

Rejected His Pregnant Mate

Chapter 3

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After my mother's constant persuasion, I called Trace.

He didn't pick up my calls at all. I assumed it was because he didn't have my number.

"He is not picking up my calls," I told my mom in tears. The school will be hell for me now. Those videos will be shared around just to prove me a shameless cow.

"Talk to him in school," my mother suggested. My mother, Sylvia, being an Omega, was dominated by her Gamma second chance mate. My stepfather was, overall, a nasty man. He was hard on me to where he would make me sleep in the dog's cage when I was a kid.

After living such a traumatizing childhood, I had expected an escape after mating with Alpha Trace.

"I'm not going to school anymore," I said, not unwrapping the arms from around my b*dy. I had sl*pped into a blue shirt and baggy jeans, but the feeling of being exposed and being watched hadn't left my senses.

"You cannot do that. Your father will kill you. Look! Things will get better automatically if you speak to Trace and convince him to accept you. Nob*dy in the school will dare disrespect the Alpha's Luna. You will be known as the Alpha King's daughter-in-law. You will never be mistreated ever again," my mother was convinced it would happen exactly as she was saying. I wasn't too sure about it.

The way Trace left me in there and asked Kevin to take his place got me thinking if he only did that to hide the truth that it was in fact him and I that had slept with him last night.

I was certain Kevin didn't touch me because I woke up the instant he jumped into the bed with me.

"Ethel! Your father wouldn't be home till tomorrow. You don't want to catch his eyes when he gets home all wasted and drunk. Just go to school and come back with good news. That is the only escape for us." She held my hand to calm me down and persuaded me that things would get better for us if I just made Trace accept me.

It was true. I too wanted to get out of this house before Mr. Pat kills me and hides my b*dy in the woods.

That night was hard to pass. I cuddled on the couch and sobbed while going in and out of sleep.

My mother woke me up early in the morning to leave for school before Pat landed home. The agitation I was feeling while getting dressed was incomparable to anything.

I kind of knew what was waiting for me in school.

After changing two buses and walking on my feet for five minutes, I finally reached the school.

I became the subject of whispers and giggles right from the get-go.

I kept my head low, pressuring my breathing to remain calm. There was a big argument pending. I can use all the energy I can save.

“Did she take an STD test?” I heard a comment but didn’t react to it. I kind of have an idea of where to find Trace.

He was on the basketball course, practicing for the Friday Night’s match in three weeks.

He and his friends had been busy in court for the past month.

Once he saw me walking through the courtside, he tossed the ball to his friends and frowned.

“I’ll be back after dealing with a mess,” Trace informed his fellas. I watched him sprint up the stairs, skipping two or three at a time, and reaching for me in a hurry.

He said nothing. He grabbed my arm and forced me into following him to the changing room.

Once we were in the room, he slammed me against the locker and placed his hands on either side of the locker beside me.

“Why are you here?” He asked me through a clenched jaw.

I kind of knew he would act this way. He has always been rude and aggressive toward everyone.

“We need to talk about last night,” I said, fighting the tears from coming to the surface.

“There is nothing to talk about. Now get out of here.” He had to spread his legs back in order to come to my level.

“We slept t—,” I said, breaking the silence when he grunted at me.

“Let me talk. You slept with me and then let another boy enter my bed with his d*rty b*dy. Do you have no shame in letting another man slide into your mate’s bed?” It took a hell of a courage to say those words to his face.

His expression told me I had pissed him off.

“Question me again and I’ll strip your clothes and leave you at the mercy of my friends. As for Kevin, I didn’t do that. That was Ariel and her friends pranking you. It’s not my fault what they did,” he casually got his out of the mess.

“They recorded me, covered only in a sheet while yelling slurs at me. Does it not affect you?” I whimpered helplessly, finding my mate in his eyes.

I couldn’t find him. He was an empty soul who got my virginity and left me at the mercy of his friends to make a mockery of me.

“You were desperate enough to jump into bed with me. You spread your legs, and I gave you what you liked. Don’t pretend like it was all my fault.” He had his face inches away from mine. I could look through his eyes when he accused me of being thirsty for his little thing.

It was a blow to my ego.

“Okay!” I tried my best to speak loud, fighting back the tears, “But what now? The truth is that I lost my virginity to you and not to that Kevin. You told me you would accept me when I woke up. Please accept me so that I can go home and be spared from my stepfather’s punishment.” I thought begging before my mate wouldn’t be that bad. But he wasn’t only my mate; he was a high school popular jock and also a bully. Things like these didn’t budge him.

“You want to be accepted?” He smiled, changing his tone out of the blue. My fainted nod stretched the smirk across his l*ps even more.

“Fine,” he bobbed his head while lowering it for a moment. And when he raised his face to my level again, he didn’t have the smirk from before.

“I, Alpha Trace Knight, reject Ethel Yale as my mate.” His rejection hit my ears like an arrow.

The world around me went silent as a surging pain inside my b*dy rushed to my heart.

“Yes! I reject you, you dumb useless!” His last hit crumbled all my hopes and dreams.

Life after his rejection was going to be hell because it was only then he pulled away from me and checked his phone.

“You are popular now,” As if his rejection hadn’t weakened me into letting out a cry, he turned his cellphone screen around to show me the video from yesterday going viral.

I couldn’t believe that I used to secretly love him.

“There’s no way back. Never look back, girl.” I said to myself.

But what I didn’t know was that it was far too early to be desperate or to cheer myself up.

A worse nightmare was right waiting for me.