

Chapter 2 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

My name is Amber Henderson and I am somewhat the black sheep of the family. Ever since I was little, I've always understood that I was an undesirable. Unwanted. What is an undesirable, you may ask? I will tell you. An undesirable is someone who doesn't fit into their family. Who's different, an outcast in the pack and at home. We also use the term undesirable for those with shifter blood, who are unable to shift into wolves. I'm unlucky enough to be one of them. I'll never forget the day, that I failed to shift.

The excitement was palpable in the air. Sophie and I were finally about to turn sixteen and our parents were so happy, that they almost dragged the two of us outside, wanting to see both of us transform. All I could think about was that if I shifted, I might finally be accepted, and loved by the two parents I couldn't get along with, who regarded me as a stranger instead of their daughter. The girl they found wanting, whereas Sophie, was adored, loved, for she obeyed everything she was told to do and she looked identical to my parents, whereas my red hair, stood out, like a flame, against the rest of them and their blonde hair. A stark reminder that I was different.

The ground was soft, the air was cool as we both undressed in preparation. I already knew that Sophie would shift first, just my luck, as she was the older one by a few minutes. We sat on the ground, Sophie well away from me, and I couldn't help but notice to my bitterness, that my parents had chosen to sit with Sophie, rather than between us two. I told myself that I didn't care but it still stung. You would have thought I would have gotten used to it by now, but it always caused a pang of hurt.

The moon shone brightly overhead. I willed myself to relax, listening to the sounds of the crickets chirping and the owls hooting. My eyes shoot open as I hear a loud, agonized scream, Sophie's mouth open in pain as she writhes on the ground, my mother and father backing away, wide smiles on their faces.

"That's it" my mother urges as Sophie's leg breaks and shifts. My stomach churns at the dreadful sight. "Remember sweetie, it's only the first shift that hurts, and then it gets all better" she promises.

My father kneels close to her as she continues to scream and cry "you can do this love, just try to go along with it. It hurts more if you fight it" he says gruffly.

More screams, more sounds of bones breaking and shifting. It's like watching something out of a horror movie, and even I felt sympathy for everything that Sophie was going through. It sounded painful. Well, it sounded agonizing if I wanted to be more accurate and descriptive. Her whole body was moving and rolling around and then, just as quickly, there was nothing but silence. I had looked away, unable to bear the screams and the sight, and when I glanced over now, my sister stood there, in her beautiful wolf form, preening before our parents who were full of compliments.

I had to admit, that I was rather jealous, for she was a beautiful grey wolf, with white patches on her paws and snout. She was also quite big, a little taller than the average, and her eyes were piercing. She wagged her tail happily as my parents petted her.

"You look stunning," my mother says to Sophie "the most beautiful wolf in the pack" she adds.

Ouch, clearly she's forgotten that I have yet to go through my turn.

"Yes dear, you've done us proud," my father says, bending to give the wolf a hug "go for a run and test out your new legs" he laughs.

My sister doesn't even bother to spare me a glance before she races off to the forest, her nose high in the air, her paws thudding against the earth. I'm envious but remind myself that my wolf will be just as beautiful, I just have to be patient. It only just strikes me though, that I should have shifted in the middle of my sister's transformation. My parents come to the same realization.

"Oh dear," my mother says, looking upset "do you think. . ." she trails off in a hushed whisper, looking absolutely stricken as she faces my father, who looks just as grim.

"She's probably just running a few minutes late," my father says gruffly "she's the daughter of a beta remember? There's no way that she won't change."

I'm right here, I feel like yelling, but instead, I stare down at the ground and fret. My sister is running wild in the forest, enjoying being a wolf, and here I am, worrying to death that something is going wrong.

My mother tries to keep herself cheerful, plonking down on the ground, in a rare attempt to be with me.

"It's alright," she says "sometimes this happens. We'll just wait it out" she assures me.

God how I needed that assurance. I eye her suspiciously but don't comment, deciding for once, to accept whatever affection they show me. Because I know, that it won't last for long.

My father says nothing, standing in the distance, a persistent frown on his face, that gets heavier as more time passes. I begin to feel dread. Surely the moon goddess would not be this cruel? I had suffered torment for years because of how I looked and my personality, she could not

possibly take this away from me too. It wasn't possible. I was making myself panic. But the look on my mother's face, as another hour passed, and the paleness of it didn't help much.

