

# Sold by my Alpha, bought by my Mate/

## Chapter 2: Rejected

Mildred

He looked serious, nervous even. My throat was burning; it had been hurting like it had been on fire since last night.

"I just wanted to know if you are okay..."

What?

"I'm sorry... really... they shouldn't have done that..." he said, and I was stunned.

The Alpha... apologizing? This was the first time I had ever heard that.

Randall never said anything when his friends threw me down the stairs at the pack house. I was a little girl, and I broke my wrist.

Nor when they threw me in the river, let alone when they took some of my paintings and threw them over the cliff.

Not even when they took away the only thing I had left of my mother, a necklace, his friends said I had stolen it.

But here he was suddenly...after pulling me out of the fire, why did he care about me?

"At least the rain extinguished the fire, and something left your house. Anyway... I wanted to talk to you..." Randall said.

"Mildred... do you sense I have a scent?" he asked me. I couldn't answer and gestured to my throat.

"Oh...you were affected by the smoke. I forgot you don't have a wolf to heal you," he said.

Great, it was another blow to my ego. He touched my neck, and it felt...delicious. But to answer his question, I went into the house and brought him a tea bag. He sniffed it.

"Do I smell this? Is it your favorite?"

It was one of my few pleasures: a few vanilla tea bags Eileen had left me, a little treasure I had saved for a rainy day. I feared that the worst day had not yet come.

"It's been a long time since I've come to the pack, and many years since I've seen you...and now I realize you're my mate," he said, and I thought it was a joke, the kind of joke his friends made, but he was deadly serious.

"Our pack is in trouble; my brother is dead, and now I must take his place. Otherwise, another Alpha can claim our pack. And I can't have a mate like you, an omega without a wolf..." he said coldly. I lowered my head and nodded.

What else could I do?

"Are you okay with this?" he asked in surprise as if he wanted me to fight for it. I nodded. He looked annoyed.

"You don't have a wolf, so you won't suffer; I'll choose a mate; I don't think I'll be lucky enough to get a second chance, mate. And we'll never talk about it again. It's our secret," he said, and I sighed.

How lucky I was to have the most important man in the pack as a mate, and that's exactly why he couldn't accept me. Well, I didn't think he would accept me either way.

And without wasting time, he said.

"I, Randall, am the future Alpha of the Red Moon Pack. I reject you, Mildred, daughter of Omegas, as my mate and future Luna of my pack," he said, and I felt a stab of pain in my chest, but I was used to so much pain by now that I held it in.

"I order you to stay here in the pack; I might need you, especially if something happens to my new Luna," he said, and I nodded. Now I would be a kind of spare mate, and what's worse... I wouldn't be able to run away.

Why would the Moon goddess do this to me? Wasn't all my misfortune enough? I thought... a mate was for life.

I felt a hollow pain in my chest of hopelessness. Cases of true mates were little known, let alone rejected. Everyone knew they were hard to find, so it was almost a blessing everyone appreciated.

But my mate had rejected me; I wasn't enough. I had allowed myself to be mistreated; I was worthless in his eyes. I was a disgrace.

But that night, I dreamt again of the forest, that I was walking, and I felt that something was calling me, that I had to get out of there.

In the morning, I looked at my paintings; they were always about the trees, sometimes mountains, a little paradise. There was one painting that I particularly liked... it had a landscape and a big mountain in the shape of a wolf from which a waterfall was falling.

"Maybe I could do it..." I said to myself. All might have been lost. Men were not to be trusted... they always hurt me. My mate was never going to make me happy.

I had dreamt of going to the human town; Eileen had even brought me a poster of a painting class. She said I had talent, and it had always been my dream.

I had given her one piece of her in the arms of a very handsome warrior. She said maybe dreams could come true.

I put my things into a small bag that I had woven: some small paintings that had survived, my brushes, and my few clothes.

And when I came to the edge of the pack, with trembling feet, I took one step, and then another... and I was out.

I didn't know how, but I had managed to disobey my Alpha. Maybe it was because I didn't have a wolf.

I felt happy and free; only someone unable to do what she wanted understood the true meaning of freedom.

Until I heard a noise and realized that perhaps I had been too naive; the world was dangerous.

When I was least aware of it, I fell into a trap and was hanging in the net of a tree, shaking desperately like a fly in a spider's web.

"Guys, look what we caught!"

"What's that?" I could tell they were rogues. They let go of the net, and I crashed into the ground.

"It was a girl!"

"And an ugly one at that," they said, laughing.

"Speak up, girl; where did you come from? What's your name?"

"She looked like a fool...she was just a human..." another said, sniffing me.

"Well... the Red Moon Alpha said we could take any human and rogue we could find for our business! We had given him a good sum of money to hunt in his territory!"

Randall? Business?

My mate had sold me out?

"It's an easy sell anyway. Maybe a vampire would have used it for a snack," said another.

I panicked; I would have been sold.

Suddenly, while they were inattentive, I grabbed a branch, hit one over the head, and ran for my life. But they were wolves, after all, and within seconds, they had knocked me to the ground and were beating me.

"You thought you were so smart? Well, this would be the hard way..." he said and hit me on the head, and I lost consciousness.