

## The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 46

Elijah was indeed accepted into the pack, however, he was supposed to do all the cleaning and other odd jobs for the army. He was informed that he couldn't join the training sessions at first since they needed to evaluate him first. Instead, he was supposed to do the chores. Hence, all the chores that usually omegas who didn't join the training handled, were passed onto Elijah.

That included cleaning the weapons and making sure that they were in good condition to use and making sure that their snacks and meals were ready on time. All of that in addition to making sure the lavatories and shower rooms in the wing of the warriors were cleaned thrice every day. In other words, he would be busy from sun-up till sundown, and he wouldn't be able to relax until it was time to sleep. It sounded tiring. However, Elijah agreed without any hesitation. He took it as a form of rehabilitation.

He was given a little room to stay in. It was small, yet it had everything a person would need. A bed, a wardrobe and an attached toilet. He was the beta of his previous pack and came from a noble family. Although he didn't have his parents with him as he grew up, he lived a rather wealthy life. And this little room was nothing compared to the riches he had enjoyed in the past.

He didn't complain. As promised, he obeyed every command without a whine. Not even a little bit of hidden displeasure.

"We start our day early. The warriors will start to arrive at the grounds to start training by 5:30 in the morning. We officially start at six," Castor informed him and left when Elijah nodded in response. He looked around. Alpha Miles had been kind enough to provide him with a stack of new clothes and other necessities.

"It's a new chance at life, dude. Don't mess this up," he heard Fenris.

"I'll try my best," he promised. After doing his business in the bathroom and freshening up, he lay on the bed and smiled. Regardless of the hardness of the mattress, he was satisfied. It felt as though a huge burden was lifted off his shoulders. He closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep with a smile on his face.

However, he was woken up within a couple of hours and when he did, he was drenched in sweat. Breathing heavily, he looked around. Without a doubt, he was overheated.

“Damn, I’m soaked,” mumbling, he walked over to the closed window and opened it. The cool night breeze made him smile. Yet, it only gave little comfort to him. Sighing, he squinted at the sky. The room wasn’t very congested. He didn’t understand why he wasn’t able to sleep. “Maybe because we are used to staying up the whole night,” Fenris mumbled in response to his unasked question.

“Yeah,” he breathed out,

He remained at the window as the soft wind cooled him down. He admired the serenity of the night. It was peaceful.

“If only my life could be just as serene...” he mumbled, loud enough for anyone nearby to hear him. However, it was the dead of the night and no one would bother to come near the servant’s quarters.

He stayed by the window for a long time until he sensed that he should go back inside. Glancing at the wall clock in the room, he nodded. It was already 5 in the morning.

“Well, we better start our day,” he told his wolf and went on his way to start his first day as an omega.

The cook reassured him that the food would be ready on time so he went into the warrior’s wing to clean the place. Time passed and soon he started to feel strange. He knew it was time for the sun to rise. Anxious, he glanced out of the little window on the east, where he could see the horizon. Beads of sweat trickled down his face. He stopped what he was doing and nervously stared at the rising red ball of fire.

Will it work? Did my apology break the curse? He wondered. It was just a matter of seconds. As soon as the sun rose completely, he would find out. He knew he was telling the truth when he begged to be pardoned the night before. However, that didn’t stop him from being antsy. He was just thankful that he was left alone in the area. All the warriors had joined the training session.

“Here goes,” he whispered and squeezed his eyes shut.

The sun rose and naturally, he waited for his body to morph into the tiny toad. Yet it never came. His heart skipped a beat as his eyes flung open. He stared at the rising sun. A wide grin spread across his face.

“It worked! It really worked!” He yelled, jumping in joy.

“Fenris?” He called his wolf.

“Yeah?”

“It worked dude! It worked!” Elijah laughed through their link.

“I know!” Fenris exclaimed. “And it is a second chance at life. Not everyone gets it. Remember that,” his wolf warned.

“Yes, yes. I will. Just....don’t remain silent if you see me do something stupid. Stop me. Take over my body if you have to. Just don’t let me blow this,” Elijah told Fenris.

“Now that you have given me the permission, I’ll take over your body whenever I like .....maybe to get back my mate,” Fenris joked.

Elija didn’t find his joke funny. His heart pained at the thought of his mate. She hated him and all because of his stupidity. Fighting against his urge to sigh, he took the cloth th at had fallen from his hand

Wiping a sword, “I don’t know Fenris.....she hates me,” Elijah sadly mumbled.

“Then we will have to win her over. Are you giving up so soon?” Fenris huffed.

Elijah pursed his lips and chose to remain silent. She was a witch, and a powerful one. He had annoyed her once and now, he hesitated to face her.

“What if she does something worse?” He paused for a while. “I don’t want to give up....but..... I feel reluctant,” Elijah admitted.

“Well, we have survived and come this far. We will survive what life has in store for us,” Fenris’ replied in response.

Smiling, he nodded. He was lucky to have Fenris as his wolf. There wasn’t a doubt about that.

Amelia marched towards the weapons storage facility. She knew she would find Elijah in there. Monica had explained how the rejection works and now she was going to try it. She didn’t want to be bound by a bond, especially to someone like Elijah.

She was told that Elijah was to take care of everything related to the warriors and at the moment, she needed to see if he was still there. Or rather, if he was still in his human form. She wanted to check if he was telling the truth or not. The sun rose a short while back and if the curse had not broken, he would still turn into a toad. She wasn't expecting him to change back. Not at least yet. She didn't trust him, even a little bit.

She walked inside without hesitation. Her lips parted when she saw him wiping the swords one by one. She was a little surprised. So....the curse was broken? He was telling the truth the whole time? Staring at his back, she tilted her head.

And why did he have to be shirtless while wiping those weapons?

She wondered as she admired the flexing muscles on his back. Her mouth watered. He looked hot. She wouldn't deny it. Even the sweaty back was appealing to her.

