

## Alpha's Rejected 122

### Chapter 122 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

My head was fuzzy and my vision was blurry as I blinked my eyes open, trying to take in my surroundings. Where was I? The last thing I remembered was that bastard Darius putting me in the trunk of his car and telling me something. I can't remember what it was he was saying. I tried to move my limbs and discovered that my hands were restrained by a bolt in the wall and handcuffs. It smelled like damp and mildew where I was and the more I blinked my eyes, the more the room I was in came into focus.

My heart sank. I was in a dungeon. Or to be more precise a cell in the dungeon, which consisted of a toilet, threadbare mattress, and a sink. It wasn't exactly the nicest of places to wake up in. Not to mention I had a throbbing headache from the chemical he'd put against my mouth. My eyes scanned the surroundings, but it looked like for the moment I was the only prisoner wherever here was. Was I perhaps back at my old pack? It looked like the dungeon from there, but I could be wrong. It's not like I spent a lot of time in the dungeon of the pack after all.

A voice came from the shadows. "Good you're awake," Darius said pleased, coming from out of where he stood so that I could see him better. I glared at him.

"Darius, let me go. Right now."

He chuckled at me. "Do you honestly think I would go to this much trouble if I was going to let you go in the end?"

I tried to move my arms and couldn't.

What did he mean by going to so much trouble I wondered, and then I felt nauseous, a sickening feeling in my gut that wouldn't go away. I felt dread, utter dread inside of me.

"You killed Sophie" I breathed "that bitch was telling the truth?"

He seemed nonplussed. "Are you only now just working that out?" he asked with a shrug "my, my, you certainly trusted me didn't you Amber?"

I felt tears prick the corners of my eyes and blinked them back. I wouldn't give the bastard the satisfaction of seeing me cry. Instead, I bit my lip and straightened my shoulders, glaring at him with hatred in my eyes. I would get my revenge, I just needed to be patient. Poor Sophie, I thought sadly, how she had loved Darius, and look what he had done to her. He'd poisoned her and she'd died way too young.

"What do you want with me, Darius?" I asked him thickly, "you went to so much trouble to get me, why? Is all of this just because you want custody of the child?"

He seemed a little taken aback. "Not just because I want custody of our baby Amber but because I want us to be a family, to be husband and wife and leaders of the pack."

I stared, feeling incredulous. Was he delusional? Had he completely lost his mind? There was no way in this world that I would ever marry Darius. Once upon a time, I had been in love with the boy in front of me, but that felt like a lifetime ago and I was desperate to be back with both of my mates.

"Rowan and Stefan will kill you for this," I told him honestly, "you would be better off letting me go" I added.

He just laughed and shook his head. "You're a riot. But by the time they do manage to get here, it will be too late. You'll marry me whether you want to or not" he mused.

I narrowed my eyes "I would rather die" I said hotly.

His gaze went to my swollen stomach. "Something tells me you'll do anything to keep our baby safe from harm," he said drily "even marry me if it comes down to it. As for Rowan and Stefan, do you think that my father and mother won't take them on? They'll do anything to be able to hold their grandchild in their arms. I'm afraid my mother has kind of lost the plot when it comes to grandchildren. She was most upset when Sophie miscarried."

"Were you responsible for that too" I spat out.

"Of course I was. I hated how clingy she was becoming and how much she wanted me to love her. God, all I ever heard your sister talk about was the baby this, the baby that. It was suffocating" he whinged.

I stared at him in disbelief. On one hand, he hadn't wanted the child he'd created with Sophie but he wanted the one he'd created with me! He was walking, talking, a contradiction.

"Why me?" I asked him "what makes me so special Darius?"

He frowned. "Because I'm in love with you, that's what makes it so special and different. Not like what I had with Sophie where I had to pretend. I should never have agreed to marry that tramp" he hissed "I should have been with you. Now I'm rectifying that mistake" he added.

I felt so awful for Sophie who had adored Darius since our childhood. She had died at his hands. I wished my hands would move and wrap themselves around his neck for everything he had done.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"We're going to get married as soon as the minister is here. Until then, well" he glanced toward the bed and I felt sick to my stomach. Anything but that. God help me. I didn't think I could endure it.

Darius moved closer, bending down to look me in the eyes. He moved a stray curl of hair off my face, tucking it behind my ear. "You're so beautiful" he whispered, his eyes shining "so lovely, with that fiery red hair of yours."

