

# Rejected By My Boyfriend's Dad

Chapter 4

## Hope

I feel so humiliated. Not only did Ethan reject me as his mate, but then he made me come all over his hand by simply pushing his fingers into my pussy. It was degrading.

How could I let him give me my first orgasm inside his office? I should have pushed him away. Ethan wasn't even naked and probably not even turned on!

Ugh, I just want to die!

I quicken my footsteps and make my way out of Ethan's mansion. Ryker is waiting for me outside and looks up from his phone with a smile.

"Hey, you okay?" he asks. "What was so important that my dad needed to talk to you alone?"

Guilt gnaws at me. I can't tell Ryker the truth: his dad is my mate, and he showed me just how pathetic I am by making me climax on his hand.

My cheeks burn. "Oh, you know, the usual. He asked me about my old pack and then interrogated me."

Ryker frowns. “Yeah, he takes his Alpha work a little too seriously...he didn’t frighten you, did he? You’re my girlfriend, and I wouldn’t want my dad to treat you badly.”

And now I feel terrible.

Ryker is a super nice guy. He is my best friend, and he is a werewolf, and we live together, but I can’t continue to date him. Not when his dad is my true mate and basically ruined me inside his office.

I’m such a slut...

“Ryker...” I say as we walk to the car, hoping he won’t be too hurt by what I’m about to say. “About that...I think we need to break up.”

Ryker stops dead in his tracks. “What?!” his face is rapidly turning pale. “Why?”

“Because...because I’m eighteen, and there still isn’t any mate bond between us. It means we aren’t fated mates, and perhaps it would be better if we broke up before one of us met our true mate, you know?”

He pauses at this, considering my words. “But mate bonds are a rarity, Hope. You could go your entire life without ever running into your true mate. Do you really want to throw away our relationship just because we aren’t mates?”

I sigh. I really don’t want to hurt Ryker, but I have no other choice. Not when Ethan is my mate—the one and only person I’m supposed to be with.

“Look, the truth is that I’ve met my mate,” I won’t tell Ryker that my mate is his dad, but half of the truth might be my only shot at not ruining our friendship.

“You’ve met your mate?” Ryker asks, and a look of understanding crosses his features. “Shit, that explains everything...the mate bond is sacred, after all. I’m so sorry, Hope. I didn’t realize that’s why you wanted to break up with me. Now I feel sort of stupid. Of course, you had a reason.”

“It’s not your fault,” I assure him. “I guess...like you said, I just never thought I would meet my mate. I didn’t think it would ever happen to me.”

“Oh, I see...well, I hope you’re happy with your mate.”

I grimace. “I don’t think he likes me very much...”

Interest flashes in Ryker’s eyes. “Is it someone I know? My dad is the Alpha of one of the packs, and I might know them. Perhaps I can talk to them and tell them they are making a mistake in not giving you a chance.”

Why is Ryker so goddamn nice? I’m swimming in guilt, close to drowning in it. I’m the shittiest friend ever for not telling Ryker everything, and the world is a seriously messed up place for making Ryker’s hot billionaire dad my mate.

I think I’m about to have a headache...

I sigh. “How about we just head home to our apartment? I’m exhausted after being roasted by your dad.”

He chuckles. “He was that intense, huh?”

“The most intimidating Alpha I’ve ever met.”

Ryker grins. “Possibly the strongest one too. My dad is actually a hybrid.”

Interesting. I remember that Ethan’s wolf was purely white, with large, angelic wings spreading out from its back. Could he be a half-angel?

“A hybrid, you say? And you’re not?”

“No, the angelic blood didn’t get passed on to me,” Ryker says and shrugs one massive shoulder. “I don’t know why, but I also don’t mind. This way, I won’t have to take over as the Alpha because my dad won’t age. I will grow old and die before he does.”

I stare at him, unsure what to say. I couldn’t possibly imagine what it would be like to know I would one day grow older and wrinklier than my parents.

Luckily, I don’t have to comment on this because Ryker is quick to laugh. “It’s actually a bit weird how my dad has lived for centuries. He is much older than he looks, and if there is anything he hates, it’s young, inexperienced werewolves. He takes life way too seriously.”

I can’t help but chuckle. “I noticed.”

Ryker grins and opens the car door for me. “Don’t let how he treated you bother you, though. My dad is an asshole to everyone, but now that you’re under his protection, you won’t have to see him again.”

I try to smile, but my stomach churns. I only have temporary asylum, and I have a feeling my sister will come for me soon. If I’m awakening as a werewolf and smell like an Alpha, she is going to want me dead before I grow strong enough to take the pack away from her.

‘Do you want the back?’

I freeze into the car seat, eyes kept on the road as Ryker is driving, but my mind reeling. This is the first time my inner wolf has attempted a conversation.

‘Uh...I don’t know. Most likely not, but at the same time, I don’t want to be a rogue.’

My inner wolf is quiet for a while, processing what I’ve said before she replies. ‘There is going to be a war among all the packs soon, and you’re too strong to stay out of it, Hope. Your pack is going to need your strength in the future.’

With that, I can feel my inner wolf retreating. It makes me panic. I want to ask her more questions, but the only one I can bring myself to ask is, ‘What is your name?’