Wow, those muscles....

She found herself licking her lips. But then, she suddenly went rigid.

No! This wasn't why she came here! Snap out of it! She scolded herself. Shaking her head, she scowled. She wasn't going to give in. A mate bond was nothing for her to hold on to. She wanted to share her life with someone worthy. Someone caring and understanding. Someone honest and empathetic. In her opinion, someone who was supposed to be one's soulmate wasn't worth it, if that 'mate' was a douchebag.

Definitely not him! She reminded herself.

Elijah knew she was at the entrance. He heard her footsteps from a distance and his heart raced with each click of her heels. When her scent confirmed that indeed was her, his breathing hitched. She had arrived. He didn't know why she was here. A part of him was excited, yet another part of him was anxious. He had no idea how this meeting would end. He chose to pretend that he didn't notice her arrival and continued to do his work until she cleared her throat to gain his attention.

"Don't you wolves have an enhanced sense of smell or is something wrong with your nose?" She snapped when he didn't give her any attention. She crossed her arms across her chest and knitted her eyebrows together as she

grimaced. She wanted to make sure that she looked annoyed. He had to know that she didn't want him as her mate.

Elijah paused his work and slowly turned around. When her eyes fell on his well toned body, her throat tightened and the palpitations of her heart increased. His chest and his fit abs.....

No! She blinked to snap herself out of the trance she was being pulled into.

It's just the stupid bond. I need to get rid of it!

She gritted her teeth and gulped down the lump in her throat.

Heaving a deep breath, she started to speak. "Look, I'll be frank and go straight to the point. I don't want a mate. I don't want to be bound by a force. I want my life partner to be..... I don't know how to say this .....I want him to be.... special...." She glanced at Elijah whose face was now wilted. His large eyes reflected pain and it hurt her to see him like that.

Shut up! It's just the bond!

She reminded herself and once again she frowned.

She clenched her cold fists and released them. Inhaling deeply, she tried her best to compose herself.

This has to be done.

"This is the best for both of us. Now, I'll reject you and you accept it. Then, we go our separate ways. That should be fine."

Amelia's statement made Elijah's eyes go wide in fear.

"Mate is rejecting us?" Fenris whimpered and all Elijah could do was stare. He had anticipated something bad, however, not a rejection.

"We will go through this," he reminded Fenris as he fought against the tears that threatened to gather in his eyes.

"Okay, here goes..." she shifted on her feet and he braced himself for the pain that was about to rip his heart apart.

“I, Amelia, reject you Elijah as my mate,” she declared and waited for the pain her wolf friends had told her about.

But...nothing happened. No pain...nothing... Elijah too was a little amazed. Happy, but surprised. So the rejection didn't work. He thought.

She frowned.

“That's funny. They said it should work like that,” she scrunched her nose and Elijah couldn't help but snicker.

“It's not funny mutt!” She sneered, glaring at him.

“I'm sorry,” he mumbled and lowered his gaze. He knew he was at the lowest rank and he didn't want to be labelled as someone who was disrespectful to a guest. He didn't want to take any chances of falling out of Alpha Miles' favour.

Amelia was frustrated. She wondered if she was doing something wrong.

“Elijah. You reject me. Maybe then it'll work,” she demanded, the creases on her forehead deepening.

Elijah studied her demeanour. She was undoubtedly irritated. She doesn't want to be with him. But they were mates. Yes, he had been a jerk in the past. But he was now trying to be a better person. He was now unsure if he deserved any happiness in life. However, he didn't intend to reject a gift life had given him.

Gazing intently at her, Elijah shook his head.

Grimacing, “fine! I'll figure this out!” She huffed and turned around to leave. As she walked towards the exit in haste, she ran right into one of the unmated warriors who returned from the training ground.

A little growl erupted from Elijah's throat, making them snap their heads at him. Amelia knew that it must be jealousy. She smirked, yet walked away without a word. The wolf shrugged it away and walked towards the showers.

Sighing, Elijah slumped onto the stool beside him.

“This is going to be a long day, Fenris,” he told his wolf. “Monica may have forgiven me. But it looks like Amelia is going to give us a hard time,” he groaned as he complained.

"I know. I don't have a good feeling about this," he also agreed with Elijah.

## **The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 47**

Time passed. By the time the sunset, Elijah was exhausted. However, he was elated that he had spent a day of his life trying to improve himself. The only concern that remained was Amelia. He wanted her, but she didn't want him.

While he took a shower and as he relaxed on his bed, his mind was occupied with her thoughts. He knew Amelia was a witch and wouldn't cherish the mate bond as much as wolves do. Werewolves took the mate bond as something sacred.

"What are we going to do? I don't want to lose her," he sighed as he lay on the bed. "She is my mate. I know second chances exist, but they are extremely rare. Besides, I really like her. She is... different. She is strong, sassy, and I know she will kick my a\*s if I am being stupid ...and I like that. Maybe that is what I need. Perhaps that is why we are mated to a witch who would kick some senses into my brain..." He trailed off. "But I fear that she might reject me and succeed one day," he complained.

"Maybe we should avoid her for now?" Fenris suggested. He puckered his lips. Perhaps that could be a temporary solution.

Closing his eyes, he wished that he could travel back in time. Travel to the time he was still in high school. When he bullied Monica, calling her a bastard. He regretted every time he pushed her against the lockers and pulled her hair. And there was one specific time he had deliberately embarrassed her in front of all their classmates. He had poured a packet of milk on her head.

She cried that day, yet, she never fought back. Until the day he called her mother a slut. That day she kicked his crotch and escaped before his friends could get her. Elijah winced at the memory. He was wrong. He was utterly wrong to do that. Clara wasn't a slut. In fact, she was the most patient she-wolf. She silently listened to everyone who unjustly shunned her and now he understood why. She did it for Monica.

