

Alpha's Rejected 37

Chapter 37 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

My hands are shaking and my whole body is trembling. I feel like I'm drowning underwater, but I'm not, I'm merely standing in my bedroom, feeling frozen. I need to call the new guard, Thomas, but my mouth falls open and I let out the tiniest squeak in fear. What am I going to do? I can't have my father finding out, he'll kill me. Not to mention mother as well. I try to tell myself it's the stress of the last few days and the beating I took that has made my period late. But another small part of me is in despair, in case it's what I think it might be.

"Thomas" I shout and he comes up the stairs, unlocking the door, with a quizzical look on his face.

"Yes, is there something you wanted?"

"Am I allowed to walk freely in the house? Or must you stick by my side all the time?"

"I can allow you into rooms by yourself, but that's it. Otherwise, I'm stuck to you like glue, I'm afraid" he says honestly, with a nonchalant shrug of his shoulders.

I exhale. Think damnit Amber, think. Where can I get my hands on what I need? I bite my lip while Thomas stands in the doorway, waiting to see what it is I want.

Sophie must be back, I suddenly realize and turn to Thomas. "I need to go see my sister," I tell him lowly.

He looks a little taken aback. "I'm not sure she's home at the moment," he says lowly "but I can escort you to her room."

Thanks a lot, I think a tad bit sourly. "That would be lovely," I tell Thomas between gritted teeth, hating this guard nonsense. "I appreciate it" I add.

He gestures for me to leave the room and then shuts the door. Sophie's room is on the same floor but further along the corridor, towards the back of the house. We had both wanted our space and neither of us had wanted to be near the other. To be fair, both of us had hated the other one, but now? Who knows how either of us felt after that conversation a few days ago? I would like to think that maybe Sophie and I could at least be civil towards each other, but that was probably a dream.

I knock on the door and patiently wait. No answer. Sophie must be out somewhere. I curse her silently under my breath and then brighten. Perhaps this was a good thing because I wouldn't have to explain my actions.

"She's clearly not home. Would you like to go back to your room now?" asks Thomas.

I hesitate. I really really needed to get my hands on what I hoped was in her bathroom.

"Sophie borrowed one of my school books and I would like to get it back. Is there any chance you could wait for me out here? I won't be long" I promise thickly.

Please say yes, please say yes. God, I'm desperate.

Thomas looks apprehensive. "I don't know, I mean what would miss Sophie think about you being in her room alone?"

I relax. "We do it all the time Thomas. Heck, she goes into my room when I'm not home. Well, at least, she did. She won't mind, I'm sure."

He sighs heavily and looks up at the ceiling, pondering while I wait on tenterhooks. My nerves are shot and my hands are beginning to shake in front of him. Finally, he lets out a slow exhale.

"Fine" he agrees "just don't take too long."

"I won't" I assure him, opening the door and wincing at the slight creaky noise it made.

The last thing I need is for my parents to come upstairs while I'm doing this, but luckily they don't appear to be home.

I slip inside and shut the door, surveying Sophie's bedroom with a wince. It's a pigsty and that's putting it nicely. There are clothes scattered everywhere all over the floor and dishes left on top of her dresser with old food on them. It's shocking but the maids clean her room every day so this is a new mess. I kick some clothes over in disgust. Damn Sophie, I think with a shake of my head, was it really that difficult to put your stuff away? I wonder absently how she's doing, whether she's fully recovered from her fall. Foolish girl. I still find it hard to believe that she went that far. I should be angry at her, because of her stupidity I had been whipped, but all I feel is pity towards her. She must have been desperate to do what she did. She could have seriously broken her neck but she'd been lucky.

I step over mounds of clothes and scattered makeup brushes on the floor and head into the bathroom, where I'm greeted with even more mess. My god, I couldn't believe it. There was makeup piled on the sink and brushes, hair shampoo, and conditioner on the floor, some of it dripping out onto the ground. I gingerly reach out and open the first drawer of the bathroom vanity, rifling through the endless supply of cotton buds, cotton balls, and more makeup items. Nothing of use in there. I shut the door with a scowl. I open the second drawer and sigh. How much makeup can one person possibly need? She could open her own bloody store at this rate. I rifle through them and then shut them, opening the third drawer. Eureka. There is a box of pregnancy tests in the drawer. I reach out and take hold of the box. There's one left and I whip it out of the box and then hide it in the pocket of my pants, placing the empty box back inside the drawer. Then I carefully close it, with a small smile of appreciation. Thank you, Sophie, I think to myself as I turn around and head back into the room.

