

Alpha's Rejected 14

Chapter 14 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

There have been no more discussions about me dating, and I'm hoping, that maybe my mother has managed to convince my father it's a bad idea. As I get home from school though, I hear my mother coming towards the front door, the distinct sound of her heels sounding on the wooden floor or the front entryway. She opens the door with a massive smile on her face. I frown. What is she doing at home so early? Why isn't she at work dealing with business or with father?

"Amber," she says sickly sweetly.

It's enough to raise my suspicions. I immediately feel my body tense up.

"I want you to go and get changed, we have a guest coming for dinner."

I relax. Father probably has an important business guest coming over. It happens from time to time.

"I put clothes on your bed and I want you to wear them. Dinner is at five pm" she almost sings.

That's weird. Since when does she have the gall to pick my clothes out? I feel a sense of disquiet but shrug it off. I head upstairs, Sophie nowhere to be seen. I see a pile of clothes on the bed but barely look at them. I don't have work today, something I'd briefly mentioned to mother and father this morning when they asked. I take my time in the shower, lathering my hair and rinsing it out, letting the water just fall all over me, my muscles feeling tense and knotted. I stretch, getting all the kinks out, and enjoy the warm water. Part of me doesn't want to get out, but I eventually force myself, turning the water off and grabbing hold of a towel. I wrap it around my wet body and head into the bedroom, grabbing hold of the clothes my mother supposedly laid out for me.

My frown deepens. She's laid out a dark purple dress that's clearly Sophie's, along with a pair of stockings and some matching heels, also Sophie's. I wouldn't be caught dead in a dress like this, it showed off far too much cleavage for my liking. It had thin spaghetti straps and was extremely tight along the bodice, before flowing slightly down to just above my knees. I hate it instantly, but before I can say or do anything, Mother knocks on the door. "Are you ready?" she asks "your father is home

now. Oh you look stunning Amber, no changing your clothes. This is a very important dinner" she says mysteriously.

If it's so important then why isn't Sophie home?

Mother disappears back out the door. I glance at the clock and sigh. I have plenty of time, I settle on the bed and begin to read a book, a fantasy one I haven't quite managed to finish yet.

Before too long, a knock on the door. "Amber it's time for dinner," mother says hastily.

I put down the book without a word and silently follow her downstairs to the intimate dining room. Just before the entrance, a young man is waiting, looking rather impatient. This can't be father's business client surely?

Father is next to him, looking rather pleased. Realization dawns on me and I stare at him horrified. They'd set me up on a date at home! Without my permission. I want to run, but one glance at father shows it's not such a great idea. No wonder Sophie wasn't required to be home, I thought to myself bitterly, she wasn't needed for this dinner.

The young man is repulsive looking. He has greasy black hair that is slicked back and light brown eyes. He's dressed in a business suit and is sturdily built, but something about his manner puts me off instantly, although I couldn't pinpoint the reason why.

"Amber" my father greets me cordially, gesturing to our guest "this is Brendon, from the Sparkling Waters' Pack"

The Sparkling Waters pack is two towns over. They sure as hell weren't wasting time trying to get rid of me, were they?

Brendon grabs my hand and kisses the back of it as I try not to shudder at the feel of his lips on my skin. He gives a smile, meant to be charming, but to me, it just looks fake, for show.

"A pleasure to meet you, Amber," Brendon says huskily "may I escort you to the table?"

My mother's beady eyes are watching my every move. With no choice, I heave a sigh and acquiesce.
"You may."

His hand is clammy as he takes hold of mine and leads me to our seat, our names proclaimed on little pieces of card mother has placed for such an occasion. He pulls my chair out gently, seats me, and then sits beside me. Mother looks very impressed, as does father.

"So Brendon, tell us about yourself. Your father didn't mention much to me on the phone" father says briskly, as Maria brings in the appetizer of the evening.

Brendon smiles at my father. "Well, I like sports and the outdoors" he boasts "especially white water rafting. As well as hiking."

His pale skin tells me otherwise. Slimy bastard.

"You love the outdoors, don't you Amber" mother prompts.

I grit my teeth and slowly nod. "Yes, especially archery whenever I get a chance. The crossbow is my favorite" I tell Brendon who instantly pales.

"Oh, I thought you might like dancing or music" he murmurs "more ladylike pursuits."

I bristle at that. How dare he. Why I never. . .I seethe, trying not to clench my fingers or my hands into fists.

"Amber has a lovely voice" mother tells him enthusiastically as we all begin to dig in. I couldn't even tell what the appetizer was, as I placed it inside my mouth and slowly chewed.

"Really," Brendon says "well that's something at least." It sounds derogatory.

"Can you dance?" he asks me.

I shake my head. I have two left feet. Plus, I've never enjoyed dancing, not like Sophie who took ballet lessons when we were small.

"I'm afraid not," I tell him firmly.

