

Alpha Prince Unexpected Mate

Chapter 1 Stinging Betrayal

"Always remember that I'm so proud of you, baby girl! And I know in my dark and cruel heart that you're going to do great things today!"

Roxanne chuckled. Listening to her best friend stir her up for the day always made her smile.

"I know, babe! It seems so surreal! Emily!"

"It's as real as it gets," the voice at the end of the phone was super excited.

"You texted Jonah yet?"

Emily's question dampened Roxanne's mood. Jonah was her fiancé and the absolute love of her life.

However, she had texted him this morning, with words that read, 'I'm so pumped for today honey! Wish me luck!' and ended with a red heart and a kissy face emoji. But it sat at the bottom of the screen, no replied, as were the seven messages she had sent the morning and night before.

Roxanne heaved a long sigh and forced a smile. She had to sound as excited as she could for Emily to believe her.

"Yes, I have. He hasn't replied yet. I'm sure he's busy with work, he'll call me later."

Emily didn't buy it.

"When was the last time you two—"

"You know what, Em? I'm going head out now. I'm running late already," she cut in.

Roxanne was pumped for her promotion day today, she did not need apex talks about how sour her relationship with Jonah had been in the past

month. He had just opened his own architecture firm, and so he needed more time to himself. She would not let it bother her.

So, she blew Emily a goodbye kiss and placed her phone on the dressing table and took one last look over her slender frame. In her white suit and black block heels, she could see why Emily liked to refer to her as a European runway model. Maybe she wasn't as tall as them, but she was slim and slender.

Roxanne ran both hands down her flat stomach and took in deep breaths. Her violet eyes rose up to meet the reflection of her face.

She had made extra effort to apply makeup this morning. Her brows were starting to give her second thoughts, but it had taken her more than an hour to line and so she wasn't going to wipe it off so easily.

Her chestnut brown hair was wrapped in a cute and tight bun above her head.

Roxanne closed her eyes and smiled.

She would rock her brows and her brand new Armani suit - which she had bought with her six months' savings and kept just for this precious occasion - and rule the world of LexCorp, the company she worked for, today. At least, she would rule the sales world.

With that thought, Roxanne was extremely pumped for today. She picked up her bag, slid her phone into it, and walked out of the room before closing her door. She hurried down the short flight of steps and sashayed across the small office that led to the living room.

When she got to the living room, Roxanne heard a knock on her door. Her right brow arched in query. She did not make any deliveries and she was not expecting anybody at her house this Monday morning. So, who could it be? She would just have to get to the door to find out.

Roxanne hurried towards the door, she was already running late, whoever it was had to state his or her business really quickly.

She turned the doorknob and opened it slightly. She had to know who it was first, before giving him or her time to speak.

As she peeped out of the small opening she had created, her questioning eyes fell on Jonah's face. She was going to break into a smile, until she saw her twin sister, Rayla, standing beside him. They were holding each other's hands firmly, but disintegrated immediately they saw her.

Confused, Roxanne narrowed her eyelids at them, before opening the door wide. She planted herself at the entrance of her door and allowed her keen eyes to dance between them.

Jonah Rivers, her boyfriend of thirteen years and current fiancé stood there, silent and handsome in his black denim trousers and green vintage sleeves. Roxanne had stared at his brown eyes for most of her life, but there was a look in them that she could not recognize. It was between guilt and nonchalance, and it was a very weird combination of expression.

On the other hand, Rayla Harvey, her twin sister, and chief editor of Vogue New York, stood tall in a blue body-con dress and puffed sleeves. Her light blonde hair fell freely down her shoulders, and in her Prada heels, she was almost Jonah's height.

Rayla Harvey had always been the confident, more beautiful and intelligent one between the two of them. But now, Rayla couldn't seem to stop fidgeting, her eyes continued to wander around Roxanne's face without landing on her eyes. She was avoiding Roxanne's gaze, which was odd. Rayla Harvey never avoids anybody's eyes.

Standing there, Roxanne couldn't stand the voice of reasoning in her head.

What were Jonah and Rayla doing at her front door, TOGETHER, hands intertwined? And why weren't any of them saying anything to her?

Finally, she decided to speak.

"Jonah."

She leered at her twin sister. "Rayla," the name left her mouth with a less enthusiastic tone than Jonah's did. Nevertheless, Rayla was the first to speak up. "Roxanne, we need to talk to you."

Roxanne flinched. We?

Did she just say 'we'? What on Earth could Jonah and Rayla have in common that they needed to talk about?

That was not even the main question. Why were they even together?!

But Roxanne didn't ask about any of this, instead, she folded her arms across her chest and focused on Rayla.

"Sure, shoot."

Rayla glanced over to Jonah, who held her stare shortly. Roxanne was left to watch them in confusion. What was all this drama about?

"Can we come in?" Rayla asked, now looking at Roxanne.

Roxanne was skeptical. The clock was ticking really fast, and she had to be at work in the next fifteen minutes. But, it won't hurt to usher them in and listen to what the hell they needed to tell her together, would it?

She moved away from the door and ushered them in.

They walked in, together. And Roxanne's keen eyes did not miss the gesture.

She could not help but sense a weird vibe between them. Jonah had not even tried to hug or kiss her since he arrived, not even after leaving most of her texts unread. Instead, he kept himself by Rayla's side at all times, as if he was scared to leave her side for even a second.

