

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 5

Monica was left locked in the cellar, in a cage, chained up in silver shackles for a whole day. At least food was brought for her twice. However, the agony of the burns was too much for her. The constant fear of what the alpha Baron might do to add to her misery made her time in the cage worse than it already was. She feared that he might come and beat her up while she was chained up. Or that he might visit her with his whip, to punish her as he did in the dungeon.

However, when she was finally unshackled and taken out of the basement, she breathed a sigh of relief. She was free and that was a great consolation, albeit the silver had already made second-degree burns on her wrists. The experience will scar her, physically and mentally, yet, she was glad that at least being shackled up in silver was now over for her.

She walked back to her little room- the storeroom. At least in there, she would be hidden from the judging eyes and she could pour out all the complaints in her heart. Of course, no ear would be there to hear it out. No hand will wipe her tears away. And no one would offer her a hug. Yet, it was her little haven. There, she could imagine that she was talking to her mother without being interrupted. She wanted to complain, she wanted to cry. However, she was forced to swallow up all of her desires and grow up, sooner than she wanted to.

An omega who looked reluctant came into the kitchen, not so long after she was brought in.

“He wants noodles soup for lunch with grilled chicken breast.” She told her, hesitantly.

Monica gulped.

“Soup.....and grilled chicken.....” She stammered. Frowning, she gazed at the burns on her hands. It was red and painful. How could she use the stove when both of her hands had raw injuries on them?

“I’m so sorry....” The omega wheezed as tears rolled down her eyes. “I wish I could do something.....”

Her eyes lit up. “Maybe.... Maybe I can. He doesn’t have to know.” She whispered.

Monica's lips parted.

"But...if he finds out..."

"Yes...if he finds out," she winked at her and started to gather all the things they needed to fulfil their alpha's demands.

Monica too did whatever she could. Even if the omega helped her in the kitchen, it would be her who has to serve him. She doubted that he would go easy on her, just because of the raw burns. He was crazy. A sadistic lunatic who found solace in hurting her.

"Those burns would heal if your wolf wakes up sooner." The omega told her as she stirred the pot.

"But my birthday is six months away." Monica sadly replied.

"Oh dear," the omega sighed, "I'll try to get an ointment for that. Don't worry."

Thankfully, they were able to finish making everything sooner than they expected. Wincing, Monica carried the tray to the dining room. By the time Baron had come to have his lunch, the food was already served.

"Impressive," he chuckled, "I think I should cage you more often!" He laughed and sat down on his seat.

Swallowing the accumulated saliva, she smiled forcefully, secretly hoping that she never has to go back in there, ever again.

The whole day had been anything but relaxing for her. As expected, Baron didn't give her a moment of peace, until it was midnight. She wasn't allowed to sleep before she managed to clean the entire kitchen. She had done her tasks painstakingly and thanks to the help of sympathising omegas who lent her a helping hand, she was able to lay her exhausted body on her 'bed' by one in the morning.

She laid her body on the floor and covered her body with the aged blanket that she had, after applying the cream the omega brought to her. It truly soothed her wound. Hopefully, it will heal soon. Her eyes closed as soon as her head touched the pillow and it didn't take much time for her to drift off into the dreamland.

She was running for her life. Alpha Baron was chasing her through the woods. He was angry.....no he was furious. He was absolutely seething. She has messed up again and this time, he was going to kill her. He will get her and finish her off!

“Wait till I get my hands on you!” His menacing growls echoed in the forest. No one will help her. No one can assist her. No one will want to be on his bad side. How can anyone defy their alpha? If only their luna was still with them.....

“I swear I will skin you alive!”

Her alpha’s threats made her run faster. She wanted to get away from him, but she couldn’t. She hadn’t shifted and that was a disadvantage for her. Had her wolf woken up, she could have run faster, even in human form.

She glanced back,

Only to see her alpha shift to his alpha wolf.

“No!” She screamed.

No, he cannot do it. He can not kill her! Not like this!

