

## He Knew

Olivia

I finished preparing for lunch, then cleaned up the mess, and soon I was left doing more and more errands for other pack members. I sigh as I wipe the sweat off my forehead. I glance at the clock and realize it was really late. The rest of the omegas would begin to come in to prepare for dinner. We also needed to begin preparation for the meeting that the alpha has with the other packs coming tomorrow morning.

I glance at the mess as I stick the dirty rag back in my bucket. I had kitchen duty all week, and after every meal, I was the one responsible for cleaning the whole kitchen on my own, since the head omega doesn't like me. She has perfectly stated that the kitchen needs to be hand-cleaned and left spotless after every meal. If she even saw a speck, I'd have to redo it all over again.

The visiting pack, the Primords, and the Dark Moon Pack are said to be one of the biggest and most powerful in our nation. They are very secretive, not even the king alpha dares to enter their territory without their consent. They say the king has hired them multiple times to invade packs or kill dangerous creatures that lurk around the king's castle. Creatures, no other wolf would dare to go against, no matter how strong they claim to be.

The last time they came to our pack was when I was still really small. When my parents were still alive. I remember my dad had said you could feel the power they held just standing in the same room as them. Dad loved walking with them and talking to the alphas. I could still see his smile when he'd talk to them.

No one knows much about the two packs other than that the Primords are the oldest in existence and the other pack, The Dark Moon Pack, is the Primord's most cherished ally. The Dark Moon Pack was once attacked by powerful Lycans taking the life of their Luna. The primords were the ones who came and helped them, ending the war and helping them get back on their feet. They made a pact to protect each other soon after and have been allies ever since.

The two packs have become the strongest duo ever since, and both packs will be arriving either tonight or tomorrow morning to attend Skylar's ceremony happening this weekend. Skylar has only been anticipating this since his eighteenth birthday, and now it's finally happening, after eight long months.

I'm both scared and nervous for some reason. My wolf, Freya won't stop jumping up and down. I just know something is going to happen. I'm not sure whether it's good or bad, but I know something is going to happen, I can feel it.

I groaned as I felt my sore muscles, my back ached from being hunched over. Thankfully my ribs had already begun to heal, perks of being a werewolf, we heal fast.

I sighed as I looked around, happy with the results of my work. Our pack doesn't have a big kitchen, but it's still a lot of work for one person to take care of on their own. This is when I miss my best friend, Desiree. But unlike me and my crummy fate, Desiree turned eighteen three months ago and she was lucky to have found her mate, none other than our next beta, Cole.

She was a very humble girl, and very shy. But she changed as soon as she found him. She was mated to Cole, the soon-to-be beta after all. So, she stopped talking to me, and was now one of them, hating me to the core and mistreating me.

I close my eyes and sigh as I place my hands on my knees, still sitting on the floor. I wiped my forehead from how hot it was in here. Summer here can go to the three digits Fahrenheit, even at night time.

My eyes widened as I heard the bucket topple over, spilling the dirty water everywhere.

I looked towards it, and my eyes widened to see Skylar's girlfriend, Leah laughing, "Oops, didn't see you down there, Mutt. Oh, but, then again, who can see an invisible piece of trash like you? Ugh, damn it..." she says glancing at her new white pumps, "Look at what you did? You ruined my shoes. You little bitch, do you have any idea how expensive these are?" she yells at me as if it had been my fault. She kicks me, making a big scrape on my arm, and cutting the thin fabric of my T-shirt. I was sure those were some Jimmy Choo knock-offs, like the rest of her collection, but who am I to judge? I only cleaned her shoes once a month, after all, nothing more.

I shriek inwardly as I feel the pain, but I know better than to cry in front of her. It will only boost her ego to cause me more pain.

"I- I'm sorry." I apologized, and regardless of whether it is my fault or not, I apologize, or I won't hear the end of it. Which also meant that Skylar would make sure I'd get a good beating for it as well if he found out about this.

"Clean this up, idiot. And after dinner, you'll be cleaning all of my shoes, do you understand?" I nodded as I lowered my head to avoid eye contact with her. "But I cleaned your shoes last week," I say, making her slap me. "Did I ask if you cleaned them already? I said you're going to clean my damn shoes, or do I need to tell Skylar to give you another backslashing?" she says, making my body shiver. I can still feel the pain in my back from the last time he and Cole slashed my back with a whip.