Suspicious, that was exactly what Roxanne thought.

"I have just fifteen minutes to get to work, so I'm really curious about what you guys have to say," she said. As she spoke, she threw Jonah a stony glare that screamed "we would talk about this crazy show later" before

fixing her eyes on Rayla. Her sister's face was still laden with mock guilt, like she was forcing herself to be guilty for something. And Roxanne was left to guess what it was.

"We're going to cut straight to chase," Jonah finally spoke up, and Roxanne was still trying to make sense of the look on his face. She scanned his face quietly, her heart began to race on its own.

With the look on his face, Roxanne could tell that whatever it is they were here to say, was not good news.

"Well, you had better," she chipped in, now visibly frowning.

Rayla entered into the conversation again. She moved closer to Roxanne and placed a hand on her right shoulder, while holding the other one to her chest, grand and dramatic Rayla style. Roxanne glared at her in anticipation.

"Before we say anything, I want to tell you that we are really sorry, Roxanne. We did not intend for any of this to happen and we really did not want to hurt you. I..." Roxanne could see the mock tears swell in Rayla's eyes.

She looked over her sister's shoulder and stole a glance at Jonah; his eyes were on Rayla, and he still had the grave expression on his face.

Confused, she took two steps backward, three feet away from Rayla. Her violet iris swept between the two of them.

Roxanne couldn't help but feel like this scene playing in front of her was too familiar. She had seen it in so many movies, seen it in so many reality TV series not to know that Jonah and Rayla were...

"We're getting married," Jonah blurted out.

Time came to a standstill for Roxanne. Jonah had picked her up and flung her into a bottomless pit of confusion. Standing in front of them, perturbed, and at a loss for words, Roxanne could only manage to smile

like an idiot. She refused to believe Jonah meant what she thought he meant. So, she laughed.

"Of course we are! I mean, our wedding is in a month, so..."

"He doesn't mean you, Roxanne," Rayla cut in. Roxanne watched in confusion as Rayla stepped back to where Jonah stood, and held his right hand in her left.

She looked straight into Roxanne's eyes and spoke.

"He means us."

Instantly, Roxanne burst into a series of hysterical laughter. She threw her head back and pressed her left hand to her stomach.

She laughed hard and loud, trying so hard to convince herself that they were playing with her; this had to be some cruel joke. Tears were in her eyes by the time she stopped laughing and looked down at them.

"You have got to be kidding me, you can't possibly be..."

"I'm pregnant, Roxanne. I'm carrying Jonah's baby," Rayla said.

Roxanne's eyes fell to the part where Jonah and Rayla's hands connected. Jonah's eyes rested on Rayla's face with the type of care he had not shown to her in months.

Seeing them stand there, hands intertwined, talking about their betrayal with so much boldness and lack of remorse was like a slap across her cheeks, both cheeks.

A wave of anguish swept over her, picking her from the ground and sending her back to the hard wall. With their eyes, they drilled a hole into her chest. Roxanne felt as though her heart was ripped out of her chest and smashed under Jonah's feet. The pain was both gut wrenching and numbing.

Rayla had always had the best of everything; body, boys, clothes, face. Hell! Even college admissions. Everything Roxanne prayed for, was gifted to Rayla for free!

And now, the one thing that was hers, Rayla placed her claws on it and snatched it from under her nose.

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She sought for tears but couldn't cry. She tried to scream but could not find her voice. She wanted to turn on her heels and run as far away from them as she could, but her limbs had failed her as well.

She could only stare at them with disbelief and pain.

"I want to keep my baby, Roxanne. I am an honorable man, I cannot..."
Jonah was interrupted by the sound of Roxanne's bitter and hysterical laughter.

She snorted, "Honorable? You call yourself honorable? Is this some kind of honor among thieves Shakespearean movie to you?!"

Rayla rolled her eyes before speaking.

"Come on, Roxanne, we didn't mean it like..."

"How long has this been going on?" Rage burned with a red fiery flame in Roxanne's eyes as she glared at them.

"Six months," Rayla answered.

Roxanne went cold with rage, blood drained from her face.

It all made sense now. Six months of Jonah constantly being busy, six months of canceling most of their plans, now she understood why.

"Six months," Roxanne repeated, breathless with anger.

"I'm so sorry Roxy, we wanted mum and dad to tell you, but..."

Her head snapped to the side as tears gathered in her eyes.

"Mum and Dad knew?"

Rayla nodded, her blue eyes filled with mock guilt and crocodile tears. Roxanne wanted to drag her by her head and smash her pretty face against the wall.

But she couldn't; instead, she shook her head and took slow steps backward.

Rayla tried to reach out to her, but Roxanne moved away swiftly, allowing her tears to flow freely.

"You're lying! The both of you are liars!" she screamed, pulling the sleeves of her suit frantically.

Jonah didn't move to console her; he didn't call out to her, he just stood and watched with his hands in his pocket. He didn't look at her with love, he didn't look at her with remorse. There was only nonchalance and irritation in his eyes.

Did he not care about her? Did he not love her?

"No," Jonah said.

She breathed out, before turning her back towards them and dashing out of the house, her vision blurry with tears.