

## The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 51

Celeste was on the verge of tears as she listened to what Miles had to say. It broke her heart to hear about what had become of her beloved kingdom.

"Is there anything we could do to save them?" Her voice quivered as she spoke. Fiddling on the hem of her shirt, she fought against the tears that stung her eyes.

"We must help them. What are we if we don't reach out to help each other?" Cassy responded. Her forehead was knitted in a deep frown as she massaged her temple.

The Queen of wolves had rushed to the Dark Howl pack when she was informed of what was going on. And before they left the lycan kingdom, Elliot had instructed their army to be on standby, as they might have to declare war on the vampires who had forced themselves onto the throne.

Cassy, Elliot and the pack leaders gathered in the meeting room to discuss. Philip and Celeste too joined them. Amelia and Elijah also were asked to be there.

"What if Draven had killed them already?" She shuddered. Memories of her days of captivity flooded back to her.

"I hope we find them safe. Let's hope for the best," she turned so that she was facing Amelia and Elijah who were sitting on her right.

"So those vampires could be immune to the sun, right?" Cassy asked, arching her brow. Amelia gulped while Elijah nodded his head.

He too was remorseful for being part of it. Yet, what happened in the past couldn't be undone and there was no way he would choose to ignore the damage it had caused.

"Right," Cassy glanced at her husband. They were well informed about what had happened with Elijah and they too had accepted him since he was trying to reform.

"We should take them by surprise," Elliot tapped on the table with his nails as he spoke.

“We shouldn’t wait and watch what damage Draven causes,” he added.

“Is there any way we could know the present condition of the vampire Kingdom?” Cassy asked, raising her eyebrow at Amelia.

“Without going there or calling them. There is no doubt that Draven and his men will try to cover up and portray a good image to us. I just want to know the truth,” she added.

Shifting in her seat, Amelia faced the Queen of the wolves.

“We can show something we have seen. I mean, we can show a memory to those to who we want to show it to. But we can’t show what we don’t know,” she humbly said.

“We can send a spy to the vampire kingdom though. It could be a little tricky, however. We must be extremely careful,” she added and sighed deeply.

“What do we have to do?” Cassy solemnly asked her.

“I will have to make the invisibility potion. Whoever drinks it will be invisible for twenty four hours. We can use it to spy on them for a whole day. But then, we must make sure that we come back before the effects wear off. If not,” she shook her head. “If they capture the spy, it’s certain death,” she mumbled.

“I’ll do it,” Elijah announced at once.

Amelia’s heart raced as she snapped her head towards him.

“What?”

She couldn’t prevent herself from gasping in shock. Frowning, she stared at her mate as her heart thudded frantically in her chest.

“Why do you say so?” Cassy asked him.

Shrugging his shoulders, “I think I am the best candidate for this. I was part of the problem that caused it. And I’ll be able to mind link the alpha, informing him of everything I see from time to time. I’ll be able to run long distances in my wolf form,” he paused for a while.

“Besides, if anything happens, I’m just a single person. I don’t have a family who would mourn. So I should do it,” he firmly told them, staring at his leaders.

Amelia felt her heart break. Did he think that no one would mourn for him? Stunned, she stared at him. She wanted to deny the last part of his sentence. She wanted to tell him that her heart would shatter if anything happened to him. Yet, she couldn’t make her tongue move. She didn’t blink as she stared at him. She knew he was trying to avoid her gaze. Yet, she kept hoping that he would glance at her, even for a split second.

Miles looked at Amelia and then at the others. They knew what was going on between the young mates, yet, this wasn’t the time to address that. The matter at hand was far worse.

Offering a smile, Cassy shook her head.

“Don’t think like that, Elijah. I for one don’t want to lose you. You are my citizen and I am very proud of you,” she told him.

“And yes, you are a good candidate for this task. You are well trained and courageous. And when the time is near, you can run back to us. Just be careful. Look for king Vlad and the others. Try to find out what had happened. And perhaps, eavesdrop on them?” She smirked.

Elijah’s lips stretched in a smile and for the first time after he joined the Dark Howl pack, he felt that he was doing something right.

“Yes, Your Majesty,” he humbly responded, bowing his head a little.

Cassy glanced at the troubled young witch and smiled.

“So, how much time do you need to make this potion?” She asked.

Though Amelia was shaken up, she faced the Queen and forced a smile.

“It will be ready by tonight,” she promised.

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Amelia kept her eyes fixed on the cauldron as she stirred its contents. Her eyebrows were knitted together. Although she was making the invisibility

potion in a blocked room of the packhouse, her heart and mind were elsewhere.

She watched as the colour of the stew started to change. Slowly, it turned from dark blue to a lighter shade until finally it became translucent. She sighed. The consistency of the potion was perfect – not too thin and not too thick. Simply perfect. Making a good potion always gave her great joy. However, not this time. This time, her heart felt heavy.

She knew that it had to be done. And if it was anyone who had to take the risk, it was Elijah and her.

She mournfully sighed as she took the little bottle she had prepared to pour the potion in. Elijah would leave to complete his task as soon as he received the potion.

“If only I could talk to him before that,” she whispered to herself, as she fought against the salty water that threatened to roll out of her eyes. Sucking in a breath, she glanced out of the closed window. The sun had set a few hours ago and the darkness of the night was spreading fast. A set of knocks on the door made her glance at it.

It must be them, she was sure. She had promised them that she would prepare it by night.

“Come in,” she called. Cade and Monica entered the room.

“Hey, ready?” Cade asked, arching his brow.

Nodding her head as she closed the lid, she lifted the little bottle with the translucent liquid in it.

“I just finished it,” she told them, trying her best to sound cheerful.

“Great! He is waiting for the potion...” Monica told her.

Smiling, “you spoke to him?” Amelia asked Monica.

Although Monica forgave him the first day, she never spoke to him during the past two weeks. As she had told them that day, she didn’t want to face him or do anything with him. The mere sight of him irked her, so she made sure that whatever she did was far away from where Elijah was.

Monica chuckled. "Well... he has changed. Cade and Philip have testified for his sincerity. He is really trying," she looked at Amelia.

"I think he has learnt his lesson. Besides, he is going on a dangerous mission..." Monica trailed off when she noticed Amelia's eyes that were now glossed with tears.

