

Alpha's Rejected 34

Chapter 34 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

It's been days, at least as far as I can tell. I watch the patch of sunlight coming in from the barred windows and try to estimate the time as it passes by. My back still stings from the whipping and I know that I'm going to have scars from it as well. Father has not come down since the punishment and Tony tends to come and go, delighting in my misfortune and relishing that I'm in pain. I smell, my body odor disgusting and I wrinkle my nose, wishing vehemently that I could take a shower just to feel clean. As I move, I can feel my back which has started to scab over the wounds, and I'm careful, not wanting to reopen them.

There's no one to speak to down here, and I find myself wishing that I had a wolf. At least then, I would have someone to talk to. Instead, I feel like I'm going stir crazy down here, all alone. I wonder about Sophie and if she's woken up yet from her coma, hoping that she's going to be alright and wishing I had prevented her fall down the stairs. I find myself hating my father even more intensely, along with my mother who has not stepped foot in this dungeon once to see her daughter. It wouldn't surprise me though if father had demanded she stay away. Mother does not like to make waves, at least not too many of them.

The sound of footsteps outside the main door makes me jerk my head up from my seat on the threadbare cot. It's a set of two and I assume that it's none other than my father and Tony coming in to see me. I shiver, hoping that it's not another punishment awaiting me, my whole body begins to tremble in fear. I can't stand the idea of being whipped again, for something that's not my fault to begin with. The door swings open with a loud bang and then I hear the footsteps coming down the stairs, father and a stranger coming into view.

I eye the stranger warily. He is old, about father's age, with black shaggy hair and a scar above his eyebrow. His brown eyes are cold and piercing as they stare at me and he's tall and well built, with heavily muscled arms and legs. He looks strong and scares me, I have to admit. I swallow hard as father comes up to the bars and crinkles his nose.

"You stink," he says bluntly.

I try not to laugh. What does he expect when there is no shower inside the cell? There's a bathroom out of it, but Tony hadn't taken me there and no one else had come to do it either.

"You tend to smell when you haven't showered," I say drily.

Father is silent for a moment, along with the strange man I've never seen before. "This is Thomas," he said finally, gesturing at the stranger who gives a small imperceptible nod. "Thomas is going to be your new guard" my father adds gruffly.

I'm confused. Was I now having two guards or had something happened to Tony? I can't help myself. "What about Tony? Where is he?" I ask suspiciously.

Father exhales. "He's no longer a problem. Unfortunately, I had to get rid of him" he growls as I blinked surprised. Something, some instinct of mine, tells me that father wasn't just talking about letting Tony go, but that he had killed him as well. I didn't dare ask my father that though. I didn't want to further anger him than he already was.

"Does that mean that you are letting me out?" I ask instead, hopefully, standing up from the cot and meeting my father's eyes directly.

My father gives a tight nod. "I owe you an apology" he spits out "Tony lied and paid the price. However, you are still under guard until you are married. Is that clear?"

I sigh. This blasted marriage business was looking more and more desirable every day if it meant getting the hell out of this house and this pack.

'Fine" I snap and he bangs his hand against the bars, causing me to flinch. The silver burns his flesh, but he doesn't even bat an eyelid.

"Do not talk back to me, or you will find yourself back in here faster than you can blink" he snarls.

I gulp. "I'm sorry father."

It could be my imagination, but I swear his eyes soften towards me for a moment. Just as quickly it's gone though. He begins to rifle through his pockets, silently producing a key, the key to my freedom. He

places it inside the lock, still looking at me, and then quietly swings the door open. I hesitate, standing in the doorway as he gives Thomas a pat on the back.

"You will listen to Thomas or so help me" my father threatens.

I give an adamant nod. I just want out of this cell, so bad, I can almost taste it.

My father gives a grunt, looking somewhat satisfied.

"How is Sophie?" I ask quietly.

Father turns and makes his way towards the stairs. "She's awake," he says evenly, casting me one more glance over his shoulder before he begins to ascend the stairs.

Thomas quietly moves out of the way as I reluctantly make my way out of the cell, the main door to the dungeon closing behind father with a loud squeal. He puts his hands in his pockets and gives me a small smile. "I think you might be wanting a shower and to get clean before anything else" he begins.

"Thanks," I tell him appreciatively, even as my stomach gives a low growl. I hadn't been fed much over the last few days and his eyes widened.

"Did no one feed you?" he asks gruffly.

I shake my head. I was starving.

"I'll organize some food for you while you shower" Thomas offers to my astonishment.