It must have been painful for Clara; she undoubtedly had it much worse than him. She was rejected by her mate and Baron, being the jackass he was, used the opportunity to take advantage of her. He wondered what happened after that. If any common sense was left in Baron's brain, he must have known

that he could have been Monica's father. If not, he was an a\*\*\*\*\*e and an idiot.

He felt Fenris shift uncomfortably in his head.

Frowning, "what is it, Fenris?" He asked.

"I was wondering about how Clara died...." He mumbled.

"She was found dead one day at the river bank. I heard that she drowned, or something like that. We had just graduated from high school that week and I wasn't very active in the pack activities so I don't know much," he mumbled.

"What if her death wasn't a natural one?" Fenris responded, making Elijah's heart race. His eyes widened. Gulping hard, "what do you mean?" He asked his wolf.

"He r\*\*\*d her. I have a feeling that he was the one who labelled her as a slut to hide it and who knows, maybe he killed her," Fenris replied.

Elijah sat up. His wolf was right. That was something Baron might do.

"But .. how would we know?" He wondered.

"Philip?" Fenris suggested and Elijah felt his heart plummet. Did he have to face the one he had tried to kill? He was a little surprised to see him alive and well. However, he was now glad that Philip had made it through that ordeal.

"I...."

"Face it, Elijah. You have to," Fenris urged. Elijah's chest squeezed, yet he nodded his head.

"I will," he gulped, clutching onto the sheets. Covering his face with his hands, he sighed.

"I guess there is one more person I have to beg to be pardoned from," wiping away the beads of sweat, he breathed out.

The next day, he went out and started his usual scheduled work. On the first day, he had deliberately avoided interacting with the wolves, especially if Cade and Philip were nearby. However, today, he was going to try.... It was a crucial step towards being a better person.



He had cleaned the showers when the warriors returned from their training session. Instead of leaving, he searched for Philip. When he saw that he was speaking to Cade, he flinched. It was going to be extremely hard. Ignoring his erratic heart, he stepped closer to them.

“Excuse me,” he timidly said. Philip raised an eyebrow as he faced the young wolf. Elijah had his eyes downcast, yet he felt their gazes burn into him. His heart thumped frantically as he tried to say the words.

“I... I would like to speak with Philip,” he uttered.

Philip nodded his head and stepped aside. When Cade went into the showers, he faced Elijah.

“What?” He studied Elijah’s demeanour.

“I... I am sorry. Can you please forgive me for what I’ve done.... I mean....” He trailed off making Philip chuckle.

“For what? Trying to kill me?” He asked nonchalantly.

Elijah was speechless. Philip’s response made him want to disappear from plain sight. He felt as though being buried alive would be better than facing the consequences of his actions.

“I don’t want to talk about it now. You have done worse things to Monica and she has forgiven you. You teamed up with Baron and tried to kill her wolf before she shifted. Thankfully, her wolf is stronger than that. She is stronger than any of us!” Philip snarled at him.

“Because she is our alpha,” Elijah whispered.

Narrowing his eyes, “so you know,” Philip mumbled.

Timidly nodding his head, “I saw her wolf in the woods. Her striking resemblance with Warg raised questions so I ran back to find out the truth. I managed to trick Baron into drinking were-wine laced with amytal and I ...I kind of found out what he did to Clara ....” He gulped. “He.... He...”

“He r\*\*\*d her,” Philip bluntly stated. “Monica found out and that’s why she ran away from the pack. That, in addition to the fact that Baron tried to force himself on her,” Philip gritted his teeth.

“That a\*\*\*\*\*e tried to force himself on his own flesh and blood! I feel like he should be chopped and fed to the wild animals in the woods!” His fists clenched.

Elijah’s eyes went wide with the new piece of information.

“We should have just killed him when we had the chance!” Fenris growled.

He suddenly felt his knees go weak. He had been taking his side the whole time.

“I bet she didn’t poison Baron’s brother,” Fenris mumbled.

Dropping onto his knees, he breathed out. “You mean....she didn’t r...r....run because she had to.... poisoned Baron’s brother?” He stammered.

“That’s some bullshit Baron must have told you,” Philip sneered.

“Oh, God....” He gasped for breath. He had chosen to deny all the allegations the members of the Dark Howl pack put on Baron, however, now, Baron’s wickedness was as clear as daylight.

“And Clara....”

“Monica’s mother. I pity her. She did put an allegation on Baron years ago. She said that he violated her but she failed to bring any proof. But now, I feel that the evidence must have been destroyed. Baron was the alpha and he must have done something,” Philip sadly sighed. “As her beta, I failed her.”

“I have a hunch that her death also might not be a natural one,” trembling, Elijah finally mumbled out. Philip remained silent for a while.

“I won’t be surprised. You are right. Baron has a collection of crazy solvents and poisons.”

Frowning he glanced at Elijah. He closed his eyes.

“Well, at least you aren’t as rotten as he is. You are here trying to redeem yourself. That takes a lot of courage,” Philip uttered and pursed his lips.

“I... should go,” he mumbled right before walking away.

Elijah covered his face, devastated by what he had heard. The little words of praise brought no solace to him. The damage was far worse than that. He had been following Baron who was the worst. The Queen was right when she dissolved the entire pack. He didn't know how to govern a werewolf community. He was nothing but an a\*s.

"Dude?" He heard his wolf call him.

"Fenris ..... I was blind," he cried.

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Once again, Amelia went to look for Elijah. This time, she was sure she would succeed. The last time, she had not used their full names and ranks. Perhaps that was the reason why the rejection didn't work.

When she entered the weapons storage facility, Elijah wasn't in there. So she peeked in through the glass door which she knew was the shower room. The sight of shirtless males made her blush and quickly look away.

"He must be in there," she mumbled to herself.

She waited by the door until they were done.

