

Chapter 5 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

I creep closer to the mirror, peering at myself with satisfaction. My bright red hair tumbles over my shoulders in gentle waves, all the way down to my bottom, loose and fluffy. My eyes gleam, twinkling in the light. I wear a black tutu-style dress, that contains sparkly shimmering silver sequins along the hem and across the bodice. It fluffs out, the tutu was nice and flowy. I've topped it with leggings that contain shimmery silver skulls on them, high-top sneakers, and a small leather jacket. My makeup is light, rather than heavy as one would assume, simply because I don't like the feel of it on my skin. My pale skin stands out from the dark clothing I'm wearing. It's not to everyone's taste, but it is to mine and I preen in front of the mirror, feeling gorgeous. My parents would disapprove of this outfit, so, luckily, they are out on business again, and with luck, I won't accidentally stumble upon Sophie on the way out. Wouldn't that be nice?

I twirl with a laugh and sit on the bed, loving my black combat-style boots, crossing my ankles over and glancing out the window, at the heavily laden sky, full of sparkling stars above, the full moon glowing brightly overhead. There's a slight chill in the air and I shiver, grateful for the leather jacket I'm wearing. I glance impatiently at the clock, but it's only eight pm and there's plenty of time for Darius to get here. But what on earth is taking him so long? I jump up and look out the window, stunned to see that his car is parked in the driveway. He's here. But why wasn't he coming up to the bedroom? I frown and reluctantly make my way out of the bedroom and slowly go downstairs. I stop just short of entering the kitchen, where I see Sophie and Darius speaking to each other.

"So where are you going tonight?" Sophie asks him coyly, reaching over to touch his arm. I see red, biting my lip and waiting to see what my so-called boyfriend does.

Darius politely removes her hand as I cheer in my mind. "It's a surprise" he comments calmly "but I hope she likes it."

I smile. He's so nice. I can't wait for this date. But before I take a step forward, Sophie cuts back in, speaking rather angrily "doesn't it bother you that she's an undesirable Darius? That she has no wolf?"

I seethe. It's not my fault that my wolf never came. Or that I can't shift. At least I can fight, which is more than I can say for Sophie, who's a terrible fighter, both as a human and a shifter.

"I can fight for the both of us," Darius says confidently "besides Amber is capable of fighting."

I grin and then move forward, Sophie flushing as she realizes I'm there and have heard everything.

I greet her coolly "Sophie" before turning to Darius with a wide smile "Darius" and flinging myself into his arms. He laughs as he holds me. I frown. Darius turns eighteen in a few days and hopefully will know we are destined to be mates. After all, with me being wolfless, I wouldn't know. But I'm confident that we are meant to be together. Besides, even if we aren't, we've agreed to be chosen mates. He ruffles my hair gently and smiles, looking over at my outfit with approval and what I discern as lust in his eyes.

"You look stunning" he compliments me, bending down and giving me a peck on the cheek "utterly gorgeous Amber."

Sophie scowls. She waves a hand at me, looking at me with disgust in her eyes. "You know mother and father would hate that outfit" she sneers.

I shrug. I could care less. Ever since I'd failed to shift, my mother and father had grown cold towards me. Once upon a time, it might have hurt but I no longer desired their approval on anything. Sometimes it was easier to pretend I had no parents. It might seem cold, but that was how I defined our relationship.

"Leave her alone" Darius chides and takes hold of my hand, giving Sophie a gentle smile.

She flushes under his attention. "You won't tell, will you Sophie?" he asks and she sighs, barely glancing at me.

"Fine, but only because you asked," she tells Darius, before storming from the room.

What the hell is up with her? She acts as though I've done something to her when all I've done is come and talk to my boyfriend.

Darius just chuckles "should we leave, while the going is good," he says, his brown eyes twinkling with amusement.

I laugh and begin to drag him towards the door, loving the way his brown hair is all disheveled and mussed. He's wearing jeans and a nice shirt, and he looks as handsome as ever. My mouth goes dry whenever I look at him too closely and I blink, stopping right in front of his sweet corvette.

He opens the passenger side for me. "My lady," he says, making me laugh out loud as I clamber in.

He goes around to the driver's side and gets in, turning the key and grinning widely as he starts to reverse the car.

"Where are we going" I shout, the windows down and the cold air making my hair blow everywhere. I hastily put the window up.

"It's a surprise" he mutters and I sigh, leaning back against the seat, feeling a little disgruntled. I would have to wait and see where we ended up then.

I hate surprises. I know, I know, most people love them, but not me. It makes me feel uncomfortable when I don't know what's happening or where I'm going. Maybe because I'm wolfless or labeled an undesirable? Still, I trust Darius, so I forced myself to relax and listen to the stereo. We slowly make our way onto the main roads and turn south.

I close my eyes for a while and must have slightly drifted off (to be fair, I've had a lot of late shifts at the diner lately and I was tired), because the next thing I know, Darius is leaning over me and shaking me gently. I flutter my eyelids open and glance around. We're at "The Peak" as it's known at school, a high point like a cliff, that overlooks the town, all the lights making it seem romantic. I slowly climb out of the car, feeling like I'm in a daze. This is known as one of the favorite spots for teens to come and make out. It was my first time coming here, and I felt apprehensive, even though the lights in the distance were beautiful to see.

