

Baron leaned forward and gazed intently into Elijah’s face.

“And I’m extremely curious about this,” he said as he slammed a little bottle that Elijah was familiar with, on the table.

Elijah’s eyes widened. Amytal.....the label on it was clear. What he had been dreading was becoming a reality. He knows.....

He couldn't understand how Baron found the bottle. Perhaps it fell from his pocket as he moved and he was too preoccupied with his thoughts to realise that it had fallen off.

He glanced at Baron from the corner of his eyes. Baron was going to kill him. He just knew it. Without waiting for a second more, he jumped up from his seat and rushed towards the railing of the balcony to leap out into the open ground. He shifted to his wolf in midair and landed on all fours. He knew Baron wouldn't let him go without a fight. However, he too wasn't going to give in just like that.

"A*****e!" Baron growled and leapt out of the balcony right after him. Soon, the two wolves were sprinting into the dense woods. Baron's wolf, Warg, wasn't as enthusiastic as Baron. He was fed up with the life he was living. However, he was still trying to keep up with his human because he wanted to keep his promise to his father.

Years ago, when his father was on his deathbed, his father's wolf spirit had made him promise that he would stick by Baron no matter what. It was long before they found his mate and Warg had hoped that Baron would stop his ill deeds after finding his mate. But he was wrong.

He was the reason why his mate took her life. And that shattered Warg's heart. And even after being reprimanded by the Queen and cursed by a witch, he didn't seem to have learnt his lesson.

Warg knew he was wrong to let his human go against the order of the Queen. However, he didn't want to remain on the wrong side the whole time. He wanted to change. However, it seemed that his human was too rotten to do that.

Sneering, Warg blocked Baron from witnessing what was happening, just as he pounced on Fenris. Undoubtedly, Warg had no trouble catching up. After all, he was the alpha.

However, with Baron blocked out, Warg now had the power to let Fenris escape.

He stepped away and huffed, gesturing with his head to run away. Since he didn't want Baron to know what happened, he didn't use their link.

Fenris was petrified when Warg pounced on him. However, he was confused when Warg didn't attack. He could have killed him on the spot, yet, he chose to step away and gesture with his head. Fenris' frantic heart slowed down when he realised that Warg was letting him run away.

"Maybe he blocked Baron," Elijah whispered. "Quick! Run! Fenris! Run!" He gasped.

Fenris wanted to thank the alpha wolf, however, he understood that a mindlink would most probably alert the vile human trapped inside. He backed off and bowed his head in respect before taking off. Fenris ran for his life. He knew the sun would rise in a matter of a few hours and he had to reach safety before he morphed into a toad.

Right before he crossed the border, he jumped onto the place where wolfsbane vines were growing thick. He needed to cancel his scent out. Although he was in a hurry, he didn't want to risk being captured at the borders. He hastily sneaked in the shadows, unnoticed by the patrols and was able to hide under a bush just before the sun's first rays spread throughout the horizon.

He was able to breathe a sigh of relief when he morphed into his toad self. As usual, he hid inside a burrow and slept, after strengthening his determination.

He was going to face them during the night. It would be dangerous, however, if he was going to die, he'd die after repenting. Maybe then, his soul could find peace.

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Everyone was glad that Monica had managed to control her vampire during the night. When she returned to the pack with Cade that night, Miles had already sent his men to search for them in the woods.

Calli grabbed her brother and held him tight in her embrace while tears flowed down her eyes. Swallowing her sobs and sniffles, she then pulled Monica in her arms.

"You scared me," she breathed out and cried on her shoulders.

"Sorry," Monica mumbled, placing her palms on Calli's back. Smiling through her tears, Calli shook her head.

“Don’t be, it wasn’t your fault. I’m just glad that you now have it under control,” Calli chuckled through her sniffles.

“She is so strong now. Stronger than a usual werewolf,” Amelia, who was with the pack leaders, smiled at them.

Wiping her face, she glanced at the young witch.

“How?” Calli asked. Everyone looked at Amelia, eager to learn what she knew. Although she was young, undoubtedly, she was full of knowledge.

“Hybrids will have the power of both species. In Ava’s case, she is a lycan and has all the advantages of being a lycan in addition to being able to use magic. Now, in Monica’s case, she has the advantages of being a werewolf and now, the strength of a vampire is added to it. We saw how she opened the doors using telekinesis. It was just part of it,” Amelia explained while Monica gaped at her in amazement.

Everyone was excited to hear it. Cade couldn’t have been prouder than he was. Grinning wide, he looked at his mate who sucked in a deep breath.