"Oh, hey, Amelia, what are you doing here?" A familiar voice caught her attention. Smiling, she turned to face Philip.

"I'm looking for Elijah," she told him.

"I saw him there. But why are you looking for him?" Philip arched his brows.

"I want to reject him. I don't want to be forced into a bond and be tied to someone. Especially to someone like him...."

Philip paused for a while. His lips parted and his forehead creased. He glanced at Amelia and then through the glass door of the shower room.

"Are you sure? Mates are a gift....." he trailed off as he shifted his gaze back to her. She was surprised to hear him say that.

Tilting her head, "I am amazed that you are saying that," she replied.

Nodding his head in agreement, "I know. But... It was courageous of him to accept that he was wrong and work to be a better person. Yes, he was a jerk in the past. But he was misinformed. And look at him now. His sincerity had broken the curse. He is deeply remorseful about what had happened. He had even asked me to forgive him," Philip studied her face.

Her eyes clouded with uncertainty. Her mouth opened and closed. Perhaps she wanted to say something, yet, she didn't know how to respond to him.

"Maybe you were what he needed. Perhaps, he needed a rude awakening that could open his eyes," he sighed and paused once again.

"If you still want to reject your soulmate, it is your choice. Perhaps, he would be gifted with another mate who wouldn't judge him because of his past."

Philip left Amelia stupefied beside the glass door. The thought of Elijah being mated to someone else didn't sit right with her. She knew it was the mate bond speaking. Still, she also knew that Philip had a point.

The warriors walked out of the shower room one by one. Yet, Amelia was too lost in her thoughts to care. Every word Philip said was deeply embedded in her heart. Her chest felt constricted. Biting her lower lip, she glanced into the shower room, which was now empty.

Empty except for one person who was still sitting on the floor leaning against the wall. His head was lowered. Although he wasn't facing her, she could clearly see how disheartened he looked. Tears streamed down his face and she felt her heart weep for him.

She slowly traced the cold glass of the shower room door. Was she wrong to reject him? She wondered. When she felt her eyes sting, she slowly backed off.

Shaking her head, "I... can't ...." she gasped and took off. She ran into the packhouse and up the flight of stairs that led her to the room she stayed in. Her heart thudded in her chest as she slammed the door shut and leaned against it. Panting, she closed her eyes.

"Why? Is this my fate?" She wheezed.

## **The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 48**

Two weeks later

Standing outside his tent, Polanski scanned his surroundings. The King had made a huge mistake by attacking them. He smirked. The army had grown in number over the days. Even those who weren't ready to join their army at first were now ready after hearing how their King teamed up with the wolves to attack their domain. They were furious. The King and the Crown Prince trusted the wolves more than their own kind. How pathetic.

He glanced at the shining sun and his smirk widened. Their little deal with the wolves had proven to be an advantage to them anyway. That witch girl was indeed talented. The potion she made was very effective. It was bitter, yet it was worth it. They would definitely use it to their advantage. He felt bad that some of their men died in the fight with the King's army. The ones who joined them later weren't immune to sunlight. That's okay. He thought. Perhaps, they could find another magician who knew how to help them sometime later.

He had promised their master – Prince Draven that he would get him out of the mental asylum, and he would keep his promise. Vampires don't go back on their words. If they resist, they resist openly. And if they submit to a person, they would die in submission.

But the problem was, Polanski would have to make sure all the preparations were done before he attacked the asylum. The King was sure to send his army to fight them and that was something he wouldn't risk.

"Isn't it time to attack yet? We have more than a thousand men with us now. And we have the advantage of being able to move during the day. I think we should make our move."

Polanski's thoughts were interrupted by one of the men.

He blinked.

"We will," slowly turning around, he mumbled. "I will link our master tonight. Tell the men to prepare to attack during dawn, right before the sun rises," he declared.

"We will raise chaos in the Kingdom. We shall set our master free. He is the one who had given us shelter when the King wouldn't allow us to live like we want to. He allowed us to have our own rules. And now, the King and the

Crown Prince have ruined everything. They have chosen to mess with the wrong group of vampires. We will make sure they pay,” he hissed.

The latter nodded, while an evil grin spread across his face. Polanski’s gaze shifted towards the sky. The sun was about to lower itself, ending the day.

“Link all of them to gather around my tent tonight. We shall march towards the city when the dawn breaks. Everyone must join. All those who are immune to the sun will join us when we proceed to attack the palace after the sun rises. Others can take shelter until we inform them. To ensure that we win, we have to work together,” he stated. Nodding his head, the vampire rogue hastened to carry out the orders.

As planned, Polanski linked Draven who was extremely enthusiastic about the mental asylum being attacked. He couldn’t wait to get rid of his tormentors. When the darkness of the night spread, the whole area around his tent was filled with those who joined his army. They waited until the night deepened .

“Are we ready to attack?” Polanski bellowed, his voice resounding in the far distance.

“Yes!”

Hisses and shouts of agreement were heard. Hands were raised in the air with their fists clenched. They were infuriated. Locking up their Prince was unacceptable.

“We will show no mercy!” Polanski hissed, elongating his fangs and vampire claws.

“Show no mercy!”

His followers hissed loudly, transforming so that they were all prepared to fight. They knew those at the asylum weren’t fighters. They would be able to win without much struggle. And they were going to do it before the King gets alerted and send his men to fight.

They rushed through the fog, dodging the low lying branches in the forest. The security guards of the asylum noticed the approaching group of vampires from the distance. The sound of their shouts and hisses alerted them. At once, they jumped into action. They shut the gates and were about to lock them when the angry mob pushed against the metal gate.

The flimsy attempts of the securities were not a match to the strength of the huge army of rogues. Some of them climbed over the wall while some of them managed to push the gate open.

Polanski grabbed the throat of the first guard, making sure that his claws pierced deep into his flesh. The security guard choked, croaking as blood oozed from where Polanski's nail dug in. His followers followed his lead and sliced through the bodies of the other wardens.

