

The Rejection

Livie

I gulped down my pride and began to clean up quickly, wiping away my tears. Sniing, I cleaned the towels and began to clean the oors again. It was so late. I'm going to be in so much trouble. I hurried to put things away and was about to run out of the kitchen to change when the lead omega came in, making me bump into her.

She hates when I cook in dirty clothes. "Hey, watch it," she yells, making me startled. "I-I am so sorry," I say, apologizing for the billionth time today.

She rolls her eyes as she xes her shirt. "You look disgusting. Why haven't you changed? The Primord pack just notied us that they are two hours away. They will be here soon, which means they will be joining us for dinner. We need to get things ready. Hurry up and change, come back and start prepping for dessert while the others start dinner. And try to look a little presentable, will you? The alpha wants you to be one of the servants; I need you to look a little... decent...if that's even possible." she mumbles the last part as she looks me up and down.

I lower my head and sigh, "Now! i***t. Hurry up and change, you have ten minutes to get back here." she says, making me jump. I move from side to side in panic before I take off running toward my house. Ten minutes- that's all I get, and I live far from here, but, I'm a fast runner, if I try my hardest, I can be there in two or three minutes.

"Yes, ma'am," I say as I begin to run out of the pack house and towards my house. I run, run as fast as my legs can take me, but I'm weak, I haven't eaten all day, and taking off like that just makes my head pound in pain.

My eyes widen as I come close to my door and see Skylar there. His hands are crossed over his chest and he doesn't look happy at all. It's getting pretty dark now, the sun is beginning to go down, but where my house is located, it's getting darker as the trees around me cover the house entirely from the sun.

"Alpha, what can I do for you?" I ask nervously, looking down. He sighs, clenching his jaw.

"Open the door, we need to talk, Olivia." I can't help but become enamored with his voice. I know it's the stupid pull of the mating bond, but I know what's coming. My intuition has never been wrong. My heart hopes for me to be wrong.

"Y-Yes, sir," I say as I walk past him and unlock my door. My hands tremble, and I almost drop the keys, but I manage to open the door. I walk in and place my keys on the key holder by the door.

I feel my arm being pulled harshly as I take a step toward the living room. Skylar throws me against the door, making it shut behind me. My head hits the door making my head hurt. The fact that I haven't eaten since I woke up this morning, and today's temperature being so hot only adds to my headache, making me feel lightheaded, and causing my headache to worsen by the impact.

His body is pinned against mine making my whole body ll with the need to touch him, but I fear doing so all at once. He sniffs my neck making my eyes water. I'm instantly lled with sparks, his body ignites making him growl, sliding his lips gracefully over my neck's skin.

"Mate," he whispers, making my eyes wide in shock.

"S- Sky...Skylar, I."My voice must have brought him out of his trance. He lets go of me, closing his eyes and turning, giving me his back. "NO! You can't... I won't let you become my luna." he says, turning around and grabbing the back of his neck. He then turns, gripping my neck and blocking my airways. Panic invades me instantly as I struggle to breathe.

What was I expecting? For him to suddenly turn into prince charming for me? My world crumbled once again. I knew it was too good to be true the second I saw him at my door.

"YOU. WILL. NEVER. BE MY LUNA. I thought I was mistaken... when I turned eighteen and I got your scent. I knew it was a matter of time before you turned eighteen to conrm my suspicions. But... This!" he points between him and me as he lets me go. I fall, gasping for air, coughing, and whizzing as I hold my neck.

"This will never happen. Do you understand? I...don't...want you as a mate, Olivia. You hear me?"

"Why, Skylar? I can be a good mate if you just gave me a chance. I can train a-a-and become strong." I say through tears as my emotions get the best of me. I hug myself. My wolf, Freya whimpers and I can sense that she is crying.

"You're a weak link. A nobody, a dumb omega. Do you have any idea how bad that would make me look in front of the other alphas? In front of my pack? Everyone hates you, including me." he says, hitting the wall behind me, and making my tears fall.

I sat and cried on that oor like an i***t, hugging myself as he continued to give me all the excuses in the book of why I was no good for him and this pack. By the end, he makes it clear that I am nothing but scum to him. Worthless, and unworthy of the luna title for our pack.

I lose focus on what he is saying as I try to comfort my wolf. She howls and whimpers as she hears his words. Then he says it... The words I dreaded hearing.

My rejection!

"Stand up," he says as he pulls me up harshly by my arm.

"I, Skylar Morrison, Alpha of the Silver Moon Pack, reject you, Olivia Watson, as my mate and future Luna of the Silver Moon pack." His words make my body fall as intense pain engulfs my chest and abdomen. "And I demote you to become a slave to the dark moon pack as soon as they arrive. You are no longer part of us."

I feel myself being torn into pieces, leaving me not only weak but hyperventilating as I struggle to breathe. Fear lls me as I feel the mating bond break. I don't know what I feared the most, the sudden realization that I had just been rejected, or that I had now become destined to be a slave to another pack.

It takes me a few seconds, but through the pain, I grunt and get on my feet. I wipe my tears away and clench my teeth to look at him, all the while he looks at me with hate in his eyes.

"I, Olivia Watson, accept...your rejection; I, Olivia Watson, accept your rejection to be the future Luna and your mate... and I reject you, Skylar Morrison as my mate. I accept your demotion to send me as a slave to another pack and cut ties with everyone in this pack. Any place in hell is better than to be here in this pathetic excuse for a pack." I say, making him growl.

He's ready to grab me by my neck again, but he somehow holds back, ghting his wolf. "I'll let this slide, for I know your weak ass body is in pain. But believe me, Olivia, next time you speak badly about my pack, you will be severely punished. I will make sure you rot in hell and suffer some more if my pack's name is on your lips ever again." he growls, standing an inch away from me.

