

2. Just a weak Omega.

I had nally nished my chores, and with sweat dripping off me I quickly grabbed a towel and the clothes that I would be wearing to school today and jumped into the shower. I knew no one would be around this time of the morning so I took it upon myself to use the good bathroom. I was only allowed to use the visitor's bathroom on the lower oor usually but today I was feeling rebellious so I took a little longer and used some of my sister's products. It was absolute bliss.

At that moment, a thought had just dawned on me. If the Mitchells weren't my parents, that meant that Casey wasn't my sister. I silently sent a thank you to the moon goddess. I would rather have no sister than a sister as rotten as her. She had been cruel to me my whole life. She was always setting me up, and blaming me for things that she did or didn't do. And my parents, well the people I regarded as my parents, as well as other pack members were always so ready to believe her.

After my shower, I got dressed and made my way down the maintenance stairs, as I wanted to avoid running into anyone. I left out the back of the packhouse and began to make my way to school. I had decided that I would make my way to Michael's house at lunchtime.

Michael was the pack Gamma, and for some reason, he is one of the few people in this pack that has shown me love and kindness, as well as supported me all these years. He is in his early thirties I would estimate a guess. He had lost his mate over a decade ago in a rogue attack. I gure that he must be a powerful wolf, as they say not many can survive losing their mate.

He is the third in command in our pack, but he doesn't agree with our current alphas' ways. Although he generally keeps his feelings to himself. To do otherwise could be very dangerous for him. It is most wolves' worst fear to become a rogue, and to go against their alpha would mean either death or banishment.

Michael has been training me for as long as I can remember. After realizing I was being picked on at school and around the pack, he decided that he would train me himself so that I could protect myself, but he made me promise to only do so in extreme situations, or I could make things even worse for myself.

As I made my way through the corridors of school I was careful to avoid Maddox and my sister at school if I could help it, especially after what I walked into this morning.

My rst two classes went by so slowly. Not that I was paying attention anyways. I was frantically raking my brain to ensure I had everything organized. I packed my backpack over a month ago. Yesterday I put a few snack bars and a large bottle of water in it. I had no ID but Michael had said that he had that sorted. I was just biding my time now, so as not to arouse suspicion.

The intercom beeped. "Would Bella Mitchell please report to the principal's oce now!" The oce lady's voice blared over the intercom.

"OOOOOH!" Everyone cooed as if I was in trouble.

I felt a wave of nervousness overwhelm me. Why would I be asked to go to the principal's oce? I was an exemplary student. I had hoped that it wasn't going to become a potential complication.

I hastily made my way to the principal's oce. I gently knocked on the door. "Come in Miss Mitchell" our middle-aged human principal called out politely.

I pushed the door open, only to nd Alpha Grayson sitting in the chair next to the principal.

My hackles instantly raised internally. Slow down, Bella. I told myself. Alpha Grayson will sense if our heart rate becomes erratic, he will know something is up. Just breathe.

"Good Morning Bella," Alpha Grayson said with a pleased look on his face. He looked to me more like a lion stalking its prey.

"Good Morning Alp- Mister Grayson," I said politely bowing my head in submission. I didn't ever feel an urge or need to do this but did it because it was expected of me.

"Please Miss Mitchell, take a seat. You must be wondering why we called you here?" The principal uttered.

"Ah, yes sir, I am curious now that you mention it. Am I in trouble?" I asked the principal, my forehead creasing with worry, c*****g my head toward him.

"Not at all Miss Mitchell, quite the opposite actually." The principal declared.

Well, now I was confused. I let out the breath that I was holding in relief. I then questioned the principal, "Then why I am here sir?"

"Bella you are our most promising student. Every year we select one student to be valedictorian, and this year, that student is you, Bella, you are well ahead of your peers and show huge potential. I should think you will have your pick of Ivy league colleges should you wish for higher learning." The principal nished with what I perceived as a proud expression on his face.

I sat there astounded, my mouth was wide open in awe. I had no words. I had worked so hard, the whole way through school. I had nothing else in my life and studying gave me something to focus on in the darkest of times. I had no plans for college - let alone an ivy league college.

"Are you sure?" I asked them both. I felt dumbfounded. Speechless even.

"I am absolutely sure Bella! Well done! Your academic record is really quite outstanding. My Personal Assistant will contact you in the coming days to outline your duties as Valedictorian. I would get working on that speech if I were you. I look forward to hearing what you have to say. Again, congratulations," He continued.

"Bella, Mister Grayson here would like a few private words with you. I have some matters to attend to. When you are nished, if you could show Mr. Grayson out to the main reception and then make your way back to class." The principal concluded. He leaned towards me, shook my hand rmly, tipped his head towards Alpha Grayson, and walked out of the room.

I was anxious now. It was just Alpha Grayson and me. Sitting across from him stirred the memories within me. All of the times that he had severely punished me for very minor infractions and in some cases for no reason at all. I had many a lashing at the hands of him. I still had the scars to remind me of them. Being that I hadn't been blessed with a wolf, my healing was that of a human's healing, slow to almost nonexistent in some cases. So being this close and in this proximity to him put the fear of the goddess in me.

