

Twice rejected - Chapter 2 CHAPTER 2 how wrong was I

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How wrong I was

Koko's POV

It's been years since that incident that led to my father's death. Just as it was one of my saddest days in life, it was also a day I started to build my hope. I held on to the words of the young savior to my heart.

I believed that someday I would meet my mate who would cherish me and see the beauty in me.

Sadly, as I grew up, I got to realized a painful truth at a tender age - my mother didn't love me, she hated me. I was the child she didn't want.

"Dark eyed curse!" She always called me.

Donna, my mother, never hesitated to show me how much she hated me. While my twin sister, Hanola, was allowed to play with the other pups in the pack, my mother always locked me in the basement.

"I don't want you to inflict your curse on other children." She always said.

I knew I was different from all the other people in my pack. That's because of everything about me. It seemed like the Moon goddess surely was against my existence. If not I wouldn't be given all the negativity of life.

My stature was very small compared to my sister and other werewolves. And my hair was of the darkest shade. While other children mostly had sea blue eyes and blonde hair, or bright brown eyes and dark blonde hair. My own eyes were dark... extremely dark. It was unheard of.

But Hanola, my twin sister, was loved and adored by everyone. She was taller than I was, with blue eyes as beautiful as the sky, and soft golden blonde hair.

Everyone referred to her as the golden girl, she was gorgeous and lit up every room she stepped into like a diamond. She was often referred to as the moon.

But I was always showered with curses wherever I went, even at school and our regular pack gathering.

I was treated like a disease wherever I went. I sat alone in school, and was constantly bullied by my mates who were bigger and fairer.

"Hanola, you are so beautiful! You look just like a princess from a fairy tale."

"That's true. I wish I could have such glistening skin as yours! The goddess must have spent all her time creating you!"

"I can't believe you are twin to that cursed girl! She looks so ugly!"

I swallowed those words bitterly. Never saying a word to anyone. All I did was to miss my father.

My father was the only one who didn't care that I was different. He never stopped praising me. He always told me I was different because I was unique.

"My beautiful Angel." he used to called me.

Whenever my mother locked me up and starved me of food, he was there to feed me. Whenever she beat me up when he wasn't present, he would console me and scold her severely.

Even though the beatings, harsh words, and starving never stopped, I had hope knowing that he would always be there to pick me up and dust the dirt off.

If life was hard before, it only got harder after he died. I was like a soldier at the war front, whose shield and sword had been taken away.

Defenseless against the battle of life, I was bruised, battered, insulted and stepped on by everyone around me.

Soon, the plague of a curse that was upon me spread out from my household, and spread through my entire pack. Everyone began to call me the dark eyed curse.

Everyday, I was forced to take a lonely route to school and back home just because my mother wouldn't drop me at school or pick me up, the way she did with Hanola.

And I dare not risk walking with my peers, cause they would spit and laugh at me. That was how I went through hell in my school days, but I had no one to run to.

I suddenly missed my father and... that savior from heaven.

It's been a hectic day for me and my hands were already aching due to the excessive work recently. As I was struggling to finish the dishes on the sink, I heard my mother's icy voice from the sitting room.

"Koko, have you washed those clothes I gave you?"

I knew I was in trouble. But I was only human! I wasn't a machine? How did she expect me to do several jobs at the same time? But I dare not utter a word.

My mother's hatred for me never died, it increased as I grew older. I had learnt a bitter lesson all the years without my father. I had grown to accept her cruelty towards me.

I remembered one fateful night, while I was scrubbing the kitchen floor on my knees, as I often did before going to bed, she walked up to me and complained about a spot I had passed being dirty.

I did not say a word, as I knew it would annoy her, I crawled to the spot and tried to scrub it, but she picked up the broom that laid on the floor, and hit my head with it.

My head throbbed in pain, and my eyes became flooded with tears again. I had thought I would get used to the pain as time passed, but who ever got used to being treated like a dirty slave by their own mother?

I didn't bother to ask her why, I knew that Donna never needed a reason to treat me harshly, she did it because she could, and she wanted to.

I received enough insults from her, but I remained silent. After all the abuse, she instructed me to finish the work and sleep in the basement without food. I felt a sharp pain shooting through my heart, but I masked it up with a bitter smile.

The next morning, I was making breakfast and washing the dishes simultaneously when Donna came to me, looking like she was going to devour me.

"What are those dirty clothes still doing there?" She growled at me.

It was barely seven am, I woke up very early and started doing the house chores. It wasn't like I didn't do them yesterday, but it was a norm for me anyways.

"Are you deaf? Are you not the one I asked a question just now?" Her voice jolted me out of my reverie.

"Mother, once I am through with the breakfast, I will wash the clothes." I replied, raising my head to look at her.

But I received a murderous glare from her. It was as if I was a disgusting piece of trash.

"Look at you! You look just like your father! And just like him, you entered into my life and ruined everything for me. I am stuck in this suburb because of your father!"

And there the curses will start pouring in. I wonder if she never gets tired of repeating it over and over again.

"I could have been greater, even Luna! But no, your father, an ordinary Gamma came along and claimed to be my mate! It wasn't enough to be his mate but he had to do something even more disgusting!"

"He planted you in me! I would have died of shame if not for your sister. At least, I'm grateful for Hanola, she's beautiful and graceful, just like me, her mother. But you?..." She scoffed bitterly.

And I shut my eyelids firmly, waiting for the last round of venom to implode from her tongue. And I know what will follow afterwards. I closed my heart getting ready for what was to follow.

"...you are a sole loser, just like him!...a curse to my life...I wish you just died!"

With that, she kicked me to the ground, pouring the bowl of soapy water all over me. Having satisfied her anger, she spat at me and left. I coiled up as I wailed loudly, on the wet and soapy floor.

I was only fifteen then but there was a glimmer of hope for me. I held on to the hopes that once I turned sixteen and shifted, I would have my wolf as a companion and she would be with me through all of my pain. I wouldn't be alone anymore.

At least that's what wolves are meant to be, right? She was going to be with me and I won't feel lonely anymore.

With that hope in mind I endured every hardship thrown at me. I waited to be united with my wolf as my life long companion. I believed my wolf would be as strong as any other wolf and I won't be bullied anymore.

How wrong I was!