

Rejected His Pregnant Mate

Chapter 2

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“What are y—,” I paused when I heard everyb*dy laughing outside the door. It was all Trace’s plan to embarrass me after he took my virginity.

The door busted open and everyb*dy from my school who had attended the party last night barged in with their cameras shoved in my face.

“Oh My God! This shameless lost her virginity in my bed,” Ariel grunted, but didn’t stop recording me. Thankfully, I had a sheet wrapped around my b*dy, but that didn’t help me. Because they have got my face in the videos.

Her annoying friend commented dramatically in her mean girl’s voice, “She slept with Kevin! Chlamydia and herpes are knocking at the door now.”

I was constantly fighting to hide my face while keeping the sheet intact around my b*dy. I then jumped out of bed to make it to the door. It was a lot harder since they were blocking my way.

“Leave me alone!” I cried, hearing my heart beating in my head. This was the kind of humiliation that was going to stick with me as a trauma for the rest of my life.

I was an introverted and very shy person. This kind of bullying was something I couldn’t cope with. Once I was running down the staircase, I sobbed loudly to drown out the voices of those evil people chanting slurs at me.

Once out of the mansion, I paused only for a second before I sprinted down the road with only a sheet wrapped around my miserable b*dy.

“I hate you!” The Moon Goddess never hit these people with karma. I hated her for making me an Omega and then giving me the weakest wolf.

I didn’t realize I was running in the middle of the road until a car came into direct contact with me. I covered my eyes, but landed on my butt as a reflex.

“Watch out!”

A soothing voice suddenly penetrated my ears before his sight became visible, “Are you alright?” The British accent and the tall figure blocked the sun from hitting my eyes directly.

“Did you get hurt?” he continued asking me as he hunched down. It was only then that I was able to see his face clearly and recognize him.

Elmer Knight!

Trace’s elder brother.

He was in a black suit and probably headed to the office.

“I am fine,” I retorted bitterly, “Just because you are a rich brat and an Alpha King doesn’t mean you can run over anyone you find on the road,” I was being unreasonable, but his brother had just left the biggest scar on my existence.

However, Elmer didn’t scoff nor glare at me as I expected, though I could figure out his disgust against me from his knitting brows and nonchalant gaze.

“Sorrying for letting you see the d*rty Omega, I will get myself out of your way immediately, your highness,” I couldn’t help but scoffed, pushing my b*dy up and stepped aside. It was awkward standing there with a sheet wrapped around my b*dy.

He stayed on his spot while he tapped his shining boot on the road. I have angered him into clicking his tongue. It was just not the right moment for anyone to talk to me.

“Drop her off at home.” He didn’t reply to me but turned to the driver directly, simply demanded. It took me by surprise because I was nothing but rude to him.

“I can walk my way back home,” I retorted, breathing heavily to prevent him from seeing me sobbing in front of him.

“I know you can walk on your own, but you need to understand you are—only wearing a thin sheet.” He scratched his temple awkwardly, stealing his eyes from looking at my b*dy.

“!” I stepped back immediately, hugging myself, feeling myself couldn’t be embarrassed and pathetic any more.

“You can hate the Royals when you are wearing your clothes.” He didn’t give me another glance. The driver opened the door to the backseat of the car.

I could be stubborn, but it wasn’t a better place for me to act stubbornly. I gave in. Once I rolled inside his car, he sat down in the driver’s seat and hit the road again.

It was awkward. Elmer Knight was 24, ready to take over as the Alpha King, while Trace was going to be the Alpha of the pack.

Things worked differently here. There were four packs that came under one Alpha King, and all those packs had their own alphas as well.

Elmer was known for his professionalism. He was 6 feet, and 5 inches tall, with a slim waist and broad shoulders. And He almost resembles the hunks from the comics. He would also usually post his workout pictures on social media accounts. But he did not put his private life on the internet.

I noticed his blue eyes stealing a glance at me in the rearview mirror before he parked the car outside my house.

Without uttering a word back at him, I rushed out of the car. One step into the house and I was met with the horror of my life in the shape of my stepfather, holding a belt in his hand and waiting for me.

My mother was nervously trying to calm my stepfather. “She will be with her alpha mate.” I heard her say to my stepfather.

“There she—,” My stepfather stopped in his tracks, followed by a gasp from my mother’s lips. I rushed into the bathroom, taking advantage of the moment they took to express shock.

Once I was in the bathroom, I got into the shower and sobbed loudly. I could still feel the eyes watching me. Those taunts were still lingering in my ears.

“What is this? Are we making cows in this house now? Did she come here all without clothes?” My stepfather was yelling at my mother and probably hitting her, too.

Trace really did me dirty. I was the happiest girl just a few hours ago. And now I was going to be the talk of the school.

I didn’t come out of the bathroom for the next few minutes. My stepfather, Mr. Pat, had left the house to binge on drinking, hoping to simmer down.

I had to come out of the bathroom to answer my mother’s calls. I sat on the couch where I sleep at night and didn’t raise my head. It took me a significant amount of time to tell my mother what I went through and what I lost.

“Talk to him. He will explain to you why he did what he did,” my mother was one gullible woman. “Maybe he acted out of teen impulses, but if you face him again, his heart will melt. You are not some random chick from his school, you are his mate. The mate bond is a sacred thing. He cannot ignore it,” she continued to explain why I must speak to him and give it another shot.

“Just talk to him.” She pressurized me into speaking to the mate, who left me at the mercy of his fellows to bully me.