She snickers. ‘Tariel.’

With that, she is gone, and I’m left with my own thoughts.

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Later that evening, I'm cleaning a table at Bar25 before Laura rushes into the restaurant. She is a co-worker of mine and the only friend I've made in the kitchen. Before I awakened as a werewolf, I couldn't tell that I was working with other werewolves, but I can now.

Laura is a werewolf too, and she beams at me the second our eyes meet. "I knew you were a werewolf. Come here, and let me take a look at you!"

With her arms outstretched, Laura embraces me. She is a tall, lean werewolf with dark skin and a pixie cut. Her makeup is always on point, and she usually wears deep red contact lenses to give herself a fierce look.

"Oh wow," Laura murmurs, awestruck. "You have the faint smell of an Alpha. I can't believe it. The rumors about you were actually true!"

I take a step back, eyeing her. "There are rumors about me already?"

"Of course," she smiles. "Everyone wants to know why our scary and dark Alpha agreed to give you temporary protection. Most people believe it's because you're the one who was destined to become the Alpha of the Mirage pack. It's your birthright...and that's the truth, isn't it?"

I blush. "I had a late awakening, but truthfully, I don't know if I even want to become the Alpha of the Mirage pack." It would mean having to duel my sister and becoming the Alpha of a pack that doesn't even like me.

“Well, you have time to decide what you want,” Laura chuckles but falls silent when the bell above the door opens.

The air fills with the scent of Alpha, and I can see Laura’s expression turn into one of submission when Ethan walks into the bar. The other staff members seem nervous too, and I hold my breath when Ethan takes a seat.

What is he doing here?

My heart pounds in my chest as I witness Ethan order a drink, and I wonder if he can smell my fear. Ethan is the epitome of a powerful Alpha, with piercing blue eyes and a chiseled jawline. His black suit hugs his broad shoulders, and I can’t help but feel a pang of attraction despite my fear.

“Hope, come here,” he suddenly orders, his voice deep and commanding.

Laura squeezes my arm. “Good luck...you will need it.”

I fight the urge to throw up. Even Laura is worried about me, and I reluctantly step forward, fighting the urge to bow when I stand in front of Ethan’s table. “Yes, Alpha?”

“I want you to know that I will be keeping a close eye on you since your original pack are enemies of mine,” he says, his eyes narrowing. “I wouldn’t want to make the mistake of trusting you when you could be a spy of theirs.”

“I can assure you that I’m not—”

He growls, and I fall silent while struggling to stand still. The other pack members in the bar have all gone silent. I know without asking that they are all afraid of Ethan, but since I have Alpha blood coursing in my veins, I'm not as affected by Ethan's smell and the power oozing from his pores.

He is intimidating, but I won't bow to him. Instead, I straighten my shoulders and look him dead in the eye. "Keep an eye on me all you want, but I'm not your enemy."

Ethan smirks, his eyes narrowing as he leans forward. "Well, well, well. You've got some fire in you, don't you? I like that."

My heart races as he stands up, towering over me. Even though I'm a werewolf, Ethan's sheer size and power make me feel small and weak. But I refuse to back down. I'm not afraid of him.

"Just speaking the truth, Sir."

"Good," Ethan says, a dangerous glint in his eye. I notice that time has stopped all around this. This time, even the supernaturals are frozen in motion.

Nothing where I'm looking Ethan, continues speaking. "I wouldn't want them to listen in on our conversation. I have something important to tell you."

I swallow thickly. "And what is that?"



Amusement dances in his eyes. “A lot of things, and the first thing is that I appreciate honesty and do you know what else I like, Hope?”

I shudder. “What?”

His lips twitch. “A challenge. Being as old as I am, you seldom find anything that interests you. But that has recently changed.”

“It has?”

“Yes,” his intense blue eyes peer down into mine. “You broke up with my son earlier, didn’t you?”

I nod, and he gives me an almost smile, but it’s far too dark to be considered friendly.

“Great,” he whispers. “That means I’ve just found a new toy, and I think we can have a lot of fun together.”

I narrow my eyes, not sure what he means by that. But before I can say anything, Ethan reaches out and cups my chin, tilting my head up to meet his gaze.

His face is stupidly beautiful. It’s like looking straight into the sun—I’m confident that staring at him for too long could leave permanent scars on your eyes.

Could it be his angelic role doing that? I feel wildly attracted to him, and it gets even worse when he leans closer to brush his cheek against my hair.

“You’re going to be my pet, Hope,” he whispers, his breath hot against my ear. “I can smell the Alpha blood in you, and while I would never accept you as my mate, I can’t help but feel intrigued by you.”

My eyes widen while my heart pounds hard against my ribcage. Wetness is spreading between my legs. His scent is so addicting, but before I know it, Ethan releases me and steps back, a smug grin on his face.

“Don’t worry, little wolf,” he says. “I will give you some time to think about becoming my pet. Just remember that your life is in danger. Your sister will surely come for you when she realizes you’ve awakened, but if you agree to become my pet, I might have it in me to take you under my wings.”

And with that, Ethan turns around, and time resumes to normal while I try to keep my legs from giving under their own weight.

What the hell just happened?