

Rejected - Chapter 2

Chapter 2 - Unfairly Punished

Elizabeth POV

Trying to forget the event a week and half ago was difficult. It was on my mind constantly. How could the Alpha promise me to someone else? What about my own mate? I would be happy with an Omega of my own. Someone stronger than me but my rank. I would not survive being Beta Carl's mate. Or perhaps that is what they are all hoping for.

With all the excitement of the upcoming Gala I had been able to stay under the radar of everyone. With all the dress fittings and dieting going on I rarely saw my main tormentor. Until I did. I was walking through gathering dirty laundry when I stumbled into Sydney's room. She was supposed to be at school but instead she was at home and had the Beta in her room.

Her voice was shrill, "What the hell are you doing in here?" she demands. Muttering, I look down to the ground, "Laundry," I reply. Stomping off to the bathroom she comes back tossing all her dirty clothes on me. Her dirty, stinky underwear land on my head while the rest fall on my shoulders and tumble around my feet.

"Perfect. Dirty. Just like you," she screams. As she is screaming her mother runs to her room, "Sydney dear, what is wrong?" she says in concern until she sees me standing there. "Of course, it had to be you," she says grabbing my arm and dragging me down the stairs to the Alpha's office.

"What my Luna? I am busy getting ready for the Gala and all the Alphas who will be in attendance," Alpha Matt says without looking up. The Luna tosses me towards the desk the Alpha is sitting at, and I bang my hip screaming out in pain. "She is the problem," the Luna yells before carrying on, "She upset poor Sydney as she was getting dressed of all things," the Luna says. Not questioning why, the Beta was in there with her daughter half dressed.

As if on cue, Sydney comes running in, "Oh daddy, she scared me when she burst into my room," she says. Cursing out loud, the Alpha stands coming around the table and grabbing my arm. He does not head towards the field as he usually does. Instead, he heads somewhere worse. The dungeons.

"Maybe a night in the dungeons will make you remember your place," he growls at me. "Please, whip me but do not make me stay in the dungeons," I beg of the Alpha. I had been sent to the dungeons one other time. There had been rogues everywhere. Being beaten. Tortured. Rats roamed the cells looking for their next meal.

"Shut up slave; you will remember your place one way or another," he yells at me as he drags me to the door of the dungeons. "I do not have time to punish you any other way," he adds as he pulls the door open. He shoves me inside. The putrid smell of the uncleaned dungeons overwhelms me.

I stagger inside as the Alpha yells for a guard to come at once. As the guard moves forward, he has an uncomfortable look seeing me standing in front of him. "Find her a cell and make sure she is punished," he mutters before turning away. I scream once more, "Please Alpha, you need me to help get everything ready for the Alpha visit," I beg. Moving forward to stand in my face, "Well then you will be busy when you get out tomorrow morning," he yells spitting on my face with his words.

My wolf Ashley wants to scrape her claws down his nasty face, but I hold her back. We would need our strength to survive the night. Alpha Matt shoves me to the floor turning his back and walking out the door slamming it behind him. The guard looks at me sadly before he moves forward to help me back to my feet.

"What did you do this time?" he asks as he literally must drag me to an empty cell. I look around in disgust at the visions around me. Rogues hanging from the walls, having been beaten with silver whips. Silver will leave scars on a wolf's body. Our wolves are unable to protect us from that abuse.

I hoped they would not use silver on me. I did not want more scars to tell the story of my life before I meet my mate. I wanted to share my story in my own way. Not for my body to tell the story. Regardless of what I went through I survived. I could be a strong wolf; I just need to find my mate so I can be released from this hell. My wolf is eager to find her mate. She has been a little more perky than usual. As if she knows something I do not.

The slamming of the cell door pulled me out of my thoughts. I look around realizing I am in a cage with no privacy. The last time I had privacy from those beside me. "Sorry, this is all we have available," the guard says as he starts to walk. "Do you have a closet? I can stay in a closet for twenty-four hours," I beg of him. I look around at the rogues on either side of me. They are disturbed individuals staring at me like I am their next meal.

Ashley, my wolf, growls at them and they simply chuckle at the sound. "Sorry, this is it," he says as he walks away. I sit down and tears roll down my cheeks. I was on pins and needles waiting for my punishment to start. I do not know how long I had waited. I heard some movement coming down the hall and felt myself start to shake in anticipation.

I kept my head down hoping they might pass me by, but I knew as the footsteps stopped, they were inevitably in front of my door.