Gasping for breath, she ran as fast as her legs could carry. She knew there was no way she could outrun a fully grown alpha wolf, but she couldn’t give in just like that. She would have to keep fighting till the end. But when she tripped over a huge root, she felt as though her life was over. She was a goner. She turned around. The alpha wolf was grinning menacingly at her. Its razor-sharp teeth petrified her. She tried to move away, but it was useless. He had caught her.

“What have I done?” She screamed. “What is my crime? Why do you want to kill me?” She fought against her tears.

The wolf shifted back, and Baron was standing in front of her in his human form, grinning like a maniac. A silver dagger appeared in his hands.

“How....?” She panicked.

He was about to plunge into her heart when suddenly everything seemed to dissolve.....

Monica woke up, wheezing and sweating from head to toe. Gasping, she looked around the room. It was still dark which could only mean that it wasn't morning yet.

"That was a nightmare," she gulped. But it seemed so real to her. Even her heart was pounding hysterically in her chest. She could feel its every beat. Gulping, she took deep gasps of breaths, hoping that it would calm her erratic heart.

"I wish I had my wolf now. I need her." She thought out loud.

She lay on the floor, cocooned in the blanket for a while, wondering if it was time to wake up yet. She sighed. It didn't matter. Her sleep was ruined. She couldn't go back to sleep now. Removing her blanket, she stood up to go to the kitchen so that she could check the time from the wall clock in there. It was 5 am. She had managed to get 4 hours of sleep, and that was better compared to what she managed in the cage.

"I might as well start the day." Huffing, she inspected her wound under the light. It looked better than yesterday and it pained less. Smiling in satisfaction, she went to use the public bathroom on the ground floor. At this time of the day, no one will be around and she could spend as much time as she wanted to.

Days passed by and thankfully her wound healed without any complications. However, her nightmares were a constant, and how her alpha treated her didn't change a bit. Her days were packed with work and no rest. Her untrained body slowly got used to having a little amount of sleep and non-stop household work. Nonetheless, she never got used to the beatings her alpha made her endure each time he thought she messed up.

As usual, she was cleaning the living room after breakfast. Other pack members moved around, but no one bothered to speak to her. No one attempted to acknowledge her presence. It didn't make a difference to Monica anymore. She had gotten used to not speaking much. She only uttered a word when it was necessary.

She continued to wipe and dust, minding her own business, until one of the ceramic vases toppled over and crashed into the living room, gaining everyone's attention.

Her heart pounded as she desperately tried to sweep away the pieces.

“Oh, you are so screwed! The alpha is not going to spare you!”

That voice was too familiar to her. That person could only be none other than Elijah, her bully in school. He too had graduated from school with her, and most probably would pursue higher studies. He was popular and good in studies and sports, however, he was nothing but a bully to Monica. He, along with his friends was the ones who thought it was funny to taunt her and her mother.

She looked at him, wondering what he was doing here.

“Great! When I thought my life couldn’t be more miserable.”

She mumbled under her breath.

“What? What did you say!” He grumbled, gritting his teeth.

She chose to ignore it but soon realised it was a huge mistake.

Elijah grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled it painfully, making her scream. “You better show me some respect, slave! I demand admiration from those who are inferior to me!”

She couldn’t reply. The best she could do was scream in pain.

“I am training to be the beta of this pack! I’m just telling you. The slave too must know who I am!” Elijah announced arrogantly.

She flinched. He was right. His wolf has woken up last month and has completed shifting. And among those who had gone to the selections, he was the best to be trained as beta. The new alpha position was saved for the alpha’s heir, however, since his mate had died before giving him one, his younger brother has started to train for that.

Elijah’s threatening voice had attracted bystanders, who watched the future beta of the pack punish her.

“Elijah!”

Alpha Baron’s voice made him let her go.

“Alpha....” He trailed off, however, he was quick to speak up. “She has broken the vase!”

“I can see that.” His solemn statement made the hair on the back of her neck stand. Trembling in fear, she looked up at her alpha. She could clearly see how disgruntled he looked. She was a goner, that was for sure.