

## Alpha's Rejected 17

### Chapter 17 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

#### Darius POV

I can't believe she turned me down like that. Fucking bitch, who does she think she is? I thought that the year we spent dating each other would have meant a whole lot more to her, but apparently, I was wrong. My eyes narrow thoughtfully. No matter how much she protests, Amber still cared for me, I just knew it. If it wasn't for Sophie, I wouldn't be in this mess and I would still be dating the hot red-haired girl that made me the envy of the football team.

I slink off, vowing to make Amber regret turning me down. If I have to, I'll come up with a way to entice her to the idea of being my mistress. Perhaps once she realizes that no man is ever going to marry her for love, she'll come around. I have no doubts, that as an undesirable, she'll fail to find a mate, let alone a man capable of being faithful to her like she claims to want.

I spend the whole night tossing and turning, my dreams full of Amber, seeing her smile once again and her naked body pressed against mine as we fuck all night long, our bodies slick with sweat. Goddamn, it was hot, reminding me of how she felt when I took her virginity. I woke up this morning with a hard-on, forced to take care of it myself in the shower before I made my way back to school, hoping to avoid that bitch Sophie for another day. She was getting determined to speak to me and my parents were growing frustrated at my lack of enthusiasm for my so-called upcoming wedding but I didn't care. It was alright for them, they weren't the ones being forced to marry someone they couldn't stand.

I managed it, until the end of the day that was when there was a knock on our door. Mother opens it, looking excited when she sees Sophie on the other side of it. I frown. Up until now, she had avoided coming to my place when I was home.

"Sophie" mother exclaims "how lovely to see you. You're looking radiant" she coos, opening the door further.

Father, thank goodness is in his study, busy with business as usual.

"Hello, Luna Marian" Sophie greets her politely as my mother beams at her. "How are you?"

"I'm just fine, thank you for asking," Mother tells her with a wide grin "Are you here to see Darius?"

"If that's alright with you," Sophie says uncertainly, peering at me wide-eyed as I glower at her, not appreciating the interruption.

Mother snorts, rather unpolitely, "you both are getting married, so I am more than fine with you both speaking to each other" she giggles, motioning towards me and frowning as I reluctantly move towards Sophie.

"What do you want to speak about?" I ask her bluntly and she fidgets, glancing over at mother who is astonished at my rudeness.

"Can we talk in private please" she mumbles, looking a bit uncomfortable.

"Go and take her to your room Darius, stop being so impolite" mother scolds me.

I exhale annoyed. "Fine, follow me" I snap and walk off, not even bothering to see if she's following me.

Mother gives an annoyed huff in the background.

I walk upstairs and into my messy bedroom, feeling a little more relaxed in my own environment. My gaming system sits in the corner and I eye it longingly. Mother has threatened to take it out of my bedroom if I don't start growing up and accepting this marriage and I hate that she will actually go through with it. That's the only reason that I turn around and stare at a pale-looking Sophie.

"You wanted to talk, so let's hear it" I challenge, folding my arms across my chest.

She hesitates. "Can I sit down?" she asks.

I pull out my computer chair for her and she sits, crossing her ankles and sitting all prim-like. I feel like shaking her. Why does she have to be so uptight all the time? There was no one besides me to see how she was sitting, so why was she feeling the need to behave like a perfect lady?

"Um, the thing is" she starts, her voice hushed, her eyes wide as she stares at me pleadingly "the thing is. . ." she trails off.

"Spit it out already" I growl at her.

She's trembling by now. I get a bit of satisfaction out of that, I'm not going to lie.

"Fine," she says icily "I was trying to be polite, but here goes" she adds sarcastically "well guess what genius, I'm pregnant, what do you have to say to that?"

I feel like I've been sucker punched in my stomach. Like all the wind's been knocked out of me. I'm struggling to breathe, while Sophie's sitting on the chair looking at me smugly. If she'd wanted to shock me, she'd certainly succeeded. I stagger to the bed and then sit blankly on the bed, looking at her as though she was a complete stranger. Surely she was kidding?

"Are you sure?" I ask breathing heavily.

She gives me a small smile. "I'm sure. I've missed my period" she snaps "and the only person I've been with is you, you have proof of that."

I couldn't deny it. She had been a virgin when I took her. Still, the possibility of being a father, this young, was both exhilarating and frightening to me.

"Did you take a test?" I ask, looking straight at her.

She fidgets with her hands. "Yes," she breathes "and it was positive."

I felt like my world was collapsing all around me. Everything was topsy turvy and nothing made sense. Realization dawns that I've lost Amber forever if this is true. There was no way of getting her to come around now. She would never forgive me for this, or for having a child with Sophie. I want to punch the wall in my frustration.

