

# Rejected Mate's Secret Baby

## Chapter 3

ELIANA.

My grandmother used to tell me I was different since I was young. She'd sit me down when I felt so devastated and dispirited and tell me—"You're going to be okay" I'd like to think that she sounded a lot like my mother, she was the only thing I had that linked the both of us.

Grandma Abbey told me that I had her smile though, and the green in my mother's eyes. That she lived in me. I was five when I knew what the word abuse meant and on the cusp of turning eleven was when my brother touched me for the first time. My whole life had been hell, how could grandma say I was special—if this was special, I didn't want it.

She was the only one who didn't lay a finger on me but alas, I soon lost her. Everyone claimed that my grandma had lost her mind ever since the death of her daughter which was my mother. I didn't think she was crazy, so I knew it was just one of Sienna's ploys to get her out of the pack.

She had tirelessly tried with me, accusing me of rudeness and stealth and some of the most abhorrent things. She didn't get me out but Sienna was able to convince my father to lock my grandma away.

It was more painful that I didn't lose her to death but rather she was taken from me. Up until this very moment that I sat in that chair, her words were all that echoed in my ears—that I was special.

"What?" I lifted my eyes back to Alpha Eric, Denver's father who had presented to me a document that looked like a contract. It had been three weeks since my escape and for the most of it, I was welcomed in the Black Moon Pack. I rarely ever saw Denver himself but whenever he was close, it was more than enough to fill me with fear.

I knew I was indebted to him, he made sure I never forgot that but looking up, I didn't think I would have to pay back so soon, with myself. My body.

Denver hovered behind his father as I looked back and forth them.

"You're going to marry my son." Alpha Eric's stoic voice was much louder than his son's. He was elderly with hair full of grey and an aura that could command an entire army. I didn't dare refute or say no, even though my heart leapt into the back of my throat.

My mind was racing but all I could do was bow my head in submission. If anyone had told me that the day would come when Malik Denver would be my husband, I would have laughed in their face. Never in a million years did I think this would ever happen. Maybe I was special...

There was a sparkle in his eyes as they met mine. This was what he meant when he told me I owed him. But looking at Denver's emotionless face, I wasn't even sure this was what he wanted.

Though he never said so himself, which was a lot worse. He'd not been so bad, maybe even caring for a little while but I know better than to fall for the playboy Alpha. His promiscuous tales were usually the gossip of the entire town and I'd picked up one too many things about him. There was a such a time I was so disgusted.

But now, the idea of being his bride didn't seem so bad. After all, I owed him my life since he saved me.

"It's merely a contractual union and after three weeks of closely monitoring you, I have deemed you perfect for him. You are nothing like your father and once you get fully healed, I'd arrange for the event" His father was well spoken, although his voice was a tad bit frail.

All I saw was a chance to rid myself off the past and start a new life. It couldn't be worse than what I'd already been through, could it?

Blood rushed into my cheeks as I nodded. I was getting better now, my skin wasn't so deathly pale and my eyes weren't as yellow. The bruises on my arms and legs were healing. This was a better life.

Denver shot me a icy glare but a smile crept to the corner of my lips as I nodded. "I'll marry him." I agreed.

Few days passed and I walked the aisle in a flowing white dress, my whole life seemed to be a fairytale, none of it felt real. Denver was in a shiny black suit with a lavender lapel and he took my hands in his, sliding a ring across my fourth finger. His grip was tight but I made nothing of it.

No one else knew it was a contract marriage, they all believed the Alpha had found the right woman to tame him. I was covered in a lot of makeup to hide my bruises and scars, I'm not even sure they knew where I came from. Sometimes, I thought about how it was as though this was very reason Denver saved me that night.

He suddenly grasped my waist, drawing me out my thoughts. My eyes fixated into his dark green ones and a dangerous aura swept through the air. Before I knew what was happening, Denver kissed me.

My heart fluttered so much that it almost escaped from my throat. I inhaled his breath and felt the warmth of his skin. Denver tasted like a bad decision, a very bad one.

When he pulled away, his lips fell to my ears. "Put on a show." He whispered and I sucked in air through my nostrils.

Denver held my hands and I plastered a grin across my face as we walked out of there. It didn't feel real but the shiny diamond ring across my finger was a reminder that it was. In three weeks, I'd gone from being a slave to my own pack to a future luna in another.

