

Rejected and claimed by the alpha beast

Chapter 6: Escape - Escape

Elise could hardly contain the shock on her face at finally seeing Ka'al without his wounds or muzzle.

The moment he basked in the moonlight rays, his wounds began to heal and slowly fade. He was the most handsome man she had ever seen.

His bronze skin and gray eyes felt like a powerful silver flame that left her in awe as he ran a hand through his hair. "Let's go, little wolf," he ordered as Elise nodded in understanding.

Pushing all those trivial thoughts from her head, she needed to focus; this was their only escape plan, and there were no do-overs.

As they exited the dungeon doors, Elise followed closely behind Ka'al as he reached out to the spiral dungeon steps that led upstairs.

That was the only way out of the basement floor, but they had to be careful not to encounter anyone along the way, or alarms would go off, risking their lives.

Fortunately, at least one of Hans' words about the festival was accurate: the soldiers and warriors were all drunk from wolf wine and unresponsive.

I know exactly where we should head to, Ka'al channeled to Elise; she couldn't help but be conscious of his large hands wrapping around hers as he led her out the doors.

The back corridors were almost empty, except for one guard who staggered forward in a drunken mess. Ka'al swiftly and brutally snapped his neck, leaving no traces of blood, making it appear as if the guard was asleep.

They reached the back walls of the dungeon, finally finding a clear path to freedom. "It's easier to turn into our wolves and jump out of this; it may require more effort, but it's better if we remain stealthy. I can feel my strength slowly returning from the moon's rays."

But when he heard no response, he turned to Elise, whose eyes looked wide and spooked. She shook her head in shame as she whispered, "I can't—I can't turn—I have a defective wolf... I'm sorry." She said this to Ka'al, whose face was stern.

She felt a tremor of shame and fear overwhelm her. What if he decided to abandon her here and jump the walls without her? Elise wondered with her head bowed. She couldn't even attempt to climb without assistance due to her broken hand.

She heard Ka'al let out a grunt as he climbed over the wall. Ka'al had pulled himself up and turned over the wall, and she could barely open her eyes to see that she'd been abandoned yet again. But then she heard him say, "Give me your hand, little wolf." She opened her eyes, stunned to see Ka'al reaching for her. "Quickly," he warned in haste.

Elise wasted no time. Taking his large, calloused hands, she bit her lip to contain the hiss of pain from her shoulder and tried to hide it under her clothes as he dragged her up, carefully helping her down the wall. She didn't want Ka'al to know that she was wounded and that he could leave her behind because of that.

Elise took one last look at the stone walls and castle gate of the dungeon; her ears perked at the noise of fire torches passing by, noting that they were changing shifts.

"We need to go," but he was one step ahead of her; his bones shifted in a fast and steady manner. Elise was shocked, no doubt.

She had never seen a wolf who turned effortlessly without pain; he was more like a shapeshifter than her kind. His mighty size stood at six feet tall, and his whole body was covered in dark midnight fur, with his eyes still holding that familiar gray undertone.

Elise took a step back, but something in her knew not to be afraid of this mighty beast's appearance. Ka'al bowed to her to get on his back. "Hold tight," he snarled telepathically before racing out of the woods.

They ran for hours, and Ka'al didn't stop until they were out of the Dark Knight Pack Territory, passing two mountains, and he ran farther south. He stopped only when morning had come, and Elise could see the outline of the sunrise.

But soon enough, the clouds turned dark, covering the entire sky as heavy showers began to pour. They needed shelter; the rain felt like a blessing in disguise that would wash away all traces of their scent and paw markings, making it difficult to track them.

Elise was more worried that Ka'al had not said anything since they began the journey.

Luckily, they found a shed that looked like it had been abandoned for months. Elise was let down as Ka'al walked around the shack to check the surrounding areas and ensure they were alone.

Elise walked into the small abandoned cabin first, eyeing a couch by the side with an abandoned fireplace. Luckily, there were a few piles of wood left unattended. She quickly picked them up and placed them into the hold, striking a match and letting the fireplace come to life.

