

Chapter 8

My heart did not just break but shattered into a million pieces. My mate, the love of my life, was kissing someone else even after learning that I was his mate.

The warmth I felt a while ago turned into a cold ache in my chest. It was like someone stabbed my heart a thousand times.

An emptiness washed over me. The ground beneath me shook, giving me a taste of betrayal.

I felt small and worthless. Otherwise, why did he ignore me when I was giving myself to him? He did not accept me but went to get close to another girl.

I wanted to look away from them. But my eyes could not move from him. The way he was kissing the girl was clearly demonstrating that he was mad.

'Is he furious because he discovered I am his mate?' I thought.

He broke the kiss and looked at the girl's face. "To my place."

The girl's face brightened up as if she had never thought he would invite her to his own place. She grinned and replied, "I can't believe you want me. I am so lucky, Trevor."

I stared at him, waiting for him to look at me again.

Did he not know I was standing here? Why was he giving me such pain?

The girl held his arm and said, "Let's go."

He gave her a nod and started walking in my direction.

I was stunned when he walked past me. My lips quivered. "T-Trevor"

He stopped at the gate but did not turn to me. The girl gazed at me and looked at me from head to toe. She then gave me a disdainful expression.

"Waitress, know your place. How dare you call him like that?"

I ignored the girl and approached Trevor. I wanted to talk to him.

"Trevor, please don't leave."

His face was indifferent as he looked ahead, outside the gate of the club.

The girl glared at me. "How dare you say that?"

I lifted my hand and held the hem of Trevor's jacket. "Please..."

The girl got so mad at me that she grabbed my hand and yanked it away. She shoved me against a wall. I felt pain in my back.

"You slut! Look at yourself. You are here not for work but to seduce men. He is Trevor Kingston. He doesn't like nasty girls like you."

I was stunned. My mind could not process anything. Her words went over my head. I was only staring at my mate.

"M-Ma—"

Before I could call Trevor "Mate," he turned to the girl and interrupted me. "Leave. I lost my mood."

The girl's eyes widened. She shook her head. "No, no, Trevor. It's her fault. I will make it up to you. Don't push me like this."

Trevor's expression was calm. He did not respond, just staring at the girl, implying that his decision was fixed and no one could change it.

She lifted her hand to touch his cheek to persuade him. But he gave him a cold look as if he did not like it when girls touched him.

It caused the girl's hand to freeze in midair. She tightened her fists and shifted her gaze at me. She glared at me, giving me warning through her eyes that I had ruined her plan.

The girl stomped on the floor and exited the club in anger.

When the girl left, I felt a relief rush over my chest. I sighed with a long breath.

A small smile developed on my lips. 'He didn't go with that girl.'

Trevor did not look at me as he turned around and walked out of the club.

I parted my lips and followed behind him.

"Trevor"

I called out his name. He lit a cigarette while walking to the road.

I limped on the road while following him. My legs were hurting like hell. I could not walk anymore. I halted my steps and realized we had come to the alley near the club.

I could only see him under the yellowish light of the streetlamp.

"Mate"

I called him with a loud voice so that he could hear me.

When he stopped walking, my heart skipped a beat. I gulped, feeling nervous.

We were no longer strangers. Because now we were mates.

I limped toward him and came to stop beside him. The yellow light illuminated his face. He was so breathtaking that simply looking at him made me blush.

"Mate, I am happy that you didn't go with her," I said to him in a low whisper.

He brought the cigarette to his lips and inhaled deeply, then exhaled the smoke.

I blinked, staring at him. He was tall and had a personality that could scare anyone. But he was one piece in the world. No one could be him. He was Trevor Kingston.

I cleared my throat and said,

"Mate, I wanted to tell you something. I could not dare to say that before. But since we are mates, I can't hide it anymore."

My face flushed, and I mumbled the words in my heart.

"I love you."

His fingers that were holding the cigarette near his lips froze. He was unmoved after hearing me.

I was about to hold his hand to speak further, but he grabbed my wrist and turned his head to face me.

He glared at me and asked,

"What did you just say?"

His voice was angry. His eyes were the fiercest. The veins in his forehead and neck were visible as if he almost lost control over his rage.

I flinched, not knowing why he got mad.

"I-I love you, Mate," I said with my eyes turning blurry with tears.

He shoved my hand, causing me to stumble back. I fell to the wall behind me.

"Dare to call me that again," he warned with an icy tone.

He was not like others who yell in anger. It was the coldness of his tone, which changed with his temper.

His words hurt me. I did not know what I should feel. But all I knew was he was my mate. I loved him, and fate chose him for me.

I shook my head and replied,

"M-Mate, please don't say like that. My fate chose you. We are mates. I can feel the mate bond. I know you can feel it too."

He came toward me with slow steps. His eyes turned red. In response, my eyes turned blue.

My wolf whined inside, yearning to be his.

He stopped in front of me and grabbed my neck. I was shocked when his grip was too tight for me to breathe.

"Fate? Mate? I don't give a fuck about these things. A girl like you can't be my mate. I will choose my mate according to my wishes. No fate can force me to be mated with a bitch."

I bit my bottom lip, crying. Tears fell on my cheeks. My eyes turned swollen. I held his wrist but did not push him.

"P-Please, d-don't neglect me. The only person in my heart is you," I spoke with pain in my throat.

He released me and I slid down the wall.

I raised my head and looked at him while inhaling air to breathe.

His eyes moved from my face and lowered to my neck. I pressed my palm on my neck, thinking if there was something wrong.

His red eyes darkened. "A whore who has other men's marks on their body... you are a dirty slut."

I shook my head. I got up and reached out my hand to touch him.

He took a step back as if I were dirty. I was heartbroken by the disgust on his face.

"Like mother, like daughter. Mother seduced my dad, and now the daughter came to me. Don't you have any shame?"

I sobbed. "M-Mate—"

He cut me off with a loud growl of anger, like his blood was boiling every time I called him mate.

The growl made me fall to my knees, kneeling before him. My head lowered in submission.

My wolf submitted to him, crawling inside me in fear that her Alpha would hurt her.

The world turned silent around me.

Then I heard the cruelest words I had ever heard in my life.

"I, Alpha Trevor, reject you as my mate, Omega."

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~