

Promotional Material

Lindsey POV

I sighed as I made it to my last class. It was English and my favorite by far. However, when I hobbled inside and placed my backpack by my desk, Mrs. Jones looked less than pleased.

"Hands up how many of you have started your novel already?" she asked and mine plus two other hands shot up while everybody else dgeted in their seats and avoided her gaze.

"Need I remind you that I want a g*****! of at least 60 000 words" snapped Mrs. Jones "100 000 is preferable."

She sighed. "The novel will be worth at least half of your grade," she said calmly, making everybody's jaw drop open, "I trust you are seeing the urgency of it now?" she snarled.

The class began to talk in hushed whispers which ltered out throughout the classroom as Mrs. Jones folded her arms and regarded everybody.

"Man, why didn't she tell us that sooner?"

"I would have started earlier if I'd known that it was worth half my grade?"

"I'm screwed. I have no idea what to write about."

"What am I going to do? I'm going to fail" another student whined, sounding completely hysterical. The class got louder still. I winced from all the noise. The air stunk of desperation.

Mrs. Jones let out a shout. "That's enough. I am extending the assignment until after prom but that's it. Be grateful I'm even doing that. I warned you to start this novel immediately and you should have listened. Now then, grab your stuff out, you can spend this lesson preparing the outline for your novel."

There was silence as everyone grabbed paper and pens from their bags, with frowns on their faces as they began to concentrate on their novels. I happily began to write, losing track of time completely as I got lost in my writing. I was shocked when the bell rang and students began to make a beeline to the door. The time had passed so quickly. I guess time ies when you are actually enjoying yourself.

"Just a minute Lindsey" called out Mrs. Jones and I hesitated, putting my stuff back in my backpack slowly. Had I done something wrong? She didn't look angry, I thought bewildered as I placed my bag over my shoulder and reluctantly made my way to her desk.

"It's alright," Mrs. Jones said all friendly like when she saw the look on my face "I just wanted to check in with you and see how you were doing with your novel. Are you having any problems with it?"

I shook my head. "Actually I have a fair bit accomplished." I was proud of that.

"Can I ask what it's about?"

I hesitated. "It's about an omega that's in a hateful pack that treats her like a servant, but one day she manages to escape the pack and becomes a successful journalist."

Mrs. Jones gave me a wry grin. "A biography of sorts then," she said a little sadly. She was one of the few teachers that treated me kindly.

"Sort of" I hedged. I dgeted, feeling awkward. I avoided her eyes.

Mrs. Jones stood up, grabbing her own bag. "Well if you ever need anything, you know that you can come to me. I'll help you in any way I can" she promised and I gave a small nod.

She looked away and for a moment I could swear there were tears in her eyes. "Take care Lindsey and be careful getting back to the pack house," she said dismissively and left the room.

I sighed and made my way outside, heading to the outskirts of the forest. Although I really didn't have much time, I spent a few minutes looking for Max.

"Max" I called, looking for the grey and white husky that had been so thin and starved looking "here boy, here boy" I called out, hoping he would come to me. I even patted my thighs hoping he would hear me from afar and come running. I walked a little bit into the woods, hoping to see a ash of him but there was no such luck and my spirits sank. There was no sign of him and I couldn't risk searching for him for too long. I would take some food out here again tomorrow at school and try my luck again but for now, I needed to get to the pack house and start my many chores. Today was laundry day, which meant piles and piles of laundry to wash, dry, and sort. It was a good thing we had a huge clothesline out the back of the pack house.

I began to walk, taking the back roads, mainly out of cowardice. I knew that Tiffany and the others would take the main roads in order to get home quicker, in their fancy cars with their friends and I was in no mood to run into any of them. I jogged slightly, realizing that I had spent a little longer than I had thought, searching for Max, the pack house coming into view, my breathing shallow, sweat beading on my brow.

I walked into the pack house, my back feeling tight. I knew that meant that my back was starting to heal but it didn't stop the endless throbbing sensation. Without a word to anyone, I walked upstairs, starting on the top oor. The Alpha and Luna would never allow me into their bedroom so I didn't have to worry about their laundry. Instead, I started in Mason's room which was thank goodness unoccupied, grabbing his laundry hamper and hoisting it downstairs, placing it into the laundry room, and then racing back up. I went into two other rooms which were complete pigsties, grabbing dirty clothes off the oor and shoving them into their hampers, walking down with both of them, and shoving them into the laundry. Derek's room was next and I hesitated outside the door, remembering what had happened the last time I entered his room. An image of him naked, on his bed, his hand on his shaft, pumping it back and forth entered my mind unbidden and I swallowed hard. My hand trembled as I knocked on the door.

"Hello" I called out in a shaky voice.

Please god, don't be there, I thought, crossing my ngers.

There was no answer. I waited. Nothing. I opened the door and began to pray but there was no one there and I darted inside, making a beeline for the bathroom and grabbing hold of the hamper. I picked it up and carried it outside of the bedroom and down the stairs into the laundry room before tipping it into the large commercial-grade washing machine with the other clothes, turning the machine on, and leaving them to be washed.

