

## Chapter1

"Why are you so useless!" Alpha yelled, slamming his hand down on the table in front of him,

I cowered back at the sound of his voice. I did not mean to make him angry.

"You can't even bring drinks to the table without messing that up. I don't know why I keep you around when you can't even do that,"

I didn't mean to drop the tray holding all the drinks on it. Then again, if someone hadn't tripped me, I wouldn't have dropped it, but I would not say anything like always; I never talk back, and I would keep my head down. It's better this way,

I could hear the snickers coming from everyone as the Alpha yelled at me. This was nothing new either. This is an everyday thing. Don't matter what I do, he still finds something that I messed up, or he says I messed up, which ends in some punishment for me,

"Get this cleaned up! And bring new drinks!"

Laughter rang out as I spun on my heel,

"I don't know why you let her stay here," I could hear Luna. Everyone agreed with her.

Scurrying back into the kitchen, I made up fresh drinks, putting them on another tray. Walking out, I stayed away from the so-called golden boys, not wanting to spill any more drinks. Moving to the other side of the table, I started handing out the drinks, taking extra care not to drop one,

Clutching the tray to my chest, I dashed for the kitchen; once I was in there, I let out a shaky breath, laying the tray on the counter. Dinners or any meal time with this family is trying. They do not eat with the pack downstairs. Alpha says he is above them all, as well as his family, so they eat upstairs in the Alpha and Luna's suite,

I'm their personal servant or slave, whichever one you want to call it. I clean for them all, even their two grown boys, who have their own suite on the same floor, but meals are always in the Alpha suite. I'm the only one who works in their suites. I do all the cleaning, cooking, and laundry. You name it, and I do it. I also have chores around the pack house. Alpha makes sure to keep me busy. We have other Omegas who help, but they get a lot better treatment than I do. Alpha says it because I owe him for taking me in all those years ago. I should be thankful for having a place to stay,

Alpha took me in when I was ten. My family was killed during a rogue attack. It was just Dad, Mom, and me. They were Omegas as well. Dad worked the land, and Mom was a nurse. I remember going to the clinic with her. Some days, I would go with Dad. I was so happy then I loved them both so much,

"Useless!" I heard the Alpha call for me,

Hurrying out, I stopped next to the table but made sure not to stand too closely, head and eyes down to look at the floor,

"Yes, Alpha," my voice is low,

"I have a guest come in an hour. I want the sitting room wiped down and spotless. Have drinks ready beforehand and place them in the office. There is no need for you to spill any more drinks. The last thing I need is for you to drop a drink on one of my guests,"

"Yes, Alpha, I'll start right away."

He waved a hand at me, dismissing me; turning, I headed for the kitchen. Opening the small broom closet, I pulled out some cleaning supplies along with a rag. I headed for the sitting room. It was cleaned today, but I will go over it again. I don't need any punishment today. Wiping everything off, I brought a tray of drinks, seeing that it had been almost an hour. Glancing around the room, everything was in its proper place,

Moving back out to the dining room, I saw no one was sitting at the table anymore. Clearing the table and taking everything back into the kitchen, I grab a rag going back out to wipe the table off. Pushing the chair back in, I went back in to start tackling the dishes. I like to clean what pots and pans I use as I cook so when they are done eating, it is just the dishes they were using,

I heard a knock on the door and then voices. Wiping my hands on the towel, moving over to the door, peeking out,

"Alpha Marcus, it is good to see you,"

The Alpha shook the hand of the Marcus guy,

"Likewise," He turned, and I saw two women standing behind him; he held his hand out as the older one placed her hand in his. She smiled at him,

"You remember my mate, Meline,"

"Yes, it's good to see you again, Luna Meline," He took her hand, placing a kiss on the top,

"My daughter, Morgan," he says as a younger version of Meline stepped forward,

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Morgan,"

I watched as the Marcus guy looked around,

"Are we the only ones attending this meeting? I do not see your boys. Or your Luna?"

"I do apologize for their absences. They should be here in a moment. The boys just ran back to their place to get changed. My mate should be coming,"

"I'm here. I'm so sorry I'm late,"

I saw Luna hustling herself down the hallway. Her dress was way too tight as she tried to walk. Reaching her hand out,

"It is a pleasure to have you here. I'm sorry for being late, but Ronnie told me at the last minute we would have guests," she giggled. As she swatted the Alpha's arm, the other ladies rolled their eyes at her,

The boys suddenly came rushing through the door, coming to a halt when they saw their father glaring at them,

"Boys, this is Alpha Marcus, his Luna Meline, and their daughter. Morgan,"

The boys stood straighter as they shook each of their hands. The most fake smiles I have ever seen on their faces. As their eyes wandered down Morgan's body,

"Please, why don't we move to the sitting room? It's more comfortable in there," Alpha gestured with his hand. They all followed the Alpha,

Stepping back so they didn't see me standing there, Alpha would have my hide for listening. I could hear their footsteps getting farther down the hall, moving back to finish the dishes. Once I was done, I could retreat to my room. No one bothers me there, as no one wants to hike all the way to the attic. Plus, it is small, and neither boys nor the Alpha sits up there. That's why I love being small. My short frame of five feet on the dot sits in there just fine. The Luna would never come up there as it's too dirty for her. One little speck of dust, and she is off to a spa for a treatment, and all her clothing is sent to the dry cleaners,

Drying the last dish, I placed it in the cabinet. Shutting off the lights, I peeked out, ensuring no one was there. Alpha doesn't like people seeing me. He says it is embarrassing that people would have to see my ugly face. I think it is more on the lines of he is afraid someone may see me as a slave and report him to the elders, as it was banned over a decade ago that you couldn't no longer own slaves. Everyone was to be treated fairly. Sure, the other Omegas get treated well, but I'm the only one who gets the dirty end of the deal. I could hear their voices coming down the hall.

Once I saw the coast was clear, I made a mad dash for the front door, going out and shutting it softly, making my way down the hall past the boy's doors. At the very end of the hall, there is a door that leads up to my room. Pulling it open, I look up at the stairs. They are steep, almost straight up and down; I would say they are more like a ladder than stairs; stepping in, I let the door close. There is no lock on the door. Making my way up, I finally reach the top. The roof is low and slanted, but I can stand up and move around without touching my head,

Stripping out my clothes, I put on something to sleep in. Crawling onto my little cot, I shivered as the cold settled in, wrapping my blanket around me. I was so ready for sleep,