

## Alpha's Rejected 31

### Chapter 31 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Rowan POV

I'm so angry that I can barely control it, my facial expression hard, my jaw tightly clenched. I stride through the pack house, down to the basement, where my Beta Laurence, is waiting for me.

"Have they both been restrained and confined?" I ask him.

My Beta gives a nod, looking grim. "Put up a hell of a fight she did. But she's quiet now, at least for the time being. As for that fucking idiot Gordon, he won't stop saying he's in love and that he couldn't help it."

I give a short huff of laughter. "The poor idiot, he's been manipulated by that lying, conniving, bitch" I sneer "she doesn't love him, she was just using him to get to me."

"Well they are both waiting for you," Laurence says easily "do you want me to come in with you?"

I shake my head and reach out, taking hold of the door "I have it from here, thank you."

The dungeon is dank and dark with the smell of old blood and the metallic scent of it in the air. I walk along the cells, going to the furthest one, where a frightened Stacey stares at me.

"Don't you touch her" roars Gordon from across from her in the opposite cell?

I ignore him, looking her over with contempt. Her eyes are gleaming with tears and her hair is now lank and disheveled. She's tied to some shackles on the wall, preventing her from being able to see me too clearly, her back exposed.

I go into the cell, unlocking it first, a trolley of torture implements nearby. I can see her body trembling as she sucks in a breath.

"Rowan" she pleads "please don't do this to me. I love you" she adds.

I laugh, hearing Gordon give a startled gulp. "From what I hear you and Gordon are in love. Besides, Stacey, if you really loved me, you wouldn't have cheated."

I lean in and whisper in her ear "you have no idea just how close you were to becoming Luna. Thank god you showed your true colors before I made a mistake. There's no way I'd let you near me or the pack anymore."

"What are you saying" her voice wavers, full of uncertainty.

"I Alpha Rowan, forbid you from coming back onto pack grounds when I release you. You will hence forth be known as a traitor and be banished from my pack. You will become a rogue" I announce with satisfaction.

She begins to sob "Rowan, please, don't I mean anything to you? I can't be a rogue, I'll end up being killed. Rowan, you can't" she screams in anguish.

I grab some tape from the trolley and tape her mouth shut, ending her screams and watching her body shake with fear. "That's enough out of you, I'll have the boys release you into the forest later" I murmur. I had no doubts she wouldn't last long as a rogue and felt a moment of pity, that I quickly quashed.

"You're a real bastard, you know that" spits out Gordon as I turn towards him, raising an eyebrow at him in amusement.

"Well I don't have a reputation for being a monstrous alpha for nothing," I say lightly "she got off easy Gordon, if I were you I'd worry about myself, because what you did, as not only a friend but my gamma as well, is unforgivable."

I eye the trolley of implements and then pick up a cat of nine tails, touching the studded silver ends with now gloved hands, feeling the sharpness of them. Gordon's eyes widen, but he bites his lip, not wanting to give me the satisfaction of seeing him afraid. I shrug. He'll show his fear eventually, they always do in the end.

I reach out and tear his shirt, ripping it to shreds, to expose his back to me completely, now bare. I crack the whip experimentally and see him flinch.

"You know, we've always had our ups and downs Gordon, but you've never betrayed me like this before. What on earth were you thinking" I snap "you know it's a transgression against your alpha and therefore your pack. Was it really worth all this?" I gesture towards him, his head sideways as he looks at me. He blinks.

"She told me she loved me," he said slowly "and you hadn't touched her in ages. She was lonely and I had always loved her, ever since she began visiting our pack and then staying with you. You never appreciated her the way I do."

He was delusional, lost in his own lies. Stacey didn't love him, but the fool couldn't see that. He couldn't see past her beautiful face and lying tongue and it was going to get him killed. But not before I did a lot of damage.

I harden my heart and hit him straight across his back with the whip. He bows his back and screams at the initial contact and I can see droplets of blood on my whip already. Across from Gordon, I see Stacey watching out of the corner of her eye, her face pale as she observes. Again, I hit him, using all of my strength. Another piercing scream comes from him. I hit him again, and again, watching as blood begins to spray against the walls, rather than just trickling down. Only then do I stop, at least for the moment. Stacey is silent, making no sounds, even with the tape across her mouth. I wonder if it's because she thinks she might be next. Then I decide I don't care and begin to rifle through the trolley of implements, putting the whip back down. I didn't need that particular object anymore.

Ah, there it was. I grab hold of the large, silver dagger, watching it gleam in the small patch of sunlight coming from the blocked windows. It's sharp, easily drawing blood when I touch it with my gloved hand. Gordon's eyes are almost bugging out of his head as he watches me caress the knife.

"Rowan, please" he begins, his eyes never leaving the knife "I'm sorry, okay, I'll say it a thousand times if you want" he adds, shrinking forward against the wall, his back still exposed to me.

"Do you really think an apology is going to get me to stop" I demand "that you will get out of this so lightly. I never knew you were so stupid, Gordon."

