

Pregnant and Rejected by My Alpha Mate Chapter 2

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#Chapter 2 Almost Raped by My Father

Selene's POV

I thought I knew darkness. I thought I knew grief. I thought I'd experienced every possible feeling on the spectrum of emotion.

I thought wrong

The corner of my heart where Luna used to live is now no more than a hollow void. A yawning, black hole that makes it impossible for the fragmented organ to beat as it once did. The rhythm isn't any different, the impact isn't any weaker; I can hear its steady tempo thumping away in my chest

But I cannot feel it

Thunder booms overhead, shaking the mountains themselves. It rolls through the sky in a violent tempest, its near-constant crashes vibrating through my bones. I can hear rain pounding the street on the other side of the thick rock wall at my back.

The storm began early this morning, raging on as the hours dragged by. I have not slept since Luna left, choosing instead to lie on the hard ground and count down the final minutes of my life. Time is moving even more slowly without her, but I know it can't be long now

I hear him coming, his heavy footsteps thudding down the stairs at an odd, staggering pace. The door slams open and Garrick stumbles in, reeking of alcohol.

Fear lances through my body, it is always worse when he is drunk. Sober Garrick is twisted and cruel, but always predictable. When he drinks my father becomes someone I do not recognize; I never know what he's going to do, or how he's going to react.

The liquor bottle is still in his hand, waving wildly as he comes toward me with a twisted leer. He can see how broken I am, how low he's finally brought me. There is no remorse, only glee as he pushes the Wolfsbane into my palm.

I accept the tumbler, but I do not drink. Without taking my eyes from his, I throw it against the wall, sending glass and poison flying. Garrick jerks his arm up with a hiss, shielding his face from the splattering liquid.

“Have you lost your goddamn mind?” He growls, his eyes glowing amber as his wolf rises to the surface.

I stare at him blankly, refusing to answer. He wants fear. He wants tears and screams and begging. The more I deny him, the angrier he'll become.

“I asked you a question!” His words are slurred and his eyes struggle to focus.

I blink hollowly, belatedly realizing glass from the shattered tumbler had embedded itself in my arm. Hot, thick blood rolls down my bare skin, and Garrick's nostrils flare as he breathes in the metallic scent.

He stalks forward, zig-zagging slightly, until he towers over my prone form. “Think very carefully, Selene.” He snarls. “Is this really the way you want to play it?”

I stare straight into his eyes, an outright challenge of dominance.

The Whisky bottle hits the ground in front of me, the last remaining ounces of dark brown liquid dribbling from its mouth. My attention on the black label, I do not see Garrick raise his fist.

But I certainly feel it.

My body reels back, hitting the granite floor as stars dance across my vision. Garrick is kneeling over me, pure malice painting his rough features

This is it. My too short life is finally coming to its untimely end. I've never seen anything of the world, never got the chance to make anything of myself.

It isn't fair, I wish suddenly and desperately for my mother. I want to crawl into her arms and hear her soothing lullabies, I need her to tell me it's going to be okay, even though we both know it isn't.

It breaks what's left of my heart to know that Garrick is the last thing I will ever see. I didn't want to cry, I didn't want to show him weakness. The hiccuping sobs wrench from my chest without permission, and Garrick's shadowy face distorts into an expression of pure evil.

His pupils turn to slits, claws extending from his fingertips. I cower against the wall, clamping my eyes shut so I cannot see him lunge for me. Now that the moment is here, my resolve cracks, primal terror enveloping me so suddenly and violently that I'm gasping for air. I don't want to live without Luna, but I don't want to die either.

“I’m sorry.” I cry, “Please, I’ll drink it.”

A powerful hand circles my throat with bruising force, forcing me onto my back. I claw at his fist with my cracked and broken nails. I gasp helplessly, trying to find my voice – but Garrick has stolen it from my lungs.

I cannot see his other hand, but I hear the clinking of his belt buckle. It takes me a moment to recognize the sound, and then I wish I had not. He whips the leather implement from his trousers and throws it away, snapping the end against my bare belly in the process.

A hoarse yelp escapes my lips as my mind races to catch up with Garrick’s actions. His claws dig into the papery flesh of my neck, and a strident zip fills the air as he unfastens his pants.

Wait. A bolt of panic breaks through my consciousness as he began trying to wrench my legs apart. This isn’t right. This isn’t what I wanted

Garrick never gave me any clothes after I outgrew the dress I’d worn when he first imprisoned me, but I’d never believed his motivations were salacious. I figured he’d simply take any excuse to humiliate and degrade me. Even when he began threatening me sexually, it always seemed like a means to an end; a punishment, an incentive to behave.

Grief had blinded me to logic, had made me believe there was nothing left for him to take. I was wrong – there is one thing, just one last thing.

Tears stream from my bulging eyes as I kick and thrash against him. I’ve never seen a man naked, and the hard rod of flesh between his legs looks nothing like I imagined. It seems impossibly large and suddenly it is not the violation of rape that petrifies me, but the pain he will inflict tearing into my small body.

I don’t understand how this can be happening. I reach desperately for his face, trying to scratch his glowing eyes. With a vicious jerk Garrick smashes my head into the floor, dazing me enough for him to temporarily release me so he can paw at my underdeveloped breasts with both hands.

His claws rip into my skin, dragging over my chest and down my stomach. I try to scream, but no sound comes out. Garrick emits a deranged cackle, jamming his fingers between my legs and forcing them inside me.

“No!” I just barely summon my voice, my shriek coming out as a whisper. “You can’t do this, I’m your daughter!”

Garrick freezes, a look of surprise breaking through the drunken haze of his thoughts. He blinks: once, twice. Shaking his head, he scoffs, “You stupid girl, I’m not your father.”

It's my turn to look confused. "What?"

He didn't release me, but he was distracted enough to delay his assault. "Your father was some mongrel from another pack." Garrick snaps, "Your mother got herself knocked up by a married man and had to flee in disgrace." I freeze, even though I know I should fight.

"I was in neutral territory when I found your mother groveling, penniless in a gutter. I saved her worthless life and brought her here. I married her, adopted her bastard and gave her a home. She owed me everything! And what did I get in return?" He demands, spittle flying from his fangs.

"Nothing. She never let me so much as put a finger on her! I did everything I could to prove my love but she could never look past the fact that I'm an Omega." He sneers at me, "You're just like her. A volana – but unlike her, you are mine." He looks so crazed | fear he might transform completely. "And you don't get to say no!"

He lunges toward me, covering my body with his own. Adrenaline spikes in my blood and my fingers close around the neck of the whisky bottle by my side.

I smash the heavy flagon over his head, clenching my eyes shut to protect them from the raining shards of bloody glass. Garrick slumps over me in a heap, his weight crushing the air out of my lungs.

It takes all my strength to roll his big body off me, but I manage. I find my feet, stumbling towards the door. My arms stretch for the familiar rectangle of light, but I hesitate at its edge.

The last time I left this room I was a child. Now I am a woman grown; eighteen years old and no more worldly than a grade schooler

I know life in this basement, but I have no idea what awaits me out there. Is there a life for me out there? Or just more pain?

There is only one way to find out.

With a deep breath and pounding heart, I run into the light.