

Rejected By My Boyfriend's Dad

Chapter 3

Hope

My limbs freeze into place as I lock eyes with Ethan. He is a big and frightening Alpha, and I'm unsure how to answer his question and make a long story short. I can barely keep eye contact with him without feeling like I might wet my pants.

I nervously laugh. "Well, it's a long story."

His expression is neutral, his face so hard and unsmiling it's hard to believe this is the same charming man I spoke with at the bar. But maybe Ethan is the kind that needs alcohol to liven up? Right now, he looks like a man that never smiles, and that makes me sad. His face is sculpted, and his cheekbones give him a model's look. He would be pretty if he didn't look so bored and intimidating.

"I have time," his eyes rake me up and down. "What pack were you supposed to inherit?"

I'm shocked by the question. Ethan is sharp and intelligent. He has already figured out I was supposed to become the Alpha of my pack without my help, and I think for a moment. He is not glaring at me or making me feel threatened, so I feel bold enough to speak the truth.

“I was supposed to become the Alpha of the Mirage pack, but I never awakened as a werewolf...until now.”

He silently studies me, face impassive. “And you don’t wish to return to your pack and make a claim on the Alpha position since it’s rightfully yours?”

I cringe.

“No, I’m not interested in that at all,” not when my pack treated me so horribly. “Besides, the Mirage pack has a new Alpha already. My little sister, Faith, took over the pack since she was much stronger than both of our parents. She is just a year younger than me—”

Ethan interrupts me, but in a calm, disbelieving voice. “They are letting a seventeen-year-old child lead them? Did I hear that correctly? They didn’t wait for you to turn eighteen? What sort of idiots are leading that pack?”

At this, I have to swallow back a laugh. Never once did I think it was weird for Faith to lead the pack so young, but now, I’m realizing it might be weird.

“Yes...” I clear my throat. “I mean, yes, my Alpha, the Mirage pack is letting a seventeen-year-old lead them since they apparently had no time to wait for my eighteenth birthday to see if I would awaken as a werewolf.”

Something changes in Ethan’s expression. I can’t pinpoint what it is, but he almost looks...amused?

“You’re not supposed to call me that.”

“Call you what?”

“Your Alpha.”

I shiver at the tone of his voice. Ethan is intently staring at me, and it’s making me all sorts of nervous. But I’m more curious than afraid and whisper, “Why not?”

He almost smiles. Almost.

“Because I’m not your Alpha. You are not an official member of the Nightslash pack and shouldn’t call me your Alpha.”

“Ah.” I suck my lips into my mouth, wetting them. “Well...I hate to sound like an idiot, but what am I supposed to call you if not my Alpha?”

His lips twitch, but he doesn’t smile. If anything, he looks even more intimidating and scary. “I haven’t decided yet,” he says while gazing at me. He is big on eye contact. “Are you in a serious relationship with my son?”

“W-what?”

“Answer the question.”

Ethan stares at me, and I swallow hard. “W-what does that have to do with anything?”

“Everything.”

“Everything?”

“I care about my son,” he folds his hands over the table and leans in before speaking in a menacing tone. “And I wouldn’t like to see him get hurt. So if you’re not as into him as he is into you, I would suggest breaking things off with him before it gets ugly. Do you understand, miss Moonchild?”

How does he know my last name? Wait, of course, he knows it! As the Alpha of his pack, he probably knows everything there is about the Mirage pack.

I nod. “I understand.”

I plan on breaking things off with Ryker as soon as possible. I got interrupted earlier, but I will talk with him later and explain the situation. We don’t make a great couple, and when I tell him that, I will be respectful since he is my friend.

“Good.” Ethan lifts himself up from his seat. Since I don’t know if I’m supposed to get up as well, I sit in my chair like a fool until he glances down at me, his eyes hooded. “You may leave the pack house. I have decided to be generous and grant you protection and a pack to hunt with for the time being.”

“Oh,” I smile as I stand up on my feet. “T-thank you.”

“Don’t thank me,” his cold eyes bore into mine. “I’m only doing this for my son.”

My smile still doesn’t falter. “I’m still very grateful for your protection, Sir.”

“Did you just call me Sir?”

I blink. “Don’t you like that? I mean, I figured it was the second-best thing to call you since you don’t want me to call you Alpha,” I know that I’m babbling, but I can’t seem to shut the fuck up. “I was trying to be respectful.”

Ethan is awfully silent, and my cheeks burn crimson when he gives me a once-over. Those blue eyes of his are as intense as ever. I’m barely breathing as he scrutinizes me, and I actually hold my breath when he comes over.

