

# Mated To The Beastly Alpha

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## Chapter 1

Tension clouded Nicole's emotions as she felt rage and bitter pain. She gritted her teeth and bit her lips until it bled. Her swollen, blotchy face brightened with a mixture of sweat and tears dripping from both her eyes and forehead. Her blood-sodden body was chained to a chair. She heaved, her teeth clattered in fear with her claws buried deep into her lap.

She looked like hell, yet her appearance was an understatement of what was going on in her head. Her wolf raged in her head, her chest was heavy with pain and her heart felt like it was being diced with cutlery. She sunk her claws into her lap because physical pain was better than everything going on in her head.

Hot, loud, and throaty moans filled the air as a hunky man fucked a frilly blonde while kissing a red-haired woman and fondling her breast. Nicole wanted nothing but to close her eyes and shut out the gore she was witnessing, but she wouldn't dare. She could easily snap the chains that held her and rip out the throat of the

crew before her but she wouldn't dare.

They flipped positions now, the blonde took his shaft in her mouth, while the mouth of the man was fixed on the red-haired pussy. Around them were other females who ran their fingers through the male's body and masturbated at the sight before them.

Those ladies were omegas touching the Alpha, her alpha, her mate. Every touch and sound drove her insane. Her wolf wanted blood. She could easily kill every woman in that room for even looking at her mate, but she couldn't.

She couldn't do it because it was her punishment. In this world, her mate saw her as nothing but trash and enjoyed manipulating and playing psychological tricks on her.

“You are losing concentration, Nicole. Watch me carefully. You need to watch and learn,” his arousal clouded voice laced with powerful command.

Automatically her eyes widened and her head straightened. It was painful, but when an Alpha command, one was compelled to obey it. The ladies snickered before walking towards her. “Stupid bitch,” commented one, while another smacked her roughly while laughing hysterically.

“Aww Luna, are you angry? Is your body boiling with rage right now?” asked a blue-eyed one, sneering into her face.

“All hail the Luna. Filthy ass bitch.” Mocked yet another.

Echoes of laughter filled up the room and the blonde who had just sucked her mate's dick stepped up to her and licked her on the face.

“He said you should watch carefully bitch,” she whispered into her ears.

Nicole heaved, her face hurting from the cuts and bruises she had received earlier from her mate when he punched her. She bit into her torn lips to keep herself from screaming and she pressed her claws deeper into her lap.

“She's so freaking ugly. You do realize how ugly you are, right?” one asked.

“Look into my eyes, you fucking cunt!” Her mate growled.

Nicole whimpered, praying for her torment to end. Another omega fisted her hand into Nicole's ash-brown hair and yanked it. Nicole let out a scream of agony.

Another wave of laughter swept through the room. Nicole sucked in air, her wolf was threatening to explode. Unlike her, she didn't care about the consequences.

“Piece of trash, your existence is worthless. Maybe that's why no one loves you.” She mocked.

At that, Nicole's control snapped. She let out a rumbling growl as her hazel irises turned dark with red rings around them. The laughter and mockery ceased immediately.

Shane, her mate, and the Alpha of Crimson Pack growled, pushing away the ladies that surrounded him. His eyes flashed golden as he grabbed her.

“Return to her subconscious, wolf!” He gritted out, his dominance rippled through her body.

Almost immediately, her eyes returned to their normal color and she let out an agonized cry.

Grinning gleefully, Shane let her fall back to the ground and the chair to which she was tied shattered under her weight.

“I thought I told you not to let your wolf exert control! Did what they said hurt you? They're right. You're useless and you'll forever be. That's why your father sold you off to pay off his debts. He knew how much of a waste you would turn out to be.”

Tears spilled out from Nicole's eyes. She could take every form of pain, insult, and injury, but nothing hurt more than the reminder that she was truly useless and could never result in

anything good. The words Shane was saying were nothing but the truth and now she wished someone could end her misery.

“Open your eyes,” he commanded, and she obeyed. He gave her a dirty look and then knocked her off with his heel.

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Nicole grabbed a shot of whiskey at a bar a few hours later. Dusk had fallen outside and patrons strolled into the musty, dim-lit bar. She had walked quietly out of the pack, veiled, hoping that no one noticed her. Although all her wounds had healed up, her body was still tender and her mind was still raw with pain.

“Luna,” an elderly man called out, tapping her back affectionately. Nicole stifled a whimper and ground her teeth as pain rippled through her nerves. Slowly she spun around and plastered a false smile on her face.

“Gabe,” she greeted.

He gave her a wry smile, “Thank you. My mate told me how you helped her yesterday.

