

Dark Obsession 1

Chapter 1

1. Just an Omega

EVANGELINE.

I watched the minutes tick down on the huge clock behind the teacher's desk, each second ticking by agonisingly slow as I zoned out of whatever the teacher was droning on about. Three more days I remind myself, three more days and I have officially finished this part of my life. That thought both scared and excited me.

It excited me because I would no longer have to see my tormentors five days of the week. It scared me because my future was unknown. And being that I was the weakest of the pack, my options were limited. And all because of one little issue. I was Omega. I was the lowest on the food chain, prey. A nobody.

The shrill sound of the bell on campus rang, and I blinked, coming out of my stupor. I glanced around the classroom, watching as students raced to escape as soon as the doors opened and pupils rushed out.

The school was a mix of humans and werewolves. Despite the typical cliques of cheerleaders, jocks, geeks, etc., there were even ranks amongst the werewolves too... I was just an Omega.

An omega was only good for two things; to serve as a pup carrier, or a plaything for a wolf who wanted me. That's what's expected anyway. As an omega we are meant to be meek and submissive and most of all compliant.

Placing my belonging into my bag, I toss my bag over my shoulder, making my way out of class.

The shrill sound of chatter now filled the hallway that was dead silent only minutes earlier.

"Oi move it!" One of the jocks shouted, tossing a ball at his friend, I ducked, the ball whizzing past my head.

"Loser!" One of the others snickered as I brushed my hair off my face, wanting to disappear into the ground.

Shuffling over, I stop close to the wall, my heart racing in my chest. I didn't like the noise or the rowdy way the pupils behaved... Loud noise always seemed to trigger my fight or flight or in my case paralyse me in fear. This time is no different, as my mind is assaulted by memories I weren't sure were mine, or some conjured nightmare that has plagued me for as long as I could remember. Their screams, the scent of blood and the cold snow under my feet assaulted my mind.

Taking deep breaths, I zone out of my surroundings, no wonder everyone thought I was a freak. One loud noise has me near jumping out of my skin, though it has gotten better over the years. I hadn't had a panic attack in years, so I am a little surprised the jock pulled one out of me.

Regathering myself, I continue walking, each step becoming a little easier until I am smashed by someone's shoulder. I bite back the urge to growl at them or shove them back. I don't do any of those things I wished I was brave enough to do. Not even when I step into the corridor where my locker is and another of my fellow pack member flicks up the back of my skirt, earning a shriek from me and an onslaught of laughter from those that witnessed my blue boy legs beneath.

My bravery went only as far as in my head, though. This is the daily torment I couldn't wait to escape. However, I also didn't want to be sold to the highest bidder once I turned eighteen, which was only a few days away. It wasn't always sexual. Often, omegas were sold to other packs to tend to house chores. Even then, we would be paid a wage. But the prettiest ones were often sold for more... We all knew why. Even if we no longer lived in the past, we were still just objects.

I put my belongings away and retrieve what books I needed for home, re-stacking them in my bag and heading for the doors while ignoring the words spoken at me or about me as I pass.

Some omegas were loved by high-ranking males and hated by ranked females. Where the Alpha may have a few favourite omegas, the Luna or other females would treat the omegas like dirt. That was the life expected of me, that someday I'd serve an Alpha or Beta, if I was lucky. Maybe it was because I spent the last decade being taken care of by an Alpha family, but I didn't want that at all.

I wanted love... But who was I kidding? The man I loved was out of my league.

Sinclair Welhaven, future Alpha of the Silver Mountain Pack.

Sinclair was the one who had found me in that town that fateful night, one dark, snowy night. He had been out hunting with his father, Alpha Aeron, when they had stumbled upon the blood-ridden town. Sinclair had caught sight of me when they had tried to look for survivors, walking along with no memories of what happened or where I was.

I only knew one thing, and that was my name. Evangeline. Sinclair was only thirteen at the time, and I had been around eight... When he found me, I was covered in blood, clutching a teddy. From the bodies, they realised they were all humans, so they had quickly got me out of there before the police showed up.

I was lucky enough to be brought back to safety with them, and even luckier that the Alpha decided to adopt me, although I was just an Omega. Sinclair had lost his mother and younger brother only a few months before that night, and so the Alpha had thought he could use the company and decided to adopt me.

I always admired him and wanted to make him proud growing up, but that soon changed into more...

Stopping just at the doors leading out, I dig through the front pocket of my bag, retrieving the list Grandmother Philomena had given me. She wanted me to grab some supplies from the town centre, before heading home. She was Alpha Aeron's mother, and with his Luna gone, she was very much the lady of the house and pack.

I walked out of the building, doing my best not to bump into anyone. Ever since I had refused one of the werewolf boys, they had started bullying me. As an omega, they thought I'd just be ready to get down with anyone.

