

## Chapter 6 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

I'm still pissed off at Darius the next day, but I'm starting to second guess myself as well. Would it have been so bad to give myself to him? After all, we have been dating for a long time now. We've agreed to be chosen mates and I trust him. So what was the problem? The fear of being seen as even more undesirable and as damaged goods however is still prevalent in my mind, making me feel sick to my stomach. But that was my fear to get over and I need to do it. Darius wouldn't wait forever, I was sure of it.

I spent the whole day in a bit of a daze, doing housework with Maria, the housekeeper. I cleaned bathrooms, washed and dried sheets, made beds, you named it. All in an effort to keep busy. Darius didn't even try to call me, which put me in a bit of a bad temper. Which just made my cleaning even more frenzied than before.

When the doorbell rings I assume it's for Sophie and casually walk to the door, opening it with a wide smile of welcome. My smile drops. It's Darius, holding something behind his back. He looks at me with remorse on his face, as I leave the door open and walk to the centre of the entrance, turning and folding my arms at him. He quietly closes the door behind him and walks forward.

"Can we talk?" he says softly, producing a bouquet of flowers from behind his back.

They are my favourite, purple roses and I gasp, reaching out and taking hold of them. He smiles. I touch the petals, feeling how soft and silky the petals were. I inhale the scent and the smell of perfume it produces. Damn him, he knows my weakness.

I narrow my eyes at him. I was still feeling a little salty. "So talk" I challenge him.

He takes a deep breath. "Look, I didn't mean to pressure you in any way," he says to me, fixing his eyes on me "I swear it. If you didn't want it, then that's fine, I can wait until you're ready. I'm very sorry for how the date turned out and my reaction."

I eye him carefully but he seems to be sincere. He definitely looks remorseful.

"You're forgiven" I murmur, pleased at the apology and loving the flowers.

His eyes light back up. "Will you go on a date with me again tonight?" he asks "one that's not like last night?"

I give a nod, "but let me change first."

He takes the bouquet off of me and I rush upstairs. After all that cleaning I need a shower and I hop in, frantically washing myself off. I dress in a little black dress, with my leather jacket and don't worry too much about doing my makeup. I place little ankle boots on and then dart back out, finding Darius in the kitchen with Sophie no less. Of course, she would hunt him out.

"So Amber's been in a bad mood all day" Sophie moans, "what did you do?"

Darius looks uncomfortable "I stuffed up a date and tried to pressure her into doing something she wasn't ready for."

I feel hurt. Does he really need to be so honest with Sophie? Tell her everything about our relationship.

Sophie snorts. "Let me guess, she wouldn't open her legs for you," she says crudely "the little undesirable is worried about being even more of an outcast."

I open my mouth to shout at her but Darius steps in "don't talk about your sister that way. I happen to respect her decision" he snarls.

That's enough for me and I step forward, Darius's eyes alighting when he sees me. Sophie scowls and I ignore her.

"I'm ready," I tell him politely and he smiles, taking hold of my hand and kissing it tenderly.

"You look beautiful," he tells me warmly, leading me out the front. "Bye Sophie" he calls out over his shoulder.

"You don't have to say goodbye to her you know" I grumble.

"I'm being polite" he protests and I laugh, getting into the passenger seat of the car when he opens it.

He climbs into the driver's seat. "Where do you want to go?" he asks, looking excited.

I think about it. Sophie's comment is getting to me. It rankles. Then there's all the second-guessing I've been doing. I love Darius. I care about him greatly and I'm starting to think that maybe it's time to show him just how much. I look out the window and see Sophie's face peering out the window as she waves. That's it. It tips me over the edge.

"Take me back to where we went last night."

He looks unsure. "I can take you anywhere you want, are you sure?" he asks.

"Yes," I almost growl "I'm sure."

He starts the car and pulls out of the driveway. It might not be the mature thing to do, but I stick my tongue out at Sophie on the way out. It was that or the finger. She just glares.

I fiddle with the radio station, feeling a little nervous. He lightly touches my hand and I close my eyes for a moment, relishing in his touch. It's not a long drive and pretty soon we're back, in the same place. It's daylight outside and I half expected that it would be crowded, but instead, we're the only ones there again. I quietly get out of the car, while Darius fetches a blanket and places it on the grass for me to sit. I take off my shoes and feel the grass beneath my feet, and inhale the sweet fresh air, the sun shining down on both of us. It's perfect. I've always loved the outdoors, probably because it meant I wasn't confined to the house all the time and it meant I could get away from all my problems for a bit.

Darius comes up behind me and I whirl around, kissing him on the lips and pressing my hands firmly against his rock-hard chest. I slowly push him onto the blanket, one hand reaching down to the zipper on his jeans. He moans as my tongue delves into his mouth, gently massaging his. I pull his zipper down and then reach in and free his member. He gives a startled yelp, one hand suddenly stopping me from continuing.