I'm about to leave when I remember that I told Thomas that Sophie borrowed a book of mine. I frantically begin to rummage through her room, coming across her schoolbag. I grab the first book that I see and close her bag, opening the door to her bedroom and stepping out. Thomas is frowning heavily at me. "That took longer than I expected" he grunts, peering down at the book I'm clutching with shaking hands. "Chemistry huh? I never could wrap my brain around that subject" he admits with a shrug "So I wish you good luck with it."

I give a shaky laugh. "It's not my favorite subject either, but I need to keep my grades up if I ever get to go back to school" I add a little darkly. I hadn't been in over a week since being placed in the dungeon and it didn't look like I was ever going to make it back any time soon.

"You never know, they might change their mind," Thomas says gruffly. But he doesn't look optimistic about it. I knew my parents, and there was no way my father was just going to let me go to school when I might try and make a run for it. After the whipping, I was more than determined to make a run for it, if ever given the opportunity and I suspected that Thomas knew that too. If Sophie's room hadn't been on

the second floor, I might have been tempted to break a window and run, but I didn't want to break a leg or injure myself getting away. I didn't have the typical healing abilities shifters had, unfortunately.

"Well are you wanting to go back to your room, or do you want to go downstairs" offers Thomas politely.

"I think I just want to go back to my room," I say nervously, very aware of the pregnancy test that is in my pocket. The last thing I want is for it to reveal itself or for John to find out I was carrying it. Because then it would definitely get back to my parents.

"Well if you get bored" sighs Thomas, gesturing for me to follow him.

"You know I have to lock you back in again" he adds and I give a small nod, walking inside and watching as he shuts the door. I hear the sound of a key in the lock as he turns it and then tries the knob. Yeah, it was definitely locked, but I didn't care. All I wanted right now was my privacy.

I wait, trembling, for the sound of Thomas's footsteps to fade away. Only then, do I make my way, on shaky legs, to the bathroom, looking at the pregnancy test in my hand. I had skimmed the directions before putting the box away and I knew what to do. But I only had one test and couldn't afford to fuck it up. I hastily grab hold of a cup I had placed on the vanity and drank down some water, wanting to make sure that I was good and ready to pee. It takes ages, but then I feel the urge to go. I use my teeth to rip open the packaging around the test and then sit down on the loo, peeing on the stick as directed and then placing it on top of the dresser as I wash my hands.

I pace back and forth, a hand to my mouth, willing the time to move faster. It was only three minutes but it felt like a lifetime as I stood there, not wanting to go forth and see if there were 2 pink lines on it. My feet were plastered to the floor, my eyes avoided the test as though I could make the whole thing go away. I feel slightly panicked now.

Do it, Amber, I try to reason with myself, you'll never know if you don't go and look. You went to so much trouble to steal this test, are you really going to let it go to waste?

I really hate it when I rationalize with myself. Without another word, I go and pick up the test, closing my eyes for a moment and bracing myself. I could do this, it wasn't that hard. All I had to do was open my damn eyes and look down at it. My eyelids flutter and then I open my eyes and glance down at the

test in my hand. There were 2 pink lines, both faint, but there. My mouth falls open in astonishment, tears pricking the corner of my eyes. The test clatters to the floor.

I was pregnant. A baby was growing inside of me. Darius's child to be exact, not that I was going to tell him that. I wasn't going to tell him at all. Instead, I felt a renewed sense of determination arise inside of me. I couldn't stay here. This child of mine deserved better than that. Almost unconsciously, my hand goes to my stomach. But I also didn't have many options available to me. I couldn't put my baby at risk by trying to escape. What if I was tackled to the ground and fell on my stomach? Because there was no question in my mind. I wanted this baby. It might not have been planned but I wasn't going to shirk away from my responsibilities. I wasn't going to fail my child. I felt tears come to my eyes, overflowing and pouring down my cheeks. I could see one way out, one way to escape everything and it wasn't something I wanted, but something I would make the sacrifice to do if it meant keeping my baby safe. I was going to have to marry the next man my father found, that offered for my hand in marriage and hope they were a good man who didn't mind his wife to be being pregnant already.