"Not so strong now, eh?" Polanski hissed at the guard before ripping his throat open.

Black blood gushed out of his throat, painting his pale skin. Scoffing, Polanski tossed his limp body to the side and licked the blood off his hand.

"It's good," he chuckled. His shining red eyes focused on the closing doors of the facility.

"Attack!" He growled and his followers dashed towards the entrances using their phenomenal speed. The workers in the asylum were too slow. The rogue vampires managed to force their way in, slicing and clawing through the workers. Some of them tried to fight back with what they had. However, it was of no use. The rogues were too vile and untamed. Bloodcurdling screams and hair rising shrieks filled the atmosphere as Polanski and his team ripped through the bodies of the workers. Nurses, doctors, psychotherapists and janitors lost their lives. They had no time to use a phone or send a message. Their attempts to send urgent links were interrupted with screams of agony.

Soon, the white tiled floor of the mental asylum was streaming with dark red blood. The scarlet coloured liquid coated the walls and the counters. The metallic scent of sweet blood smelt like heaven to the rogues. It had been too long since they fed on live prey. Some of the rogues chose to feed on the victims before killing them off. They enjoyed listening to their victims beg and holding their writhing bodies in their arms, right before they silenced the unsuspecting workers for eternity.

They moved through the corridors, looking for anyone who might be hiding in a cabinet or a storeroom. They didn't want anyone to survive. This day was going to be written in their history in bright red. It was a victory for them. A huge triumph for the rogue army.

“Master, where are you?” Polanski linked Draven, whose lips stretched in a wide grin.

“In one of the most hidden rooms. I’d rather call this place the cage. You have to find their set of keys. We can’t use our gifts and our strength is useless in this place,” Draven instructed.

“Keys ...” mumbling, Polanski scanned the area. He knew they must have kept the keys in the reception. No one would have expected anyone to cause a bloodbath.

The corners of his lips raised when he spotted a large set of keys in one of the drawers.

“Got it, master,” he informed Draven, who laughed in response.

“Excellent,” the vampire prince snickered. The sweet scent of blood reached his nostrils and he was reminded of his craving for fresh blood. He knew that Polanski and his men must have caused a bloodbath in the lobby.

How wonderful. He thought, his eyes slowly glowing red. Smacking his lips, he ran his tongue over his dried lips.

“Oh, and do you have any live prey for me?” He asked his trusted follower.

Polanski glanced at the motionless bodies lying on the floor, drenched in their blood. The bodies were slashed open. Some of their victims had their heads removed from their bodies. None of them was good enough to be presented to his master.

“Let me go! No!” He heard a female scream. One of his mates had dragged a nurse out of wherever she was.

Smirking, “don’t kill her. She is our gift to our master,” he informed his men. The nurse went stiff as she stared at the crazy vampire rogue. He had undoubtedly passed a death sentence.

“Master,” she whispered, fear evident on her face. Being a gift to his master didn’t sound like something she would enjoy. She dreaded what awaited her. Yet, all she could do was stare as two rogues firmly held each of her hands.

She thrashed, however, there was no way she could escape.



The bloody scene in front of her was the least of her concerns when she saw the crazy Royal march towards her, with a psychotic grin spread across his face. Aghast, she stared at him with her eyes widened in horror. Her half-dead heart thudded hysterically in her ribcage as the blood drained from her face. She knew it was over for her.

“Well, hello there,” Draven chuckled, surprisingly calm. Smirking, he stepped in front of her and ordered the rogues to let her go.

She wanted to run. However, to her dismay, she realised that she couldn’t move a muscle. Draven had inhibited her.

Draven traced her cheeks. He ran his fingers down her neck and over her collar bone. Her breathing laboured as time passed. She wished that he would kill her quickly and get over it. Yet, she knew he was having fun with his prey.

“You are pretty,” he snickered as he lowered his head so that he could kiss her on her neck. Each time his lips caressed her cold skin, she shuddered. Tears stung her eyes. She wished that she had a better end. A more peaceful one. If only she could say goodbye to her father. If only she could hug her mother one last time ....

“Too bad, you are not my type,” Draven whispered right before plunging his fangs into the vein in her neck. She felt the life being sucked out of her as the Royal fed on her blood.

It was her end....

Draven fed on her until he felt his thirst was satisfied. He licked the wound so that it would stop bleeding and looked right into her face, which was now as white as a sheet. She didn’t blink and simply stared off into space.

“Damn, that wasn’t that bad, girl. Others had it worse,” he chuckled.

She didn’t respond. She didn’t even move a muscle and he didn’t like it.

“Hmm....I don’t like weaklings,” he mumbled as he elongated his razor sharp claws.

Holding the stunned nurse in one hand, he used his claws to rip open her chest. She gasped once before going silent forever. He did not feel an ounce of mercy as he cruelly ripped her heart out of her ribcage. Snickering, he let

her limp body fall into the stream of blood at his feet while he crushed her heart in his palm.

Arching his brow, he looked around, satisfied with what he was seeing.

Offering a lopsided grin, “next stop, the palace,” he chuckled.

## **The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 49**

Those who weren’t immune to sunlight remained indoors as the rest marched with Draven towards the palace. Drenched in blood, they paraded the streets. Whoever saw them would have been shocked. They were all coated in the dark red blood of their victims from head to toe and they left a bloody trail as they marched forward.

However, the streets were already deserted. The doors of the houses were closed shut and there was no sign of life on the roads. After all, the night was almost over. Polanski had chosen the best time for the attack. Vampires who didn’t drink the potion would be the weakest when the sun rose so they all would have locked themselves in their homes already.