“And, so does this mean I wouldn’t be able to go out in the sun or that I’ll have to drink blood?” She asked.

“I don’t know....” Amelia trailed off. She glanced at Celeste who also was beaming at Monica.

“Uh... I think you can go into the sun. You are a part werewolf, right. So the vampire’s weaknesses wouldn’t work on you. And about drinking blood, it will be up to you. I think you can drink if you want to,” Celeste shrugged her shoulders.

Monica’s lips stretched in a smirk. “Maybe I’ll suck the blood off my enemies until they dry off. Now that will be a great way to get back at them for what they did to me,” she laughed.

Cade winced. He looked at her with raised eyebrows, wondering if she was being serious.

“Really?” He asked, his eyebrows arched.

Monica glanced at him. The confusion that was evident on his face made her snicker.

“Maybe.... Maybe not,” she chuckled.

“I bet they would fear you now,” Ava mumbled, smirking.

“If only they knew how strong she is. They have no idea,” Calli responded.

Monica was satisfied to know that she was now stronger than those who abused her. She was now a part vampire – something they’ll never be unless a vampire turned them. She gazed at Celeste, who was just as delighted as she was.

“Tell me everything I need to know about vampires,” she said, gleaming at the young vampire.

“Of course! Let’s go inside. This is so exciting!” She squealed.

“You girls do that. I’ll help Amelia with the potion,” Ava commented.

“Right. And we’ll be around. I’ll inform the men to find the things you need to make the potion so you can start as soon as possible,” Miles offered.

Agreeing, everyone went on their way.

“I’ll see you in a while, love,” Monica told Cade, kissing him on his lips. “I’ll link you,” she promised him.

“I’ll be in my room. I’m dead tired,” Cade breathed out and walked inside.

Everyone went on their way and as promised, Monica came to the room to find Cade after speaking with Celeste for a while. She found him already in bed, so after taking a quick shower, she crawled into bed, not bothering to wear clothes. She too was tired and needed to relax.

However, it seemed that Cade was waiting for her to return. He wrapped his strong arms around her and pulled her closer to him, making her yelp.

“Mmm... you smell so good, mate,” he whispered into her ears.

“Weren’t you sleeping?” She giggled. She didn’t expect him to be awake since she knew he was exhausted.

“I couldn’t, mate. Now that you are here, maybe I can sleep with you.”

His husky whisper made her shudder.

“What?” She gasped as his hands slowly cupped her breasts.

Cade smirked. “Mine,” he muttered and plunged into the sea of desires with her.

“There is only one way to find out if the potion works. And that is to go out,” Amelia urged Celeste. Amelia managed to make the potion in a matter of a few hours and Celeste had taken it right before the sun rose. However, she was still feeling reluctant to walk out of the room. Philip had sealed all the windows with cardboard so that light couldn’t filter into the room.

He did so because he wanted his mate to feel comfortable there.

“But I.... What if I burn?” She glanced at Amelia who was pushing her to walk outside with her.

“You won’t burn! We won’t go straight into the sun. We’ll first check by walking in the shaded part of the corridor. We will know if you feel any kind of irritation,” Amelia groaned. “I’m pretty sure that it works! I was extra careful when I made it for you,” she added, trying to reassure Celeste.

Philip also was in the room. He wanted to stay beside his mate when she drank the potion so he didn’t go to join the early morning run. He wanted to be there for his mate. He wished her to be able to go out during the day so that she too could be part of the pack activities. However, he didn’t want her to get hurt. Nor did he want to push her to do something she wasn’t comfortable with. Smiling, he sat beside his mate and kissed her hair.

“It’s okay, honey. I don’t want to risk you getting hurt. Maybe some other time.....” he told her.

Rolling her eyes, “I swear you’ll spoil her,” Amelia groaned.

Chuckling, he scratched the back of his neck. “Well she is mine to spoil,” he mumbled.

“Of course, she is yours,” Amelia couldn’t stop herself from sighing. Witnessing true love between soulmates was heartwarming. Smiling, she glanced at Celeste.

“You are lucky, girl. I wish my mate wasn’t an a*****e,” she mumbled.

“Your mate was Elijah, right?” Philip inquired.

Nodding her head, “yes,” she replied. “He wasn’t bad to me. But he was the biggest jerk I have ever met. So I cursed him,” she mumbled nonchalantly.

“Cursed who?” Muttered Monica, who opened the door. Little streaks of light entered the darkened room and Celeste gasped when she saw that.

