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Love Me, Or Reject Me

Freya's POV

Chapter 1 Stampede

My phone suddenly vibrated; it was a text message from my friend Novia Motley: "Freya,

Tracy's fan meeting at the Times Mall caused a stampede today. Didn't you tweet an hour ago that you were at the mall? I mean, are you okay?"

I pursed my lips, my right hand being infused, so I had to use my left hand to type a difficult

reply: "Yeah, but don't worry. Just a small injury, no big deal."

The message had hardly been sent when I received a call from Novia.

"Which hospital are you in? I'm coming to see you now." Novia's nervous voice immediately rang out of the phone.

"Athana National Hospital." The thought of her anxious face on the other end made me feel a little relieved and I smiled bitterly.

"Hold on, I'll be right there," she assured me before she hung up the phone.

As I had strolled through the mall earlier today, my only intention was to purchase a new

outfit.

frenzied crowd had filled every nook and cranny of the mall, resulting in a stampede that resembled a flock of frightened sheep scrambling to escape.

Tracy's desperate screams had been amplified by the microphone, attracting more people to

Little did I know that I would stumble upon the fan meeting of the famous star, Tracy. The

dozen bodyguards, thus forcing the cancellation of the fan meeting.

"Shit! What bad luck!" That was the only thought in my mind before I was injured and rushed to the hospital.

the chaos, and causing more injuries. Eventually, she was extracted from the crowd by a

However, with the wards currently filled with critical patients, I was only able to be placed in a corridor bed, and the air was filled with the overpowering smell of disinfectant, making me feel nauseous.

"Ms. Yost? Is your family still not here?"

The nurse's voice was slightly apologetic, conveying a sense of difficulty and interrupting

my thoughts.

"I'm sorry, he might have something going on at work, so I can sign for it myself if the

surgery is done," I replied, my voice barely above a whisper, and a trace of disappointment showed in my eyes.

"Sorry, we will never allow this to happen. You had such a big accident, and someone should

take care of you."

The nurse's expression betrayed surprise, and I could sense a hint of pity hidden in her eyes.

Perhaps to her, I was just a pitiful soul, abandoned and alone.

"Okay, I'll try again then," I said, lowering my eyes as she walked away.

The enormity of what had happened was overwhelming, yet my phone remained silent, with the only contact listed as "husband," but no response.

The silence was more chilling than the tragic events that had transpired earlier that day.

further tests were necessary to determine whether any organs had sustained damage.

Just then, a faint musky scent drifted into my nostrils, a fragrance that I knew all too well, and it instantly calmed my restless heart.

Although the nurse had only identified superficial injuries during the initial examination,

I sensed that it was my husband, Kingsley Wright, who wore a hat and mask covering himself tightly, and I couldn't help but feel happy.

This was why she kept insisting on waiting for my family.

He was wearing a decent suit and anxiously searching the hallway. I thought my message had paid off, so I painfully stood up to greet him with excitement.

innermost room of the corridor.

It was Tracy's room, which was now surrounded by the press.

However, his eyes did not linger on my body for more than a second. Instead, he stopped a

passing medical staff member to ask a question before walking without looking back to the

"What am I expecting..." I forced a smile and held back my tears.

Kingsley's appearance immediately piqued the interest of a large group of reporters, who became excited and charged towards him, looking as if a second stampede was about to

"Hey handsome are you Tracy's legendary underground lover

family?" questioned the journalist at the hospital entrance.

years ago attracted the attention of the entire community.

made a special trip to attend to another woman.

arm upon seeing my disheveled appearance.

knitted together in concern.

of loss in my heart.

closed my eyes.

belly.

mate. Hey, why don't you just reject him?" she declared in anger.

suddenly skipped a beat at the sight of a particular photo.

occur.

"Hey, handsome, are you Tracy's legendary underground lover?" they asked. "Can you tell us how long you've been talking and when you plan to announce it?"

"Is it true that you are Kingsley Wright, the eldest son of the Shadowmoon Pack royal

Just then, Kingsley entered the ward with a solemn expression, flanked by Tracy's bodyguards.

The reporters at the entrance scrambled to capture the latest information, but were met with

firm resistance from the stoic bodyguards wearing sunglasses.

My heart sank at the sight of him. As his lawful mate, the ceremony of our mating three

wedding, he became a different person – distant and detached.

Today, even in the face of my grave accident, he showed no concern for me and instead

I had anticipated a happy and fulfilling life with him in the future. However, after the

handles for support.

Just as I reached the hospital entrance, Novia pulled up in her car and rushed over to hold my

"That wolf-hearted thing Kingsley didn't even bother to come. He doesn't deserve to be your

The thought of it was unbearable, and I stumbled out of the hospital corridor, clutching the

"Reject?" I whispered, knowing she was only joking, but still chewing over the words.

"What's the difference between my life today and that after rejecting?" I thought to myself.

"Hey honey. Come on, you look quite unsightly with that sad face. Don't hesitate to tell me when you need me. You know I'll always be here with you," Novia said.

Though her words sounded slightly biting, they still warmed my heart as her eyebrows

A bittersweet feeling swelled within me, and I lifted my head, trying to hide the tears.

After she dropped me off at my doorstep, Novia waved goodbye from her car.

As I hobbled back to my room, I glanced around at the empty house and felt a heavy sense

I pulled the blanket tight around me and scrolled through my social media feed, but my heart

It was a pregnancy-test report, and the most crucial thing was the blurry figure standing next

to Tracy's white palm, exuding a cold aura that could only belong to Kingsley.

At that moment, my heart felt as though it were bleeding.

Despite being accepted by him as his mate for three years, we had not yet had children.

I took a shower and lay on my bed, staring blankly out the window as the sun sank below the horizon.

Could this be the reason why Kingsley chose to stay away from me?

Gently, Kingsley approached.

Then, he lay down next to me and stretched his body. At that moment, my hot hand began to caress his body. He opened his eyes with a start.

My hand slowly traveled down his body, igniting a fire of desire that burned deep in his

It was midnight when footsteps echoed outside my bedroom door. I took a deep breath and

I could feel his wolf couldn't help but tremble with excitement.

Kingsley leaned down slowly and kissed me tenderly, and I responded passionately. My legs

entwined around his waist, and I felt his desire for me.

delicate hands braced against his chest, preventing his next move.

Kingsley was confused and looked at me with blurred eyes.

I continued to stroke his chest, and my heart felt like it was racing down a highway.

slowly losing my mind.

When Kingsley was about to enter my body, I suddenly thought of my duty tonight. My

My breathing became slightly disordered, my messy hair pressed tightly against my sweat-

"It's my ovulation day," I said. "The doctor said it's easier to get pregnant in this position."

sheen forehead. Then I took a pillow from my side and placed it under myself.

He had a faint scent that was reminiscent of the wind blowing into a fire, and I felt like I was