

Rejected By My Boyfriend's Dad

Chapter 5

Hope

I must be mentally ill. Ethan said I would need to degrade myself into being his little pet if I wanted his protection, and here I am, using my lunch break to search for his FB profile. What is the matter with me? The truth? I don't know, and I don't care. I'm thinking with my vagina.

"Ethan...Ethan..." A smile steals over my lips when I find his profile.

Sadly, it's set to private. I can't see anything unless I add Ethan as my friend, so what do I do? I snap a screenshot of his profile picture because, honestly, that face? Gorgeous.

He will be my guilty pleasure later, inspiration.

"I have the worst migraine ever..."

I look up and watch as Laura takes a seat in front of me with her microwaved lunchbox. We aren't that close yet, but since we are both werewolves and she is a member of Alpha Ethan's pack, I should try to get to know her.

"Do you get them often?" I ask.

“No,” she briefly looks up from the pasta. “It’s usually after Ethan has been around to stop the time with his scary hybrid superpowers.”

I smile at her but mention nothing about how Ethan actually did stop the time when he stormed inside Bar25 just a few minutes ago. It might be better to keep that a secret, especially since Ethan’s only purpose in coming here was to tell me to accept my fate as his pet.

At least if I wish to be kept under his protection...

“I’m really sorry about your migraine. Just take some aspirin and drink plenty of water, and it should go away,” I say, trying to be as helpful as possible.

“I already did, but tell me,” she leans closer with a mischievous smile. “Any particular reason why my Alpha is your background picture?”

I feel my cheeks flush as I realize she must be referring to Ethan’s profile picture, which I just screenshot.

“Oh, this? It’s not Ethan,” I lie without batting an eye. “I found a nice stock image with a model that is an Ethan lookalike, so I thought using it would be funny.”

She snorts in disbelief. “Liar. Anyone who is friends with Ethan on FB can see that you’re using his profile picture,” amusement dances in her eyes. “I didn’t realize you were that into him. Then again, who isn’t? The Alpha is gorgeous.”

“Whoa, whoa,” I laugh nervously, trying to wave away her assumption. “I’m not into Ethan, okay? I just thought the picture was nice. That’s it.”

“Sure, sure,” she says with a smirk and shakes her head. “Call it whatever you want, but I see you blushing over there. You’re definitely into him.”

I feel my face heat up even more as Laura’s teasing continues. “I swear, I’m not into him like that,” I say, trying to sound convincing even though I’m lying. “I just think he is attractive, that’s all.”

Laura chuckles. “Well, you’re not the only one,” she says, finishing up her lunch. “Ethan has a way of drawing people to him. As a single Alpha, every girl at seventeen secretly hopes to wake up as his future mate. The guy doesn’t age, so it has been going on for a while.”

“I can imagine,” I reply, my mind wandering to the conversation I had with Ethan earlier.

The idea of being his pet makes my stomach turn, but at the same time, a part of me is intrigued. What would it be like to be his little pet? To feel his cock stretch my pussy? I shake my head, trying to push those thoughts away. I shouldn’t get horny at work.

“Hey, you okay?” Laura asks, noticing my sudden change in demeanor.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” I say, plastering on a fake smile. “Just a lot on my mind.”

She nods, understanding. “Well, if you ever need someone to talk to, I’m here for you,” she says, getting up to throw away her empty lunchbox into her backpack. “Anyway, I’m going to get back to work. Your lunch break is over too, right?”

I hand her a smile. “Yeah, I should probably join you and clean up some tables.”

The rest of the day passes by in a blur, and soon enough, it’s time to end my shift. I say goodbye to Laura and start the walk home, my thoughts once again on Ethan.

As I’m walking, I can feel something stalking me in the shadows. The air smells rotten, and when I hear something moving in the shadows, I quicken my steps. Could it be a rogue? I begin to walk even faster, scared that whatever is hiding in the alley will catch up to me.

The sound of a yowling cat fills my ears, but whatever is in the shadows attacks it with a monstrous snarl. I hear screaming and frantic crying coming from the cat and then utter silence.

Shit.

Did the cat get eaten?!

Suddenly I feel a hand on my shoulder and nearly jump out of my skin. Turning around, I find Ryker standing behind me with an amused expression on his face. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

I let out a relieved laugh. “Ryker! You scared the crap out of me.”

A smirk forms on his lips as he takes in my disheveled appearance. “What were you running from?” he asks, his voice light but filled with curiosity.

“Oh, nothing,” I lie quickly. “I just...thought I heard something behind me and got spooked.”

He raises a skeptical eyebrow but doesn't push further for an explanation.