A long pause followed. Amelia's fingers were tightly clasped around the little bottle of potion that was meant for Elijah. She gulped as she looked at the closed lid. Despite her efforts, a lone tear rolled out of her tear ducts. Soon, Elijah will hold the bottle and gulp down its contents.

Will it be okay to kiss it before I give it to him? She wondered, desperately trying to hide her emotions, yet failing.

Monica pursed her lips.

"Maybe you should let them speak?" She heard Asena's voice in her head.

"But how? Elijah is hesitant to come in here," she responded.

"I don't know? Do something...maybe tell him that Amelia needs to give him instructions and just leave the two alone," Asena replied. "This is ridiculous. Mates are supposed to be together. I think we should lock them both in a room until they figure this out. They apparently yearn for each other!" She added in annoyance.

Holding in a snicker, she gestured to her mate to step outside. Elijah looked at them as soon as they walked out of the room.

"She isn't done yet?" He asked.

"Uh... no. She wants to give you instructions. Why don't you go inside?" Monica suggested and stole a glance at Cade who understood what she was up to.

Elijah froze. "But..."

"Come on....she won't bite," smirking, Cade pushed him inside.

"At least I don't think she would at the moment," he winked at Elijah.

“But.....” reluctantly, Elijah glanced at the closed door and then at Cade. It was surprising to him that Cade was fooling around. Yet he was too confused to respond.

Before he knew it, Monica and Cade pushed him into the room. Stunned, Amelia stared at Elijah.

Grinning from ear to ear, “give him the potion if it is ready,” Monica mumbled and closed the door.

“s\*\*t,” Elijah cursed internally.

“s\*\*t, indeed. I hope she doesn’t reject us. I can’t think straight with a broken heart,” Fenris agreed with him.

“Looks like we don’t have a choice. We will grab that potion and leave,” Elijah spoke to his wolf, staring intently at his little witch.

Amelia’s lips parted. She gulped the lump in her throat and timidly stepped forward to hand him the little bottle.

“Uh... what were the instructions you wanted to give?” He sheepishly asked her, as he took the bottle from her hand.

Instructions?

Amelia wondered, staring deeply into Elijah’s face. Her heart pounded hysterically in her chest. She had no idea what he was talking about, but she had no complaints. If this was how she could converse with him, so be it.

“I.... Uh.... You... you have 24 hours.....” she croaked.

Elijah nodded his head. He was about to leave when she caught his hand. The sparks of the mate bond made him close his eyes. Breathing heavily, she grabbed the collar of his shirt and crashed her lips on his, taking him by surprise.

His eyes flung open, and his body went completely rigid. It took a moment for him to realise what was happening. She was kissing him! His heart fluttered in joy as his tense muscles slowly softened and he relaxed and received her kiss. It was blissful.

“Yes!” Fenris cheered in his head.

What a way to say goodbye.....

Hot tears rolled down her cheeks. She wanted him safe. She wanted him to be fine. She wanted him. By the time she let go of him, she was sniffing and sobbing.

“I’m sorry .....” she gasped, yet the tightness of her throat forbade her from saying anything else.

Shaking his head, he wiped her tears away.

“No...I am sorry. I lied to you,” he apologized.

His apology only made her snuffle louder. She buried her face in his chest, soaking his shirt with her tears.

“Please be careful,” she whispered through her sobs.

Smiling, “I will,” he promised.

## **The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 52**

“Make sure you inform us about everything you see. I’ll be available all the time. Keep me informed. If possible, link me, Nolan, Castor, and Cade,” Miles instructed him at the borders. Everyone came to see him leave. Everyone, including the Royal couple and his mate, Amelia.

Elijah glanced at her one last time before gulping the potion down. She stared with widened eyes as he vanished into the thin air. It wasn’t new to her. She knew exactly how the potion worked. She feared that he might make a mistake and alert the nasty vampires of his presence. Her heart pounded hysterically in her chest. She was glad she got to spend a few moments with him before they escorted him to the perimeters of the pack. The moment was short – too short. However, time was not such that they could spend a lot of time together. A whole nation was suffering because of them and before they could take their relationship to the next level they had to correct it.

Her heart raced. She could no longer see him, yet she knew that he was there.

Trying her best to take even breaths, “Elijah.... You are invisible, but you aren’t a phantom. Which means if you run into them, they’ll know an intruder

is around. They could hear your footsteps if you aren't being careful," she warned.

"Okay," Elijah's voice was clear though he was hidden from their eyes.

"I am sure he will do an awesome job. He was always passionate about his work," Monica commented and Philip nodded in agreement. Although he didn't like him back in the Red Wings pack, he never denied Elijah's ability.

Monica's remark made Elijah feel strange. He usually would have taken pride in such comments, however, now, he just felt bizarre.

"I... I'll try ... my best..." shifting on his feet, he stammered. "I'm leaving," he added after a short while.

Soon, the sound of dried leaves crunching under Fenris' rushed strides told them that he had shifted and taken off. Amelia stared into the empty space until she could no longer hear his footsteps. Monica inhaled deeply and breathed out.

"He is a fast runner," she mumbled and glanced at Amelia, who had her eyebrows knitted in a deep frown, as she stared intently at the dark woods.

Smiling, Monica patted her shoulder. "He will be fine. I am sure. Don't worry," she said, attempting to reassure her.

Amelia forced a smile and nodded.

"Let's get some sleep? I think we have a hard and exhausting day ahead," Calli suggested.

"You all go to sleep. The boys and I will stay on alert. I don't want to miss anything," Miles shared his thoughts.

"Right," Nolan agreed.

They went back to the packhouse and retreated back to their rooms, while the three leaders went to the office, waiting to hear any news from their spy.

Amelia lay on her bed. Her mind was with Elijah and her heart was at unrest. She knew that what awaited them was tiring and resting her body was crucial, yet sleep was the last thing she could do. Closing her eyes, she hugged her pillow.



“Please be safe,” she whispered.

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Elijah rushed towards the vampire territory, hidden from the plain eyes, at times dodging the branches and sometimes breaking the thin, dried twigs protruding from the tall trees. They fell onto the ground like bones that were being snapped from a skeleton. His determination didn't waver as he sprinted the distance between the werewolf pack and the vampire territory. He had once entered the territory to cause havoc. This time he was persistent to make everything right, and hopefully go back to his mate. He heaved a breath when he approached the boundary of the vampire territory.