“Sorry, Calli told me that Amelia was in here and had given you the potion. I was eager to see you,” Monica quickly entered and closed the door.

“I cursed my mate, Elijah and that, good for nothing alpha.”

Amelia’s reply made Monica snicker. “Serves them right,” she mumbled.

“Now, I’m trying to get this lady outside so that we could truly find out if my potion is working or not,” Amelia then pursed her lips.

“But her mate is spoiling her and now, I can’t help it,” she grumbled, waving her hands.

Frowning, “I know what could be done,” Monica said and opened the door wide. Beams of sunlight entered the room. Gasping, Celeste, moved away.

“Hey, what are you doing?” Philip bellowed.

“Relax,” Monica hushed him. “Look, it isn’t hurting, right?” She asked Celeste who stared at her with uncertainty. However, she paused and blinked before she visibly relaxed.

She glanced at Philip, as a slow smile curved her lips. Monica was right. She didn’t feel even the slightest bit of irritation. Usually, even the slightest amount of light would irritate her.

Smiling, she stood up from the bed and walked towards the open door. And held her hand out into the light. Her smile widened, as tears of joy gathered in her eyes.

“It...it isn't burning me anymore!” She exclaimed, excitedly glancing at her new friends and her mate.

“It...it isn't” She gasped and walked outside. The sudden exposure to light made her squint and cover her face, however, she realised that the warm sun wasn't burning her. Her heart fluttered in joy as she slowly peeked through her fingers. When she felt her eyes adjust, she looked around.

“It worked! It worked!” She laughed.

“Of course, it did!” Amelia was satisfied with her work. “Now I'll have to teach Ava some spells. Then, I'll be able to go back to my kingdom,” Amelia clapped her hands.

“Let's go and meet the ladies? They'll be excited,” Monica suggested and Celeste nodded in agreement.

“And we must join the training sessions. I am also new to it,” Monica muttered.

“Oh, I'm a healer. I think I'll work in that field. I'm not much of a fighter,” Celeste smiled.

“Wow, oh yes. Of course. How could I forget? You saved my life,” Monica mentioned.

Philip hugged his mate and left to join the daily training session, feeling elated that things had turned out to be perfectly fine.

The rest of the day was exciting for all of them. Celeste started to work in the infirmary while Monica joined the female leaders during the training session and the office work. Hours passed by. By the time the day ended, she had grown fond of Amelia. Monica felt pity for her that such a sweet lady was mated to an abusive wolf. At least Amelia was courageous enough to stand up for what was right. She snickered to herself from time to time, thinking that Elijah was stupid to lie to his mate who was a powerful witch and now he was a toad as long as the sun was out.

“Well, you never know how karma would bite anyone in the a*s,” Asena sneered in her mind.

Monica agreed with her wolf.

“I wouldn’t mind being the karma they deserve, though,” Monica chuckled.

Smirking, “I like that,” her wolf agreed.

They were still in the pack ground when the sun lowered, ready to hide underneath the horizon. They had decided to prepare a BBQ in the open ground to celebrate. Both Monica and Celeste had become stronger after going through hell. The fire of the BBQ burnt strong, lighting up the place after the natural torch stopped giving its light.

Darkness was spreading fast and they thought they could celebrate in peace. However, a familiar scent made Monica freeze. Her eyes dilated as Asena growled in her mind. Her eyes travelled in the direction of the scent. Her anger rose when she saw who it was.

There kneeling in front of Miles was the one she hated to the core. She snarled. All the eyes and ears were focused on the cursed one.

“What do you want, Elijah?” Miles demanded.

To Monica’s surprise, he raised his hands to beg for mercy.

“Please, Alpha Miles. I am here hoping to redeem myself. Please give me a chance to speak with her,” he begged.

The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 45

“What the hell is he doing here?” Monica linked her wolf and looked away because the mere sight of her abuser was making it hard for her to contain her anger.

“Maybe he wants to talk to Amelia. He just said that he wants to redeem himself. His mate has cursed him....you know?” Asena pointed out, making Monica breathe out.

“And did he have to come here, now? He could speak with his mate whenever and wherever he wanted. Why did he have to come where I could see him?” Monica was frustrated.

“I know. If he truly wants to redeem, he can do it where we don’t have to deal with him,” Asena agreed with her.

Monica continued to pretend that she was interested in the fire that was burning in front of her as Miles looked around. Although Celeste wasn't familiar with the newcomer, she understood that he must be someone who wasn't very welcome as Philip quickly stood in front of her, protectively, covering her and Monica from the newcomer's sight. Cade too stepped close to Monica and snaked his arm around her waist.