Alpha Grayson was very tall, I'd guess about six foot ve. He emanated power, dominance, and darkness. He had dark hair, shaved on the sides with a bit of length on the top, combed to the right side. He has stubble on his face and downwards to his jawline. He has a dark tan and some scarring on his arms, I would hazard a guess that they were caused by a silver blade. He is wearing dark navy dress pants and a white dress shirt.

"Well Bella, looks like you are quite clever. Beautiful and Clever. Pity you are just a weak omega. However, I'm sure we can nd a use for you at Blood Moon." He said with a smirk on his face and paused before beginning again.

"You have grown into quite the sexy young she-wolf. It's your birthday today isn't it?" He said suggestively, his eyes leering a little too long at my legs, his eyes then slowly moving their way up my body.

I cringed internally. I felt goosebumps all over my body. I was holding back the intense desire I had to vomit in my mouth. While Alpha Grayson might pass for what most she-wolves would describe as handsome, I personally know that he is rotten to the core.

"Yes Alpha, it is my eighteenth birthday today," I replied to his question pleasantly. I did not wish to make the alpha mad, especially when I was so close to executing my plan. I held my nerves and focussed on keeping my heart rate steady, giving off the picture of calmness.

"Very good. You might meet your mate today. Have you thought about that?" The Alpha asked me, awaiting my reply.

"No Alpha, I have no desire to meet a mate. I just want to live my life peacefully and perhaps get a job that helps the pack in some way." I told him politely with doe eyes. I tried to act sincere. I know this is exactly what he wanted to hear. I will say just about anything right now to not rock the boat.

"Yes well, being that you have no wolf, your mate would probably just reject you anyway. However, I have a few ideas for you I'm sure we can nd some use for you. I tell you what, after my son's ceremony tonight you are to report to my oce. I have a proposition for you." He said with a grin on his face.

Again his eyes trailed downwards stopping brievely on my chest area then moving to my upper thigh where my skirt is riding up my leg due to the position I'm sitting in. I watched the alpha lick his lips. Again I want to vomit. I forced a pleasant smile on my face. How dare that creep call me weak! Internally I am seething with anger. Externally I smile and accept every heinous thing that comes out of his vile mouth.

"Yes, of course, Alpha," I replied feigning interest and nodding in agreeance.

He nodded his head approvingly and clearly pleased with himself. He then sat up from his chair and waited for me to stand.

"I will show you back to the main reception Alpha," I offered politely. As I turned to walk out I could feel him rub up against me from behind. I moved forward calmly and opened the door for the alpha to walk through, he walked through and I took a breath of relief as we were now in the administration oce and he had to behave appropriately to keep up appearances.

He turned towards me. "Tonight, after the ceremony, and don't be late Bella!" He said.

"Of course Alpha," I agreed, nodding my head toward him respectfully.

What I would give to see the look on his face when he realizes I am not coming and that I have left the pack for good. I wonder how long he will wait before it dawns on him that he has been stood up.

I had returned to class fteen minutes ago, and the bell was about to ring for Lunch. I got my textbooks together, shoved them in my bag, and made my way to the front of the classroom. Maddox was standing in the doorway, blocking the exit.

"Did you enjoy the show this morning Bella?" He asked with a grin on his face.

I rolled my eyes at him, clearly disinterested. "Excuse me, please Maddox," I said politely. As much as he disgusts me, a few hours from now he will be alpha, so I need to at least be respectful.

"I'm not nished with you, omega!" He said, getting angered by my attitude. He grabbed my arm harshly. I could feel his ngers digging into me, that was denitely gonna bruise.

"Please Maddox, you're hurting me," I told him, trying to remain calm and unaffected, so as not to cause a scene around our human counterparts.

Maddox looked around the classroom, realizing that everyone had gone quiet and that all eyes were on us. He then huffed. "I'll see you later, omega!" He said with a low yet menacing voice. And with that he let go of my arm, and moved aside, watching me intently and angrily as I made my way past him.

I quickly walked through the school grounds and slipped out the back past the maintenance sheds, then I started sprinting towards the cabin that Michael owned. Although he stayed in the packhouse with the other ranking pack members, he had inherited a cabin near the lake from a distant relative, so he would often spend time there slowly renovating it.

As I made my way up the path toward the front door. I noticed that the door and windows were shut. Michael's shoes weren't outside the door like they usually would be.

I wandered around the back of the cabin, and there were no signs of anyone being there. Darn, I thought to myself. I must have missed him. Oh well. I will be seeing him soon enough I guess. And with that, I started to make my way back to the school grounds. I was disappointed I wouldn't get to talk with Michael about what I had overheard this morning, but at least I could mention it to him later, while we are making our way out of the pack lands.

A few hours later I was about to leave the school grounds, I was hoping to avoid an altercation today so I will leave from the back of the school buildings, I'll make my way home through the woods. As long as I keep to the main track I shouldn't encounter any rogues.

As I make my way through the dark entrance to the woods, I took a deep breath, nothing smelled better than that fresh earthy woody scent. I looked down at my watch only to nd that I needed to pick up my pace. It was almost three thirty pm, the alpha ceremony started at six PM, and I had lots of chores to get done so that I can leave in time.

I was not far into the woods when I realized that I was not alone. I could sense that someone was behind me. I kept walking at my current pace, so as not to let on to whoever is following me, that I was aware of them. Although it was all in vain as I felt my personal space being encroached and then I registered the scent. Oh goddess no, not now.

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