“I see...and you're heading home?”

“Yeah, I was just about to call you,” I say, glad that I'm not alone but together with my roommate. It will make walking home that much safer.

Ryker smiles at me, and even though we are no longer a couple, he wraps an arm around my shoulder. “You're lucky that I was around. A little werewolf like you shouldn't be walking alone at this hour. It could be dangerous.”

I'm a bit weirded out by his behavior. Ryker would never put his arm around me like this. Did he hit his head or something? And since when does he call me little werewolf?

“Hope!”

Wait.

Is that Ryker's voice?

I whip around and stare at another Ryker running toward me. He waves his arms at me with a wild expression. "Get away from the other me! It's a shadow!"

A shadow?

Those are shape-shifting demons that stalk their prey. They love to eat werewolves, but a whole pack of them is too many for it to hunt, so they specialize in rogue hunting and confuse their victims into turning into their loved ones.

Oh my god...does that mean it's here for me?!

My heart stops, and before I can even scream, the shadow behind me hisses and reshapes itself into a massive creature of darkness. Icy fear crawls down my spine as I stare at its formless body as it becomes something new.

It's glaring at me, cloaked in smoke with eyes that seem to glow like a fire from within. I tremble before it, and that's when it opens its mouth to moan and howl up at the sky.

"Yes..." it groans in a perverse voice. "Your fear is making me stronger...so much stronger...yes..."

The shadow grows larger and larger until it stands tall between us with a massive body like a lion's but with wings that stretch out like a dragon's.

"Little wolf..." the shadow growls in a distorted, inhuman voice. "It's time for you to die!"

"Hope, get away from the shadow!" Ryker shouts before shape-shifting into a werewolf.

His wolf is black and white, and he jumps at the shadow—only to be thrown away like a baseball by the shadow’s tail, which has taken the form of a massive snake.

‘The shadow has taken the form of a chimera,’ my inner wolf explains. I didn’t expect Tariel to speak to me, but it makes sense since we are in danger. ‘And it seems Ryker isn’t strong enough to defeat it. Do you know what that means?’

I wet my lips. ‘What?’

She chuckles darkly. ‘It’s time for you to shape-shift for the first time. The time has come for the legendary silver wolf to awaken—your true form.’

My eyes widen. ‘W-what do you mean?’ Is she sure she got the right person? I know that I come from an Alpha lineage, but I can’t remember any silver wolves in my family.

“Hope...” I can hear Ryker’s weak voice cough. He has changed back into a human and is shaking on the ground from the big wounds on his body. “You need to run...save yourself and warn...the others...”

“What?!” I exclaim. “No, I’m not leaving you!”

“You have to!” Ryker argues and coughs up blood. “The shadow is too strong for you to fight! Go and get my dad, or people will get hurt!”

Tariel howls in misery. 'He is right. I'm unsure if we will be powerful enough to defeat a shadow as strong as this one during our first shape-shift.'

'You don't think so?'

'No... I'm sorry, Hope.'

Shit, what am I supposed to do then?

Ryker gasps for air. "Hope...just leave...please..."

"I..." as I look back and forth between the shadow that is now changing into a dragon made of shadows and Ryker's bleeding body, I realize what I must do.

I have to trick the shadow back to Bar25, where Laura and the other pack members from the Nightslash pack work. If I can do that, we can defeat the shadow together.

'Good plan,' Tariel says. 'But you need to shape-shift.'

Instead of responding, I pick up a rock from the ground and throw it at the shadow. It immediately screeches and lunges for me, and my heart picks up speed.

'I'm counting on you, Tariel!'

'Leave it to me.'

In a flash, I shape-shift into a wolf. My bones break and rebuild, but I don't have time to stand still. The shadow reaches out an arm to claw at me, and I jump forward to run, all while continuing to transform.

My legs grow thicker and wider, my fur grows longer and denser, and my instincts take over. I run faster than I ever have before—thrilled to have shape-shifted for the first time.

I never knew it would feel so great!

The wind whistles in my ears, the buildings blur past me as I run down the street, and soon the shadow is far behind me.

Did I lose it?

But then, suddenly, I'm thrown forward, my legs losing balance as something slams into me from behind. Before I can even comprehend what is happening, a clawed hand grabs onto my ankle and drags me back.

The shadow has caught up with me!

“Did you think you could get away from me, little wolf?” It hisses, its voice shrill and triumphant. “Think again...I won't let a prey like you get away. I'm very hungry, and you're going to be my dinner.”

I turn my head, and tears sting my eyes as I stare up into the monster's hungry gaze. Reality is closing in on me like a cage, and this time, I'm not sure I can escape.

