

Alpha's Rejected 39

Chapter 39 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Sophie POV

I needed to be alone for awhile, just to think and to be calm. I hadn't seen Darius since the hospital and I hoped he would come and see me soon. I had a lot to get off my chest when it came to him, and I was worried that he wouldn't want to marry me after I came clean with everything. I sat alone in the woods, listening to the sounds of the trees' branches swaying in the wind, the leaves rustling, birds chirping with happiness from their little nests. It was serene, the sun nice and warm as I sat there in a patch of sunlight, the sky a clear blue with the occasional cloud drifting along. It was heaven. Especially since I wasn't anywhere near my mother and father, who, I had noticed, tended to be arguing a lot more lately. I have to admit, I was impressed to see mother standing up to dad a lot more, even if it was for Amber's benefit, more than mine.

It was getting late, I noted, standing up and dusting myself off. I wasn't far from the house, just far enough to be out of sight and hopefully out of mind. I remember all of the moon goddess's words and wince. One of the most painful things that I would ever have to endure, was the knowledge that I couldn't have children. It was agonizing to think about. I sighed and started to head back to the house, praying that it was far more quiet than it had been when I left. I wasn't really in the mood to face my parents right now.

No such luck. Father was roaring orders at the servants as I came up the driveway, his voice carrying loudly through the house.

"I expect this place to be bloody spotless from what I'm paying you lot. Now get your asses moving and start cleaning. What am I paying you for?"

I wince. He sounds incredibly angry and I wonder what's happened in the brief time I've been out to make him this way. Had mother stood up to him again? Or was it something to do with Amber, who I knew he hated. I could see it in his eyes every single time he so much as glanced in her direction. I gently knock on the front door and paste a fake smile on my face. Of course, my father swings the door open, a dark scowl on his face.

"Sophie" he snaps, "where have you been?"

I try not to stare at him. Since when did he care where I went or how long I was gone for? He'd never questioned me before.

"I was out, just spending time in the woods" I answered quickly when his scowl went deeper. "Why is there something wrong?" I asked cheerfully.

"You could say that" he mutters, ushering me inside, "we have a bit of a situation, my dear. Your precious sister is pregnant and she's claiming the baby is Darius's."

The words shoot right through me and I suck in a deep gasp of shock, my whole body trembling. Please, god, don't let this be true. I pray, feeling the pain deep inside of me, the pain that never goes away as I face the terrible reality of my infertility. Tears prick the corners of my eyes. It wasn't fair. Why could Amber get pregnant but I couldn't? Was I being punished by the moon goddess for my transgressions and for being such a horrible person? I wanted to sink to my knees and cry, but I held myself together. My parents had no idea about the fact I couldn't have children and I couldn't afford to let that slip. My father was still venting as he shut the door. "You know what that means? Darius might call off the wedding if she tells him" father snarls. "I don't care what she says about not wanting him to find out, I don't trust that bitch one bit not to tell him."

I put my hands in my pockets, feeling my body trembling. "Where's mother?" I asked, looking around me. Surely she could help calm down my father.

For some reason, he avoids looking at me. "Resting" he grunts, "she didn't take the news well."

Why do I get the impression that he's lying to me? His eyes aren't meeting mine as he talks to me. What does he know that I don't?

I feel the need to go up and speak to Amber myself. She's probably terrified. I know she didn't plan this, contrary to what my father might think of her, Amber just wasn't like that.

"Can I go and talk to Amber?" I ask my father and he looks hesitant, before his expression brightens immensely.

"Maybe you can convince her to keep her mouth shut" he said decidedly, with a little nod. "Tell her in no uncertain terms I'll kick her ass out if she tries to tell him."

"Sure" I say numbly as he retrieves a key out of his pocket and starts upstairs, while I follow along in his wake. He begins to unlock Amber's door, giving no regard to her privacy whatsoever.

"Amber" I yelled out, hearing her moving around the room. "It's me, I need to talk to you."

Father shoves the door open, letting me sidle inside. God knows where her guard is. I imagine he's in the living room waiting for Amber to call out for him.

Amber looks like she's been crying. There's dried tear stains on her cheeks and her hair is extremely dishevelled. Her eyes are red and puffy and she looks like she wants to scream at my father, but doesn't have the energy to do so.

"I'll leave you two alone" father grunts, before shooting a filthy look at Amber. ", don't even think of trying anything, or so help me", he threatens, slamming the door shut behind him. I jump as he locks the door again. I guess I'm going to have to yell out for him in order to get out. Thanks dad, I think to myself sourly.

Amber sits on the bed and looks at me apprehensively. She tucks a stray red curl behind her ear, and her eyes go up to meet mine. "You must hate me" she says thickly, and I shake my head, sitting down on her desk chair instead, sitting opposite her. She looks like she's gone through hell since I've been gone, I think to myself, feeling a pang of pity for her.

