

The Warrior's Abused Mate Chapter 9

"Monica! It is time to dust the alpha's quarters!" One of the supervisors who inspected the maids' works instructed, rather harshly. Ever since everyone found out that she didn't shift on her sixteen birthday, they had stopped giving her whatever respect they used to give in the past.

At first, she was a bit taken back, yet not very shocked. Why would anyone care about a non-shifter? When she realised that no one in the pack truly cared for her, she kept Asena's existence hidden from everyone. It was her little secret. She found out that since she had been poisoned for a long time, it had weakened her wolf so much and the healing process was slow, because wolfsbane has had a long term effect on Asena.

Nevertheless, Asena had offered the moral support Monica needed. She kept cheering for her so that she would keep going until Asena finally grew strong enough to shift and show herself to everyone.

If it wasn't for her wolf who continued to be on her side, she would have succumbed to depression. However, her continuous support was enough to keep her pushing without giving up for the past two years.

"When are we going to leave this damned place?" She grumbled in her mind.

Although she remained mum to the rest of the pack, she spoke to her wolf and her mom every night before she went to sleep. Speaking to her mother before she slept helped her vent out although she didn't hear anything in response. That is how she coped with her life.

"Soon," Asena's response was the same.

"It has been two years already Asena..... I'm getting tired," Monica complained as she made her way to the Alpha's quarters.

"I know babe....." Asena sighed.

"Aren't you healed already?" Monica was truly fed up with the pack- her so-called home.

"I'm definitely a lot better. But I still need time....." Asena sighed, "we are strong, dear," she added.

"I know..... It is just that.....it is so bad and it never gets any better," Monica told Asena through their mind link.

She halted in front of the alpha quarters. She hated that she was the one who had to clean this place. If she could avoid anything, she would have avoided this particular chore.

"Well, it definitely wouldn't take much longer," Asena assured.

Pursing her lips, Monica entered the alpha's quarters and started to do her work. She wanted to be as quick as possible. She had no interest in running into her so-called alpha. She loathed him with passion. Even the teeniest amount of admiration she had for him in the past, was now no more. There was nothing but hate in her heart for him and this pathetic pack.

However, it seemed that her luck was cursed. Her alpha dashed inside the room while she was wiping the shelves.

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She glanced at him, her face void of expressions. She had stopped showing any kind of emotions, despite how she felt.

"Tonight my brother will turn eighteen and he will find his mate! As you know he will be my successor. I want all the furniture in the ballroom dusted and polished by this evening. And if you fail to do so, I will punish you and your punishment will be tremendous!" He sneered at her.

After saying that, he slammed the door shut and left her alone. Scowling, she continued her work. His threats no longer scared her like they used to. He possibly couldn't hurt her more than he already had.

And she was the least bit interested in the new alpha. He was just as obnoxious as his stupid brother.

“But seriously, Monica. We better go to that stupid ballroom and do what he had said. We aren’t interested in getting beaten up again.” She heard Asena. Sighing she hastened to finish her work so that she could go and do what was assigned to her. Asena was right. If he beats her again, it will only delay Asena’s healing process further.

The rest of the day went by and thankfully she was able to dust and polish all the furniture within the allocated time.

She didn’t want to remain in the place for a second longer. She hated birthdays. Especially hers. The day she turned eighteen was one she dreaded the most. She feared that she would find her mate and that he would reject her. She had heard about the pain of being rejected. She had gone through enough suffering and hence she didn’t want to feel the agony of rejection.

In fact, she wished that she never met her mate.

“The mate bond is a huge lie...” she grumbled under her breath, as she entered her little haven, the storeroom. “I hope I never find mine.”

The night deepened. Monica had no desire to glimpse the event of the night. She knew the whole pack would be rejoicing, yet, she was the least bit interested in being part of it.

Instead of wasting her time with those who had no amount of compassion towards her, she laid down to rest. She would be forced to wake up early, regardless of how late she fell asleep. It wasn’t long before she dozed off.

“Wake up, you witch!”

Monica woke up startled to the sound of Baron shouting at her. Her eyes flung open, but before she could fathom what was going on, Baron grabbed her hair and dragged her to her feet, making her yell in agony.

“What the f**k did you did you do to my brother’s drink?” He growled furiously. Her face was already contorted in pain. Wincing, she tried to look at Baron.

“What in the world is he babbling nonsense about?” Asena grumbled in her mind.

“My brother is fighting for his life in the infirmary after drinking something. You must have bewitched it!” He growled.

“What!!!!” Aseña exclaimed in response.

“You must be punished!” Baron screamed and pushed her down. She landed on the hard floor with a thud, hurting her frail body.

She scampered away from him when he started to remove the belt from his pants. She knew that he was going to beat her with that. She never got used to the pain it caused and when she saw how he advanced at her, she felt like she might die. Squeezing her eyes shut, she raised her hands in defence.

She expected him to hit her with his leather belt. But instead, he grabbed her hands and pinned her down on the floor. His weight was crushing her. She didn't understand this form of retribution. This was new.

What.....

She struggled and fought against him, yet it only seemed to fuel his anger. When he started to rip her clothes off her, she froze.

No!

“I've been waiting for you to turn eighteen to do thisjust like your mom.....”

His menacing growl felt like poison to her ears.

Does this mean this jackass had.....raped her?!????

“Bite him! Poke his eye! Let's get the f**k out of here!” Aseña screamed through their link.

An unexplainable feeling of immense rage boiled Monica's blood. Mustering up all the strength that she managed to, she used her thumb to poke his right eye as deeply as she could.

She felt the warmth of his blood on her hand and it felt good. Screaming in pain, Baron rolled over, freeing Monica from his hold. Panting furiously, she stared at the alpha, who was supposed to protect his pack members. Instead, he had been abusing his power. Her eyes zeroed on his crotch as he tried to nurse his injured eye on the ground.

He forced himself on her! And that is why she wouldn't talk about my dad!

She thought. Gritting her teeth, Monica kicked his balls as hard as she could, making him holler in pain, and dashed towards the window in the kitchen.

"We are out of here! I don't care if it is the dead of the night or that I can't shift. I'm not waiting here for another second!" She told Asena who cheered her on as she rushed out of the packhouse and disappeared into the darkness of the night.