Mated and Rejected by her Beta

Author: Mistress of the West

Prologue

Trigger warning

This chapter contains descriptions of violence, abuse, and trauma that may be triggering for some readers. If you feel you might be triggered, please take care of yourself and skip this chapter. Seek help if needed.

From Alessia's POV

"Alessia, darling, please sit back and put your seat belt on," my mother told me.

"I can't, Mommy. I dropped my binkie," I replied, reaching for my blanket on the ground. My mother laughed as she attempted to reach for it.

We had left early that morning for our annual family vacation. Dad said he got the week off work; later, I found out he had been fired from the restaurant. As a child, we didn't come from an affluent family. Being Omegas meant we were the lowest-ranking wolves, but it didn't matter to me. Everything I wanted was given to me by my parents.

Other than spending time with my mother and father, I never gave a thought to material possessions. There was nothing else that mattered.

Dad chuckled behind the wheel when he glanced back at me through the rearview mirror.

"Alessia, you must put your seat belt on while the car is in motion. It's dangerous," he warned as he smiled at me.

"Yes, Daddy," I said softly as I sat back and buckled in. I wanted my binkie. My mother had made it for me last Christmas. We didn't have much money, so she took me to the store and told me to pick out whatever material I wanted. I had chosen the softest fabric I could find. Mother had sewed it together with love and care, and it had become my most prized possession. I always held it close to me, and right now, not having it brought tears to my eyes. Mother looked at me and smiled as she reached for it again.

"Katherine, you need to stop giving in to her," my father whispered-yelled at my mom as she unbuckled her seat belt and reached for the blanket in the back seat.

While reaching for the blanket, she calmly replied, "I almost got it." As she pulled the blanket over the center console, the hem caught on Father's tool bag.

"You ripped binkie, you ripped binkie," I cried as tears fell down my cheeks as I looked at the precious blanket my mother had given me. In a fit of temper, I kicked the back seat.

"Don't worry, Alessia, I'll fix it for you," my mother reassured me.

I kicked and screamed as my mother leaned over the seat, trying to calm me down.

"No, you ripped it; you ripped my binkie!" I cried.

"Alessia Anahi Santoro, if you don't stop right now, so help me, Goddess, I'll pull this car over," my father yelled at me from the front seat. Suddenly, my mother screamed,

"Adrian, look out!" She grabbed the wheel and pulled it to the left, spinning the car out of control, hitting an approaching truck, ejecting her from the vehicle while another crashed into my father's side.

Shattered glass and metal flew everywhere. I felt a sharp pain in my leg and couldn't move. When the chaos settled, I saw my mother lying on the ground, not moving. I also saw my father slumped over the steering wheel, his head covered in blood. I screamed for help, hoping someone would come. Suddenly, I heard sirens in the distance and knew help was coming. I tried to stay conscious, but the pain in my leg was too much, and I eventually passed out.

Beep beep beep..

The sound of a monitor woke me from my sleep, and the pain I felt in my leg when I rolled over was unbearable.

"Mommy, Daddy," I called out, but they did not answer; I looked around frantically for them. I didn't recognize where I was. This wasn't the cottage we rented, nor the backseat of the car, and Binkie wasn't here. My mother always tucked me in with my binkie.

"MOMMY, MOMMY!" I cried; tears fell from my face as I looked around and saw all kinds of machines and an IV hooked up to me. Panic set in, and my heart began to race. Suddenly, an unfamiliar voice called out to me.

"It's OK, sweetheart. You are in the hospital." a woman wearing blue scrubs said as she entered.

"I want my mommy; where's my mommy?" I cried. I was scared and confused, not understanding why I was in this strange place surrounded by people I didn't recognize. I felt so alone and wanted to be comforted by the familiar faces of my mother and father.

Suddenly, another woman came in and rushed to my side. She hugged me, and I felt a slight sense of relief.

"I'm here now, don't worry. Everything will be alright," she said. She turned back to the Doctor, who nodded in understanding and walked out.

"What's your name, sweetie?" she asked. Her brown eyes were warm and gentle, her light brown hair was neatly tied in a high ponytail, and her ivory skin was silky smooth. She smiled at me as he patted my back.

"Alessia," I replied, wiping my tears away.

"Alessia, that's a pretty name," she said. "Do you have a last name?"

"Santoro," I said, looking up at her as she smiled.

"Alessia Santoro, my name is Helen. I am the Luna of the Crestview Pack; it's nice to meet you," she said. I smiled at her, "How old are you, Alessia?"

"Seven, where's my mommy and daddy?" I asked

Luna Helen looked at me with deep sadness; at that moment, a man walked in. His presence was intimidating even for a child; he had black hair and brown eyes, his face was clear of any facial hair, and his tan skin was accentuated by the white shirt he wore over black slacks.

"Alessia, this is my husband, Alpha Markus," she said as the man walked in and nodded at me.

"Have we found out anything?" He asked, his voice deep and powerful; Luna Helen nodded to him, and I saw their eyes glaze over. Even though I was seven, I knew that meant they were speaking to each other. My parents did it all the time. Once their eyes cleared, they both looked at me with a sober look.

"I will make arrangements for her," he said as he walked out.

I looked at Luna Helen again and asked, "Where's mommy and daddy?"

Luna Helen pulled me in for a hug, her voice just above a whisper.

"I'm so sorry, Alessia, but your mommy and daddy can't be with you anymore."

I knew what that meant; my mother had said the exact words before my grandmother died. I felt my heart break as I cried in Luna Helen's arms. I had no family left; I was an orphan, and the last thing I ever said to my mother was that she ripped my binkie. My father's last words were that he would turn the car around. I felt guilty and angry at the same time.

I wanted to return my words and apologize for being so harsh, but it was too late. I curled up in Luna Helen's arms and cried until my eyes were too sore to shed any more tears. I eventually fell asleep in her arms, completely drained of all emotion.

When I awoke the following day, I was filled with a sense of sorrow and regret. The thought that my parents would never again hear my voice or see my face filled me with unbearable sadness.

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