

Chapter 8 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

"Aaargh," I groan, stretching my arms up above my head and getting some kinks out of my back. Leo had called me in a panic when one of the waitresses had called in sick and since I need the money, scratch that, could use the money, I happily agreed to come in and help at the diner again.

I glance around. The usual dinner rush has come and gone and now the diner is quiet, peaceful in fact. There are a few couples with children and that's about it. For once, there were no annoying customers, angry customers, or downright bitchy ones. It was bliss.

Leo come out of his office and joined me, his eyes taking in the rather small and unimpressive bunch of customers, his brows pulled down in a scowl. He sighs and then glances at me drily, taking in my disheveled hair and crinkled dress. I flush. I'd tried to tidy up, but the rush had meant I'd been off my feet until now.

"I know you're supposed to be here until closing time" he begins "but how would you feel about clocking off early? I'll still pay you the same, because you've done me a massive favor coming in, but I think you deserve a reward. You're always here when I need you" he adds warmly.

What kind of fool would say no to that? Besides, as I glance at the clock it suddenly hits me that I forgot to send a message to Darius letting him know I'd been called into work. I hoped he hadn't tried to come to the house and found me gone.

"Thanks, boss" I wink at Leo and take off my apron, leaving it on the counter and breezily heading outside. It was a bit of a walk home, but damn, it was a nice evening and there was still sunlight in the sky. Besides, I was used to walking.

I sniff the air appreciatively, ignoring some of the looks from shifters passing through, their disgust at coming near an undesirable clear to see on their faces. Fuck them, I thought fiercely. A few more months and I would be with Darius, in our own place away from everyone who dared to judge me just for not having a wolf. I pick up the pace, passing by the bookstore and stopping to peer in the windows. God, how I loved books. I love to read, all sorts of things, but I'd stopped buying lately, trying to conserve and save as much money as humanly possible. My fingers lightly touch the window in regret, before I force myself to continue moving toward home.

When I get there, I frown puzzled to see Darius's car in the front driveway. So he had come looking for me, I thought to myself guiltily. Oh well, I guess we could spend some time together

now after I've cleaned up from my shift at the diner. I was a little smelly, I admitted to myself, from sweat. I dig in my pocket and get out my key, unlocking the front door and slipping in. I half expect to see Darius in the kitchen with my bitch of a sister Sophie, but there's no sign of him. I can, however, distantly hear voices upstairs which makes me frown. What is he doing up there with her? I begin to feel dread pooling in my gut, suspicion rising in my mind. Surely I was imagining things?

I tried to convince myself that I was being silly, as I walked slowly upstairs, but there was no mistaking the sounds I could hear, coming from Sophie's bedroom.

"Oh my god, Darius" she shrieked.

"Fuck you feel so good" Darius's voice, was guttural and hoarse.

The sound of bodies slapping against each other. I put a hand up to my mouth, feeling tears come to my eyes, which I blinked furiously back.

Sophie's door is partially open and I can see them both, on her large four-poster bed, moving together in harmony, sweat dripping off their bodies, Darius on top of her, his bare back facing me as I peer in, unashamedly watching, my feet frozen, my heart thumping wildly in my chest, feeling something break inside of me. I couldn't believe that my boyfriend of over a year, was now in bed with my hated sister, fucking her as I watched in disgust. I feel so betrayed right now. I had given that asshole my virginity and now he was cheating on me like it had meant nothing to him. Anger begins to rise, not just at him but at Sophie, who I was certain had intentionally seduced him. I tense and then slam the door open, going right to my shocked sister, who squeals and grabs hold of the bedsheet, wrapping it around her. I don't even give her time to speak, slapping her across the face. "You bitch" I hiss, watching her face go pale.

Darius is scrambling behind me, trying to hold his hands out in an attempt to placate me as I lose my temper completely. "You bastard" I scream as he winces, "how could you do this to me? You are nothing more than a piece of shit Darius, I can't believe I've wasted a year with you because apparently, it meant nothing!"

"Now, Amber that's not true," he says hoarsely, his eyes widening in anxiety "I swear, I didn't mean for this to happen."

Sophie is silent, a smug look on her face. I spin around to face her "are you happy now Sophie?" I ask sarcastically "now you've got what you've always wanted. Don't think I don't know how much you've been after Darius."

She smiles at me, while Darius blanches. "As a matter of fact," she says cockily, glancing triumphantly at a very bewildered and confused Darius "I am because Darius has agreed to make me his chosen mate" she finishes.

I let out a strangled cry and turn to glare at Darius who looks like a deer trapped in headlights. Before we can do anything more, my parents come into view, my mother looking angry as she glares at all of us, Darius trying, rather unsuccessfully, to hide behind the door.

"What on earth is going on here?" she exclaims, hands on her hips. My father surveys the room silently, a grim expression on his face.

"What's it look like" Sophie wails "Darius and I were celebrating the fact that he was going to make me his chosen mate and Amber came in and interrupted us. It's not my fault he broke up with her, because he wanted me!"

The fuck! "That's not true, you little bitch" I snarl "he never broke up with me and you know it."

