

Alpha's Rejected 36

Chapter 36 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Stacey POV

I couldn't bear to look at him, his body still lying there, cold now, on the dungeon floor. Sure, I might not have loved Gordon, not in the way he loved me, but it didn't mean that I had wanted him to die, because of my actions. I'd just been lonely, Rowan's interest in me had seemed to be waning and I'd clutched at Gordon like he was some sort of lifeline. I knew he had always liked me and I used that to my advantage, wanting somebody who desired me to love me, to touch me, to make me feel once again. But boy had it backfired. I hadn't meant to hurt Rowan, but he hadn't seen what his waning desire had done to me and how desperate it had made me feel. Sure I wanted to be Luna, but didn't I deserve that? I had dated Rowan for a whole year and I loved him beyond measure. I adored him and this, this was how he repaid me? Bastard.

I heard the sound of the main door opening and cringed. I know Rowan had told them not to torture me and to let me go, but that didn't mean they wouldn't take liberties with me. I heaved a sigh of relief when none other than Beta Laurence wandered into the front of my cell door, a look of absolute disgust on his face and contempt in his eyes.

He shakes his head at me. "You've really done it this time, haven't you Stacey? I always knew you were a slut but now you've gone and proved it."

I sneer at him, trying not to tremble, trying not to cry. "Fuck you, Laurence, you know nothing about me."

He chuckles, the sound was low and rather ominous. "I know enough. Do you really think that he'll ever forgive you for this? He's banished you completely from the pack and the grounds. What do you think about that? He wants you to die Stacey or live life like a rogue. Does that sound like a man that loves you?"

I try not to give him the satisfaction of how much his words are hurting me. I was certain that Rowan did love me, in some small way, but his actions were proving otherwise. I had spent a whole year, a whole year, loving him, did that mean nothing? Did no one care about me? I wasn't some villain from a Disney movie, I had feelings of my own.

Two more men appear behind Beta Laurence and I shudder, preparing myself for the worst. Beta Laurence notices and eyes me grimly, his lips curled back in a sneer. "As if they want to touch you. They are here to escort you off the territory, alongside with me. I can't wait for you to leave this pack and leave Rowan be. He has enough to contend with, without having to worry about his slut of an ex-girlfriend."

"Stop calling me a slut" I snap tired of his taunting, of the venom dripping from his annoying mouth.

He just laughs and begins to rifle through his pockets, withdrawing the key with a flourish, a wide grin on his face. He slowly unlocks the door and gestures for his men to follow him in. I try not to buck or kick at him with panic, as he begins to pull me off the hook on the wall, leaving my silver restraints in place, which continue to blister and burn my sensitive shifter skin. The restraints mean that I cannot shift and I glare at Laurence with hatred, wishing I could wipe the smug smile off the bastard's face. I fall, heavily, to the ground and force myself back upright, the men looking nonchalant, bored even. This must be highly amusing to the lot of them.

I glance down at my legs which are also shackled together. Laurence follows the direction of my glance and shakes his head. "I'll remove them once we reach the boundary" he snaps "not before."

He gives me a none-too-gentle shove and I almost fall down again, losing my balance and stumbling forward on shaky feet.

"Walk" he growls "and be quick about it."

The stairs are a struggle with my shaky feet and restrained legs and I almost have to hop up them, Laurence grabbing hold of my arm impatiently, and giving it a yank. I glare at him but he raises an eyebrow, unrepentant. Son of a bitch is really taking pleasure in my misfortune.

Once outside, I blink at the brightness of the warm sunshine bearing down on me. The sun is high in the sky, with white puffy clouds. It's a nice day, with a gentle breeze that ruffles through my hair and makes me smile, despite it all. It's the kind of day perfect for picnics and playing ball outside with your children. For running around and making daisy chains. I feel a bit of envy at the families I can see outside, blushing with embarrassment as I feel the eyes of various pack members on me. The grass is soft and lush beneath my bare feet and I shuffle awkwardly, Laurence still gripping tightly to my arm.

"Move" he hisses.

I glower at him, stopping in my tracks. "You try moving with shackles on and soft grass. It's not that easy" I snap, thoroughly fed up and frightened. The more we move, the more I become overcome with fear.

He gives a dramatic sigh and then bends down, eyeing me warily, the other two men who I don't know, tensing in preparation for what, an attack I guess.

"Don't even think of kicking me" warns Laurence, his eyes still on me as he withdraws the key to the restraints.

I give a small huff in response. I would have loved to kick the bastard in the head while he was down there, but I suspected it would only result in further pain and humiliation for me.

