

## Alpha's Rejected 13

### Chapter 13 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

#### Rowan POV

I needed to find something for my niece's birthday which was coming up. I didn't want to anger my sister by forgetting for the second year in a row. I knew she liked books and loved to read. This is why, when I spotted a bookstore in a town over, I pulled into a parking spot and began to walk towards it, hoping I could find something for her there.

The smell of something incredible and intoxicating wafted towards my nostrils, making me halt in my tracks for a moment. It smelt like apple and cinnamon, strong but the cinnamon was subtle, but it was enough to make my mouth water. My wolf was also going slowly insane inside my mind, and I glanced around, assuming there must be a cafe or bakery cooking somewhere. I shrugged it off and opened the door, stepping foot inside.

She was beautiful. That was the first thought that entered my mind. Her hair was stunning, a red crimson fiery color, while her green eyes were sparkling. Her pale pink lips were perfect and I stared, thinking about what they must feel like and wondering what she would taste like if I were to bend down and kiss her. Her complexion was a honey golden color and she was short, or rather petite in stature. She had the cutest freckles across her nose and she had a lovely smile on her gorgeous face. My wolf let out a low growl and I suddenly realized why he was going insane. I was staring at my mate! Oh, nod, god no. I could feel my heart sinking. I had a girlfriend back home, one who I loved and wanted to marry. I couldn't afford to have a mate. But she didn't seem to be aware of the bond, I suddenly saw, wondering why that was. Then I sniffed, subtly and discovered that she was what other shifters would deem undesirable. She had no wolf, so while she might feel a slight pull due to the mate bond, she wouldn't actually know that's what it was.

I needed to get the hell out of there, but she drew me like a moth to a flame and I ended up spending quite a bit of time there, while she helped me choose some books for my niece. I glanced at the book by Tamora Pierce, impressed despite myself at the girl's manner. My niece would love these, I was certain of it. I ended up buying the whole series, just to ensure I didn't have to make a trip back to this bookstore for the rest of them. Not that the poor girl realized it she approved of me doing it. How adorable.

By the time we rang up my purchase, it was all I could do to hold my wolf back when he wanted to take over and tell her we were mates. He despised my girlfriend for some reason, but I couldn't see why. Stacey was wonderful to me, taking care of my every need. So what if she liked to shop a bit on my

dime? It wasn't like I couldn't afford it. I was a millionaire for god's sake. If shopping made her happy, then I was happy to let her. It was the least I could do.

I sat in my car, contemplating everything. I couldn't just go and reject the girl, she would think I was crazy. I curse the fact that I never even had the decency to glance at her name tag or badge. I'd been too busy staring at her other attributes. I sigh. Why did life have to be so damn complicated? I'd given up ever finding my mate and now here she was, one town over and gorgeous to boot. But I wasn't going to push Stacey aside. We'd been dating for well over a year and lately, I'd been thinking it was time we got married and actually marked each other, effectively making her Luna.

I start the car, driving around aimlessly, ignoring my wolf's protests. He wanted to go back there and was begging me to. I hated to hurt him this way but it was for the best. I finally end up driving home and parking in the back of the pack house, still earlier than I'd anticipated. I had forgotten to message Stacey that I was coming home early, but I knew she would be pleased to see me. We never got to spend a lot of quality time together, not when I was always busy with business and her on her shopping trips. I feel an urge to see her as well, to put aside the image of the young girl in the bookstore.

I almost rush to the front door and open it quickly, shouting out "Stacey are you home?"

It takes a minute or two and then she appears, looking a bit startled to see me so early. "Rowan" she exclaims, rushing forward and hugging me "what are you doing home so early?"

I just shrug, inhaling her scent. For once I don't find it as intoxicating or as lovely as I normally do. I frown. Why is it so hard to get the smell of apples and cinnamon out of my head?

Stacey's black raven hair is tied up in a loose ponytail and I unpin it, sniffing her hair appreciatively. She smells of strawberries from her shampoo. Her green eyes are dancing up at me.

"What's gotten into you" she gasps as I suddenly spring, scooping her up into my arms and holding her, her arms around my neck, her body tight against my chest, walking slowly upstairs towards our bedroom.

"You," I tell her, lying. "I can't wait to have you" I purr.