I can tell he's ghting his wolf, but I couldn't care less. He just broke me, he broke my heart and my wolf. My body feels like it's on re and all my bones ache as if they were being broken. The mating bond... It's breaking. "Gather your s**t, because as soon as the ceremony is over, you'll be leaving with the visiting packs. It's up to them who wants to be cursed by your presence. You're no longer my problem." he says as he sts his hands.

I manage to get enough strength and move towards the sofa near my entrance as he gets closer, he raises his hand and tries to caress my cheek but I move away. He growls and closes his palm.

"Don't bother showing up tonight. But don't be late for breakfast, The Primord and The Dark Moon Pack will be waiting to be served. I'll let the kitchen know you'll be taking time off from dinner duties," he says as I feel more tears roll down my cheeks as I look away. I knew why he didn't want me there. He would be announcing his engagement soon, they would probably be discussing the arrangement for the celebration.

I snied, closing my eyes, "Don't you dare ridicule me, Olivia. Be on your best behavior, or I'll make sure you spend your last hours in our dungeon without meals." he said, before opening the door and leaving me in complete solitude.

Is this how I'm meant to live all my life? I have tried to be the best in everything; the best student, the best worker, and for what? I've been treated like trash, disrespected, and mistreated by everyone despite me not doing anything to them.

I let myself cry, with Freya whimpering as well. My body slowly slid down until I hit the oor. The knot in my throat was too intense as I cried and regretted all my efforts. Freya begged me to go after him, but it was too late. He will never be mine. He belongs with Leah, and if I'm being honest- I don't think I could ever be happy with a mate like him.

I want to not care anymore, but it's hard. My parents are gone, and my brother is gone. I lost my only friend, the one I thought was my friend. And now, my mate, the one our moon goddess had destined for me... He didn't want me. He despised me and felt I was nothing but a curse to this pack.

I was a curse and a plague to them. A plague that no one wanted around.

"Come on, Livie... You need to get up. You need to ght for him. How could you accept his rejection? I know he wants us, I felt it. I just know it."

"Enough, Freya!" I yelled at my wolf. She was just as naive as I was. We were both too young and stupid to think clearly about what we really wanted.

"No, Livie. You can't give up. For once in your life, ght for what you want. You deserve that Luna title. It's yours, that's why our goddess destined you to him." she yells back, making me growl.

"He doesn't want us, Freya. You heard him yourself. He hates us, and so does this pack. I just... I just want to go away. I don't want to be in this pack anymore. This whole pack is a piece of s**t. No one in this pack cares about you and me, Freya. No one." I yelled, whispering the last part, making her whimper.

We sit in silence for a while as we both cry and wait for the pain from our mating bond to go away.

"So what do we do, now?" she asks sadly, after minutes of silence. I still sat on the oor against that same wall staring into space, numb, and feeling defeated.

"What can we do, Freya? We have no money, and nowhere to go. We are too weak to make it as rogues. I doubt we could make it past the night if we left." I responded, making her sigh.

"What if..." she begins.

I glanced at the clock, it was past the time to start dinner. I just know I wouldn't hear the end of it tomorrow for missing dinner duty. I could just hear our lead omega yelling at me for having to make the other omegas clean the kitchen. I sighed and got off the oor feeling my butt aching. "What if what?" I say, grunting as I slump my shoulders in defeat.

"What if you got a job outside of our pack, in the neighboring town? We can save up and leave as soon as we have enough money?" she suggests. But seeing that we rarely even had time left after we do everything we are supposed to, I doubt we could get a job out in the town.

"Good suggestion, Freya. But are you willing to pull all-nighters with me? I mean... We get any sleep as it is, and we are so malnourished that I doubt it will help us get any healthier." she grunts as she realizes I was right.

I barely get any food in me. Our pack is gluttonous to the core. They eat as if there is no tomorrow, which meant that the omegas barely got any food for themselves as well as always the last to eat. Even then... All the omegas were allowed to eat before I did. Yes, that's how much the lead omega hated me. If I was lucky, I was left with half of one piece of toast and a bit of scrape from their plates.

"We can hide food in our apron as Desiree used to, remember?" My best friend used to hide pieces of bread in her apron so we could indulge together at least in a small piece of bread. Until she got caught and whipped by the guards, this, of course, was before she found Cole was her mate and stopped talking to me. Now she sits with everyone else and gets served like a royal.

"I don't want you getting hurt, Livie. You're already weak as it is. Another whipping would just be too dangerous to our health." It took me nearly a week to heal from the slashes I received the last time I was whipped on my back by Skylar and Cole.

It usually takes one day for most wolves, but I am so weak from my health and the lack of food, that my body takes longer to heal. To make matters worse, being rejected by my mate made my body feel even weaker.

"We can't give up, Freya. Even if the pack and Skylar don't want us, I know there is more to us. I just know this is for us. Even if we are meant to live as slaves for a new pack, we will keep the promise I left my mom and live happily. Just you and me now, Freya. You and me. This new pack can't be any worse than the one we live in now."

"I would hug you right now if I could, you know that?" she says, making me chuckle as I feel tears roll down my cheeks.

"We gotta get going and get Leah's shoes cleaned." I have a feeling we'll be up all night cleaning those stupid shoes and xing her closet." I say as I walk to my bathroom and shower quickly, placing on my undergarments and a simple dark olive green shirt. I put on jeans that used to belong to my mom, nishing off with my worn-out sneakers.

I put my hair in two braids done pretty messy since I was in a rush and had no brush. I made my way out, running toward the pack house. I hope the lead omega isn't too mad that I missed dinner preparations. I'll have to go in trying to stay unseen and be quick about it.