

## Alpha's Rejected 11

### Chapter 11 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

When I got home that night, I could hear my parents arguing in the front room. Unashamedly I placed my head against the door, listening intently to their voices, which were hushed, as though knowing I would be home at any moment.

"Mathew, I'm not sure this is the right idea. So she's a little headstrong, is that such a bad thing? If she were a shifter, you would celebrate that aspect of her, wouldn't you?"

I feel a warm glow inside of me. Was my mother defending me to my father of all people? But from what?

"Clarissa, this is for the best. You know as well as I do, that our family is looked down upon for having an undesirable in its bloodlines. Sophie is the one we have to focus all our attention on, not Amber. She's merely an embarrassment to us both."

"Why are you so adamant about this though? At least have some common decency and allow her to choose. It is the least you can do" my mother snarls.

I'm shocked at the vehemence in her voice. Whatever she's protesting has caused her to become extremely angry and passionate.

My father just sighs.

I hesitate outside the door, uncertain if I should declare my arrival, but decide that it's better to do that than be discovered eavesdropping. Steeling myself, I knock on the door, loudly, my parent's voices going silent, footsteps approaching the front door, before my father swings it open.

"Good evening father" I greet him politely, as I've always been instructed to do.

He looks grim, merely giving a grunt and closing the door with a firm slam behind me. The windows rattle slightly. My mother is standing in the center of the front entryway, looking quite put out. She gives me a forced smile.

"Good evening mother."

"Amber" she breathes, a hand to her chest "thank goodness you're here. We have. . ." she trails off, looking at my father helplessly.

I notice movement on the stairs and see Sophie standing there, halfway down, listening in on the conversation with a smug grin on her face. She knows what's going on, I'm sure of it.

"Something to discuss with you" finishes my father with a grimace. He looks annoyed, as though this was a waste of his time.

"Come into the living room" invites my mother cordially, before glancing up at Sophie on the stairs "you as well dear."

I follow both my parents wordlessly into the living room, my heart thumping wildly in my chest. For once I wish I hadn't come home early from the diner. So much for working on my resume, I thought a little sourly, but I had expected my parents and even Sophie to be in bed at this late hour, not discussing something that involved me.

We file into the living room and without ceremony, I sit on the couch, facing my parents. My mother's face is pale and she's fidgeting with a bracelet on her slim wrist, avoiding my eyes completely. Sophie sits beside me, looking intrigued, her legs crossed, her posture perfect as usual, even though there was nobody to really comment on it. Perfect Sophie. I slump on the couch for good measure and fold my arms over my chest. Father stands there, looking lost in thought, mother nervously glancing towards him from time to time. The tension in the room is so thick that you could cut it with a knife. I'm drained and exhausted from work, not to mention still dressed in my uniform. All I can think about, longingly, is my bed waiting for me upstairs and the resume I still need to write.

"I think you should just tell her straight father," Sophie says sweetly, her voice dripping with the merest hint of tartness "Amber would appreciate that far more than trying to skirt around the truth."

So the bitch does know what's happening. Why am I not surprised in the slightest? Hell, it wouldn't shock me if she had a hand in this somehow. My parents completely adore her after all. Me, not so much.

"Yes Mathew, just tell her" pleads my mother, her voice shaking just a little bit.

My father scowls at both of them. "Be quiet, the both of you" he roars "I'm getting there."

Everyone jumps, except for me. I've gotten used to his loud voice over the years and I'm not afraid of it. Something that rankles, I'm sure, with him.

"For heavens' sake sit down Clarissa" my father snaps at her, "your fidgeting is driving me nuts."

She reluctantly sits down on the armchair closest to Sophie, leaning forward and looking anxious. Sophie reaches over and holds her hand, giving it a squeeze, while I watch silently, feeling alone and a little sorry for myself.

"Right then" father exhales, before folding his arms over his chest and glaring down at me. "Your mother and I have been discussing your future Amber."

I already know my future and it sure as hell isn't in this pack. It involves moving, finding a job, and going to college. All on my own. So I have no idea what he's trying to convey to me. Surely he knows how much I hate it here? How could he not? I made it blatantly clear every time I spoke to him.

"I have my future sorted out, thankyou' I tell him, frustration in my voice.

Who the hell did he think he was? He was having no damn say in my future if I could help it.

"Well that's the thing" my mother cuts in, stroking Sophie's hand "Sophie here is going to be married soon, to the soon-to-be Alpha Darius. Your ex-boyfriend and she's going to be Luna of our pack."

"Good for Sophie," I say drily.

My mother's eyes widen in disbelief. She clearly wasn't expecting that response from me.

"You're just jealous" Sophie spits at me.