By the time three hours had passed since Sophie's transformation, I knew, deep in my heart, that I was never going to get the chance to shift. My father was angry and tightlipped, scowling at me as though it was my fault, and who knows maybe it was.

"Should have known" he mutters to himself as my mother tries to shush him "no surprise she's an undesirable."

Undesirable. It's such an ugly term for a shifter who's wolfless. My heart breaks when I hear him speak it, and I force myself to blink back my tears. Never show weakness, I think to myself, because it gives them power over you.

"It could still happen," my mother tells my father weakly.

"It's not going to," my father says harshly "face it, she's an undesirable, just like with us. She can't have the decency to do one thing right. We're going to be ostracised because of this, just you wait and see" he adds grimly.

My mother looks shocked but then nods and stands up. Her cold mask of indifference settles over her face as she stares down at me.

"We've wasted enough time out here," she says quietly, the words striking a chord in me, "let's go to bed honey."

"I think that's a good idea. Sophie is out there with patrol keeping an eye out. She'll be fine" he says with confidence "I made sure to add extra staff on tonight because she was turning."

How is that not a surprise? Taking advantage just because he's a beta and because we're wealthy. I don't even bother to look at them, instead focussing on grass and pulling it up with my fingers, smooshing it, and dropping it back down, because I need something to distract me from my own pain right now. I hear their footsteps fade away and stare numbly up at the sky.

Why I want to scream out, why would you do this to me? What have I done to deserve this? But the moon goddess had stopped hearing my prayers long ago. That night, out of hope I stayed until the sun began to rise, before dressing and making my way back to my bed. It wasn't long until the news of me being an undesirable who couldn't shift spread throughout the whole pack.

That day was the worst day of my life, and trust me I've had plenty. But I do have some things that are worth holding onto, and that does make me smile. I have a boyfriend, Darius, who is also the Alpha to-be. We've been dating now for almost a year. The fact that I can't shift doesn't seem to concern him one bit. He just tells me that he'll protect me. As if I need protecting. Puhleeze. I've been training to fight since I was little. My father claims that it's important to be able to fight as a human and a wolf, one of the things I do agree with. Even though I can't shift, it doesn't

mean I've stopped training. I need something to take my anger and frustration out on don't I? What better way than to beat it out of me?

My family is the Henderson's and we are one of the wealthiest families in the pack. We live in a mansion that has servants and everything. My father thinks we are superior to everyone but the Alpha and his family. Because of this, Sophie and I were required to have certain behaviors that resembled our social standing. He wanted us to be meek, pliable, and obedient. Sophie was the perfect daughter in this instance and still is. She does everything that our parents require of her. She's soft-spoken, quiet, gets straight A's, never causes any trouble, and definitely never talks back. My parents adore her.

Then you have me. Remember when I said I was the black sheep of the family? Well, that's not just because of my hair, but because I'm anything but meek. I talk back. I'm opinionated. I question motives and I refuse to do everything that my parents want. Because that's how I am. I refuse to be someone I'm not and to be molded into what my parents believe I should be. As a result, I have a somewhat strained relationship with my parents. I'm sure I'm not the only one. They wish I was like Sophie, but I don't. I feel sorry for her. She's changed everything about herself to meet our parent's approval. Except for her looks.

Sophie and I don't have a relationship unless hatred for one another counts. I never used to hate her, in fact, I once adored her, but as the years passed and my parents continually compared me to her, we both found ourselves on opposite sides, creating a division between us that could never be fixed. Now we spend our days ignoring each other, pretending the other one doesn't exist. I spend a lot of time with Darius, my boyfriend, or working, to my father's disgust. If he had his way we would never work a day in our lives, but I refuse to spend my family's money, liking the independence having my own money gives me. I want to earn enough to get myself the hell away from here. I can't stay here much longer, not without losing my sanity completely. I can feel my soul slowly becoming destroyed the more my parents continue to trample on my dreams and hopes.

Darius and I are going to live together. He knew I was his mate the second he turned eighteen whereas I never felt the mate bond, as I don't have a wolf. But I believe him and I do get tingles being with him, just not as I envisioned. I don't care about being Luna, I just care about being out of this house. But Darius wants to wait. His parents too. I know his parents hate that he's mates with an undesirable, but they at least have the decency not to tell me that to my face. If only my parents could take a leaf out of the Alpha and Luna's book, but that's never going to happen.