Good for them. Draven thought. The civilians need not witness what was about to happen. Those who resist him can die later. Snickering to himself, he glanced at the flags of the palace that were waving in the breeze. The towers of the majestic palace stood tall and proud. The main gates were already closed. The royals too must have prepared for the sun to rise. His gaze shifted at the numerous windows of the palace. They were all sealed well so that the sun’s harmful rays could cause them no damage.

“All of it should be mine,” Draven mumbled under his breath, glancing at the sky.

Fewer stars were visible in the sky and tints of red and orange were seeping into the blackness of the night. That meant the sun was about to rise and they must have already locked all the entrances. Yet that wasn’t a problem for him. He could always use telekinesis to open a locked gate.

“We will wait till the sun rises and use the full advantage of our immunity to the sun. What do you think, Polanski?” He asked his most trusted man who was standing right beside him.

“That would be excellent, Your Majesty,” Polanski agreed.

Draven stared into the horizon. The bright red sun slowly ascended, brightening the sky. Its rays spread through the earth, penetrating through the thick foliage of the forest. Draven's psychotic grin widened when he didn't feel his skin burning. The warm sunlight felt rather nice on his skin. Gleefully chuckling, he glanced at his arms. There was no redness and irritation.

"Wonderful!" He laughed and looked at the palace gates.

"It's time," smirking, he unlocked the massive gate of the palace.

"This isn't going to be as easy as attacking the mental asylum. These people will fight back, regardless of the sun burning their skin. And one more thing. You can kill anyone you want, but the royals....they are mine," he hissed the last part and gestured to his men to follow him. Though they were fewer in number than when they attacked during the night, they weren't too less.

As they approached the gate, it flung open, allowing them to march inside. The guards on standby were shocked to see an angry mob drenched in blood marching in the palace in broad daylight.

They were quick to send an urgent link to their comrades right before the intruders attacked them. The sun's rays that irritated their skin was the least of their worries. The worst challenge was the attackers slicing through their bodies with no remorse. Throats were slit and chests were ripped open. The warriors of the Royal army fought back. However, the sun's rays were making it hard for them to focus. Soon, the rogues managed to force their way inside the palace.

Using telekinesis, Draven opened all the doors and windows as he moved inside. He and his trusted men marched towards the King's chamber. As expected, the King and the Queen were prepared for their son's arrival. The urgent link that had alerted them of what was happening broke their hearts, yet their previous clash with the rogues had given them enough strength to face what Draven was up to. However, before the King and Queen could use their powers to freeze Draven and his rogues, he immobilised them.

"Hello, father and mother," Draven snickered as he forced the windows open. The sunlight irritated his parents, yet, he couldn't care less.

"Master!" A rogue rushed towards Draven, panting. "The Crown Prince is causing a lot of damage in the grand room...." He gasped.

Draven's eyes turned red. In a flash, he was in the grand room. The windows flung open, allowing the daylight in the vampire palace as soon as Draven entered the place.

Damien tried his best to ignore the burning sensation, however, his efforts were short lived. Soon the rogues who were fighting him managed to pin him down. Chuckling, Draven used telekinesis to tie his limbs and seal his mouth.

"Do I need to immobilise you too?" He snickered.

"Perhaps, locking all three of you in the chamber I was locked in is a good idea," he laughed.

Damien glared at his brother. He wanted to scream at him. Yet the seal his brother had placed was too tight.

"Let's take them to the asylum. Our friends are waiting for us there," his psychotic grin didn't falter as he shifted his gaze towards Damien.

"Don't worry. The sun won't hurt us," he sniggered. "It will burn you and our parents, though. But the walk to the asylum is short. Don't worry, I don't want you dead...yet. So I'll go easy on you. I just want to have some fun," chuckling, he gestured to his men to carry Damien and his parents to the gate.

Within a few minutes, they were ready to leave.

Although the King and the Queen were immobilised and Damien's movement was restricted, they could see the damage Draven had caused as they carried them out. They saw the grey bricks of the palace walls painted with the blood of their guards who had tried to protect their Kingdom till their last breath. They witnessed the mutilated bodies of their warriors lying motionless on the floor. Their blood streamed on the marbled floor.

The Queen's eyes stung as her heart bled for the dead. The King and the Prince gaped at what they witnessed, stunned. As they were carried outside and towards the asylum, they couldn't decide what hurt them most – the sun's rays burning their skin, or the agonising pain in their hearts that put their souls to unrest.

Little did they know that the scenery that awaited them in the asylum was far worse than what they saw in the palace. They felt as though their eyes might

pop out of their sockets. The bloodbath had painted the pure white interior in scarlet red.

“Remove these bodies. We need space to move around,” Draven instructed his men as they marched towards the cell he was kept in.

Draven watched as Polanski and two other rogues shackled his family members to the chains.

“The chains won’t hurt a bit,” he told them when his men were done. “I’ve been here for a while,” he said, smirking.

“You are insane! We should have killed you! You...you are such a disgrace!” Damien screamed as soon as the invisible force that held him back disappeared.

Draven winced and started to click his tongue, hushing Damien.

“Now, now. There is no need to scream. It will only tire you out,” Draven tilted his head. “Of course, I’m insane. Didn’t you know that? You all are the ones who locked me up in the mental asylum. Have you forgotten already?” He mocked.

“Ain’t I kind to you? I haven’t killed you. I want my family to be safe. So I’m locking you all up,” Draven started to laugh. The sound of his evil laughter reverberated in the bloody hallway.

Smirking, Polanski stared at the locked up royals. They had won and now they were going to have what they wanted.

“Now you are the King, master,” he mumbled, facing Draven.

“Of course! I am the King! I rule! And I am way stronger than any of you! My men and I can walk in the sun with no problems! We are invincible!” Draven declared, raising his hand in the air and glancing at Polanski.

“And you are my right hand,” Draven announced before shifting his gaze towards his family.

“You crazy lunatic! You cannot live like this forever!” Damien bellowed.

