

Chapter 7

Dr. Wyatt shook my hand warmly on our way out, and I wanted to cry. She said I had friends, but I think she was the only one who ever truly cared about me.

The ride home was awkward and silent. My mind was racing with half-formed plans of how to leave, where I could go, what kind of life I could build with my child. Unless the fact that Damien himself was bringing me home meant something had changed, and he wanted to stay with me.

Eventually Damien broke the silence. "I want you to know that I've publicly expelled Jeremy for his treatment of you. He's a rogue now, and will never have a pack again."

Being cast out of the pack was serious. I could tell Damien was uncomfortable just talking about rogues. They were the lowliest of werewolves, desperate people who'd been left out in the world to fend for themselves.

"No one will dare treat you, our Luna, like that again."

It was an olive branch, but all I felt was bitterness.

"It's going to take more than punishing a guard to fix this," I said softly but firmly. "As long as Claire and her child are in the picture I'll always be pushed to the side. People will still find a way to make my life miserable, just as they have since I got here."

I turned to face my husband.

"There will only be more fights between us as the child grows and you spend more time with your new family," I said, unable to stop the sour twist of my mouth when I said those words.



"And when things get worse for me, while you're on the Council and building your new life - will you really still care about me and how I'm treated?"

He frowned. "So what do you want?"

I took a breath, steadying myself. I wasn't one to make ultimatums, but I saw no other choice.

"I want you to choose. Me, or Claire."

In my heart, bruised and broken though it was, I still held a bit of hope. I wasn't able to feel the bond of a fated mate the way my husband could, but I had always felt our connection deeply, love for him filling me down to my bones. A love like that can't just end, can it?

If Damien could choose me, here and now, then I could work to forgive him for everything that had happened.

Instead, he took what was left of my heart and stomped on it.

"I won't do that, Amelia. How can you ask me that? Why can't you understand that it just isn't that simple?"

We stopped at a red light, and he looked at me. "I've got pressure from the pack, the Alpha Council demanding I produce an heir and take my rightful place. My parents, Claire's parents...Everyone knows I need to have an heir, and I need it now."

My voice shook, and I couldn't help it. "Don't you believe Dr. Wyatt's treatments will work? Don't you want to have a baby, the heir you need so bad, with me, your wife?"

Damien's face hardened. The light turned green and he started driving again.



"You're going to stop those ridiculous treatments. I was a fool to allow them. I won't have you risk your health anymore just trying to have a baby."

I drew in a sharp breath. "Even if I'm still willing to try?"

Damien, growing more and more irritated by what he clearly saw as my defiance, cut me off. "Understand this, Amelia. Even if you do get pregnant, it wouldn't matter. It would only be a human-werewolf hybrid. Did you really think a halfblood would be accepted as a rightful heir?"

I had. I really had.

Now, looking back on my own treatment in the pack, I felt stupid for feeling so hopeful.

"Claire's baby will be a pureblood of Beta and Alpha. Superior. Like her. Like me."