

Rejected To Be Your Second Chance: Rejecting My Alpha Mate

Rejected To Be Your Second Chance: Chapter 17

Stepping up on the stairs leading to the fifth and final floor I felt an eery chill run through my body.

The oakwood staircase was cleaned and shining as though someone maintained them frequently.

It didn't look like a floor that was off limits so then why was it?

Looking back to make sure I wasn't spotted I continued up the stairs. There was a red satin covered chain that hung from rail to rail explicitly telling people to not step further. I ducked under it, probably against my better judgment.

'Is this a good idea?' Clara asked me with a shake in her worried voice.

Probably not but who could it hurt?

There were two double doors and one single, all of them locked. I pressed harder trying to open it but it wouldn't budge and there was no chance I'd get in there without breaking it so I stopped.

Instead I walked down the hallway. It was dusted and cleaned, maintained to the t' and perfectly preserved. There was a wooden door that led to a spiral staircase inside the tower.

As i walked up and into the open room it became clear to me. With the picture hanging on the walls, the paintings of the same beautiful woman. The desk that stood with books and notebooks and a laptop placed as if waiting for someone.

'What is all of this?'

I have no idea

I looked around the room. Over in the corner was a sewing machine with thread in it and pieces of fabric were neatly placed in a bin beside the table.

There was a dresser filled with different colors and types of silk, linen, lace and so many more fabrics. Another of the drawers had buttons and ribbons in it and all of it was weird

but the weirdest part was that it was all so damn clean. It felt like the person it belonged to still lived here and came into this room every day.

'Maybe they do'

What do you mean?

'Maybe it's still being used'

No it can't be, we've met everyone and nobody looks like that woman

An oil painting hung on the wall with her face on it and flowers around her head. She wore the same smile as in the pictures.

"Who are you?" I breathed and my shoulders sunk. I dragged my fingers over the desk, my head flew back and my eyes rolled back into my head.

'Give into it'

I was standing in the room, in the middle on the white raspy carpet and the sun was flowing in through the small windows. The door stood open and she walked in dressed in a long floral dress with straps that sat on her shoulders. A golden necklace hung by her chest and her blonde hair was pinned back. She smiled, even now when she was alone she smiled as she sat down by desk and opened the computer.

Her pink nails slowly tapped on the keyboards and she giggled when something started ringing on the desk.

"How am I supposed to finish writing this novel with you calling me every five minutes?"

"i miss you too but I need to focus" she laughed and bit down on her cherry-glossy lips.

"I promise, tonight I'm all yours, now let me work, my love" she hung up and still smiled as put the phone away.

Clara it feels weird

'The bond, I feel it too'

But who's bond am I feeling?

'It must be hers'

It's so strong

Her eyes glanced over the picture frame that sat on her desk, her finger slowly grazed the glass and she shivered in joy as she continued on her computer.

My hand was jerked away and I stood in the cold room remembering the warmth she brought into it when she stepped inside. I walked around the desk and braced myself. Part of me didn't want to look because what if it would make things worse? What if it confirmed this odd feeling I'd been having?

Not-knowing allowed me a sense of peace but could I go on living without knowing the truth? No, no I couldn't.

I raised my head, standing behind the chair on which she had sat and my eyes looked at the frame she had been smiling at. My stomach cramped, my breath got stuck in my throat and I tensed my body and choked the tears. The picture was there, it was that same beautiful woman. They were smiling from ear to ear, wildly happy and by the look in their eyes, widely in love. He was looking at her as though she was his whole world. Kade was looking down at her, her blonde hair falling over her shoulder and his eyes captivated by her smile.

It suddenly became very clear to me that someone could end up hurt by me coming up here- me.

The picture was so obviously displaying their affection for each other and I couldn't look away however much I wanted to. My heart clenched in my chest. The bond I felt in the memory it had to be between Kade and the girl but how come theirs was so strong and ours isn't?

Is that what a bond is supposed to feel like?

'I don't know, maybe? I'm sorry Layla'

No don't be, we don't know the truth yet

'He has a whole shrine for her, isn't this truth enough?'

I backed away and walked out the door, closing it behind me and leaning against it. Shit, it was getting hard to breathe and my stomach was clenching.

'What are you gonna do?'

I don't know yet, we're meeting him tonight

'Do you want my opinion? Don't tell him anything, not until he tells you about the guys back at the club'

I nodded my head and walked down the stairs with my hand grabbing onto the stone wall to steady my shaky body.

The hours passed by slower than ever and I had spent the entire day in the room knowing Kade wouldn't come in here.

He was away on business and the warriors were training after which they'd eat and chat for an hour or two. I thought it was peace that I needed but no, it only made it worse.

Her image was burnt into my skull and I couldn't get rid of it no matter what other thoughts I tried to think of. I mind linked Kade and told him I had other plans with Anna and couldn't have dinner with him tonight. He didn't mind it much and it gave me more time. Though I wasn't sure I was ready to see him at all.

A soft knock on the door caught my attention and I stood up from the bed and patted my shirt.

"Yes?" The door opened up and Mason stepped in.

"Is everything okay?" He asked me and put his hands in his pockets.

"It's great," I smiled. Mason turned halfway and nodded toward the door.

"Are you ready?" Nodding my head I walked with him out of the room and tried to stay as composed as possible.

'Do you think he can tell?'

No

'Do you think they'll know you were in the tower?'

I doubt it, I barely touched anything

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