

The Omegas Stand

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Omega



I smile and hum as I wipe off the sink in the girl's restroom on the second level in the packhouse.

This is my favorite part of the day. Most of the other pack members are at home, and the communal house we all come and go from is mostly empty besides the Alpha family. It's rather peaceful to be in an almost empty house, and it makes getting my chores done extremely easy.

I finish with the restroom and pick up my blue cleaning bucket. I give myself a quick smile in the mirror before leaving. I need the extra oomph today since the anniversary of my mother's death is tomorrow.

Generally, I am a very happy person, but my mother's death always gets me down, and for a good reason. Her death is partially my fault and a day I will never forget...I mean, how can I? The anniversary of her death is the same day as my birthday.

Tomorrow I turn eighteen, a day that every teenage wolf waits for anxiously, but for me, it's bittersweet. When an adolescent wolf turns eighteen, they can sense their soulmate created just for them by the moon Goddess. But while this day should bring nothing but joy, I can't help but miss my mom. I know my mother would be thrilled for me and overjoyed if I do find my mate...it's just. It won't be the same. It won't be how it should have been. She should be here to witness me cross this milestone.

My mother was an extraordinary wolf. She wasn't born an omega, but she was proud to be one. Just like she was proud to be my mom. She taught me everything she could and took on the role of both parents like a champ.

She was my only parent. My father died while she was still pregnant with me in a freak accident during a pack run, so she raised me by herself until the day she died. And she did so with a smile on her face. The only time I ever saw my mother sad was when she talked about her mate. But she always answered my questions about him. She wanted me to know my father, and while the memories are faded, I remember everything she ever told me.

I shake the sad feelings from my mind as I leave the restroom. I need to focus. Mom wouldn't want me sad, especially since she died a hero.

I hurry down the stairs to get my cleaning supplies put away. I need to get to the kitchen. Mrs. Marsh will need my help today. She didn't ask for it, but I know she needs it.

She has to have the meals

for today made and the meals for tomorrow prepped, because not only is it my birthday, but it's the Alpha's son's birthday too. My old childhood friend, Logan.

He will be turning eighteen too, and while I thought he was my best friend growing up, he has become someone I don't even know.

Back when we were little, we were always around each other. Since omegas live in the packhouse with the Alpha family, Logan and I were always together. My mother constantly had both Logan and me underfoot since Luna liked for my mom to watch him. We were all together the day my mother died even, but I don't want to think about that.

That was the day everything changed. My mother died, and the Luna stopped being nice. She forced Logan to stop talking to me, and I became the child she ignored. Alpha still treats me the same and offers a smile anytime he is around, but it just isn't the same. Mrs. Marsh and the other omegas stepped up to take care of me, but I still felt lonely.

Luna Kandace and my mom were as close as Logan and I were back then. I figured she would hold me and comfort me when my mom died, but I guess her shame is just too much.

"There you are, Chloe, would you mind," Mrs. Marsh asks as I come into the kitchen, and I smile before stopping her.

"I already planned on being here for as long as you need, Momma Marsh," I respond before she can finish, and she grins at me.

"Goddess, bless you, child. You make your heavenly mother proud," She says, moving to give me a quick kiss on the cheek.

I blush but smile at the warm affection I have come to depend on. I grab the extra apron Mrs. Marsh keeps on top of the fridge, and I tie it around my waist.

"You work on breakfast. I will get lunch made. I want to spend the time I usually use to make lunch making the pastries for tomorrow...You know Alpha invited 235 people from the other packs? All females and their parents. Can you believe that? And he left ALL the food to me. I know I'm good, but my goodness, he is trying to kill this old wolf. So sandwiches for lunch will have to do. And he better not be expecting anything big for dinner tonight either," Momma Marsh rattles off as she moves around her kitchen, grabbing things without looking.

I nod and give her the appropriate hmms when needed, but for the most part, I stay quiet. Momma Marsh is a talker, and normally I am too, but my mind is on tomorrow.

Alpha Patrick inviting outside females was expected. That's what all Alpha's do. It's become a tradition almost. The more females present when Logan turns eighteen, the higher chance he has of finding his mate. Patrick and Kandace can retire from being the active Alpha couple as soon as their son mates.

Personally, I feel bad for Logan's mate. She is going to have her hands full. Not only is Logan rude and full of himself these days, but he has also become quite the lady's man over the past few years.

