

# **Rejected By My Mate, Chosen By Fate - Chapter 1 Novel**

## **by CATHERINE ODIOKO**

### **Chapter 1**

The sound that resounded in my ear could not measure up to the sting I felt on my cheek as I fell to the ground, the thunderous slap I just received, a major catalyst.

"Didn't I just fucking tell you not to wash this?" He barked at me and I looked at him with teary eyes and nodded my head. "Then why did you?" He asked, his voice echoing in the room.

I said nothing, well not that I could defend myself even if I wanted to. I just lowered my eyes to the ground, obeying what Tara, my inner wolf had told me. She has been more like a mother to me since my own family deserted me. I was always safe from half the trouble when I listened to her but whenever I had a disagreement with her and didn't listen, bad things like this usually happened and frequently too.

I yelped inaudibly, pain striking through me as I felt like my hair was about to be ripped from my head.

He continued pulling at my hair, not caring if I was in pain or if my head was gonna explode with a headache.

Tears flowed down my cheeks in torrents as he bent down, bringing his mouth to my ear. "Being a murderer wasn't enough for you and now you've decided to become a rogue too? Well not on my watch, as long as you live in this pack, you must abide by my rules and take whatever comes to you quietly. Is that understood?" He yelled, making my eardrums burn but I still tried to nod with what little chance his forceful grip on my hair allowed.

He let go of my hair so suddenly that I fell flat on my face. "If you ever make such a mistake again, I won't be so lenient with you next time. Cursed evil bitch." He cursed and left me on the floor in tears, bruised, battered, and broken.

I only realized that the side of my lip was bleeding when I tasted blood, I wiped it away and tried to stand up but my legs failed me and I fell back again and yelped in pain, more tears flowed down my cheeks, I had barely

recovered from yesterday's beating but I knew that I had to brace myself up for how hard the day was going to be.

I was probably going to be bullied, derided, and eventually beaten by the other pack members and late at night, the Alpha would come to beat me up as well, even though I didn't make a mistake.

It had become a norm for him ever since I was reduced to the pack slave. Every night, he would come to the cold cellar where I slept and would bash me up just for the fun of it. I was his stress reliever and a punching bag for him and everyone else in the packhouse.

I was made to do all the work in the packhouse; wash, cook, clean, and even babysit the young pups. I was made to do virtually everything for the two hundred wolves that lived in the packhouse but yet, they did not have the decency to spare me of the physical and emotional abuse, not caring if I would be able to live through it or not.

They all wanted me dead anyway, the fact that I could still breathe angered a lot of people, the Alpha included. I wasn't allowed to go to school like the other wolves but I'm glad to say that I've attained some level of education before this misfortune befell me.

Yes, it wasn't always like this, it wasn't. I used to live a very good life and I was just as important as everyone else. I used to live better than some of the other pack members and though my life wasn't perfect, it was at least a lot more bearable.

My parents had always regarded me as a special child while a few others thought I was cursed, simply because I was born mute. I haven't been able to make more than tiny and mostly inaudible yelps since I was born, so I was regarded to be completely voiceless.

My parents loved me nonetheless because I grew up to be a very intelligent child and I excelled a lot in school. Though they seemed to love my younger sister, Moira more, I was still content with what little attention I got.

Most of my teachers and some pack members loved me because of my academic excellence. My mother always used to tell me that I'm such a beautiful child but I don't believe that anymore.

Being born into a family where your father was the Beta and your mother was the Luna's best friend was nice, it earned me a lot of benefits in the beginning and though not everyone liked me, I was at least happy that I was close to the Alpha and his family.

Life was good, life was okay but it all went downhill and I quickly realized that the moon goddess hated me for some weird reason. On my 14th birthday, I did not undergo the first painful transformation like the other wolves in the pack.

Normally, on their 14th birthday, each young werewolf would transition for the first time and let their inner wolf manifest itself by letting it take form. The first shifting was usually very painful because your bones would twist and turn, to adapt to the morphology of a wolf.

Your skin becomes covered with fur, and your ears become bigger and pointy, to quickly pick up sounds. Your hands and feet transform into paws and your nails into claws.

You sprout a tail and your nose pushes out, becoming a snout. Your teeth become razor sharp and you physically and completely become a whole wolf. Though the pain is unbearable, it's said to be brief and after that first time, there's no pain anymore and you can transform anytime you want.

Though I was a little scared, I waited eagerly for my 14th birthday and when the day finally came and went, I was convinced that something was wrong with me.

That was the beginning of my misery, I was labeled as the unfortunate she-wolf who was cursed by the moon goddess to never shift because of my sins. And from that day onwards, I was avoided by most of the members of the pack, even all my friends abandoned me because they believed I was cursed. I was derided at school and even my own family seemed to distance themselves from me. I was completely miserable but little did I know that that was not even a quota of what was to come.