

Pregnant And Rejected; His Wolfless Mate Chapter 1 - Spineless Mutton

Melody

I was basking in the joy of the moment as I discovered that my long-time crush, the prince of Mallory kingdom is my mate.

I couldn't wait to tell him.

I ran for hours, from my father's pack to the palace; just to give the news to my supposed mate.

Derek would often avoid me every time I tried to speak to him. I don't know why, but he seems to hate me.

My teenage mind was overwhelmed by the news that I didn't stop to think of what would happen if I told him. I was too happy. I thought the mate bond would just make him love me regardless of how he felt before.

I arrived at the palace, panting like a dog. I was allowed entrance since that wasn't the first time I visit the Princess.

But this time, instead of the Princess's chamber, I went straight to the Prince's. I was blushing like a fool as I opened the door, just like I used to whenever I accompany Sophia.

He raised his head slightly but reverts his gaze as soon as he saw me.

"What Is it? Tell Sophia I'm too busy, I don't want to be disturbed."

His voice was harsh; making me want to cower away from telling him, but my excitement got the better of me. I gathered the amount of courage I could summon and decided to tell him.

"I didn't come for Sophia."

"Then? He couldn't wait to shoo me out."

"I came to tell you something."

"Out with it!" He sounded hasty; as if he couldn't wait to send me off. As if my presence was poisonous to him.

"I... We I'm... Did you know...

"Would you mind leaving until you have something meaningful coming out of your mouth?"

No. I shook my head. I must tell him.

"Did you know that we... That I'm your mate? Your destined mate." I foolishly emphasized as if he wouldn't understand until I add that.

The look on his face tells me that he already knew.

"So?" His cold response confirmed my thoughts. He already knew.

"I thought _ I wanted to _"

My voice got stuck in my throat as I was suddenly pinned to the wall. Derek growled and grabbed my neck.

"Did you tell anyone?" He breathes into my face.

I couldn't speak since my neck was tight in his grip. I could only shake my head.

"Who else did you tell?! Answer me!"

He realized that I couldn't give a response, since he was holding tightly to my neck.

"Speak before I tear your head off your body!"

"I _ didn't _ tell anyone." I managed to cough out the words.

"Better. Now scram! Never show your face to me ever!"

"I'm _ I'm your mate." I foolishly repeated as if that would change anything.

"I don't want a spineless, gutless, wolfless mutton like you for a mate!"

"But _ " I stutter, unable to say a word under his scrutiny.

I didn't get to say the words on my tongue before he grabbed my arm and pulled me into his wide chest. He leaned close to my ear, so he could whisper loud enough for me to hear.

His cold voice sends a shiver down my spine as he said, "I Derek Marvin, reject you as my mate!"

Without waiting to hear what I had to say. He tossed me out.

My legs felt weak and I fell on the floor outside the door of his workspace. My eyes sting, but I wasn't ready to prove him right.

He called me spineless.

I swept myself off the ground and left the palace. My steps became heavy as I walked back to my father's pack; reminding me of how far I'd come.

Derek's words pierced through me like knives. Cutting and slashing mercilessly through my entire body.

I didn't know how far I'd come in such a short time until I was walking through the endless lane. Seems that heaven also decided to punish me for being foolish, it suddenly started pouring.

What was I even thinking?

Was I expecting Derek to jump on me and kiss me as soon as I tell him I was his mate?

He hated me and he never ceases to show this.

How could I think that he would accept me with open arms?

Foolish! That word fits me too well.

I walked back home and let myself drench in the rain. At least, it did me the favor of washing my tears away.

I was able to cry my heart out.

Out there in the rain, I took a vow never to be weak or gutless. I will never be that spineless girl anymore.

Henceforth, I will never be the same!

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A few days after my nineteenth birthday, I was called to my father's study. He must have something important to say otherwise, he wouldn't summon me.

Everyone was already waiting when I arrived.

