

# Chasing the Omega

## Chapter 1

Tonight hasn't been so bad. I mean, you have good days and bad days, right? Sundays are usually quiet around here but it's not so bad really.

The regulars are kind and generous with their tips, and even my boss Robbie isn't so bad. He's a little on the lazy side and stares a little too long at my backside, but he always pays on time and lets me take any leftover food home with me.

I look up at the old round clock hung up on the wall and sigh in contempt.

Only half an hour to go.

I stare at the last customer of the night and pray silently that he's close to finishing. I grab the coffee pot, walk with a forced smile and approach the customer.

“More coffee, sir?” I plead with my eyes in the hope that he would say no.

“No, thank you, my dear.” He says as he stands from the table.

I help him put on his coat and grab his umbrella. He hands me a ten-pound note and walks out the door without a word. I put the money in the till and turn off the lights in the diner.

Afterwards, I head towards the back of the diner where the kitchen is, and realize it's only me and Terry left. He's

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looking at the schedule hanging up on the office wall with a look of dread on his face. Terry sighs loudly when he looks at the dates he's working. Terry's worked at the diner for over thirty years and not once has he had a day off. His hair is starting to gray, but he can cook the most delicious food I've ever had the pleasure of tasting.

"Hey Terry, the last customer just left. Do you want me to lock up the diner for you?"

Terry waves at me but doesn't look away from the schedule, "I'll lock up the front but could you do me a favor before you leave, dear?"

Before I could respond to say anything, Terry gathers six plastic bags full of trash, and drops them at my feet.

"You want me to take these out to the dumpster?" I ask as I gather all six bags, three in each hand, and look up at Terry.

"Please, I would really appreciate it."

He grabs his jacket, waves, and leaves.

I stare at the swinging door dumbfounded and shake my head.

With the bags still in my hands, I leave through the back and walk towards the dumpster. I scoff when I see that it's pouring down with rain.

*Great. Thanks, Terry. Thanks a bunch.*

I push open the top of the dumpster, and grab the first two bags to throw in when from the darkness behind me, I hear the faint unmistakable sound of growling. I freeze, wondering if that was just my imagination playing tricks

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on me. Terrified, I clutch the bags close and turn around, holding the bags as one would a sword, ready to strike out. I turn, and as I open my eyes, I see the source of the growling, as standing not two meters away is the largest wolf I've ever seen.

I whimper in fright, and slowly start to retreat backwards, dropping my makeshift weapon as I go. I feel my back touch the dumpster, and realize there's nowhere for me to go. Shaking in fear, I close my eyes, praying the wolf doesn't see me as a threat or worse, a meal.

“Please don't hurt me.” I whisper repeatedly to myself.

I open my eyes and wish that I hadn't.

Its eyes will haunt me for as long as I live. The eyes were blood-red, filled with pure hatred towards me. A dull shade of gray covers its whole body with big chunks of its fur missing, like it had been ripped off. The wolf looked as though it had scars everywhere on its body. How had it managed to survive this long?

I do the only thing I can think of. I kneel down on the wet floor with my head bowed down in the hope it's a sign of submission. The wolf howls into the night and lunges for me. I scream as it tackles me but soon runs into the bushes and out of sight. I look in the direction the wolf ran and start laughing hysterically.

*What the fuck....?*

I shake my head and pick myself off the floor, my uniform completely ruined. I check myself over, and that's when I notice on my right shoulder that my clothing's been torn

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apart.

Why does my shoulder hurt so much?

It looked as though something had taken a chunk out of my shirt.

“Ouch!” I wince, and as I touch my shoulder, I see red liquid coating the skin on my hand.

*Blood! Did it bite me!?*

I look around, trying to figure out whether that really happened.

Shaken, I chuck the last few bags in the dumpster, grab my bag, lock up and head home.

As I walk home in the dark, the rain no longer pouring, I look up into the night sky, and notice the full moon.

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## Chapter 2

When I arrive at school the next morning, all I can think about is last night. I woke up early to check if it actually happened, and knew that it did when I saw the bite marks. As a result, I couldn't sleep. At all. Sleeping on my right side hurt too much, and school was by far the last place I wanted to be.

I walk to my locker, grab my English book, and that's when I hear my best friend calling my name from the other end of the corridor.

“Alice! Did you watch Game of Thrones last night!?”

One thing about Sam is that she doesn't give a damn about what anyone thinks of her. Me? I worry way too much about what people think.

