

Fated to the Cursed Lycan Prince

Chapter 3

Chapter 3 Rejection

Shawn's POV:

I stood up, walked over to Sylvia, and firmly gripped her chin with my hand, forcing her to look up at me.

"You knew about that mate bond, didn't you?" I asked in an unfriendly tone.

Sylvia pursed her lips, refusing to answer. Her eyes looked dull and even bored, as if she didn't care that I was her mate at all.

"Why didn't you say anything?" As my thumb caressed her cheek, I felt a burning passion arise from my body again.

"What did you want me to say? 'Sorry to interrupt your sex?'" Sylvia replied abrasively and jerked her face away from my hand.

"Sylvia! Don't be so ungrateful." I glared at her.

Any she-wolf would be thrilled to be the mate of an Alpha. But I did not expect a girl like Sylvia to loathe it so much. She was just a mere slave! How dared she?

"I'd rather you put on some clothes instead of spouting nonsense. That dangling thing on your body is nothing but an eyesore, Shawn." Sylvia snorted.

This angered me so much that I grabbed a hold of her neck.

"Let me go!" She struggled against my grip and tried to break free, her face turning red.

Seeing her suffer didn't seem to move me at all. Instead, I just watched her coldly.

"No daughter of a traitor will ever be qualified to be my mate. But since I'm feeling generous, maybe I'll allow you to stay by my side. Not as my mate, but as a mistress. If you agree to this, then I'll let you go."

"No. In your dreams!" Sylvia managed to say while choking.

"I am Shawn Gibson, the future Alpha of this pack. You are just a lowly slave, the daughter of a traitor despised by thousands of werewolves! How dare you think you can go against me?"

"Alpha? You're just a puppet to them." Sylvia chuckled like a madwoman.

Her words were starting to irritate me a lot. With one swift movement of my arm, I threw her down to the floor.

"You bitch! You think you're so noble, huh? Well, if you don't like this arrangement, then I can just send you to be a sex slave. You'll get fucked by thousands of different werewolves! Can you still be so noble then?"

My parents passed away while I was still very young, so I couldn't take on the Alpha position yet. Instead, the Gamma temporarily filled in as Alpha at the time. For many years now, all the pack's affairs had been under the control of the Gamma. The pack members also grew to trust him. But now that I was about to become Alpha, it seemed that I had no trust or power over these people at all.

It was all because of Sylvia's mother, that traitor. How dared she mock me like this?

On the floor, Sylvia coughed a few times and gasped for air. She then looked up at me fearlessly.

"Are you done yet? Can I get back to work now?"

"Fine. Since

you want to be a slave so bad, I'll make it official for you." I smiled deviously. "As the future Alpha of the Black Moon Pack, I, Shawn Gibson, hereby solemnly reject you, Sylvia Todd, as my mate."

I looked at Sylvia with cold eyes, waiting for the regret to show on her face and maybe she would shed some tears.

However, Sylvia stood up slowly with a blank expression. She even seemed... relieved.

"Thank you for that, Shawn."

I blinked in confusion, wondering what about my declaration just now was something to be thankful for. Why didn't this goddamn slave feel sad at all?

Before I could say something else, Sylvia looked at me with a cold smile. "I, Sylvia Todd, the daughter of the deceased Beta Olivia Todd of the Black Moon Pack, hereby accept your rejection."

After saying that, Sylvia turned around and left without even looking back. I was too shocked by what happened to stop her and get the last word.

I just wanted to threaten her. After all, after rejecting the Alpha, I was certain she wouldn't be able to find a better werewolf, ever!

For a long time, I stood there, stunned that the slave she-wolf simply accepted my rejection without even being sad or hesitant about it.

In my anger, I smashed the vase beside me into a million pieces. I immediately tried to form a plan in my head to torture her and make her regret her decision.

“Shawn, what have you done? You were acting too impulsively again! Why did you reject Sylvia? We’re never going to have a mate as beautiful as her again! Go! Get her back, please!” Zeke was frustrated.

“No, Zeke. I’m going to teach her a lesson about regret.” Seeing Sylvia’s receding figure out the window, I only wished that she would be back here so that I could rip her to shreds.

“And how are you going to teach her that lesson? Don’t go too far with it, Shawn. You’re about to become the Alpha. Now is time to build a good reputation, not a reckless one,” Zeke persuaded me.

“Prince Rufus is coming to my inauguration ceremony today. I heard he is a ruthless and bloodthirsty one. A pack once gifted him a female slave and he tortured her to death! I’m going to send Sylvia to his bed.”

“What? No! Are you insane? You’re practically sending her to her death! Sylvia is your mate!” Zeke strongly opposed.

“Not anymore.” I gritted my teeth.

Obviously, my wolf refused to give up on Sylvia, and so did my body. Every time she crossed my mind, I would get that same burning passion inside again. But I didn’t care. By the time she’d be dying from being tortured by Prince Rufus, she would be begging on her knees to come back to me.

Unfortunately, the only place I allowed lowly slave she-wolves like her to beg was on my bed.