I couldn't really blame them for that mindset, when it was something many Omegas did, and in return, they were all taken good care of. I just didn't fit. I didn't want to be anyone's plaything or sex doll. I wanted to be me.

When I figured out who and what that was...

I was almost to the edge of campus when someone blocked my path. I internally facepalm myself for not watching my surroundings. Cursing at myself, Celia was always seeking an opportunity to humiliate and degrade me, and I unknowingly walked directly toward her.

"Look, it's the prude who thinks she's above us all." Celia, the daughter of the Alpha of the Wolf Arrow pack, scoffed.

I didn't respond. If I did, it would only make her react worse, she wanted a reaction one I refuse to give her. After all, she was bitter since it had been her boyfriend at the time, who had tried to get it on with me.

Dark Falls was right in the centre of six packs and one of the few schools that all the packs sent their kids to.

"Aiy! Talking to you here!" Gwen snapped, grabbing my shirt and making me jerk to a stop.

I turned and looked at them. All three were gorgeous, and you could tell from their toned physiques that they were excellent fighters too.

"Well, she's probably thinking she's going to get lucky once she turns eighteen." Celia taunted, stepping closer.

"Wait, wait, does she think Sinclair would want her?" Janet jeered, making the other two laugh.

I looked down, waiting for them to just get their bullying over with, so I could leave. It's easier if you just stay silent anyway...

Celia pinched my arm her nails digging in harshly, I press my lips in a line fighting the urge to palm her perfectly straight nose. It wouldn't be worth the beat down I would get afterward.

"Ah, look at that fat there! Jeesh! Work out a little fatty!" She hissed.

"Yeah, nobody wants a fat little Omega bitch." Celia spat. Two of her friends glanced around keeping look out. All this time, they were alert to their surroundings, almost as if watching who was close.

I did do little workouts, but because I was an omega, I wasn't really allowed to train with the warriors. Heck, I don't think I'd be able to keep up anyway. Besides, I copped enough beat downs at school, I wasn't going to voluntarily sign up for extra. "Is that what you're hoping for, Omega, that Sinclair will take you as his, love and cherish you?" Celia laughs.

I swallowed, glancing away, and Celia chuckles. "Don't delude yourself Omega, the only thing Omegas are used for is side bitches, for the main bitch to order around."

"She doesn't deserve to even breathe the same air as Sinclair." Gwen muttered.

They kept their voices down as a group of people passed. I may be an Omega, but I was still adopted by Alpha Aeron, and they wouldn't want to upset him.

"Do you want to be my little bitch Evengaline, I will gladly give you my sloppy seconds, you know gotta give to charity and all good deeds and all that. Daddy always taught me to give to the less fortunate. Maybe I will even let you suck him off after he's done with me, just so you can taste what a real woman tastes like." her friends laugh as she leans in closer.

I grit my teeth, trying not to let her words get to me, but it did hurt.

"Is that what you want? For me to take you as my charity case?" she sneers, looking me up and down. "And don't forget to thank me when you're down cleaning me off him, that's all Omegas are worth, cleaning up after their Luna's."

Gwen giggles beside her. "I bet she would enjoy every second," she sneers.

"Well would you..." Celia trailed off, her scornful expression changing to a smile as she flicks her long hair over her shoulder, gives a wave to one of the passing teachers and pretending we are best friends. "I mean, I can't wait for your birthday."

I frowned in confusion, looking up sharply when I heard footsteps on the gravel behind me.

My heart skipped a beat when I saw the tall, handsome man that now approached us. He was wearing a smart shirt with black pants. His gorgeous grey eyes were on me, and his tumble of chocolate locks fell on top of his forehead.

"Sinclair." Celia said, smiling sweetly at him, running her fingers through her blond hair.

He ignored her, looking down at me. His cinnamon and spice scent made me inhale discreetly. He smelt of safety.

"Evangeline." he says, the corners of his lips tugging up slightly, while my heart flip-flopped in my chest.

Snapping out of my daze, I glance at Celia to see her glaring at me. "Hey... What are you doing here?" I asked.

Sinclair was twenty-four, and although he often visited the city for work, I wasn't expecting him on campus grounds.

He smiled faintly.

"I thought I'd come to collect you, I heard you were going to be picking up some stuff for Grandmother... I wanted to take you somewhere after you were done." He said, making my heart skip a beat.

I didn't miss the look of jealousy on the trio's faces, and I couldn't help but smile up at him.

"Ok, let's go." I replied, as Sinclair placed a protective arm around my shoulders, he turned to the girls becoming serious.

“Ladies.” He said, giving them a curt nod, yet there was a silent warning in his eyes, and I saw Celia pale as she backed away slowly. “Come on, my car’s over there.”