

Alpha's Rejected 35

Chapter 35 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Rowan POV

God it was so depressing walking down these hallways, seeing sick and pale patients everywhere, some of them coughing and spluttering, others hooked up to ivs. My feet were almost storming down the corridor, my mind fixated on getting to my father's room as quickly as possible.

My father is napping when I arrive and I sit quietly, in the corner of the room, in the uncomfortable armchair provided, absently flicking through my phone. I don't wish to disturb my father, who needs all the sleep he can get. He looks quite haggard from what I can see and his face is pale. He's just undergone yet another round of chemotherapy so I know he can't quite be feeling that well. I don't blame him for being asleep.

A nurse tiptoes in and checks his vitals without waking him, giving me a seductive smile. I eye her warily. She's pretty, with long black hair and large green eyes, but she reminds me too much of Stacey and I give an involuntary shudder, deliberately turning my gaze away from her, much to her disappointment. I could care less about her feelings though and soon enough, she disappears out the door, allowing me to relax again.

Father's snores softly fill the room. I shake my head and lean back further in the chair, My Beta, Laurence, comes into the room to my surprise. "What are you doing here?" I ask gruffly.

"I thought you might like to know that Stacey has been formally banished from the pack. She did not take it well" he advised me softly.

I didn't think she would have. It would have been hard for her to let go of her dream of being Luna of the pack. She was lucky that I hadn't had her killed, but I hadn't had the heart to get rid of her like that.

"Thanks, anything else to report?"

"There's been a few sightings of several rogues near the pack. They haven't come onto our territory though." Laurence told me softly, trying not to wake up my father.

"Stacey will have to hope she doesn't come across them then," I say a little abruptly "in the meantime keep a close eye on her and the rogues. If they continue to come closer then we will need to meet them with an attack. I don't want anyone getting hurt either, in surveillance."

"I'll get right on that" Laurence says evenly, before glancing over at Teddy. "How is he doing?"

I sigh. Initially, my father had been improving, but now it looks like his health was taking a downward turn. "Not great" I admit thickly "the chemo is really taking its toll on him and he's not improving as much as I'd like."

"Well, I hope he gets better. Give him my love when he wakes" Laurence said but my father's eyes shoot open.

"No need," Teddy tells Laurence cheekily "I heard it. How are you doing son?"

"I'm great, thank you. I was just coming to inform Rowan of some pack business. I will take my leave now, it was nice seeing you again" Laurence said with a smile, waving goodbye to me.

I get to my feet and help my father to sit upright in his hospital bed, tucking him in under the covers and fetching another blanket. "There you go," I say, blinking back tears from my eyes.

I pull the armchair over and take a seat.

My father's eyes are sparkling with good humor, as always. "I heard everything son. Shame about that Stacey girl, what did she do if you don't mind me asking? It has to have been pretty bad for her to be banished."

I exhale slowly, ashamed to have to tell him, knowing instantly what his reaction is going to be. "She cheated on me with my gamma. Now I'm down a girlfriend and a damn gamma as a result" I say slowly.

My father throws back his head and guffaws loudly, tears of laughter springing from his eyes. "I've said it before and I'll say it again. That's what happens when you choose women with no substance. When you choose them based on looks without looking beneath the surface. I mean, she's visited me once and I

could tell she was going to be trouble, just by looking at her. Not to mention she came across as being snooty and rude. She couldn't stand to stay in the room with me, you ended up leaving early, remember" he points out, venting to me as I sit there, still as a statue, my body stiffening.

"I know she wasn't the best girlfriend, but she wasn't that bad" I protest.

My father gives a large huff. "Really? How much money of yours did she spend out of curiosity?"

I frown. It had been a rather substantial amount when I thought about it, but still, it's not like I couldn't afford it. I was wealthy in my own right and had my own company, which helped to take care of the pack and its needs.

"Alright, so maybe she was after me because of my money and status" I growl "but I happened to have loved her, if that's any concern to you."

My father looks instantly stricken. "I'm so sorry for your loss Rowan. I don't mean to sound callous" he says quietly.

I just shrug. "It's not like you're wrong. I'm envious of the relationship you and your mother had before she died. She was an amazing woman" I remember.

My father's eyes twinkle. "She was so beautiful and so loving. She adored you to pieces" he said lovingly "and was devastated when she couldn't have more children. But we were mates, Rowan, which made our relationship quite different from any you have had. When you find your mate, you can't stop thinking about them, dreaming about them. A single touch makes you feel sparks and you literally crave their presence. You can't stand to be away from them, for any length of time and you want pups with them fiercely. That is what I want for you my son. A woman just like what I had. A mate."

Except that I had found my mate. I knew who she was and I was still hesitant. Because what my father didn't mention, was the devastation he had felt when his mate had died in his arms after a rogue attack. He had been brought to his knees and I had heard his anguished scream as my mother took her last breath. If it wasn't for me, I suspect he would have holed up in his room and never come back out. Then this disease of his had hit and now he was confined to a hospital bed and room, looking forward to the day he got to join his beloved mate once more. He had never gotten over her death, but neither had I,

and I don't think he ever will. He's never glanced at another woman let alone entertained the idea of being with one.

