

# **The Alpha's Rejected Mate\* Chapter 2 - CHAPTER 2**

## **The Daughter of Rogues**

### **Chapter 2: CHAPTER 2 The Daughter of Rogues**

Maisie's POV

The hurt I felt yesterday from Lance's spectacle still saddened me, my inner wolf whined every two hours, reminding me of the reckless pain I tried to forget.

I didn't do anything wrong, and my parents didn't do anything wrong, yet they were branded as rogues and killed, my stepmother and step-sister joined the Pack members in treating me this way.

"Maisie." My heart beat quickly, I knew what happens if I get called, it would be another dose of suffering.

I ran out to the laundry room, wondering what I did this time to annoy him.

I wasn't prepared for the slap that hit me sending me flying to the table, I winced as I hit the sharp edge of the table.

"I think you love me hitting you because you seem to not understand instructions clearly." He said and I didn't bother looking at his eyes, all I could do was stare at the floor, I knew I wouldn't find solace if I tried searching his eyes.

"If you listen to simple instructions and act like the slave you are, then I won't even bother hitting you." He stalked towards me and I closed my eyes, my heart pounding quickly.

"You didn't wash the clothes I asked for, what did you do last night?" He asked when he reached me.

I sat up, finally staring at him, pleading though I knew it would be no use, "I had chores to do, and I couldn't finish earlier, I'll wash it and dry it quickly."

"I don't care what the other Pack members want you to do, but you'll do whatever I ask you when I ask you to do it," he tilted my face, "do you understand?"

"Yes, Alpha."

"This is what you deserve, you're lucky my father spared your life, you would've just died with your worthless rogue parents." He spat.

"My parents are not rogues," I said quickly without even realizing it.

His expression made me quiver, "What did you say?"

"Nothing." I looked down.

"You asked for it." He said dragging me with him, I followed him, my heart pounding, not knowing what will happen to me next.

I gasped when I realized the room he took me to, I'd heard of it, but I never thought I'll be in there.

I turned to him wondering what he'll do next, "this is what you deserve."

He pushed me to the cold cement floor, I winced as I felt the cold even with my clothes on.

He brought out the whip, "What did you say?"

He hit me twice and my inner wolf whined in pain, the whip was laced with silver, it hurt so fucking much, I couldn't even cry out due to the pain.

"Nothing, I didn't say anything." I choked back the sob.

"I am going to ask you one more time, what did you say? You little bitch!" He whips me again and I screamed unable to hold back the sob.

"I didn't say anything." I wailed and he scoffed, I just couldn't believe my mate would do this to me.

"I heard what you said." He dropped the whip

"But I wanted to hear you say it again." He smiled.

"If you ever say your parents aren't rogues or even try to say anything you aren't asked, this will be your punishment." He left the room.

I stayed there wailing till I lost my voice, moving slowly to the slave's room, shivering with pain, I laid down falling asleep.

I woke up aching, I couldn't even move properly, I forced myself, standing up shakily, I had chores to do this morning, if I didn't do them, I knew the consequences I'll face.

I slipped on my huge sweatshirt, rolled my hair into a bun like I loved doing, going downstairs, my chore was in the kitchen today.

Passing some Pack members on my way to the kitchen they sneered at me.

"She deserves it, her parents were rogues, she's lucky she didn't die."

"I know right, the Alpha spared her, she should be thankful."

"She should be thankful she's made a slave, like the other slaves here."

I walked away quickly from them, I couldn't believe they switched easily when my parents weren't accused as rogues, I was loved by the Pack members, but that changed my parents were branded rogues, and I was made a slave.

Cleaning the kitchen, I sighed as I realized I was still left with cooking for the Pack members.

I sighed sitting down on the kitchen floor, wincing in pain as I leaned on the cold wall.

"Stand up." I stilled immediately after I heard the voice.

Looking up I sighed in relief when I realized it wasn't Alpha Lance, it was Raul, one of the Pack's favorite males, he came to the Pack a month after I became a slave, I wondered if he came to ridicule me too.

I stood up, waiting for his attack.

"Take this, rub on your wounds, they'll heal quickly." He held a healing balm

I backed away in surprise, wondering what surprise attack I'll get once I collect it, I looked around waiting for Alpha Lance to come out.

"I don't bite, I just want to help." He sighed.

Taking my hands he put it in.

"Rub it or it might scar."

"Why are you being nice to me?" I blurted out.

"I'm the daughter of rogues, a slave."

"The healer gives this to us when we're hurt, she doesn't extend the same to slaves, I saw you just yesterday, and called for you, but you didn't answer, decided to give you this today." He said.

"What's the catch, what am I giving you in return?" I asked.

"Nothing." He shakes his head.

"I'm a slave, a rogue's daughter, you shouldn't associate yourself with me," I muttered wincing as I applied the balm.

"And so what?" He shrugged, collected the balm from me, applied it to my back, he left the kitchen.

For the first time since I became a slave, I smiled.