

Omega Unleashed

Chapter 5

Elena POV

When I opened my eyes, I was lying on a soft bed. It was even better than what I'd had before I became a slave in my old pack.

Old pack.

The word sent a burning thrill of joy through me. I was free. I would no longer be called a murderer. I would no longer have to bear beatings everyday. I would no longer have to pick between starving or eating moldy bread.

I was free.

Alpha Draven might not want me. I had seen the displeasure in his eyes when he had walked to me. He hadn't been expecting to find a mate. Or maybe he hadn't expected his mate to be a slave.

But I would do everything in my power to stay here. His defense of me against Alpha Carter proves that he was not the same kind as him. He would not abuse me, even if only to keep up appearances.

The burning in my chest intensified, happiness, I thought at first, but then it got worse. I thought I could smell flesh burning. I hurriedly ran to the huge mirror in the room and pulled down my dress to see my chest.

My eyes widened at the reflection in the mirror, my eyes were glowing and faint markings were visible on my skin, gathering at a single point on my chest where the burning pain was coming from. I gasped, suddenly unable to breathe. What was happening to me?

The door was wrenched open with a deafening crack, splinters flying everywhere as Alpha King Draven stormed in. He must have felt my pain and fear through the mate bond.

"Help me." I choked out, on my knees, it felt like an invisible hand was clutching my throat.

Alpha King Draven scooped me into his arms in two steps and started soothing me with his pheromones. The relief was instant. I can finally breathe and I can feel the burning sensation at my chest begin to recede until it finally stops. I glanced at the mirror, my skin was back to normal.

I sighed and moved out of Alpha King Draven's arms. My hair was matted with sweat and I hadn't bathed in a while. I glanced down at myself in disgust. I must smell awful.

I turned to him to apologize for dirtying his clothes when I noticed he was watching me with an unreadable expression on his face.

"What was that?" He asked, his voice low.

I shook my head and replied honestly, fear creeping into my voice. "I don't know, Alpha King Draven, I've never experienced anything like this before. I can't explain it."

He glanced at me silently for a moment "Draven."

"What?" I asked confused, why was he suddenly telling me his name? I already knew what his name was.

"You can call me Draven." He replied irritably as he started walking away "Come with me."

I followed behind him, making sure to thank him for the honor of being able to refer to him by his first name but he only responded with a grunt. He must not really like talking.

Draven led me into the woods. We walked for a while and I started to wonder if we actually had a direction when a cabin suddenly came into view. Thin curls of smoke drifted from the chimney and dissolved into the morning air.

I glanced at Draven, he was still walking forward with purpose, so I followed him. Right as we reached the entrance of the cabin, the door suddenly flung open and a representation of what I could only call a witch doctor stood there. She bowed deeply to Draven and he bowed slightly in return.

The witch doctor was different from how I had expected witch doctors to look. The one at my old pack had been half bent with age and frequently had sand in his hair. But this one was young and in the prime of her life. Her dark hair was braided with silver and red threads, her robes loose and flowing down to the ground. I could see faint sigils running down her neck and arms, pulsing with light as she moved.

"Alpha." She greeted "I see you've found her."

I watched Draven's face contort for a moment before he replied "Yes, as you said I would."

She smiled and ushered us in. It smelled like herbs inside but there was a slight smell of smoke in the air that left a bitter taste on my tongue.

Rows and rows of bottles, jars and strange ingredients rested on the wooden shelves. The witch doctor turned back to us

"I presume you have something you seek my opinion on, Alpha?"

"Yes." Draven answered solemnly, then he explained what he had seen.

The witch doctor circled me curiously, murmuring incantations. I stood still, waiting for her to finish. When she stopped, she stretched out her hand to me saying "Give me your hand child."

I put my hand in hers, curious about what she was going to do. She covered my hand with her other hand and started murmuring incantations again.

Suddenly she gasped and jerked back, away from me. I stared at her with widened eyes, my heart pounding. What had she seen that had scared her so much? I could see the beads of sweat gathered on her forehead.