

Worthless to Priceless: The Alpha's Rejected Mate

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CHAPTER 1

“All you have to do is reject her,” hearing those words leave her mouth had me freezing in my tracks.

I carefully made my way back to the balcony and hid behind a pillar so she wouldn’t see me. She had her hand on his shoulder and I could see him thinking about her offer.

“All you have to do is reject her,” she repeated, “And you will have the position of the future Alpha.”

FLASHBACK

The day started like any other. I woke up long before the sun had even thought to rise and I started doing my usual chores. It is an unspoken rule that once the members of the house wake up by 7 a.m. the house has to be perfectly cleaned and breakfast has to be ready.

It took me three months to come up with the perfect time to rise in order to get everything done. I wake up by 3 a.m. and spend the next two hours cleaning the entire house from top to bottom. I also have to be quiet because if my father wakes up then I will be in for a lot of punishment. By the time I am done with the chores, I start breakfast which usually takes around two hours as well.

As always, I was finishing it up when my father walked down the stairs. I instantly rushed to his side with his daily steaming cup of black coffee. He took it from me with a dismissive nod and I quickly assembled his breakfast plate- eggs, bacon and sausages.

I placed them next to him and he didn’t even lift his head from his newspaper to acknowledge my presence. I refused to allow the pain show on my face as I swallowed down my hurt. It is my birthday and he couldn’t even be bothered to say a happy birthday to me.

“Good morning father,” His response was a deep grunt and a hand waving me off. “Did you rest well?”

“Do you not have any work to do Amelia?” his tone was an obvious dismissal.

I didn’t allow the pain phase me as I knew my sister would be up soon so I quickly made her special green juice that she drinks every morning.

I had poured it into her glass when she gracefully came down the stairs. My sister- Brittany- and I are twins although she is older by a few minutes. We look nothing alike though; I have very curly brown hair that is a nightmare to tame and hazel eyes while she has long blond hair and icy blue eyes. She is also tall and slender while I am shorter and have more curves. I have been told I look like our mother who died a few years back but she is a splitting image of our father.

As soon as father saw her, he pulled her into a warm hug and kissed her forehead then wished her happy birthday. He told her how proud of her he was and a stray tear slipped down my lips. I don’t know why he never treats me like her- we are twins after all. What does she have that I don’t?

“There you are,” he held her at arm’s length so he could see her, “How is the birthday girl?”

“I am so excited daddy,” she squealed, “And I cannot wait for the party tonight. Thank you so much for throwing it for me.”

“Anything for my darling,” he kissed her forehead again then he saw me watching them, “Are you going to stand there or will you bring in our breakfast?”

I muttered a small apology and hurried to hand her breakfast tray to her. As usual, she didn’t say thank you, she just took it out of my hands and delved into a conversation with father. Once again, I ignored the pain and clutched my own plate tight to my chest as I felt like an intruder in their special moment.

It has been like this for as long as I remember. And a part of me is tired of wishing that thing could be different.

When they were done eating, they left their dishes on the table and went to get ready for the day. I was still cleaning up when they left the house, leaving me in complete and utter silence.

As soon as I was sure that they were gone, I snuck out of the house into the woods that had taken over at the back. It was quiet and I was sure that no one would bother me there.

I followed the marked out path that I had become familiar with over the years. I can navigate this path blindfolded and in my sleep because of how many times I had gone through it, especially in the past few weeks.

I got to a small cave. It wasn’t big enough to draw attention to it but it was big enough that I could go in and practice without being disturbed. A few feet into the cave lay a few books I had taken from father’s library without him noticing a small blanket for when the days got colder.

I sat cross legged on the floor and imagined all the different types of wolves I had seen. I imagined my father’s which was large and black with dark brown eyes. It towered over me easily in my human form and for a very long time it terrified me.

I imagined my sisters which was smaller in size. It was a dirty brown color and in her wolf form, she had the same icy blue eyes as she did in her human form. Her wolf was graceful and petite and I smiled as I thought back to a memory of her running.

I let the feeling of completeness wash over me and I willed my own wolf to come to the surface but nothing happened. I tried harder, even tried picturing what my own wolf would look like. Would it be dirty brown like Brittany’s or black like my father’s? Maybe it would even be a different color, sandy blond or even a deep brown. I didn’t care what color it was, I just wanted it.

I don’t know how long I sat there willing, wishing and praying for my wolf to come to the surface but it never did. As the seconds ticked by I got more and more frustrated. I thought I felt hair o my skin and I opened my eyes in excitement, glad I had made a little effort but the excitement dissipated when I realized it was a stray feather.

I let out a barely contained scream and buried my head into my hands. Angry, hot tears burned beneath my eyelids and for a moment I wondered if I would ever get my wolf. For a moment, I wondered if it was even worth it at all.

But then I remembered why I was doing it all in the first place- Blake. Blake and I have been together for a while and I know that the only way for us to stay together is for me to get my wolf and then we can be properly mated.

He was the reason I started this four months ago and I am not giving up now. I wiped the tears from my face and gathered myself to my feet. I can always try again later.

I stepped out of the cave and was shocked by how dark it was. I ran as fast as I could to the house and looked at the huge grandfather clock that stood in the living room and cursed; Blake will be here to pick me up any minute from now.

I took a very quick bath and changed into the prettiest dress I own. It is an old dress I have had for a while, father said he couldn’t spare any money for a new dress for the party but that doesn’t matter because as long as I am with Blake, I am happy.

I snuck into Brittany’s room and applied a little bit of her makeup to make me look pretty and I tied my hair up into a high ponytail and waited at the bottom of the stairs for Blake to knock. I glanced at the clock and saw that he was running a bit late but I figured there must have been an emergency.

What else could it have been?

Comments (1)