

# Rejected Mate's Secret Baby

## Chapter 1

In the city of Oakland, New Orleans, there lived a princess. The thing was however, I wasn't just an ordinary princess, I was also a slave to my pack. You see to every story there's a blissful beginning but this isn't one of those stories. It's hard to even pinpoint exactly where mine begins.

My life had been hell ever since I came out of my mother's womb because she died the night of the full moon that I was put to bed. News spread like wildfire of the child who had taken the life of her own mother.

That child was me.

Everyone had their versions of the story, some claimed that she died when I had come out, others said that she died before. All that mattered to me was the fact that she died at all. I had to grow up being labelled as the murderer and monster who brought darkness into the entire pack.

And for that, I was loathed by everyone, including my father, Gerald who lost everything when he lost my mother. All he saw when he looked at me were her bright blue eyes and that smile. He hated that I took after her so much and in his grief, he married another woman. Sienna was as evil as step mothers come; she hated me just like she hated my mother.

But at least she bore two other kids for my dad. For the most of my life, I spent it in a dark dungeon when I wasn't tending to the needs of everyone else, either washing the stack of plates or cleaning the entire castle from each post to corner while enduring insults from everyone.

"There she is!" They usually gossiped and pointed without any regard, most of them even going as far as dashing me a slap across the face or punching me in my belly. I had so many scars to attest to the maltreatment but I had no other option as I had nowhere else to go.

And being an omega rogue would get me killed faster out there than in here. I lived my entire life alone with my father's resentment growing so much over the past twenty years that he never desired to see me.

To say that I hated my life would be an understatement but I had no other choice.

I retired down to the carpet spread across the cold floor and for a moment, my eyes stared into the darkness. Today was one of the days it hurt even more. I was bleeding from the sole of my

feet from standing all day and I had served food until my hands grew numb that they could fall off at any time now.

But at least, it was the end of yet another day. I closed my eyes, knowing tomorrow would not be any different. I wasn't far gone when suddenly, my door barged open and I arose, knowing what time it was.

"Eliana" My step brother, Jaxon sang my name and almost immediately, the stench of alcohol slapped me in the face. I folded myself into the corner of the room, quivering with dread. "Where are you?" He whistled.

I saw his gleaming eyes far before I saw the rest of his body. Jaxon had a chain in his hands which he suddenly used to lash my back. I fell to the ground, groaning in pain but I couldn't dare look up.

Jaxon was always like this each time he had something to drink.

He would sneak down to the dungeon where he'd tie me up and hold my lips shut as he took advantage of me. Each time, it grew more and more aggressive and painful but there was no end to this torture. He'd become far too demanding like I was nothing but a chunk of flesh to him.

My eyes welled up with tears as I felt his presence behind me. His hands groped through my inner thigh and I could feel him breathing down my neck. My skin crawled with disgust and my insides twisted into a knot.

This was my dreadful life.

The pungent stench of liquor oozed from his lips as he battled to unbuckle his belt. He let the bottle down which he'd only realize later was his biggest mistake.

"Ouch!" I groaned in pain as he took me by my bleeding feet. My whole body ached with the most brittle bones but Jaxon was merciless.

It felt like today was the day I would finally die in his arms and a bolt of panic flashed across my face. He turned me over as I watched his pants fall to the ground with a thud, revealing the hard rod of flesh between his legs. When Jaxon leaned forward, I wedged against him.

"Stop!" I struggled from beneath, nowhere near the weight of his entire body which pressed into me. He began to move but I wasn't about to give up. "Do you want me to get the ropes?" He darted me a glare cold as ice and a shiver went up my spine.

"Fuck off!" I spat into his face and Jaxon restrained my hands in a second. His grip was so tight that I could hear my bones cackle. He let out an exasperated grunt before standing up. At the corner of the dungeon was where he kept the ropes so when he turned his back, I didn't even know what suddenly came upon me but I couldn't do this.

Not tonight, not when I was in so much pain.

And so, I grasped the bottle of vodka in my hands, slamming it into the side of his head. The glass shattered into a million pieces and my eyes dazed from the blood that soaked my palms. I trembled as Jaxon turned to me, a shard of the glass bottle sticking out of his head.

