

Rejected By My Boyfriend's Dad

Chapter 2

Hope

I can't believe it. I had a mate for three minutes, and now the bond is already broken. I'm too shocked to say anything. I can only stare at the man who rejected me, Ethan. He is as gorgeous as he is intimidating. I'm astonished he is the local Alpha and that he is my mate. It's sad that he rejected me without giving me a chance, though. I know that I'm younger than him, but does it really matter that much?

How much older than me is he?

“Alpha!”

I turn around to the sound of footsteps coming from the kitchen. Time is still stopped, but not for other supernaturals, it seems. I look at the kitchen door opening, bewildered to discover that Graham, the big bald chef at Bar25, is a werewolf.

He studies me for a hot minute before focusing on Ethan. “Alpha, there are wolves from another pack running outside our territory. They haven't attacked, but I don't think we have an alliance with them.”

“Thank you for letting me know, Graham,” Ethan says and walks toward the door. He stops when his hand is on the handle and slowly turns his head. His cold blue eyes rake over me, but there are no warm emotions within them—only bitterness. “I will find you after this is over, and you will reject me back.”

With that, Ethan leaves Bar25 by shifting into a large white wolf. It's absolutely huge, with massive white, feathered wings on its back. Is Ethan a hybrid? He must be, but what sort of hybrid has wings?!

When Graham clears his throat, I immediately focus my attention on him.

“It might be best if you went home,” he says, and now that Ethan is gone, people begin moving around us again. “As a newly awakened werewolf, it might be best to stay home for at least a week. Your body is going to go through changes, and I also suggest you find a pack,” his nostrils flare. “You smell like an Alpha that has lost its pack. I’ve never experienced anything like it before.”

I nod my head absentmindedly, still in shock over what just happened. My head is spinning. Not only was I rejected, but my mate is a weird, magical Alpha. Is that why he didn’t want me? Or did he honestly reject me because of my age?

Regardless, it sucks. I'm used to feeling lost and rejected. My family treated me like dirt, but it's a whole new pain having been rejected by your true mate. Tears are prickling behind my eyelids, but I blink them away, not wanting to show any weakness in front of Graham.

"I will go home," I say, my voice surprisingly steady.
"Thank you for the advice."

Graham nods his head, but I can tell that he is not convinced. He looks at me with a worried expression, like he knows something that I don't. I shake it off, not wanting to think about it anymore.

I walk out of Bar25 and into the cold night air. The stars are twinkling above me, but all I can think about is Ethan and his rejection. I feel like I've lost a part of myself, like I'm not whole anymore. I don't understand why he would reject me without even giving me a chance.

As I start to walk home, I realize that I don't even know where I'm going. I've lived in this town my whole life, but I've never felt so lost before. I don't have a pack, I don't have a mate, and I don't have a purpose.

My heart feels hollow, and I wander about the city without even looking where I'm going. Somehow, I end up at my apartment. Ryker still isn't at home, and I'm actually grateful because all I want is to be left alone.

I walk into my own bedroom. Ryker isn't at home, and thank the goddess for that. It would be awkward to share a bed since I have decided to break up with him, but I rather not do that tonight. My head has had enough drama for today, and I close my eyes, exhausted from my inner wolf's awakening. She hasn't spoken to me yet, but I suspect it's going to happen soon. I can feel her presence...

Hours later, I wake up with a start.

“Oh my god, you’re a werewolf!” Ryker shouts.

“You’re so loud...” I mutter and pull my blanket tighter around me. I haven’t got a clue how long I’ve been sleeping, but it's no longer dark outside.

Ryker snorts. “Dude, it's like eleven AM.”

“And?” I blink life into my eyes and then glare at Ryker, who walks over to the window. He pulls open the curtains in a swift motion, and I hiss at both him and the sun. “Why did you do that for?! Pull back the curtain!”

Irritatingly enough, Ryker doesn’t listen to me. In fact, he is positively beaming at me and looking incredibly happy. “I can’t believe you’re a werewolf. This is too good to be true. I thought you were a normal human, but you’re actually a werewolf, just like me!”