Draven glared at him with a critical squint. “Would you like to die first?” He sneered and Damien narrowed his eyes on him.

“What made you think that I’m scared of death?” He challenged.

“I f\*\*\*\*\*g hate you, Damien,” Draven hissed.

Swallowing the lump in her throat, the Queen gestured to Damien to remain silent.

“Our mother never liked us fighting, Damien,” Draven stated. The Queen stared at her second born. She couldn’t believe that her son proved to be a lunatic.

“I... I am shocked.... I am too heartbroken because of you,” she managed to utter despite the tightness of her throat.

Sighing, “very well....I’ll be right back. I need to try the crown on... and perhaps wash this blood off of me. It is starting to feel sticky. Now please, excuse me,” he said and left the three Royals locked up in the cage.

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Night fell. The news of what had happened during the day spread like wildfire in the vampire kingdom. Draven sat on the throne, wearing his father’s robe and crown with Polanski right beside him.

“This is life!” He grinned as he leaned back in the seat.

As he smoked on his cigar, his men dragged in a wise old vampire Draven had sent for.

“Ah, seer Fredo,” he sat up and faced the old vampire.

“As you see, I’m the King now and it would do both of us good if you would cooperate with me.” He stated, studying the older vampire’s face. His face was void of expression. He had served several Kings and Queens in the past with no problems. But he had no intention of serving this one. Even if he did, it was because he was forced to.

When he didn’t respond, Draven sighed and shifted in his seat.

“I need you to check what awaits me during my reign,” he stated. “If you resist me, I swear you and your entire family will face the same fate as those who fought against me,” Draven warned him.

Sighing in defeat, the older vampire nodded and sat on the floor. He placed his hands on his knees and closed his eyes. Draven watched him as he connected with the future. This vampire was the only one who had the power to foresee the near future. He opened his eyes after some time. His face remained emotionless. Yet, his long, white beard twitched as he attempted to speak.

“Your Highness, there is a girl you fancied. Who you thought had died. But she isn’t. She is alive and well,” he paused.

Draven felt his heart skip a beat.

“What? My Princess....” He gasped, a smile slowly curving his lips.

“Will she be my bride?” He hastily asked.

“I... saw the girl, Your Grace... that’s all. My powers too have limitations,” he answered.

“Fine! You may leave,” Draven dismissed the seer, elated to learn about Monica’s well being.

The older vampire walked out of the palace, hiding what he had really seen. Indeed, he had seen the girl. A girl who had the powers of both vampires and werewolves. A girl who would fight for their freedom. A girl who would end their nightmare.

He glanced at the starry sky and closed his eyes.

“Please restore the peace of this Kingdom,” he prayed silently.

## **The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 50**

“You are almost done. Yes....yes!” Amelia cheered when Ava finally succeeded in making the third potion she had planned to teach her during her stay. She had stayed in the pack for more than two weeks, teaching Ava spells and potions she didn’t know about.

“Great! I finally got it right!” Ava’s face brightened with a radiant smile. She was excited about learning more about magic.

“Now you can go back to your family! I’ve held you back long enough,” Ava exclaimed, her eyes focused on the cauldron in front of her. She wasn’t used to making potions and learning it has taken longer than she anticipated.

Amelia’s smile faltered. Yes, it was time for her to go back. She had dearly missed her people. Especially her family members. However, she didn’t feel like returning to the wizard realm. At least not before she got to speak with Elijah in private.

Ever since that day, Elijah seemed to be avoiding her. Whenever she went to look for him, he would have already left to attend some duty. She had observed him work from a distance and with each passing day, she felt her heart yearn for him.

If only he wouldn’t avoid her....

“But please do return. I want to learn more from you. Or should I visit you in the wizard kingdom?” Ava’s voice interrupted her thoughts.

“Visit?” She muttered. Smiling, she shook her head. “I’ll come back. You all have become close to my heart now. You guys are like my second family,” she replied. She hid the other reason she would rather come back to the Dark Howl pack. And that was, seeing Elijah.

Holding back a sigh, she longingly glanced out of the window. She knew the wolves were most probably training in the open ground outside. Every day as they practised the spells in the room of the packhouse, they trained themselves. Amelia used to look out of the window from time to time. It was mesmerising to watch the movements of the skilled warriors. Their movements were so precise.

The real reason why Amelia liked to watch them was that Elijah was recently allowed to join the training sessions. He had been extraordinary and since he too was a wolf, Miles didn’t want to deprive him of regular pack runs and the training, so that he and his wolf would be still strong.

She pursed her lips. If only she could talk to him just once.....

“You want him,” Ava smirked, as she studied Amelia’s countenance.

Startled at her statement, Amelia snapped her head towards Ava who was now staring at her intently.



“Huh?” Amelia gasped.

Chuckling, “come on. It’s obvious,” Ava commented. “You want him. And it’s okay. You guys are mates,” she mentioned.

Amelia waved her hands, smiling sadly. Her heart ached. She didn’t know what to say.

“Are you having problems trusting him after what has happened in the past?” Ava asked and Amelia chuckled humourlessly.

“Trust me, our alpha was one of the worst assholes. But he too redeemed and look at him now,” Ava stepped forward to speak with Amelia.

“What I’m saying is, people, do deserve second chances if they are trying to redeem themselves. Elijah isn’t that bad. Philip has told us everything. He was young and misinformed. As soon as he realised that he was wrong, he tried to do the right thing. Give him a chance, Amelia,” Ava told her. “Try to talk,” she urged.

Sighing, “I know.... I understand what you are saying. I want to try....but....I think he is avoiding me. I think he is hesitant to face me because I have once tried to reject him,” she puckered her lips. “Philip gave a lesson about that. He was right. It was brave of him to accept that he was wrong and apologize,” pursing her lips, she glanced at Ava.

“I wish I could talk to him before I leave. I don’t know when I’ll be able to come back...” she trailed off.

