

Alpha's Rejected 27

Chapter 27 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Sophie POV

I'm still not pregnant. I stare at the stupid pregnancy test in disbelief. Even after tricking Darius into fucking me in the woods, while pretending I was Amber hasn't done the trick. I throw the pregnancy test in the bin in a fit of anger and wash my hands, going outside to take some deep breaths. It's after school time and Amber is moping around like usual, acting like she's some sort of prisoner, when she only has herself to blame for her current situation. What's so bad about marrying someone you don't know? It's not like mother and father wouldn't make sure the groom was wealthy at least, so she would be taken care of. I bet she's still got feelings for Darius, well I was going to make certain to squash those feelings in the bud.

The hospital isn't far from here and I consider it for a moment. What if there's something wrong with me? Some sort of reason why I can't get pregnant? Should I get checked out? I hesitate for a moment, but mother and father aren't home and Amber is alone with Tony, her security guard so to speak. I make my mind up and go back inside, grabbing hold of my keys from my room and my jacket.

"Where are you going?" asks Tony as I make my way to the front door, Amber sitting with him in the living room.

"Out," I say firmly, not divulging my location.

After all, I'm not a prisoner, not like Amber. He has no right to ask where I'm going and needs to remember his place. He gives a small grunt in recognition and then I open the door, glancing back to see Amber's eyes fixated on me, narrowed in hatred. I smirk and then walk out, shutting the door with a loud, decisive, bang behind me.

I get into my car and drive, slowly and carefully, towards the hospital which is on the outskirts of our pack, parking and getting out. I make my way to the front doors and walk in, knowing that someone is bound to recognize me as the Beta's daughter. Sure enough, I see the receptionist's eyes widen and not long after, I'm approached by a friendly-looking female doctor. She has long blonde hair and blue eyes, a white doctor's coat, and the nicest smile. She immediately puts me at ease.

"Miss Sophie," she says cheerfully "would you follow me please."

I follow her into an empty hospital room, where she draws the curtains and then turns to me. "What seems to be the problem?"

I fidget with my hands and then meet her eyes. "This is confidential right? No one else will know why I came here?"

She nods with a frown. "Of course, patient confidentiality. Not even your parents will be told" she assures me.

I take a deep breath "I can't seem to get pregnant and I think there might be something wrong."

She frowns harder. "Well you are quite young" she muses "so I can't imagine there is an issue. It does take time but if you are that concerned, let's do an ultrasound and see if we can find out anything that might be preventing you."

I give a grateful smile.

"If you'll lie down on the bed" she instructs me in a professional voice "I'll just go and fetch the ultrasound machine."

I make my way over to the bed and gingerly get on it, lying down and waiting impatiently for the doctor to come back. I realize I haven't even bothered to ask her name, but don't really care. I wriggle on the bed, on tenterhooks. Finally, the doctor comes back in, wheeling along the ultrasound machine.

"Sorry about the wait" she apologizes. "I had to borrow this from obstetrics."

Like I care. I just nod and wait as she plugs the machine in, grabbing hold of a small container of something. She begins to place it on the probe and I see that it's gel.

"Now this might be cold" she warns me "if you'll just lift up your shirt and drop your pants a little further down."

I do as she asks.

She places the probe against my stomach and I give a small wince at the coldness of the gel. She notices and chuckles.

"Now if you'll hold still" she murmurs, moving the probe around on my stomach, while I look over at the ultrasound machine, trying to see what appears on the monitor. "I want to check your ovaries and your lining" she begins, moving around and watching the monitor.

"How are your periods?" she asks me suddenly. "Are they painful at all?"

I grimace. "So painful, but isn't that normal? I've always just taken strong painkillers and stayed in bed resting every month. I thought it would get better, but it doesn't, it seems to get worse."

She nods and reaches for a clipboard, scribbling away on it. "Do you get pains other than at period time?"

I shake my head "not that I've noticed, but sometimes I feel like I have my period when I don't if that makes sense?"

She gives me a small nod, scowling at the ultrasound machine.

I wonder about the questions, and whether they are necessary. But before I can say anything, she turns to me "I'd like to do a transvaginal ultrasound if that's alright, just to see if the images are more clear."

I lie down and watch as she wipes off the probe. "If you'll take your pants and panties off, I'll get the probe ready," she says lightly.

I sit back up and hop off the bed, quickly taking off my pants and panties, folding them neatly, and placing them on the chair. She puts gel on a funny-looking probe and approaches me. "I'll need you to spread your knees and put your hands up underneath your bottom."