Wait, what? Is Ryker a werewolf? I sniff the air for confirmation, and what would you know—my boyfriend is a werewolf too. Not that it changes anything. I still need to break up with him. He isn’t a bad guy. Ryker is actually a sweetheart, but my heart just isn’t in it, especially since I’ve met my true mate.

Ethan rejected me, but I still have hopes for us. I feel like a complete bitch thinking about him, though. Ryker is one of the good ones. I doubt he loves me, though, or he would be more available for dates. He never has any time for me, but that might be a good thing. If he isn’t invested in me, he won’t be sad when I break up with him.

"Listen, Ryker...I've been thinking and—"

"We must visit my dad immediately. I'm not sure why you carry this faint smell of an Alpha, but most of all, you smell like a rogue, and I won't accept that. You can't be a rogue in this city, or you will be eaten alive by one of the wolf packs that are ruling here."

I arch an eyebrow. "There are two wolf packs in this city?"

"Yes, and you should get up," Ryker throws me a shirt and is respectful enough to look away. We haven't had sex, so I'm grateful for that. "Put that on and get into the car."

"The car?!"

"Uh, yes?" Ryker looks at me like I've grown two heads and as if I'm crazy for being confused right now. "If you haven't noticed it yet, we have an emergency on our paws. There is no time to waste! The longer you stay without the pack, the harder it's going to get accepted. After a while, you might go crazy like all the other rogues."

"What do you mean I'm going to go crazy?"

His blue eyes meet mine. "Have your wolf spoken to you yet?"

I shake my head, and Ryker sighs.

"I believe that's because she is confused. Without a pack, a wolf is lost, and we must hurry to make you a member of my pack. So, put on those clothes! Hurry!"

I stumble out of bed. “What makes you so certain the Alpha will accept me?”

At that, Ryker laughs and looks at me with amusement dancing across his face. “Because the Alpha of my pack is my dad, and even though he is a bit grumpy and the scariest Alpha in the country, he will accept you with a little bit of convincing. Trust me.”

Oh wow, Ryker’s dad is the Alpha of his pack? That’s...surprising. And since Ryker mentioned there are two packs, I bet his dad is the Alpha of the other pack because Ethan couldn’t be Ryker’s dad. My mate looked way too young to be a dad of an eighteen-year-old.

"You coming?"

"Stop stressing!" I hurry out into the hallway while still trying to fit my ass into my pants. Ryker shakes his head at me, entertained by my little dance.

"You're so cute..." he mumbles, and then he grins. "My dad is going to love you."

I grow flustered. The last thing I want is to meet Ryker's dad. I'm about to break up with him, damn it! But I also know that I need a pack, and...maybe I was too fast to judge? My mate doesn't want me, and Ryker is sweet.

I'm so confused—this is why it's a bad idea to start dating your roommate and best friend. I don't want to hurt him, but I also don't think we are a good match.

Bottling up my negative emotions, I throw a smile at Ryker while putting on my shoes. "I doubt your dad will like me. I'm not the type of girl that parents usually take a liking to."

Ryker snorts while opening the door. "You don't know that yet, you silly girl. I'm the only guy you have ever dated!"

I roll my eyes and follow him out to his car. As we drive through the city, I can feel my wolf stirring inside me, eager to stretch her legs and run in the woods. I try to ignore her since now isn't the time, but it's damn near impossible. She is growing stronger with every passing moment, and I know that I can't deny her much longer.

I might have to shape-shift tonight.

"Ah, we are finally here!"

Ryker drives up to the pack house, a large mansion on the outskirts of the city. As we step out of the car, I can feel eyes on me, watching me from the shadows. I shiver with fear and excitement, wondering what kind of reception I will get from Ryker's father.

'You still haven't asked him the name of his pack...' A voice says inside my head. I recognize it as my inner wolf, but her presence vanishes in an instant.

