

Chapter 3 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

SOPHIE POV

I slam the door to my locker closed, fully irritated. As usual, the two of them are at it again, cozying up to each other in the corridor, completely oblivious to anyone and everyone. I scowl at them, feeling nothing but utter hatred towards the girl that I have to call my sister, her red hair standing out in the crowd.

"They're at it again" my friend Cindy mutters next to me as I give an irritable nod.

"Yep" I counter "she has no shame. She's such a loser. A slut" I sneer, not caring how bitter I sound.

"Never mind, it's not like she's popular or cool like you" Cindy rushes to assure me "you're so pretty with your blonde hair. She's not even close to good-looking," she says, keeping me calm and grounded. She knows how to make me feel better. My other friends swarm around me too, as we head towards my dreaded science class.

"Come on, the class will distract you" urges Cindy, keeping her voice down. She's my best friend and the only one who knows how much I am in love with my sister's boyfriend. I mean what does he see in that undesirable anyway? I don't understand it. She has no wolf and can't shift, making her a pathetic weakling and yet guys still flock to her. It pisses me off.

I storm to class. My friends hurry to keep up with me. As usual, I barely pay a whit of attention to the teacher, instead my eyes willing the clock to hurry up and move. My next class is with Darius, my sister Amber's boyfriend and she's not in it, giving me the chance to talk to him alone. The clock continues to move at an excruciatingly slow pace, that makes me want to scream. I don't give a damn about science class. It's boring as hell. Lucky Cindy lets me copy her homework, she's a brilliant student. Otherwise, I would have failed a long time ago. I do well in my other classes but science class is my nemesis. Come on, I think, gritting my teeth, for the love of god will the bell just ring? As if to answer my prayers, the bell rings loudly, signaling the end of class and I hurriedly put my stuff away, waving to Cindy who is not in my next class.

I walk quickly down the halls and into my drama class. I slide into the seat next to Darius who turns to give me a friendly smile. "Hey, Sophie," he says "how are you going."

I would be a lot better if he would see me more as a potential girlfriend instead of the sister of his girlfriend, I think to myself grumpily. Instead, I force a smile to my face "I'm great, how are you?"

He goes to answer, when he spots a friend and jumps up, rushing over to speak to them. Great. Now I can't even keep his interest enough for him to have a conversation with me. I feel like banging my head against the desk over and over again. Why won't he see me? What's so special about Amber that he refuses to even look at another girl? She's not luna material. You can't have a Luna that can't shift to protect the pack.

In case you were wondering, Darius is the next in line to be Alpha after his dad retires from his position. Not that I want to be with him because of that, but because he's the most handsome boy in the pack. Being Luna would just be a bonus. I wriggle in my seat and sigh. None of my friends are in this class, and I wish Darius would come and sit back down. The drama teacher finally comes in, and the students plonk into their seats, Darius the last to get to his.

"Right students, today we are going to try some acting from a play. You've been doing well on honing your skills when it comes to expressions and tone. I would like to see all of you have a try. You will be playing the role of either Romeo or Juliet from the Shakespeare book."

My eyes widen. This was a sign, I was sure of it. The teacher busily handed out copies of the script, her eyes narrowed on every one of us as she debated who was going to go first. To my relief, it wasn't me and it wasn't Darius. I was crossing my fingers, hoping fervently that it was Darius who would be my Romeo. Surely the universe would grant me this wish? This was a one-in-a-million chance. I would never get a chance like this and who knows, maybe it would show him how much I wanted to be with him. I watched impatiently as two students at a time were selected, wanting to scream with impatience. Each time, I held my breath, sure that Darius would be picked, but to my astonishment, he wasn't, and soon we were the last two students left. I wriggled in my seat expectantly, watching the teacher dismiss the two who had finished, her eyes darting over to us.

"Darius and Sophie, you two are the last" she exclaimed, sounding relieved.

I guess the other students hadn't performed so well then. Or maybe it was because it was close to finishing time.

Darius and I get up, me eagerly, while he looks hesitant. I never knew why he took drama class, but it was rumored that it was easier than the other ones and meant he would get an A without having to try too hard. I don't care, I'm just thankful that I picked this class on a whim. We hold the scripts in our hands. My eyes are shining as I look over at Darius.

"Begin" the teacher instructs.

Me "O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

Deny thy father and refuse thy name.

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet."

My voice is unwavering and I speak from the heart, my eyes staring into Darius, willing him to hear me.

Darius: "(aside) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?"

Me: "Tis but thy name that is my enemy.

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other word would smell as sweet.

