

Alpha's Rejected 15

Chapter 15 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

With dread rising inside of me, and my gut churning, I descended the stairs the next morning, full of apprehension about what was to come. Somehow I was not surprised to discover that Sophie was sitting at the breakfast table, looking smug. I would lay bets that mother and father had filled her in on last night's debacle. Mother was sitting at the table, tight-lipped, while father looked extremely exasperated as they motioned for me to sit down.

"Last night your behavior was unacceptable Amber" father starts in an even tone of voice, his dark eyes glaring at me, "Brendon's father has been in touch and they will no longer do any business with us. He would have made you a perfect mate, he was rich, had social connections, and would have taken care of you, despite your undesirable status. What have you got to say for yourself?"

I glare back. "I'm not sorry. He dared to touch me and I showed him that it was disrespectful. As for being a perfect mate, he was more than happy to inform me he would have mistresses."

Mother gives a strangled sound and looks away.

"That's the way the world works" father snaps "you're an undesirable, what do you expect? You would have to be supremely lucky to land someone willing to be faithful to you. I think you better lower your expectations because you're just doomed to disappointment otherwise."

I felt sick. He didn't care about Brendon touching me, or the threats he'd made. All my father wanted was to get rid of me. Mother on the other hand looked a little uncertain, as though she was on my side but too fearful to speak out. Sophie sat there, a smug grin on her face as she listened in on the conversation, not even bothering to pretend she was eating. She was enjoying my misery, as usual.

"Because of your reckless behavior and failure to behave as we asked you to" father continues oblivious to my feelings "you will spend the day with Maria, cleaning the house. It's a good thing you don't have work today, isn't it?" he adds calmly.

Damn. I would have preferred going to work and the bastard knew it. Still, I take a deep breath and slowly exhale, trying to relax. Cleaning wasn't such a bad chore or punishment. It could have been so much worse and I knew it.

"Yes father" I mumble and he shoots me another glare, then shakes his head and gets up, giving my mother a peck on the top of her head. "We need to leave in five minutes," he tells her, and she gives a slow nod, polishing off the last bit of her croissant as he disappears.

"Mother, surely you can see that this isn't something I should be punished for" I blurt out.

She gives a glance at the empty doorway and then sighs, Sophie, gets up and cheerfully heads out, now that there was no drama for her to watch.

"Amber, you do need to realize that you don't have many options. Your father thinks he's doing the best for you. He doesn't want you to end up alone" she murmurs thickly, avoiding my pleading eyes. "One day you'll thank us for this, I promise you."

I couldn't believe it. So she wasn't on my side either. I should have known she would never go against father, she was too afraid.

She gets up and leaves the room without a second glance. I hear the front door open and close a minute later as they leave together. I have no idea where Sophie is.

Maria comes back into the room, a frown on her face. I haven't touched a thing, but I find I suddenly have no appetite.

"You didn't eat," she says.

I shake my head. "I'm not hungry Maria. Tell me what you need me to do."

She sighs. "Come and help me with the dishes" she urges "we can talk. Your sister is in her room" she adds.

I stand up and begin to gather the breakfast dishes, taking them into the kitchen. I start off scraping the plates into the bin and then place them in the sink, filling it with hot soapy water. Maria grabs a drying cloth and stands next to me, taking each dish as I carefully hand them to her. I wouldn't want to accidentally break any of the fine china. It would be something else for my mother and father to blame me for.

"Why are you being punished?" asks Maria, drying a plate and putting it away.

"Remember when I told you that mother and father want me to marry someone? They organized a date for me and the guy was rude" I exclaim indignantly. "He got in my face and told me that he'd still want a mistress and then to top it off, he got handsy with me."

Maria's eyes are wide with anger. "What did you do?" she asks hoarsely.

"I put a fork through his hand and kicked him in the nuts" I admit sheepishly "it probably wasn't my finest moment."

"It was the least that bastard deserved" Maria snapped "god, sometimes I want to shake some sense into your parents."

She exhales, frustrated, putting away the last of the china. The kitchen is now sparkling clean.

"I need you to clean your room and then your sisters. As well as the bathrooms" Maria tells me, sounding apologetic. "I'm sorry but it would be a big help for me. I'm behind in the laundry and I need to do your parent's room while they are still out."

I groan. My room is tidy at least and Maria knows it, but the adjoining bathroom could be cleaner. I didn't mind doing that so much, but Sophie's room! Damn. She was going to make my life a living hell as I cleaned.

"Okay," I say reluctantly. Luckily there is a cleaning closet and laundry on the top and bottom floor, hidden behind some lovely doors. My parents had thought of everything when they had their house built. It was more convenient than lugging things up and down stairs.