You're the best thing that has happened to this pack,” he said. Tears welled in Nicole's eyes, her aching heart broke a little more. Her smile faltered and she struggled to keep it up.

“Don't mention Gabe,” She croaked, “That's what a Luna is for, isn't it?” Nicole asked.

Gabe grinned and squeezed her shoulders, "Yes, but you're humane about it. It's heartwarming. You are a true Princess, thank you." He finished and hobbled away. The moment he was far enough she buried her head in her palms and broke into a quiet sob. Members of the Crimson pack knew nothing of what she was going through. How could they know that beneath all her smiles and hard work, she was dying inside? They knew that Alpha Shane didn't regard her because she was used as payment for a debt her parents owed, but what they didn't know was the full extent. Only high-ranking members of the pack and the filthy omegas Alpha Shane had orgies with, knew. Meanwhile, Crimson pack members saw her as the epitome of perfection and even adored her. Her body shook as she sobbed painfully. She had long stopped praying for a miracle, because miracles didn't happen in Crimson. There was nothing like joy for her; only pain, suffering, and torture. Now she wished to forget, to stop feeling, to be in a state beyond her current misery. It was the only way she could escape her reality. Wiping her tears, she raised her head and downed her shot, then gestured to the bartender for

a refill.

Nicole poured drink after drink after drink down her throat until the buzzing in her head disappeared. Her eyes glazed over and she could barely hold herself. She was moments from falling off the high bar stool on which she was sitting. She giggled, loving the feeling of freedom and power that thrummed through her veins.

After taking another throat-burning shot, she slipped off the stool. The moment her feet touched the ground, the world came crashing down. Her legs buckled beneath her and she crashed to the floor.

She let out a peal of unhinged laughter, staggered to her feet, and returned to her stool. No one noticed, because just like her, most of the people in the bar wanted to drown away their sorrows.

Nicole clasped her hands to her mouth, as she tried to fight back her fit of giggles.

Everything seemed hilarious and exciting. She waved her hand sloppily to the bartender for another drink. And rested her head in her palms.

“What's so funny?” A penetrating baritone voice asked, startling her. She jerked her head up and burst into laughter before seeking the source of the voice.

The alcohol and dim lights blurred her vision, so she couldn't see him clearly, but her senses picked up his interest in her. It made her blush and giggle again.

“And to think they said I'm ugly,” she muttered. Her words came out as complete gibberish.

She laughed again, slapping her lap hard.

The moderately built and heavily inked man standing beside her raised a brow and narrowed his deep-set eyes at her. A smirk tugged at his lips and his light blue eyes darkened with arousal and intrigue. He slid onto the stool beside her, staring intently at her.

“Whatchu want?” Nicole slurred, turning to face the mysterious stranger and almost slipping off the barstool. He immediately grabbed her and set her right. Her cheeks reddened and she chuckled harder.

The bartender returned with her refill and his order and set it before them. Nicole made to grab her drink, but he beat her to it and gulped it down. Her eyes blew open and she snarled at him. He smirked, holding the cup protectively.

“You,” Nicole growled.

The mysterious man waved his hand at the bartender who was at his side immediately, “Get her a bottle of water,” he ordered, and the bartender nodded before doing as told.

“Are you crazy?” Nicole blurted out, poking his chest with her finger.

He only smirked at her, ignoring the litany of curses falling out of her mouth. As soon as the bartender returned with the bottle of water, he paid for his untouched drink and hers, then he walked away.

Nicole was enraged. Angly she gulped down the water and staggered after him. Stumbling onto people and tables, because the world seemed to be dancing under her feet.

‘Who the hell was he?’ She asked herself. She had had enough of people bullying her, and the alcohol in her veins helped her a lot as it gave her the courage that she had normally lacked.

Nicole stumbled outside to inhale the sweet fresh night air, allowing it to fill her lungs.

Closing her eyes, she exhaled and then sniffed the air for his scent. She found it immediately and blindly followed.

She staggered and came to a halt when she found herself in a dark alley. By now she had sobered up a bit and was regretting her actions. He chuckled and stepped into view.

Nicole gasped and took a few steps backwards. He was bigger than she remembered. It was

dark, but since her vision had gotten clearer, she was able to get a glimpse of his features.

He was so hot!

“Who do you think you are?” She growled, suppressing her fear.

His blue irises darkened and a fleck of gold flashed in them as his piercing gaze scanned through her body. Her whole body responded with a shudder and her pussy began to throb unintentionally.

Swallowing hard on her saliva, Nicole took another step backwards and slammed her back onto the wall.

A subtle sniff in the air told her that he was as aroused as she was. And that was the last thing she remembered.