My mouth begins to water, as I weakly make my way up the stairs, holding tight to the balustrade. My eyes take a minute to adjust to the bright light of the main part of the house and I slowly make my way to the stairs, holding onto the railing for support as I make my way upstairs, Thomas following behind me with a grim expression on his face.

I make it to my room and sink onto my bed with a sigh of relief. Even walking that small distance, had been enough to drain me of my strength. I doubt I can shower until I've eaten, something that Thomas realizes as well.

"I'm afraid I have to lock you in your room for now," he tells me apologetically "while I grab you some food."

I don't care if it means getting my hands on food. I barely even blink as the door is shut and locked behind him, waiting impatiently, for food and drink.

Thomas soon appears with a tray full of food and a pitcher of water, bringing it into the room and placing it on the dresser. He takes off the water and cups and then puts the plate of food on the bed beside me. I sniff it, salivating at the delicious aroma.

"I'll leave you to it. When you want out again, just yell out and I'll come to unlock your door" he said calmly, disappearing back out.

I begin to scoff down the delicious sandwiches, inhaling them. God, I was so hungry my stomach was all in knots, and my stomach beginning to hurt as I ate. I managed to eat four whole sandwiches before I was forced to stop, feeling like I might be sick if I continued.

Gingerly I got to my feet and wandered to the dresser, thirstily drinking from the pitcher and ignoring the glass that Thomas had thoughtfully provided for me. I gulped it down, feeling the coolness of the liquid on my dry mouth and throat. It was so refreshing, so delicious but it also made my stomach feel even fuller and I stopped, feeling much stronger and more energetic now.

A shower was next on the agenda and I started the water, slowly undressing and climbing in, moaning out loud as the hot water cascaded over my body onto the floor. It was heavenly and I scrubbed myself thoroughly, crinkling my nose at the perfumed soap which suddenly seemed to be overpowering to me. I scrubbed and scrubbed myself clean, washing my hair twice, trying to get the smell of the dungeon off of me. When I was so clean my skin was almost red raw from the scrubbing, I turned the water off and placed a towel around me, drying my hair with a second one.

My stomach began to churn, and suddenly I felt myself become violently ill, dropping to my knees beside the toilet and heaving, vomiting my stomach contents back up. It was sickening, the smell

pungent and I continued to gag and vomit until there seemed to be nothing left inside of me. I swore silently. Had I perhaps eaten too much in my determination to satiate my hunger? Drunk too much? I didn't know and I wiped the vomit off my lips with toilet tissue, flushing it down the toilet and standing up shakily. I quickly brushed my teeth and then stumbled back into the room, sinking onto the bed and giving a small wince from the pain in my back.

I waited until my stomach wasn't churning or rebelling anymore before I stood up and made my way to the dresser, opening the drawers and grabbing a dress and some shorts. I wanted to be comfortable, my stomach feeling as hard as a rock. I begin to put them on, shimmying into my underwear and shorts, putting the short black style maxi dress with spaghetti straps on, and heaving a big massive sigh of relief. Despite the vomiting, I felt like a brand new person, the perfumed soap still making my nose crinkle as I smelt myself. Normally I love this soap, I thought musing to myself, so I didn't understand why I had suddenly begun to dislike the smell it was producing.

I gave a nonchalant shrug. In the grand scheme of things, it was a minuscule problem, easily rectified, I decided, going back into the bathroom and grabbing hold of that particular scent. I throw it into the trash bin and then open the doors to the bathroom vanity, hunting down two other bars, hidden behind my period pads and tampons, and grab hold of them, putting the other two bars unopened into the trash bin as well. Then clapping my hands together, for a job well done, I go back and sink onto my bed.

Something is niggling at me though. It takes me a minute to realize what is bothering me. I had pushed aside the period pads and tampons unopened and suddenly wondered when my period was due, going to the calendar that was hanging on my bedroom wall. It was the 20th I saw suddenly, and my period had been due four days ago. I must have not calculated the date properly, I thought to myself, staring at the calendar and flipping through to the previous months, and the one before that. But no matter what, the calculations always came back as correct.

Could the stress of being whipped and put in the dungeon have caused my period to become late? Part of me was desperately hoping that was the case, that everything was fine. But then I remembered giving myself to Darius that one time and felt my heart begin to sink. We had used protection but that wasn't always 100% effective, was it? What if. . . my thoughts trailed off and then my heart began to thump wildly in my chest. What if it wasn't late, but that I was in fact, actually pregnant? I felt faint at the thought. God, what was I going to do now?