"What a shame" he exhales.

For a minute there is nothing but the clanging of our forks on the plates as we finish the food. Maria comes in and begins to clear the table, returning with the main course, grilled chicken with asparagus and roast potatoes. I sniff it appreciatively. Her chicken is just divine. I eagerly pick up my fork.

"Amber, remember how we sit at the table" mother hisses while Brendon chats to father for a moment. "Try to be more like a lady for heaven's sake."

I take offense to that, but before I can retort, Brendon's attention turns back to me as we begin to eat, my mouth chewing enthusiastically. "You sure enjoy your food" he laughs, my father turning to glare at me.

"I'll work it off" I snap "when I go to work."

Dead silence.

"You work," Brendon says slowly "well that will have to change. Why on earth would you work? You're rich."

"What do you mean that will have to change?" I snarl.

He blinks, looking confused. "Haven't your parents told you yet?" he asks, staring over at my father and my mother who looks awfully embarrassed.

"Told me what" I demand, staring mother down.

She gulps and looks down at the table. Father clears his throat.

"Ahem" father coughs "Brendon here has already offered for your hand in marriage. Isn't that perfect?" he asks.

My mouth falls open. "We hadn't even met each other," I say incredulously, looking back at Brendon "so why would you do something like that."

He shrugs. "You met the requirements," he said blithely "I need a wife and at least one heir to take my place in the business when I'm older. My parents want grandchildren. I don't care for dating and I don't want to go through the long tedious process of dating. This seemed perfect."

"I think we should let them discuss this in private" mother mutters to father, who hesitates and then seems to agree. They stand up and father stares at me intently.

"Behave" he growls at me.

God how I want to flick him the finger. For a moment I consider doing it, then turn my attention back to Brendon instead.

Now that mother and father have left, Brendon has a smirk on his rather repugnant face. His eyes flicker to my chest automatically. "I've been wanting to look at those ever since you appeared in that dress" he moans "you have such a perfect pair of tits" he added in a hushed voice.

"Are you being serious" I challenge "how dare you speak to me like that?"

He laughs. "I talk like that because I can. Your parents practically begged me to marry you. Now that I've had a look at you, I'm more than happy to be the one to have you."

His hand begins to creep up my thigh as I stiffen in shock, digesting his words. "You see, I have plans. I'll marry you and you'll have my heir but I don't plan on being faithful. I'll have as many mistresses as I want and no one will blame me for it. Not when my wife is an undesirable with no wolf."

His hand is hot against my skin. I bite my lip, trying not to yell, shout or scream but I'll be damned if I marry this son of a bitch.

"I can't wait. I bet I'm the first man who'll get to fuck you like the whore you look like" he murmurs, his hand moving upwards to cup my breast.

For a moment I'm in too much shock to do anything and then reaction kicks in. I forget about the consequences, about behaving, all I see is red. I yank his hand off my breast and slam it on the table, before grabbing a fork and shoving it right through his hand, pinning it to the table.

"I will die before I marry you" I yell, kicking him between the legs as he curses me, frothing at the mouth, trying to yank his hand up off the table.

His jaw slackens as I make contact with his privates and then his face contorts in pain. My parents, alerted by the noise we were making, come rushing back, my mother putting a hand to her mouth in shock.

"Oh, Amber" she exclaims, while father begins to pull the fork out of Brendon's hand.

With the knife out of his hand, the wound begins to heal, more's the pity, Brendon manages to stand upright, his eyes watering slightly from the pain. I feel a sense of satisfaction as I glare at him. "No way in hell would I marry this bitch" he snaps at my father, who looks grim-faced "I feel sorry for you. No man in his right mind is going to want her if this is how she acts."

He holds up a hand and begins to edge out from the table, going around mother and father and heading to the front door, almost running away. "My father will be in touch" he yells over his shoulder, before opening the door and slamming it closed behind him.

My father brushes back his hair with one hand angrily, before stomping over to me, his eyes pitch black. I stare back defiantly. His hand rises up and then I feel the sharp sting as it makes an impact with my cheek.

"I can't believe you did that" he hisses, his eyes never leaving mine.

I refuse to give him the satisfaction of seeing me cry. Nor will I try and explain myself. If he'd been a caring father he would have been outraged, but even if I told him the truth he would just save that outrage for me.

"You have no idea the amount of trouble you've caused me" father roars "go to your room before I do something I regret."

As if. I've never known him to regret doing anything to me. Mother just quietly nods at me and makes shooing movements with her hands.

Without another word I storm upstairs and shut my door, locking it behind me. Then I plop on the bed and stare up at the ceiling. I needed to start working more in order to get the money together. Because I was certain, dead certain, that this wouldn't be the end of it and that I would be forced to endure yet another date with my parent's interference. I sit up and tear the dress, ripping it to shreds and throwing it in a wastebasket. I couldn't stand to even look at it for a moment more.