She could easily hurt me herself, she was far stronger than me as it was since she gets to train with Skylar and his group. But she was thrilled seeing him do it for her. I have never stepped on any training grounds other than when they need extra punching bags.

"Did you hear me?" she yells louder making me flinch. "Yes. I'll clean your shoes as soon as I'm done." I stuttered as I hugged myself.

"After my shoes, I want you to organize my dresses. And be extra careful not to touch and steal any of my clothes or dirty them while you're wearing. I need all of my shoes organized properly in my room before I wake up tomorrow morning, got it?" She sneers, and rolls her eyes; my appearance probably disgusts her. I usually get pretty dirty from all the cleaning I have to do, but my clothes are really old and in bad shape as it is. They're full of stains and holes from being worn out.

I haven't had new clothes since my parents died, but my mom was pretty thin, and I was able to wear most of her jeans and shirts as I began to develop through my years. The alpha allowed me to stay in our small house, but I think it was mainly because no one wanted me to sleep in the pack house.

Our house was beautiful, and in good shape when mom was alive, but dad stopped maintaining it when she died. I tried to keep it going, but I have yet to learn how to do repairs, which means my roof leaks everywhere when it rains. Thank goddess it's summer.

"Leah, let's go." Skylar roars by the entrance, making both of us turn toward him. He locked eyes with me, clenching his jaw. I swear his eyes looked dark for some reason. It looked as if he was debating something with his wolf.

But then the worst happens... A heavenly smell engulfed my nose. It was like a mixture of cedar and cinnamon. "Mate." my wolf, Freya yells in my mind. She had been damn quiet all day, and now she decides to say something? I curse inwardly, cursing my own fate.

"No..." I whispered, making Leah turn toward me, and give me a confused look. "What did you say, Mutt?"

"No-nothing," I say making her roll her eyes and turn back to Skylar.

"Baby, look what this stupid mutt did. She ruined my shoes," she whines, lifting her foot with the dirty shoe. It was a tiny stain, barely noticeable, but it was there. He clenches his jaw.

"Then go change them or throw them away. Now hurry up, I don't like being late. We have to meet with my parents before dinner," he says, unwilling to look away from me. I was beginning to feel uneasy, like a mixture of lust and hatred, all at once as he looked at me.

I know how he is though, he is the biggest manwhore there is in our pack, and though Leah is the same, she doesn't waste time on beating the other girls close to death when she sleeps with one of them. It's like they were a match made in heaven, and not even I will be able to break them apart. They are so perfect for each other. The future alpha and his luna.

This pack is definitely going to hell when he takes over.

"But, baby!" she responds, whining like a child, pointing towards me.

"NOW!" He grits his teeth, yelling in his alpha tone. His eyes turn dark as his wolf threatens to merge. Leah notices his reaction, but all I can do is try to control my wolf. He is not my mate, he can't be.

"Fine," she responds, slumping her shoulders and letting her hands fall to her side. She was obviously not happy with his response. She was waiting for him to beat me like he always does. "I'll deal with you later, you stupid mutt. Clean this up." she kicks the bucket, hitting my knee and making a bit of dirty water inside it splash my face. He looks at me angrily, not saying a word, and turns following her out of the kitchen.

"Livie! You have to go after him. He's our mate, not hers." my wolf, Freya complains. I can't help but begin to cry silently.

This definitely had to be a sick joke from our goddess. "How can you ever think our future alpha, our so-called mate, could run to our side and claim us as his mate? Look at me, Freya. I'm weak, I'm useless to him. I'm nothing but an omega. If he wanted us, he would have already claimed us." I told my wolf, making her whimper.

"Instead, he's going to meet his parents to talk about Leah and him. She is his luna, Freya... Not me." I had already heard the rumor. Not intentionally, but I still did. Skylar would name Leah his Luna tomorrow at the ceremony and set a date for their marriage soon after he becomes the new alpha of our pack.

"That's why he never said anything. Didn't he?" Freya whimpers his mate when he turned eighteen a few months ago. Didn't he?" Freya whimpers his mate when he turned eighteen on that dirty kitchen. He knew, Freya. He knew and said nothing." I say, through staggered breath as I try to control my cry.

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