

Alpha's Rejected 38

Chapter 38 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Clarissa's POV

God, I was so tired. Tired of it all. Sophie was back, finally, but she was quieter than usual, floating around the house like a ghost. I was incredibly thankful when she decided she wanted to go out, reminiscent of her happier days when she spent time with friends outside of the house. I sat there in the study, barely hearing a word that my so-called husband Mathew was saying.

"Profits are way up this year, and the company as a whole is doing well. At this rate, we can hire more staff and spend more time at home."

I try not to shudder at the thought of spending more time at home with Mathew. God how I despised the man I'd married. If my parents hadn't forced me to when I got pregnant, I might still have had a chance to find my true mate. Not that I've come across them in all this time, but the hope would have been there, instead of the despair I normally felt.

I rub my cheek which still stings from our argument last night when he struck me for daring to speak back. It's still slightly red and I notice that Mathew avoids looking at the mark, coward that he is.

"That would be nice," I say politely, between gritted teeth, becoming aware that Mathew is waiting for me to speak.

He looks pleased. I'm anything but.

"Maybe we could get you a personal assistant or something" Mathew offers suddenly out of the blue "free up some of your time and let you relax a bit. You seem to be a tad bit uptight lately," he says bluntly.

What he really means is that I've been argumentative and he doesn't like it. I know he blames me for Amber's temperament and the fact that she has the guts to say what's on her mind. I would never tell him, but I admire my daughter fiercely for that. Out of all of us, she is the bravest. Sophie, I'm ashamed to say, is more meek and gentle, due to her father's influence. It makes me wonder if she really wants

this wedding or if she's doing it to appease her father. I really hope she isn't but it's not like she would listen to me, even if I did try and talk to her.

"We need to talk about Amber," I say suddenly and immediately his whole demeanor changes, his body stiffens and there's an angry expression on his face. Why does he hate her so much?

"There's nothing to talk about" Mathew snaps back "she's marrying the next man who offers for her."

"Have a heart Mathew" I plead "she's only eighteen. I know she makes you mad but you do still love her don't you?"

He looks away and my heart sinks. I never dreamed it would be possible for a father to hate his own daughter, but the truth was staring me straight in the face.

"I'm sorry but she's nothing like me and all I want is for her to be gone," Mathew says evenly, no remorse whatsoever in his voice.

I try not to gasp, after all, it's not a shock to me, but it still pangs me to think how much he wants to see the back of Amber.

"Mathew" I open my mouth to try and persuade him once again and he raises his hand.

I blanch, my hand going to my mouth, knowing if I don't bite down on my hand I'll cry out as he strikes me. I feel the sharp pain as his hand connects with my cheek, on the side that's already hurt, and let out a strangled moan.

"Don't even think of starting another argument" hisses Mathew "or there's plenty more where that comes from."

I stay silent. He gives an exaggerated sigh. "Why do you do this to yourself? You know exactly how I'm going to react and you still push my buttons anyway. This is no way for our marriage to work" he exclaims angrily. "If you would just keep your mouth shut, there wouldn't be any problems."

In other words, do everything he demands of me and don't complain. I just glance away from him, my heart pounding in my chest, hoping vehemently that he'll soon tire of my presence and demand that I leave. God, I hoped he would, and soon. I couldn't stand to be in such a small confined space with him. I was fairly certain that Maria and the rest of the servants, mainly omegas, knew that he hit me. They had to have seen the many marks he had put on me over the years, marks that no amount of makeup could truly hide for long. I had done my best to keep it from Amber and Sophie, pretending that the marriage was bliss and that I was happy, even if a little cowed by my husband. Sophie seemed to buy it, but Amber I wasn't quite too sure about. Something told me she could look right through my little lies and underneath the makeup I caked on my face each and every day without fail.

"I'm sorry Mathew," I said obediently.

He just scowls at me. "I'm going to ask another one of my partners if they'll be willing to marry Amber once this wedding is done and dusted" he sneers "and you're not to interfere, do you understand" he demands hotly.

I give a small nod, feeling disgusted. All of Mathew's business partners were his age. He would have his daughter marry an older man without a single qualm. He was a monster. One that I was growing tired of living with.

There's a knock on the door and I feel a sense of relief, even as Mathew mutters under his breath, annoyed at being disturbed in the study. He hates it when servants disrupt him while working, while I'm more than happy for them too.

"You may enter" snarls, Mathew, looking thoroughly put out.

An omega, a young one, by the name of Sarah, enters the study looking a little bit anxious. I see her bite her lip, her eyes shooting to my cheek, which is no doubt still red from the slap I had taken. She gives Mathew a small curtsey, something crumpled in her hand.

"What is it" growls Mathew.

The young girl swallows hard, her eyes darting between myself and Mathew. Finally, she steps forward and unclasps her hand, showing Mathew the rubbish as he looks down at it puzzled. I suck in a breath,

knowing exactly what I'm looking at. Was it Sophie's? Was this the reason she had left in such a hurry? Then realization dawns. It could just as easily be Amber's.

"What is this?" demands Mathew.

Poor Sarah looks miserably down at her feet, Mathew's eyes boring into her. "It's the wrapping from a pregnancy test" she whispers "I found it crumpled in the bottom of the rubbish bin in Miss Amber's room."