I laugh. "There's nothing to be jealous of. I honestly hope you and Darius make each other happy, but we both know that won't happen."

Sophie opens her mouth indignantly but mother shushes her. She falls silent again, staring at me with hatred in her eyes, a hatred that I matched back. Father gives a large groan.

"For heaven's sake," he storms, slamming his fist on the coffee table and almost shattering it into pieces "what I'm saying is that it's time you gave a thought to getting married yourself, Amber. I don't know how much longer I can stand having an undesirable in my home. The least you can do is marry well and help to elevate our status a little more."

I have no interest in our status, let alone marrying for the sake of a family that I can't stand. I jump up and blurt out without thinking "you must be joking. I could care less what people think of me or our so-called family."

Father's hand reaches out and slaps me across the face, hard. I feel the sting as his hand connects and grimace, but stare up at him without flinching. When he raises his hand again, I catch hold of it. There is no way in hell I'm going to let him physically abuse me like this, even if he's stronger.

"Do it again and I don't care if you're my father, I'll cut you limb from limb and scatter it in the woods for the animals to eat" I snarl.

He blinks at me. Mother looks at me with something akin to approval in her eyes. She's always been too much of a coward to stand up to my father.

Slowly he lowers his hand as I release it. He flattens his lips and gives a huff. "As long as you stay under our roof," he says slowly and evenly, "you will abide by our rules. Your mother wants you to be allowed to choose your husband to be. I do not agree, however, I will allow you that much. You will date and you

will find a husband that's willing to take you in, despite the fact you're an undesirable. Is that clear" he demands.

I say nothing, my whole body trembling in anger. If I had the funds, I would have stormed out of the room right then and there, never to be seen again. But I had no other family to take me in, and not enough cash to survive on my own. I was stuck and the son of a bitch knew it, a smile curving on his lips.

"It won't be that bad Amber" Sophie chimes in, her lips curved in a massive, gloating smile, "there's some guy out there willing to overlook your defectiveness. Especially if you can give them an heir" she adds with a small giggle.

"There are several wealthy families in the pack, but I think it best that you try to find a chosen mate and husband from another one instead," father tells me.

That way you get out of our hair once and for all, I think to myself, in my mind, reading between the lines.

"Mother" I try, pleading with her.

She looks away, twirling the bracelet on her wrist. I want to rip it off her and stomp it into the ground. I want to scream out and ask why she hates me so much. Why am I so unloveable to them both? I thought parents were supposed to love you unconditionally, but my parents didn't love me. They just saw me as something they needed to dispose of and quickly.

"Amber, honey, you might find someone that you truly love" mother eventually says, her voice husky and a little hoarse. Her eyes are dull when they glance at me. "Someone that adores and cherishes you. Is it really that bad? We're not going to force you into marriage" she murmurs.

"Not yet" mutters father "but if you take your precious time we might."

"What if I refuse?"

"Then we disown you now and you leave with nothing but the clothes on your back" father shoots out, glaring at me, "something tells me you'd rather not end up on the streets."

I was contemplating it, I won't lie. The streets seemed far better than home right now. But in the end, my shoulders slumped. He was right, I didn't want to be on the streets. Not when I still had school to graduate from.

Part of me, a small part, felt a spark of hope. What if it was possible to find either my real mate or one that I could choose? Was it the end of the world? What if I could convince someone to help me to pretend to fall in love and then divorce me once we'd reached their pack? All sorts of plans were whirling in my mind.

"Anyway, we'll organize some dates for you soon and I want you to behave during them. To be like Sophie and be a perfect lady" father says heavily "if you're even capable of it."

That stung. I wasn't some sort of idiot who couldn't behave, I just didn't want my opinions to be cast aside like they didn't matter, or to be anything other than myself. I wasn't quiet like Sophie, I was brash and outspoken. I had a temper, but then so did Sophie when my parents weren't around to see it. But all of my characteristics just made me even more undesirable in their eyes.

My parents leave the room, my mother shooting me an apologetic glance on the way out. Sophie smirks at me.

"Father's going to get rid of you," she says in a sing-song voice "and I'll be the only daughter he'll ever want to see or acknowledge."

"Good for you" I snap "the sooner I get out of here, the better."

I get up and go to leave.

"Then marry the first guy who offers" Sophie calls out "that is if anyone does. I think father is going to need to offer more incentive to get someone like you married off."

I flick her the finger and leave, storming up to my room. I slam the door shut and lock it, before collapsing on the bed, feeling like my world was slowly turning upside down. What was I going to do now? I had two choices: run away, or go along with my father's plan for me and try to leave that way. Either way, I was royally screwed.