

Fed Up and Tired

Chapter 10 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

It was busy, chaotic, and full of noise. It was perfect, just what I needed to keep myself distracted from what was happening at home. I couldn't stand to be near Sophie any longer, just looking at her face made me want to punch it, I was so angry. I couldn't believe it when Darius approached me at school, to try and apologize as though that would suddenly make everything better.

"Look, can we talk" he had said, grabbing hold of my wrist as I stood at my locker, surveying the contents and blithely wondering what I had actually come to the locker for. My memory was becoming very forgetful lately.

I hadn't appreciated him grabbing my wrist and yanked it away, glaring at him over my shoulder.

"I don't want to talk to you" I snarl, "maybe you should go and look for Sophie. You know, the girl you're going to be marrying?"

I turned around and faced him, folding my arms over my chest, looking at him as though he was nothing more than an insect I would like to crush with my combat boots.

It hadn't deterred him at all.

"Look," he said exhaling "I'm sorry Amber. I never really meant to hurt you. It just happened" he added sounding quite pathetic.

I raised an eyebrow "you mean you slipped and your dick fell into her? Bullshit Darius."

He actually had the nerve to glower at me. "That's not what I meant" he snaps, his face inches from mine.

I looked away, trying not to inhale his scent, lest it bring up memories I didn't want to remember.

"Listen, Darius, it's done, we're done. I don't need this crap from you. You made your bed, so get over it and lie in it, you lying piece of shit. I'm moving on, I suggest you do the same" I quip, before shoving past him and storming off.

"Amber, Amber," said a voice, and I blinked, shaking my head, focussing on the present and what I was supposed to be doing.

"Sorry, Lucy" I apologized, grabbing hold of the food and making my way to the tables where my customers were waiting.

Once again I was working at Leo's Diner, trying to gather as much money as possible. Now that I wasn't with Darius anymore, I felt an even stronger urge to get away and make my home somewhere else, anywhere else. I just needed to get the cash together.

A young man waves me down. He's sitting in a booth with two of his friends, a wide smile on his face. He's handsome and looks like he's a college freshman, as do his mates. I swiftly move towards him.

"Is there something I could help you with?" I ask, knowing he must have already placed his order.

"Is there any chance you could check on our food, it just seems to be taking a while" he tells me respectfully.

At least he's polite. That gives him bonus points.

"Sure, let me just go check in the kitchen to see what's delaying it."

I head off and have a quick chat with the kitchen, who hurriedly prepare the food. Turns out the waitress who took the order, forgot to send it through to the kitchen. It happens every so often. I just brush it off, grab the tray of burgers and fries and head back to the booth, a friendly smile plastered on my face. The boys' faces light up when they see the grub.

"Delicious" comments one, biting into it, the other almost devouring his burger in one bite.

They really were starving.

The original one just shakes his head and then smiles at me, holding out his hand. "I'm Warren," he says as I tentatively shake it "what's your name dollface?"

Now anyone who knows me will tell you that I hate being called dollface, sweetheart, honey, or any other pet name by men and boys who are strangers. Just because he thought he was being nice, didn't mean I wasn't going to take exception to it.

"My name is Amber," I say with gritted teeth, pointing at my name badge "as you can see."

It doesn't seem to faze Warren at all that I'm annoyed. Instead, he leans forward and gazes at me, or rather my breasts, with an appreciative look on his face.

"I don't mean to offend you," he says with a whistle "but god, that body of yours is banging and crazy hot. How would you like to attend a college party? I can guarantee you will have the best damn time" he brags.

I'm not even slightly tempted or flattered. I shake my head and he grabs hold of my wrist, squeezing it as I give him a warning look. He doesn't take the hint. "Listen girlie" he snaps "I could take anybody to this party, but I want you. So what is it going to take hmm? Money, clothes, drugs. Anything you want, you just name it."

I roll my eyes. His friends snicker at me. I don't even try to yank my hand back but instead thump it hard against the table, causing him to let go in pain and shock. Then I grab hold of the back of his neck and bang it hard against the table, making him swear, while his friends stare, speechless. I hear a crack and know I've broken his nose.

Sure enough, when he looks back up, his nose is crooked and bleeding profusely. I lean forward as he grabs serviettes and puts them to his nose. His friends don't move from their seats. "Listen asshole, I have no interest in going to a party with you, or you either. You don't grab someone's hand and try to force them and you don't try to buy them. Get a damn clue."