The doors opened, and Ka'al made his way in. A blush crept up her cheek when her gaze moved to his lower half, her mind reeling from the sheer size of his length. Was that something in me? She thought.

"What are you doing, little wolf?" He asked with a raised brow, the skin on Elise's neck and ears heating up as she had been caught staring.

"I-I," she stuttered, but was cut off by the blaring sound of thunder that had her frozen. The crackle once again reminded Elise of her mother's neck; she couldn't breathe. She was having a mild panic attack.

Ka'al's nose twitched, immediately sensing a change in her lavender-rich scent that had turned raw with panic. "Look at me; I need you to breathe," he said, but she was far too gone.

Ka'al had no choice but to let out a blood-curdling growl. "Look at me, damn it!" he said, and Elise jumped in shock and pulled away from him. It did the trick of stopping her lung from giving out, but for a mere second, she saw Kyren's wicked face staring at her with a menacing grin through the crack of lightning.

"I'm sorry, I'm just blanked out a bit; I need to be alone," Elise said as she took off into the only other room in the house.

Ka'al cursed under his breath, taking a deep breath as he dragged a hand through his long hair, reaching his nape, its ends curled from the rain. His wolf scolded him to get her back.

So he walked into the next room and said, "Look, I need to understand what's wrong." His words lowered into a whisper as he saw that Elise had taken off the torn top of her dress, revealing the dark, horrible purple bruise mark on her shoulder.

She gasped as she tried to push her dress back up, but it was too late; he had already seen it. "How long have you had that? Did that delta do that to you?" He snarled as he walked closer.

"It's Kyren; it seems entertaining for him to break my bones and watch me suffer. I guess that's what I am to everyone—a cursed wolf who's seen only for entertainment and suffering."

"I'll rip that bastard's head off," he cursed as Elise stared up at him. Their gazes met, and it felt like the rain showers outside had paused, leaving them alone in the world.

She quickly looked away; she had to remind herself of his selfish reason for saving her: "It's not too bad."

“Sit,” he ordered as Elise walked to the old bed by the edge, its frame groaning as he took a seat. “Take off your top; we have to reset the bones back; one more day like this and it’s permanently damaged,” he told Elise.

She pushed her wet hair from her back, hissing as she pulled down her top until her back was bare. She tried not to flinch the moment she felt his warm hands on her back.

“You must think I’m such a joke and a wreck,” Elise whispered bitterly, “I mean, who gets rejected on her bonding day and then gets turned into this mess? I couldn’t even protect myself or my mother; I’m weak.”

“You’re not weak; you are strong; you faced danger head-on and didn’t back down; you need training, yes, but you are not weak, and it is not your fault, Elise,” he said to her. It felt like she had been waiting a long time to hear those words.

She turned her head to look at Ka’al, who looked at her. There was a tense silence. She opened her mouth to speak, but Ka’al had popped her shoulder back into its socket, eliciting a painful hiss from Elise.

“Agh! Fuck!” She cried from pain, she leaned back, her body resting on Ka’al’s chest; their shared and loud heartbeats thrummed on her skin, and that was when she noticed how heated his body was.

She told him his fingers were drawing small circles on her bare skin to soothe her pain, and that unknown feeling between them hung in the air as Elise slowly turned her chin, facing Ka’al, whose eyes had darkened.

He took one swift look at her lips, and that was the invitation it took for Elise to make the first move. She leaned in and traced his face with her hands—his slowly healing and now handsome face. The most gorgeous man she had ever seen.

So she took the brave leap as she leaned in and kissed him. His hands reached for her naked breast, each nipple already peaked and hard, their breaths hot and heavy.

The heavy rain canceled out their moans from the outside as lust grew, with both their gazes telling that they were eager and waiting.

Ready and hungry for each other, their lips met in another hot and heavy kiss, greedy for more. A promise of a steaming wild night ahead.

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