

Chapter 4 - The Alpha's Rejected and Broken Mate

Amber POV

"Two milkshakes and two burgers with fries" I call out to the kitchen, ringing the order up and taking hold of the cash, placing it into the register and handing over the change.

"Take a seat and we'll be right with you," I tell the two young love birds and they nod, taking the number to place on the table and sitting down, getting cozy with each other.

I smile, it's relatively calm tonight at the diner where I work and I sigh, knowing I have loads of homework still sitting there waiting when I finish. For a Thursday night, it was also pretty dead, to my boss's displeasure. Leo loves it when we're busy, because being busy, means making money. I start to bus some of the tables, to keep myself busy, adjusting my dress awkwardly on occasion. God, I hate this uniform. The dress is too short for my liking, a pink and white concoction with an apron, the hem sits just above the knee and we're required to wear it with knee-high white stockings, along with Mary Jane shoes. A simple name badge on my right shoulder, just above my breast, reads 'Amber,' and my bright red hair is tied in a slick ponytail. 'Leo's Diner' is written in cursive font on my other shoulder. The dress has tiny white buttons down the front, halfway down and sometimes my bra can be seen. It makes me uncomfortable, but I need the cash, so I stick with the job. Besides, Leo is a shifter, heck almost everyone in the town is, and he makes a fairly decent boss. He's not one of those bosses that watch your every little movement, in fact, he's fairly laid back, which is why his staff all love him.

The bell above the door tinkles again and I force a smile to my face and hop behind the register again. "Welcome to Leo's diner" I greet the group uneasily.

You can tell just by looking at them, that this group spells trouble. It's four men, all clad in leather biker jackets, with sleeve tattoos. All of them have bandannas on. They're in their late twenties and give me greasy-looking smiles. I try not to shudder.

"Well aren't you beautiful" the one in the back comments. He's got black hair slicked back, green eyes, and a scar on the side of his mouth. He gives me a grin as though I should be grateful for the compliment. I'm not.

"Can I take your order?" I ask them instead. The man frowns.

"Four burgers with fries and four cokes," one in front says and I take their money, grabbing their change and directing them to a table.

With luck, they'll just be traveling through. They aren't shifters, even without a wolf I can tell instantly. Just plain, annoying humans. I sigh. Leo looks slightly worried in the back and gives me a look, reminding me to be polite when I would rather be anything but. There's something creepy about that particular man. I instantly dislike him, but I have to be professional. I start to grab their drinks and bring them over on a tray, placing them silently in front of the men, the one with black hair, zeroing in on my cleavage, I notice with displeasure.

"Thanks a lot, darling" he drawls. He points to himself "My name is Damo and this is Tiger, Jake, and Josh" he says, gesturing at them.

"Nice to meet you," I say between gritted teeth "can I get you anything else while you are waiting?"

"How about a kiss on the lips?" he drawls.

"Sorry I'm afraid that's not on the menu" I quip, walking away as he glowers, his friends snickering at him. Looks like Damo doesn't like being told no. What a shame, I think sarcastically, because that's the only word he would ever hear from me.

I continue to bus tables as the food cooks. Because it's so quiet, I'm doing several jobs at once. Not that I mind, it's better to keep yourself busy, than to find yourself with nothing to do. It also means that Leo doesn't have to put so many staff on, saving himself some money in the process. Besides, cleaning the tables isn't exactly rocket science. The bell from the kitchen dings and I hurry over, grabbing hold of the tray and taking it towards the bikers, whose eyes are staring at the food as though Christmas has come, well except for Damo's, whose eyes seem to stare at me as I walk towards them. God, he's so obvious. Does he think that because he's a biker I'll be intimidated or impressed? He's fresh out of luck.

"Gentleman, your burgers and fries," I say cheerfully, placing the fries and burgers in front of each of them "enjoy, and if you need anything, don't hesitate to ah," I say irritably. As I'd leaned over to place Damo's fries and burger in front, his hand had crept around to touch my ass and I slapped it away angrily. He hissed and grabbed his hand.

"The next time you touch me," I tell him loudly, and concisely " I will break your hand, do you understand me."

He glares at me. "Christ you're a frigid bitch, ain't you," he says annoyed "I was just having some fun."

"Well, I don't find it fun. Don't do it again" I advise him. I stalk off, my hands clenched into fists, breathing hard.

Don't hit him, Leo needs you to keep your cool, I remind myself. But god it's hard. Especially since he seems to be unfazed at my telling him off, sniggering with his pals, and continually looking my way. I do my best to ignore it, cleaning and tidying, grabbing food orders, and taking customer orders while using the register. My feet are sore, my whole body is drained and I cannot wait for closing time. Leo sidles off to his office to do paperwork so that he doesn't have to stay back after closing either. He's good at that, making sure we're paid promptly every week. It made life so much easier for his staff. No wonder everyone was so loyal to him.