But I still had no idea what was coming.

Denver walked up to another room this time, like a chamber—his chamber. "I have to get out of this dress" I said to him, preparing to turn around but his hands sharply groped me. "Where do you think you're going?" His voice was deep and decadent. My eyes blanked, I didn't know what to think as he pushed open his door.

The cold dry winds slapped me in the face and Denver pulled me into the room. My heart stomped once he closed the door behind. Like I said, he drove so much fear into me and it was worse when we were alone. His eyes wandered over my body as his tugged at his tie. He proceeded to rip it off before throwing it to the floor.

"Denver, I should really get back to m—"

"Take off your clothes." He whispered and a sharp sound rang through my ears. Denver stepped forward and his hands enveloped half my flustered face. "Do not be afraid, little one." He calmed me down and I heaved a deep breath.

"The purpose of all this is to birth an heir for my father." I arched my brow. "Why else did you think he wanted this?" I asked. My words were caught up in the back of my throat. I didn't even know that.

Soon, Denver's hands slipped underneath the strap of my dress and he maneuvered his way around the zip. His heated breathes crashed into my neck, raising all the hairs across my skin. There was a hollow opening in the depths of my stomach, a portion of me that yearned for him.

My dress fell loosely to the ground and for a moment, Denver halted to take a look. He licked across his lips, I wanted this but then again, I didn't actually know what this was. My relationship with sex was built around pain and torture, all the experiences from my step-brother.

I wanted to change that but I was so afraid.

"We don't have to do this so soon" Denver regrettably muttered but I shook my head. "No." I faintly whispered.

I inched closer to Denver and his woody scent trickled up my nose. "I want to do this" I nodded. "I'm better now." Slowly, he unhooked my brassiere and his mouth soon fell across the skin on my neck. I could feel his halting breathes, his desire to mark me but I knew he wouldn't.

I wasn't even sure he knew we were mates. It was also a reason why I wanted this. After tonight, I would know for certain.

"I'll be gentle" Denver lifted me into his arms and placed me across the soft mattress of his bed. Everything smelled like him, a portion of my brain was dedicated to his scent and it drove me mad. Denver kissed every portion of my body but my lips. And then he took off my panties.

My knees brushed against his hands as he leaned over. I could feel his skin against mine and it was a fiery touch. His elbows dug into the bed as he started to thrust slowly. A sharp moan escaped my lips but as he promised, Denver was gentle.

He held my hands, gliding deeper by the second into my entrance.

It was a tethering experience, a burst of passion. Yep, he was my mate.

On the verge of his climax, I readied myself and soon after, I could feel the warmth of his seed flow through me and down my inner thighs. I laid limply across the bed with my eyes fixated on the ceiling. I made a new memory of this, wiping off the ones I had with Jaxon.

And for a moment, my eyes were filled with tears.

Denver got up and almost immediately reached for his clothes. Not a single word came out of his lips nor a single emotion. on his face. I sat up, even expecting to meet his eyes but he just closed the door on his way out. I held his sheets tight across my chest as I breathed heavily.

He didn't want this.

And you see, that was the first moment that I realized it was just truly just a contract marriage. Denver grew stricter and more indifferent by the day and we barely even spent any time together except every fortnight which was one in two weeks that that were our mating days.

I was solely meant to be a breeder for him, to give him a child to show his father and the entire pack. But several months passed, so did the mating days and it felt like I was failing at that too.

"Im sorry, you're not pregnant" The Pack Doctor would say each time she called after the routine check. My shoulders would flatten in disappointment and when I'd look to Denver, he'd just shake his head with a scoff.

He didn't say anything but I could tell his patience was growing thin.

I could feel his resentment grow from me each time the doctor said those words. "Oh she's barren!" I'd even caught a few of the pack members gossiping about me. They didn't hide their disappointment, his father too.

"She's such a failure."

I cried myself to sleep every night in my empty bed. I wanted nothing more than to see my grandmother, maybe ask her why she lied to me my entire life. Telling me I was special when it was the exact opposite.

And so it happened, two miserable years passed since the wedding, I was still without a child and on the verge of losing all hope. But it was then my phone rang, days after a fortnight.

It was the doctor, about to deliver the news that would change my life.

"Hello."