

Rejected His Pregnant Mate

Chapter 4

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Walking out of that changing room and passing the hallway where everyb*dy watched the video and laughed at me was embedded in my memory.

One would think after going through such a trauma and humiliating rejection, I would return home to rest. But that wasn't the case. I returned to an angry stepfather, who beat me up with his big steel-toed construction boots.

My mother cried in the corner as I got beat up. The moment my stepfather heard that Trace had rejected me, he went crazy.

He had promised to sell me to an old rogue now for a heavy amount. In the meantime, he wouldn't let me skip school. So I went to school and listened to the mocking and taunting every single day for the next two weeks, and then another thunder struck me.

"Look at her, she is running out with only a sheet wrapped around her," a girl behind me whispered. I couldn't focus on my studies anymore as the video was all I was reminded of every second of my life.

"And then the warriors of our—" Mrs. Harley's words turned into a mumble jumble when I gaged in my mouth. It wasn't because of what the girls said. It was almost like my head was spinning in circles.

The history class was already boring. My poor health only made it worse. I have been feeling morning sickness for the last few days, and it got to the point that I had to buy a pregnancy test.

I hadn't taken the test yet, but I was afraid. I had already cried a few nights in fear.

"Miss Ethel! It's very inappropriate that you sit here and bother everyone else. Get out of the chair and seek help from the nurse," Mrs. Harley yelled at me for disturbing the entire class, who wasn't even paying attention to her.

Since I wasn't feeling like sitting in the class myself, I turned to my feet and ran out of there with my bag stuck close to my chest.

I had become the ultimate target of the bullies after Ariel claimed that I tried seducing her boyfriend Trace, and when he rejected my attempts; I slept in her bed with Kevin for revenge.

Trace was still dating Ariel. So I believe I got fooled.

I had run into the bathroom with my bag held close.

“I need to take a test.” As a warm tear ran down my cheek, I looked for the pregnancy test in my bag. I would be doomed if it came out positive. It was crazy how desperate I was to even let him come inside me.

I didn’t think about any consequences, and neither did he. I was new to sleeping with someone, but he wasn’t. He had been using protection with Ariel. Why did he sleep with me without protection if he knew he was only getting back at Ariel for making him wait?

I was now waiting for the result, with my heart pounding in my head.

“Moon Goddess! You gave me the weakest wolf, so weak that she can’t even communicate with me. Then you stole my father from me. You saw me getting beaten up by my stepfather every single day. You let a lot pass, but not this! I’m begging you to help me with this. This will be the end of my life.” I didn’t have enough strength and support to deal with teen pregnancy. Not to mention, the rules state clearly that a she-wolf getting pregnant from anyone outside of marriage is a punishable crime.

After begging for two minutes, my dumbass thought my prayers would be answered.

And then I saw two lines in that test, and my entire world shook from under my feet.

“No! This can’t be,” I sobbed in my palms once it was made clear by the test that I was indeed pregnant.

“Oh, no!” my l*ps quivered, my heart throbbing in my temples.

I am pregnant.

“This can’t be true. I cannot get pregnant,” I was freaking out at the sight of the test. Trace made it clear that he is never going to accept me. Heck! he even made it seem like we didn’t sleep together.

“What am I gonna do now? How am I going to tell him that now we must get together,” I was sobbing in my palms, angry at my stupidity. How the hell did I fall for his lies? It was pretty clear what he was doing back in that party. He was angry at his girlfriend so he wanted to punish her. Sadly, he used me for that purpose.

“Hey! Mrs. Harley is asking for you,” the door suddenly opened and Ariel voiced while standing in the door frame. She had an exhausted look on her face. But her face lit up once she found me tearing up.

“I’m coming,” I said as I turned around to wash my face.

“Are you alright?” she raised her brow, her eyes scanning me from head to toe. She didn’t care if I was going through anything. She just wanted to have something to make fun of me for.

“I am fine,” I lied, washing my face to avoid looking in her eyes. Thankfully, she left before me, so I trashed the pregnancy test in a hurry and stormed out of the bathroom. I didn’t want anyb*dy to find out I was crying in the bathroom. They will suspect something has happened. I can go home

and tell my mom, she will find a way to speak to Trace and convince him to accept me and our baby.

I took my seat in the class and fought to focus on what Mrs. Harley was teaching us.

It was crazy how, after every few minutes, my eyes would well up. Trace had denied sleeping with me and even went on to reject me. This pregnancy is going to be a death for me.

“Excuse me, may I speak to the class for a minute?” It dragged me out of the sea of my thoughts when the principal knocked on the door to get Mrs. Harley’s attention.

“Sure! Mrs. Brendon!” Mrs. Harley invited her in with a frowning face.

Mrs. Brendon stood behind the desk for a moment in silence before she placed something on the desk for our eyes to see.

The pregnancy test I thought I had gotten rid of.

My world swirled, and an instant urge to bolt out of there surged inside me. My feet felt cold and so did the blood in my veins.

“One of you discarded this in the trash, thinking you can hide the sin you committed,” she sounded angry. Soon, the murmuring and gossip filled the silence.

“You know, whoever you are. Don’t make me check the surveillance footage and drag you before the class. Get up and come to my office with me,” she threatened us, her eyes wandering around everyb*dy’s faces.

“I know who was the last one to use the restroom,” Ariel, who I thought had arrived in the class before me, popped out from behind the principal.

She was probably the one who gave Mrs. Brendon the test. It all makes sense now.

“It was Ethel Yale.” The smirk and that jerk of her eyebrow when bringing attention to me scared me into shaking my head and nervously sweating.

“Ahhh! I knew she would get pregnant the way she staring at men,” a girl from the front seat commented, but the principal didn’t scold her. It was obvious she wouldn’t get called out because she was a warrior’s daughter.

“Sh-e is lying,” I stuttered, promising myself to not admit it at any cost.

“Miss Ethel, follow me to my office,” Mrs. Brendon had taken the word of Ariel. I watched the entire classroom whisper and shake their heads at me in disbelief.

“No! She is lying. I am no—,” before I could finish, I gagged as an urge to throw up compelled me to get out of my chair.

I could no longer hold it in and I threw up right at the girl in front of me.

“Ew!!” she screamed, but my head was all over the place. The commotion I caused was going to haunt me for the rest of the school year if only I got out of this mess alive.

“That’s it. Bring her to my office and also the boy who got her pregnant.” That announcement made me shiver in my skin.

I wish I was wiser; I wish I wasn’t so desperate to find a mate. My mate landed me in a colossal mess and then rejected me.