“Girl, you are always welcome here. And you can stay for as long as you like,” Ava smiled. “Maybe I can learn how to make that potion you made for Celeste. I know we most probably wouldn’t be dealing with the vampires. But if I could learn something new that would be great!” Ava expressed her enthusiasm.

Amelia chuckled. Vampires. She thought. She hoped that she would never have to deal with those night crawlers ever again. She was wrong to have helped them back then. Although she was lied to and misguided, she felt bad that she made that potion for those rogue vampires.

The memories of how the rogues hastily drank the potion flooded back to her. Her eyes widened.

s\*\*t!

Gasping, she grabbed Ava's hands.

"Ava! I've made a huge mistake!" She exclaimed. "Remember how I helped Baron? They tricked me into making the potion for those rogues so that they would make a deal with them..... the rogue vampires....Draven...."

Ava froze.

"You mean..... they will be immune to sunlight, now?" She carefully asked.

Frantically nodding her head Amelia bit her inner cheeks. Her heart thudded in her chest.

"We must.... We should warn them.... Maybe give the King and his men the same potion? I don't know.... We must do something," Amelia gasped.

"Wait....Draven is captured, right? He won't be able to do anything on his own.... We should talk with the others," Ava marched out of the room with Amelia following her closely.

Amelia was worried. It was her fault that the vampire rogues were having that advantage. Yes, she was taken advantage of, yet she felt that it was an obligation on her shoulders to make things better.

Miles, Calli and the others listened to what she had to say and agreed that they should contact the vampire kingdom.

Monica and Cade entered the alpha office while they were in the middle of the discussion.

"Should we inform our Queen first?" Calli inquired.

"Let's just call them. We must not bother Her Majesty if it is something we can handle ourselves," Miles replied and picked the phone to call them. The phone was answered by someone they weren't familiar with. Not the one who usually answered official calls.

Thinking that a new worker must have been hired, Miles simply requested to speak with the king. He was surprised when he was told that the king doesn't speak with outsiders. As far as Miles knew, the vampire king didn't mind

answering calls, especially if it is from another government – be it a Royal or an alpha of a werewolf pack.

“Okay. I’d like to speak to a representative then,” he replied, feeling a little suspicious. The line was transferred. Miles’ eyebrows knitted together when another unfamiliar voice answered the call.

“Polanski speaking,” said a deep baritone voice.

“Uh...I’d like to speak to King Vlad or his representative,” Miles replied formally.

He heard a muffled snicker.

“Vlad....” He trailed off. “He is no longer the king. A new king has risen to the throne and I am his representative. I am King Draven’s advisor. Tell me what you need.”

Polanski’s words felt like thunder to Miles. He felt as though a bucket of ice was poured on his chest.

Ignoring his thumping heart, he cleared his throat. Clutching onto the handle of the phone, he pressed the receiver against his ear.

“Excuse me?” His forehead creased. “We weren’t informed that the vampire kingdom has a new king already,” he replied. He didn’t want to let them know that hearing about Draven becoming king had caused his anxiety to skyrocket.

The so-called representative of the new king sounded rather unprofessional to Miles. He heard chuckles and snickers on the other end of the call as Polanski spoke.

“Right,” Polanski sniggered.

“Draven is our king now. The kingdom suddenly changed...” he trailed off. “The circumstances caused our government to change.”

Miles gulped. His face was void, yet his brain was trying to analyse what might have happened.

“Thank you for the information. I’ll call sometime later,” Miles ended the call and remained in his stunned state staring off into space.

Everyone in the office instantly understood that something had gone wrong. Calli hastened to her mate's side and wrapped her arms around him. His discomfort was evident on his face and Calli could feel his unrest through their link. Miles was undoubtedly in anguish.

He was quick to take his luna in his arms and sniff into her hair. Her scent always helped him calm his nerves. He remained like that until his laboured breathing soothed.

Ava frowned and glanced at Nolan, who seemed to be equally anxious. Amara and Castor held hands. All of them knew the news that awaited them wasn't good. A sudden change in a government never was a good one.

Amelia chewed on her lower lip. Never in her life had she been so nervous. Her heart thumped like crazy and beads of sweat formed on her forehead.

She glanced at Monica who had her gaze fixed on the alpha couple. Cade too looked worried.

"What is it?" Calli's soothing voice broke the silence in the atmosphere. She ran her fingers through Miles' hair, trying to comfort him.

Inhaling deeply, Miles looked at his friends.

"Bad news. Remember Draven? He is the king now," he informed them and Monica felt as though the ground shook underneath her.

Amelia froze on her spot.

No! Her breathing hitched. Shaking her head, she grabbed onto the nearest piece of furniture she could lay her hands on. She needed support. She couldn't help but wonder if they had taken advantage of the potion.

"Wha.....what happened?" She gasped.

"I don't know," he mumbled.

"I.... I made a potion for them.... The one I gave to Celeste," Amelia gulped.

"What?" They exclaimed in unison.

“I... that was why Baron and Elijah captured me in the first place. The potion was the reason why the vampires agreed to help them. I...” Amelia felt her throat tighten. “I...it is my fault...”

The last part of her sentence reduced into a mere whisper as her heart grew heavy with the burden of the destroyed peace of a nation. She feared for the safety of innocent civilians.

What if he had already shed a lot of blood? The colour drained from her face. Her heart skipped a beat as fear gripped her chest. She felt her knees go weak. Fighting against the tears that stung her eyes, she sat down on the seat beside her.

“I shouldn’t have...”

Her voice quivered as she struggled to form words. Ava and Monica quickly rushed to her side and held her hand. They didn’t know what to tell her. Draven was crazy, and they knew he might do anything.

“Maybe we should talk with Elijah...” Miles glanced at Monica, who was apparently fighting against her anger. “And we must inform our Queen,” he added and hastened to call Her Majesty.