

Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 11

JESSICA'S POV

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"What's my name?" Nick seethes as my body trembles, pain shooting through my body everywhere. My skin is stained crimson from how he beat me and never in my entire life of knowing Nick did I think he was capable of this. My hands are tied to the arm rest of the wooden chair, my ankles tied to the legs and I'm weak. It's been two days of beating and no eating.

"Nick, stop." I cry out as he inches closer, "Say it again." he bends over, glaring at me, "Nick." my voice pleads with him, but since I moaned Nathaniel's name instead of his, he's been in a fit of rage ever since.

He doesn't even attend to the pack duties because he's here, every second of the day, giving me no chance to escape or call for help.

The sharp sting on my cheek has my head swinging in the opposite direction and I could taste blood in my mouth. His fingers grab my chin, his nails digging into my flesh as he pulls me face to the front, making me look at him. "If you just reject him, we can be done with all of this peaches." the little nickname has vile rising in my throat and I spit the blood that's in my mouth into his face, making him let go of me.

"Don't touch me." I grit out as I try to pull my arms free, but the rope just burns into my already raw wrists.

I let out a painful yell before I start to cry, my anger vanishing and I feel hopeless, like this is the only thing I will ever know and the happiness I felt for that one night has now disappeared.

Nathaniel probably thinks that I lost interest, that I don't want to be with him anymore and changed my mind...

"Stop crying like you are the victim Jess." he lowers onto his haunches in front of me, unfortunately out of reach otherwise I would have bitten his head off if I could.

I tried to shift, but he shocked me- every single time...

He's turned into this monster that I don't recognize...He's a totally different person and hates me for trying to do what he did first.

"Look what you are doing to me, look at me!" I yell, my eyes half swollen shut and probably blue.

He's hit me several times today only and I can take it, but I don't want to.

I have never been treated like this.

"You look pathetic, just like who you are." he shrugs, his words hurt me just like his actions. "Please, just let me go. You can live happily with Tiffany." My head falls and my chin connects with my chest. I just want to leave and never see him again, but the chances of that happening are getting lower and lower.

"Oh please, now you want her in our life." he snorts.

"Look, you were right about finding your mate, it's not that easy to let go, but maybe that's the reason we shouldn't, they are our other halves..." a low growl escapes his throat as his head tilts to the side, his neck cracking loudly.

"Please, I never did anything to harm you or Tiffany but look what you are doing to me!" I yell so loudly that it echoes in the room.

I've been stuck in our room, watching Nick clean the tiles below and around me of my blood and not once does he leave for more than two minutes.

I hate this, I wish he would just let me go...

"You are harming me now, don't you understand?" he grits out, turning to me with a sad look in his eyes, "This is our pack. Ours Jessica and if you leave...what will happen? They love you, they adore you and they will follow you. This was my pack first and you're going to ruin everything!" he bellows, "I won't, you are their alpha! I will talk to them, to make them understand that Tiffany was suppose to be their real luna!" my heart is shattering with each word, because I do love this pack, I grew up here, I know these people to the core of my heart and I will miss them, but something better is out there for me, someone better.

"No, I w on't take that chance." he turns his back to me and I wiggle, trying to free myself.

I'm cold since I'm only wearing a black t-shirt with nothing underneath.

He opens the closet, staring at the dress that Nathaniel gave me, "Who's dress is this anyway? It's not the one you went in to the party." he points out only two days later.

I keep my lips pressed into a thin line, refusing to answer him. He slowly turns to me, holding the hanger and the dress hangs from it.

I love that dress.

"Did he give this to you?" he grits out angrily, "Tell me!" he bellows and I just stare at him, "Fine, then we'll burn it." he shrugs, "No !" I couldn't stop myself from defending the dress, "Why? Because he gave it to you? Did he touch you? f**k, did he look at what's mine?" He bellows

"No, he didn't." I grit out, "You ruined my dress and he offered me something without my blood on it you i***t!" I yell and I slowly realize that all the love and care I have for him, is fading as he stands there, torturing me.

"So it is his." he stares at it with a disgusted look before pulling a knife from his side and he shoves the blade into the material, dragging it down and I just close my eyes, listening to the material tearing. "Open your eyes." he demands and they fly open and I glare at him, "You're a lunatic." I grit out, my hands itching to just break his neck but when my eyes flick to the dress, it's completely ruined.

"You looked like a w***e in it anyway." he snorts before tossing the material next to my chair and the silver material soaks up all the blood around me.

"But when Tiffany wears little to nothing, all you do is compliment her." I seethe and he laughs, "Because she looks good in everything, especially nothing." I notice how his pants strain where his c**k is and I feel disgusted. Just the thought of her naked turns him on...

"Excuse me." he mutters before leaving and as he leaves the room, I wiggle and pull my limbs to try and free them. I grunt as my raw skin burns but I use every bit of strength I have until my one hand breaks loose and I quickly untie my other hand while continuously looking at the door. I untie my legs and I run to the door, closing it softly before locking it and I run to the window, opening it and I stare out onto the pack lands and then down to the floor.

Fear washes over me as I realize that it's too far down to jump and I would probably break something.

I run over to my bedside unit and grab the card I had hidden under the mattress and I grab my phone that's on charge and dial Nathaniel's number.

It rings once before I hear a kick from the other side of the door, I put the phone down, praying that Nathaniel would answer and rush over to the window before the door is kicked off it's hinges and lands on the floor.

"Where the hell do you think you are going?" he seethes while marching over to me. My entire body trembles, "Please, don't!" I yell as he raises his hand and he knocks me out with his elbow.

When I open my eyes, it's already dark and I directly look at my phone through swollen eyes, almost unable to see anything and I stare at my arms that are tied to the stupid chair again.

"You're awake...good." Nick sits right in front of me on the floor, "I'm sorry it came to this, but you could have just sit still like a good girl instead of trying to run from me...I am your mate, remember?" I want to laugh, but I can't. My head is spinning, my throat dry and my mouth hurts.

"Just get some sleep and don't worry, you won't die from the wolfsbane I gave you...you'll just sleep. I have a party to attend to." he grins before standing and only then I realize that he is wearing a suite.

"I'm ready." Tiffany's voice makes my eyes flick to the door and she's standing in a red dress.

Her eyes are focused on me and she somewhat looks sad...like she wants to help me, but I know she won't. She doesn't like me, she never did and never will.

As they leave, my eyes fall shut again until I wake up and it's still dark, but this time I hear muffled moans and groans and I blankly stare at Nick f*****g Tiffany on our bed, right next to my phone and I realize that Nathaniel never answered, because the only comfort I have is to believe that if he heard what happened, he would have been here to save me already.

I fall asleep again, more like forcing myself to not watch or hear the horror and I'm woken up by a splash of cold water into my face.

I gasp, feeling better and healed and Nick stands in front of me, “You really are a heavy sleeper.” he grits out and even though I can answer him, I don’t and let my head hang. I want to make him think that I’ve gotten extremely ill after giving me Goddess knows what.

“You look terrible.” he grabs my chin and makes me look up at him. I lock eyes on him for a second before I roll my eyes back and then let my eyes fall shut before falling limp and I want to laugh as he starts to panic and tries to shake me awake even though I am fully conscious.