"Get rid of it" I snarl, my eyes glittering with hatred.

She takes a shocked breath and then shakes her head. "No, it's our child and if you ask me again, I'll tell your mother the news right now" she threatens wildly.

Bitch. I stand upright and tower over her. "What was your purpose in coming here then Sophie? Why not wait to tell me? You had a reason for coming over today, so what the fuck is it?"

I'm pacing back and forth now, Sophie stiffening. Bullseye. I knew the cow had a purpose for this visit and her threats.

"I want you to mark me," she says in a small voice.

Did I hear that right? I whirl around in consternation. She was going too far now. "You want me to what?" I repeat in a soft and dangerous tone.

"I want you to mark me" she repeats, standing up now and looking braver. "We're getting married and I want everyone to know that I'm yours."

"The hell I will" I scoff, "why would I do that?"

She smiles, tilting her head and eying me with a serious expression on her face. "Because if you don't Darius, I'll tell your mother and father the good news, and you'll be forced into doing it anyway."

She had me by the balls and she knew it. Father and mother would not only be ecstatic at the news, but they would force me to mark her if she was pregnant with my child. I sniff the air but don't sense a change in her scent. Perhaps it was too early for the pregnancy to have changed it?

"Why does it matter so much to you?" I ask her gruffly "why not just wait until the wedding?"

Her eyes are gleaming now. "Because I want to rub it in Amber's face some more, and make her jealous, why else" she laughs bitterly "that bitch deserves to have it right in her face that I'm with you now and the future Luna of the pack. I can't wait to get rid of her" she mutters under her breath "that is if mother and father don't do it first."

My jaw drops open. She wants me to mark her just to make her sister jealous? What a disgusting and cruel thing to do. I can't believe how self-centered she was. She was selfish. Cold. Not the kind of woman a man wants as a wife and yet here I was, firmly stuck with her.

"Why do you hate Amber so much" I demand "explain. Because I don't understand how a twin could hate the other so much."

She stares at me in contempt. "How about because even though she's an undesirable, she still managed to capture the heart of the boy I loved first. Or because she's always inundated with dates, every boy on the football team loves her red hair and cocky attitude, don't tell me I'm wrong" she protests when I open my mouth. I close it as she continues "because she's an embarrassment to my family and our bloodlines. She's always been better at pack things, like training and fighting, now for once, I get to be the center of attention and have the pack love me."

I doubted the pack was going to suddenly love her if she became Luna. Still, it was infuriating to listen to her whinge and complain about her life, when I knew for a fact that she was spoilt rotten by her parents.

"This is a mistake, Sophie, wait until the wedding" I argue, wishing I was talking to Amber instead.

She adamantly shakes her head. "Mark me now, or I go downstairs and tell the good news" she whispers, her eyes darting meaningfully towards my bedroom door.

I growl at her but she refuses to be intimidated. I walk closer, and lean down, as she exposes the nape of her neck to me. Every fiber within me is screaming not to do it, even my wolf is pleading, but I have no choice. I don't want my parents to know about the pregnancy just yet. There's every chance that she might lose the baby still and I would cling to that, or the hopes she might be agreeable to abortion later on down the line. Not to mention if my parents found out, the wedding would be pushed to a closer date. I hesitate for one second more, my canines slowly coming out of my mouth, and then with a sickening lurch in my stomach, I pierce the flesh of her neck, biting down hard, making it painful, before withdrawing, licking the wound closed with a grimace.

She gives me a shove. "Bastard" she hisses "it didn't have to be so fucking painful."

"You deserved it" I try not to shout, my hands itching to shove her back. I would have too if it wasn't for her condition. She was lucky.

She touches the mark on her neck, tracing the tattoo which shows a large black wolf, my own, on her shoulder, claiming her as mine. She moves to look in the mirror and a wide smile appears on her face as I just shake my head, feeling disgusted at myself. I'd let her blackmail me into doing this and my wolf hated me for it. I didn't blame him, I was hating myself just as much right now.

"I love it" she squeals happily, twirling around.

Then her eyes narrow and she comes sauntering back to me. "My turn" she purrs and I shudder, not wanting to feel her mouth anywhere near my shoulder. But the marking has to be completed and without a word, I bend down, her canines piercing my flesh and biting down gently, Sophie taking her time to lick the wound closed. I had expected her to make it painful as payback so she surprised me with her gentleness.

"I'm going to go and show your mother" she exhales happily.

"Wait" I interrupt her as she turns to face me again "remember our deal."

She nods. "I won't tell, not yet anyway. But soon Darius, we'll have to do it, before I start to show" she warns me.

Then with a skip in her step, she exits my bedroom, leaving me standing there, feeling utterly shattered. I was well and truly in the shit now and there was no way out.