So Romeo would were he not Romeo called,

Retain that dear perfection that he owes

Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,

And for that name, which is no part of thee

Take all myself."

Darius: "I take thee at thy word.

Call me but love and I'll be new baptized.

Henceforth I never will be Romeo."

He is getting right into the role and I revel, knowing that soon our love will be professed to each other as the scene progresses. The bell rings and my mouth falls open in indignation. Why, oh why, had the bell decided to ring at this exact moment in time? Just a minute or two more, I wanted to beg, but already Darius was turning away and hurrying to his desk. I sadly grip my paper and move to put it in my bag.

"What are you up to this afternoon?" I ask Darius casually as he zips up his backpack.

He gives me a curious look. "I'm going to give Amber a ride home like I normally do," he says slowly, eyeing me warily "and then I have football practice. "

Yes. Unlike Amber who decided she had to work for who knows what reason, I have my afternoons free once school is finished. This means that I can watch football training if I want to. This means I get to stare at Darius for a whole two hours, uninterrupted, except by my friends who I'll force to join me so I don't look pathetic. Brilliant.

"I'm going to watch the football practice then," I tell him "you need a cheerleader, seeming as Amber won't make it."

For once he looks pleased. "That would be nice" he comments "are your friends joining you?" he asks.

You betcha. Cindy would come, protesting that she needed to study, but I would promise to make it up to her. I wasn't missing out on this golden opportunity. Maybe, I would even get a chance to seduce him after practice, if I can ever get him alone that is.

"They'll come," I say sweetly "the more, the merrier, right?" I add and he grins.

"Thanks, Sophie, I'll catch you at practice" he shouts, diving into the hallway.

I smile and wave, before grabbing my bag and walking out.

I'm confronted with the very familiar sight of Darius kissing that bitch, right in front of everyone. I seethe. Her red hair gleams under the lights. I can hear them talking as they pull apart.

"I missed you," Amber says to him eagerly "how was Drama? Do anything interesting?" she asks him.

I hold my breath, wondering how he would answer. Would he tell her about the play, the passion between us as we spoke the words? The chemistry I had felt as we acted.

"Nothing much" he mumbles back at her as my heart sinks. "Just acted out some play by Shakespeare. At least we didn't have any assignments given to us."

"Oh," she says relieved "well should we get going? I've got to get to work at the diner later on and I want to finish some homework beforehand."

"You sure you can't make it to practice?" he pleads.

No, no, no, refuse Amber. I won't have you ruin this for me too. Tell him you have to work, I want to order. Instead, they turn and hold hands as I walk behind them, hidden by the crowd, trying to listen to her answer.

"I can't Darius, I'm sorry, but making money is important to me and so is my job. I've had this job for a while now. I'll try to make it to one of your games" she promises instead and I grin. As if. She works so hard, that she barely has any time off. It would be a miracle if she made it to a game.

They vanish outside and I halt out the front doors, watching idly as students walk past, some in a rush, others at a much more sedate pace. My eyes scan them all, narrowing in on a familiar figure who is struggling wildly with the zip on her backpack. I was willing to bet it had broken again because she tended to overload it with books. My hand snakes out and grabs ahold of her before she walks past me.

"Ouch," she mutters, rubbing her arm as I let go "you don't have to do it so hard."

I shrug. "Sorry," I say, not feeling apologetic in the slightest "but you have to come with me" I order and watch her pout.

"But I have homework and study" she whines, glaring at me "I have to keep my grades up for college, you know that" she whinges.

I roll my eyes. "Cindy you can worry about that later, I need you to get the rest of the girls together and meet me back here" I hiss "it's important."

"Let me guess, it has something to do with Darius" she quips and my cheeks flush as I glance furtively around, relieved to see no one else nearby.

"He's having football practice and we're going to cheer him on" I snap, "it's the perfect time for me to get him alone afterward."

Cindy says nothing. She knows how much I love Darius. We might not be mates, but in our pack, it's common for us to choose our own. My mother and father did. The Alpha and Luna chose each other. It worked out well.

Cindy heaves a massive sigh. "Fine," she says coldly "but you owe me" she advises with narrowed eyes.

"Message the girls and have them meet me at the bleachers" I answer, turning around and rushing away "I have to get the best seats."

She stomps off behind me. I didn't have to worry, I knew she would do as I wanted, she always did. My heart fluttered in my chest as I choose the best seats for the girls and me. Now if only Darius would be the first one to arrive, I thought with a sigh, adjusting my shirt to show off some cleavage and pulling my skirt up so that it was shorter. Now I just had to wait.