

Alpha's Rejected 28

Chapter 28 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Rowan POV

The walls are sterile, a plain basic white that's supposed to promote cheerfulness but instead makes the place look gloomy and depressing. I walk down the long corridors, intent on where I'm going, trying to ignore the fact that I've just come from an argument with Stacey.

"You haven't touched me in weeks, Rowan! I'm going insane here? Are you seeing someone? Is that it?" Stacey's voice.

"I'm not seeing someone else Stacey, this is just stress related! Alright. I know that you want more from our relationship and I'm not quite ready to go to the next step with you just yet!" I had told her.

She had sneered at me. "You're lying Rowan, I can tell. Something's going on and I'm going to get to the bottom of it. Do you even give a damn about me anymore?" she demanded.

Of course, I did. I was confused. I had a mate out there that needed me, but I also loved Stacey, whom I'd dated for so long. I was being torn in two different directions, causing me no end of pain.

To appease her, I'd forced myself to have sex with her, in order to end the argument and prove I still loved her. When I'd left, she had a big smile on her face, as though nothing in the world was wrong now that we had made up. I tried not to think about the fact that I may have just cheated on my mate, after all, she didn't even know we were mates, let alone that I existed.

As usual, my father greeted me with a big smile on his wrinkled face. "About time, sport" he laughed, "it feels like an age since I last saw you"

My father was an optimist and a cheerful soul. His name was Terrence but he preferred to be called Teddy and he was a gentle, loving soul, unlike me. He was lying down in his hospital bed, leaning right back as he looked me over.

"You look, good son," he said to me softly.

"So do you" I returned. I hand him the magazines I brought with me. He's an avid fan of sudoku and crosswords. "Has the doctor been to see you already?"

He grins. "He has, and it's looking like the chemotherapy is starting to work," he says excitedly.

I feel myself becoming a bit relieved. My father has leukemia and it had been a particularly severe case. His shifter's powers were unable to heal cancer, but it did give him a slight advantage in beating it.

I sit down on the chair and spread my long legs out.

"So how is Stacey?" asks father tentatively. He knows that we're having problems right now.

I shake my head at him. "Same old Stacey. She's becoming impatient though, for us both to tie the knot. I haven't even proposed to her yet" I say disgruntled.

Father sighs. He's never liked Stacey but he listens to me talk about her anyway. He would never step in and force me to break up with her, it's not his style. Instead, he tends to avoid her, which is a lot easier to do when you are in the hospital. I'm also aware that Stacey doesn't bother to visit him, which bugs me just a little.

"Well, you have been dating for a year" father points out wisely. "Surely you know if she's the one by now?"

That's the thing that I don't want to admit to myself. That no matter how hard I try, I cannot quite envision Stacey as being the one, the girl that I want to stay married to for the rest of my life. Not when I can't get the girl, Amber, out of my mind. Everything was just crashing down around me and I was letting it because it was easier than facing facts. But how do you break up with someone, who you love, but don't see as the one for you? I couldn't do it. It wasn't fair to her.

"I don't know," I tell him before changing the subject. "So when can I get you the hell out of here old man? The pack is missing you something fierce and so am I" I admit "the house is a lot lonelier without you in it."

He laughs, his blue eyes twinkling. A voice sounds from the doorway. "It will be a few weeks yet, maybe months."

Dr. John is standing there, clipboard in his pudgy hand and a small smile on his lips. I get up and shake his hand, before plonking back on the chair to watch. "How are you feeling?" he asks my father.

"I feel slightly nauseous but not too bad," says Teddy "I kept my food down earlier" he adds excitedly.

Dr. John scribbles in the notepad. "That's good, the medication is helping then. I just want to check your vitals and then I'll leave you alone to chat with your son" he says, his eyes gleaming with good humor.

"Thanks, doc," says my father with a grin, glancing over at me "It's awesome to catch up with him. I know he's busy, what with being the Alpha and all, but he never fails to visit me. He's a good son."

I feel a warm glow at his words. The doctor chuckles and begins to check my father's blood pressure. "Can you lower your arm for me?"

"Good, good" he mutters "your blood pressure is excellent and your vitals are all looking good. You have another bout of chemotherapy coming up in a few days and I want you to be prepared because you'll be very sick afterward again. To be honest I'm surprised you haven't lost your hair. You're definitely a strong shifter" he compliments father.

"How sick is sick?" I ask the doctor concerned, seeing my father's face go slightly pale.

Doctor John turns to me. "It means he'll be vomiting profusely I'm afraid. Even with medication, it's a strong dosage and it might make him extremely tired and very weak as well. I would advise against visitors on that day and the next few until he feels better again."

I feel disappointed but understand the doctor's logic. Father is nodding along to his words as well.

"What day does he have chemotherapy?" I ask quietly.

Dr. John consults his chart " In three days" he says softly. "I'll leave you two alone again unless either of you has any questions?"

We both shake our heads. He gives a small wave and disappears out the door.

For a minute, there is only silence.

Then father gives a massive inhale. "Well, that sucks" he comments wryly, making me laugh. "But let's not focus on that. When are you going to give me a grandchild?" he demands "a baby to hold and cuddle and love?"

"Father" I exclaim "we have this conversation every single time I visit. What is with you and the prospect of grandchildren lately?"

For a moment he's quiet and I feel guilty. Have I upset him? But then he begins to speak.

"Son, it's just that I could go at any time and I don't want to leave this earth, without having held my grandchildren. Being in a hospital gives you plenty of time to think about life and how fragile and precious it is."

