

Chapter Two

Amber's POV

A sense of panic assaulted me the moment I realized what was going on and what I had just done. All eyes were now on me and from the corner of my eyes, I could see Lena looking at me with her eyes widened and lled with panic too.

Alpha Roman looked up from the drenched papers and his gaze landed on me. For a moment I couldn't tell what he was thinking as his expression was just as calm as it had always been.

But I could not focus on him any longer because the next moment, a resounding slap landed across my cheeks.

It hurt.

I palmed my face and did not even bother looking up to see the culprit because I knew who it would be. It was Sophie.

Sure enough, I heard her growl above my head. "How dare you? Do you know how important these les are?"

She seemed even more furious than I had always known her to be. I didn't say a word lest it angered her even more.

"You witch. Don't you know your place?" She blared angrily and I could tell she was about to come at me once more.

Just then, Alpha Roman spoke, "Enough."

The room immediately quietened afterward. Even Sophie was quiet and she seemed taken aback that he would interfere.

I couldn't resist looking up at him and when I did, I saw that his attention was no longer on us.

He looked over to the person seated at his right who was one of his betas, Aaron, and said, "Help me print another copy."

"Alright, Alpha." Aaron stood up and left to do as he was told.

Alpha Roman looked back at Sophie and me with an indifferent gaze and looked away.

I felt a surge of relief blow through me seeing that he didn't seem to care much about my error. I immediately bowed and muttered, "Thank you, Alpha."

And without another word, I scurried out of the conference room before he had a change of mind. But not without noticing the glare Sophie gave me on my way telling me that she was going to deal with me.

The moment Lena and I reached the kitchen once more, we both heaved a huge sigh of relief. I was quite shaken because I knew just how unimportant we were in the pack and we are basically the servants.

It would have been a little more bearable if the witch Sophie was not around to taunt me more.

Lena walked over to me and lifted her palm to my face. She rubbed the side of my face gently yet I felt a slight sting from it.

I winced.

Lena looked at me. "It hurts badly?"

"No, it doesn't." I shook my head and proceeded to settle on one of the stools in the kitchen.

"It just hurts slightly. Thankfully, I got out with my head intact."

Lena sighed. She walked away from the sink she was leaning on and headed towards the mini cabinet beside the door.

There was only emergency equipment there. She pulled out the rst aid box in it and returned to me, preparing to tend to my wound.

As she tended to the wound, she sighed. "Life is so unfair. It is not our fault that we are omegas. So, why do they treat us like this? As though we are not part of them?"

I couldn't reply but I felt a twinge in my heart as she spoke.

She went on. "My only hope is that we nd our mates tomorrow. At least, we would have better support to lean on."

Her words got me turning to look at her this time around. My gaze narrowed and I asked, "What if we do not get a mate? Or, if our mates are omegas like us?"

Lena paused for a moment and she looked at me. Her eyes widened and she seemed to have just realized that too.

Her expression fell and she shook her head. "That can't be."

"We can't rule out the possibility." I pointed out.

Lena shook her head and seemed to regain her composure. She said, "There are only two male omegas amongst us. I'm sure none of them would be our mates."

I gave a sad smile.

"Even if they were," She continued stubbornly. "I'll have to avoid both of them tomorrow. And you too, Amber. Out of sight, out of mind. You hear me?"

I nodded at her to show that I agreed. I sighed and smiled to comfort both myself and her. We had to keep our hopes up and not seem downhearted.

Tomorrow was going to dene the next course of our lives and it had to be perfect and I hoped we get a mate better than us in the pack. That would protect us from the suffering.

But as I thought this, I suddenly had a thought.

I looked toward Lena and mumbled, "If we do not get our mates, we would have to leave the pack."

Lena's brows furrowed and she asked, "Why?"

"If we do not leave, not only will the ridicule and bad treatment not stop, we will also get scorned for not getting mates."

Lena's eyes widened and this time around, she seemed devastated. Before I knew it, she came closer, inging her arms around me and sobbing.

"I don't want to live like this anymore, Amber." She sobbed. "I don't want to."

I didn't either.

And, I found myself sobbing along with her.