

Alpha's Rejected 29

Chapter 29 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

Being cooped up inside the house was driving me stir-crazy. Not to mention, having to deal with a cross Sophie all the time, who was slowly turning into a bridezilla. Fun times, not. Tony sat on the sofa, examining his nails, looking bored as hell. It was hard for him, I guess, to have to be my personal security guard all the time. At least in the house, he allowed me to move upstairs and downstairs without constantly being by my side like glue.

I needed the bathroom. I stood up and Tony's eyes immediately glanced my way. I give him a nonchalant shrug. "Bathroom" I mutter and he nods, watching me approach the staircase, as I slowly make my way upstairs, rolling my eyes in frustration. It was exasperating having my every move watched. So far, there had been no opportunities to make a run for it, but the second Tony's guard was down, or mother and father forgot to lock the doors downstairs, I was gone. I'd considered breaking an upstairs window and making a jump for it, but even I wasn't that foolish to seriously consider it. At the least, I'd break a leg or two, at the most, I could end up breaking my neck.

As I reach the landing, I can hear Sophie's voice coming from down the hall, soft, but clear enough that I can't help myself, tiptoeing over to her bedroom door and listening unabashedly. She's clearly on the phone.

"Yeah, no, I had the examination today" Sophie's voice. She sounds teary.

I frown, pressing closer to the door.

"I mean, they could have made a mistake, but the doctor was fairly certain Cindy. What am I going to do?"

Do about what? Is this something to do with her pregnancy? OR is it about something else?

"Yeah, he hasn't come over since. He's not interested, but he'll notice, I'm sure he will. Darius isn't that stupid Cindy."

Oh, I wish I could hear Cindy's voice, instead of getting a one-sided conversation. Still, it was quite juicy, so I stayed where I was, eavesdropping with no shame whatsoever.

"What am I going to do" she moans out loud "his parents won't want me to be Luna if I tell them, Cindy. I can't risk that, don't you understand? How on earth do I tell them that I'm infertile and can't have children when I've already told Darius that I'm pregnant?"

I gasp out loud in shock, not meaning to, but it's too late, as Sophie suddenly hears me. "I have to go, Cindy, I'll talk to you later," she says hastily. I hear her footsteps stomping towards me and back away, as she swings the door open furiously. Her eyes meet mine. I give her an apologetic glance, just as I hear Tony coming upstairs to find me.

"You" she snarls, Tony's face appearing around the side of the hallway, his perplexed face staring at me. Sophie gestures at him. "I'm going to have a private discussion with my sister," she tells him haughtily "you can go and wait downstairs."

Tony looks like he wants to protest but then sighs and acquiesces, his footsteps fading as he walks back down the stairs and presumably to the living room once more.

"Sophie, I didn't mean to listen in on your conversation" I begin, but she motions towards me and when I frown, darts forward and grasps my shirt with one hand, effectively dragging me inside her bedroom. She shuts the door and locks it with a decisive click, her eyes never leaving me.

"How much did you hear?" she asks me quietly, for once none of the arrogance I've become accustomed to, showing in her voice or her face.

I feel angry now. "Enough for you to admit that you aren't in fact pregnant. Why are you lying about such a thing Sophie? What good is going to come of it when Darius finds out, not to mention his parents?"

Sophie's lip is trembling. She looks sad and the wind gets taken out of my sails so to speak. Surely she can't be that upset over not being pregnant.

"I know that it's a matter of time until Darius finds out and his parents too" she whispers "I honestly thought I would be pregnant by the wedding, or I wouldn't have lied. I wanted to rub it in your face, another thing that you wouldn't get to have. But it's bitten me in the ass" she begins to sob as I stand there helpless, not knowing what to say.

"Darius deserves to know the truth, Sophie. Do you really want to start your marriage on a lie?" I ask her softly, feeling bad for her. I know I should be angry, should be yelling but in the end what good would it do? I had moved on from Darius and now Sophie was marrying him, I felt nothing but emptiness.

She snuffles. "No" she admits "but I don't really have a choice. If they find out, they'll never make me Luna of the pack Amber. I'll be abandoned at the altar."

Now she was being melodramatic, I thought, relaxing. After all, there was plenty of time for her to get pregnant. She just needed to give it time. Besides, she'd never really struck me as the maternal type, but it was evident I was wrong. She was really upset by all of this.

Despite myself and all the anger I have towards her, I reach out and grab hold of one of her hands, startling her. "Sophie, there is plenty of time for you to have a family with Darius. You just need to give it time" I tell her softly.

She looks at me, her lip trembling, and then begins to cry, real tears dripping down her cheeks.

