

Accusations

Olivia

I wiped the twentieth pair of shoes, placing them back inside their place, and then quickly began to go through Leah's closet. I knew she was going to wear a glamorous dress tomorrow for the ceremony.

She had been looking forward to it since a month ago and had a dress especially done for the evening when they will announce her as the pack's luna. Her dress hung on a hook next to a full-size mirror inside a black bag made of cloth. I couldn't help but envy her.

If destiny had been a bit different, and my parents were still alive, maybe that dress would be mine. I would be the new Luna and would become Skylar's new mate. Just as our goddess had intended things to be, but only fate knew why things had ended the way they did.

Curiosity got the best of me. I began to unzip the bag, admiring the shimmer of her skin-tight black dress she was going to wear tomorrow. I imagined how it would t me, as I took it out of the bag and placed it over my body to see it in the mirror. "It would denitely look better on you, Livie," Freya says, making my eyes water as I chuckle.

"Thanks, Freya, but let's face it. Even if it did, it's not my style. Besides, I will never be able to have any of these things. But it's good to dream...right?" I say, forcing a smile, making her retract in a whimper to the back of my head.

The pain of my rejection was still a fresh wound inside of me. I placed the dress back, zipped the bag, and fell to my knees. I began sobbing again, sting my hands as realization dawned on me. It was just about one in the morning, and if Leah wasn't back yet, it meant she was with Skylar. They were together, and the thought of him being intimate with her hurt, even if he wasn't mine anymore.

I crawled into a ball, crying and feeling pathetic. I was soon destined to become no more than a slave. A slave to one of the two most feared packs by our own king. If he feared them, I can only imagine how everyone else feels around them. I got up, and went home, ready to call it an end, and hoped that whichever pack decided to take me in, would allow me to take a few things with me.

It was around ve in the morning and I was still not able to sleep. I decided to go about my day, getting ready. I took a quick shower, feeling the cold water, making me shiver. I had long gotten used to the fact that hot water was for the privilege, and it did not include me. I changed into ripped jeans, a worn-out t-shirt that used to belong to dad, and my sneakers.

They felt awful, since I didn't own any socks, and the inside was past worn out, but hey... I'll manage.

I sprinted toward the pack house and started to see the kitchen already busy. My eyes went wide as the head omega came running, pulling me by my arm. "What took you so long? It's nearly six, we need to get breakfast nished. One of the packs arrived last night, and the second pack is soon arriving. Luna Maddie has instructed me to have breakfast before everyone wakes up. Everything needs to be perfect, got it?" she says, pulling me toward the long kitchen island. If she was being careless to call our luna by her rst, it meant she was nervous and didn't realize her mistake. It made everyone else look at her in shock, but doubt she realized.

"Ok," I say, feeling a bit of pity at how everyone looked so scared and nervous. If they were so frantic, it only meant one thing...our alpha was especially on edge. Which meant he would not like any mishaps.

She began to take out mixing bowls and ingredients. "Luna wants you to bake your best pastry, it's for alpha Alarick. It needs to be your best, and I am warning you, child... Do not mess this up or we are all done for." she says, making me worried. I mean, seriously, how bad can it be to bake something? But, she's right, maybe if I bake my best cupcakes, he can be easy on me.

The last I need is for me to be on his bad side or the other alphas. I'm now destined to be a slave to one of them and if I'm lucky, the one less likely to kill me will take me in if they see a preference for my baking. "They can even make you their ocial baker," Freya hoped. "If we were so lucky... I hope you're right, Freya." I say through our mind link.

I began whipping up my best chocolate gnash cupcakes, and the whole kitchen soon became engulfed with the sweet chocolate aroma. It made a few of the omegas smile, making me feel a bit proud. But I knew better than to show it.

But just as I was bringing out the last batch, alpha Morrison came in with Leah and his beta, Gunther. "There she is, dad. Make her, tell her to give them back to me," she says, crying, making everyone turn, looking at him in shock.

Alpha's gaze on me was deadly, lled with disappointment. He sighs, closes his eyes, and nods to his beta, gesturing for him to grab me. "I always knew you were a disgrace, Olivia. How could you steal from my soon-to-be daughter-in-law?" he says, making me confused. His beta grabs my hand and pulls me away.

"What? No... I haven't stolen anything, I swear." I say as I begin to panic. Leah's face gleamed with a wicked smile, and I knew she was setting me up.

"You were the only one in my room last night. You took my new earnings. Do you have any idea how expensive those are? Give them back to me." she says, making me feel dumbfounded. "I... I don't know what you're talking about. I swear I didn't take anything." I pleaded, looking at alpha Morrison.

"Shut up," he says, striking me with the back of his hand across my face. "Let this be a lesson to all of you. I will not tolerate anyone taking what is not yours. Take her to the dungeon." he says to his beta, looking at me menacingly.

His beta, Gunther dragged me away, making heads pop from inside their bedrooms to see the commotion. I wasn't just embarrassed, I was hurt, and angered. This pack has done nothing but treated me like trash, and I feared it would never end. I knew why they were doing this... They were probably making sure the visiting packs had the wrong impression of me. They knew if they did- they'd ensure I had bad treatment there too.

"Please... I swear, I didn't steal a thing from you, Leah. You know I wouldn't, I've never touched any of your things." I pleaded with her as Gunther pulled me past the living room and out of the pack house, toward the dungeons.

"So you're calling me a liar? I know you took them, Olivia. You were the only one in my room. I trusted you enough to be the only one to clean my stuff, and look how you repay me?" she adds, making me look at her in anger.

"Enough. Take her away." Skylar says, coming out of the pack house with nothing but pajama bottoms. But my eyes went wide as I see the mark on his neck. It was until then that I realized - Leah had been marked too. That's why she hadn't come back to her room last night. They were together, and they had completed their mating bond, marking each other.

I was done for. All these years Leah had anticipated being his luna. She longed for him to mark her and give her the power to do whatever she wanted with me. The only thing now standing in her way was the ceremony. Once he was alpha, she had all authority to do as she pleased. And that began- with making sure to make my life a living hell. She knew I was demoted, once again, but if she found out Skylar had sentenced me to be one of the ve omegas he wanted to give the visiting pack as a peace offering, she was going to make sure I didn't leave. Otherwise - how could she continue to torture me?