

The Stained Omega by Elle T Jefferson Chapter 6

(Fraction>>

I'm exhausted. I can't remember ever being this tired. God damn the Mountain Pack. When we heard of the stories coming out of there it shocked packs up and down the country. It wasn't until we started scouting their land that we found the not too well-hidden bodies. Twelve dead Omegas, what a waste. Omegas are special; they have a power about them that just helps glue packs together. They should be treasured, not thrown away like roadkill. I am starting to feel angry about it all over again. I call Eve and have her drop the little wolf off at her room. Shes so small and frail I make a note to speak to mother about getting some food into her, maybe a doctor's visit too. I hadn't missed the marks on her face and neither had anyone else who had seen her. Sure, she has her head down most of the time but even a blind man can see when a woman is in pain. Even a little woman.

'I have the information you wanted Alpha' James my Beta sounds across our mind link

'Great, I'm in my office. Bring coffee.' I respond as I close my eyes and lean back in my chair. 30 second power nap it is.

Less than two minutes later my Beta is walking into my office and bringing with him the smell of a dark Columbian Roast, I have to admit the man knows what I like. It's in a massive mug so he must have a lot of information for me. He offers me the cup and takes a seat cross from me.

"Alright let's have it" I say with a sigh as I take a deep drink of my coffee, I close my eyes for a second, nectar of the Goddess I swear.

James just stares at me for a second, he seems to almost shake himself and starts, "Alright so all the girls are settled. One named Alice and another named," he checks his ever-present notepad "Lisa, did not seem happy with their accommodation. Both seem very, erm, spoiled if you ask me." James seems annoyed and he doesn't get annoyed easily.

"Yeah, I got that impression from Lisa in the Lounge. We will leave them be for now and see how they settle." I responded wishing I could end this conversation and get to my bed.

"I spoke to some of the girls and from what I can tell your 'Little Wolf' "he uses his hands to do little quotation marks around little wolf, "is called Anna. She is 15 years old and not very liked within the town. From what I gather it was openly accepted that she was to be punished for anything and everything by anyone" I wince at this. No child should have to grow up like that. "Keep going" I growl out, my wolf is angry, angry that a child is being treated like this. James continues speaking quickly as if he wants to just be done and not think

of it again “One of the she-wolves told me Anna often walks around sporting bruises, is ignored in general and has no friends. As far as she knows Anna has no wolf.”

“Bullshit.” I spit out. “She has a wolf, she’s just hiding. Abuse someone long enough and they become a shell” I am on the verge of letting my wolf out at this point. I remind Leo, my wolf, that we have killed her tormentors.

“I thought you said you couldn’t smell her designation?” James questions.

“I can’t. I can smell her wolf though.” I say in a quiet voice.

29.88%

“Oh? Oh no.” James sounds sad on my behalf, when I look at him, I can see the sympathy in his eyes. “She’s your mate?” I offer a nod. I don’t want to discuss this further.

You see, wolves don’t find their mate until they are 18 years old. An Alpha though, we can scent our mates as soon as we meet them no matter our age. Our Elders think this is because we are the top of the pack. The most powerful of our wolves. This is normally a good thing but in rare cases, like mine, our mate is under 18. By our own laws I am not allowed to tell Anna she is my mate. She has to wait until she is 18 and find out for herself. I am forbidden to be intimate with her by law and by something deep inside myself, all Alphas have this. I mean she’s just a child, despite it being all kinds of wrong it’s just gross. Yes, she’s my mate but I can honestly say that at this exact moment all I feel for her is protectiveness. I know that when she becomes of age this will change but as of now, I can’t even allow myself to think like that. It’s like a barrier in my brain and heart. Not even my wolf will entertain the idea.

“So, what now?” James asks with sympathy in his voice.

“I want her protected; I want her to have anything she wants. Nothing is too much. I also don’t want her overwhelmed. I want her to grow, become strong, and I want her to be happy. And when she turns 18, well I guess we will see what

happens.” I share my desires for her. “She will be educated in school and at home. I want her ready to be Luna if she decides that’s what she wants when she comes of age. I will keep my distance. I don’t want to influence her too much.”

“Are you sure you can?” James asks. It’s a fair question.

“Yes, because you and Patrick will be responsible for her welfare in all cases.”

It’s a no brainer, I want her looked after

61.24%

so who else better to put her with.

“We can do that Fraction; we can do that.”

“For the love of Goddess, don’t tell my mother.” We both laugh as we finish our coffees.

