

Rejected but not Broken by KatVonBeck Chapter 1

Meet Gabi

Chapter 1

Gabi's POV

I stared out across the water watching the sunset as the sky puts on its final show for the day. Today was my only day off, and after I helped my parents at our cottage, they let me come to hang out at my favorite spot on the water for the last few hours of the day. The sound of the waves on the water is always a very soothing sound to me, and I need it. I hide out in a spot where I can't be seen unless you know where to look. I have been here hundreds of times and have seen some of the other teenagers from school, but I choose not to show myself. I have to deal with them enough during the school week, and I really don't want to associate with them anyway.

My name is Gabrielle Emerson, and I live in the Red River pack in Fairview, CA. We live near the Shasta National Forest, off of Trinity

Lake, and it is a beautiful area. Fairview sits at the bottom of Trinity Lake, and it is really nice to live by a body of water. I stay until the sun has completely set in the sky and all you can see is the darkness, pierced by the beautiful light from the stars and the moon high in the sky. I sigh and head back to our cottage, as I am in no hurry for the week to start again. My parents and I are Omega's, and we live here in Red River, led by Alpha Montgomery "Monty" Stryker & Luna Elizabeth "Liz" Stryker. They are a good Alpha and Luna. I used to be friends with their son, Derek, when we were younger, but as soon after he turned 11 and I was about to be 10, his parents decided that it didn't look good for the future Alpha to associate with me, as I was an Omega. I cried myself to sleep for the next week, sad at losing my friend.

I soon learned that we weren't the friends that I thought we were when I got to middle school. He never acknowledged me, ever. If I spoke to him, he acted like he didn't hear it. It came to a head my freshman year when I said "Hi" to him in the hallway. He was a sophomore and was with his little circle of friends along with his girlfriend, Heather Armstrong, on his arm. He had grabbed me by my throat and slammed me into the nearest lockers and told me to never speak directly to him again. He had finally released me and I sank to the floor trying to breathe. I carried the mark of his hands on my neck for a week afterward, and after that, I wouldn't get near him

again. They all walked away laughing and Heather looked back over her shoulder with a smirk on her face, as they went around the corner. He had never put his hands on me like that before. I knew Heather never liked me, but I believed that she put him up to it because, until that point, I had never been physically hurt, emotionally hurt, yes, but not physically hurt.

Derek was the All-American golden boy, who could do no wrong. His parents doted on him, and he was captain of both the football and the lacrosse teams. His golden blonde hair had streaks from the sun in it and his deep brown eyes made all the girl's hearts beat faster because they wanted to catch his gaze. At 6'2", Derek was a perfect specimen,

with everyone wanting to date him. Heather had grabbed his interest at the start of their high school year. She was in the same grade as me now, but she had already turned 18, over six months ago. She had failed last year and had to repeat, so she wasn't in the same grade as Derek anymore. I think it was because she was with him all the time, and never did her schoolwork, so she had to repeat her sophomore year. Since he was going to be Alpha, he still got promoted, but the only thing he applied himself to was his favorite sports and sleeping with whichever girl would let him. He should have been more interested in actually learning something from school and learning to be a good Alpha. I know he has been sent off for a year to learn tactics and advanced training to bring back to teach his Beta, Gamma, and trainer, but I have little faith that he won't just be the same man-whore there, that he is here, and not learning much there as well. He won't get a second chance as it is unheard of to repeat Alpha training. He would bring shame on both his parents and on the pack. The problem with him attacking me in the hallway made it open season on me at that time. I have been cut with a silver knife multiple times, stabbed, had my arm broken a few times, knocked out on a few occasions, and had cigarettes put out on my skin. I should look like something from a horror movie with all that had happened to me. But each morning since I turned 16, I have woken up and completely healed from all the trauma that had occurred to me. All of my injuries from my freshman and sophomore years had disappeared from my skin on my 16th birthday, but I didn't get my wolf. She could not be sensed, at all, she did not communicate with me and when I was supposed to have changed into my wolf that night, she did not appear. My parents sat outside with me for hours and comforted me. They have been the very best parents and I love them both very much. My mom, Claire Emerson, had brown hair and brown eyes, a slim build, and is the best cook. She is only 5'5" tall, but she is a powerhouse. My father, Percival "Percy" Emerson, works as a gardener, and he has a huge garden that he built near the packhouse, with vegetables and herbs that he grows for mom. It helped out with our food budget for the pack, so Alpha Monty approved for the garden to be done. My dad has very dark brown hair like mine, but he has hazel eyes. My dad is 6' tall and has a strong frame. He works in the garden, does the landscaping, and is the handyman for the pack as he can fix anything. He built our little cottage as he didn't want me to have to stay in the packhouse anymore. I was getting picked on constantly by Heather and her moron minions, for being an Omega, for being me, and when the physical abuse started, he couldn't bear it anymore. It didn't stop it, as they just caught me at school, or when I had to work doing the laundry or helping my mom in the kitchen. Our home is just a two-bedroom cottage with a living room, a dining table in the middle of the main part of the house, behind the sofa that faces the TV, and a kitchen along the back wall. He also built a trap door with a stairwell to an area downstairs for my mom to store her canned food for us from our garden which is behind our cottage. She had a smaller version of what was in the packhouse, behind our home in little terra cotta containers for her herbs. Mom makes us

delicious dinners at home, and they ask me about how school is. They already know how school is, but I try to be positive for them. They are hoping that when I turn 18 in 2 weeks, I will find my mate and he will protect me from Heather and her group of trolls. Heather is still Derek's girlfriend and wants to be the Luna, badly. She takes every opportunity to abuse me that she can, and no one stops her because she and Derek are together, he is just away at Alpha Training. Heather is actually gorgeous with a shapely figure, long blonde hair, and blue eyes. She is 5'10" tall and her outside doesn't match her inside, as she enjoys hurting people, well, at least hurting me. She used to be jealous of Derek, always playing with me on the playground when we were kids and tried to join us, but Derek shot her down every time. She started wanting to play with us about 6 months before Derek's mom decided he couldn't play with me anymore and started playing with Heather instead. Heather's father was Alpha Monty's Beta, and the Beta female had Luna Liz's ear. Heather should have been mad at him, but since he is the future Alpha, she put all her rage towards me and took every opportunity to pinch, slam my hand in the doors while I was cleaning and on the floor, and pretend it was an accident. She generally makes my life miserable. After losing my best and only friend Derek, my life was a lot worse, as she kept after me daily. She has two friends, but they aren't actually friends. Whoever leaves out of the area or room to go somewhere else, to the bathroom, to get food or a drink, the remaining two girls talk badly about the one that is gone. They just put up with her because she has a nice car, a brand-new red mustang, that she got when she finally made it to senior year this year, plus they also think that she is soon to be Luna and wanted to stay on her good side. Lisa Blake is probably the nicest in this group. She has brown hair and light brown eyes, but she still isn't a very nice person. She gets talked about the most, but she is smart, does her homework, and is in the honor program. I hope she decides to leave them to their hateful ways and do something great with her life, because as smart as she is she could probably be a doctor. Irene Harding is the last of the three in this group. She has brown hair and hazel eyes that are on the green side. She has great fashion sense, and always looks flawless. She couldn't care less about school and would graduate tomorrow if she could. She is a fashionista and dresses and looks fantastic every single day. She only shines when they are getting ready to go out and she does everyone's makeup. I have no friends anymore because Heather went out of her way to show them what happens to people who are nice to me or wanted to be my friend. She has really hurt a few people and they decided it was better to find another friend than to be my friend and left me for them to torment.