

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 8

She couldn't sleep the entire night. They had actually fed her wolfsbane! If it wasn't for Asena, she wouldn't have realised that she was being poisoned. She sat on the floor hugging her knees. She should have known better than to trust Elijah. He never was her friend. He had always tried to hurt her, physically and emotionally. However, she had never thought that he would try to poison her, regardless of how twisted he was.

Her tears had dried up. She couldn't cry anymore. She had cried enough. She was too shaken up when she learnt the truth to do anything besides sitting on the floor, hugging herself.

"Hey, at least I'm still alive," she heard Asena in her mind.

Monica blinked. She was right. At least Asena was still alive and that was a huge relief. Maybe as time passed, Asena would grow stronger and she would finally be able to fight back. Time passed, yet Monica didn't find the heart to stand up. She simply kept staring into the empty space. Due to lack of sleep, she did doze off during the day, however, it was nothing close to a relaxing one. How could she relieve tension when she felt as though all her dreams and hopes for a better life had shattered completely?

As usual, Elijah entered the loft a few minutes before sundown, but this time, Monica glared at the food he had placed in front of her. She then averted her gaze at her bully, wishing she had the strength to rip him apart.

"What?" He jeered. "Don't you want to eat?" He asked, mocking her with an irritating smirk. Her eyes were red with fury. She didn't say anything. She simply sat on her spot and didn't move a muscle.

His eyes clouded and she knew that he was mind linking someone. Most probably his ruthless alpha. She was right. Alpha Baron soon arrived at the attic and his sight infuriated her.

She hated him. She despised everything connected to him. She loathed this pack and all of its members. It was their fault that she had to see this day.

"What is it?" Baron's voice felt like poison to her. He was a snake that was poisoning her life. She hated him with all her heart.

She continued to glare at them without blinking. They were the reason why her wolf was so weak.

“She seems to have realised something...” Elijah laughed as though he had seen something amusing.

“Hmm?” Baron glanced at her and then at the untouched plate of food.

“I see,” he sauntered over to her, “is it your birthday today?” He taunted her and Monica couldn’t help but wish that she could make him feel how she was feeling.

He bent down so that he could gaze deep into her face.

“I can see it in your eyes,” he whispered. An uncomfortable shiver ran down her spine when he grinned like a maniac. Her breathing hitched as she tilted away from him, pressing her back against the wall. Her heart was pounding in her chest hysterically and her chest felt constricted.

She had experienced unimaginable pain during the past year, however, she never got used to having alpha Baron close to her.

Her anger altered to pure fear when he lifted her chin so that she was facing him. She gulped, yet she didn’t cry.

“Is your bastard wolf dead already?” He hissed, low toned and his statement knocked the wind out of her lungs.

Were they deliberately trying to kill Asena? She felt stupefied. How evil could anyone be?

“No matter what you do, don’t let this jackass realise that I’m not dead yet!” Asena growled angrily in Monica’s mind.

Monica most certainly wouldn’t let him know about Asena’s existence. Gritting her teeth, she gaped at Baron wide-eyed. Her breathing was steady, yet a high storm was ongoing in her mind.

His sinister chuckles mingled with those of Elijah’s.

“She is nothing but a non-shifter now!” He exclaimed excitedly, as though he had gained a victory. “Weak! Pathetic! Useless!” He ridiculed her as he stepped away from her.

“You may return to your storeroom and commence your regular duties.....slave,” Baron sneered and left the attic, with Elijah hot on his heels.

“Bunch of psychopaths!” Asena snarled in anger. “Our time will come, Monica. Just wait for it,” Asena guaranteed.

“When?”

Monica uttered her first word since she realised that she was being poisoned by her own alpha.

“Soon,” Asena promised.

Weeks passed by. Monica had become mute to everyone except her wolf, Asena. She had sealed her lips and refrained from forming words using her tongue. To the pack, she was nothing but a wolf-less slave who was supposed to be at their service.

Months passed by with not much improvement in the pack’s condition. After a year passed, Philip was transferred to the dungeon, which was a relief to him to some extent. However, he was still behind silver bars because he was a fully trained wolf.

He tried his best to think of a good escape plan, however, he couldn’t. Being behind silver bars restricted his activity and since no one came to see him, he couldn’t do much. Even the guards who brought food for him didn’t stay behind to talk, and Phillip guessed that they were instructed to do so.

Although he was bound by silver chains from time to time, he was still strong and alert. Years of training and experience as the pack beta had made him evolve and form a resistance. He could tolerate silver and wolfsbane better than normal wolves. Although the silver burnt his skin, it did not weaken him like a normal wolf.

Another year passed. It had been two years since Philip’s captivity, one in the cage and another in the cells. A day did not pass without him wondering about Monica. He wished that he had left the pack without informing Baron, but now it was too late for that.

When he heard footsteps, he knew that it was time for them to bring food for him. He glanced at the warrior who strolled towards his cell with a tray of food in his hands. Unlike other times, he waited at the gate after sliding the food tray under the bars of the gate.

Raising an eyebrow, "Is the food poisoned with wolfsbane?" He taunted.

"No, I guarantee you, nothing weird is mixed in it." He replied, making Philip hiss.

"Shut up. I would know if wolfsbane is added. Did you forget that I'm a trained beta?" He grumbled, gritting his teeth. The warrior went rigid. Philip still had the authoritative commanding voice that weakened the latter's knees.

"Now tell me, how is the girl?"

"What? The slave?" The warden asked, furrowing his eyebrows.

"No!" It angered Philip that she was addressed as 'the slave.'

"Monica, how is she?"

"She is just like that..... She didn't shift..."

Philip froze.

"They killed her! They killed an innocent wolf!"

Philip's wolf, Boone, howled in his mind. He stared blankly at the warrior. He was stunned.

"I should have run away with her!" Philip exclaimed.

"f**k yes, you should have! But no! You had to follow all the rules!" Boone shrieked. Philip sighed and eyed the set of keys on the warrior's belt.

Pretending to move to take the food tray, he walked over to the gate, his eyes on the tray. He faked bending over to pick the tray, however instead of picking it up, he slid his hand through the silver bars of the gate, grabbed the shirt of the steward and pulled him towards the silver railings, slamming him against the gate. He used his other hand to press his face against the gate. The guard screamed in pain, as the silver started to burn his skin, however, Philip didn't

care. If these wolves were heartless enough to watch an innocent wolf being tormented for two years, they didn't deserve even an ounce of mercy.

"Does it burn?" He hissed into the guard's face, sneering furiously.

"I know you are scared about inciting your ridiculous alpha. So let me make it a bit easy for you."

Using both hands, he snapped his neck. After a sickening cra*king was heard, the guard fell lifeless at the gate. Philip stared at his body for a while and then at his hands. The silver indeed was painful, however, his fury towards the pack he once loved was greater than any pain it had caused.

He glanced, uninterested at the tray of food the warden had brought. He had no desire to eat that.

"Let's get the f**k out of here!"

Boone exclaimed.

Philip crouched so that he could remove the set of keys on the guard's belt. He was getting out, alright. He was not going to stay in this pack a second longer.

Going rogue would be better than living in this stupid place.