

Rejected By My Mate, Chosen By Fate

Chapter 5

Chapter 5

'I've long given up on that Tara, and you should too. Even if we do find our mate, he would never even accept us because he too would be under the impression that we killed the Alpha so it's no use hoping. We'll probably remain lonely slaves, all our lives.' I cautioned her.

"Please don't say that Evelyn, we can't give up now. Hope is the only thing we have to hold on to in such a cruel world. Have you forgotten the words of the Alpha before he died?" She questioned and my smile faded. 'How can I forget? That day changed my life forever. I only just consider what he said as the last words of a dying man, they don't mean anything so stop thinking about it, Tara. This is our reality.' I told her bluntly and put what little strength I had left into standing up.

What was left was to clean the seventy-five rooms in the packhouse, I would be allowed to eat after then and the rest of my day would be spent babysitting the young pups. If I was lucky, I would only be bullied and derided while I carried out my work but if I wasn't so lucky, I would be beaten by one nasty male or the other. Oftentimes, I've always wanted to defend myself but Tara had warned me not to because it'd eventually get me severely injured or killed. Although I couldn't talk, just hitting them once when they called me all sorts of unprintable names would have been good enough for me but I couldn't make good on my desire because in my opinion, always listening to Tara would help to keep me alive as long as possible.

Another thought that has often crossed my mind is escaping but I knew I couldn't, I'd be caught and punished, possibly even killed before I would be able to cross the border.

And even if I successfully crossed the border, I don't know what kind of trouble I might run into. If a rival pack had killed the Alpha and put me in the situation I'm currently in then what's the guarantee that they won't kill me the minute I step into their territory?

I wouldn't be able to explain my situation to them and they'd just assume the worst of me, just like the people from my pack.

Besides, it would be lonely in another pack, because my only family was here and though they didn't want to regard my existence anymore, I still feel a weird kind of assurance that one day, they'll find out the truth and accept me back. That's why even though suicide has seemed to be the best solution to my problem most times, I've refrained from trying to kill myself and tried to be strong and endure everything meekly because I want to stay alive to witness the day I'm finally vindicated, I want to stay alive to one day see that all my suffering wasn't for nothing.

I sighed, my hope slowly turning to anger as the thought of that annoying person who I'd do practically anything to be rid of, crossed my mind.

Aside from the Alpha, a wolf named Reuben took it upon himself to trouble me endlessly. I had always wondered why but I later found out that he was one of the Alpha's close friends so he would just hurt me in his friend's place while the Alpha couldn't, because he would be busy with his duties.

I walked to the main hall where most of the teen wolves were gathered. It was a Saturday so there was no school for them. Reuben, Moira, and some others were present, they seemed to be either talking about something or playing a game.

I expected that they would quietly leave when they saw me with the cleaning equipments but of course, they didn't.

Reuben was the first to pick on me. "How are you doing today, bitch? I hope badly." He said and the others laughed, I just ignored him as I always did.

I proceeded to begin sweeping the hall but Moira kicked away the broom that I was holding. "Are you blind, you dumb wench?" She yelled at me and I just glared at her. I almost still can't believe that my own younger sister who I had loved, protected, and made so many sacrifices for in the past could hate on me so much. I feel dirty for even calling her my sister, she's not my sister, she's just a monster, just like the rest of them and no matter what Tara says, I'll give Moira a piece of what she deserves today. I've kept quiet for too long and thus, they've mistaken my meekness for weakness.

"What are you looking at like that? Avert your evil eyes." She yelled at me but I gave her such a hard slap that it resounded in the room. She almost fell back

shocked, as an annoying red bruise instantly appeared on her left cheek. I didn't stop there, I quickly lunged for her hair, not letting her have a moment of respite.

I'm her older sister so I deserve respect from her no matter what others say about me and since she's refused to give me that respect, I'll just have to teach her a bitter lesson.

I pulled at her hair with all my might not minding if I would succeed in ripping it off her skull, all she could do was scream and cry. "What are you doing bitch, let go of her right now. Have you gone mad?!" Reuben yelled at me.

Yes, I've gone mad, I've gone mad with rage. Enough is enough! He tried to pull me away from Moira but I refused to let him stop me, and I guess when he saw my utmost determination, he reasoned he had to do something fast, to stop me so he punched the side of my head in anger.

That was all it took for my body to finally give in, my vision blurring instantly and I could feel my heartbeat slow down as I fell to the ground with a loud thud but I couldn't feel any pain. My breath followed and I quickly began losing myself. Was this the end? I smiled thinking it was. It's finally over, I can finally get the peace I deserve. But I know that at least, I died fighting. With these thoughts, my eyes finally closed and I lost my grasp on the world.