He licks his lips nervously as I approach, his head sideways, unable to do anything to stop me as I plunge the knife between his shoulder blades. I can hear the sound of sizzling flesh and smell the burnt scent it produces as his skin begins to burn from the silver. I leave it there for several minutes, listening to his shouts and his curses, before it turns into whimpering and then loud shrieks. I pull it out, giving him a momentary reprieve.

"Fuck you Rowan" pants Gordon, his wound slowly beginning to heal itself "I fucking hate you, you son of a bitch."

I cock my head. "It's about time you were honest Gordon" I drawl, plunging the knife into his thigh and waiting.

He threw back his head and wailed, trying desperately to dislodge the dagger from his thigh to no avail. "Fuck, bastard, son of a bitch" he panted, before beginning to mewl in pain.

I'm enjoying myself immensely. The smell of his flesh burning is like perfume to me right now. Across from me, I hear a small sound of distress and turn around to see that Stacey has fainted, her body now limp in its restraints. I chuckle darkly.

I pull the knife back out.

"Just kill me already" demands Gordon heatedly "instead of playing this game, just kill me and get it over and done with."

"But where's the fun in that?" I ask him with a wicked grin.

I touch the back of him with the tip of the dagger, watching him react with a startled jerk. With determination, I stick the dagger against his skin and begin to write the word 'traitor' on his back, the silver permanently scarring him for life. The wounds would heal, but the word would always be there.

"The word traitor is fitting, wouldn't you say, Gordon?" I ask, taking the dagger back.

He swears at me. I laugh.

"You know, I think I'm going to need some help for this next thing" I decide, mind-linking Laurence and another member of the pack, John, to come down. It's not even a minute later and I hear their footsteps, Laurence coming forward first.

"I want him facing me" I order, gesturing towards Gordon.

Laurence just nods, going inside, John assisting him. Together they wrestle Gordon into the same position but facing forwards rather than having his back towards me.

I grin with anticipation. Laurence quietly stands back, watching, John doing the same. Neither of them interferes with what I'm doing, just there, ready for anything I command of them. I slowly saunter up to Gordon, watching his eyes as he stares at me, his body stiff now, looking apprehensive.

I'm still holding the dagger in my hand. Slowly, I reach out, unzipping his pants and grabbing hold of his scrotum.

"Rowan, don't, god, no, please" Rowan begins to shriek, while I use my other hand to slowly, torturously, remove his scrotum from his body. I fling it to the far corner of the cell while Rowan screams, blood pouring out everywhere.

"Holy mother of god" I hear John mutter behind me, and then a shushing sound from Laurence.

"They don't call him the monstrous alpha for nothing."

It's time to end this game. I grab hold of Gordon's head, his mouth open in a silent scream as I twist it, breaking his neck, his body now limp and hanging from the restraints.

"Get rid of this one and burn his body," I say coldly, gesturing at Gordon's body. I place the dagger back on the trolley and begin to remove the gloves.

Laurence steps up beside me. "What about this one?" he asks, motioning towards Stacey who has now recovered consciousness, although she was still as pale as a sheet.

I give a heavy sigh. "I have no desire to torture her, although she deserves it. She was my girlfriend for over a year, which is the only reason I haven't done to her what I did to Gordon. Instead, she is to be taken to the forest and let loose. I used my alpha command on her and she cannot come back to the pack grounds. Without a pack to call home, she'll become a rogue."

Laurence lets out a low whistle. "She deserves much worse," he said coldly "but if that's what you require, then so be it. I and the men will take care of her."

"Then I leave this in your capable hands" I growl, flicking Stacey the middle finger.

Childish of me I know, but I couldn't help it.

I go back upstairs, wanting nothing more than to shower away all the blood that's on me and burn my clothes. I have just made it upstairs and into my bedroom when the most excruciating pain hits me right across the back and sends me staggering across the room, almost ending up flat on my back. What the hell? It continues, throbbing painfully, as though I'm being hit by something over and over again, for several long minutes as I lay there unable to move. Finally, it finishes, the pain slowly fading away again. I sit on the bed feeling a bit shaky. Was this due to the mate bond? Was my mate being hurt somewhere? I grit my teeth and make my way to the shower, mind-linking Laurence. I needed him to do some much-needed surveillance on my mate for me. Something told me she was in danger, but from what? Or maybe I should be asking who?

I knew she wasn't married yet, I'd kept close tabs on that. But who else would have the audacity to hurt her in such a manner? I wanted to storm over there, but I knew if I did, I might be putting my mate in further danger. Or in a position to be used as a bargaining chip. I swore loudly. My wolf was going berserk, urging me to go to her. I stood up shakily and managed to make it to the bathroom, the water cascading over me as I began to think. Now that Stacey was gone, maybe it was time to seriously consider what I needed to do with my mate. My father wanting an heir comes back to me and I grimace. If my father had his way, I know exactly what he would be telling me.