

## Alpha's Rejected 40

Chapter 40 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Darius POV

You'll never be Alpha if you refuse to marry Sophie. Think about that about Darius. What more do you want? Because I won't hesitate to make you nothing more than an omega if I have to, so help me god. Alpha Bloodline or not.

His father's words were still ringing in his ears as he walked numbly towards Sophie's house and what felt like his impending doom. His father had meant every word that he said, his tone of voice was final and it made me so angry, my hands were clenched into fists, as I absently kicked a twig across the ground. I scowl at Sophie's house as it comes into view, wishing I could be anywhere but here. Don't get me wrong, Sophie is a beautiful girl, but she trapped me into this marriage, even if a small part of me distantly remembers that my own actions have gotten me here as well.

I knocked loudly on the door, waiting impatiently for it to open. Sophie should be expecting me. I had told her father I would visit her today. But it still takes several minutes before the door opens, a puzzled expression on Beta Mathew's face, which soon clears up.

"Bloody omega's not opening the door" he muttered under his breath "what the fuck do I pay them for?"

I try not to blanch. I have always admired the omegas for their hard work and didn't look down on them as so many of the other pack members, especially Beta Mathew did.

"Come in, anyway my boy" Mathew Beta said heartily, ushering me inside "not long until the special day now, isn't it, You must be very excited" he added, as I frowned at him. Does he really believe what he's saying? What person in their right mind would be excited about a forced marriage?

"Is Sophie home?" I asked him hastily, before he could get too comfortable and started talking to me in earnest.

He looks a tad bit disappointed. I pretended not to notice.

"I'll go and get her. I believe she's in her room" he added evenly, disappearing upstairs as I heaved a big sigh of relief. Thank god. I always felt like I was on tiptoes with Beta Mathew, who had a fierce temper. In fact, I even suspected that he hit his wife, even though I have never seen her with any bruises on her body or face. It was more of an instinctual feeling, by the way she behaved so timidly around her husband all the time.

There comes the sound of footsteps descending the stairs and then Beta Mathew arrives, with a distinctively glum looking Sophie right behind him. "Here she is" says Beta Mathew unnecessarily.

"Sophie", I greeted her civilly, aware of Beta Mathew watching my every move. "Would you like to go for a walk with me and talk?"

God, please say yes. I would rather not have a conversation in her house while her father listens in on everything that's said. I need to be able to speak my mind and I want her to be able to speak hers without fear of retribution.

"I think that's a very good idea" she agrees, and I walk her to the door, waiting as she grabs her coat and puts it on.

"Don't go too far" her father called out sternly, "there are rogues out there. I'm counting on you to keep her safe", Beta Mathew tells me.

I gave him a small nod of acknowledgment and then opened the door, letting Sophie go first, shutting the door quietly behind me.

"Where do you want to go?" asks Sophie softly, her face pale.

She must still be recovering from the fall and coma, I think to myself a tad guiltily. Was this walk going to be too much on her?

"Just the edge of the forest" I said lightly, "if you can manage it."

"I'll be fine" she assures me, zipping up her coat as the breeze is quite chilling and rather refreshing to be honest. Her hair flows around her in the cool air.

We begin to walk in silence, my hands in my pockets, my thoughts whirling around in my head. Sophie looks just as thoughtful, as well as slightly terrified. I didn't realize I was that scary to her. I try to keep a pleasant expression on my face. We stop just inside the forest, Sophie leaning back against the trunk of a tree.

"What did you want to talk about" she asks in a small voice, hushed and hard to hear in the wind.

I lean forward to hear her more closely and she shrinks back, one hand going to her chest. I frown. Is she alright? Did she think I was going to do something to her? I wasn't her father, for Christ's sake.

"About this wedding" I begin, but she holds up a trembling hand, forcing me to stop in my tracks.

"Wait" she says in a shaky voice "I have something to tell you."

I stopped, leaning back against the nearby tree that is almost opposite to hers and folded my arms, raising an eyebrow at her. "Talk then", I urged her.

"There's no baby" she blurts out and I let out a long exhale.

"I already know that" I growled, "you lost the baby in the fall."

She shakes her head at me. "No" she says quietly, biting her lip, "there was never any baby in the first place. I told you I was pregnant so that you would mark me. There was never any pregnancy", she admits.

There was never any pregnancy. There was never any pregnancy. There was never any pregnancy.

The words reverberate in my mind, repeating themselves in a loop. My first reaction is anger. My hands clench into fists, as I feel the overwhelming urge to strike her. I felt violent, out of control, my wolf

coming dangerously close to the surface. I tense and she stiffens, cowering away from me, putting her hands over her head in a defensive position that startles me out of my actions. She was afraid.

"Why," I said stiffly, "why did you lie? I thought there was a child involved Sophie. We had to get married anyway. Why lie?"

Tears trailed down her cheeks. She's sobbing quietly now. "Because I didn't think you would mark me otherwise. I wanted you to, so badly, wanted you to claim me as yours" she sniffs.

