

## Alpha's Rejected 20

### Chapter 20 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

I tap my fingers absently on the counter, looking at the rather dismal crowd of customers. It was dead, that was the politest way of putting it. A lackluster evening of waitressing and I was dead on my feet, fidgety out of boredom. There were far too many of us, for the lack of customers and it meant that I had nothing much to do. Leo comes out of the study, with a smile on his face, presenting me with a pay packet, flourishing it in my face as I laugh at him.

"How about you finish early tonight," he says quietly "it doesn't look like it's going to pick up and the other girls can manage."

I just nod tiredly. To be honest, I wasn't sleeping well lately and could use the reprieve from work. I either couldn't fall asleep, or my dreams were filled with the guy I had met in the bookstore. Neither one allowed me to rest and replenish my energy properly.

"Thanks, Leo," I tell him, grateful.

He just gives me a tight nod and then walks away to talk to one of the other waitresses. I grab hold of my coat and slip out the door, waving goodbye to the others as I go.

It's a cool night and I cling to my jacket, closing it tightly around myself, as I shiver from the breeze. The leaves are rustling on the trees and branches swaying from the harsh wind. For a moment, I wish I had the nerve to accept my parent's money and buy a car, rather than walk from place to place. Especially when it's this cold. But I had my self-respect and my pride and that was worth more than a damn car. Plus I was too stubborn. I didn't want to be beholden to them. Sophie had no qualms about spending their money, but I was different. I was determined to make my own way through life.

I see the light coming from the front door of my home and heave a massive sigh of relief, unlocking the door and letting myself in. I've barely taken five steps inside the door when I cringe, my mother's voice calling from the dining room "Amber if that's you, then you need to come in here. We need help" she demands.

Damnit. I was so close to getting upstairs. I put my coat up and walk to the dining room, seeing Sophie sitting next to our mother, a wide smile on her face. There are magazines scattered all over the table. I gulp. They aren't just ordinary magazines but wedding ones. Surely they weren't asking me to take part in planning the fucking wedding?

But apparently, they were.

"Sit down" Mother cuts in impatiently, almost shoving a chair at me.

I gingerly sit down, wishing I was anywhere but here right now. I wish I could wipe the smile off Sophie's damn face. I grit my teeth and wait for them to speak.

"We need help deciding on the color scheme" Sophie blurts out, bouncing up and down on the chair with excitement. "It's going to be a Spring wedding, so I was thinking maybe cream or beige," she says thoughtfully "for the table cloths."

Aren't they the same color, I thought to myself with a frown? What the hell was the difference? Even when she shows me the swatches, I can't tell the difference.

"Cream is nice," I say lamely, pointing at it.

Sophie glances at it and then puts it to the side. "I think I'll go with beige" she announces.

Mother gives her an approving nod and then scribbles away in a book she has by her side.

"Um I don't really think I'll be much use for this," I say, attempting to get up, but mother shoots me an angry glare, and I tentatively sit back down.

"You can sit down and support your sister" mother snarls, rolling her eyes, "is it too much to ask for your help Amber? A few minutes of your precious time?"

Yes, I wanted to shout. It was too much to ask me to help with the wedding. I could care less what color scheme it is, let alone the theme. Why can't you just leave me the fuck alone?

"Fine" I exhale instead. "Sophie the beige is lovely," I say insincerely, smiling at her.

She frowns at me.

Father walks into the room and gives Sophie a peck on the cheek. I wince, trying not to show my hurt when he ignores me as usual and sits between Sophie and his wife.

"So we're wedding planning, are we," father says jovially, picking up one of the magazines and examining it closely "you're going to have the most lavish wedding sweetheart. Whatever your heart desires," he tells Sophie lovingly.

"I was wondering if we should get a band or a DJ," she told father excitedly.

He thinks for a moment. "I think a band would be much better. More sophisticated" he tells her and Sophie gives an eager nod, mother scribbling away wildly.

"What about the napkins, what color should they be? White or pale pink?" murmurs Sophie.

I look at them all helplessly, wanting nothing more than to sink into the ground.

Father looks confused. "Why is Amber here? I doubt she would be much help when it comes to ladylike things like weddings" he says abruptly.

"Mathew" mother scolds him "she's here for support."

"Good" Father counters back, glaring over at me "because it won't be long and Sophie will be doing the same for you, won't you Sophie."

"I would love to help Amber plan her wedding," Sophie says excitedly, but our father shakes his head.

"The groom will be paying for the wedding, so he'll most likely plan it," father says nonchalantly "when it's Amber's turn."

