

Alpha's Rejected 30

Chapter 30 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

It felt like forever before the ambulance arrived, the paramedics rushing in and taking Sophie out on a stretcher. Tony and Darius were silent, Darius looking like he'd seen a ghost, he'd gone that pale.

"I'm going to go with her," he said hastily, the paramedics giving a firm nod "my mother will want to know how she's doing when she hears about this."

I watch as Darius leaves the house, right behind Sophie. To my surprise, I see him holding her hand and mouthing something to her. Almost as though he's genuinely concerned.

Mother rushes in, seconds too late as the ambulance leaves, its lights blaring and the siren loud in its wake. "What on earth happened?" she asked suspiciously, still clad in her jacket, her hand grabbing her keys. Father comes in behind her.

"Sophie fell down the stairs," I say quietly, staring right at her "there was nothing we could do. She's being taken to the hospital."

Father looks at Tony grimly. "Is that true" he demands "did she fall or was she pushed."

Tony looks over at me. I stare right back, feeling nervous. Surely he would tell the truth? Even if he found the fact that he had to look after an undesirable despicable, as he'd told me more than once.

"I'm not sure" Tony admits as my mouth drops open.

"That's not true, we were already downstairs when she fell" I argue, my chest heaving, my breath coming in short spurts as I begin to feel slightly panicked.

"Well until we find out otherwise, I want you to put her in a dungeon cell. I don't trust her not to try anything while we go look after Sophie" father orders Tony, who just gives a tight nod, a smirk on his face.

Bastard. I can't believe that he lied straight to my father's face!

"Father, don't do this" I beg, not wanting to be thrust back into a cell, with a threadbare cot and basic toilet. I wanted to go and check on my sister. "Please, let me go see Sophie."

He sneers at me, before taking hold of my mother's hand. She avoids my gaze, but that's nothing unusual. She's too much of a coward to face me properly in front of my father. "There is no way I'm letting you anywhere near your sister" father snaps "If I find out that you are the reason that she fell or you pushed her. . ." he trails off, the threat and implication very clear to me.

"Come on" Tony snaps, roughly taking hold of my arm, father walking back out the front door with mother in tow, "let's go already. "

"How can you do this to me," I say heatedly as he drags me downstairs and to the main part of the dungeon "how can you lie like that? You know I had nothing to do with Sophie falling."

Tony opens the main door and pushes me inside, unlocking the nearest cell, and shoves me inside as I turn around to face him. He shuts the door with a look of great satisfaction on his face.

"You want to know why I'm lying" he taunts, his face close to the bars. I eye him warily, challenging him to tell me the truth. "It's because I hate having to be with you 24/7. Your father forced me to take this assignment and I hate it. I despise Undesirables, it's unnatural not having a wolf and you are no better than a pathetic, weakling of a human. I can't stand being near you" he finishes, spitting on the ground near my feet.

I flinch from the harsh words and then quietly sit down on the threadbare cot, staring blankly ahead. I have to hope that Sophie or Darius will speak up on my behalf, telling father it wasn't my fault. Otherwise, I wasn't sure just how far father would go to punish me for thinking I had injured my twin sister. I wasn't capable of such a thing, but then it's not like my father has gotten to know me very well. Tony sits in the corner, on a chair, playing on his phone. He looks bored, but I know that he must be messaging father every so often.

"How is my sister?" I ask softly.

He looks gleeful. "She's unconscious at the moment and Darius is gone. He left the second they reached the hospital. There's no one to corroborate your story" he says in a hushed voice, dripping with malice.

I let out a small cry and shrink back onto the cot. Surely my father and my mother would know I didn't do it? They wouldn't punish me without proof, would they?

The hours' pass, quietly, the sun going down. I wonder what's taking so long. Was Sophie seriously injured in that fall? Then the door to the dungeon opens with a loud bang and I hear my father's voice coming from the shadows "Tony, that's enough for now. You are excused until I have need of you."

Tony smirks and gets up, leaving without a backward glance. I glare at him with hatred. Father comes forward as I blink at him, his expression is angry and fierce. There is no sign of my mother with him.

"Did you push your sister down the stairs?" he asks me quietly, in a chilling tone of voice.

I shake my head adamantly. "No, of course not."

"Lies" he thunders, "Tony told me you were arguing with her just before she fell. Now tell me the truth, you disgusting undesirable."

God that stings. Still, I straighten my shoulders and meet his eyes, never once looking away.

"I did not push her," I say with gritted teeth. Damn it Sophie, look what you've caused father to believe. I was going to kill her when I got my hands on her.

