

## The Lycan King's Outcast Omega

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### Chapter 1

Sage

“Sage! Sage! Where is that wolfless little urchin?” I hear Daphne, the Beta’s daughter and so-called future Luna, at least that’s how she regards herself, calling out to me as I rush inside the packhouse.

“I’m here!” I answer, a little too breathlessly.

“You’re late!” She chides, the promise of swift and severe punishment lurking in her eyes.

Daphne grabs my wrists, twisting them painfully as she drags me closer. “You lazy little gutterpup! How dare you take advantage of your Alpha’s kindness!” I feel the sting on my cheek before I even register her hand flying out to slap me.

My eyes prick with tears that I refuse to let fall. I rub at the tender flesh while ignoring the snickers from the other omegas who’ve gathered to enjoy the show. They wouldn’t find it so funny if it was happening to them. But of course it never will. Not when they have a poor wolfless outcast like me to abuse instead.

“You will climb up that ladder and polish the crystal chandelier until it shines so bright it hurts your eyes! We have important guests coming to dinner and I will not have our Alpha entertaining in anything less than a spotless home!” She orders.

“B-, but I-, I c-, can’t.” My voice trembles, my fear spilling into my tone. “I’m sc-, scared of heights.”

“You can and you will!” She demands unsympathetically. “Now, get up that ladder before I give you something to really be scared of!”

I stuff the polish and a few rags in my apron pockets, the worn thread stretching at the seams from the heavy load. Just do it, Sage. You’ll be fine. Lots of people climb ladders and live to tell about it. I scramble up the ladder without looking down before I can chicken out.

I’m almost to the top when my foot slips. Suddenly, I’m falling backwards, my arms flailing and my eyes shut tight. I expect to feel the crack of my skull against the hardwood floor at any second, killed by my own lack of coordination.

But the crushing pain I’m bracing for never comes. Instead, a pair of strong arms catches me, pulling me against a warm chest and cradling me there. It feels so nice, I want to snuggle up there and never leave.

“Whoa there, little bird.” His voice is deep and soothing, and slightly amused. “I don’t think you’re quite ready to fly yet.”

“Cassius.” I breathe out, looking up into the handsome face and striking emerald eyes of the Alpha’s son. “I-, I’m so sorry! I don’t know why I’m so clumsy. Thank you for catching me!”

I scramble to get out of his arms and he sets me gently on my feet but doesn’t let me go. My hands feel so small in his, his large palms enveloping mine, his thumbs rubbing softly over my wrists. He’s grinning at me but not exactly in a friendly way, more like the big bad wolf showing his big shiny teeth.

“No need to thank me, little bird. I’m just glad I was here. I’m sure we can find something for you to do that keeps both your feet planted safely on the floor.” He chuckles me under the chin and tucks a strand of hair behind my ear.

“Yes, Alpha.” I agree, gasping when his smile turns feral, like he wants to eat me. I pull out of his grasp, a shiver running down my spine.

“Good girl!” The words rumble up from deep in his chest. He flashes me a sexy smirk and then he’s gone.

“How dare you inconvenience Cassius!” Daphne pops up out of nowhere, startling me out of my dreamy thoughts. “He has far more important things to worry about than rescuing pathetic wolfless omegas!”

She grabs my upper arm, digging her nails into my skin and drags me into the kitchen. Once we’re out of sight, she tosses me onto the ground and stands over me with a glower.

“Since you can’t manage the one simple task I gave you, now you can get down on your hands and knees and scrub the entire floor. Make sure it’s pristine, so clean our guests can see their reflection in it!” She shoots me an evil smirk then tosses her long black hair over shoulder and leaves.

A few hours later, I stand back and look at my handiwork, proud of what I’ve accomplished. The floor is polished to a high shine and the whole room smells like pine. I hope Cassius will be proud of me when he sees it.

Exhausted, I head down the hall for a much needed bathroom break. Daphne and some of her friends are huddled together, whispering conspiratorially but they all go quiet when I pass by. I wonder what the she-devil is up to now.

When I exit the bathroom, they’re all waiting for me. One of them grabs me by my hair and throws me to the ground in the center of their circle. They each take turns kicking and punching me until I can barely breathe.

I curl into a ball and try to protect myself from their blows as much as possible. I used to fight back, but that only made it worse so I learned to lie still and take it, doing my best not to cry. When they’ve all had a turn, Daphne spits on me, a murderous look on her face.

“Stay away from Cassius, you little slut! You think I didn’t notice the little stunt you pulled today? Try and seduce him again and I’ll slit your throat, you piece of scum!”

They leave me lying there on the floor, bleeding and bruised. I take a few minutes to catch my breath then slowly pull myself up to my feet. When I make it back to the dining room, the beautiful floor I worked so hard on is completely destroyed. Dirty, greasy footprints are tracked across the room and it looks like someone dumped the kitchen trash right in the middle.

I sigh, swallowing back the urge to hunt Daphne down and murder her. But I’d only end up in jail for the crime. I work late into the evening to repair the damage, managing to make it sparkle again just before the guests arrive. It’s not as nice as my previous work, but it will have to do.

Starving, I head to the kitchen to wrap up some scraps of food, my pay for all my hard work. Then I start the long trek back to my little shack out by the pack border.

I’m bone-weary and everything hurts from the beating I took. Any other day, I’d take my time walking home. But tonight, I push through the pain, in a hurry to get back. Because tonight, I have someone waiting on me, counting on me to take care of him, and I can’t let him down!