

Derek

Lindsey POV

I had to make a beeline for home first in order to clean up the sticky coke that was tossed on me on the way home from school. It was just my luck that Beth had to be home. She took one look at me and laughed, seeing the way my hair had gone all limp and the way my clothes were damp and beginning to smell.

"You really are hated aren't you," she said snidely as I raced downstairs to my room and headed into the bathroom. I needed to be quick as I couldn't be too late to the pack house or I would be punished. I was in and out of the shower within minutes, putting my clothes into the laundry, and then ran to the pack house where I was greeted with a fuming Luna Chelsea who was standing there with her arms folded, her icy blue eyes glaring at me.

"You're late" she hissed, grabbing hold of my hand and twisting it sharply.

I let out a yelp. "I'm sorry Luna Chelsea, I had to clean up. It won't happen again" I cried.

She pursed her lips, looking daggers at me. I knew she was thinking of some way to punish me. I cringed, waiting for it. Sure enough. "You can clean all the bathrooms of the unmated males" she spat out "on the top oor."

The unmated males were disgusting creatures who didn't care about the state of their rooms and bathrooms. This was a cruel punishment but not a new one. It was a special one that she seemed to reserve when she especially wanted to punish me. I said nothing, hanging my head down as she stomped off, presumably to go and order the other omegas. The only good thing about being put on cleaning duty was that it meant I didn't have to cook dinner and that the other omegas would.

I went and fetched the cleaning supplies I needed, including the mop and bucket, before trudging up the long stairs, wishing we had a lift. Not because I was lazy, but because it was difficult to carry everything you needed on one trip and go back and forth to do the cleaning. I knocked on the first door. "Hello" I called out and heard a muffled answer.

"Come in."

I opened the door and walked in, trying not to gape. It was Mason's room, one of the seniors in the high school. He's a football player and at the moment he was currently topless and doing situps in his bedroom. He gave me a wink. At least he doesn't torment me but it was uncomfortable to look at him half-naked. I held up the mop bucket.

"I'm here to clean your bathroom," I said quietly "but if you want me to come back later" I offered half hoping he would ask me to.

He shook his head. "Nah it's cool," he said easily "I can leave. I've gotta get some training in any way. Just do me a favor and lock the door on the way out?" he asked and I nodded.

He grabbed a shirt and put it on, before walking out and leaving me in peace. I heaved a sigh of relief and quickly got to cleaning. Mason surprisingly was one of the few neat members of the pack and it took me no time at all to clean his bathroom. I left, locked the door, and started the next one.

The next one had me wrinkling my nose in disgust and had me wishing I had a hazmat suit. There were broken condoms littered all over the bathroom floor. This I found repulsive in itself. Most wolves, myself included, waited until they found their mates to have s*x, but there were a few who didn't bother. You can guess this one was in the latter group. There was also a pair of panties that I threw away and a bong which I delicately placed back in the bedroom. It wasn't my place to judge, even though I silently did, but it was my job to clean and to clean thoroughly, especially since I knew that Luna Chelsea would be double-checking my work to make sure it was done to her standards. She took pride in having a clean pack house and while the unmated males didn't like her being in their rooms, neither did they have the right to demand she stay out. It was her right as Luna to be able to go wherever she wanted. The pack house was her domain and everybody needed to remember that.

I hesitated outside of the next one and then sighed. I didn't really have a choice. I would have to do his bathroom eventually, even if I left it till last. I just wished I didn't have to do his bathroom at all. Damn Tiffany for throwing that frozen coke at me! It was her fault I was late in the first place. If it wasn't for her I wouldn't be doing this and I would be doing my normal chores of cooking dinner and dusting etc. I was seething, my hands clenched into fists. But I couldn't continue to procrastinate and I sighed, shaking my head and then knocking on the door. I held my breath, vehemently hoping that he wasn't in there, that maybe the moon goddess would grant me some small reprieve today. But luck wasn't on my side, because I heard his voice, muffled on the other side.

"Who is it?"

I grimaced. Damn. He was in there. "It's Lindsey. I've been instructed by Luna Chelsea to clean your bathroom" I nished weakly.

I dared him to refuse me. If he did there wasn't much I could do but tell Luna who would no doubt tell me to leave him alone. On second thoughts that didn't seem so bad. I crossed my fingers and waited.

There was silence on the other side of the door and then his voice called out "come in."

My shoulders slumped. Damn.

I sighed and opened the door, gathered my cleaning stuff up, and walked through the door, stopping short when I saw him. Derek was lying there, on the bed, naked, a sheet covering him from the hips downwards. My eyes dropped down involuntarily, my cheeks flushing as I saw his taut abdomen and bare chest. He smirked as I looked away, feeling hot all of a sudden.

"Like what you see?" he asked and I couldn't answer, stumbling to the bathroom as he laughed.

