

4. Our Hate Story

HAYLEE



Fuck me!

What the fuck was I thinking?

No. I didn't think when I heard that little child crying.

My stupid brain just reacted to her and as I have always done with kids, I reached for her and offered comfort because no one offered that to me when I was growing up with an abusive father and a mean sister.

And now that I was standing before the Alpha King, my heart was about to beat its way out of my chest. My body shook with fear as cold shivers traveled down my spine. There was something about his dark eyes that–

“Don’t make me repeat myself?” His voice was cold, laced with anger that no one deserves, not even a criminal.

I took my eyes off him, fighting the uneasiness my wolf was feeding my mind with. I said slowly, “I’m Haylee from–”

“Silence!” He snapped at me, causing me to jump away from him.

If my mind wasn't shaky at the moment, I would have wondered why he asked me a question only to shut me up when I gathered enough courage to respond. However, I could only think of ways to escape his gaze because goddess did it burn my skin and make me breathless in a bad way.

“Haylee, that’s our–” My wolf, Liya, sputtered within my mind.

“This isn’t the time, Liya....” I cautioned my wolf...

“You will go back to wherever you come from and never show your face before me. Ever!” The Alpha King seethed at me, his smell of hatred towards me choked me as I inhaled.

One would think I would have gotten used to that smell after breathing and living with it all my life.

Everyone hated me.

My father. My Sister. My mate. My pack and of course, My mother.

Everyone but Leo– but after he was locked up because of me, he must hate me too.

“Listen to me, Haylee. Can you feel–” Liya started speaking again, sounding like a weak puppy.

But before she could get my full attention, Alpha Jett walked up to me, hissing at me, “Do you always have to cause chaos?”

“I d-didn’t–”

I stuttered not because I was scared of Jett but because I could still feel the Alpha King’s gaze burning into my skull like a laser.

Before I could pull myself together, my ex-mate's firm palm kissed my cheeks as he slapped me, hissing at me. My eyes stung, tears filling them up rapidly but Jett didn’t seem to care. He growled at me, raising his hand to hit me as he claimed that I had disgraced him before the Alpha King.

Helplessly, I closed my eyes, waiting for his next strike and I held my breath. Expecting.

But the sting didn’t hit me as I expected. Still, my eyes remained closed until his deep voice sent intense shivers down my spine, “You will not hit what’s mine.”

Those were Alpha Xalen’s words.

My eyes fluttered open and my brows furrowed when I saw Alpha King Xalen holding Jett’s hand and snarling at him. The Alpha King towered over Jett, dominating easily, and while some other she-wolves would have basked in the masculine aura rolling off the Alpha King, I could only bask in his words.

Mine, he said but why would he call me his?

“Because you are his, Hay,” Liya exclaimed.

“He said he didn’t want a slave–”

“You are not a slave to him. You are his second chance mate.” My wolf announced with conviction just in time for the Alpha King to shove Jett a few feet backward with one push.

My wolf’s words didn’t make any sense to me until Alpha King Xalen’s eyes connected with mine and his natural strong oud scent invaded my nostrils, pushing past every fiber in my body. He smelled like poison– the kind that my body seemed to need as my heart began to race even though I had sworn to never get excited over a man after Jett’s betrayal.

Goddess! My heart raced and that one word settled on the tip of my tongue, my lips parting, ready to let out that one word while still looking into his dark void orbs.

“Ma–”

“Don’t even dare, slave!” Alpha King Xalen seethed, shutting me up and waking me from this daydream with a snarl. “I don’t want to hear it.”

As he looked at me, warning me or probably daring me to disobey him and claim him before every one of his subjects in the hall, the world faded.

It was just us at that moment.

I gazed at every wrinkle of frown on his face, my brain memorizing every detail.

“How can he be mine?” I asked Liya, struggling to pick between panic and excitement.

My wolf let out a whimper, “I don’t think he will be for long.”

I was about to question her when I felt a force pressing and breaking every resistance my body had built over the years. The same whimper Liya released escaped my lips as I cried out, an unfamiliar pain hitting my head from the inside–

“On my mate’s funeral?” His voice and anger pierced through me, breaking through the walls of my mind. “You step into my pack on this day and you think you will be welcomed with open arms?”

How?

How could he speak to me through the mind link? I wasn’t a member of his pack neither was I his marked mate–

“I’m your Alpha King.” His voice boomed into my mind, causing my head to ache. “Your feeble mind isn’t out of... fuck that. I don’t have to explain myself to you.”

He didn’t have to. I understood that he was powerful and could penetrate my mind but does he know how painful it was to have him breaking into my mind like this?

“If the moon goddess thinks she can just send me another mate after taking my Laura from me, she must be delusional!” He barked regardless of my pain. Regardless of how many eyes we had on us. “On her funeral for that matter. Are you kidding me!”

H-how was that my fault?

I also didn’t ask for this and as much as he was hurting, I was hurting too.

I wished I could sit the moon goddess down and ask her questions too–

He cut my thoughts short, his voice breaking into my mind again, and his words? They crushed the millions of particles that my heart had become after Jett’s rejection and my family’s betrayal, “I, Alpha King Xalen of the Royal Pack, Leader of the Southern territory reject you, Haylee of Crescent Moon Pack as my second chance—”

I never thought I would get another mate.

But I also never considered the possibility of getting rejected twice.

Was I that worthless and– No, it’s because it’s his Luna’s funeral.

This can’t be my fault. Not this one.

I closed my eyes, waiting for the familiar pain of rejection to seize my soul but instead, the cries of the little girl filled my ears. She cried out before the Alpha King– her father could seal my fate.

“Fuck my life!” He cursed into my mind before I felt his consciousness slipping away as he broke the forced mind connection. He audibly commanded everyone to leave the hall, his anger still as loud as his baby’s cries.

I didn’t hesitate to turn away from him like everyone else, wondering if the rejection was done as I didn’t feel the pain that should come with it.

However, another order from him took my will to put space between us as his words sunk into my mind, “Not you, slave.”

My feet froze because it was at that moment that our hate story began.