My father just exhales and shakes his head, moving over to the trolley that holds various torture implements. My mouth suddenly goes dry as he begins to slowly put gloves on each hand, before grabbing hold of some restraints.

"Your sister is in a coma because of you," he says evenly "because of what you did to her."

"I didn't do it" I shout.

He doesn't listen, opening the cell door as I shrink backward, backing away to the far corner in desperation. I was like a trapped animal. I raise my fists. He grins at me sardonically. "Try it" he urges, his expression grim "and it will be so much worse for you."

I know him being a beta, that I don't have a chance in hell at beating him and if I fought, it would make him angrier. Reluctantly I put my hands down and he grabs them, snapping the cuffs on me and then placing them on a hook above my head as I squirm in discomfort.

I can't see him, my back now turned towards him, but I can hear him rifling through the trolley and stifle a sob. Soon enough he comes back.

"This is for hurting your sister. You've always been jealous of her, don't think I haven't seen it he growls, and then I hear a loud crack in the air before the worst pain I've ever felt in my life hits me. The whip hits me directly across the middle of my back and I give a loud scream, before he hits me again, not holding back, using all his strength. It's excruciating and I can feel blood dripping from my wounds. He's made me bleed and still, he does not show any regret or remorse for what he's doing.

I stick to my guns. "I did not hurt Sophie," I say darkly "not that you believe me."

"Such impudence" he snaps and then cracks, the whip which hits me once more, my whole body buckling and slumping as I give yet another cry that echoes throughout the otherwise silent dungeon.

"You're an embarrassment to this family" crack, "an outcast to this pack" crack, "worse than a human being" crack.

I stop counting the strokes, my T-shirt ripped to shreds, thanks to the whip. It feels like my back is burning. I'm sobbing by now, wishing that he would listen to me. I'd give anything for my mother to come in and stop him from what he's doing. But I can't count on her intervention or her help. All I can think about is Sophie being in a coma, injured and hurt. She would be sleeping, but who knew when she

would awaken? She could be in a coma for a few days to a month or more, depending on the seriousness of her injuries. I felt sorry for her, but right now was feeling even sorrier for myself.

"Tony told me everything. How you hate your sister, how you wish she was dead. How you argued beforehand" father bellowed "how jealous you are that Sophie has her wolf."

Crack. The whip hits my lower back but this time I barely have the strength to cry out.

"If I had my way, I would have killed you when we found out you had no wolf, rather than suffer the embarrassment of an undesirable in our bloodline. You have your mother to thank for still being alive, she refused to let me do it. Stuck up for you and this is how you repay her? By injuring her other daughter?"

Crack.

"Please, no more" I beg, tears streaking down my face. I was almost on tiptoes due to the height of the hook and couldn't get enough strength to pull the cuffs up and off it. I wanted down so bad, I was prepared to do anything he said. "Please, I can't take anymore" I sob, sniveling.

Father is breathing hard now, panting heavily. He's obviously exerted himself with the torturing of me.

"Admit what you did," he says gruffly "confess and I will think about letting you go" he sneers.

Part of me seriously considers lying, especially if it gets me out of the cell and out of this dungeon. The wounds on my back wouldn't heal themselves, not when I didn't have a wolf and already they were starting to throb painfully. But my pride was at stake. I didn't have much in this life, but I sure as hell had my pride and I wasn't about to step on it. So I took a deep breath and then whispered "I didn't do it, that's the truth, whether you want to believe me or not."

Crack. This next one hurt so bad that I couldn't breathe. Then I hear him back at the trolley before he comes back. "You had your chance," he says coldly "and you continued to lie to me. You will stay in this dungeon until you decide to come clean" he adds.

I'm just thankful that it seems he's put the whip away. I wasn't sure how much longer I was going to last. Already my breathing was in short spurts and my vision was becoming blurry like things were further away than they actually were. I feel my father's hands on me and inhale, relaxing slightly as he pulls me off the hook and then undoes the restraints, without even glancing up at me. The cuffs are pulled off and he pockets them, before casually walking out of the cell and shutting the door with a loud clang. My eyes are still watering and my legs are unsteady. I collapse onto the threadbare cot as he watches, locking the cell door. "You can stay here and think about your choices," he says icily "I want to hear you tell me the truth and until that happens, you will stay down here. Pray that Sophie wakes up soon because if she doesn't, I'll be paying you another visit" he warns me.

I shudder in response. Then I hear his footsteps leaving and the main door closing. The second I'm certain he's gone, I burst into tears again and lie down on the cot, succumbing to the darkness which quickly takes over, falling unconscious while blood trickles from my wounds.