“Alpha, I am entering their domain,” he linked Miles and the other leaders.

“Good, we are here. Now go to the Royal palace and try to find out what Draven is up to. Try to learn what he did to King Vlad and his family. Keep us informed.”

Huffing out a yes in response to his alpha's instructions, he crossed the perimeter.

“Let's do this,” Fenris uttered as they strode through the trees. Being invisible was an advantage. Unlike werewolves, vampires do not possess the gift of enhanced smell. It was the ability to see through the dark and the superspeed that was their asset. Yet, he was aware that even the slightest mistake could cause him to fail.

By the time he arrived at the palace gates, the activities of the vampires had begun. The gates were wide open and guards stood at the entrances, guarding the place from intruders.

“We must not make sudden moves and any kind of noises,” Elijah told Fenris as they peeked at the grand palace while they stood by the trees.

“Right. Shift back. We have a better chance of staying hidden in human form. If we need to run, I'll sneak out and off we go.”

No one noticed him morphing back to his human form and sneaking past the security. They were oblivious to the wolf who walked through the open gates and into the throne room, where Draven was busy trying to entertain himself. Elijah stationed himself at one side where a large ceramic vase was kept.

Draven was sitting on the throne, proud and conceited, looking down at three girls who were brought in front of him.

At first Elijah thought they were performers since they were all dressed in similar clothing – they all wore clothes similar to the clothes worn by belly dancers. What he didn't expect was to witness them kneel down in front of Draven, trembling in fear.

"Nice. Obedient subjects wouldn't resist their king's orders," Draven sniggered as he stood up from his seat and descended the stairs. He sauntered over to one of the girls and grabbed her hair in his fist and pulled her to her feet. The girl winced, yet she didn't make a sound, seemingly fearing Draven

"What a lovely snack. I'll feast on you tonight and save the rest for later. If you are strong enough to endure being fed on, you will be one of my concubines," he declared loud enough for all the ears to hear.

Elijah watched in horror as Draven plunged his fangs into her neck. The fear was evident on his victim's face. Her eyes wide as she stared off into the empty space.

"The hell..." Fenris hissed. Elijah was too stunned to say anything.

Once Draven was done, all three of them were taken inside while Elijah stared in disbelief.

"I love being king. My father knew nothing about using power," Draven chuckled. Elijah watched as Draven gestured to one of his men who he recognised. Polanski – one of those who were most loyal to Draven among the rogues Draven had recruited.

"Now, how is my dear family doing?" Draven asked Polanski. He didn't seem to try to be silent as he spoke about his family.

"They are doing fine, master. But they haven't been fed blood since they were locked up. Only sandwiches," Polanski replied.

"Good. I survived without blood for a while. They too will survive," Draven stood up. "But it's time for me to pay them a visit now. Maybe I'll go easy on my mother. But I need to get rid of Damien. He is such a nuisance."

Elijah understood that Draven must be on his way to see his family. It was a relief to learn that they were safe and sound. After Draven marched out of the exit with a few of his guards following him, Elijah too, took off after them, careful not to make a sound. With an anxious heart, he walked the short walk to another large building that was clearly labeled as the mental asylum.

“I seriously wonder how he broke out of this place. If only we could find out,” Fenris muttered,

“No time for that. We must focus on what Draven is up to,” Elijah asserted.

They followed Draven and his men along the white corridors. Although the tiles were washed and cleaned, Elijah could detect a faint scent of rotting blood. Wondering why he was smelling it, he silently followed.

“I don’t like that smell. That surely isn’t fresh blood,” Fenris voiced his concern.

“A little while more,” Elijah’s response was just a short while before Draven halted in front of a room that had a locked gate like a jail cell. Elijah had to hold back a gasp when he saw three unfamiliar individuals. Two males and a female. He wasn’t familiar with the vampire royals yet he guessed that they were Draven’s family members. The older male resembled Draven. Their posture and build were similar, yet his facial features were of the older female – his mother. The younger vampire who was shackled beside him, glared at Draven. He had jet black hair, similar to that of Draven, yet he seemed to be more poised than his younger brother.

“The Royals! Inform the alpha!” Fenris’ urgent call helped Elijah to snap out of his stunned state.

“Alpha! I have found the true king and Queen!”

“Where?” came the reply.

“Draven has locked them up in the asylum,” Elijah informed them.

“Well, hello. Aren’t you going to greet the king?” Draven chuckled.

“We don’t accept you as our king, you crazy lunatic!” his brother sneered at him.

Sighing, Draven placed his hands in his pockets and smirked at his brother. “I have been patiently listening to your insults, Damien. But I have had enough.” He glanced at Polanski. “When the sun rises, take him to the open ground and strip him naked. Then, nail him to the cross and leave him in the scorching sun. Maybe then he will learn a lesson or two about respecting his leaders.”

Draven’s declaration made his mother gasp loudly and his father glared at him with angry eyes while Damien sneered.

“Like I had always said, death doesn’t scare me. Do what you can, I’ll pray that I am the last person that you manage to crucify like that,” Damien worded.

His persistence seemed to annoy Draven. The veins on his bulged as his muscles tensed.

“And I’ll make sure that this is the last time you get on my nerves,” he hissed and stormed out of the place. The robe he wore fluttered in the air as he walked briskly towards the exit. Not wanting to remain any longer in the territory of the nightcrawlers, Elijah rushed out of the building after the crazy vampire king.

“Alpha!” he urgently mindlinked Miles. “We better hurry. They are going to kill the Crown Prince in the morning!”

Elijah hastily sprinted out of the building, not expecting for Draven and his gang to be waiting at the entrance.

“After taking care of my stupid brother, I need to look for my princess.”

Draven was whispering into Polanski’s ear. However, Elijah’s enhanced hearing allowed him to listen to it.

“Princess... the werewolf girl?” Polanski whispered back.

Elijah went rigid.

“Are they talking about Monica?” he asked Fenris.