Shit. He is really big and lean. It’s hard not to back away. This man has a presence, and I shiver when he walks to stand right behind me.

What does he want?

My heart is pounding embarrassingly fast. I’m certain Ethan can hear it, and I stand as still as ice when I hear his shoes close in on me. One step. Two steps. I close my eyes, expecting the worst.

I’ve been beaten by my own pack members and expect a slap from Ethan, but instead, a big hand reaches out and grabs the strap of my bra that is halfway down my shoulder. He carefully eases it back into place, his fingers grazing the sensitive skin on my collarbone. I notice his fingertips are rough and calloused like he works with his hands a lot.

“The next time you visit, I expect you to wear a bra that fits, not one where your tits are spilling out.” His voice is a

deep rumble. Ethan is standing dangerously close, and his firm hand stays on my shoulder as he leans in to whisper into my ear. “Is that understood, miss Moonchild?”

The hairs on my neck stand up, and I shiver when his hot breath brushes my skin. Why am I getting turned on? I can't allow myself to allow this. Not when Ethan spoke to me in that degrading way, as if I'm a child and nothing else.

Somehow, I manage to answer him. “I understand.”

“Good.” He still doesn't leave me alone. His broad chest is still pressed to the back of my head, and his hand still rests on my shoulder. “Have you slept with my son?”

Even though it's none of his business since he rejected me, I still shake my head. When he says nothing, I open my mouth to speak the words instead. “I have not.”

“Hmm...” Ethan's large hand slides down from my arm to my waist, and I hear him discreetly inhale my scent. “You smell like you're untouched. Am I right? Are you a virgin, miss Moonchild?”

I swallow thickly. “I've been saving myself for my...”

“For your what?” he demands.

My eyes close. “For my mate.”

He is silent for a while. “Is that right?”

I nod, barely able to swallow a whimper when his hand slides down. It heads further south until he is cupping my

throbbing pussy. I like his touch a little too much. My inner walls clench, and something goes tight and hot in the pit of my belly. It feels wonderful. Is this the beginning of an orgasm? It can't be, right? I'm not going to get an orgasm from this. Not from simply being touched by Ethan. It would be humiliating and disgraceful and...oh.

His fingers are lightly rubbing my clit in a perfect motion through the fabric of my clothes while his other arm holds me in place. My legs feel weak, and I sway forward, but Ethan easily pulls me toward him to keep me upright. He is so strong, and I can tell his arms are corded with muscle even though he is wearing a shirt.

He is hotter than hell.

And he smells nice too.

Like a powerful Alpha.

But why is he touching me? Is it because he still feels something for me since I didn't reject him back, or is he trying to humiliate me?

Probably the latter.

I inhale deeply. "M-maybe you shouldn't touch—"

I get interrupted by my own whimper when his fingers pick up their speed, stimulating my clit until I feel a hot wetness spreading between my thighs.

"What was that?" he whispers in a husky voice. "Don't you like this, Hope?"

He said my name!

A moan slices up my throat, and it's mortifying. Why did I make that sound? I'm making a fool out of myself! Ethan is definitely doing this to humiliate me, yet I can't stop myself from thrusting against his hand. It feels amazing.

Another moan erupts from my lips, and I wish to sink through the floor. I'm making embarrassing sounds while Ethan is silent behind me. I bet he isn't even hard while I've been reduced to a shivering mess just because of his simple touch.

"You're so wet..." Ethan whispers in a darkly amused voice. "And here I thought you were into my son?"

Don't moan. Don't give him the satisfaction!

Ethan chuckles. "Aren't you embarrassed that the mate who rejected you has made you this weak and dripping wet?"

Fight it.

He leans closer to whisper into my ear. "Do you know what I think? I think you're into older, more experienced men. You shouldn't be with a boy—you should be with a man. Someone who can spank you into submission."

Suddenly I'm groaning, eyes closed, mouth wide open, and my back arched as I'm falling apart. Ethan's hands are really, really talented. Fireworks are going off inside my body against my will. I'm entering heaven, but when the

man who made me this shivering mess speaks, his voice isn't kind.

“Break things off with my son,” Ethan whispers in a commanding and cold voice. “And stop wearing clothes that don't fit your body. It's embarrassing and highly inappropriate.”

With that, he releases me, and I'm forced to grab the table since my legs are too weak to stand on. I'm breathing hard and shuddering. My body is on fire, and for a moment, my vision darkens as I try to come down from my high.

That was my first orgasm ever.