

## The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 6

Monica sat huddled at the corner of the storeroom. Alpha Baron had punished her again. The sore red marks pained her. Her sobs and pleads meant nothing to him. It was a norm for her, a daily occurrence that she never got used to.

Sobbing, she looked at the raw marks on her arms. At least she wasn't chained in silver this time. At least she was still in her little 'room'.

"I just wish days will pass sooner and my wolf will wake up," she gasped in between her sobs. "Then I will leave this pack, or perhaps fight back," she cried.

Just a few months were left for her to turn sixteen now. Never in her life had she so eagerly waited for her birthday, except for this time.

Days passed by, and she tried her best to stay out of trouble. Yet, it was hard. Whenever anything bad happened, it was assumed to be her fault. Baron didn't bother to do an investigation or go easy on little blunders. She considered any day to be her lucky day if she didn't get punished for something.

The continuous retributions had changed her drastically. She once used to be smart-mouthed and active, regardless of the lack of friends. Her mother was her support and it was enough for her. However, now she had nothing, except the endless penalties she had to suffer most of the days. And sadly, the other workers and maids had learnt to blame her for the errors they make, so that they can dodge a possible punishment.

Monica didn't resist. She knew it would be a waste of effort. Instead, she embraced the different forms of retribution. Months passed and came the month of her birthday. She was ecstatic to finally get her wolf, who would be with her through thick and thin.

Just a few weeks were left for the special day to come when a hysterical omega rushed into the kitchen one late night, while Monica was cleaning the cooking area, just as she did every night before going to sleep.

"Monica....." She gasped. Frowning, Monica looked at the frantic omega.

"What?" She asked.

“I.... I’m so....sorry....” She wheezed.

Monica stared at her blankly. Her heart started to thud in her chest. She started to have a bad feeling. Surely something bad was about to happen.

She gulped, yet said nothing. Whatever was about to happen cannot be avoided. That was for sure. She didn’t have to wait for a long time before a thunderous roar seemed to rip her eardrums. Despite her efforts to stay calm, she trembled and stepped back involuntarily. Her eyes frantically searched for an escape route, however, it wasn’t a possibility.

Panting, she pressed her back against the wall just as her Alpha barged into the kitchen. His dark brown eyes were now completely black. His fists were clenched and she could clearly see how his muscles were bulging under his thin shirt. Trembling in fear, she peered at the raging alpha.

“You!” He growled loudly, “you have destroyed my phone!” He roared.

Monica was shocked. She had not even touched his phone, how could she destroy it? Her eyes darted at the omega who was looking everywhere except in her direction.

Monica wanted to protest. Her forehead wrinkled in worry, she opened her mouth to speak. She has got to try to speak out. She needs to stop being punished for things she wasn’t aware of.

“Alpha, I.....”

“SILENCE!” he roared, making her flinch.

She felt her eyes widen and chest squeeze in fear when she saw how he dashed towards her. He approached her exactly like a hungry predator who was ready to rip through the flesh of it’s prey.

He grabbed her frail arms, his claws extended to some extent. Its tips dug into her skin making her scream in agony. However, he showed her no compassion. Huffing and puffing in anger, he mercilessly dragged her all the way to the attic of the packhouse. She wailed and pleaded, yet he didn’t seem to care.

She knew several pack members were watching her being taken to meet her fate. Yet, none of them uttered a word of resistance, either because of their fear towards their alpha or because they simply didn't care.

"Elijah!" Baron roared, as soon as he threw her in the dusty loft. "Bring the rope I have kept in the office! Now!"

"Yes alpha."

Monica heard him reply in a small voice. Time seemed to be constricted to Monica. She stared wordlessly as Elijah rushed back and they tied her limbs up using the rope he brought. The only one who uttered a word of resistance was the current beta, Philip. However, his words fell on deaf ears and hence he had left the scene before anyone else did.

"No one will bring her food," Alpha Baron declared. "No one will come to see her, if they do, I will make sure that they regret it," his thunderous voice boomed, making the others wince.

Silent tears rolled down her cheeks as they walked away. She was aware of how Elijah sneered at her before she left. However, she chose to pretend that she didn't see that.

"Just a couple of weeks left, and I'll escape this hell," she promised herself, through her whimpers and cries. She tried her best to relax, however, it was hard since her limbs were bound with the thick rope. The night deepened and she finally dozed off, since she was truly exhausted after a tiring day.