## **The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 53**

“Yes. I want her as my Queen. She is still alive, which means those good for nothing wolves took her back to their pack. She isn’t in this kingdom. If my

father had hidden her anywhere in the palace, I would have found her by now,” Draven inhaled. “She is mine. No one else can have her. You heard what seer Fredo had said the other day. She is alive. So we must go and get our Queen from the wolves. They are holding her hostage,” Draven stated in a hushed whisper.

“Yes, master,” Polanski replied.

Elijah shook his head. He understood that the sick bastard had started to fancy Monica.

“So that’s why he went back on his word that day,” he mumbled internally.

“Exactly,” Fenris replied.

“In the morning, we punish Damien. And then we prepare to attack the werewolves soon after. I need my bride with me,” Draven told Polanski.

“They are going to attack the pack!” Fenris growled.

“The hell! I will not let him succeed!” Elijah responded to his wolf and rushed towards the exit. As he was dashing in full speed, he ran too close to one of the guards, and unfortunately, he sensed the presence of another being.

“Who is there?” He growled, widening his eyes and Elijah quickly stepped away.

“s\*\*t! Elijah! Be careful!” Fenris hissed under his breath as Elijah rushed towards the trees in the yard.

“What? Who?” Draven was quick to respond to his security.

“Master, I felt the presence of someone...” the guard trailed off. Elijah quickly hid behind a tree trunk. He knew he was still invisible, yet he was anxious and didn’t want to take chances. Breathing heavily, he peeked at the vampires who seemed to be looking around.

“Are you sure? But there is no one here,” Polanski frowned.

“Uh... I don’t know ...” the guard stuttered. “I felt...”

“Don’t tell me you believe in ghosts,” Draven looked bored.

"I don't have time to waste. Perhaps you need a day off. Or maybe get laid. Take some rest if that's what you need, Jon."

Elijah was relieved when Draven dismissed the alert and walked out of the main gate.

"That was a close one. We better warn them about an upcoming attack," Fenris told Elijah.

"Alpha." Elijah was quick to contact his leaders.

"Yes. We are here. Anything new?"

Miles was already in a meeting with the Royal couple and the others since Elijah had alerted him about what they planned to do to Damien. So he opened the link to everyone so that it would make communication easier.

"They are planning to attack the pack tomorrow sometime. We better surprise them before they do," Elijah warned through the link and all of them went stiff.

"s\*\*t! Elijah, stay there and stay hidden. We are gathering the troops now and will hopefully attack by sunrise. When we do, join the battle. You will still have the advantage of being invisible. We are going to use every advantage we have. Right now, we are discussing our strategies with everyone," Miles told Elijah.

"Yes, alpha," he paused for a while. "Alpha, is Monica coming?" He inquired.

"Yes, she is adamant about joining us. Why?" Miles asked.

Heaving a deep breath, "because Draven seems to be extremely interested in making her his bride," he told him, unaware that Miles had opened the link to Cade and the others.

"What the f\*\*k! Not even in his dreams!" He heard Cade.

"Draven needs to go. And I'll make sure he is gone." Cade growled through the open link.

"Do you think it is safe for Monica to join the battle?" Elijah heard Calli's voice.

“I am going. This time, I refuse to stay behind. I too am alpha. Don’t expect me to stay behind in the pack while everyone else goes to battle,” Monica’s voice was firm.

The confidence in her voice made Elijah smile in contentment.

“We must not waste valuable time. Elijah, stay low until you receive orders from us. We have heard enough. We will be there by sunrise. That’s when we attack,” the Queen’s voice was authoritative even through the mind link.

“Yes, Your Majesty,” they all replied in unison before ending the link. Elijah laid his exhausted body down on the ground under the tree. However, his anxious heart made it hard for him to get any rest. Time flew, and slowly, his eyelids grew heavy as the night deepened. He was able to get a few hours of sleep before he received the mindlink that woke him up, alerting him of the army’s arrival at the perimeters of the vampire territory.

“We will attack the palace, taking them by surprise. Wait for us and join the battle,” Miles informed Elijah.

“On my way, Alpha,” he instantly obeyed and rushed towards the palace, where he was certain that Draven would be resting.

The rumbling of the earth was proof of the approaching army. Elijah, still under the influence of the vanishing potion, smirked.

They were here.

An army consisting of werewolves and lycans had surrounded the palace. The presence of Ava and Amelia reinforced their army. As usual, Ava had informed her Grandma and this time, her father too. They had promised that they would join the fight.

Cassy made sure that they warned all the kingdoms of what was happening in the vampire territory. All of them condemned Draven’s nasty act, yet upon Cassy’s request, they remained silent. Cassy wanted to take them by surprise. And she warned the others so they too could take proper precautions.

The sun’s rays had spread throughout the horizon, marking the start of the day. Yet, those vampires who were now immune to the sun would take full advantage of their powers and immunity.

Monica glared at the grand main gate of the palace. It was closed. Perhaps they had realised that they were being attacked. She was determined to make him pay for his crimes. If it was a possibility, she would make him die a hundred deaths. She wanted to get vengeance on behalf of every soul he had wronged.

Glaring at the closed gate, Cassy strolled in front of the entrance.

“Draven! Show yourself, coward!” She bellowed, her voice rising well over every other sound in the area – the sound of occasional growls and grunts of the angered warriors, and the sound of the leaves rustling in the wind.

“Such a scaredy-cat! You sounded so confident and arrogant when you planned to kill your brother! Where is that vigour, now?” Her voice thundered in the atmosphere.

A balcony door opened and Draven walked outside. Undoubtedly, he had heard the thunderous voice of the lycan Queen despite the doors and windows being closed. He squinted at the massive army at his doorstep. He had indeed planned to crucify his brother when the sun rose. Yet, his guards alerted him of a massive army of lycans and wolves approaching them just moments before the sun rose, giving him no time to prepare for war.

He had chosen to lock all the entrances and hide in the grand palace. However, when he heard that somehow, the news of his kingdom had reached the ears of the lycan Queen, he couldn't remain inside.

Polanski stood beside Draven, equally bewildered. Only Draven's closest men knew about Damien's fate. Draven glared at his guards.

“I'd be damned if any of you are betraying me,” he hissed.

Monica scoffed.

“Conceited much! I bet he hadn't noticed us yet,” Asena growled in her mind.

“What a loser. You have no idea of what is going on,” Cassy sniggered, taunting him with her smirk.