When Sam reaches my locker, she places her hands on her hips and tilts her head for an answer I have yet to give.

“So, did you watch it?”

I shake my head, “No... I missed it.”

“You what!?! How did you miss it!? You do realize it was the finale right!” She shrieks hysterically at me.

“Sam.” I use my hand to signal her to lower her voice.

“Everyone's staring.”

“You think I care about what people think?”

She didn't give me a chance to answer. Instead, she turns around and faces all the onlookers. “Didn't anyone ever

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tell you it's rude to stare? My mum always tells me to never stare at anybody because if you do, some people might not be as nice as I'm going to be.”

She turns around and shrugs at me when she sees the pure shock on my face. “I told you, I don't give a damn about what people think.”

I look inside my bag to see if I have everything only to realize that I don't have my pencil case. I reopen my locker when I hear Sam sigh.

“People still staring?”

“What? Oh, no just Ryder and his crew. They walk around here like they own the place, but seriously how does a guy even look that good?”

After I grab my pencil case, I shut my locker and look at my best friend, whose mouth is wide open.

“Sam! You're staring honey, and drooling.” I close her mouth, shove the pencil case in my bag and stare at them. Every single person moves to the side to make room for them to pass. You see, this gang does practically own the school, and if you hurt one of them, you hurt them all.

Everyone knows who they are and no one dares to try and talk to them or to even approach them. They walk side by side in a perfect line. Bane and Silver on the outside, with Kellan and Ryder in the middle.

Bane looks to be the most frightening one out of them all. He has an oval shaped face with small, blue piercing eyes. His mouth, full and firm with a constant sneer on his face. He has tanned skin with a warm, golden brown tint that

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accentuates his large muscular frame. His hair was thick, black and slicked down with both sides of his head shaved. Bane also had a black bushy beard decorating his face. It was hard sometimes to take him seriously with the beard because it kind of makes him look like a big old teddy bear, but if the rumors were true, you definitely shouldn't say that to his face, not unless you wanted to end up in A&E. He wears a plain white wife-beater that's low enough to show the hairs on his chest, and a long black necklace rests on his chest that looks like a triskelion. He wears black tight jeans with black ankle boots with a small heel.

I look over at Silver who walks on the far right corner and just blatantly stare at her. Every girl wants to be her, and every guy in this school wants to date her, but everyone knows that she's in love with Ryder. The way she looks and smiles at him with her perfect teeth and her perfect body. She has a heart-shaped face with pale, smooth skin and bright blue eyes. Her mouth is full and perfectly shaped which helps accentuates her pouty lips. Her long wild, black untamed hair rests on her left shoulder and hangs down by her waist. Her build small but muscular. Rumours say that she kicked a jocks ass once after he slapped her ass. He left in an ambulance, and didn't return to school until the next month. No one ever touched her again. Not after that. She wears a black leather jacket that cuts to her waist, plain black shorts, and black thigh high boots.

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The kindest looking one out of them all is Kellan. It seems kinda odd to see him with these people. He has an oval shaped face with creamy fair skin, dark brown eyes that look haunted but yet gentle at the same time. His face holds no expression which makes it hard to determine whether he's happy or sad. Curly brown hair frames his perfectly shaped face. He wears a black stretcher in his left ear with both of his arms covered in colourful art. His body slim with no ounce of body fat, just pure muscle. He wears a plain black wife - beater, tight black jeans and black sneakers. Kellan just might be the only approachable one out of them all. He has this kind aura about him that draws people in, and it makes it impossible to dislike him. I remember when he and his girlfriend were together. Anna was one of the sweetest girls in this school, and every single person here respected her and treated her with the utmost kindness, but Kellan lost the love of his life over a year ago. Her body was found by the river near the creek in the early hours of the morning. People say that the crime scene was like something out of a horror film. Nevertheless, Kellan lost a part of himself after losing Anna, and I didn't blame him.

“What makes her so special? I bet she has like a magic vagina or something plus, she's probably slept with all three of them.”

I look away from Kellan just as he passes by us, and gasp at my best friend. “Sam, stop staring before she beats you up as well as you ending up in the hospital!”



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“What? It's not like she can hear me.”

I grab Sam's hand and drag her down the corridor towards our English class. We take our seats near the front row, take out the reading book and wait for Mr Daniels.