Amelia instantly understood why Elijah was saying that he wanted to redeem. She squinted into the distance, wondering if he was alone. She had cursed two of them. So it surprised her to see that only Elijah was here to earn Monica's forgiveness. Her gaze fell on Elijah, who had his eyes lowered and hands raised to beg as he knelt in front of the Alpha. He looked so pathetic. Rolling her eyes she scoffed.

"Just saying that you want to change won't help you, jerk. The curse won't break by words that have no meaning in it," she sneered at him.

Miles frowned at Amelia. "What do you mean?" He asked.

"You have heard about the curse. The only way they could break it is by earning Monica's apology. And they'd have to mean it. Just mere words won't help them even a bit," Amelia told him, her lips stretching in a smirk as she glanced at Elijah. She thought she saw a tear rolling down and dripping from his chin. Yet, she chose to ignore it and walked away from him.

Her heart thudded uncomfortably as she walked away. The mate bond was affecting her, however, she was determined to make him pay for what he had done in the past.

Monica couldn't believe her ears. With her eyebrows furrowed, she stared at Amelia who was coming towards her.

"What?" She whispered. "He is here to see me?" She breathed out.

Nodding her head, "don't worry. He won't be able to hurt you here," Amelia mumbled in response.

"I'm not worried about him hurting me. I just don't want to see him!" She responded in a hushed whisper.

"So, you want to speak with Monica?" Miles raised an eyebrow as he looked at the wolf who was kneeling in front of him.

Elijah nodded. He didn't expect Amelia to be present in the Dark Howl pack. The presence of his mate made it a hundred times harder and more embarrassing for him. Nonetheless, he was going to face the consequences of his actions, regardless of how hard it was.

Miles glanced at Monica who was grimacing. Her lips were pursed and her forehead was wrinkled. She kept scowling at the fire as she fiddled with the hem of her shirt. Undoubtedly, she was anxious. Or perhaps frustrated. She didn't look as though she was ready to face Elijah.

"I don't think she is ready for you yet," he mumbled when he saw how disgruntled Monica was.

"Please.... I'll do anything.... I'm even ready to be her slave and do anything she orders me to. I will not ask any questions. I will not hesitate to obey her. She..... I.... I was wrong....." his voice started to quiver.

"I was wrong to believe what I was told. I should have questioned them and used my brain to think. I easily believed what the society told me," he desperately glanced at Monica.

"I also was young.....and I believed that my elders were right. But now I have realised the truth. Baron..... I I..... can't....." he trailed off. He couldn't find the courage to say it out loud. He couldn't say that he had learnt what Baron had done to her mother. He didn't know if Monica knew or not. All he knew was that he was utterly wrong to believe in Baron.

Elijah covered his face with his hands. He was ashamed of himself. His throat tightened, making it hard for him to speak. Admitting his mistakes was something he never thought he would do, yet here he was.

"I'm sorry," he gasped. A moment of silence passed by. Miles started to feel sorry for the young wolf. He reminded him of his younger self. The situation was different, and it wasn't his place to forgive him. It was Monica's. So he remained silent, waiting for Monica to say something. He glanced at her once again and then at Calli who nodded at Miles.

"Say, something Monica. It's your choice," she told her.

Monica gulped. She looked at Elijah who's tears were now streaming down his cheeks. He looked as though he was sorry. And he was right. He too was young, however, it was hard for her to accept his actions. She could

understand that he was young and could be easily manipulated, yet, he didn't have to be part of the abuse.

"If his apology is sincere, the curse will break. If not, nothing will happen," she heard Asena mumble in her head.

Looking away from her former abuser, "do you think we should forgive him....just like that?" Monica asked her wolf.

"Do you want to deal with him? If we don't accept his apology, chances are that he will come back and keep trying. Why don't we just let him go? If he wasn't apologising for real, he will turn into a toad tomorrow morning. If he truly is sorry, the curse will break..... I'd rather just forgive him since he asked for it and let him go. I want to live my life in peace. Why should we hold on to the past?" Asena counselled.

Sighing, Monica nodded in agreement. Her wolf was right. There was no need of holding onto something that would weigh her down. She wanted to live a happy life with her mate. What had happened in the Red Wings pack was now long gone.

Heaving in a deep breath, she glanced at Elijah. She closed her eyes.

"I forgive you," her declaration surprised everyone.