"That's just it" she sobs "I can't have children Amber, I just received the news. I bet you're happy about that too, aren't you?" she asks heatedly.

"What do you mean you can't have children?" I ask blankly "you're only eighteen years old Sophie, you're still young."

She waves her arm around wildly. "I just came back from the hospital. I have a condition called endometriosis. It means that my fallopian tubes are fused together and I won't be able to conceive. I can have surgery but there are no guarantees it will fix anything and they'll most probably have to remove them. I'm infertile Amber. There are no children for me in my future."

I feel a wave of grief come over me. I might hate my sister at times, and resent her, but there is no way I would celebrate something like this happening to her. Not when I knew how much she was being affected by it. I even feel sorry for Darius, knowing that he would like a family one day, or so he claimed.

"There are other options, Sophie," I say firmly as she looks at me, her eyes watering "you could adopt for one. There are plenty of orphans in the orphanages that could use a home. It doesn't have to be your biological child for you to have the family you want."

She shakes her head. "I don't think that the Alpha and Luna would go for that. They want a proper heir, remember, as do mother and father" she draws. less hysterical now.

"Then what are you going to do? If Darius thinks you are already pregnant, he's going to realize sooner or later, especially when you don't start showing."

"I don't know" she mutters "I need to come up with a plan but what? Something, that will make sense and not cause suspicion. That is if you can keep your big mouth shut."

I open my mouth and protest "that's not fair Sophie. Even though we don't get along, I have kept your secret. I've been wondering why you haven't told mother and father the good news but I didn't let it slip, which is a good thing apparently."

"Thank you," she says sincerely "that I do actually appreciate. Mother is already so excited about the wedding, I think she would go overboard with a pregnancy."

I sigh. Another secret to keep but this time I was wrestling big time with my conscious. What was Sophie going to do? Then it came to me. I didn't want to help her, but at the same time, I couldn't bear for my sister to be going through something like this. Besides, she actually loved Darius, whereas now that I'd had time to contemplate it, I wasn't sure I had. I had adored him, liked him, but love? I felt like it was much more than what I had experienced with Darius. If Sophie was this much in love with Darius, then who was I to stand in her way? I had high hopes that Darius would fall in love with Sophie and that maybe she would grow to be a better person as a result. But I also had my suspicions that the marriage would not be a happy one, no matter what I wished for. They were too alike, both of them willing to do whatever it took to get what they wanted and they didn't care who they hurt in the process.

"Listen, I might not like you very much, but in the end, you are the only sister I have," I tell her quietly as she listens intently "I wish you all the best. I'll keep your secret, but it's up to you to decide where to go from here. I will follow your lead."

"I wish I could help you" Sophie blurts out suddenly, looking remorseful. 'I wish I had been different to you and that I could help you, but mother and father are insistent on your marriage, and no matter what I say it won't make a difference."

"Thank you but I'll worry about that," I say softly "you worry about yourself."

For a moment, we both smile at each other, like a moment frozen in time, where we both act as sisters. The moment is ruined by Tony knocking frantically on the door.

"Miss Sophie, Darius is here" he mutters "and I need Miss Amber to come back out now."

I give a heavy sigh and a shrug and then open the door, glancing backward at Sophie's pale face. "Good luck" I whisper, wondering if she'll tell Darius the truth. But she follows me out to my surprise, looking a bit apprehensive. I wonder what's going through her mind. Tony and I go downstairs first, seeing an annoyed-looking Darius in the living room,, looking quite impatient. His eyes soften for a moment when he sees me.

"Hi," he says.

"Hey" I answer back, staring at his face. He looks like a complete stranger to me now. It feels strange being near him.

A sudden scream makes us all turn towards the staircase, my legs moving of their own accord. I stare in horror as Sophie's body tumbles to the foot of the stairs, almost in slow motion. She stops at the foot, her body limp like a rag doll. I bend over and quickly place my hand against her neck, feeling for a pulse. It's there, but faint and thready.

"Call an ambulance" I shriek at Darius who is hovering nearby, his own face as pale as a sheet. Tony is already on the phone, issuing instructions.

I don't dare move her, not while she's unconscious. There's blood slowly pooling around her head. I feel sickened and am a little concerned. She's so pale, so still. But she's breathing, her chest rising slowly up and down. Had she done this to herself? Thrown herself down the stairs or had she tripped and fallen? After our discussion, I had my suspicions it was the former. It would be convenient for her to be able to claim a miscarriage after this, but this was beyond anything I'd dreamed she would do. Sophie, you fool, what have you done?