"You need someone to love and adore you. Who shows you what love actually is, because you haven't experienced it, you just think you have" my father says wisely.

Then his eyes narrow and I take a big gulp. "You know I'm not getting any younger," he says a little gruffly, folding his arms against his chest "and I want to make sure you are settled down and married before I leave this earth. I want you to have pups, and grandchildren that I can love and adore."

I fold my own arms and narrow my eyes "You're not exactly dead yet old man. You still have a ways to go."

"But that day could come any time now" he counters "don't you want to respect my wishes? Or am I going to have to die and then haunt your sorry ass for eternity" he grumbles.

I raise an eyebrow "you'll probably have to haunt me" I say lightly "but that's alright with me. Plenty of space in the pack house for ghosts. You can even have your own room" I tease as he chuckles and shakes his head at me.

A doctor comes walking in, clipboard in hand. He is chubby, bald, with large spectacles that he anxiously adjusts. "I'm Doctor Malone," he says shaking my hand as I stand up "I just want to check your vitals."

My father is incredibly patient as Dr. Malone starts to check his blood pressure, scribbling it on his clipboard.

"How are you feeling?" Dr. Malone asks "you've just finished yet another round of chemo, are you feeling nauseous at all?"

"A bit" my father admits sheepishly.

"We will get you something for that. What about being tired? Any vomiting at all?"

My father looks a little pale now. "I am tired and I did vomit a tiny bit before my son Rowan got here," he said calmly.

"Are you able to keep food and drink down?"

"Sometimes, other times, no" father says quietly.

I feel concerned, even though the doctor looks nonchalant as he writes away on his precious clipboard. "We'll continue to monitor you closely and see if the pill I get you will make a difference with the vomiting and nausea. If you need anything, don't hesitate to press the call nurse button, even if it's just because you are slightly dizzy. I don't want you falling again" the doctor advises.

"Wait" I interrupt the doctor, who has turned away "what do you mean by not wanting him to fall again?"

My father looks embarrassed.

"I'm afraid that your father had a fall yesterday in the bathroom," Dr. Malone says in a hushed voice as I stand next to him "there was no serious injury but we want to take precautions from now on."

"Thanks, Doc," I say pensively, watching the man give me a small nod and then walk out the doorway.

I turn around and glower at my father who holds his hands up in surrender. "Listen, it's not that big a deal" he begins but I glare at him even harder.

"You had a fall," I say in a clipped tone of voice "and could have seriously injured yourself and you didn't bother to tell me?"

"It was an accident" he protests weakly "and I got dizzy. I won't make the same mistake," he says trying to assure me.

I sigh. "Do you need a personal nurse dad? One that's with you 24/7? Because you know that I don't mind getting one, money's no option."

Now he looks like he's pouting. "No, I don't want a personal nurse. I promise that if I feel dizzy I'll press the call nurse button in the future. Does that satisfy you" he exclaims with a wild motion of his hands, clearly agitated.

It didn't satisfy me but I knew better than to argue with the old man. Especially since he was beginning to yawn again and look tired. Even this short visit from me had tired him.

"You're tired," I say kindly, coming forward "let me put the bed back down for you so you can sleep."

He looks like he wants to protest but then another yawn comes forth and he sighs, letting me adjust the bed to make him comfortable.

"Get some sleep and I'll come to visit again" I whisper as his eyelids begin to flutter closed. I give him a small peck on the cheek and then tiptoe out of the room, feeling wretched.

Dr. Malone meets me in the hallway. "May I have a word with you, Alpha Rowan?"

"Sure. What is his prognosis? Is he going to make it Dr. Malone?" My voice is rough and hoarse and full of grief, my shoulders slumped in defeat.

Dr. Malone adjusts his glasses. "As much as I want to inform you otherwise, I'm afraid that the chemotherapy isn't working. At the most, it's merely extending his life for now."

Tears prick the corner of my eyes, but I blink them away and harden my gaze. "How long does he have? Be honest with me."

Dr. Malone looks off into the distance, watching other patients being wheeled down the corridor to their rooms. "It's hard to say, but if I had to take a guess, it will be several months at the most. I'm sorry, but we've exhausted all the options, Alpha Rowan. There is nothing more we can do but continue to make him more comfortable. You have my deepest sympathy" he murmurs.

Silence. There's nothing but the feeling of agony and anguish at the knowledge that I would soon be parentless. What do you say to someone who is dying? Dr. Malone looks apprehensive.

"There just isn't anything else we can try" he mutters and I nod my head in understanding, feeling like I want to drop to the floor and scream, but knowing I have to keep my emotions in check.

I hold out my hand and shake Dr Malone's. "Thank you for everything you are doing for him. I appreciate it" I burst out.

Dr. Malone shakes my hand firmly and lets go. "If there's anything at all you need, please don't hesitate to reach out and ask. We're here for you, all of us."

I just nod and then turn away, needing to get the hell out of there before I completely lose it. It's pouring rain outside, which matches my mood and I get soaked running to the car. I climb in and only then, as the rain pours down outside and hits the windows, do I finally let loose and cry, letting out a wild howl of pure despair.