I hesitate.

"You have the option of inserting this too, if you would prefer" she offers but I shake my head, putting my hands underneath my bottom and spreading my knees for her.

It stings as she inserts it, my whole body trembling. Luckily she's covered me with a blanket to maintain some sort of decency, but I still fear people coming in at any moment.

She turns the monitor back on and begins to move the probe, while I take deep breaths, trying not to grimace at the pain.

She eyes the monitor looking concerned and just like that, I instantly know that something is wrong. Why else would she want to perform two different ultrasounds on me?

I feel myself panicking. She notices and gives me a reassuring smile. "You're doing great Sophie, just a little more and I'll be done, I promise. Can you last much longer?"

"Yes," I answered hoarsely.

She changes the direction of the probe. Her eyes are staring intently at the ultrasound. Slowly she begins to withdraw the probe.

"You can get changed back into your clothes. I am going to go and speak to a colleague and then come right back."

She leaves me alone to get dressed. I sit on the chair trying not to think of what could be taking her so long to come back. But my mind is whirling with all sorts of negative ideas. What if I was right? What if there was something wrong with me? I begin to bite my nails, full of anxiety.

The doctor finally comes back, a serious look on her face. "Sophie, would you come with me please, I think it's best we have this discussion in my office."

I swallow hard and grab my keys and bag, slowly trailing behind her as we make our way past empty hospital rooms, down several long corridors, and finally to her office, the doctor holding open the door for me. I sit down opposite her, avoiding her gaze, staring down hard at the floor. I feel close to tears, although I haven't been given any news yet.

The doctor is no longer smiling. "Alright, Sophie, I have to be honest with you. I've spoken to my colleague and the images on the ultrasound were extremely clear. You were right to come to us with your concerns. I'm afraid that you have a condition called endometriosis which is preventing you from getting pregnant."

"What is endometriosis?" I ask blankly.

She leans forward in her chair. "Endometriosis is a condition where the tissue that lines your womb, also grows in other places that it's not supposed to. It would explain your painful periods. It affects a lot of women, just so that you know, but it can go undiagnosed for years."

I digest her words. "So what's the next step then? Surgery? My parents will pay if we can do it immediately" I blurt out. Now her face looks saddened. I feel bile rising in my throat and can feel myself becoming slightly hysterical. "You can make this better right?"

She bites her lip. "I'm going to give it to you straight. You have severe endometriosis Sophie, and it's fused your fallopian tubes to your womb. Even with surgery, I'm afraid that there's not much we could do, besides removing the fallopian tubes themselves. It's that chronic and that bad. For one so young, it's rather a surprise. There are surgery options and we can try and remove the endometriosis but I'm afraid that you will not be able to have children. The endometriosis has caused infertility with the fusion of the fallopian tubes. I'm sorry Sophie, I really am."

My face crumples. Of all the things I'd been expecting to hear, this wasn't one of them. What was I going to do? Darius thought I was pregnant and his parents would want an heir. If they found out, they wouldn't want me to be his wife or the Luna of the pack.

"There's nothing more you can do?" I whisper hopefully.

She shakes her head. "I'm so sorry. It's a severe case. I feel awful for you" she says thickly "and I can understand that you need some time to think about your options. I have a pamphlet" she withdraws one from her desk and hands it to me "that you can read and if you have any questions, feel free to ask them."

I barely even glance at it, putting it in my handbag.

"Should we make an appointment for you to come back, and discuss surgery options" encourages the doctor.

I stare at her for a moment.

My voice is shaky when I speak "no thank you, I don't want to deal with this right now. I'll call you instead" I promise, knowing that I probably wouldn't. Surgery would mean my secret would get out.

"If you're sure," she says uncertainly.

"I'm sure," I say quietly "am I free to go now?"

"Of course" she exclaims, "let me see you out."

She stands up and I do the same, escorting me to the exit. I make the trip mindlessly, not even aware of exiting the large building, numbly making my way to the car.

I stare out the window, not even attempting to start the car. In one day all my hopes and dreams had been dashed to pieces. Rain pours down on the car, matching my black mood. For the first time, I feel envious of Amber. She might be an undesirable with no wolf, but I suspected she was still capable of having children. She would get to have a family. I, on the other hand, was looking at a bleak future, that would be full of lies. I knew I wasn't going to tell Darius or his family anything, that I was going to have to come up with some sort of story for there being no child. I felt sick to my stomach, and as the rain poured down outside, I finally allowed myself to cry, sobbing my heart out, feeling nothing but grief inside of me.