

Rejected His Pregnant Mate

Chapter 5

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“Ethel Yale, this will be the last time I am asking you the name of the father of your child.” Mrs. Brendon had taken me to her office and called in all the teachers to embarrass me in front of them.

I haven’t stopped crying this entire time. Not even a word was spoken from my l*ps. It wasn’t easy being an omega and becoming the target of such a powerful staff member.

“You don’t know?” she yelled at me when I didn’t say a word. I just couldn’t bring myself to say the name of the alpha of the pack and get ridiculed even more. I need to speak to him first before I tell anyone about what he did to me.

“You should have thought about the consequences before sleeping with someone who isn’t your mate. Now tell us the name of the guy who got you pregnant,” Mrs. Brendon was sounding angrier with every passing minute.

I understand her frustration, but she didn’t understand my condition.

“Do you even know the name of the boy?” A teacher slapped the back of my head and questioned my character.

“If my memory serves me right, I have seen a cl*p of her walking out of a room n*ked after having a hookup,” our chemistry teacher, Mr. Orin, interrupted the conversation.

I was surprised that he saw that cl*p, but he never really stood up for me. The fact that I got bullied and trolled horribly for weeks, yet these grown-ups remained silent, really broke my heart.

“Wasn’t it that Omega boy, Kevin?” another teacher remembered

“No!” Finally, after being consumed by sobs and remaining silent, my voice penetrated the air, “I didn’t sleep with him. I slept with my mate,” I confidently claimed, and I watched Mrs. Brendon’s face form a frown.

“Then where is this mate of yours?” As she tapped her fingertips on the desk, I felt disgusted.

They haven’t spared me from their quizzical and judgmental glares. After Trace rejected me, I didn’t even think about ever begging him to accept me again.

However, things were different now. I must say his name to clean up my character before this blows out of proportion and I’m called in for a trial.

“It—,” I had only opened my mouth when the door slammed open and my stepfather walked into the office. He had been alerted by the school’s staff. His arrival only resulted in me fidgeting in my skin.

I could only imagine what he was going to do to me when he took me home.

“Mr. Pat! This is not a way to enter a principal’s office,” Mrs. Brendon frowned at him for acting ignorantly.

“You have asked my daughter enough questions. She will not say a single word now. Get up Ethel, we are leaving for home,” the concern my stepfather showed was a lie. I could see right through his eyes. I just didn’t get why he had come to save my ass. It was definitely not because of his reputation.

Whatever brought him to the school helped me get out of here. I had shed enough tears to fill the empty buckets already. I needed to go home. After the rumor of my pregnancy spread around the school, I could only imagine the bullying turning worse from here.

“Fine. You can take her home. But remember this: We have informed the council about the sin your daughter has committed. You will hear from them very soon,” Mrs. Brendon was able to make another shot right at my heart before Pat dragged me out of the office.

The hallway was filled with students trying to listen to what was going on inside. I was embarrassed. I could hear them whisper and throw remarks at me.

“You f**king slut, you got us in this trouble,” Pat grunted, dragging me to the road and pushing me into the cab.

The entire car ride home was agonizing. Pat didn’t even care if the driver was hearing him cuss and throw insults at me. I, on the other hand, had been weeping like nothing before.

Once I was shoved into the house, I got an instant treatment of yelling and slapping at my head.

“She didn’t commit a crime. He was her mate,” my mother was shaking while defending me. I had been shoved onto the couch by Pat, who was aggressively walking back and forth in front of me.

“She was supposed to make him accept her first. Even if not, at least she should not have let him reject her.” Pat was growling and marching from corner to corner.

I didn’t say what happened in the changing room, but I do remember sprinting out of there without accepting his rejection. But it doesn’t matter. If an Alpha has made up his mind, it’s pretty much shut and done.

“The council will be here soon,” my mother brought our attention to the major problem here.

“Get ready, we are leaving,” Pat announced, shocking us into sharing a stare.

“Where are we leaving for?” My mother had the same concern as I did. We barely had enough money to pay rent for this house. How the hell are we going to afford to leave and start over?

All my questions were answered once Pat explained what he had in mind.

“We are going to have a word with the Alpha King. His son cannot just plant a seed in her and then walk away from the responsibility.” The way Pat said it, I felt weird.

“No! I will not beg before them. I don’t want to get accepted by him anymore,” I said as I recalled how he laughed at me when he shoved his phone in my face to show me the video that went viral.

Part of the reason I wasn’t ready to beg him for acceptance was the fact that he never cared about me. I knew he would reject me over and over again if given a chance.

“You don’t have a choice. The council will send their guards to collect you in five hours. You will not only be put on trial, but your baby will be killed inside you.” Pat scoffed at me, shaking his head at me for thinking I had another option.

It really shook me because I didn’t even think about what I wanted to do regarding this baby.

“And after that, you’ll be sent to a whorehouse,” he explained further, explaining what my future would be like if Trace didn’t accept me.

“What if she aborts the baby?” my mother questioned. I hadn’t thought about it, but the moment she mentioned aborting the baby, something shifted inside me.

Pat glared my mother down for giving out such a suggestion. But it wasn’t even his anger that made me react. I just felt like I could not lose another part of me.

“No! I don’t want to,” I desperately voiced my option and a smile covered Pat’s lips.

“Anyway, get ready because I’m going to make sure Alpha King makes his Alpha son accept you,” Pat had made up his mind. At this point, even I didn’t argue back.

I didn’t want to be sold to the whorehouse. I didn’t want to be a toy.

But that moment, I recalled many things: that day, Elmer Knight’s warm hand gently on my broken body, his cold but reliable voice demanding to send me back home, the assuring alpha’s smell in his car, and—

And his knitting brows and nonchalant gaze showing his disgust against me.