

## **Pregnant And Rejected; His Wolfless Mate Chapter 2 - Random Woman**

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."

Derek

"What is wrong, your highness." Donovan, my best friend asks as he stood by my side.

"I think, I have been drugged."

"What?!" He hissed.

"Shh \_ " I stood up and pinned his shoulder. "We mustn't alert the enemy."

"How do you feel?" Donovan was worried about me. It was evident on his face and how his body trembled from anger.

"I \_ " I grit my teeth as the drug heats my lower body; making me crave a woman's body.

I hate feeling weak, I was vulnerable to this drug. The more I tried to fight, the harder it grips me.

"Get me some random woman. I need to relieve myself!"

I stood up and tapped my muddled head. To help me stay awake. My vision was becoming blurry but I still remember the way to the room allocated to me upon our arrival at the Shadow Pack.

Shadow Pack is a pack under my father's jurisdiction and one of the six packs we rule over. Plus, the Alpha of the shadow pack and my father were best of friends. They still are.

Father wanted me to attend the coronation banquet of his friend since he had to attend to some urgent matters.

I hate visiting this pack, especially this family. It's for no other reason but for the family's daughter.

She gushes over me at every chance she gets.

I get irked just by the mere sight of her. I don't know why this happens or why I hate her. Everything made sense when I found out that she was born without a wolf.

That explains it all.

However, something else happened that fanned the flames of my hatred toward her. I discovered that she was my mate shortly after she clocked sixteen.

The moon goddess has to be kidding!

I mean, how? Just how will she make a girl like Melody my mate?

She has nothing that I could want and to top it all she has no wolf; meaning she is human.

How much I detest that weak race, only I could tell.

She is always scared. She can barely speak without stuttering. What am I supposed to do with such?

No way!

I rejected her and hoped for a second chance mate. Otherwise, I'll have to pick a strong she-wolf worthy to walk the journey of eternity with me.

The knock on the door brought me back to the present. I stayed buried under the cold shower to help ease my burning desire to ram my cock into some hole.

The urge is driving me crazy.

I know Donovan must have brought in the woman as I ordered. Without thinking further, I hop out of the bathroom.

I put off the lights in the room to avoid getting recognized. I do not want to see her face. I don't want to be reminded of this night, so I took away everything that could remind me. If I don't know who she is then I can't remember having anything to do with her. Likewise, I can't have the lady go about telling everyone about this.



As soon as the lights were out, I went straight to bed. My hands came in contact with the softest skin I'd ever touched. Her scent was intoxicating; pulling me right to her.

She cringed as my cold hands touched her. I traced my hands over her body. I was wondering why she wasn't making any sound.

Did she anticipate this?

My hand went to her face. I noticed that something was stuffed in her mouth, probably to stop her from screaming.

However, my urge to kiss her pushed me to take out the gag. She tried to scream as soon as the gag was out, but I kissed her; turning her screams into a low muffle.

I pinned her down and tore out her dress swiftly. My hand traced every part of her body as I familiarize myself with her body.

My mind was hazy. I couldn't think about anything but ramming into her.

She was soft and sweet. Her mouth tasted like a freshly bloomed strawberry. I couldn't stop kissing her.

I pulled her legs apart and slid in, However, I felt an obstruction. It's her first time.

I wanted to stop this.

I so badly want to stop. I do not want to ruin someone's life just to ease myself, but this one was one sweet dessert I do not want to part with.

I find myself getting addicted to her lips. I return to it after every breath break.

I'll compensate her. I concluded. That washed away my guilt. Without further delay. I was inside her.

I groaned at her warmth.

She was warm and tight. Her warmth drove me crazy, a lot worse than the aphrodisiac in my body.

Soon she stopped struggling. She must have succumbed to fate or she got tired of struggling. After all, the deed was done, but I was far from being done.

I took her in every way possible. In every part of the room. I was amazed at her submission, but my desire for her overrides my thinking.

I didn't realize how long it's been until Donovan knocked on the door.

"Your highness, it's almost dawn. We should leave."

Yes, he's right.

I should leave. I don't want people to find me here in this room with this strange woman. However, I didn't want to part with her. I wanted more of her.

I took her one last time. This time I tried to be as gentle as I could, that was my parting gift to her.

I wanted to speak to her. To assure her that she will be well compensated, but I couldn't. That would expose my identity.

I took a bath and changed my clothes. When I returned to the room she was fast asleep. She must be tired. It's a good thing she didn't pass out on me.

I was fighting the urge to take a look at her face.

No. I stopped myself. I don't want to be attached.

I ordered new clothes for her and left for the palace. I informed no one of my departure, not even Sophia.

The entire time through the journey all I could think about was the feeling of her body under me. How perfect it was.

I was off the effect of the aphrodisiac, but I still craved her body. I dragged myself to my room and took a cold bath, but that didn't help at all.

Days went by, but not once did I forget what happened at the Shadow Pack. That lady, her body. Her soft muffled moans. The warmth of her insides, I was haunted by everything.

She was all I could think of. I brought in several ladies but none could fill the void she left in me, not even my fiancée, Miranda.

"Who was that lady?" I finally decide to ask.

"Who?" Donovan was confused. He didn't seem to understand my question and I don't blame him. Every other person would forget a one-night sexcapade but I couldn't.

I've fantasized about her. I even nurture the thought of doing it again with her.

"The woman you brought in at shadow Pack." The short description was enough to remind him.

"Oh," Donovan nods as he remembers.

I was holding my heart, hoping and praying it won't be someone I'd despise. Donovan frowned and shook his head.

"I don't know."

"You don't know what?" I ask with dread.

"I don't know her." He repeated.

My head spun as he said this. How could he be so careless?

"You don't know her?" I found myself yelling. I don't know why I was, especially since this was supposed to be a secret.

"Yes, your highness," Donovan repeated

"How could you do that?!" I brushed my hand through my hair and hissed. This is my cock speaking not me.

Here I was, fantasizing and dreaming of having another sexcapade with this woman, but Donovan doesn't even know her?

"How could you do that? How could you pick just anyone?" I snarled.

"With all due respect your highness," Donovan bowed. "You wanted a random woman and I got you one."