I try to keep breathing. So not only was Sophie going to have the wedding of her dreams, but when it came to me, all I would get is what the groom decided was appropriate. Great, fantastic. Another fresh reminder of how much I didn't matter to my family. Not only that but it was a cruel reminder that they hadn't given up on marrying me off to someone from another pack in order to get rid of me. I can feel myself beginning to lose control a little, feeling claustrophobic, despite the massive size of the dining room. I wriggle slightly in my chair, feeling sweat beginning to bead on my forehead.

"May I please be excused" I mutter, desperately hoping that they would allow me to leave.

Mother eyes me and looks concerned for a moment, but just as quickly the expression fades from her face.

"No I think we need to discuss something first," Father says calmly, leaning back in the chair.

Sophie looks intrigued. I feel sick to my stomach. Something else is about to happen now, I can sense it instinctively.

"It's about the business" father continues. "Your mother and I have discussed this and we have decided it would make sense for Sophie and Darius to take over it when it's time. It's been written in our will as well."

Sophie gasps in shock. "Oh my god" she squeals "I can't believe it. Are you sure?"

Father laughs. "You're going to be Luna of the pack baby girl. I trust you with the company when I no longer want to manage it."

Breathe, just breathe Amber. My fingernails grip the edge of the table, digging in. Mother looks at me askance, but I don't care, I have to ask the question that's hovering on my tongue. "What about me?"

Father looks taken aback. Then an angry expression crosses his face. "What about you" he snaps "I won't have an undesirable anywhere near my company. I left you some money but that's it" he sneers "your husband can take care of you."

I can't take it anymore and stand up, pushing my chair back loudly. "I can't believe you. I know you hate me, but to not even leave me a portion of the company because I'm an undesirable is just a cruel move father. Sometimes I can't believe how far you go in your hatred of me" I say coldly. I glare at my strangely silent mother, her eyes glittering as she watches me "you're supposed to be my mother and you never stand up for me. Well, it doesn't matter, I don't need your money, I'll make it on my own and I won't need a damn husband to take care of me. I can take care of myself" I finish icily.

"You ungrateful little b..." father begins but I hold up my hand and stop him from continuing his disgusting language.

"If I'm ungrateful, it's because of you. All I have ever wanted was your love, nothing more, and even that is too much from you. You easily give it to Sophie, but you've both been nothing but cold towards me, especially since discovering I don't have my wolf. "

Sophie looks a bit shaken, but not for long. "Amber," she says quietly "can't you see that mother and father are doing the best they can for you? They are providing you with money, even if it's not part of the company. Can't you be thankful for that? They love you, they just don't know how to show it properly sometimes."

I laugh out loud. "Of course, you would feel that way Sophie, after all, you are the golden child. Perfect grades, perfect figure, you look like the miniature version of mother, and you have a wolf. If that wasn't enough, you are now going to be Luna of the pack. Mother and father adore you. They show you affection and love every day while I sit here, feeling lonely and cold, an outcast in my own family. You have no idea what that's like and you know what?" I shake my head at her "I'm glad you don't because it hurts, so much it's not funny."

"Amber" mother breathes and I could swear that she blinked back a tear in her eye "please calm down. We can work this out" she pleads.

Father harrumphs. "There's nothing to work out, it's already been done. Amber stop throwing such a temper tantrum. Why can't you be more like Sophie?"

I stare at him, unable to believe how oblivious he is to what I've just said. My whole body is shaking in indignation, my chest is heaving and I can feel my fingernails digging into the palms of my hand.

"I'm not Sophie," I tell him thickly, blinking back the tears that are threatening to spill over "and that's the whole problem, isn't it?"

Mother makes a strangled sound.

Father looks away, thoroughly disgusted at me. But I don't care. I'm too tired, of all of the crap. I push my chair back in resolutely. "There is no need for me to be here, helping with wedding plans. You've just shown me how little you care about me and I'm going to bed. "

The room is deathly silent as I turn away from them all and slowly make my way out the door and upstairs, my chest tight and hurting with every step I make.

I never wanted the company. Or part of it, but the casual way father had told me he hadn't even considered it, had caused a massive hole in my heart. The comparison to Sophie, as well, never stopped hurting and never failed for me to realize just how much they despised me. I reached my room and locked the door behind me with trembling fingers, before quietly making my way into the bathroom, turning the water on and making it warm and cozy. I get undressed numbly and then get in the shower, sinking to the floor in grief. Then and only then, do I allow myself to cry silently in the shower, letting out all the anguish and despair I feel, wishing, for the first time, that I was no longer alive and feeling this pain.