

Logan's POV

I was sorry to walk away from the young girl I had bumped into. For some inexplicable reason, I felt drawn to her. She was wearing a t-shirt that had a skull and dagger on it, ripped black jeans, and a cool leather jacket, but what I really liked, was her dark black and red hair which cascaded down her back in ringlets, and her dark doe-like eyes. She looked like a miniature version of the woman who was with her who was clearly her mother. She looked a little sad I thought, idly as I glanced over my shoulder, to see her go. How strange.

My mother, the ice queen as I liked to think of her, sniffed, her nose high in the air, her blue eyes full of disdain. "Ugh," she whinged, "you can just smell that they are nothing better than omegas" she complained "You're going to be Alpha Logan, don't you ever apologize to people like that again."

My father, as usual, said nothing, hugging Bethany to his side, which didn't surprise me in the slightest. My father tended to ignore my mother's antics and snobbery and avoided conict whenever he could by staying silent on the matter.

"Just because I'm going to be Alpha doesn't mean that I should treat others like they are beneath me," I told my mother evenly, inwardly rolling my eyes.

My mother sniffed, disagreeing with him, her dress owing around her ankles as they walked, several warriors keeping their distance behind them for security reasons. The Luna did not know how to ght and depended on them for her own protection and Logan had yet to shift but could at least ght in human form, having been trained since he was young by the Alpha himself.

"It's because you are Alpha that you are better than everyone else and I wish you would get that through your head," his mother said sharply.

I fumed. This was why I had stumbled over to the small boutique store on my own in the rst place. Well, that and boredom. My mother could shop for hours if given the chance, whereas I tended to choose clothes at random and get the hell out of there in a hurry. I picked comfortable, casual clothing and didn't really have a sense of style, which pissed my mother off no end. She, therefore, tended to pick my clothes out herself and I just went along with it. Otherwise, it would just lead to endless arguments and it wasn't worth the trouble, at least in my eyes.

"Now, now," said my father with a slight twinkle in his eye "let's not spoil this outing," he said mischievously.

My mother spotted a jewelry store up ahead and her eyes lit up. My father noticed and dragged her inside. I sighed. I had no interest in jewelry and thought it best to wait outside on one of the benches, some of the warriors seating themselves on a bench opposite to mine, keeping a close eye out on both myself and the Alpha and Luna inside the store. My stomach grumbled hungrily and I patted it absent-mindedly, suddenly aware of how hungry I was. We'd been here since the mall had opened and it was now approaching late afternoon. We'd completely skipped lunch. No wonder I felt like I was starving! I groaned. What was taking my parents so damn long? No doubt my mother was convincing my father to buy her yet another solid gold bracelet or another ring or necklace. She had a whole jewelry box full of the blasted things.

My mother came out of the jewelry store looking satished, and made a beeline towards me, her eyes shining brightly. I knew she had convinced my father to buy her something. Sure enough, she reached my side and held her arm out to me, showing off a solid gold bangle with a Celtic pattern to it, for me to admire. It was pretty, I had to admit, but not something I would ever have picked out for a girl or woman. Then again, what would I know about a girl's likes or dislikes? I might be fteen but I hadn't had a proper girlfriend yet. "It's lovely mother," I said quietly.

She beamed, watching the light as it caught on it, examining it from every angle. "It is isn't it" she said with a wide grin on her face "I love it so" she added "I just couldn't resist getting another piece of jewelry."

She looked around her looking a bit nonplussed. "What on earth is taking your father so long?" she asked me bewildered "I thought he would come out right behind me?"

I shrugged nonchalantly. "Maybe he went to the bathroom" I pointed out.

She looked put out. My stomach grumbled again, loudly and my mother's eyes widened as she glanced at her gold, delicate watch, and took in the time. "Oh my goodness" she gasped "it's way past lunchtime."

"I know," I said grumpily "I'm starving."

She looked at me with a grimace. "I just want to go home" she complained.

My spirits sank. My stomach gurgled. I swore it was starting to eat itself. I was going to die if I didn't eat soon. I looked at her with desperation. My father came up from behind her, seemingly from out of nowhere.

"Where the hell did you go?" My mother snapped her icy cold demeanor back in full force.

My father blinked at her innocently. "The bathroom" he muttered.

She sighed. "I want to go home" she whinged.

"I'm hungry" I protested.

My father looked at the both of us and gave a sigh. He ran a hand through his hair and grimaced. "Let's go," he said decisively and held up a hand as I was about to argue "and we'll get drive-through on the way home."

It was the best I was going to get. My mother nodded and we walked to the exit, got into our car, and drove off. He was as good as his word and I grabbed two cheeseburgers with fries and a large milkshake, devouring it in the backseat as my mother winced at the noises I was making. Just to annoy her I deliberately made slurping noises as I drank down my milkshake. My father had the same as I did, whereas my mother, always concerned about her looks, ate a tiny salad and drank water. I shuddered. I didn't know how she managed to eat such tiny portions and not be hungry. Maybe, I thought, with a ash of inspiration, she was always grumpy because she was always hungry.