He was okay until the end of his sophomore year, don't get me wrong. But he changed when he was sent to Alpha school. He came back for our senior year acting like a completely different person than the kid I used to know. Apparently, while at Alpha school, Logan learned he was ranked in the top three in basically everything. He came back home with a massive chip on his shoulder and began treating certain people in the pack like crap....omegas, to be specific.

Luna Kandace seems to be extremely proud, but when Alpha Patrick catches Logan acting all high and mighty, he gets upset. He usually makes Logan run the border for mistreating us. Then he and Luna have a big fight that echoes all the way down to our living quarters.

I try to block out the yelling, but it's impossible. Luna Kandace is like a screech owl when angry, and nothing makes her more furious than her precious son getting in trouble for mistreating the "help."

The other omegas often wonder why Luna looks down on us, but I don't. I know why and the answer is deplorable. Luna Kandace has very specific reasons for trying to make herself feel better than us, but her and I both know the truth. She is nothing but a big fat coward. So she can mistreat us all she wants. She can behave like she is better, and she can try to convince herself it is true by convincing her son, but I know the truth.

"Morning ladies," Alpha Patrick greets as he strolls into the kitchen, looking the same as he does every day.

I smile at him while Mrs. Marsh huffs.

"Would be a better morning if I had had more help," she mumbles, and Alpha chuckles.

"Don't give me that. You would have thrown a fit if I filled your kitchen with strangers...and Goddess forbid I hire a catering service. You would shift and attack me on the spot Mrs. Marsh," Alpha says, speaking the absolute truth.

I laugh as I hand him a plate full of his favorites, and Mrs. Marsh huffs again. She slaps a dish towel in the air and refocuses on the dough she is rolling.

"Exactly," Alpha states, knowing he won.

Luna's scent gets close, so I place her plate next to Alpha before she arrives, and I turn back to the stove.

"Chloe, it's your birthday tomorrow too," Alpha suddenly says as if he completely forgot, and I nod my head.

I keep my back to the Alpha couple while answering, so my face is hidden from Luna's cold blue eyes.

"Yes, I turn eighteen as well. But my birthday is always a sad day. This year I don't know how to feel," I reply, and Alpha sighs.

"Your mother was a fine wolf. I miss her too," Alpha says, and my ears pick up on the Luna grinding her teeth together.

"Yes, she was," I whisper, and Luna growls.

"If you insist on talking, at least face us. It's bad enough you are disrupting the peace of the morning," Luna snaps, and Alpha growls.

I turn and meet her hateful eyes head-on. For years now, this has been our relationship, but I don't let it get to me. I am a proud wolf. I serve my pack dutifully. I am not worthless or less than her precious son, just like my omega mother wasn't useless thirteen years ago. Every wolf matters in a pack, and her self-hate won't rub off on me no matter what she says.

"Kandace," Alpha growls, and Luna snaps her head in his direction.

"I came down to have a peaceful morning. Tomorrow is OUR son's big day, and you're talking to an omega about ancient history," Luna snaps, and Alpha's neck turns red.

"That omega is your best friend's daughter. She has grown up in our home. I can speak with her about her birthday and her mother," Alpha snarls while using some of his command power.

Luna's posture becomes rigid, and I turn back to the stove to avoid the explosion about to take place.

"Did you just try to bend me to your will," Luna screams, and my ears feel as if they might bleed?

"Yes, I did. What has gotten into you? You act as if you are some fucking queen. Newsflash Kandace, these are our people. They might take care of our basic needs, but it's our job to protect them. We are Alpha's, not tyrants. I can speak to the people who live in our home with us," Alpha roars, and I can feel Luna's eyes on my back for a moment.

"You should be more concerned with your son's big day than the daughter of a dead omega," Luna snaps, and I whip around.

Mrs. Marsh grabs me before I can attack the pathetic female, and the room falls silent. Luna and I stare at each other with nothing but hate while Alpha looks embarrassed.

"Chloe, please forgive Luna. She is just upset with me. Why don't you get your other chores done and send Melanie to help Mrs. Marsh," Alpha says after a few tense moments, and I nod.

I bite my tongue and leave the room, just like my dead omega mother taught me.

Be a lady.

(This world contains zero humans)