"I don't hate you" I said softly, glancing down at my hands. "I know you didn't exactly plan it. Is it Darius's?" I asked.

"Yes" she breathed out, letting out a small huff of indignation "I swear, we used protection and all Sophie. One time and this happens" she exclaims, waving her hands around wildly. Her hand stops and rests on her stomach, and she looks at me guiltily.

"Do you want Darius to know?" I'm tired when I ask. I don't have the energy to argue with her.

She shakes her head. "No" she says firmly. "I don't want to come between you two and he doesn't want a child anyway. I'm really sorry Sophie, I know this can't be easy for you" she added apologetically.

God, she knows nothing. I think to myself with bitterness that I try to shake off. "It's not. I'm envious of you and the baby you're having", I say quietly, letting the tears fall down my cheeks "I know I should be happy for you, but I'm just sad and grieving" I tell her.

Amber looked stricken, getting up and tentatively giving me a hug. For the first time, ever, since we'd been born, I let her, enjoying the feeling of her arms wrapped around me tightly. I close my eyes and take deep breaths, letting my head rest against her shoulder.

"Does Darius know the truth about you yet?" she asks, pulling away to my disappointment. "Are you going to tell him?"

I nodded slowly. "I, um, know that I need to become a better person. I plan on telling him before the wedding, give him the choice not to go through with it. I just don't want to lose him", I said in a whisper.

Amber looks thoughtful. "All those times you hit on Darius, tried to steal him away from me. It wasn't just because you hated me, was it? It was because you loved him."

"Oh I hated you, alright" I admitted, "but only because you took the one boy I had loved my entire childhood. I love Darius with all my heart and soul. I always have. But it might not be enough to convince him to go through with the wedding. I mean what is the Luna and Alpha going to say when they find out I'm infertile?"

Amber reaches out and takes my hand, squeezing it tightly. "Fuck what the Alpha and Luna think" she says firmly, "what matters is what you want. If you want Darius, then fight for him. Tell him everything, Sophie, how you love him, how you always have. Tell him how you feel about him. He might not forgive you, but he might surprise you. Because I think he has feelings for you too, he just doesn't want to admit them."

"Why are you this kind to me" I say, in a small voice that shakes, "when all I've ever done is be mean to you and do horrible things to you?"

"Because I can keep trying to be mad or I can forgive you. I choose to forgive you, and I want us to be sisters. Proper sisters. It's nice being like this, isn't it?"

It was, I realized. It was nice speaking to Amber and not fighting instead. It made a pleasant change.

"I wish I could help you. Father is pretty angry right now."

"I know, but you can assure him I'm not going to tell Darius. That should cheer him up."

"But what about you? They are determined to make you marry."

"I know and I've told them that I'll marry the next man that asks for me. I need to do the right thing for my baby and living here is not the environment I want for them. Who knows?" Amber gives a nonchalant shrug "Maybe the person will be nice and treat the child as their own. I'm thinking of the positives."

God, she was brave. Far braver than I could ever be. At least I knew who I was marrying. There was no way I could do what Amber was doing.

"Sophie" came my father's booming voice, making both of us jump "I'm coming to let you out."

Amber squeezes my hand once more.

"I'm sorry, you know, about everything" I told her hastily.

"Me too. I wish you luck on your upcoming wedding and that your talk goes well with Darius."

"I wish you luck. You need it more" I said with a smile, squeezing her hand. I let go and stood up, just as I heard the key in the lock, signaling father was there. He opens the door with a loud creak and gestures for me to leave. I glance over my shoulder at Amber who just nods, a wistful smile on her face.

The door slams open and father stomps downstairs, motioning for me to follow him. He folds his arms across his chest and scowls down at me. "Well" he demands, "is she going to tell Darius?"

"No" I told him honestly, "she isn't and neither are any of us. I'm keeping her secret and so are you and mother. The wedding will take place as planned", I told him, crossing my fingers. That all hinged on Darius after I told him everything.

Father looks relieved. "Good" he growls, "you're going to be Luna my girl and nothing is going to get in your way. Darius is coming to visit you tomorrow. Take him out of the house so he doesn't hear or come across Amber", he demands.

I nodded and watched him visibly relax. "God, I need a drink" he mutters, running a hand through his hair, before glancing at me. "Go on, get up to your room already. You need your rest before you see Darius tomorrow. Can't look all pale and shit" he murmured.

I try not to feel insulted. Looks are important to father after all. Instead, I wished him a good evening and then headed to my room, my heart pounding wildly in my chest. Darius was coming by tomorrow. I felt butterflies in my stomach. Was Darius ever going to forgive me for my lies, or was the walk down the aisle going to be permanently postponed?