I make my bed, pick up the clothes off my floor and vacuum my room, opening the window to let the air in. Then I begin in the bathroom, scrubbing the shower and toilet, wiping over my vanity, and putting things away. I mop the floor last, leaving the window open so that it dries quicker. Whew. I wipe my forehead, feeling the sweat building on it already. Clad in my pajamas still, I force myself to go to Sophie's room, knocking on it, with the fervent hope that she's gone out while I've been doing my room. No such luck.

"Come in" she calls out in a sing-song voice.

I shudder and open the door, showing my cleaning supplies to Sophie who looks at me with a wide smile on her face.

"I need to clean your bathroom and room," I tell her.

She shrugs. "So do it. Maybe do the bathroom first" she tells me gleefully, "since I'm not using it at the moment."

She lies on the bed, her eyes watching my every movement as I shove through the door into her adjoining bathroom.

Holy moly. I've never seen such a mess. Maria cleans our bathrooms weekly, so I can't believe how messy Sophie's managed to make hers. There are clothes piled high next to the clearly dirty vanity. There is a hamper right next to that for christ's sake. I bend down and place them into the hamper, wrinkling my nose. Next, I put away all the makeup that is scattered across the counter, before wiping it over. The shower is a mess of things piled on the floor, an assortment of shampoos, and little body washes. They go back into the shower caddy and I begin to scrub the shower down, even getting on my hands and knees, to clear out all the dirt.

"That's where you belong, you undesirable bitch" Sophie comments from behind me "on your hands and knees, cleaning like a servant."

I shoot her a seething look. "You're loving this, aren't you Sophie? Isn't it enough that you've got Darius, who I don't see, by the way, now you have to relish in my punishment for not letting myself be taken advantage of?"

She's quiet for a moment, then laughs. "Oh, Darius will be here, his parents will make sure of it. The wedding preparations are going nicely by the way. I'm going to have the most beautiful, lavish wedding and everyone we know is going to attend. Isn't that just so embarrassing for you? Watching your ex-boyfriend walk your own sister down the aisle?"

"You can rub it in however you like" I retort "you can have the cheating, lying scumbag. If he's willing to cheat on me, then I'll bet you anything, that he'll end up cheating on you as well."

Her mouth opens in surprise. That hadn't occurred to her. For a moment, I rejoice in the look of uncertainty that appears on her face.

Then the smug look comes back. "He won't cheat on me. I'm perfect, an angel and I will be his Luna. He only cheated on you, because you have no wolf. I can help with the pack and fight, while you would have just been a pathetic, weakling, incapable of helping to protect his pack. His parents adore me, while we all know, they hated the fact that Darius was dating you. So just shut your mouth" she snarls.

She storms back into the bedroom and I hear a small ruckus before her bedroom door opens and closes. I relax, knowing she's out of the room, and finish up the bathroom. When I go back to the bedroom, I could almost cry as I look at the mess she's managed to create for me in such a small amount of time. All her knick-knacks have been knocked off her dresser, her clothes have all been pulled out and strewn across the room, her bed is unmade and the linen pulled to the floor. Her carpet is covered in what looks like face powder. I swear violently, cussing her out.

Bitch. I angrily begin to pick up the knick-knacks, noticing that she didn't throw them hard enough to break them thankfully. Then I have to fold all the clothes and put them back in her damn dresser. Maria comes searching for me when she notices that a fair amount of time had passed.

"I knew she had done something by the happy look on her face," Maria says annoyed. She stares at the mess and then bends down, beginning to help.

"God I hate her," I say pissed off "Maria I can't stand being here. I hate her and I hate my parents. What am I going to do? At this rate, a forced marriage seems highly likely."

She tightens her lips. "I know child. You do need to get out of here. I just need to think of something. But you need to just keep your head down and hold on for as long as you can. You save up that money from

working and get yourself away. But in case, I'm going to think of a plan" she mutters "your sister is a she-devil. She's always hated you. I don't know why. Who cares that you don't have a wolf? You're an amazing, brave, special woman and I know that you'll go far. I think she's jealous of you, that's why she makes your life so hard and difficult."

Ha. Is Sophie jealous of me? I doubted it but I appreciated Maria's sentiment. "Thanks, Maria."

She waves a hand at me as I begin to start the vacuum cleaner "I love you, child. Like your one of my own. You'll see, I'll think of something to help you."

I didn't doubt it for one second. Maria always kept her word. But I briefly wondered, what kind of help Maria would be able to summon, when she was but a housekeeper in our pack.