

Rejected, but not Broken by KatVonBeck Chapter 2

How my day Goes

Chapter 2

Gabi's POV

Monday morning came way too quickly, and I headed out for school. I have learned to make sure to walk quickly and get there a little early because if Heather is on the road when I am coming in, she tries to either splash me by hitting the puddle nearest me, or they will hit me with something from the car. A can of soda, a water bottle, an apple, a raw egg, which was the worst of getting hit with something as they passed. I was a mess all day the day that happened. As an Omega family, I don't get new clothes like the higher-ranked wolves, I have hand-me-downs. I am only allowed to get what the higher-ranked wolves throw away. When Heather saw me in one of her "old" shirts that she had worn like 4 times, she kept pulling on it until she had torn the front of it, exposing me as I tried to clutch what I could to my front. She started screaming out, "You stole my shirt from me Gabi. I have been looking for this for over a week. You should get lashes for stealing it from me". She goes shopping all the time, and she gets new clothing all the time too. She had thrown it away and when I was taking the trash out, I saw it sticking out of one of the bags. I carefully treated it, for the stains from being in the garbage, and washed it. It had looked good as new, but I did end up getting lashes for "stealing" her shirt from the laundry. She told Derek that it had been in the laundry to be washed and, since I washed the laundry, it was a believable lie on her part.

Derek believed her and told his father what had happened. I got 5 lashes per Alpha Monty for the theft of the shirt and Derek did the first three, and Heather did the last two because she asked him to. His lashes from the silver whip didn't hurt as badly as the ones that she delivered to me. My back was in shreds, and I couldn't get comfortable enough that night to sleep. I ended up crying myself to sleep and finally passing out a little after midnight. When I woke up, my skin had healed again. Heather found out that I had been healed when she had come up behind me and slapped me across my back using her whole arm to inflict the most pain on my back. Since it had healed, she didn't get the reaction that she was after. That was when she started the rumor that I must be a witch, as I didn't have a wolf that they could sense, so I had to be a witch to be able to heal myself like that. People avoided me for months before I found out what she was saying. I denied it, but people believed what they wanted to believe.

Lunchtime is usually the most dangerous thing for me and I can't tell you how many times I have had my lunch tray spilled onto me. There is never a teacher around when it happens either. I think they see her heading for me and take off, so they don't have to be involved. Every time it happens, I ask them for cameras to be installed in the cafeteria, as Heather always claims that I did something to her, and she "had" to defend herself, and her goon squad agrees with whatever she says. That is an outright lie. As an Omega, I don't get to be trained like the rest of the pack, so I am almost defenseless here. We don't have

any intrinsic value, according to the Alpha, so all we do is the manual labor and work that no one else wants to do. I am calling bullshit on this. Everyone has value, even Heather's slut squad.

I think that Alpha Monty wants to do it this way, so they don't have to fear all the Omegas rising up and demanding to be treated better. Everyone has gifts and I think it would be better for the pack if, instead of telling someone what they will be doing, you let them pick what they would like to do. I also think that they need to pay the Omegas who are doing the deep cleaning and regular daily cleaning money for their hard work. Scrubbing toilets and showers is back-breaking work and is needed daily, and we have to do a deep cleaning weekly.

During the week, I get to help with the laundry as my Omega duties, which is good because I get time to do my homework after I get the loads changed out, and the dry clothes folded. It could be a lot worse since it is hot in here, it messes up their hair to come in there to

bully me. I am fair game when I am delivering the clothing to where it goes. I have a cart and I already separate everything so I can get it done quicker, and I restock their towels when I see them leave to go shopping, or out to a party on Friday nights.

Even though I am not trained, I still struggle and try to break free when they do catch me. Usually, Lisa and Irene hold me, and Heather does the dirty work. They all three train with the other wolves, and although they aren't very good at fighting, three against one are never good odds. I can't eat lunch in peace, I can't go to the library in school in peace, and I was getting desperate for someone to talk to when my boyfriend dropped into my lap. Since he trains a lot, they can't bully him, they can't beat him up or intimidate him as Derek isn't here for Heather to make him do her dirty work.

We have been dating since right after the school year started, and Jack Walker is my hero. At 6' tall and handsome, he looks

and watch the guy's workout and then spar on the training field. He has brown hair and brown eyes with long lashes, and I am glad that he wanted to be my boyfriend. I have been picked on a lot less since we got together. I don't consider myself to be beautiful, I am just

pretty. I have dark brown hair and beautiful blue eyes with long lashes, and my eyes are my best feature. I don't wear any makeup, I just

cannot afford it, and I wouldn't know how to apply it, even if I could. I am 5'9" tall and I have curves, but I am on the thin side. I can see my ribs when I change. I miss breakfast half the time, as I don't have time to go eat at the packhouse, and then make it to school. We only have one vehicle, and my parents take it to the packhouse. It is a little over 2 miles away. The school is over 4 miles away in the opposite direction, so I usually grab an apple from one of the trees near our house and eat it on the way to school. I have learned to just give up on eating at school, unless Jack is with me unless I just want to wear what was on my tray on my clothes. So, the only meal I get during the

day is dinner with my parents in our cottage. That is the only time it is safe for me to eat. On Saturday, I go with mom and dad to work all day at the packhouse. I got all the washers going with the bedlinens that I had stripped and then made the beds back up for them. This gets repeated hundreds of times, on Saturday. I am usually free of

bullying while

I am doing it. About three months ago, Heather cornered me with the terrible twosome and they held me while Heather hit me. I ended up bleeding on the floor and on top of several of my clean sheets. Luna Liz showed up while they were still holding me down and hitting me. Instead of getting onto them, she told them in her Luna Tone, "Do not mess with Gabi when she is supposed to be doing her work. Now she will have to wash these clean linens again, and that costs us time and money to have to rewash them". They have left me alone now when I do the bed linens, but they still try to trip me in the hallways when I am carrying the dirty laundry to the cart, causing me to trip and land face-first into Goddess who only knows what is on those sheets. The worst part was that I also had to clean up blood from the floors, and rewash already clean sheets because their actions got them dirty. I have already decided, that if I don't find my mate here within a month of me turning 18, I am going to ask to just be given my diploma early and leave this pack. I am sick of it here and my parents have already told me the same thing. They will leave with me, and we will become rogues together so I can have some peace. I am praying to the Goddess nightly that I am not tied to any of the assholes here at this pack, as I would be so upset to be bound to any of them for the rest of my life. We are planning on doing this as soon as I am 18 in a week, and I really pray I don't win the dickhead lottery for a mate. I asked Jack if he was my mate, and he said, "I can't tell if we are or not, as you are not 18 yet". He always says that, but my mom said that my dad knew that she was his mate when he turned 18. So, he didn't tell her and waited for her to turn 18 too, and then they claimed each other. I am hoping that Jack is my mate, he is really the only person in the pack who is nice to me in front of others. Everyone else is too scared to acknowledge my existence. So, I hope that is why, because he knows that we are mates, and that is why he is with me. I am going to wait until I turn 18 though to confirm it. Jack has been whining this whole time that I won't sleep with him, but it is the only thing that I have to give my mate. I have nothing else to give him to show him how much I love him. I have three shirts and two pairs of ill-fitting jeans because they were from someone taller and larger than me. I tie the waistband with a thin rope, and that is a good thing too, so people cannot take them off of me easily. I am glad we don't have P.E. as this is an all-werewolf school, we train in the training area behind the packhouse and it results in a shorter school day. It also keeps the Omegas from slipping through a c***k and learning some defensive techniques. We Omega's go back to work at the packhouse, and the rest of the school goes to train.