

The Omega For Sale by Kess Chapter 1

1. A Decision

The hallway in front of me seemed blurry. I blinked rapidly to stop the tears that were currently running down my cheeks, partially blinding my vision.

I felt sore everywhere, my waist, my back and even down there seemed to be burning

I pulled my shredded clothes tighter on my frame trying to cover my body as much as I could but it didn't work.

As I limped down the hallway, I caught sight of the large hand bruise on my thigh and that was the final straw.

Leaning against the wall, I let myself slide down to the floor and the sobs that I had been trying to suppress finally bubbled to the top, tearing out of my throat in harsh bursts, I cradled my knees to my chest and covered my face with my long blonde hair.

My skin was covered in sex marks, my entire body burning with pain, my legs felt sticky and I reeked of sex and blood.

Tears and snot fought for a space on my face and the hopeless feeling that overwhelmed my frame was almost drowning.

Four Months Later

I'm working in the kitchen and the sounds of pans and pots were not enough to drown out the harsh whispers that surrounded me, I could hear the hatred and bitterness in their words and no matter how much I tried, I couldn't ignore or block them out.

'She has most probably slept with half the men in this pack, such a slut. Sleeping around has gotten her pregnant.'

The harsh words made me wince and in this moment I would give anything to be out of this room, but I had to be here to prepare dinner with the rest of the omegas else I would be punished.

I could feel my hands tremble and I gripped the wooden spoon that I had been stirring the pot with harder. I lowered my head down in an attempt to hide the tears that were starting to brim in them.

I wanted to scream at them,

I wanted to tell my side of the story, but I knew that it would be of no use. No one would ever believe me, and so I remained silent.

The memories of that night flooded back to me.

THAT NIGHT.

“Freya, come over here now.” The Omega trainer Darren called out to me, shouting to be heard over the loud music.

Bowing my head in submission, I made my way over to him, pushing past the drunk partygoers, and the ones that had begun grinding on themselves on the dance floor. My small stature made it difficult to move through the crowd but finally I made it over to the trainer and a tray of drinks had been pushed into my arms.

“Go over there and serve the guest. Be on your best behavior Freya.” The warning in that tone has been clear enough.

Looking over to where Darren had pointed, I shuddered in fear, the area was a private part of the club and it held only one guest.

I couldn't see them even as I got closer because of the dimmed lights and my hands shook slightly in fear. I tried to steady them all the while praying to the goddess that I didn't mess up in any way.

“Took you long enough.” The guest had said the moment that I had gotten to his side, taking the single glass that sat atop the tray. The slur of his words was a confirmation of his drunken state, but it wasn't enough to take the authority away from his voice.

An Alpha for sure.

I had been about to leave, the dominating presence of the Alpha and his close proximity was starting to affect me, but before I could take another step he had grabbed my arm tightly in his.

“Not so fast.”

My eyes widened in horror as he rose from his seat and dragged me out back, I knew that there was nothing that I could do.

He was an Alpha and I would be signing my death sentence if I tried to fight him.

Soft pleas fell from my lips, I had tried to plead with him to not do it, but it was of no use. His grip only tightened on me.

And here I was four months later, with the evidence of that night, showing slightly from my dress. The whispers and name calling usually followed me everywhere I went.

I was a pregnant omega, with no mate or claim, so it was no surprise that I had been labelled a slut.

If only they knew how helpless I had been that night. I had been given no choice, all I could do was take what he gave in silence.

Wrapping my arms around my belly protectively, I walked towards the pantry and once I was in I pulled out a few things from the shelves.

It happened so fast, one moment there was a shuffling just outside the door of the pantry, but before I could question it or look for its source, the pantry door was slammed shut and I heard the lock click in place.

I rushed towards the door and tried to push it open, but it wouldn't budge. I could hear the snickers and laughter from the other side of the door.

Banging heavily on the wooden door, I began screaming, begging to be released from within the small space. My claustrophobia was causing my mind to reel.

"Let me out, please let me out. I can't stay here, please! It's not safe and I'm carrying a baby! Please open the door."

The sound of their laughter only increased at my pleading but the door remained firmly in place, even as I hit against it as hard as I could.

A new wave of panic hit me as I realized that the girls would not be opening the door and I was most likely going to be spending the night in the cramped up room.

My vision became blurred and I fought to keep my eyes open, but it felt as though the room were getting smaller, closing in on me and suffocating me. My chest tightened like a noose, my lungs feeling as though they would collapse under the weight of the sudden crushing pressure.

I started to feel lightheaded, and my vision began to fade in and out of focus. The last thing I registered was the cold floor against my skin, then everything went dark.

I woke up with a gasp. I couldn't tell what had brought me out of my unconscious state but it still lingered in my mind. The white walls of the clinic greeted me.

I scrunched my nose as the sterile scent in the room caused my stomach to churn and a fresh wave of nausea to wash over me.

I moved to sit up on the bed but instantly regretted that decision when pain wracked through my head, I held my head in my hands and a painful moan escaped my lips.

“Hey, hey, don’t do that. You need to lay down for a while.”

I turned in the direction of the voice and was met face to face with the pack’s doctor. The older man addressed me in a gentle voice and I did as he said, mostly because the pain in my head wouldn’t let me do otherwise.

“My head hurts.” I whispered softly. And the doctor nodded his head in understanding.

“You must have hit it pretty hard when you fell to the floor. You need to be more careful. You could have hurt yourself worse.” The doctor said.

And at his words I moved an arm to my stomach to check on my baby, the doctor’s eyes followed my movements and I could see the look of disapproval dance within his depths.

“You know it’s not too late for an abortion. You could choose to have an abortion right now, because with your beauty you could still become a commoner’s mistress, but if you go ahead with birthing this child even that luxury would be gone. No one would look in your direction twice.”

The doctor searched my face for a minute and whatever he found there displeased him because he shook his head slightly, clicking his tongue in distaste, before speaking again.

“This baby is going to take your life away from you. You’re still young, there’s no need to condemn yourself to a life such as the one that this burden would bring. My office is the last door at the end of the hallway, to the right. Think about it and let me know your decision.” The doctor muttered, walking away and leaving me alone with my thoughts.

The doctor made a lot of sense, having this baby was going to completely turn my life around, being an omega in this pack was difficult, but being a single mom omega was going to be a thousand times worse.

My mind came up with images of just how bad life could get for myself and my child and I shuddered in fear.

I had no one to help me, the rest of the omegas had singled me out from the moment they found out I was pregnant. I remembered how most of the girls had avoided me like a plague and shortly after the whispers and dirty looks had begun.

I was all alone in this but it was for this particular reason that I wanted to keep my child even with all hardships that I knew would come with it.

I was tired of being alone and I wanted someone to call my own, I needed someone for me and not against me.

This baby could be the only chance I would get to experience what it felt like to be in love and to be loved. They would forever be a part of me.

That thought caused my heart to jump in joy and I let a smile paint my lips.

As for the father...

I was not naive enough to bother with searching for him or hoping that he would show up to take responsibility for the baby.

That night had been a blur and in the dim lights I had been unable to see his face, so I couldn't even tell who he was or what he looked like.

Besides, he's an Alpha. That put him way out of my league. Even if he knew that I existed, chances were he would choose to not be involved with me or my child, so I knew it was best to pretend he didn't exist.

Patting my stomach softly, I hummed in satisfaction. I made my decision.

I was going to keep my baby.