

#Chapter 5: Locked away

Amelia POV

I stared at the doorway Damien disappeared through for a full minute, in complete disbelief. He'd picked me up and carried me down here like an old piece of luggage he needed to store.

Once I got over my initial shock I marched out of the room and up the stairs. The door was locked!

"Hey!" I yelled, banging on the door. "Let me out of here!"

"Not a chance, Luna," said a man's voice. "Alpha's orders," he hissed, then laughed.

That voice made my stomach sink. His name was Jeremy, and he hated me. He was one of the people that had made my life so miserable these last few years.

There were so many werewolves in Damien's pack who refused to accept a human Luna. Maybe not outright - that would be too close to rebellion for even the bravest of them to try - but they had plenty of ways to show me what they thought of me.

Jeremy was a member of the household staff, and had always made me feel so inferior and weak. As one of the enforcers of the pack he was powerfully built and incredibly dangerous, but it was his attitude toward me, and all humans, that always made him seem scary. Now here I was, pretty much a prisoner in my own home, and he got to stand guard. I could only imagine how delighted he was with this turn of events.

I knew there was no chance of talking him into letting me out, so I went back down the stairs and thought about my situation. Was there some other way I could get out of here?

But as I roamed from room to room I realized it was pointless. There were no other doors in the basement, and the few windows were only half sized and set up high into the walls. Even if I could pile up some furniture to reach one, I wasn't sure I could t through.

When we rst moved into this home Damien explained all the security measures he'd put into place. Back then that made me feel safe. Now, I just feel trapped.

Hours later, I had an even bigger problem: I was starving.

In fact my blood sugar was so low I felt like I was going to faint as I walked back up the stairs yet again. I had to pause halfway just to catch my breath and hold onto the railing until my head stopped swimming. When I nally got to the door I begged shamelessly - I needed food, but more importantly so did my baby.

"No one said you were allowed to eat," Jeremy snapped, opening the door and crowding into my face. "Maybe you should have thought of your little grumbly tummy before you disobeyed the Alpha."

"I didn't disobey Damien." I thought of trying to explain the whole sordid situation, but doubted he would even care. I tried reasoning with him instead.

"Alpha Damien didn't say I should starve either, did he? I haven't eaten since this morning. Please, call him. I'm sure he'll say it's alright. He would never forbid me from eating, you know that."

There was a long pause as he thought about it. Jeremy might be hateful, but he wasn't stupid. At the very least he'd want to cover his own back, just in case Damien really didn't intend for me to go hungry.

"Fine. I'll make the call." He slammed the door.

Relieved, I leaned against the wall. "Thank you, Jeremy. I - I appreciate it."

I heard his footsteps fade as he walked away. They returned just a few moments later, and the door opened again. I was shocked at how cold his face was.

"Alpha Damien is with Claire and isn't to be bothered with the likes of you. He's not to be disturbed again."

I could tell that whatever Damien had said to Jeremy, it had made him think talking to him again would get him in trouble. What was wrong with Damien? Didn't he care about me anymore?

"Please, Jeremy. I won't try anything. I'm just so hungry. I'm - I'm pregnant. I need to eat."

I hated - hated - that I had to tell him, that the good news I'd been so excited to share with my mate was now so desperately shared to keep my baby safe.

Jeremy sneered. "You lie. A human could never carry a werewolf child."

Then he studied me for a moment, maybe wondering if I was telling the truth. "If you are pregnant... Then it obviously isn't with Alpha Damien's child. It must be human. No wonder he's locked you in here."

"What? No! No, that isn't true. I would never - "

But Jeremy was already yanking me up to my feet, dragging me down the stairs and into the storage room. He rummaged around one handed, holding my hands together at the wrist with the other hand, grinding the bones together.

When he pulled out a bit of rope from the camping gear I felt myself go pale.

"No," I said, trying to pull myself away from his steely grip. "You can't. Jeremy, I'm pregnant. You can't tie me up!"

"Mere human, unfaithful mate, pack betrayer - I can do whatever I want to you," he said, pulling me close and getting right in my face. "You are worse than nothing. You deserve whatever punishment Alpha Damien gives you."

It was clear, in that moment, that without Damien by my side, humiliation at the hands of the pack might be the least of my worries. For the rst time I felt true fear about the future, for myself and for my baby.

Jeremy tied me up, the cords biting into my skin, then shoved me to the cold cement oor of the storage room. I lay there shivering, terried, hungry and now in pain. I tried to stand up, to try begging him again, but the effort was too much - I passed out.

Damian POV

At the hospital, I stepped back into Claire's room after receiving a report from one of her doctors just as she was hanging up my phone.

I frowned at her. "What are you doing?"

"Your phone rang," she said, waving a hand away like it was nothing. "Just Ethan, checking in."

Which made sense, so I didn't pursue it. And I could always check the call log later, unless she deleted it.

But why would she do that? I shook my head - I was tired, and emotionally spent, and the exhaustion was making me paranoid. I just wanted to get home.

But when I tried to say goodbye, Claire burst into tears.

"Oh Damien, I'm so afraid! Please don't leave me. I need you."

So it took even longer to calm her down, convince her to nally close her eyes and get some sleep. By the time I was nally able to leave it was well after midnight.

I rushed home, still exhausted but now eager to deal with my own business. I just wanted to make peace with Amelia and curl up beside her, forget the whole world for a few hours.

But something about Jeremy's expression, the way he told me he'd handled things just the way I wanted, made me hurry down into the basement. It grew worse when I didn't see her in the theater room, or the gym.

Desperate, I checked the storage room, and what I saw made my blood run cold.

Amelia lay on the oor, bound hand and foot with rope, unconscious. And I saw, as I rushed to her, bright red blood staining her pants.

My god, was it true? Was my mate actually pregnant? And had she been treated so brutally that the child was now in danger?

When I heard Jeremy enter the room behind me, I exploded with rage. I punched him, connecting powerfully with his jaw, then kicked him when he sagged to his knees.

"How dare you," I growled. Inside, my wolf longed to tear into his throat, sink my teeth into his soft skin and taste his blood. He deserved to pay for this betrayal.

But Amelia was more important. Ignoring Jeremy - for now - I rushed to her, frantically tried to wake her.

"Amelia, wake up. Wake up!" I shook her gently, patted her face.

She didn't respond, and I began to panic.

Behind us Jeremy stumbled to his feet and came over to my side.

"I'm sorry, Alpha. I was told that she didn't matter - "

I cut off his pathetic mumbling and kicked him again, viciously pulling back on my temper and the urge to tear him to pieces.

"Call an ambulance! Now!"