

Lindsey

Lindsey POV

It's the early hours of the morning when the sun begins to appear in the sky and the sky goes that gorgeous pale pink and blue color. My alarm goes off but I'm already up, sitting in my bed and stretching my arms out, high above my head. Every muscle in my body aches from the day before and I know that by the end of the day, there's no doubt that I'll be in agony again like every other day. I hobble out of bed feeling like a little old lady and hop into the shower, letting the warm water cascade over me and relax my muscles somewhat. It relaxes them enough that I can move them freely about with minimal pain at least and they don't feel as stiff as they did before.

I stand under the water for as long as humanely possible before I'm forced to turn the water off and wrap myself in a towel. Then I quickly brush my teeth and then begin to tame my long, brown hair. Why tame it you ask? Because my hair is so wild and long that it reaches all the way down to my bottom and is a right pain in the ass, so to speak, to brush and pull back into a ponytail, but I endure it because my hair is like my mothers, or so I like to think and because my father will never let me cut it, no matter how many times I've requested it. I have a picture of my mother, and she has the exact same hair as mine, all the way down to her bottom and just as long as mine.

I walk back into the room that is primarily used as my bedroom. It's not much. Not even a proper bed but a threadbare mattress tossed onto a cot. My clothes are kept in a drawer on the oor, I don't even have a proper dresser, and there is a pile of junk littered in one corner. I guess I should consider myself lucky to even have my own bathroom, let alone a hairbrush and toothbrush. The room is small and dank and there's mold growing in one corner. It's the basement of the cottage that I live in and means that I am far away from my father and stepmother Beth.

My name is Lindsey and I am an omega in the pack. That means I am nothing more than a servant. I don't live in the pack house though, I live in a cottage by the edge of the forest with my father and my stepmother Beth. Both of them seem to despise me and I don't know why. I'm told though, that I'm the reason that my mother ran away and that I'm an embarrassment to the pack. I never thought omegas could be looked down upon so much until I became one. Now I'm looked down upon every day and it doesn't end at the pack house. I'm tormented just as much at school. I used to think that the Crimson River Pack was the strongest and most powerful in the world. Now I think it's nothing but a cowardly pack that preys on the weak and bullies those who cannot stand up for themselves. Once upon a time, I would have been proud to have been in such a strong pack but now I feel nothing but ashamed. But there's no way I can show it or voice it, not without being punished that is.

I tie through the small meager pile of clothes I possess, most of them second-hand ones and put on my favorite sweater and jeans, before slowly walking out the front door. I need to get to the pack house and start breakfast before anyone else wakes up and I only have a limited time to do it. I open the door to the large pack house, it's so big it seems like a mansion to me. The cottage I live in is quite large, two stories in fact, but it's nothing compared to this pack house, which is also two stories, but with enough bedrooms to house a lot of the members of the pack, primarily the unmated ones. This includes a lot of the members that torment me, unfortunately. I walked inside and quickly headed towards the kitchen, grateful to see that nobody has woken up yet, and begin to cook up pancakes, sausages, bacon, and French toast. I do the same thing every morning so I have it down pat and it's buffet style so that everybody just helps themselves as I'm the only cook in the mornings, while the other omegas help to clean up afterward so that I can go to school as well as cook and clean for my lazy stepmother and father who do nothing around the house. But that's a whole different story.

Alpha Damian and Luna Chelsea are the first to arrive, seating themselves at the dining table with full plates of food. They have always been early risers. Luna Chelsea always eats the same thing every morning, two rashers of bacon with one slice of French toast while Alpha Damian loads his plate depending on what he's in the mood for. As usual Luna Chelsea looks like a supermodel with her ice-blonde hair and big blue eyes, her makeup heavily made up, and her complexion creamy and smooth, perfectly complimented by her blue pastel dress and black leggings with boots. Alpha Damian was dressed far more casually in a pair of blue jeans and aannel shirt, his beard making him look like he belonged in the forest as a woodcutter. They both looked like complete opposites, and not for the first time, did I wonder how they wound up being mates? I mean, a lot of the time it was like they didn't even like each other. They certainly didn't speak to each other at breakfast time, it was mainly an awkward silence. You could cut the tension with a knife. Why did they get up with each other in the first place? It was a mystery.

I gave a grim smile to myself and wandered over. "Alpha Damian, Luna Chelsea," I said respectfully as other members of the pack began to come in and help themselves to food "can I get you something to drink?"