"What did you do?!" His eyes pumped with rage as I took a step back. "Don't take a step closer!" I whimpered beneath my breath and a cackle escaped his lips. "Or what?" He asked, ripping the glass tip from his skin.

I should have known better than attacking him, Jaxon was one of the strongest wolves in our pack. He wasn't an omega like I was, in fact he was directly linked to becoming the Alpha of Blood Hounds one day. I cringed at the thought of that day ever happening.

And I knew in that moment that I would rather be dead.

"You'd scream?" Jaxon quizzed, inching closer to where I was until my back was pressed against the wall. I was defenseless as my eyes began to shimmer in tears. No one knew about this, or about Jaxon's malevolent behaviors. He was nothing but an angel in everyone's eyes.

They would've never even believed me if I came forward to tell them everything Jaxon had been doing to me. He'd made it clear that it was his word against mine. If anything, I would even bring more hatred on top of my head for trying to 'incriminate' the next Alpha. But I'd done way worse stabbing him in the head. His blood was my hands so no, I couldn't scream unless I wanted to never beat the murderer allegations.

"Please, Jaxon" I only started to beg as he came to a halt barely meters from my face. "Please you don't have to do this" His face was distorted with anger and bloodlust filled his eyes. "You're going to have to make it up to me when I bend you over!" He grasped my waist and I screamed.

"Shut up!" Jaxon landed a slap across my face, digging his nails into my neck as he shoved me into the wall. My back broke as I fell to the floor, coughing up blood but he didn't care. Rather he growled out of more anger, kicking me mercilessly in my stomach.

My life flashed before my eyes; I might as well have died.

"I said shut up! If you don't want to end up like your useless mother!" He sparked in an outrage and there was a piercing sound that rang through my ears. I couldn't die by Jaxon's hands. If my fate was to end up dead now, I might as well run away. Being rogue didn't seem so bad.

Garnering my last strength, I drew up a deep breath through my nose that when he leaned in again, I managed to get a kick right through his shin. Jaxon's knees knocked him over and he wedged himself against the wall. In the flash of a second, I got up from the floor.

"You fucking bastard!" He cursed beneath his breath as I gathered a few of my things to leave. "If I get you, it's over you slut!" I staggered my way towards the door, not in any way better

shape than he was. I'd broken a rib and my feet, mouth and arms were bleeding. But I had just one option and that was to make it out of the door.

Otherwise, I'd be dead meat in here.

I heard him clamoring from behind. "I would kill you" I could scent his wolf crawling to the surface. It wasn't good, for the both of us. He knew.

I dragged my feet tirelessly through the door but the gates were still meters away. Jaxon threw himself from one wall to another. "Fuck off, Jaxon!" I kept glancing over my shoulders to measure how close he was.

And with each second, he was drawing closer. I shut my eyes in agony, I couldn't move any faster.

"Come on, Eliana. Come on" I muttered beneath my breath as the gates came into sight. Up until that moment, I didn't realize what I was truly doing. I was leaving—I was leaving the pack for good. As soon as I crossed that gate, I knew there was no coming back.

"I swear to God!" Jaxon cursed as I fell to the ground, my knees were growing weak and could no longer carry my body. He was close enough to grasp my ankles but the injury to his head was slowly starting to take its toll. When he drew me underneath him, I dug my fingers into his eyes and around the pieces of glass still in them.

Jaxon groaned in excruciating agony but I was able to buy myself some time. I pushed him off, staggering my way through the gates and forever locking it behind me. Only then did it truly dawn on me.

"You!" There was a vicious crack in Jason's voice. "You better never step foot back into this pack or I will kill you" He gritted through his teeth as I finally stood up. My eyes met the full moon gleaming in the sky full of stars. The wind was cold, running through my gritty hair.

I started to run, headed towards nowhere in particular but I didn't stop running. All that mattered was what I was leaving behind me. After about an hour, I was sure I'd finally lost Jaxon and I fell to my knees in the center of a dark alley.

Deep breaths escaped my lips as I threw my head over my shoulders.

I couldn't believe I made it out. Maybe this was only the beginning of my story, I thought. But alas, I thought wrong. I had no idea that what was ahead of me was no better than what I left behind.

Suddenly from the corner of my eyes, I saw a shadow in the dark and my heart skipped a beat. I sharply stood up—Who was that?