His eyes are watering as he keeps pressure on his nose. "You'll pay for this" he spits out.

I laugh. "It looks like you still haven't learned your lesson. Now get the hell out of here, you and your friends, before I throw you out" I roar, no longer friendly, my eyes shooting daggers at the lot of them. I so wasn't in the mood for this. Leo was going to kill me when he found out what I'd done. But I didn't regret it. Warren had given me the chance to vent my anger and frustration.

They all scramble out of their seats. For a moment his friends hesitate and then look at each other, communicating silently, before they leave, dragging a stumbling Warren out, still holding his nose, his face contorted in pain. I flick them the finger through the window and then begin to clear their table. Those who had gone quiet during the commotion began to speak again, and the diner filled with noise once again.

As I predicted, Leo was not amused, standing at the counter with his arms folded over his burly chest, his eyes narrowed at me.

"You could have handled that a bit more professionally" he stated evenly.

I sigh. "I'm tired of being hit on all the time. Men seem to think they are god's gift to women and it's infuriating. I refused, he put his hand on me, and I took care of the situation. You have no clue what it's like to be a girl Leo, otherwise, you would see that I did what was necessary."

He still doesn't look pleased. "Not all men are like that but you have a point. For some reason, you seem to attract all the losers and dangerous boys and men. I wonder if it's that hair of yours" he mutters "it's so vibrant and so bright to look at."

I'm a little insulted and yet it also feels like a compliment of sorts.

"Look, I'm sorry. I'll try to do better next time" I promise sourly.

Leo just gives a harrumph and a look that says he knows me better than that.

I glance at the clock and grimaced. I'm finished for the night. Leo hands me a pay packet. "Look, all I'm asking is that you try to control your temper. I'm not saying he didn't deserve it, but there are other ways to handle the situation besides violence. At least think about it" he says with a grimness I haven't heard before.

"I'll think about it" I promise, hoping that he isn't thinking about firing me. I really, really, need the money.

"Great, then I guess that I'll see you again tomorrow night. You know if you ever want a Friday night or Saturday night off, all you have to do is ask. I can't remember the last time you took time off to do something or have fun" he comments.

I just give him a wordless nod and go and get my jacket, putting it on and zipping it up. I wave goodbye to everyone as I open the door and sidle outside.

It's dark outside, the pathways lit with street lamps. The air is chilly and I put my hands in my pockets of the jacket, shivering slightly as I begin to walk. My hair sways in the wind, my teeth are chattering. I decided to take my time. After all, common sense tells me it will only be Sophie at home. Mother and father are always late or on business. I wasn't looking forward to Sophie getting more digs in about her marrying Darius. I no longer had any feelings toward him, but who could blame me for being angry about the whole situation? I mean, it sucks to have your own sister betray you like that. Scratch that. Your twin sister betrays you.

The bookstore is closed, but there's something on the window that draws my attention. I glance both ways and then hurry towards it, reading the sign that's been placed there. It simply stated 'help wanted. Early afternoons and weekend work.'

I touch the window, feeling the cold glass beneath my fingertips. I glance down at the sign again. My heart skips a beat. I could do that. I could work early afternoons and start later at the diner. I could also do the weekend work. It meant I would be doing two jobs, but I would be earning money a lot more quickly. Plus I loved the bookstore and hadn't stepped foot in it for some time, too afraid of wasting my money on books instead of squirreling it away. It would also keep me busy and well away from the house and Darius when he visited.

I feel a sense of rejuvenation as I touch the glass of the bookstore one more time and then reluctantly step back. Unfortunately, it was closed which meant I would have to come back another time to apply. But damnit, I was going to apply. I was going to reach my goal and I was going to move out of my toxic home and find a new place to call home. Feeling resolved, I turn away and begin the trek home, my mind awirl with all sorts of ideas.

The first thing I would do was type up my resume, even if it meant being late to bed. Then I would also find my professional trousers and shirt. You don't hand a resume in, looking like a

dog's breakfast after all, or in casual clothes. After school tomorrow, I would rush home, shower, dress and then rush out with my resume, with the hope that nobody else had applied for the job. But considering how popular the bookstore was, I wouldn't be surprised if there was a flurry of resumes handed in. There was something special about that bookstore. It drew people in, from the street and from other towns that didn't have one. I begin to hurry my steps, wanting to get home now as soon as possible. I had a lot to do and very little time to do it. Marriage?