"I forgive you because you have apologized. I don't want to hold onto the past, and I'm not cruel enough to want to get revenge from someone who is trying to redeem himself. If your apology is sincere, we'll know in the morning. Just..... just stay away from me. I have forgiven you, but I seriously am not ready to deal with you," she said and turned towards her mate. She buried her face in his shirt and inhaled. His scent calmed her racing heart.

"Thank you.... thank you so much," Elijah was overjoyed. Although no one in the pack ground trusted him, he knew that his apology was sincere and that it was enough to break the curse. Now, changing for the better was what was left on his to do list.

"Now, there is one thing I need to know," Miles spoke, looking at Elijah, who was now wiping his face, obviously delighted that he was pardoned.

“How did you sneak past the guards? I have increased the number of patrols in the woods and at the perimeters and it baffles me that they didn’t detect your presence on our territory,” Miles asked him, frowning.

“Oh, that? If you rub wolfsbane on your skin, it will cancel out your scent. It will cause irritation and if you don’t wash it off soon, it might give you blisters, but no one will be able to detect your scent. That’s how I made sure no one would be able to sniff me outwell, I was almost caught once and that was when I was a bit too careless....” He nervously glanced at Monica and Cade.

“Anyway, I used the wolfsbane to help mask my scent and laid low... ummm...it wasn’t hard since I wasn’t in this form during the day,” smiling sheepishly, Elijah explained.

“Interesting...” he smirked and glanced at Nolan and Castor. “Do you think that wolves can grow immune to it if we use it in mild amounts? I mean, is it possible to train the skin of our warriors so that they can tolerate it to some extent?” He tilted his head as he inquired.

“Maybe....it could be experimented on. It might be useful during wars or attacks....” Elijah looked up.

“Uh Alpha.... May I join your pack? I am not going back to the Red Wings pack. If you don’t want to take me in, I’ll live as a lone wolf in the woods.....” Elijah humbly spoke.

Grinning, “do you think we should take him in? He is talented and knowledgeable,” Miles asked his friends via mindlink.

“Will it bother Monica?” Castor linked back.

“Let’s discuss?” Nolan responded. All three of them gathered around Monica, who still had her face buried in Cade’s chest.

“Monica, would you mind if we take Elijah in our pack? He will be under strict supervision and will be exiled at the first sign of deception,” Miles spoke, making Monica glance at them.

Sighing, “Well..... it’s your pack, alpha. I won’t mind if he doesn’t bother me. I don’t want to do anything with him,” she replied, shrugging her shoulders.

Smiling at her answer, Miles nodded his head in satisfaction.

Amelia wasn't satisfied. Furrowing her eyebrows, she leaned towards Monica.

"You forgave him? Just like that?" She mumbled. Monica glanced at the young witch, who was staring at her in disbelief. She let out a chuckle and frowned.

"Amelia.....I ... I don't have the energy to deal with him. He has asked for forgiveness and as you have stated, the curse will break only if he was being sincere. So..." she shrugged her shoulders.

The witch rolled her eyes and shook her head. "You are too kind, wolf girl. Well, I'm not. I don't care about the mate bond. I refuse to forgive him. I've seen what he did to you....it is unforgivable.....well.... That alpha is the worst but Elijah was his sidekick," Amelia grumbled under her breath.

"Same here. He does have a point. He is young and was easily manipulated by his elders. But some of it was because he too was rotten. Like when he stabbed me in the woods...." Philip chimed in. Monica snapped her head towards him.

"He was the one who stabbed you with the silver blade?" She asked and Philip nodded in response.

"He must have wanted to make sure that I die," he told them. Miles exchanged glances with Nolan and Castor.

"That's messed up, then. I'll put him in the lowest ranks of the pack. Let's see how he takes it," Miles stated and walked away with Nolan and Castor.

"Damn that stupid wolf! If only you weren't already mated, I would have dated you just to get on his nerves," Amelia told Philip and Celeste glared at her. Her eyes started to turn red. Chuckling, Amelia raised her hands in peace.

"I'm not touching your man, girl. He is yours. Maybe I'll get someone else to make him jealous," she smirked.

"Why don't you just reject him?" Monica suggested.

Amelia blinked. "Reject.....him?" She asked.

“Yeah. Mates can accept or reject each other. It will be painful, but if you don’t want him, you should reject him. You have a reason good enough to do so,” Monica explained.

“Interesting,” Amelia shifted on her feet and faced Monica. “Tell me more about this.... rejection,” she said, giving her full attention to Monica.