"Good day father," I tried to sound calm.

My heart was racing. Even though I knew I haven't done anything wrong, I couldn't help being afraid.

"You're late!" Father snarled. His eyes stared daggers at me.

"I'm sorry father, I slept in."

That was the only excuse I could think of. I can't afford father's anger and judging from the look on his face, I might be in for a lot more than just his angry display.

"Father, let's get on with this." Malfoy urged.

Malfoy is my little brother and even though I'm two years older than he is, he looks bigger with broad shoulders and an amazing physique.

"Yes father," My elder brother, Malcolm added.

Those two are my father's favorite. With handsome faces, perfect bodies and height, and a wolf. All of which I do not possess.

"This is about the coming event of my coronation." Father began; reminding me that he is to be named the viscount of Mallory's kingdom. "I want everything in perfect order. You should be on your best behavior. Do not disgrace me."

Those words were directed at me. I know it because Father's eyes were on me as he spoke.

"Is that clear?!" Father thundered, snapping me to reality.

"Ye... Yes, father!" I nod fervently.

I wonder why my heart is thumping so hard. I'm sure everyone can hear how fast my heart raced.

"The king and his entire family along with some other important guests, will all be here," Father was now standing before me. "I won't tolerate any misbehavior or clumsiness."

I knew he was talking to me. He didn't have to stand before me. Now, I'm scared out of my wits.

"Noted father," Malfoy came to my rescue.

He held my already sweaty hand and squeezed it; transferring some warmth through it.

I felt a little relaxed and collected enough to respond to father.

"Noted father," I repeated.

"Good, now leave." I flinched at my father's voice. I didn't wait to be told the second time.

Once I was out; leaving the intelligent people to discuss the coronation. Father only has the warning to pass to me. I wasn't part of the team. I do not get to plan or make arrangements with them.

The benefit of having a wolf, I guess.

I do not have the luxury of that since I'm Wolfless.

I was happy to be out. I was able to release my breath as soon as I got out. As I walk back to my room, I get to replay all of my father's warnings in my head.

I'd rather not attend the function than be an embarrassment.

The following day was father's coronation. I noticed that several guests already arrived. Everyone was busy, I was the only one with nothing to do.

I returned to my room and decided to sleep, but then I knew that would make me incur my father's wrath. I immediately went to take a bath to prepare for the banquet.

Soon it was time for the coronation. I dragged myself to the banquet hall against my wish, since we have to welcome the royal entourage.

The Prince walked towards us with a few others following behind him, including Sophia.

"Welcome, your royal highnesses," I curtsied.

"Melody!" Sophia hugs me; disregarding her image. "It's been so long."

"Manners, Sophia!" The Prince whispered, more like he was yelling in a low voice.

His hatred for me is apparent on his face. I wonder what I have done to make him hate me so much.

As much as I would love to avoid seeing him, I couldn't help it. We have to welcome our guests, courtesy demands.

The coronation was successful and I managed to stay calm. I didn't ruin the day and I am grateful for that.

I got up to return to my room. Not that my absence will be noticed.

Besides, I've had a little too much to drink thanks to Malcolm and Malfoy.

They wanted me to have fun and I did until Derek's face appeared before me. He was Malcolm's friend, so it was natural for him to share some wine with him.

I decided to take a stroll in the garden to clear my head.

I'm so over the Prince. My silly crush on him has washed away in the rain that night, two years ago. But I wonder why I feel unhappy seeing those young ladies fawning over him.

I'm over him! I'm so over him. I chanted to remind my heart.

My vision was hazy as I got up to go. I managed to maintain a ladylike posture as I walked back to my room.

I was grinning widely, happy that I didn't embarrass Father today. I'll probably get a pat on my head tomorrow.

Just when I thought my day was perfect, I suddenly heard someone's voice from behind me. I couldn't make up what was happening until everything went dark and the last I heard was, "This one should do."