"Babe" he mutters "we don't have to do this. I'm telling you."

"But I want to" I cut in "I'm sick of worrying about what everyone else will think. Darius, please" I beg and he stops, letting go of my hand.

Now I'm not sure what to do and I blink, staring down at his cock in fascination. It was huge, but then maybe that was normal. I touch it and he inhales sharply. Did I cause that reaction? His cock is erect and hard. Darius meets my eyes, a wry smile on his face.

"How about I take over?" he suggests and I give a small nod.

Within two seconds I'm flat on my back and he's removed my dress. His hands reach out and take my panties down. I feel exposed but he just licks his lips. "You're so beautiful" he murmurs as my heart swells with happiness "so damn gorgeous."

The panties go flying with a flick of his hand. He kneels between my legs and then spreads them, his eyes intent on staring at my vagina.

He bends his head down and I jolt in shock when I feel his tongue on my genitals. "Relax" he murmurs and I do my best, lying still, as he begins to slowly tongue my clit, causing my body to stiffen as pleasure begins to build. It feels like heaven. So damn good. I'm panting hard, as he gently darts his tongue over me, my juices beginning to flow. He looks at me with pure lust in his eyes, his eyes turning a pitch black colour. Then I feel a slight intrusion, as he inserts a finger inside of me, stretching me out slowly.

"I want to make sure you are ready for me" he whispers, "stay relaxed."

I nod, giving a small cry as he inserts a second finger, before slowly thrusting them back and forth. He curls them up inside of me and begins to hit a spot, making me feel like lightning is ripping through me. I give a loud scream "Darius" as I cum hard against his hand, shuddering until my body finally peters out and stops.

He looks at me, a wicked grin on his face, his hands moving to massage my breasts as I moan again, my arousal there for him to smell. He positions himself at my entrance and I move to stop him, my hand grabbing hold of his arm as he looks at me in surprise.

"Condom" I manage to pant "please."

He face palms himself and then begins to rifle through his discarded jeans. God knows when he pulled them down. He triumphantly retrieves a condom and shows it to me, before quickly tearing it open and placing it on his dick. I exhale in appreciation, sinking back down onto the blanket.

Darius repositions himself and then stops, looking down at me. "Are you ready?" he asks gruffly "because it's not too late to change your mind" he adds.

I was in a frenzy, desperate to feel him inside of me, writhing on the blanket in pure pleasure. The last thing I want is to stop him from moving forward.

"Please" I pant "put it inside me."

He slowly puts it in, moving inch by inch as I suck in a breath. He feels huge. Then I feel a sharp piercing pain and cry out, causing him to stiffen and stop.

"God, just get it all the way" I plead and he pushes forward in one hard thrust, the pain slowly diminishing. I give him a smile and a small nod and he begins to move, back and forth, all the way out and then in, taking his time. I moan. It feels incredible. I feel like my whole body is on fire and he begins to increase the intensity, moving my legs slightly wider as he pushes, making it even more pleasurable. I'm not sure just how much more I can take, the condom causing pleasure as the small nubs on it, hit against the g-spot.

Darius reaches down and begins to finger my clit. My whole body tenses and I scream out his name "Darius" as I feel the pleasure build to an intolerable level, cumming hard, my orgasm washing over me. Darius begins to thrust harder and faster, his own body beginning to tense, a look of determination and concentration on his face. With a guttural groan, he stills, thrusting hard once more and then cums. He slowly pulls out of me and then quickly takes care of the condom. I'm collapsed on the blanket, feeling something warm and sticky on my thighs, glancing down at them to see blood trickling down.

Darius senses it, jogging to the car and coming back with a water bottle and small hand towel. He quickly uses the water to dampen it and then, stops me from grabbing it, instead bending down and wiping the handtowel over the blood, cleaning it for me. I feel embarrassed but he

doesn't seem to mind, instead focussed on making sure every last bit is gone. Then, and only then, does he lie beside me on the blanket and gather me into his arms.

"You were perfect" he mutters into my ear, kissing me on the forehead as I close my eyes in bliss "god, I love you."

"I love you too," I tell him, my body still feeling euphoric. I can't believe that I just willingly gave him my virginity, but I have no regrets. This was a decision I made and he gave me ample opportunities to stop him.

There's just one thing I need from him to make this day complete and perfect. I nudge his shoulder and his eyes shoot back open.

"Yes, sweetheart" he grins.

"Do me a favour?" I say, sitting up with a wince and regarding him steadily "don't tell Sophie we slept together."

"Of course not," he says insulted "I know better than that."

"Good," I say happily just as my stomach gives a loud growl, making us both laugh "I'm starving. Shall we go and get dinner?"

We both get up and get dressed, but when I go looking for my panties, I can't find them anywhere. I guess I'm going without underwear for dinner.

"Um," I say with a blush "let's make it drive through."