Of course, he would have the servants go through her rubbish, I thought to myself sardonically, heaven knows he had to be in control of everything.

"You can leave" Mathew bars, before turning to me, the poor servant girl scurrying out the door as quick as her legs can carry her. "Did you know about this Clarissa? Have you been trying to hide this from me" he says coldly, towering over me, his hands clenched into fists.

"Mathew I had no idea," I said thickly "and Sarah could have made a mistake. Amber might not be pregnant. You're jumping to conclusions" I say hotly.

He looks at me then strides to the doorway, yelling out for Thomas "Thomas" with a loud bellow that has me wincing.

Thomas appears a minute later, staring hard at Mathew. "Was there something you wanted?" he asks quietly, keeping his composure in the wake of Mathew's wrath.

"Bring Amber down here, now" commands Mathew.

Thomas just gives a small nod, looking over at me and raising an eyebrow when he sees my cheek. I just make a small nod, motioning for him to leave, before Mathew gets even angrier.

He leaves and Mathew slams his hands down on the study desk, making it shake. "I'm going to kill her," he says between gritted teeth "just you wait."

I try not to tremble in the chair. A few minutes later, Amber appears with a bewildered expression on her face, Thomas gripping her arm tightly. He lets go as she rubs her arm. "Thomas can you wait in the living room please" Mathew orders.

Thomas obliges.

Amber stands there, still puzzled, jumping slightly as Mathew slams the door to the study shut.

"I didn't know you were both home" Amber starts and I shake my head at her, trying to warn her to keep quiet.

"Is this yours?" Mathew says in a hushed voice, showing her the rubbish as Amber blinks at him.

Her eyes glance down at the pregnancy test rubbish and her face goes pale. Shit. This was her test, I thought sadly.

Amber squares her shoulders and stiffens her body, her eyes going straight to her father's face, looking him right in the eyes. What a brave girl she was.

"That's my test, yes" she answers in a steady tone of voice.

Mathew lets it drop to the floor.

He stares at her, his jaw clenched tight. "Do you have any idea what you've done?" he tells her, "no man is going to willingly offer for your hand when you're pregnant."

I'm not going to lie, I felt a bit happy at that thought. Although I tried hard not to show it.

"Whose is it?" Mathew asks his voice hard "you slut, it's a one-night stand isn't it? I bet you don't even know who the father is" he hisses.

Amber flinches. "It's not the result of a one-night stand" she counters back, folding her arms across her chest "and I'm not going to say whose baby it is."

She didn't have to. I put two and two together. "It's Darius's baby isn't it?" I ask her softly, "you're pregnant with his child."

Mathew lets out a loud roar. "You slut" he yells out at the top of his lungs "don't you even dare think of telling him. I won't have you ruining this wedding. So help me I'll lock you up until the wedding. I won't have this Amber, I won't. I can't believe you would be so stupid" he rants.

"I don't want Darius to know" Amber hisses back, her body trembling, but her facial expression one of determination, as she sticks her jaw out "I won't be telling him. Sophie and he can still get married, without being any the wiser."

"You'll get rid of it," Mathew says but this time I speak up.

I can't let him do this to her, or rather I won't let him do this to her. It should be Amber's decision and judging by the way that her hand had gone to her stomach, she wouldn't want to be rid of it. Just like when I had been in her shoes and younger.

"No. You can still find someone to marry her after this. Some man might want an heir or something. She is not getting rid of the baby, not if she doesn't want to Mathew."

"I don't," Amber says softly, looking at me concerned. I give her a small smile.

"Clarissa, how dare you" he mutters and I look up at him, frightened but knowing better than to show it. If anything, it incenses him further.

"It will be next to impossible to find someone for her now. She's spoiled goods."

"Oh, I have faith you will find someone," I said snarkily.

Amber is watching the two of us, looking shocked.

"I'll marry anyone you choose, just don't make me get rid of my baby" she begs, hand on her stomach, a small smile on her face.

Mathew hesitates. "You won't fight it? You'll take the first man to offer for you?"

"Yes" whispers Amber blinking back tears from her eyes. "I'll do whatever you ask, so long as I can keep my baby."

"I'm giving you until the wedding before I start looking again" growls Mathew, gesturing wildly at her "now get out of my sight" he snaps.

"Thomas" he roars and the man appears, reading the situation at a glance and taking Amber's arm again. She doesn't resist as he drags her away from the room.

Mathew glares at me. "You bitch" he snarls, pushing the desk over and grabbing hold of me by my throat "how dare you speak up like that."

I try and claw his hands away from my neck, my breath coming in short heavy pants. He grips me even tighter, cutting off my oxygen as I writhe and kick, desperation settling in. His hand raises and slaps me again hard, the sound echoing through the otherwise silent room. I flinch. Slowly the oxygen in my lungs dissipates and I'm left feeling like there's no air, my body slumping, no fight left in me. He drops me to the floor and then kicks me hard, in my side, before spitting on the ground next to me. "Next time it will be worse" he threatens and then leaves, slamming the door behind him as I lose unconsciousness and succumb to the darkness surrounding me.