Darius makes his way to the boot of the car and pulls out a small picnic blanket and basket, tucking it under his arm and grabbing hold of my hand. We make our way close to the edge, spreading out the blanket. Luckily, I'm not afraid of heights. There are no other cars, so by some miracle, Darius and I are alone. Unless he commanded the pack to stay away tonight. I wouldn't put it past him. He opens the basket with a wink. I peer inside. There are grapes, cheese, a baguette, and wine. I happily grab some grapes while he pours us both a glass of champagne, which, to my eyes, looks slightly expensive. Oh well, it's not like he can't afford it. We might be wealthy, but Darius's family was even wealthier than my own.

He hands me a glass and then clinks it with his. "To us" he declares happily, tipping his head back and sipping at it.

"To us" I murmur back, tentatively taking a sip. It's sweet and tart, with a hint of fruit as an aftertaste. It's nice, but I take my time, not wanting to let it go to my head. I'm not much of a drinker. I'm underage but that's not the reason. I've seen how my father can get after too many and I'm determined that I'll never let it take me over as it does him. I won't become him.

"Yummy," Darius says, smacking his lips and pouring another. He goes to offer me more, but I shake my head, content with what's still in my glass.

I quietly finish my glass and put it aside, next to Darius's now empty one. He pretty much guzzled his, I see with dismay. But I bite my lip. I have no business telling him what to do. He scoots closer to me and lightly strokes my hair.

"You're so beautiful" he murmurs "and you're all mine" he adds.

I frown at that but smile and then place my lips on his. I'm sure he doesn't mean anything by what he said, like he owns me, I'm just being a bit overzealous.

He grips the back of my head and begins to push against my lips harder, pushing my body down onto the blanket, until he's on top of me. I moan, feeling his tongue inside of my mouth, caressing me, while his hands slowly begin to trail up underneath my dress and towards my breasts.

I make no move to stop him. We've made out like this in the past and he knows my stance on not wanting to sleep with each other just yet. One hand grips my breast and gently kneads it, causing a thrill of excitement inside me. I feel myself becoming aroused despite myself. He pulls my dress up, exposing my breasts to him, breaking off the kiss, and looking at me with eyes so black that they are piercing to me. He bends down and licks the nipple of the breast he's touching and I jolt, feeling like an electric current is running through me. He chuckles at my reaction. He leans down and moves my jacket aside, exposing the nape of my neck.

"I wish I could mark you" he mutters harshly "show the world you are mine."

Again, he sounds a bit possessive. I touch him on the arm. "In a few days, you'll be able to" I reassure him "when you shift for the first time and get your wolf."

He begins to nuzzle my neck. "The second I can, I'm doing it" he breathes in my ear as I shiver. "Trust me, Amber."

I want it too. We've been dating for so long, waiting for this moment when I'm finally marked by the boy I love. It couldn't come fast enough for me. He begins to kiss my neck and then trails kisses down my abdomen and towards my leggings. He's breathing heavily.

"Fuck" he grimaces "Amber, let's do this. Let's have sex," he says desperately, his fingers going towards my leggings, even as I shoot out a hand to stop him "we're going to be mates anyway. What does it matter if we do it now?" he asks.

I stare at him incredulously. It matters to me. I'm already labeled as an undesirable, tainted, and an outcast in the pack, even with Darius dating me. How much worse would it get, if it was discovered I'd slept with him, without being marked first? I would be seen as used goods, even more, undesirable, and probably tormented even further. I couldn't take that risk. Darius was alright, he was the soon-to-be Alpha. No one would ever make fun of him or even dare to question what he'd done. But me? That would be a completely different story.

"Darius, we've been through this" I whisper, pushing aside his hand and sitting up as he sits back and scowls at me "you know we can't. Do you want me to be banished from the pack?" I demand "or to be soiled goods?"

"No one would dare say it to you," he says angrily "I love you, why do you have to ruin it every time?"

I feel a bit hurt but more annoyed at his sulking than anything. If this is what he'd set out for tonight, then he was in for a rude awakening. I adjust my clothes and tidy my hair, ignoring him all the while.

"Darius," I say sharply, facing him directly "I've told you no. I want you to take me home" I add, glowering at him.

"Look, Amber, I'm sorry" he begins to apologize, looking a bit shame-faced, but I'm not interested.

"No, now I know why you chose this place. Take me home" I snap and he sighs, jumping up and beginning to angrily throw things back inside the picnic basket, while I storm back to the car.

He slams the picnic basket and blanket back into the boot of the car, and then grudgingly gets in the driver's seat. It's a long, quiet ride back home, Darius scowling or glaring at me the whole time. He pulls into the driveway of my home with a loud screech and I'm grateful to find my parents still aren't home.

"There," he says nastily "are you happy now."

"You don't have to be this way," I tell him annoyed, opening the door and getting out "you're acting like a petulant child who didn't get what they wanted" I add, watching incensed as he reverses and leaves, doing well over the speed limit in his anger. I roll my eyes. Without another word, I quietly let myself inside the huge mansion that I call home and make it upstairs to my room. I carefully close the door and lock it. Only then, do I let myself fall onto the bed and cry myself to sleep.