"Will you just drink nicely" my mother snarled.

"I am drinking nicely" I mumbled between bites of my burger.

She glowered at me. I smiled at her, smacking my lips together as she shuddered. My father was too busy eating and driving to notice our bickering.

We drove up to our large pack house. I grabbed my rubbish and threw it into a nearby rubbish bin, heading towards my room. My mother stopped me in my tracks. "Where do you think you are going?" she asked.

"My room," I said numbly.

She shook her head. "Living room," she said calmly "you're not holing yourself up in your room and hiding away."

I stared at her. My father nodded his agreement. "We can watch a movie together" he agreed.

I slumped on the couch sulking. An omega came in and bowed her head respectfully to my mother and father. She accidentally backed into the coffee table and knocked over an ugly paperweight thing that fell to the oor and promptly broke. There was a stunned silence. My mother's face turned bright red in a fury. The omega trembled. I opened my mouth to defend her, certain it was merely an accident but I was too late.

My mother raised her hand and swiftly brought it down across the omega's cheek as she gave a squeal of pain. "You stupid worthless omega" she hissed "How dare you break my things" she snarled.

The poor omega put a hand to her pale cheek which now sported a bright red handprint, tears welling in her green eyes as she looked at her Luna with remorse on her face. "I'm sorry Luna Bethany" she whispered, bowing "It was an accident."

My mother was not in a forgiving mood. I looked over at my father but he sat still as a statue, his arms folded across his chest, his eyes straight ahead. "Father" I whispered "aren't you going to do something?"

He shook his head. "The house and its running of it is your mother's domain and I will not interfere in it" he said.

I thought that was the dumbest thing I had ever heard. My father was condoning my mother's cruel behavior, I couldn't believe it. I was going to jump up and say something but my father shot out a hand, placing it across my chest and holding it there, shooting me a warning look. I glared at him. Coward.

"Not good enough" My mother snarled at the omega, slapping her again as the poor girl, who couldn't be any older than sixteen, whimpered, before kicking her in the stomach and causing her to double over, crying out in pain.

I clenched my hands into sts, wanting to get up and help her. The omega was crying now, her long brunette hair covering her face, as she clutched at her stomach.

"I'm sorry Luna" she whimpered.

My mother grabbed her hair and pulled on it. "Luna Bethany" she corrected her nastily.

"I'm sorry Luna Bethany" she whimpered.

My mother let go of the poor omega's hair and the omega scrambled to her feet, keeping her head down and staring at the oor. My mother gave a low growl of impatience, staring intently at the omega. "Well," she said after a moment "what are you waiting for? Go and get this mess cleaned up" she shouted.

The omega went running, coming back with a dustpan and brush. She promptly began to sweep up the broken shards into the dustpan, being as quick as she could while still being thorough. My mother watched with beady little eyes, her arms folded across her chest, ensuring she didn't miss anything. The omega kept her eyes focused on the oor, her body trembling in fear, her hands shaking so bad I was surprised that none of the shards jumped out of the dustpan. Finally, she was done and she bowed to my mother again.

"Forgive the intrusion Luna Bethany," she said softly "Alpha Johnathon."

I was the only one to smile at her. My mother frowned in displeasure. "The omegas are useless in this house," she said with a growl and a shake of her head.

"It was an accident," I said quietly.

"It shouldn't have happened" my mother shot back and my father gripped my arm, so tightly that I could feel the bruises forming. He subtly shook his head and I got the message. He didn't want me to argue with her. I attended my lips and bit the inside of my cheek, hard, tasting blood. I was so exasperated with them both. Didn't they realize the only reason I spent so much time in my room was because I couldn't stand to be around them both? They were driving me insane. As it was, father continuously went on so-called pack trips at night to other packs so he wasn't around every night so I got a reprieve from him on occasion but mother never left the house unless it was to shop. Sometimes I wondered why she ever had a son and then I remembered it was because she and father needed an heir to take over the pack one day. That was all I was to them, I thought to myself bitterly, an heir.

"Let's watch this movie" my mother suggested, wandering over to the large cabinet that housed all of our DVDs. The living room was more of a theatre room with recliners and a huge atscreen tv and surround sound. I half listened as she and father began to argue good-naturedly over which movie they wanted to watch, wishing I was anywhere but here. I couldn't wait until I got to become Alpha of the pack, because once I did, I was going to make a lot of changes, I thought to myself smugly and there was nothing that my mother was going to be able to do about it. All I had to do was hold on for a few more years until then. My mother seemed to think I was a disappointment because I was kind, but I was determined to show her that kindness was in fact a valuable asset in an alpha, one that would make our pack stronger and be all the better for it. There was no shame in being kind, in fact, I often thought that if Mother was a lot kinder to the omegas, she would be far more respected as the Luna than she currently was. It was no secret that they feared her and hated her. The only one who didn't seem to notice was my mother. But then, she had always been oblivious to the feelings of people around her. Me included.