

The Omega For Sale

Chapter 2. The Last Straw

Four Years After

The basket of laundry in my arms weighed a ton and I struggled to balance it in my hands, as I made my way through the courtyard.

The sun beat down on me, making sweat run into my eyes and I had to blink rapidly to try to keep the moisture out of them but it was unsuccessful and it continued to run down my face, making my cheeks itch.

My feet were killing me and I wanted nothing more than to take my shoes off and have them soak up the water. But I knew that I couldn't do that, this full basket of laundry was the least of my chores today.

As I made my way through the usually quiet courtyard, a noise suddenly caught my attention.

It seemed to be coming from around the corner that led up to the greenhouse.

A familiar gentle scent that I had grown accustomed to wafted through the air and my eyes widened in disbelief when I caught it.

Jessy!

"You're nothing but a worthless bastard." Said a little voice and I rushed towards its source.

The moment I turned the corner, the sight that greeted me almost made me scream.

My three years old daughter was surrounded by other kids that were kicking and spitting on her, beating her down, while she did nothing but helplessly cover her head with her small arms to protect her face.

Dropping the bag of laundry to the floor, I rushed forward, sweeping my daughter into my arms, protecting her body from the onslaught as much as I could with mine.

"Stop it. Stop it please, leave her alone. Please."

My pleas fell on deaf ears as the children only laughed and then continued to hit both my daughter and I.

They were after all the children of the Alpha's and Beta's and a lowly omega like myself had no authority over them.

A sudden pain wracked through my skull as one of the children buried their hands into hair and pulled with as much might as she could gather. I screamed out in pain and tried to pull my hair out from her grasp but it only encouraged her. As she only laughed and then proceeded to pull harder.

"Hey, what are you doing? Leave this place immediately."

The sound of the guard was enough to put a stop to their assault and in the next minute, the children scattered in different directions.

I hold Jessy's frame tighter to my chest, patting her head and whispering comforting words in her ear.

"Thank you so much." I finally said once the courtyard was empty .

As I raise my head to meet his face, I cower at the intense look in his eyes. It was similar to the look of a predator, staring down its prey, ready to pounce.

I shudder in fear, bowing my head to cut off the piercing eye contact. This couldn't happen again.

The guard stalked forward and I curled in tighter on myself, holding my child protectively in my arms. He suddenly grabbed my chin forcing me to look at him again and the sinister smile that painted his lips sent a shudder up my spine.

"You can thank me in other ways." He said, eyes travelling slowly down my body and whatever he saw caused him to lick his lips in hunger.

He reached his hands towards my chest and I pulled Jessy across them, holding her firmly against my chest, before shaking my head.

Embarrassment overcame my frame at his request and I struggled to keep my tears at bay, for the sake of my child.

"No." I whispered my refusal quietly. And The guard scoffed at my response.

"Pack whore." He muttered before turning around and exiting from where he had come from, finally leaving me alone with my daughter.

Jessy had tears running down her cheeks and streaks of blood ran from her cuts down her arms. My heart constricted in my chest at the sight of my daughter's current state.

Bruises and cuts covered her body like a blanket and her eyes were dull, brimming with pain and tears. Her lips were cracked and bleeding and she looked as if she could pass out anytime from how weak she was stood.

I gently lifted my daughter into my arms, holding her as close as I could without hurting her or making her injuries worse and I retreated back to my room in silence.

I set her carefully on the bed, the moment that we entered the room and reached for the first aid kit that I kept underneath the bed.

Pulling out the supplies that I needed my hands trembled slightly and I tried to steady it enough to clean up her wounds. I sat down beside her on the bed and I gently wiped away her tears with my thumbs, trying to keep the tears in my eyes from spilling out.

I didn't say anything, it felt like my voice wouldn't work with me even if I tried so I simply focused on the task in front of me.

Jessy continued to sit there silently while I worked, not moving even once, only hissing every once in a while in pain, I dabbed carefully at the nasty looking cut that she had sustained on her knee, I put a few bandages over the wound and began to put an added roll of gauze.

"Mommy." Jessy finally called out, breaking the silence that had settled in the room since we had entered.

"Yes baby." I replied, still focused on her knee.

"When will this life stop? When will the other kids let me play with them and When will everybody around us stop trying to hurt us?" Jessy asked, in a small quiet voice.

And that was all it took, the tears that I had been fighting to keep at bay finally burst out of me and I buried my face in my hands as I wept in pain and shame.

Three years old, my daughter was only three years old, yet she had been subjected to abuse and humiliation worse than any child should have to go through.

Her question cut deep at my chest and for a moment I struggled to find the words to respond with.

"Tomorrow, we'll be leaving the pack Jessy. I have prepared everything. Very early in the morning we would leave this pack and we'll finally be able to put behind all the suffering and pain that it has brought us."

I opened my arms wide and Jessy fell into it, wrapping her small arms around my neck in a hug.

Her comforting scent helped to calm my racing heart and reassured me on my decision.

The SilverMoon Pack was no longer a place for my daughter and I, we needed to leave as soon as possible.

The doctor's words from four years ago drift into my mind again. I had thought that I would be able to endure everything, I had hoped that if I ignored the stares and the whispers then they would go away. Over the years I hoped that not fighting back would make my life easier and maybe better, I had endured everything that had been done to Jessy and myself in the hopes of having a peaceful life.

But four years of living in this hell has proved me wrong, it got worse and worse as the days went by. I was watching my daughter become a shell of herself, slowly losing the child like light that usually sparkled in her eyes and this further solidified my decision.

We couldn't continue there anymore, I couldn't risk my child suffering this pain and shame for the rest of her life. I would rather become a rogue than continue to live like this any longer.