Time passed with her being tied up in the attic, yet no one visited her. The sun rose and so did the temperature of the attic. It was sweltering and soon, the old and worn out shirt she was wearing was soon soaked in sweat. She thanked the heavens that at least she wasn't chained up silver in the basement. However, not being fed added to her agony. She grunted and groaned, yet didn't exert herself. She knew it would only tire her out.

The entire day passed by with her wishing for a single drop of water to quench her thirst and praying that somehow, someone sympathises with her and finds a way to sneak in some water and food for her.

The sun had almost set when she thought she heard footsteps. When the door to the attic opened, she looked in that direction hopefully, however, when she saw that it was none other than Elijah her heart sank.

What was he doing here at this moment?

She started to panic. Her parched throat and grumbling tummy were forgotten about as she squeezed her eyes shut. Fear gripped her heart. She was waiting for him to inflict her with pain, as he always did. Even during school, he would taunt her and pull her hair. She didn't expect it to get any better. She knew that the way he reacted to her would only get worse.

However, she was shocked when the pain she expected never reached her. Her nostrils filled with the aroma of scrumptious food and her eyes flung open. Her lips parted in astonishment when she saw a bottle of water and a package of food in front of her. Unsure of what was going on, her eyebrows knitted in confusion as she glanced at her bully.

"Shhh. Here is some food and water. Eat," he mumbled and started to untie her, adding to her amazement.

She was still shocked when he left without saying another word, but she didn't fail to use this opportunity. She has got something more precious to her than all the riches in the world. Food and clean water. She was not going to relinquish it.

After gulping down the tasty sandwich and the bottle of water, she laid down on the hard wooden floor, suddenly feeling satisfied and elated. Who thought someone who had bullied her since forever would provide her with what she had prayed for? Smiling, and with a grateful heart, she closed her eyes and fell into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile, Elijah walked straight to his alpha. It was him who had sent him with the food to be taken to the slave who was being locked up in the attic.

"Did you take it to her?" He asked, as soon as he entered the office.

"Yes, alpha."

"Good," cackling, he played with the paperweight on his table.

"She will be too hungry not to have that food," he murmured.

Philip, who was in the office with him at the moment frowned. He didn't have a good feeling about what Baron had done.

“What have you done to it?” He asked, scrutinising Baron’s face. Grinning like a maniac, Baron looked straight into Philip’s face.

“Do you really want to know?” His question was low toned.

It made Philip frown deeper. Baron had definitely done something horrible.

“Tell me.” Philip gulped, wondering if he wanted to know.

“Her food.....” Baron paused, grinning all the while, “.....is laced with wolfsbane,” he stated.

Philip felt as though the world had stopped revolving.

“What the hell Baron!” He growled. “Are you trying to kill her wolf before she shifts?” His voice raised to a level that it never did in the past.

“Shut up Philip! You don’t have the right to say anything against me. I’m still your alpha,” Baron growled back.

“Well, as your beta, it is my duty to tell you that what you are doing is wrong!” He screamed, and now, what you are doing is insensitive. She is a minor, and.....”

“Shut up, Philip!” Baron ordered, making his beta trail off, “I am your alpha and what I say happens!”

His declaration made Philip shake his head in disbelief.

“You are more like a sadistic tyrant!” He spat, and Baron gave him a piercing glare.

“You are most welcome to quit being my beta. I have a better, more obedient youngster who is ready to offer his support to me, no matter what,” Baron declared after a short pause.

Philip couldn’t believe his ears. He couldn’t believe that his childhood friend had changed so much, and he didn’t realise until now.

“You have changed so much Baron. Or maybe, you were always like this and I had been ignoring all the signs all my life,” he stated, looking at him in the eyes.

“I, Philip Cohen, resign from the beta position of the Red Wings pack,” he announced solemnly. It hurt him that it had to end this way, however, he would rather not be part of a dictatorship.

“I accept,” Baron smirked, “you may live in the pack like a normal pack member or go rogue, the choice is yours. But even if you live here, you shouldn’t utter a word of resistance against what I do. If you ever meddle with my decisions, I swear I’ll make you wish you left,” Baron warned him.

Philip left the office without uttering a word in response. He wasn’t going to go rogue.....not yet at least.