"Hey gorgeous" I hear behind me, too close for my comfort, his breath in my ear.

I whirl around and come face to face with none other than fucking Damo. Does he not get the hint? What is it with men thinking they were god's gift to women? I just want to wipe the smile off his smarmy face. Instead, I force a fake smile.

"I'm sorry" I lie "was there something you needed?" I glance pointedly at his table, but his friends are all staring at the both of us with interest, smiles on their faces, as though they are watching something with amusement.

"Yeah," he says, no longer smiling, his voice hoarse and gruff "you doll. You might have thought it funny earlier to turn me down, but I wasn't amused."

I raise an eyebrow. "Get over it," I tell him bluntly, no longer being nice or hospitable. Screw it. I had my boundaries and this guy had surpassed them. "I'm not interested."

He grabs hold of my arm, gripping it tightly. "Let go," I tell him evenly "now."

"Or what" he sneers "you'll claw me to death?" He laughs and looks back over at his friends, who sniggered.

Right then. Don't say I didn't warn you, I think to myself. Without warning, I grab hold of his arm and using my strength, yank it back, effectively dislocating his shoulder. My other hand punches him in the midsection, while my knee goes directly into the bastard's gonads. He howls as I grab him by the neck and shove his head into the countertop, hard, breaking his nose.

"Bitch" he screams.

The entire diner falls silent, the few customers that we do have, intently watching. Leo comes out of the office, looking puzzled, before his eyes widen at the scene in front of him, one that he's a bit familiar with if I have to be honest. But he's never fired me yet, not for standing up for myself, otherwise, I would have lost this job ages ago.

I dodge as Damo grabs a knife, seemingly from nowhere, brandishing it around in his one good arm, stumbling about, no doubt, due to the pain between his legs. I kick out and send the knife flying. Leo grabs a serviette and then picks it up, while Damo's friends look on in shock, no doubt, stunned to find their friend is being beaten the utter crap out of. They stay seating as Leo

sizes them up. They take one look at his huge muscled body, after all, he is a shifter, and decide to remain where they are. Wise decision. The cook begins to dial 911 with trembling hands.

"I'll fucking cut you, you slut" Damo hisses, while blood trickles down from his nose and into his open mouth. "No one makes a fool out of me."

He lurches forward. I kick out, hitting him directly in the kneecap and sending him to his knees. "Ouch," he screams. I'm not finished. I'm thoroughly pissed off now. Was it too much to ask, to just have a nice and relaxing time at work without being hit on and treated like some man's possession? To be able to complete a shift, without this crap going on? For fuck sake.

I get behind him and yank his hair, forcing him to his knees. I kick him and shove him forward. One of the customers opens the door for me and I kick his ass out of the diner, just as the sheriff and deputies drive up. He falls into the dirt and swears vehemently. A deputy rushes to cuff him. The deputy comes into the diner and spots me. "Amber, I knew it had to be you," he said, giving me a small nod. "Nobody else would be foolish enough to take on a biker man on their own."

I glare. It's not the first time I've taught some man a lesson, but come on, stupid? It was brave damnit. I wasn't going to let Damo walk all over me and sexually harass me. Nor any other man for that matter.

Leo quietly walks over and hands him the knife. "He was trying to stab her with this," he says to the sheriff, who sighs and hands the knife to a deputy. "Those are his mates" he adds, pointing to the bikers who are still sitting there quietly, half in shock.

The sheriff glances over at them. They're trying to turn their backs, so he can't see their faces, but it doesn't matter, the sheriff's face lights up anyway. "I'm sure I've seen these boys on wanted posters" he drawls "cuff them, boys."

The deputies cuff the sullen-looking bikers, dragging them out to their patrol cars. Leo gives me a pat on the shoulder. "You did well" he whispers "excellent fighting skills."

I give him a wink, puffing up with pride.

The sheriff finishes issuing instructions to his men and turns back to me, a serious look on his face. "You know the drill," he says drily "I'm going to need a statement from you, and all these lovely people here" he adds, raising his voice. The customers look glum now. "Before I can go back to the station."

I glance out the window. Damo's been put in a car close by, his face is pressed to the glass and he's screaming all sorts of obscenities at me. I give him the finger while the sheriff speaks to Leo who's listening intently and nodding. Damo yells louder. I grin widely at him, enjoying the view. He looks much better in a police or deputy's car. It seems to suit him better.

"I'll get you a cup of coffee and some pie Sherrif," Leo says warmly, finishing the conversation, the sheriff's eyes lightening up at the offer "Seems as though you'll be here a while and as it's our fault" he adds.

I scowl at Leo. He just grins at me. The sheriff takes a seat in a booth and gestures me forward. "You're pretty much a pro at this" he sighs "so let's start at the beginning and" he raises his voice and glares at the customers "nobody else move. You'll get your chance to leave once I got your statement as a witness. Now Amber," he says kindly "from the beginning please."