I began to clean, trying to avoid looking back in his direction. I could hear him sniggering and then I heard him shut the bedroom door again. I said nothing, just began to scrub the floor and mop it, wiping the sweat off my brow and then stepping back into the bedroom with relief. I was finished. I had maybe two more bathrooms on this floor to go, for only the most prestigious were on the top floor, which meant Derek's friends mostly, and I would be free to go unless Luna Chelsea had something else for me to do.

I halted in my tracks. Derek was lying there, nude, the sheet no longer covering his body as my eyes stared at him horrified. I blushed, but my eyes refused to look away, my feet paralyzed to the floor. Why couldn't I look away? Why couldn't I move? What drew me to him? There was a self-satisfied smile on his face. He stretched out, and my eyes dipped down to look at his erection which was jutting out proudly. I swallowed hard.

"I bet you wish you could have this" Derek said with a small nod, looking down at himself.

I tried to shake my head but it was like my body was frozen stiff.

His hand grasped his shaft and I gaped before he began to move it up and down at a slow pace. I couldn't help it, I stared fascinated, unable to keep my eyes away. "I bet you've never even been f****d" he whispered, his eyes turning dark as he looked at me.

I was a virgin still and the notion of having someone before finding my mate filled me with apprehension. I believed in finding my mate and having true love still, it was the only thing that got me through the day, well that and getting my acceptance letter from college.

"Have you Lindsey?" he asked "Have you ever been f****d?"

I shook my head slowly, my eyes staring into his. What was this spell he had me under?

His hand began to pump a little faster now.

"What about m*****n" he whispered, his breathing heavy and ragged, his body moving, hips thrusting back and forth as he used his hand to masturbate with himself.

Again I shook my head. I was beginning to feel disgusted and I wanted to walk away, but he was between me and the door. I began to take a step and his eyes glared at me.

"Don't move" he barked in an Alpha tone and I was forced to stay still, forced to watch him as he m*****d.

"Please" I whispered, "let me go."

He shook his head, a wicked grin on his face. "You get to watch me" he snarled and began to move his hand even faster. I tried to move my face and his eyes shot to mine. "Watch me" he barked in an alpha tone and I was helpless to do anything but what he commanded of me. Now I was praying that someone, anyone would come and check on me.

"Do you like what you see?" he asked. He seemed to be getting off on this, I thought to myself miserably.

"No," I said thickly.

"Liar" he laughed. "I can sense your arousal from here" he growled.

I cringed in embarrassment. My juices were oozing. I couldn't help it. There was something about Derek that sexually attracted me to him even though he was nothing but mean to me. It was like I was a glutton for punishment. God this was so humiliating.

"I can smell your sweet juices" he continued and I inched.

I was never going to live this down. My embarrassment was clear on my face.

His hand began to furiously pump, my eyes are drawn to his c**k as it began to twitch slightly.

"You know what your problem is" snapped Derek "You're so damn innocent Lindsey, so damn virtuous. Like you are better than everyone else."

I wanted to protest and opened my mouth to do just that but something in his facial expression stopped me.

"God, just being near you kills me" he moaned "and you have no f****g clue, that's the rub" he snapped. "God, I despise you" he continued, still thrusting his hand back and forth, his head beginning to move back, "sweet, kind Lindsey. You're nothing but a damn doormat. A worthless, piece of s**t. You'll never amount to anything" he vented.

Tears pricked the corners of my eyes. They began to trail down my cheeks. Suddenly he let out a large grunt and his body stiffened. I didn't know much about s*x but I knew he had reached his final conclusion or his orgasm. He reached over and grabbed a tissue, wiping his hand and his c**k right in front of me. His eyes were still a piercing black. He glared at me but before he could say another word the door burst open and Luna Chelsea stood there, taking in the scene.

"What on earth" she exclaimed and then she strode over to me, grabbed hold of my hair, and began to drag me away as I frantically tried to keep up. "How dare you try to seduce the soon-to-be Alpha" she hissed.

Say what now? As if, I thought to myself indignantly. If anything I was horrified by what had just happened to me.

"I wasn't," I said weakly but Luna Chelsea was seething and she stomped down to the basement, still dragging me by my hair.

"You're spending the night in the dungeon" she declared, "as punishment. I can't believe the gall of you" she snarled "be grateful that's the only punishment I'm giving you" she added.

Right, great. I'm so grateful I'm spending the night in the dungeon I thought to myself sarcastically as she opened the cell door and threw me inside, sending me ying. I landed on the threadbare mattress, seeing stars.

"You little b***h" she yelled, "god, I despise the day you were born into our pack."

That stung. I watched as she disappeared from view and then, and only then, did I curl up in the fetal position on the threadbare mattress and begin to cry as my stomach growled loudly from hunger.