“You can't come through the locked gates of the palace. The palace walls and all the entrances had always been fortified with magic so that intruders cannot



barge in just like that! And the locks ... it will remain locked until I open them!" He declared loudly.

Monica looked at the entrance. As her lips stretched in a lopsided smirk.

"That's where you're wrong, Draven," she hissed, as she discreetly unlocked the gate using telekinesis.

"My Queen, the gates are unlocked," Monica walked over to her Queen and whispered into her ear.

Draven's breathing hitched.

"It's her!" He gasped oblivious to what Monica had told her Queen. His gaze followed the girl who he had been waiting for.

His lips stretched. So she is here... His gaze focused on Monica. She had survived. And now she looked even better than she used to. The way she moved had changed. It was no longer timid. She was confident and he liked it.

Just like a real Queen.

Narrowing his eyes on her, he started to think of a way to capture her and keep her for himself before shooing the wolves away.

"Can you open the door?" Cassy whispered in response.

Nodding her head, she looked at the main entrance. Her brown eyes glowed red as she smirked and used telekinesis to open the gate of the palace. The massive metal gate flung open, surprising the vampires.

"Attack!" Cassy screamed out her order.

Raising their hands, they screamed, expressing their obedience to their Queen and advanced into the palace, some of them shifting to their wolves on their way in.

"Quick! Fight!" Draven ordered his recruits as he floated inside to fight against the wolves.

A brutal fight broke between the wolves and the rogue vampires. Open wounds shed blood, coating the interior of the palace once again. Yet it wasn't an easy fight for the vampires, unlike the last time. Back then, they had taken

full advantage of their immunity against those who weren't immune to the sun. But this time, things were different.

Amelia started to cast spells to weaken the enemies. She was going to finish these vile creatures once and for all. Helping them once was a grave mistake. This time, she wasn't going to let them get away to cause more mischief on land.

While she was deeply lost in one of her spells, a rogue approached her from behind. Unaware of the danger, Amelia continued to chant her spell. Sneering, the rogue vampire, raised his hand to tear through her body. He knew what she was up to and he didn't want to let her succeed.

A loud hiss from behind startled Amelia, interrupting the spell she was about to cast. Sensing danger, she turned around, just in time to see the rogue's claws that were about to end her life.

She screamed and squeezed her eyes shut. Yet, the fatal blow she expected never reached her. When she opened her eyes she noticed that the vampire was lying at her feet in a pool of blood. His throat was ripped open. She looked around, yet her saviour was not around. It took a moment for her to realise who it could have been.

"Elijah," she smiled.

"Yup, and no time. It's war!" He exclaimed.

Grinning from ear to ear, once again, she started to cast her spells, aiding the wolves.

## **The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 54**

Polanski hissed at his opponents, baring his fangs at the lycan Queen. According to him, she was the real reason why they couldn't live in peace. Using his full strength, he grabbed her by the throat and slammed her against the wall.

"You shouldn't have meddled with our kingdom!" He hissed into her face, tightening his grip around her throat.

"This is our life! Our kingdom! Not your business!" He growled. "Now look at what is about to happen. The werewolves will soon mourn the death of their

stupid Queen! You should have stayed like a good little girl in your kingdom, and none of this would have happened!”

Droplets of saliva splattered as he spoke, and the odour of his breath was enough to make her gag. Yet it was the least of Cassy’s concern.

Realising that he was trying to squeeze the life out of her, she quickly started to shift to her lycan, before it was too late. Polanski felt the muscles on her neck grow firm in his palm and the fur grow on the skin of her neck. He found it hard to hold her down as she grew in size and soon a majestic lycan was towering over him, glaring at him in fury.

As soon as Izzy took over, she grabbed the agitated vampire by his neck with one hand and lifted him into the air. His legs dangled in the air as he choked in her hold.

“You were saying?” She sneered. “I’d love to chat, but I seriously don’t have time,” she added right before snapping his head, breaking his neck. Unsatisfied by that, she used her claws to stab his heart and black blood oozed out of the wound as she ripped his body open. After throwing his motionless body to the side when his heart ceased beating, she attacked the remaining vampires slicing through them along with Elliot and the others.

Ava, Amelia, and Ava’s Grandma continued to fight against their enemies with their magic. This time Ava’s father too joined them.

Cade showed no remorse, and no hesitation as he bit and clawed through the vampires who attacked him and Monica. Monica is an alpha and a hybrid who needed no one’s help, yet Cade simply couldn’t let her be on her own.

She sliced through the chest of one vampire and crushed his heart while another attacked her from behind.

“Monica! Watch out!” Cade was able to shout as he fought against two vampires that were attacking him simultaneously.

She was able to grab the attacker’s hand and snap it, breaking his brittle bones effortlessly. After slitting his throat and separating his head from his body, she was about to stop another attacker just in time. Her eyes glowed red as she glared at the new attacker. She smirked at him. She recognised him. He was one of the rogues who were in the house of horrors. Using her super speed, she dragged the vampire rogue to the side and pinned him

against the wall. They had both unleashed their full strength. The vampire thrashed to free himself, yet his efforts were in vain. Monica was way stronger than him since she had intertwined her vampiric powers with that of Asena's.

"You see, I haven't tasted blood yet. But being here is making me extremely interested in taking it," she snickered as she elongated her fangs, much to the vampire rogue's horror.

"All of this bloodshed is making my vampiric side itch. Now let's see how you like being fed on," she chuckled and leaned forward.

Using her power of telekinesis, she pinned him to the wall so that it was impossible for him to move. Without any hesitation, she plunged her fangs into his neck and started to drink his blood. The rogue was petrified and shocked. He never thought that feeding on his victims would inflict much pain on them. It was excruciating, yet he couldn't even react. He was stunned by fear and pain. In addition to that, he was unable to move a muscle during the entire ordeal. When Monica had had enough, she grinned at him, licking any residual blood off her lips.

"Well, that didn't taste that bad, but I'd prefer not to do it again. My wolf hates your impure blood," she smirked and then used her claws to impale his heart, ending his life.

"Girl? Are you okay?" Snickering, she called her wolf.

"Yeah. I'm fine. I'll be fine as long as you don't make blood a main part of our diet. It's not that I am not built to taste blood, but drinking it? Nah."