There was a lot of washing on the line and I grabbed a few empty laundry baskets and carried them outside into the warm sunshine. I began to undo the pegs, letting the clothing fall into the basket and sighing deeply as the basket began to ll. I stiffened as I heard giggling and voices, ducking behind a sheet.

"You're so funny" cooed Tiffany as I glanced around the sheet and saw her with Derek, hand in hand, walking across the grounds, almost right in front of me.

There was a pause and I felt this small searing pain in my abdomen which made me hunch over. I bit my lip to keep from crying out and turned my eyes to look, seeing Tiffany and Derek kissing, his hand on her shoulder, her hair cascading over his. A pang of jealousy hit me and I almost recoiled. Since when was I jealous of Tiffany? She could have Derek as far as I was concerned. He had caused me nothing but trouble. But part of me was drawn to him regardless, like a moth to a ame. I chided myself for being silly, straightening myself up and beginning to grab hold of more of the washing as they turned and began to walk away, towards the training ring, where no doubt, Derek was going to train.

I lled up three baskets before coming inside and beginning the endless task of folding. All clothes are labeled with names inside of them to make it easier for us omegas to separate them. I was heavily involved in my task when Sandy, another omega appeared in the doorway, dgeting with her hands.

"Lindsey" she called, bringing my attention to her "Luna Chelsea and your stepmother Beth would like to speak to you."

I was surprised but it was quite common for Beth to visit Luna Chelsea who was a good friend of hers. "Is my stepmother here?" I asked cautiously. Well, that was a dumb question, I thought sarcastically, hadn't Sandy just told me she was? Way to go Lindsey.

Sandy rolled her eyes. "Yeah, why do you think I'm here?" she asked sarcastically.

"Where are they?" I asked resigned.

"In the formal living room," she snapped, turning on her heel and leaving as I stared at the back of her dejectedly.

I wondered what they wanted. It wasn't often Beth requested to see me and I always assumed it was because she was embarrassed to have a stepdaughter that was an omega. She sure as hell acted like it. I gathered up my composure and walked out of the laundry room, making a mental note to come back and nish the folding, and walked toward the formal dining room, where only certain people were allowed to enter, primarily the Luna and Alpha and their friends. I nervously wandered in, seeing Beth sitting on a formal chaise with Luna Chelsea, both chatting to each other, which stopped the instant I entered the room.

Beth stood up and made her way toward me, giving me a hug and a kiss on the cheeks as I frowned perplexedly. "Just the girl I wanted to see" she beamed.

I folded my hands together and waited politely for them to tell me what it was they wanted. I wasn't naive. They wanted something from me.

Luna Chelsea gave me a friendly smile. There was a large box next to her, sealed shut, with Tiffany's name all over it. My curiosity was awoken. "Lindsey," said Luna Chelsea "there is a favor that we must request of you. You see Beth here has volunteered you to do something for me and well for Tiffany per se," she said breezily.

I'm sure my face looked like a thundercloud at that stage. Beth gave a cough. "Tiffany as you know is running for prom queen and I have volunteered you to put up her campaign posters for her around the school."

I blinked. They had to be joking. This was too much. They wanted me to put my tormentor's campaign posters around the school for her. I wanted to laugh out loud.

"I'm sorry," I said slowly and a bit sarcastically, not thinking rationally by this point, having had a long and exhausting day at school, "does Tiffany not have two hands capable of doing this herself?"

There was an awkward silence. Beth looked embarrassed. Luna Chelsea looked astonished by my sarcasm. My hands were clenched into sts. I couldn't do it. Beth slowly stood up, gripping my chin tightly with one hand and staring into my eyes. "How dare you be such an ungrateful little bitch," she snarled "You'll do as I ask or suffer a punishment from your father" she added. I gaped at her. She wouldn't dare, would she?

I wanted to scream at her. How dare you threaten me. How dare you make me do this.

Tiffany was like a parasite, leeching all the happiness out of me. Beth was a monster, I seethed.

Luna Chelsea stood up and towered over me with her tall, lithe frame. She swung her hand back and slapped me. "You will put the posters up, tomorrow, by order of the Luna," she said icily, "is that understood Lindsey?"

I hung my head. I couldn't refuse Luna's orders, no matter how much I wanted to. I gritted my teeth together. "Yes, Luna Chelsea" I spat out.

She looked like she wanted to hit me again, but Beth grabbed her by the arm. "She'll do as we ask" she whispered to the Luna and the Luna relaxed, sitting back on the sofa and grabbing her wine, Beth joining her.

The Luna waved a hand at me. "You can leave," she said dismissively "make sure you get your chores done and then come back for this box. It has Tiffany's posters in it."

I left fuming. Why I thought bitterly, did everything happen to me and nothing ever happen to Tiffany? Why was she spared all the suffering and torment? Why had the moon goddess given me this paltry existence?