Damn. He was making me teary-eyed.

"Can I think about it" I say lightly "I'm not sure that Stacey is the maternal type."

Father frowns. "It's a shame that you haven't met your mate. You have no idea what it's like to feel so possessive and loving towards another person when you're hit by the mate bond. All you can think about is them, touching them, loving them, and making them happy. Wanting to spend the rest of your life with them, having a family. Your mother was the one for me son, and I just wish you could experience the same happiness we did." His voice is wistful.

My father and mother were mates and they were happy together. I can still see the way they kissed each other good morning, without fail every morning. The way they showed affection to each other. It

was a loving marriage and they had adored me to pieces. But my mother was attacked by rogues one day while in the forest and my father and I couldn't get to her in time. She was killed, and while we took our revenge on the rogues, it felt hollow. Life had changed completely after that, but my father and I had gotten closer, something which I'm sure would make my mother very happy to know.

"I wish I could too," I say frowning. I did have that option, all I had to do was reach out and take it. Maybe it was time to consider my options carefully. I wanted a family after all and I was under no illusions that Stacey didn't want children. It would ruin her figure, she claimed. Not to mention she was extremely fussy about her clothing, god knows how she would react to dirty hands touching her.

"I'm feeling a bit tired," father says suddenly and I glance at him, seeing that his face is still pale. "Do you mind if I have a nap son? I'm sorry to cut this visit short" he adds regretfully.

I get up and give him a kiss on his forehead, his brown hair now streaked with silver hairs. "It's fine, you get your rest. I might go home and have a discussion with Stacey and who knows, it might include having those grandchildren you want so bad."

He chuckles and watches me go, his eyes already looking sleepy. He burrows under his blankets and my shifter hearing picks up the sound of his soft snores as I walk towards the exit. The poor bastard must have been exhausted and hiding it.

I drive home, lost in my thoughts, and without thinking, park in the back of the pack house instead of my normal spot in the driveway. I begin to make my way inside, using the backdoor which gives you an entrance into the kitchen. I and Stacey are the only ones to reside in the pack house at the moment, we have a separate house for pack members to use. Therefore, when I hear sounds coming from the bedroom, for a moment, I'm paralyzed, my feet planted on the floor as suspicion begins to rise in my mind. Then, slowly, carefully, I begin to head upstairs, the sounds becoming louder, the closer I get to our bedroom.

"Oh god, yes" Stacey's voice as she moans.

"Do you like it?" the man's voice is familiar to me and it takes me a minute to place it, as I eavesdrop unashamedly outside the door. It's none other than my gamma, Gordon.

I feel a sense of rage as I burst through the door, sending it flying on its hinges. It drops loudly to the floor. Stacey is naked and on top of Gordon, riding him, his naked body underneath hers. Both of them are startled by the sudden entrance. Stacey gives a squeal and hastily tries to cover herself. "Rowan, I can explain" she begins, but I don't want to hear it, my eyes intent on my gamma who is slowly getting to his feet and holding his hands out in surrender.

"Listen, Rowan, I didn't mean to hurt you" he begins "but Stacey and I are in love."

Stacey is frantically shaking her head at me. "No we're not" she squeaks "I love you, Rowan, this was a mistake."

Now Gordon is frowning. My eyes turn pitch black as my wolf comes to the surface, my mind-link working overtime so that my Beta Laurence comes skidding into the room.

"Holy shit" he whistles, seeing the scene in front of him. "I always knew you were a slut" he adds glaring at Stacey.

"Take Gordon to the dungeon" I snap, not taking my eyes off Stacey who is beginning to look frightened. "Lock him up and don't let anyone go near him. Gordon I suggest you don't put up a fight, because I would like nothing less than to rip your head off your body right now."

Gordon's mouth opens and then closes. Reluctantly he wraps a sheet around himself and then lets himself be led away by Laurence who is looking at him in disgust. Stacey begins to get on her knees, sobbing and shaking. "I'm sorry Rowan, please forgive me. It was a genuine mistake" she sniffles "it been so long since you touched me and he was there for me, but I still love you" she adds thickly "I promise it will never happen again. I swear. Please don't break up with me" she whispers,

I cock my head at her. "From the sounds of it Stacey, this wasn't a once-off. Gordon is in love with you, I heard it, which means this has happened multiple times. What I can't get over is that we just had sex hours ago and you went straight to him afterward. How long has this been going on?" I demand, reaching forward and shaking her shoulders. "How long Stacey?"

She bows her head. When she talks, it's so hushed, that my shifter hearing has to strain to hear her words. "A month" she whispers.

I let out a low growl of disgust. "You have no idea what you've just lost out on. I came back early, wanting to talk to you and find this. I can't even stand to look at you" I hiss, "I know we've had our problems, but cheating is not an excuse."

Laurence comes back in, eyeing Stacey with contempt. "What do you want done with her?" he asks coldly.

I gesture towards her. "Put her in a dungeon cell, separate from Gordon's. I can't bear to be anywhere near her right now."

Stacey begins to shriek and scream. "Please don't do this to me Rowan" her voice rises hysterically as Laurence takes hold of her arm "I'm sorry, I'm sorry" she screams, as he drags her out the door. "Rowan please."

I ignore her and watch as Laurence drags her downstairs. Once she's out of sight, I drop onto the bed and cover my face with my hands. What a lying, cheating bitch, I thought to myself bitterly.