Asena's response made her snigger as she looked around. Cade was now fighting off three vampires, carefully avoiding being fatally maimed by them, occasionally biting into their arms.

"Let's join him," Asena linked her. "I'll tell Aspen to inject his venom into the vampire's bloodstream. A werewolf's venom will cause an agonising death to these creatures," she added.

"Right on!" Monica agreed and rushed towards them.

Miles and the others made sure that none of the enemies who attacked them survived. Within a few minutes, there was no doubt that they were winning.

Miles looked around and smiled in satisfaction. He was sure that they would win.

“Nolan, you and Castor go to the asylum. Take some men with you and look for the Royals. I expect rogues to be there too, so be prepared to fight,” he instructed. “Ava, administer the potion to them. The healers stationed outside the palace will have the bottles we brought,” he added.

Nolan and Castor instantly obliged and mind linked some of their warriors. Ava tagged along to take the bottles of potion prepared especially for the Royal vampires. Ava’s grandma and father followed them so that they could lend a hand in defeating any rogues who chose to attack the wolves.

Draven too fought. However, he fought until his eyes landed on the girl he was looking for. He looked around and realised that they were losing. Bodies of his fighters were strewn all over the place, all of them mutilated and up to the point that no hope of healing was left. Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted Polanski’s motionless body, lying on the floor, mutilated with animal claws. He sneered, as he realised that he was now alone. He glanced at the dark haired beauty who was skilfully using her abilities. He wouldn’t have to be alone if she joins him.

Desperate, he quickly hid behind a pillar and eyed Monica’s moves. He watched as she skilfully avoided the punches of the rogues and took them down one by one. He knew that she was the one who opened the doors for the wolves. And even when she fought, she seemed to be using her powers which were so familiar to him. She undoubtedly had the powers of a vampire. Which could only mean that he had sired her. Perhaps during the process, she inherited his powers.

Smirking, “Marvelous!” He hissed under his breath. They could have become the power couple of the mystical world, however, now it seemed to him that it was a faraway dream.

But still, he could use the bond he had unknowingly formed between them to lure her into his trap and escape with her. Maybe he could leave the mystical world and settle in the human world with her and start a new life. Maybe then, the kings and Queens of these magical realms wouldn’t bother him, despite the crimes he had committed. He just wanted to spend his life in peace with Monica.

Using his powers, he started to summon her.

“Monica....come to me...” he whispered through an invisible bond that was directly connected to her as he slowly slipped towards the stairs that led to the next level where he could have some privacy with her. He gleefully glanced at the open balcony.

“This is perfect! I can glide out of the balcony with her and land safely in the woods. From there, we will dash out of this magical world and live among the humans.”

His eyes sparkled as he mumbled to himself. Now that he was immune to the sun, he wouldn't have to worry about getting burnt or being suspected by the mortals.

“Monica... come to me,” he once again called through their bond and waited for her arrival in the room.

“Come... and I'll make you the happiest woman on earth.” He promised and waited for his charm to work.

Monica started to feel uneasy. A part of her wanted to leave the area. Since the number of enemies had drastically reduced, she stepped aside to catch her breath. Undoubtedly they had won the battle.

Her eyes caught the attention of a flight of stairs on her right. She frowned. She felt drawn towards it.

“What is this place?” She wondered, narrowing her eyes at the staircase that seemed to be inviting her. There was no denying that she felt attracted to it.

“Monica?” Asena called her.

“I'm curious.”

Asena understood what she meant.

“But the last time you did this we got in trouble, remember?” Asena reminded her.

“But unlike last time, we are stronger. We have tamed my vampiric side. Even with all the blood around us, we didn't lose control,” Monica replied.

Sighing, Asena paused for a while. She knew her human well. Monica will investigate.

“Whatever you do, don’t get hypnotised by one of them. Especially Draven,” she voiced out her condition.

Heaving a deep breath, she glanced at the stairs. But that place looks so ..... enchanting....

Cade slit the throat of the last attacker and threw his body to the side. They had won. Celeste, Calli and Amelia were attending to the injured wolves with the team of healers who had accompanied the army. Celeste used her powers to heal the injured, accelerating their healing process. Philip and Miles carried the injured warriors to one side so that the healers could do their work.

The bodies of the dead vampires were left as they were. Thankfully, none of their comrades was fatally injured. And even those who were seriously wounded were healed by Celeste.

“We won,” chuckling in ecstasy, Cade glanced to his right, just in time to see his mate ascend a flight of stairs.

“Moni?” He frowned.

“Follow her!” Aspen urged and Cade hastened to follow his mate.

“Moni!” He called, however, she ignored him. It didn’t give him a good feeling. She seemed to be in some kind of a trance.

“No!” He gasped. He dashed up the stairs and ran after her. She was going towards an open door.

“Mate!” He wheezed as he grabbed her hand, right before she entered the strange room.

“I see you have brought my bride to me. That was very kind of you.”

Draven’s sinister voice made Cade freeze for a while on his spot. He glanced at Monica. She was staring at the vampire Prince without blinking. She was undoubtedly under his influence.

“Monica!” Cade desperately exclaimed, squeezing her hand in his.

## **The Warrior’s Abused Mate Chapter 55**

In a desperate attempt to help her escape the reverie, Cade shook Monica's numb body, frantically calling her name.

Chortling, "she is mine now. I have sired her, and I have every right on her," Draven taunted the young wolf.

"I'll make her my wife and the mother of my kids. And remember, I'll come back after rebuilding my empire. And this time, none of you will be able to stop me!" Draven growled.

His proud statement angered Cade. His eyes turned dark as he glared at Draven.

"She is not yours! Never was and never will be!" He snarled, as his eyes slowly started to look like an endless pit of an abyss. Agitated, Aspen was about to come out. Cade's breathing laboured as his anger skyrocketed.

"She is mine!" His lips moved, yet Aspen's deep, gruff voice came out of his mouth. His muscles bulged and claws elongated. He was ready to fight. The thin fabric of his shirt clung to his torso as he partly shifted. He wanted to rip the bastard in front of him. Aspen wanted to maul him to death. They both agreed that Draven needed to go.

Draven laughed. "Well, isn't it obvious that she is mine now?" He said, taunting Cade with his smirk.