My wolf is disgusted with me, putting up a block so that he doesn't have to hear or see this. That's fine with me. I don't need him making comments or trying to take over. I place Stacey standing upright by the bed, and with deft and nimble fingers, begin to undo the shirt she's wearing, pulling it off to expose her white lacey bra. She pulls my jacket off and then undoes my shirt, almost ripping it off my body in a haste. I pull her pants down next, shimmying them down to her ankles, Stacey lifting one foot up and then another so that I can pull them off. I fling them into the far corner of the room. She's wearing matching panties and my mouth goes dry as I stare at her petite and curvaceous body. She's stunning, gorgeous, everything I desired in my chosen mate.

I make her turn around and unclasp her bra, letting it fall off as my hands cup her breasts. She lets out a small moan as I massage them. I kiss the nape of her neck and then slowly, push her gently, onto the bed, so that she's lying there, staring up at me with wide eyes. I pull her panties off and then begin to kiss her along her navel and down her thighs as she trembles underneath me. I stop at her vagina and then begin to lick her clit as she shudders and moans, making my cock twitch in my pants. Her hands dig into the bed sheets.

"Oh god Rowan" she wails, as I begin to lap her juices, "you're so good at that" she pants.

I drive her wild, getting her to the edge and then stopping to her disappointment.

"Rowan" she pleads, her black hair a disheveled mess "oh god please" she begs.

I start again, placing a finger inside of her and then another one, pumping them back and forth as I continue to eat her out, her legs spread wide on either side of my face.

"Fuck, oh my god" she exclaims as I feel her body tensing, I pause and she deflates, then I begin again.

She begins to beg immediately when I bring her to the edge again "please, please don't stop" she cries out thickly, "I can't take any more teasing Rowan."

I double down my efforts and am rewarded by her loud guttural scream as she cums hard against my mouth. I lap up her juices as she shudders beneath me, and then I stand up about to undo my trousers when I realize something. Despite everything, I'm not hard. In fact, as I look at Stacey, I can't bring myself to actually enter her. Something is holding me back.

Stacey gets up on her hands and knees, looking at me with satisfaction on her face. "Your turn" she purrs and I shake my head at her.

"This was all for you" I lie "I'm a bit tired from work sweetheart. I just want to have a shower."

She looks a little surprised. "Well, alright," she says a bit uncertainly "if that's what you want."

I give her a grin and a wink and she perks right up. "How about I go order us something for dinner" she suggests.

"That would be good," I tell her honestly. She brightens and leaves the room.

The second she's gone, I head into the adjoining bathroom, slipping my trousers off and throwing them into the hamper. I do the same with my jocks and then turn the water of the shower on. I let it cascade over my back, soothing and relaxing my muscles. I close my eyes and a vision of the girl with red hair appears in my mind's eye. My cock twitches. My hand hovers and I hesitate and then decide what the hell. I'm grateful I've locked the door so that Stacey can't just come waltzing in. Slowly, I reach down and grab hold of my shaft, holding it firmly in my hand. I begin to pump my hand back and forth, my cock becoming hard and erect. I begin to imagine being with the red-haired girl, entering her pussy and fucking her senselessly while she screams. My cock is so hard it's like granite, as I pump back and forth to my fantasy, picturing her legs entwined around mine, the way she would pant and moan beneath me, her nails digging and clawing at me as I fucked her. Her green eyes would be staring right into mine, her pale pink lips would be curved in a smile, her body petite but with curves in all the right places.

"Fuck" I moan out loud, getting right into it, the water muffling the noises I'm making.

"Oh god," I pant, imagining the feel of her, the way her walls would tighten around my cock as I thrust in and out of her. My hand is pumping furiously by this time, my body beginning to stiffen.

My wolf is helping by flooding me with images of our real mate, no longer having the block up.

"Fuck" I let out a guttural shout, spilling my seed into my hand and over the shower floor. I groan, holding my hand up to the water to clean it, my body shuddering still from the massive orgasm I just had. I place my head against the tiled wall and close my eyes, willing my breathing to go back to normal,

for my body to become more relaxed. I can hear footsteps approaching the bathroom and I'm incredibly thankful that Stacey didn't interrupt me until now.

"Rowan" she calls out "dinner will be here shortly. I've ordered us some Chinese, I know how much you like it" she adds.

I feel like a right bastard. Not only could I not bring myself to fuck Stacey tonight, I just went and masturbated to the image of the red-haired girl. It felt downright disrespectful, even if Stacey didn't know I'd done it. I shake my head in disgust and quickly wash up. I was going to have to put the girl out of my mind, otherwise, my relationship with Stacey would suffer and I didn't want that to happen.