

The Omega For Sale

Chapter 7. Alpha Greyson

The Gamma roared in anger at my words and he stalked towards me grabbing my neck in a chokehold, fully intent on dragging me away, but the Alpha raised his hand to stop him.

Alpha Greyson lowered his head slightly to study my face and my breath seized in my throat at the ageless sort of beauty that he possessed.

His hair looked almost golden and the locs, thick and wavy framed his handsome face perfectly. He had defined cheekbones and a jaw that looked like it could cut through steel. The sharp contrast between the soft curls on top his head and the hard line of beards that framed around his lips made him appear very imposing.

The most striking part of the Alpha, were his eyes. His eyes were a piercing grey and they held such intensity that no matter how hard I stared at them, they never lost their focus or wavered even in the slightest. If anything the intensity seemed to increase the more I stared and they looked like they could burn me if I continued to study them.

The way he held himself gave off such a powerful aura of strength that sent a shudder running through my spine.

The attractiveness of the Alpha shocked me, but at the same time, it drew me more to him.

The Alpha studied my face for a little longer before he clicked his tongue in distaste.

He shoved me aside, in a manner that one would toss out a piece of garbage, Pulling out his handkerchief and wiping his hands with them.

Once the Gamma was satisfied that the Alpha was done with me, he grabbed my hair once more and pulled me to the corner, throwing me against the wall before exiting the room. The impact of the hard wall against my spine knocked the wind out of me and I struggled to catch my breath.

Soon enough the Gamma re-enters the room again with a whip in his hands. Cracking the knots in his knuckles and neck, a sadistic smile painted his lips as he swung the whip in the air, the crackling sound forcing a whimper out of my lips.

“How dare you Slave? Begging the Alpha to take you instead? I just spent a fortune in purchasing your worthless self as well as your bastard child and you think that you can

just throw yourself at someone else?" The Gamma growled, emphasizing slowly on each word, his voice low and taunting.

My face paled considerably at the look in his face. Pure disgust and anger. The Gamma began circling around me, his movements menacing.

The sound of the whip cracking through the air echoed around the small space once more, causing the hairs at the back of my neck to stand on edge and I shut my eyes tightly at the sound, sending a prayer to whoever was listening to save me from the situation.

With no warning at all, the whip came in contact with my back and the scream of horror that tore out of my throat was barely enough to convey the agony that my body had just been subjected to.

The whip's sting lasted longer than anything I had ever experienced before, but it didn't stop there; my back throbbed from where the whip had collided with and then the spot burned afterwards.

Before I could completely recover from the first lash, the Gamma swung the whip out again striking the same spot that he had hit the first time with even more force and then again and again, until my throat became raw and hoarse from screaming and my body burned like an inferno.

My left cheek stung from where his whip had connected with it and tears flowed freely down my eyes as pain consumed my entire body like wild fire.

Sweat formed at my hairline and dripped down my chin. Every whip that grazed my body left a mark and a dark red splotch formed in its stead.

My vision tilted on the edge of darkness as I tried to crawl away from the assault. The Gamma grabbed a handful of my hair to pull me back into place again.

I felt helpless and hopeless and all I could do was curl up on myself and cry trying as much as I could to shield myself from the torment.

The sickening sound of the whip against my bare skin filled the room and the Gamma cackled with laughter as my I let out another horrified screaming, having found my voice again.

From the corner of my eyes I could see Jessy bawling her eyes out on the floor, too scared to approach me and even in my agony, my heart ripped in pain at the sight of my helpless daughter.

Blackness danced at the edge of my vision and the scent of my blood filled the air. My breath came out heavy and I struggled to keep my eyes open.

“Stop!”

The voice of the Alpha was piercing and it halted my assaulter in his steps.

The Alpha took a deep sniff of the air and then he turned intense grey eyes in my direction.

I couldn't decipher the look in them but they seemed to add to the fire that was currently raging through my body.

“Bring her to me.” He instructed, eyes not leaving my bleeding frame for a second.

The Gamma dropped the whip at the instruction and he proceeded to drag me across the floor to the Alpha's feet, holding my burning flesh tightly in his rough hands.

I whimpered at the contact with my fresh injury but otherwise remained quiet.

Once I was close enough to the Alpha, he moved forward and grabbed my hair, tilting my neck to the side to observe my wounds.

He suddenly leaned forward to take a sniff at my exposed skin and then darting his tongue out, he swiped it against my skin, licking the blood off it.

His eyes suddenly grew dark and the grey in them deepened to an even darker shade.

“Bring her to my chamber.” The Alpha said coldly.