"I'll have a black coffee" requested the Luna, the same as always. She glowered at me while I pretended not to notice the hatred in her eyes. God knows what I had done to deserve her contempt of me, but I had to have done something. She didn't treat all the omegas like this, just me.

Alpha Damian considered my request for a moment, his hazel eyes sparkling with merriment. He always seemed to be in a good mood. Unlike the Luna. "I'll have a cappuccino" he decided and I gave a nod, disappearing back into the kitchen to honor their requests. In no time at all, I had made their drinks and I quickly placed them in front of the Alpha and Luna, before starting the numerous dishes I had created in the kitchen.

"Hey pigface" I heard Tiffany call out mockingly as her friends laughed outright.

I said nothing, knowing she was insulting me and that I couldn't respond without the Luna getting angry. This annoyed Tiffany for she was trying to get a rise out of me. I heard the sound of a plate breaking and glanced over to see a broken plate on the oor. Tiffany laughed at the expression on my face, putting a hand to her mouth as she grinned at me.

"Oops" she laughed "I guess you better clean that up."

I glared at her. Tiffany was one of the meanest and most popular girls in school. She closely resembled Luna Chelsea with her golden blonde hair and bright blue eyes. Her complexion however was pale and while the Luna was tall, Tiffany was petite and dainty in stature. She was also dating the most popular boy in school Derek, who was also the soon-to-be Alpha, as Luna Chelsea and Alpha Damian have no children. As the strongest warrior in the pack and a natural-born leader, it was only fair that Derek would have been chosen to take over the pack when the Alpha and Luna decided to retire.

I reluctantly grabbed a dustpan and brush and began to sweep up the broken pieces as the Luna got up from her seat and wandered over. "You need to be more careful" she exclaimed as Tiffany grinned from behind her "these aren't cheap plates you know" she snapped.

"Yes, Luna Chelsea" I mumbled under my breath. I wanted to shout out that it was Tiffany who did it, but I knew that would be futile. So instead, I waited to see if there was a punishment coming. The Luna must have been in a good mood though because this time there was none. Instead, she merely stomped off and Alpha Damian followed closely behind her, ashing me an apologetic look. Alpha Damian was always kind to me while the Luna was always full of nothing but disgust and contempt toward me.

Tiffany looked disappointed. I bet she was hoping I would be punished by the Luna. She looked like she was contemplating something but one of her friends tugged at her sleeve and pointed at her watch. It was time to start getting ready to leave for school. I heaved a huge sigh of relief as Tiffany and her cronies left the dining room, as did the majority of the crowd. I nished up what dishes I could and then left the rest for the other omegas, walking back home. I walked in the door to find my father waiting impatiently. I still had to cook breakfast for him and Beth before I could walk to school.

"You're late" he hissed and I winced. I had taken longer than expected to do the dishes this morning. I should have paid better attention to the time but then Tiffany had broken that dish and made me angry.

"Sorry" I apologized, knowing it was pointless.

"You're useless, if you don't hurry up, you're going to be late for school" snarled my father, turning to my stepmother who shook her head in disappointment. I once made the mistake of asking why they couldn't fend for themselves, considering I had to deal with making breakfast for the pack worst and had been beaten black and blue for it. I never made that mistake again. The worst thing was that Beth never even stepped in or tried to prevent it, she just watched my father do it right in front of her eyes. I remember pleading for her to make him stop and watching as she shook her head at me. Now I knew better than to try and get her involved. Beth might not hit or strike me but she more than made up for it by calling me names or vile insults. She was just as bad as my father.

I've often wondered what my mother was like but she ran away when I was a small child and never came back. All I know about her is what I've heard from other people which isn't much and from what I've seen in a single photograph. I do know that I take after her, with the same brown hair and brown eyes. I find myself grateful I don't take after my father, considering he's an abusive asshole. Sometimes, late at night, I'll dream that my mother has come back to save me but it never happens and reality always comes flooding back in. I can't wait to go to college and get away from this pack.

I quickly got breakfast on and served them at the dining table, grabbing my bag and books in a hurry. "I'm going straight to the pack house after school" I reminded them, the same as every day "and I won't be home until late to take care of dinner" I added. They merely nodded, eating their food while I scrambled out the door, and began to jog towards the school, with an eye on my watch. If I was lucky, I thought grimly to myself, I would just make it to school in time. Just.