"Why did it matter so much to you that you had to lie about it? My parents would have made me mark you after the wedding", I tell her, annoyed. I'm a little relieved to find there is no baby. I'm not quite ready to be a father just yet. Especially since I'm not in love with the mother.

Sophie looked away, still biting her lip. "I can't have children, Darius. I've been to the hospital, and I have something called endometriosis. There is no cure. I want you to know so that you can tell your parents and they can call off the wedding" she says in a rush.

I stared at her incredulous. Is this the same girl that trapped me into marrying her in the first place? Why is she giving me the information that would almost guarantee the wedding could be called off?

"Sophie, I don't understand. What's your motive in telling me this?" I growled "what's the agenda?"

She gave a small laugh, shaking her head at me. "There is no agenda. You know something, Darius? I have loved you since we were children. Do you know that? You never looked at me though, not as a woman but as a friend. Then you started dating Amber and you never really had time for me. But I always loved you, wanted to be with you. Not because you're going to be Alpha, but because you are one of the most kindest, sincere, honest, loving people I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. I never cared about the Alpha thing. I would have loved you if you had been an omega. But you only ever had eyes for Amber and I got desperate. What I did was wrong, I don't deny that and I don't blame you if you hate me, but I'm trying to redeem myself" she burst out, her voice full of passion and warmth, "even if it means no marriage."

I open my mouth and then close it, stunned into speechlessness. I looked at her, closely, for the first time, taking her in as though meeting her for the first time. Her long golden hair shimmers in the sunlight, her blue eyes are so vivid and bright, her skin so porcelain-like. She's beautiful, I realize, staring at her pale

pink lips. I start to remember all the little things she's done for me over the years, whether it's carrying my books, helping me study, discussing Amber with me or the way she would ask if I needed anything. It must have killed her, I suddenly realize, to have me pretend I was with Amber when we had sex in the woods that time. She had let go of all her dignity in her desire to have me and I had been oblivious to it all. She was right, I had only ever had eyes for Amber and, in the process, I had stopped seeing Sophie for what she was, a beautiful, gorgeous girl who wanted me, badly. Badly enough to trap me into a marriage I didn't want.

I could get the wedding canceled, but the more I stare at Sophie and remember our childhood together, the more I suddenly decide that I don't want the wedding to be halted. I have to get married anyway, but the fact that she can't have children suddenly doesn't bother me. I feel myself walking towards her as she cringes, no doubt expecting anger or for me to strike her. Instead, I do neither, reaching out and touching a strand of silky blonde hair, tucking it carefully behind her ear, as her blue eyes shimmer with unshed tears.

"I'm so sorry Darius" she whispered to me.

I lean down and capture her lips, kissing her softly, feeling the gentleness of them, my tongue slowly demanding access which she gives, caressing her tongue with my own. For the first time ever, I feel tingles running down my spine and my hand goes to the back of her neck, holding her in place as I become more insistent and more rough. She moans into my mouth and I feel my cock twitch. I pulled back reluctantly, looking at her puffy eyes with regret. Sure, I thought I loved Amber, but now I was seeing Sophie in a whole new light.

"Darius" she shuddered and I hugged her tightly to me, feeling protective of her and a little possessive.

"The wedding will go on" I murmur in her ear and she stiffens in shock, her head turning, her big blue eyes looking into mine.

"Are you sure?" she asks, stunned "I mean, I can't give you an heir. . . " she trails off looking upset.

I shook my head. "I don't care. I think we need to give this wedding thing a shot, don't you? I'm not going to tell my parents, besides, I find myself suddenly wanting to find out more about you, Sophie. I might not like the way you went about things, but you're right, I never looked at you, not like I'm looking at you now. I loved Amber, but now, I can see myself possibly falling in love with you. It took courage to tell me the truth and you did it. Amber will forgive me one day for this, but I just can't push you away." I finished determined.

I couldn't believe how quickly my mind had changed or my feelings suddenly developed for her. It was like they were always there, under the surface, waiting for me to realize how much she meant to me. She bursts into noisy tears and I wipe them away with my finger. "Look, let's go back to the house. You can stop fretting about everything. The wedding is in a few days and I want you to walk down the aisle happy. We're both adults, let's start acting like one" I said, feeling relieved and protective of her.

The tears stop and she nods, taking hold of my hand tentatively. I give her a squeeze and then, together, we slowly walk back, my arm around her waist. I escorted her inside, where we ran into Amber in the living room. I stiffen and so does Sophie as Amber gets to her feet and walks over to us. I expect her to rail at us, to scream, to hit me or do something. Instead, she shocks me completely, by pulling Sophie into a hug and then giving me one. "I'm truly happy for you both", she whispers, and I feel ashamed. I know what she's going through and instead of worrying about that, she's giving me and Sophie her blessing. I wish I could help her, but her father is a force to be reckoned with and my parents refused to interfere with what's going on.

"I'm sorry", I apologized to Amber but she just smiled.

"It's not your fault. Things happen for a reason, or that's what I believe."

I was starting to believe that too.