He undoes the restraints on my legs and casts them to the ground, cursing as the silver burns his flesh. I feel a small sense of satisfaction at that, noting he forgot to wear gloves. Idiot, I thought to myself smugly.

I can move my legs freely now and consider running but realize I wouldn't get far. Not with the number of onlookers, not to mention that unlike myself, Beta Laurence is able to shift into his wolf. Besides, it wouldn't be very smart to run with my hands still restrained now, would it?

"Thank you" I breathe as he steps back from me, wincing and still glowering.

"Don't thank me" he snaps "now get moving. You should be able to move a lot faster now."

I could and I did, moving rather woodenly towards the forest and then into it, wincing as my foot met pebbles, branches, and littered leaves on the forest floor. It stung.

I couldn't help myself and cried out as my foot hit yet another branch while walking. Laurence just laughed and the other two men joined in.

"Please, Laurence, you don't have to do this. Rowan's making a mistake and I know he'll realize that" I plead, tears coming to the corners of my eyes. I didn't want to leave the pack that I had made my home for the last year and a bit. I didn't want to lose Rowan.

"Rowan never wants to see you again" Laurence hisses "and he's made that abundantly clear. Besides he has something much more important occupying his mind these days and its not just his father."

I blink and stop in my tracks. "What do you mean by that?" I ask slowly, my voice shaking "are you telling me that he cheated as well" I exclaim indignantly.

Laurence rolls his eyes. "Will you move already" he growls, pushing me, but I stay firmly rooted where I am.

"Do you really want to know" he taunts me "well then if you must know" he says with a dry chuckle "Rowan's found his true mate and he can't stop thinking about her. She's a lovely little thing too, a much nicer person than you, that's for sure."

I gasp in shock, one hand going to my mouth, the restraints are forgotten about. Laurence had to be lying, I thought numbly, he was just trying to hurt me some more. But a small part of me wondered if he was telling the truth. It would explain Rowan's sudden disinterest in me and the fact he'd been so distant before I cheated on him, well numerous times.

"You're lying" I protest weakly.

Laurence shoves me again and I fall down to the ground, my body crashing hard against the trunk of a tree and making a loud thudding noise.

"Listen up slut, I don't want to be doing this with you right now. Now move, we're close to the boundary line and I want to go home" he hisses through gritted teeth.

I slowly get back up, grimacing from the pain in my back. The hurt and agony I feel inside are much worse. So Rowan had found his true mate then. I wonder how that happened. I begin to walk without another word, my stomach churning and nausea rising with every step I take. I reach the boundary line and wait, to see what happens. Laurence gives me a sickening grin as he undoes the restraints and flings

them away. "You are no longer welcome in this pack" he declares loudly, the other two men nodding their agreement "now step over the boundary line and never come back. Rowan refuses to see you and we have orders to kill you the next time we see you in our territory."

I turn around and take the step over the boundary, feeling pain, excruciating pain as the bond between the pack and I dissolves, due to Rowan's instructions while using his Alpha tone. I give a loud scream, dropping to my knees, every nerve inside my body feeling like it's on fire. My hands scrabble at the dirt uselessly. I whimper, waiting for the pain to pass, Laurence watching my every move.

"You no longer belong to this pack," he says evenly before spitting at my feet. "Good riddance" he growls and then turns, walking away, the other two men following behind in his wake.

My heart thuds painfully in my chest as the pain begins to fade away. I sit back on my haunches, staring off into the distance where I can see the pack house. Why had Rowan done this to me? We could have worked things out if he'd been willing to listen to me. It's not like I hadn't tried to tell him that things were going sour in the relationship. Now he had that girl, inside his head, I thought bitterly and he would forget all about me, especially if he chose to accept her as his mate. But I wasn't going to let that happen. No way. I was the only one suited to him and he would discover that for himself.

I get to my feet and shake off all the debris, grimacing at the dirt on me. I give one last backward glance towards the immense pack house and then turn my eyes towards the other direction, forcing my feet to move forwards one step at a time. I begin to leave the pack house and the pack behind, making my way further into the forest. I'm aware that there are rogues nearby and I shift, needing to be fast on my feet. But as my feet race towards another pack, hoping they might take me in, I'm aware that I too, one day, might become a rogue if I'm not careful. I smirk to myself as I dodge fallen branches and jump over large ones, Rowan didn't know it yet, but I would be coming back for him and his precious mate. There was no way I was letting the love of my life go. Not now, not ever.