“Honestly, I guarantee you that she's sleeping with one of them.” Sam points with the tip of her pen to the back of the class without looking back. I look over my shoulder towards the back and see the four of them sitting together, but neither of them speak to each other. Silver sits beside Ryder as always. She always remains by his side.

I look over at Ryder, his expression remaining impassive as Silver strokes his arm compassionately. Anyone could tell just by looking at her that she's in awe of him. Kellan on the other hand, remains silent and sits with his elbows on the table, his head resting between them. Bane sits with his legs crossed on top of the table with his hands resting behind his head. He looks around the room like he's observing everything around him. Only then did it hit me. “Sam!” I hit her hand as I'm turning around and accidentally knock the pen out of her hand.

“That's my favourite pen.” She points down towards the floor. “It never hurt anybody.”

“Are they even supposed to be in this class? Why am I only realizing this now?” I motion towards the back and tilt my head to the back of the room.

“It's the middle of senior year so...no. The school doesn't let people change course in the middle of the year but I don't know. Maybe they worked something out with Mr

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Daniels?”

She picks up her pen and inspects the damage “You owe me a new pen by the way. This fountain pen was a gift I got on my birthday.”

“Yeah, sure.” I look towards the back of the class again, only to realize that they're all staring back at me. They really were intimidating.

Silver tilts her head to the side and stares at me with a hateful glare, while Bane's jaw ticks.

I knit my brows and look towards Kellan. He smiles a small smile, his eyes crinkle at the sides when I smile back at him. He only smiles for a second, then looks down at his desk again. I move my head completely to face Ryder, and for the first time in years, I really take a good look at him.

He has a chiselled shaped face with tanned spotless skin. Emerald green eyes that keep you staring, but his eyes hold no threat nor hatred, just a pure curious stare. I look at him as he stares back at me to see him smirking. His lips are full, yet firm.

I bet he's kissed a lot of girls with those lips...

After adjusting his beanie, he slicks his shiny black hair to the side and sticks his tongue out at me. I knit my brows in confusion again, and turn around, “Asshole.”

As I face the front of the class all I hear is Ryder laughing from the back.

Shit! Can he lip-read!?

“Who's the asshole?” Sam looks around the room to find

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the culprit but only finds me staring at her.

She points to herself in panic. “If this is about the pen don't worry about it.”

“No it's nothing. I'm just not up for work tonight.”

I pick up the book and skim over the blurb.

“Behind on homework? I can help you at the diner tonight if you want?”

“Thanks, but I'm sure I'll be able to catch up on time.”

I pull out a pen from my pencil case just as the door to the classroom opens.

Is Mr. Daniels off sick today?

“Good morning students, my name is Mr Edmund, and I will be your English teacher for the rest of the school semester. I believe you are reading the novel Wuthering Heights. Can anyone volunteer to start us off?”

He writes his name on the whiteboard as Oliver Edmund.

“Where's Mr. Daniels?”

“I'm not obliged to share that information with you, Ms. Frey.”

He turns around, and stares at Sam with his cold demeanour.

“Sir? We were promised to have our test results back today.”

This practice test was everything I needed to pass for next weeks exam. If I'm going to fail another class, I'm not sure I'm going to survive the rest of senior year.

“Alice, isn't it?”

He walks down the aisle holding the clipboard that holds

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everyone's name, and tilts his head to the side.

“That is correct, yes.” I say with a calm, and collected voice.

“Always raise your hand if you have a question.”

He does a once over on me, then walks to the front of the class, and points to the board.

“I'm your teacher now. Whatever Mr Daniels taught you before, forget about it because he's not coming back.”

He claps his hands together and looks at me. “Now Alice, why don't you start reading for us. Chapter 8, I presume?”

He sits down in the chair, and motions with his hand for me start reading.

Where are you, Mr. Daniels?

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### Chapter 3

At six o'clock, I work my way towards the back of the diner to the office, where Robbie sits behind his desk on the phone.

“Yes, love. Of course, I'll make sure to buy the right one this time, alright love you too. Bye.”

He looks at me with his toothless grin. “Alice, how are you?”

“I'm good, thank you, but I just wanted to ask you if there's an extra uniform here somewhere?”

“What happened to the uniform you have?”

He stands from the old wooden chair, and looks in the cardboard boxes that are placed at the back of the office.

“I spilt some coffee on the shirt, and the stain won't come off.”

I can't lie for shit, but he seems to be buying it.