I lift my eyes to Ryker, about to ask him the name of his pack. Something I forgot to do since my head is a jumbled mess after everything that has happened, but the door to the building is already opening.

"Ryker," a deep voice says, rumbling, intimidating, and scarily familiar. I hold my breath, staring at Ethan walks out to stand on the porch. His cold and calculating eyes meet mine, and then he growls. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Dad, this is my girlfriend," Ryker beams at his father, oblivious to his anger as he gestures to me. "She is a newly awakened werewolf and in need of a pack."

Well, if this isn't awkward...the mate who rejected me at the bar is Ryker's father, and he looks pissed off to see me. Those ice-blue eyes of his scan me from head to toe, and I hold my breath, unsure of what he will do next.

Ethan keeps staring at me. I'm afraid he is going to expose me and tell his son that I'm his true mate. But instead, he turns around to glare at his son.

"Why did you bring that packless creature to the pack house? Rogues aren't allowed here."

Ryker steps forward. "But Dad, that's why I brought her! She needs a pack in order to survive. And I thought it would be a good idea if she joined us!"

"No, your girlfriend can't join us, and she should leave immediately," Ethan snarls. "Rogues are not allowed here."

"But dad—"

"I said no," Ethan growls in his Alpha voice, cutting Ryker off. "Take her back to your apartment and forget about her. She is not welcome here."

A lump forms in my throat. I know that Ethan's distaste for me is because of what happened at Bar25—he thought I was older and...shit. Should I have told him my age? It seemed like a silly thing to slip into our conversation, but there is no denying the burning hatred in his eyes.

I wet my lips and try to speak up. "I know that you don't like newcomers, Alpha, but I need a pack," I lift my eyes to his face, begging him to hear what I'm not saying. I don't want to mention the mate bond in front of his son, but I hope to make Ethan feel something—anything when I look at him. "I won't make it as a rogue. So please, please take me in."

Ethan's eyes narrow, and for a moment, I'm sure he is going to reject me outright. But then, he takes a deep breath, and some of his anger dissolves. "I can't take you in as a member of my pack, but I can grant you temporary asylum."

I exhale a breath I didn't realize I was holding. Temporary asylum is better than nothing. "Thank you, Alpha."

"Don't thank me yet," Ethan's voice is cold and distant. "I still need to figure out why you smell the way that you do. It could become a problem for my pack, so it's important we address it right away," he turns around but doesn't leave the room. "Follow me. I would like to question you in private."

I walk toward the door, and so does Ryker, but Ethan immediately snaps his attention to his son, and even though he is calm, Ryker pauses in motion. "Not you. Don't you understand what private means? I need to speak to the rogue on my own."

Ryker looks like he wants to argue, but one cold stare from his father makes him back off with his hands raised in surrender. Ethan says nothing, yet Ryker releases a slight whimper before he retreats to his car.

I shiver. I don't want to be alone with Ethan. He is scary, but it seems I don't have any choice as the Alpha looks at me. "Follow me."

I immediately hurry after him and gulp. Ethan is much taller than I remember, with muscles that are even bigger than the ones belonging to Ryker. And even though the two of them are related, they don't look anything alike. Ethan's hair is dark blonde, while Ryker's hair is purely black. Ethan also carries an air of importance, and I can't help but feel intimidated by his commanding presence.

I fight off yet another shiver when Ethan glances down at me. There is no warmth in his gaze, and his lips part. "What are you waiting for? Get inside the room."

"Oh!"

I didn't even notice he was holding up a door!

I stumble forward like Bambi on ice, entering a large room that resembles an old interrogation room. It has a metal

table and two chairs facing each other. There is even a lamp hanging above the table.

Ethan takes a seat, gesturing for me to take the other chair. I sit down nervously, clasping my hands together on the table while Ethan leans back in his chair. His face remains cold, and his blue eyes are calculating as they study me.

"Now, tell me about yourself...how did you become a rogue? And why do you carry the faint smell of an Alpha on your skin? Just who are you?"