

Rejected By My Mate, Chosen By Fate

Chapter 4

It's been almost two years since the death of the Alpha and I've been made to go through hell. The Alpha's son, Prince Zephyr became the new Alpha and he hates me so much, his hatred for me is so deep that each time he sets eyes on me, the only thing he can think about is hurting me.

I've become quite used to the abuse and my body is full of scars, most inflicted by him. As I had earlier mentioned, he comes to my cellar every night to beat me up just for the sadistic satisfaction of seeing me in pain. His hatred towards me is understandable, he thinks I murdered his father in cold blood even though the man had taken me as a daughter but the truth that has been hidden for all this while remains that I'm innocent and I'm being punished for practically nothing.

Alpha Zephyr is quite the playboy type and I'm the one who is always supposed to clean up after him. He had brought Clara to his bedroom, she was just another slut in the pack and they had managed to stain the bed sheets with their sexual activities.

After I had woken up that morning, well I was always the first to wake up so I could quickly start on my chores. I had taken a bath and went to the kitchen and prepared the food that would be enough for everyone.

I was only allowed to eat after they had all eaten and I was only to eat the leftovers on their plate. If the food turned out to not be up to his expectations, maybe not spicy enough or juicy enough or was too flavourful, mostly if the Alpha just felt like it, I would be made to starve for the whole day even after being made to cook the food.

After preparing the food, I cleaned the kitchen and left to go do something else, I had to wait till they were all ready so I would serve them the food. I passed by the Alpha's bedroom and noticed that it was empty so I decided to go in to see if anything needed washing or cleaning but Tara, my spirit she-wolf told me not to.

"Don't go in there Evelyn, what exactly are you made of that you forgive so easily? How can you still be so eager to work for someone who hits us at

every given opportunity? Have you forgotten the beating he gave us last night? You should know by now that there's virtually nothing we can do that will change his mind about us, even if we went to the end of the world and back for him, he would still come by our cellar later that night to bash us up so let's leave from here now." She warned me but I ignored her.

It wasn't that I loved doing things for him, I just had the fear that if I didn't, he would hurt me again and one less kick, slap or punch was something to be thankful for. I had gone to his room and was immediately disgusted when my eyes caught sight of the stained sheets.

I pulled them off and proceeded to add them to the other dirty laundry I would collect from all the other pack members.

Though the sun was barely up, I went to the lake and washed all of them, even as many as they were. I felt dizzy by the time I was done but I managed to compose myself. I returned with the washed laundry and hung them all on the line to dry.

I had gone into the packhouse to see that they were already waiting for me at the table.

I served all of them the food and went to sit on the floor in the corner of the kitchen, just in case they needed anything. They all chatted and even laughed as they ate the food. Even my parents and sister were present but they all ignored me, they had disowned and abandoned me since the former Alpha's death. My parents usually ignored me but Moira constantly abused me and did things to annoy me.

They finished quickly and left the table for me to clean up. I did that and gathered the leftovers before washing the dishes but I was already bone tired. I would have loved nothing more than to eat a proper meal and rest for the whole day since I had been banned from going to school like the other kids.

But I knew my wish would never be granted as I still had so much work to do around the house. I had planned to clean the Beta's room when I heard the Alpha call my name.

Due to all the maltreatment, I had grown very scared of him and all it took was just one call from him and I would leave everything I was doing and run to him.

As I arrived at his room nearly out of breath, the first thing I received was that thunderous slap that had sent me to the floor.

He held the bedsheets that I had previously washed and hung on the line to dry in his hands and he berated me about washing them. He hadn't told me not to wash them, I knew this was just an excuse so he could hurt me again but I didn't dare to nod no to his question. At that moment, I wished I had listened to Tara but I didn't have much time to brood over the situation as I soon felt the terrible pain as he pulled at my hair, not caring if my body would be able to take any more of the pain.

All I could do was cry, it was the only thing I could do in the face of the abuse. He yelled at me for being a murderer and threatened me before finally letting go of my hair.

He cursed at me and left me on the floor in tears. And then I realized he had busted my lip when I tasted my blood.

I tried to stand up but I couldn't, I fell back again because my body was ready to give up on me, my heart was the only thing that had refused to give up yet.

Considering the starvation, huge workload, and abuse I was subjected to, it is truly a miracle that I'm still alive.

So here I am, trying to convince my body to get up because I have so much more work to do and I couldn't dare slack off unless I desire a multiplication of my punishment.

"It will be alright Evelyn, it will be all over soon." Tara encouraged me and this was one of the moments that made me happy that I could communicate with her through my mind.

'How can you be so sure of that? Our heart refuses to give out?' I asked her. "Have you forgotten? Our 18th birthday is only a few days away and on that day, we'll finally find our mate and he'll take us away from this hellish place." She replied and I had to smirk at her answer, even through the pain I felt.