Meanwhile, Monica blinked. The presence of her true mate had helped her snap out of the state of confusion. The wonderful sparks of the mate bond and Cade's alluring scent gave Asena the strength to break through the vampiric trance. Their mate bond was stronger than any other bond.

"I told you not to fall for it!" Asena growled in her mind, as Monica looked around. Draven had his glare fixed at Cade who was beside her.

"Aspen is agitated," Asena whimpered through their link.

"She is mine now, mutt! I have sired her and now I am the one who is meant for her. Stay away from my bride!" He hissed.

To Monica's horror, Cade let out a ferocious growl and advanced at Draven. However, he was quick to use his powers on Cade. An invisible force made Cade fly across the room and soon he was pinned to the wall. He tried to



break free, however, the force that held him was too strong. Cade's furious grunts and growls resounded in the room.

Aghast, Monica stared as Draven floated towards her mate. Draven had his fangs bared and claws elongated. She knew Draven was going to attack Cade.

"I've got competition I see," Draven snarled. "Bad choice, lad! She is mine! And I don't like competition!" Draven hissed.

With her heart pounding, Monica gulped.

"Draven," she called in haste. "I am here for you," she announced, and Draven halted in mid-air.

"What?" Cade couldn't believe his ears. Aspen whimpered in his head. Her words shattered his heart into tiny pieces.

"Mate? You are my mate!" Cade expressed confusion and hurt, yet he received no response from her. Her eyes were fixed on their enemy and a beautiful smile decorated her lips. All of that for the crazy vampire Prince.

She was his. They had gone through hell and back, yet now, it seemed to him that he was losing her just like that. After all those hardships they went through, Draven was the one who was winning the trophy, just because he sired her. Broken hearted, he stared at his mate. He felt as though all of his efforts were in vain.

"What is the point of being here if she doesn't want us?" Aspen complained.

Cade gulped down a hard lump. His wolf was right. If Monica didn't want him after all of that, he wouldn't want to live this life anymore. He painfully witnessed as she stepped closer to Draven. No matter what happened, he would always belong to her.

Monica focused her eyes on Draven, carefully avoiding Cade's stare. The look he gave her broke her heart, yet she had to do it to stop Draven from attacking Cade. Her announcement was a desperate attempt to save his life. She knew it was risky, however, it had to be done.

Ignoring the pounding piece of flesh in her chest, she inhaled deeply and offered the best smile she could manage.

“I’m here for you,” she repeated herself, stepping forward.

Draven’s lips crooked as he arched his brow. He slowly descended and smirked at her.

“That is more like it,” he chuckled and halted right in front of her. “I was going to eliminate my competitor,” he told her, smirking.

Ignoring the deep resentment she felt, she placed her arms around his neck and slowly elongated her claws behind his back.

“Forget that. Tell me about your plans for us,” she whispered, taking Draven’s attention away from Cade.

Chuckling, “I wanted to make you my Queen, but that will have to wait now. I’ll have to rebuild my empire. But with you beside me, I just know that I can do it. We will get married and have children. We will be unstoppable when we do. Come with me, my love. I will make you the happiest woman alive. We will witness many centuries together,” Draven continued to express his love for her when she suddenly grabbed him by his neck from behind and threw him at the open balcony.

Cade’s dispirited heart fluttered suddenly when he saw what his mate did. The forces that held him against the wall ceased and he could move. He watched in awe as she fought like none other, his heart swelling in pride. Using telekinesis, she threw Draven out of the balcony before he managed to stand up and then floated out of the balcony.

“s\*\*t! I can’t miss the show!” Cade gasped and dashed out of the room to go downstairs to witness his mate in action.

Draven landed on the muddy floor of the forest. Being thrown out from a balcony on the first level didn’t cause much damage to the vampire Prince. He was quick to rebound and prepare for the next attack.

By the time she floated out of the balcony after him, he had fully transformed. His eyes glowed red as he bared his fangs at her.

“Is this how you want to play?” He hissed at her, elongating his vampire claws. Several spectators gathered outside the palace, including the Royal vampires who had now arrived at their palace with Nolan and his team.

She fused her powers with that of her wolf and sneered at him. Her canines were bared and claws were elongated and her eyes were a mixture of brown and red. She didn't want to reply. She simply wanted to fight and end him for good.

"What an ungrateful little b\*\*\*h! Is this how you serve your master?" Draven growled in anger. "What can a little woman like you possibly do to me?" His arrogant laughter boiled her blood.

"Why don't you fight me and find out?" She challenged him.

"What? Fight a woman? How absurd," he narrowed his eyes.

"Fight me! Or are you too scared that you would lose?"

Her dare made him glare at her as his arrogant smile slowly erased from his face.

Without another word, he used his super speed to attack her. But she was ready for that. She was using her gifted vision to monitor his movements and stepped aside just in time.

He missed his target by inches. Infuriated that he didn't succeed in one blow, he rebounded and once again dashed at her. This time, she jumped high and floated away from him.

"I have had enough!" She growled.

Without giving a warning, she used telekinesis to bind his limbs together, making it impossible for him to move. He looked at Monica with fear filled eyes.

"I... I thought... I sired you," he stammered as she approached him. "You should be mine," he added, earning a scoff and a smirk from her. Her eyes glowed red, and a branch that looked like a large wooden stake flew into her hand and from among the trees. She was using all of her powers to get rid of him.

"But you aren't my type," she responded tilting her head, impaling the stake into his chest, right through his heart.

Blood gushed out of his chest Draven dropped dead at her feet. The nightmare named Draven was gone.

The true King of the vampires walked towards Draven's dead body. He stared at the lad, who he called his son. Who he thought was the apple of his eye. The Crown Prince, Damien and the Queen too approached him. With solemn hearts, they stayed silent.

"If only you chose to be a good person, Draven," Damien finally mumbled.

"It was his choice. I'm glad that it is finally over," the king sighed.

The Queen glanced at Monica, forcing a smile.

"You have powers," she said.

Nodding her head, "he sired me. But I am a mated werewolf. The bond I have with my mate is far stronger and purer than whatever power he had on me," she explained.

"Thank you, hybrid, you have saved our kingdom from any future tragedies my son might cause," the King bowed down to Monica, followed by his Queen and Crown Prince.

"I... I couldn't.... It was a joint effort," Monica stammered. "Our Queen, the alpha... all the warriors....all of us," she looked around.

