

# Alpha Rick by MarieLuv

Silver Moon Pack

Wolves of The Dark Moon Series

Book 1- Alpha Rick

Olivia

The pain. It's too much.

I had been beaten all day, spat on, and kicked; my hair had been pulled, and I had lost count of how many times they had pushed me to the floor. I should be used to it by now, right? I mean this is my life every day. I've been treated like this since I could remember, and it's as if they get a thrill seeing me getting beaten. It's a show to their amusement.

Someone thought it would be funny to dump their hot coffee on me as I walked by with a tray of food back to the kitchen as I continued to clear the table, and another threw their leftover hash brown in my face because they said their coffee wasn't strong enough, and the hash brown tasted old. "Just keep walking, Livs. Just keep walking." I say under my breath. It was the only thing I could do because if I so even tried to retaliate, or defend myself, I knew I was going to lose.

Once done, I was ready to dash out and continue with my next work, cleaning the pack's hospital. Well... more like a clinic, because it was just a tiny cottage.

But just as I was running through the corridor, I felt a yank on my hair, making me fall back. My body ached as I fell to the ground, and I could feel the sting on my scalp as alpha Noah dragged me by my hair toward the kitchen.

Someone had just spilled a gallon of milk on the floor. The floor I had just cleaned not even five minutes ago. I needed to stay quiet. If I made even the slightest sound, I knew what was coming.

I gripped my hair, hoping it would ease the pain as he dragged me along. He flung me across the kitchen, making my body crash against the counter. My body ached as it hit the counter doors, and I could hear the cracking of yet another broken rib, making me wince from the pain.

I whimpered; my tears ran down unwillingly. "Stay mute, Liv. Stay MUTE." my mind said, but my eyes betrayed as I began to cry silently, letting out a small whimper.

"Clean this shit up, you lazy mutt. Do you have any idea how important tomorrow is for all of us? I told you this place needed to stay clean, don't test me, bitch. GOT IT? And

start making lunch." Alpha Noah sneered, kicking me on my ribs and making me cry in pain. "But," I said, regretting my words as soon as they left my lips.

He slaps me across my face with the back of his hand, stinging my cheek and right eye. "Shut up. How dare you talk back to me? Do you want to go back to the dungeon? You obviously need a reminder of WHO is in authority here." he yells at me, clenching his jaw. My hands fisted and my jaw clenched from anger. If it's one thing I hate it's being punched by him. He never stops, not until his knuckles have had enough of me.

I can't recall the last time I ever felt happy. It's been hell for me ever since I could remember; since the day my mom and brother were killed in front of my eyes.

Then again, maybe I deserved all this. It was my fault they were killed after all. I was the one who wanted to keep wandering off that day. I still remember it as if it had just happened yesterday.

When I was seven, my mom, my brother, Brandon, and I went out for a stroll. We had such a fun day, but we lost track of time, and we didn't notice that we had walked too close to the borders, close to where Mom's favorite flowers were the wisterias. By the time we realized it, we were surrounded by rogues.

Mom sacrificed herself, waving at my brother and me and ordering us to run for it. That was the last time I saw her alive. She struggled and fought them off as much as she could, but she was outnumbered. She never stood a chance against them.

Before my brother and I could get away, they ran after us too, and got to my brother first, slashing him across his chest, right before my eyes. I still remember the sound of his pleading voice telling me to run as his body slowly gave out. His frail body fell as if in slow motion before me, and I could see nothing but evil smirks plastered in those rogue's eyes. I went into shock, seeing how they ran toward me.

When Dad finally got there with our alpha and the other guards, a rogue had already attacked me, leaving me unconscious. When I finally regained consciousness, I found out that my brother's body was missing, my mom was dead, and I had been unconscious for three days before I finally woke up.

I was now left with a nasty scar across my right jaw and neck to forever remind me of that day.

My dad wept for their deaths for so long, that he isolated himself from everyone, including me. But that wasn't all. He gave in to wolves-moonshine, which is a more potent alcohol made of wolfsbane and herbs. It's much more lethal than the alcohol humans are used to, but equally dangerous to werewolves because it's extremely addictive. Until one day when I turned fourteen and he left me as well.

Everyone blamed me for their death, and they were probably right, it was all my fault, at least, I felt it that way.

My name is Olivia Watson. I am an omega and part of the Silver Moon pack. I'm turning eighteen today. I could be celebrating. But instead, I'm here cleaning past hours, like I do every day since the day Dad died and I became the lowest-ranked omega in our pack. Even the other omegas look down on me.

The day they told me Dad had died, our alpha demoted me to the lowest rank in our pack; and I... Had no say.

Our alpha, Noah Morrison is not someone to be reckoned with. He's tough, and very... But I mean very temperamental. I can't say his son, Skylar, is any different. The apple didn't fall far from the tree in their case. They both hate me with passion and are not afraid to show it. Skylar is the epitome of evil meets greed, just like his dad.

He's a narcissistic bipolar who loves to mess with the heads of every girl in our pack. The golden boy who everyone obeys whether they like it or not, because if not... They will suffer the consequences of his goons, Vincent and Cole, his soon-to-be Beta and Gamma.

Skylar turned eighteen about eight months ago, and he's been eager to become alpha soon. I have a feeling that when our alpha passes down his title to him through the alpha ceremony, this pack will soon see its doom. I can feel it.

To make matters worse, Skylar has been picking on me the most these past few months. I mean, he has always treated me badly, but it's gotten worse since he turned eighteen. I don't know what his deal is, I guess authority is making his ego grow, impatiently waiting to become the sole authority of this pack.

I do know one thing though, I have to stay away from him, no matter what... Or I will be punished, not only by him but by his girlfriend Leah. She is even worse than him.

I've heard rumors that a pack is supposed to look after each other and protect each other. At least, that's what kids used to say when I was still attending high school. I attended a school where it was a mixture of humans and werewolves from different packs. I saw for myself how well other pack members got along with everyone, regardless of who they were... But our pack was the complete opposite.

Skylar and his two best friends, the future Beta, Vincent, and his future Gamma, Cole rule the school, and everyone in our pack when our alpha, Noah isn't around. It's no surprise though, everyone in my pack who holds a higher rank takes advantage of their position, making the lives of others a living hell. Especially mine, since I was known as the girl who got her family killed, making me the target of their hatred.

Alpha Noah Morrison and his son, Skylar were especially mean to me. He'd constantly say that my dad had gone mad because he couldn't overcome the loss of my mom and brother, and got stuck with a sorry excuse of a daughter to take care of, so he killed himself out of misery.

I faintly remember when I had a happy family and a home... We didn't have much, because we were all low-ranked, but we had each other. I feel so worthless knowing Alpha may be right... I deserved to get treated the way I do.

Everyone in our pack has a job, but the job consists of days off as well. I hadn't had a day off in months since the day I graduated high school.

Then again, I was thankful they even allowed me to finish high school because most omega's are only allowed to go to junior high and no more. I wish I could have had the chance to attend college like most kids in our pack, but I know I'm dreaming too high. I'm envious to see the older kids who turn eighteen and graduate high school find their mates and attend college together.

Maybe one day I could find my mate. He'll take me away from all this and we can be happy. I want to be happy, but the more I think about it, the more I want to cry. I'm losing hope, and I don't know if this is all I will ever live for... Cleaning up after everyone, and taking hits from the angry pack members. Maybe... This is all that will ever be for me.