

## Chapter 8

Amelia POV

Damien's words destroyed what last small bits of hope I had left.

Superior. That was the word he used to describe the child that Claire could give him. That's what he wanted. A full blooded werewolf.

Something I could never give him. No matter how hard I worked to prove that I was worthy of him, of the pack, of my position I was Luna, I would still always just be a human. And our child would be half-blooded, a blend of werewolf and something lesser.

Something inferior.

I felt a wave of ice crash over me, first making me feel panicky and then, strangely, washing it all away. Suddenly I just felt numb.

That's it, I thought. There's nothing more I can do, or try, or even hope for. I just have to leave.

Damien, sensing maybe that he'd crossed a line or said too much, tried to backtrack when we got home. He settled me in the living room with a hot cup of tea and a blanket over my lap. And still I shivered, unable to feel any warmth.

"Your health is the most important thing, Amelia. Carrying my child...it would be too much for your body to handle. And I couldn't stand that, or being the reason something bad happened to you."

But something bad had happened to me. And it had been because of him. But I wasn't angry anymore, or couldn't feel it. All I felt was that ice cold numbness.

Damien's phone rang before I could think of something to say.

We were sitting close enough that I could hear who was on the other end. It was Claire. Of course it was.

"Hang on," he told her, then put his hand over the mouthpiece of the phone as he stood up. "I have to step out. I won't be long."

I forced myself to look calm, even to smile. "I understand," I said, thinking he was leaving, that this was my chance. "Go ahead, I'll be fine." 1

But as soon as he left I threw off the blanket, plunked down my tea and headed straight up the stairs.

No way, I kept thinking. There's no way I can stay here, no way I can live like this, no way I can put my child through what our life would be like here. 1

I hurried upstairs, found the half-full suitcase still where I had left it yesterday, sitting on the bed half full of clothes and toiletries. Whatever was in there would have to be good enough, I decided. I closed it up, grabbed a coat and headed back downstairs.

With any luck I could even snag my car out of the garage and be miles away before Damien or anyone else even began to suspect that I had left.

But I had just reached the front door when it swung open and Damien stepped back inside. He took one look at me, his expression grew dark and he exploded.

"You lied to me! Amelia, how could you?"

How could I? How could I? I would have laughed if I wasn't so caught off guard.

"You tell me you love me, then you basically an called me inferior, kept me hostage here in the house, surrounded by enforcers. What is this, Damien?"

"That's not what I meant... and it's not like I wanted to ask anyone to keep you here," he said coldly. "But what choice are you giving me, Amelia? I can't have you just running away. You have no idea how dangerous this world is."

"Like my house is such a safe alternative? I could have died today." 1

He looked away, at least having the grace to look embarrassed. "I'm sorry about that. Jeremy has been taken care of. But until you realize that your place is here, with me, this is how things are going to be."

This is how things are going to be. We talked in circles, but over and over he kept putting his foot down and demanding I obey his orders to go along with the situation. That I just accept that this is the way things were. 1

In the end, I grew too tired to try to make him see how much I was hurting.

"Fine," I said, letting my weariness show. "I understand. It's - it's for the good of the pack."

Damien seemed surprised by my acceptance, then pleased. "I knew you'd understand. This is pack business. And I promise you, Amelia, it doesn't affect our bond as fated mates."

He drew me close to him, and I let him hold me. In fact, I held him back, tightly, closing my eyes. But it wasn't what he thought.

I wasn't making up with him. In my heart, I was saying goodbye.


In the morning I'd wait for him to go to work, then I'd make a show about running errands for anyone hanging out around the house. And then I'd leave, forever.

But in the morning, Damien killed that plan with one simple sentence:

"I'm going to leave another enforcer Lydia as a guard for you."

"What?" I sat on the edge of the bed, watching him calmly put on his tie and jacket. There goes my whole plan, I thought. Am I never going to get out of here?

"It's for your protection, Amelia. Until I'm sure you're serious about accepting this situation, I need to make sure there's someone nearby who can keep you from getting another harebrained escape plan in your head."

He called Lydia into the room. "I want Amelia to know that I've given strict orders as to her care. She is to be given food and anything else she needs when ever she asks for it. And I will not abide any poor treatment of my wife, your Luna." 

Lydia glanced at me, her eyes empty of compassion or curiosity.


"If you disrespect her in any way, banishment will be something you'll pray for. Jeremy was a mistake I won't let happen again."

"Understood, Alpha. Luna Amelia, I'll be just outside the door," she told me, giving me a respectful nod and then going back out into the hall.

And all at once it hit me, just how neatly I was being handled. Kept neatly out of sight, punished for being a bad little girl who wouldn't follow the rules.

The bitterness and sense of betrayal were overwhelming, and I couldn't

keep it contained.

"You can't treat me like this," I cried, all of my pain and despair welling up inside me as Damien walked away. "Damien, please! I'm pregnant!" 

big sale: 100 bonus free fou you

 [get it](#)