Smiling, Cassy stepped forward and patted her back.

"It was. But it was you who finished the worst of them." She agreed with the vampire king.

Grinning from ear to ear, Cade strode towards Monica and grabbed her in a warm hug.

"You broke my heart a little," he whispered into her ears.

She laughed, hugging him back.

"I am yours, Cade. You are stuck with me," she replied.

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The wolves stayed back to help clean up the Royal Palace. The whole place was coated in the blood of the rogues. The loyal warriors among the army of

the wolves helped dig mass graves where they could bury the dead and the magicians helped clean the blood off their walls and floors.

After receiving a lot of thanks from the vampire kingdom, the wolves made their way back to their pack. Cassandra and Elliot decided that they would go to the Dark Howl pack first and go back to the lycanthrope Kingdom after celebrating their victory together.

They were able to arrive at their pack right before the sunset. Although no one could see Elijah, he too was part of the army. He too returned to the pack with them. After taking a bath in his room, to wash away the dirt and blood off his body, he dressed. Soon, the potion started to lose its effect on him. He watched his reflection as he slowly appeared in the mirror, smiling at what he had achieved. It gave him immense pleasure.

“Doing the right thing feels so good, Fenris,” he told his wolf.

“Right! Now let’s get our mate,” he urged. A smile curved Elijah’s lips.

“Do you think she will be ready for us now?” Elijah scratched the back of his neck. He still felt hesitant to meet her separately.

“I don’t know about that but you have two choices. Either you go to meet her now, or I take over your body and go to find her. Don’t blame me if I mark her then and there,” Fenris warned.

“Okay, okay. I’m going,” Elijah yielded. His heart raced with each step he took towards the room Amelia stayed in. Heaving a deep breath, he knocked on the door. His palms were ice cold as he anxiously fiddled with his fingers. The coolness of the night didn’t help him in any way. She had forgiven him, but still.....

The door opened. Stunned, Elijah gaped at the beauty in front of him. Her alluring scent started to invade his senses.

“Elijah...” Amelia trailed off. A bashful smile stretched her lips.

Chuckling anxiously, “I... uh...wanted to see you,” Elijah told her.

“Come inside,” she opened the door wider, inviting him in. He couldn’t keep his eyes off her as he stepped inside. She too had freshened up. Elijah thought the loose top and black jeans she wore suited her well.

“You look great,” he complimented her.

Her cheeks flushed. She didn't know how to respond to that. She wasn't used to hearing compliments from anyone.

“Umm....thanks...” her cheeks heated up, tinting her soft cheeks a light shade of pink.

Smirking, “Ready to go downstairs?” Elijah asked in a soft voice, studying her expression.

“Yes,” Amelia nodded and looked up at him. “Let's go together?” She suggested. “They must be already preparing the celebrations.

Elijah was well aware of the celebrations they had planned for the night. The Royals had stayed back so that everyone could celebrate the success. They were all tired, however, they wanted to have a little celebration before they left.

“I know,” Elijah's husky voice made Amelia suck in a sharp breath. She searched his eyes and soon she felt as though she would get lost in its depths.

“Do it!” Fenris urged him and he wrapped his arm around her, pulling her close to him. His mouth watered as he lowered his head to her ear. Closing his eyes, he inhaled her scent – the wonderful fragrance that kept pulling him into a reverie.

Gulping down the accumulated saliva, “We can join them. Shall we have some us time first?” He whispered into her ear.

She shuddered in his arms. His husky whisper made her breathing hitch and her heart palpitate. The sparks of the mate bond pulled her towards him.

Gulping, “Wha...why... why am I feeling so..weird?” She managed to stammer.

“You are my soulmate. We complete each other,” he placed his forefinger under her chin and lifted it so that she was looking at him.

“It is not weird, my love. It is beautiful,” he told her, his eyes travelling to her luscious lips. He traced her lips with his thumb.

He wanted to kiss her. No... he wanted to do more than that. He wanted to claim her. He wanted to make her completely his.

“Can I kiss you?” He blurted out, making her blink.

She didn’t answer. Instead, she surprised him with a mind-blowing kiss, to which Elijah hungrily responded. Her hands searched his body while his hands did the same.

When she started to remove his clothes Elijah gulped.

“I might not be able to stop myself from marking you,” he breathed out, gasping for breath.

“What?” She wheezed in between her gasps of breath. “Just do it! I’m yours, right?” Her response made him smirk. The celebration downstairs forgotten, they ended up on her bed, fulfilling their desires and quenching their thirst for each other. After an unforgettable experience in the blocked room Amelia stayed in, she lay in his arms on the bed, smiling in contentment.

“What about the celebration?” Elijah asked her, brushing away her hair off her face.

“Isn’t this enough celebration for us?” She sleepily asked, snuggling closer to him. She loved being with him. She loved him.

“I like it here,” she added, her eyes closed and still smiling because of the immense pleasure her mate had given her. Chuckling, he pulled her closer under the covers of her bed and kissed the top of her head.

“I loved every moment of it,” he told her in a hushed whisper. “I love you, mate,” he added, admiring the mark he had placed on her neck.

“Mmm... as I love you, mate,” she whispered back, right before she dozed off.

Elijah sighed. Life couldn’t have turned out to be any better for him. He had sealed their bond with the mark he took pride in. She was his and he was hers. And now, he was determined to live his life the way he should have in the first place.

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“Where are Elijah and Amelia?” Asked Monica as she sipped on her drink. Everyone except the duo had gathered in the open area in front of the packhouse to join the celebration.

“Let them be. I have seen Elijah enter her room some time back,” Cade smirked at her.

Monica’s eyes widened and a smirk spread across her face.

“Yeah?” She arched her brows and he nodded in response.

“So they are having their private celebration, I guess?” She chuckled.

They were all having a good time when an unexpected outburst in the trees caught their attention.

“What is it?” Calli exclaimed, frowning.

“The guards had caught a rogue in the area! They are bringing him here since they caught him close by,” Miles replied.

“Great! Now rogues!” Cassy clicked her tongue as she and Elliot stood up to meet the guards who were dragging the intruder towards them.

Monica went stiff when a familiar, yet unwelcome scent hit her nose.

“Baron,” she hissed.