

CHAPTER THREE— REJECTED ONCE— REJECTEE TWICE

Celeste shuffled off of the mattress when she became tired of the hungry howls of her stomach. Night had already dusk and she hadn't eaten anything since she woke up this morning.

Her throat was dry, her body empty, even her wolf felt weak, but even still, she was scared of stepping foot down those stairs just so Zillon could degrade her again. She knew that she'd eventually have to, especially if she wanted him to get use to her, to come to love her, but she feare—

Celeste shook her head. She couldn't fear the words of her own mate or the the look in his eyes. She had to withstand it, she had to see pass it with a flourishing smile.

She was hungry, she'd go down and cook for herself, and cook him something as well. She hadn't heard his room door open since it closed. He was perhaps asleep, but even still, he must be hungry too.

Taking a step forward, Celeste sighed. She had to be braver, he was hers, she was his. Despite all the things he said to her, they were mated, she had to take care of him, even if he didn't take care of her. So she'd cook him her best, she'd wish him well, she'd love him, just until he learned to love her.

Gathering all the courage she could, she finally stepped out of her room and walked down the hall.

As she walked, his scent got stronger, encompassing her with the warmth it brought with it. She could hear every breath of air that left his lips as she passed his room, she could even hear as he tapped his desk, his dresser, his table, or anything with a hard surface that resided in his room.

He wasn't asleep, she knew that now, and that fact made her heart pump a little faster. She didn't stop walking though, instead, her steps took her down the stairs and her sensitive sense of smell brought her to the kitchen.

There, she did what she had promised to, she cooked up some meat, some spaghetti, and some rice, just in case he had a big appetite. And when she was done, she shared herself a plate, and shared him one as well.

Hers was placed on the table, while his was placed on a tray along with a cup of water and his eating utensils. He told her not to go near his room, but she had to be brave, didn't she?

Walking out of the kitchen, she walked her way back up the stairs and stood nervously in front of his room.

She could hear her heart beat even louder than the constant shuffling on the inside. He could probably hear it too, but putting that aside, she shakily reached forward, knocking only once.

Every footstep he took forward frightened her, but she held her ground, despite how shaky the tray in her hand seemed. The door opened, and slowly, shyly Celeste looked up into the eyes of her mate.

He was glaring at her again, this time even deeper than the first. "What are you doing here Celest...Cele—?"

"C-Celeste... That's... That's my name."

"I didn't ask for your name, what the f*ck are you doing here? I told you to not come here, and yet you had the audacity to knock. What do you want?"

"I-I was hungry, so I cooked. I thought you'd be hungry too, so I brought y—"

The tray was shoved straight out of Celeste's hand and onto the floor. She looked down at it, dirty and scattered, then back at him. "Why d—"

"Feed that to the dogs. I'm not hungry, and even if I was, I want nothing from the likes of you. It probably tastes as filthy as you smell. Leave me alone, don't try to sway me with food, I do not want you."

Tears filled Celeste's eyes, and pain scourged her heart. Why did he have to remind her of that fact everytime he spoke, why did he have to hurt her, her wolf, why did he...?

Turning away from him, Celeste held onto her chest as if that would cease the relentless pain on the inside. "There's more in the kitchen if you change your mind. I'll clean this up, and I'm sorry, this time, it's for bothering you."

"I will not change my mind, not about the food, and not about you. You should be ashamed, I'm your sister's boyfriend, and yet you're trying to sneak your way into my room with food."

Celeste didn't respond, his words were painful enough, answering him would only encourage him to say more. So she instead staggered her way back downstairs in search of a broom.

It took her a while, but at least she found one, and with it, she cleaned up his floor, then made her way straight through his front door.

She wasn't in the mood to eat anymore, she wasn't in the mood to do a thing but cry. He didn't have to be so harsh, he didn't have to treat her that bad. She was just trying to be nice, trying to be a good mate, and yet, he took it the wrong way.

Stooping on his porch, she called forth the wild part of her, the inner beast that was even weaker than her. An omega, a wolf too weak to withstand physical pain and emotional ones.

One by one, her bones cracked as she transformed. Hair grew from her pores, her arms turned into feet, her clothes turned into shreds and her face turned into that of a wolf.

Fully sheathed by the skin of her beast, she ran off into the woods beside his house, determined to forget the words he told her, and the look that had been in his eyes, but could she ever forget being unwanted?