My father looks at Darius who is red-faced and staring down at the floor. My heart gives a squeeze. "Well Darius, how about you tell the truth? Did you break up with Amber in order to be with Sophie?" he asks, a warning in his voice.

Mother just looks embarrassed, glancing away as she suddenly realizes Darius is in the nude still. Father could care less, nor could Sophie.

Tell the truth, you coward, I think to myself, staring straight at Darius, who looks extremely uncomfortable.

He clears his throat. "Ahem," he says, before looking into my father's narrowed and piercing eyes "I broke up with Amber to be with Sophie" he finishes weakly.

My hands clench into fists. If I had the chance I would kill him with my bare hands right now. For being such a lying, conniving, bastard. Tears form in the corner of my eyes and I blink them away, not wanting to give anyone the satisfaction of seeing me cry.

"Honey," my mother says quietly, her face pale, "perhaps you should let them get dressed. Everyone needs to come downstairs to the dining room so that we can have a proper discussion. Amber too" she adds as I glare at her hatefully.

I was sure she was making me do this on purpose. Without another word I storm downstairs and sit, staring blankly at the table. I was so full of hurt right now, it was all I could do not to scream out my anguish.

My mother comes down, a pinched expression on her face, and sits, my father, joining her with an annoyed expression on his face. I wanted them to ask me if it was true, to show me some compassion, some sort of love. Even the merest hint of affection, but this was expecting too much.

"I knew he would leave you eventually," father says quietly, gruffly, barely glancing at me "it was inevitable considering you're an undesirable. I'm just surprised that it's taken this long."

I stare at him in disbelief. Did he not care at all about my feelings on this matter? I was his daughter too, not that he seemed to remember that, or care. All my life I'd been nothing but an embarrassment to him and mother.

"Just for your information, Darius and I never broke up," I said bitterly "not that you care."

"Don't make waves" mother snaps at me "he's chosen to be with Sophie, you should be happy for your sister."

"What about me? Oh right" I say sarcastically "I don't matter to you, do I."

"Enough" my father growls.

I glare and then sit at the table, in utter agony. In a single day, my whole world had been toppled over, and I was left feeling like I was slowly dying inside.

Sophie and Darius come downstairs, Darius's face chalk white, Sophie's rosy and pink.

"Sit down son," Father says roughly, Darius sitting beside a beaming Sophie.

"So you and Sophie are chosen mates," my mother says excitedly.

Darius swallows hard, shooting me an apologetic look that I ignore. I know he's too much of a coward to stand up against father, especially since it was always agreed that Sophie and I would never sleep with anyone but our mates. I curse the fact I gave him my virginity.

"I wouldn't have slept with him otherwise," Sophie says quietly, pretending to be humiliated "forgive me father, mother, I did not want you to walk in on me like that."

Bullshit, I want to yell. Instead, I dig my nails into the palms of my hands and focus on breathing. I needed to get through this and then I could go to my room and plan what I needed to do next.

"Yes well," father says, blushing "no harm done. What we need to discuss is the wedding" he adds, shooting my mother a glance.

Mother's face lights up so bright, it's like looking at a Christmas tree with lights flashing.

"Oh yes," mother squeals.

Darius gulps. I have no sympathy for the bastard. As far as I was concerned, he and Sophie deserved each other. It didn't make the hurt or betrayal any less, but I was damned if I was going to sit there and listen to wedding discussions between Darius and Sophie.

"We want a quick wedding," Sophie says excitedly, leaning forward as mother nods "considering what just happened. . ." she trailed off.

"I understand," mother says hastily.

Yeah, god forbid Sophie ended up pregnant without being married. Thank god Darius used a condom. I was safe.

"I would like to be excused" I interrupt at the table, "I have no interest in wedding discussions concerning my ex-boyfriend."

"Sour grapes," Sophie says, fixing her eyes on me, a smirk on her beautiful face.

I stare at her silently, mother and father motioning for me to leave. "You know what," I say sweetly "let me be the first to congratulate you both on your upcoming wedding." Darius looks astounded as I continue "you and Darius will make a perfect couple, you're so alike in so many ways" I add. Like being a snake behind someone's back, I think to myself. "I'm so happy that you broke up with me Darius," I tell him honestly "I can see now, that our characters are far too different to compliment each other. One day I hope to find a man who is the complete opposite of you."

Before anyone can say anything, I get up from the table and slowly, make my way to the stairs, my heart breaking into a thousand shards.

As I make my way up to my bedroom, I hear Sophie's voice again, the puzzlement evident in the tone "what do you think she meant by that?"

"Who cares," mother says dismissively, "let's get this wedding sorted out. Not to mention we need to speak to Darius's parents. Oh my god, you're going to be Luna of the pack" she squeals.

There's the sound of laughter and hushed voices as I creep into my room and shut the door, firmly locking it. I refuse to let the tears fall. What good would crying over it do? He was a cheating, lying son of a bitch and I didn't want him back. I fervently hoped he was in hell, forced to marry my sister now he'd been caught. Darius was well aware that his father and mother would have forced him if my parents didn't, old-fashioned in their belief of no sex before marriage. He'd done this to himself, I thought tiredly, now he could damn well deal with the consequences. I hoped his life would be miserable with my sister, it was the very least he and Sophie deserved.