I swallowed hard as he stared at me silently for a moment. Then he leaned forward and pressed his lips against mine, roughly, in a possessive manner, his hand reaching behind me to wind itself in my hair and keep my head still. I grimaced, fighting the urge to gag, trying valiantly to keep my mouth from opening as he began to demand access, pulling on my hair slightly as I winced.

"Open your mouth" he hissed and I refused, his hand tugging my hair so hard that I opened my mouth to cry out and he took advantage, slipping his tongue in and caressing mine. I tried to bite him and his hand moved to grip me around the throat, squeezing it lightly in a warning.

I was forced to endure his kiss, his slimy lips pressed against mine, his tongue inside my mouth. It was disgusting and humiliating at the same time. I attempted to kick my legs out and he sat on top of them, keeping his mouth moving over mine. All I could do was sit there, my arms raised above my head, and wait it out, hoping miserably that he would stop soon and apologizing profusely inside my mind to both my mates.

Lilac I don't know how much more of this I can take.

I know, but you have to endure until we find a way to free ourselves.

Rowan and Stefan will be coming.

We can't afford to rely on that unless you want to be Darius's wife' child?

No, you have a point. God, I'm going to be sick.

Don't you dare, you have no idea how he'll react to that if you do it. You need to remember that keeping your pup safe from harm is paramount.

Thankfully Darius broke it off and pulled back, grinning at me smugly. "See," he said as I looked at him nauseated, "we still have chemistry, can't you feel it, Amber?"

All I felt was sick but I wisely held my tongue as he climbed back off my legs, fighting the urge to kick him in the privates. The silver from my handcuffs was burning my flesh and sizzling. I fought the pain back, knowing I needed to keep a clear mind if I wanted to get out of there.

"God I wish I could take you to bed" he added with a longing glance as my stomach churned in response "but I guess I'll go and find that minister" he added.

I heaved a sigh of relief as he shut the cell door again and turned his back on me. At least I was being granted a short reprieve from him, even if I dreaded the words minister and marriage. He began to make his way toward the stairs, calling out over his shoulder "don't worry, we'll get married in here, it will be much more convenient" which had me wanting to spit at him as a result. Then he was gone, the door creaking ominously behind him and I was left alone in the dark, to ponder my choices.

What was I going to do? I stretched, feeling the bolt and swearing. It was through the cuffs, meaning I couldn't just lift my arms to get them off. The door began to creak open and I stiffened, worried that Darius had come back for me already. Instead, I stared, wide-eyed, in disbelief as the naked form of a girl came to the cell, clutching a key in her hand. She was very familiar to me, but it couldn't be her. It just couldn't. She was dead, I thought to myself in a daze, mother had said so. But she was here, standing right in front of me, with a swollen stomach not much smaller than my own, her long blonde hair glowing in the darkness, her pale skin like a beacon of light that shimmered, her blue eyes twinkling even as they looked at me concerned.

I swallowed hard. This had to be a mirage of some kind, or maybe I was still under the influence of the chemical that Darius had used on me. That made more sense. When she spoke, her voice was like the tinkling of tiny bells. "He always liked to keep spare keys lying around, the moron."

I blinked. It certainly sounded like her. But how was this possible? It wasn't a dream, I'd felt Darius's slimy lips on mine and it had been anything but a dream.

"Sophie" I whispered shakily as she knelt and began to undo the lock on the cell door. She flung it open and then flung herself at me, careful of my stomach as she hugged me.

She felt warm. Real, solid. She was real, I realized, tears coming to my eyes. "We need to get you out of here," Sophie said anxiously "I was on my way to the vampire's castle and saw them take you. I followed behind."

"But you're supposed to be dead," I said dumbly and saw her roll her eyes at me.

"I was dead," she said calmly "and we can talk about that later, for now, let's get you out of here. Darius is a psychopath and who knows what he's going to do to you once he marries you."

She began to undo my restraints and my hands slid out of the cuffs. I winced, stretching experimentally, and then awkwardly got to my feet, supported by Sophie. I was so glad to see her that tears were trailing down my cheeks. Slowly we made our way up the stairs and then paused at the door, listening for any approaching footsteps.

"I think the coast is clear," Sophie said quietly, and together we opened the door and slid out, before making our way upstairs. Sophie was quick to find an empty bedroom with some clothes in it and then together we began to look around, hearing a commotion.

"He's discovered you are gone," said Sophie anxiously but I gave her a wicked grin.

"Good, because it's time he discovered what pain really is."