He sits back down just as he hands me a new uniform, “Be careful this time, alright? I mean, I know you like your coffee, but if it happens again, I'm going to have to ask you to pay for it.”

I take the uniform from him, “Thank you, Robbie, and this time I promise to be more careful.”

I walk rapidly towards the bathroom, lock the door and

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look at myself in the mirror. I had a heart-shaped face with rosy coloured cheekbones. My never-ending white blonde hair is always kept in a braid down my back. Ivory skin with bright pale blue eyes; like the clear sky. My mother tells me that my eyes are like the colour of diamonds, eyes that are so pale they could appear as white. My teeth are perfectly straight and white after years of my mother lecturing me about how to look after them. My nose is a little on the prominent side, but you can blame my father for that. Thankfully, that's the only thing I have of him. I've never known my father, nor will I ever want to know him.

After a few moments I sigh, close my eyes and rest my hands on either side of the sink.

*Just get it over and done with!*

I open my eyes and take off my shirt swiftly, and look over my shoulder to look at the bite.

“What the hell...?”

I look in the mirror to see nothing but pure smooth skin, “Where is it...?”

Not a single bite mark was to be seen.

I didn't understand. It happened just hours ago and yet it's gone?

After changing into my uniform, I walk out of the bathroom and place myself behind the counter, but I couldn't concentrate on doing anything. Questions kept

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interrupting my thoughts, but I couldn't answer either of them. Maybe it healed overnight?

I peel my shirt over my right shoulder and check again.

Nothing.

“Christ, Alice, you trying to give these people a strip tease or something?”

I roll my eyes when I hear her voice. I look towards the front of the diner to see Sam walking towards me with her school bag draped over her shoulder. She takes out her laptop and today's homework, and sits directly in front of me on our new red diner stools.

“I'll have a strawberry milkshake and a few fries please.”

She types away on her laptop as I prepare the milkshake.

I walk to the kitchen to see Terry preparing the food for the waiting customers.

“Another order of fries on its own but it's Sam, so take your time, okay” I do a thumbs up but he doesn't see it, or he's probably ignoring it.

As I walk back into the diner, I realize it's not as busy as I thought it would be.

“Alice, the milkshake's kinda overflowing.” Sam says nonchalantly.

“Shit!”

I rush to the milkshake machine, clean up the mess and pass it over the counter.

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“Thank you kindly.” Sam takes a sip of the milkshake, sighs in delight and puts away the laptop.

“So, what do you think of our new English teacher? Hot right?” She winks at me. “I mean, I would.”

“Sam! He's like forty years old!” I hit her with the dishcloth that I keep on my shoulder.

“Age is just a number!”

All the patrons in the diner stop talking, turn in their chairs and stare at the two of us as we laugh over Sam's infatuation with our new teacher. I apologize immediately to them for our adolescent behaviour.

“Sam seriously, he's old enough to be your father.” I clean the counter to look busy when the diner door opens.

Almost immediately, I notice everything falling silent.

I glance over to see why the place has gone quiet, only to see four tall frames at the diner's entrance. Why were *they* here? They looked so out of place.

Bane walks with confidence towards the closest patron, leaving the other three standing guard at the door. He leans down to one of the regulars and speaks to him. I didn't know how I could hear him, but I heard every single word.

“You might wanna stop staring at us before I tear you apart piece by piece big man.”

“Hey!” I rush from behind the counter, stand directly in front of him only to be met with a broad chest.



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“I don't care who you are, but I won't have you talking to the regulars like that.”

At this point, Ryder stands by Bane's side, never taking his eyes away from me.

“Are you saying we aren't welcome here because we're not regulars?” Bane looks at me with pure disgust written on his face.

“Of course, you're welcome here, but if you're going to disrespect the regulars then I'm going to have to ask you to leave.”

I say this with as much confidence as I can muster, but with Ryder standing with his eyes on me the whole time, I'm really quite surprised I haven't shat myself.

“We aren't here to start trouble. We just came to have some food in this highly recommended diner that you have here.” Ryder's voice fills the whole diner. While he speaks, I can't help but stand there looking into his bright green eyes.

“Well, as long as you don't start trouble, take a seat, and I'll grab you some menus.” I say.

Neither of us takes our eyes away from each other, but the connection is broken too quickly when I hear Sam's voice calling me.

“Alice! Where the hell are my goddamn fries!?”

I turn around to see Sam giving me the grumpiest look ever known to mankind.

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