

The Rebellious Omega

Blair POV Dark Moon High School isn't your ordinary typical run-of-the-mill high school. It's a shifter school only, running rampant with adolescent hormones and a social hierarchy that consists of cheerleaders, footballers, and then the other cliques. Then there's me, lower than an omega, bullied relentlessly by the superior beings that ran the school. The teachers look the other way, fearful of losing their status or positions if they dare to intervene. I was on my own in a world that despised weakness and nobody ever let you forget it. I strode through the familiar hallways of the school with my long brown hair bouncing away in its ponytail, my eyes constantly on the lookout for incoming danger. The end of the day was nearing and I had managed to avoid being bullied thus far, a rarity in itself. But I had yet to come across darling, precious Brynn of the Dark Rising Pack, the Alpha's daughter and all-around mean girl personified. It was no secret that the both of us hated each other, the resentment long established since we were children. I disliked people who had no compassion or kindness towards others, especially those less fortunate than themselves. I was about to close my locker when I heard the soft sounds of footsteps creeping up on me. I gave a grim smile and dodged to the left, just in time to avoid the locker slamming on my hand. In the same breath, I whipped around and shoved my elbow, hard, into the attacker, who doubled over in pain and began to wheeze. "Ouch," he groaned. It was none other than Eric, the captain of the football team. I smirked and kicked him in the shin for good measure. He gave a hiss and his eyes began to turn dark with rage. "b***h" he growled, straightening up and towering over me, a look of contempt in his eyes. I raised an eyebrow and deliberately looked him up and down as he clenched his hands into fists. "I'm not the one standing there in pain, b***h" I spat out, "so perhaps you should rethink your statement." He slammed his hand into the locker beside me, glaring, while I remained unaffected and composed. It infuriated him that I wasn't intimidated by his caveman tactics. "You're nothing but a useless, pathetic, mutt of a shifter" he snarled, folding his arms across his chest and gritting his teeth. I gave a nonchalant shrug. I had heard worse. "Then why are you even bothering with me?" I mocked, giving him a wide grin as he lost his cool. He slammed his hand into the locker again and then stormed away, muttering to himself. I tried not to laugh. A small crowd had gathered and they eyed me with condemnation as they began to whisper and chat amongst themselves, no doubt, casting me as the villain who had tormented poor Eric. I calmly finished putting my books back in my locker and shut it, locking it carefully. Not that it was the weekend, it was going to be spent slaving away in the packhouse for the Dark Rising Pack. I tried hard not to be bitter about that. I needed the money if I was ever going to leave this miserable hellhole. I grabbed my backpack and hoisted it over my shoulder, making my way outside, and beginning to cross the carpark, intent on getting back to the pack house as quickly as I could, walking in my threadbare sneakers. The carpark was a mass of chaos, cars peeling out onto the road as eager students left to enjoy their weekend, while others, such as the cheerleaders and football players, remained to talk amongst themselves. "Oy loser" I heard from behind me and my heart skipped a beat. I looked at the gate, which was mere feet away. I was so close to leaving the grounds. I took another step. "Mutt" screamed the voice. I stiffened and turned around, feeling resigned. I should have known that today was too good to be true. Brynn, surrounded by her posse, flipped her blonde hair over her shoulder and giggled at the look on my face. She was an actress, playing up for the benefit of her audience. I rolled my eyes, a look of boredom coming over me. She looked triumphant as I waited for her to speak. She sipped on her coke, fiddling with the straw,

and walked forward a few steps, coming closer to me. She was flanked by two of her cheerleader friends who wrinkled their noses in disgust as they looked down at me. "Whatever it is, will you hurry up and say it" I snapped "I have to get back to the pack house" I sniped, looking down at my beaten wristwatch in dismay. "Oh, am I holding up the poor little slave omega," Brynn said with heavy sarcasm, causing those nearby to laugh with amusement. "Whatever" I mumbled "I'm too busy for this shit." I turned my back on her and felt her grip my arm tightly, so tight that she pinched my flesh and I could feel a bruise forming. "Let go Brynn" I warned her between clenched teeth, my anger beginning to rise. Brynn widened her eyes "Or what Blair?" she asked gleefully "what's a pathetic wolfless shifter like you going to do about it? My parents will punish you no matter what" she scoffed. I knew they would. I tried once more to reason with the stupid bimbo "Please let go" I said slowly and with great emphasis. She dug her nails in. I stared at her stonily. She looked disappointed at my lack of reaction and let go of my arm with a huff. "You know, I don't understand why my father didn't just kill you when you were a child," she said conversationally "but I do know if you don't shift when you turn eighteen, they're going to turn you out of the pack. Can't keep somebody who's useless," she said callously "and can't defend themselves." I gave her a slow smile. "So what if they do?" I asked, Brynn looking at me shocked "Any pack besides this one would be preferable." "How can you be so ungrateful?" she hissed, her eyes flashing with indignation. "Ungrateful?" I echoed "I am nothing more than a servant to the pack that bullies and humiliates me on a daily basis. Starved, beaten, and despised and you think I should be grateful" I sneered "You're as stupid as you look." She reacted, flinging her drink into my face, leaving me dripping wet as it trailed down my clothes. I gave a shout, my temper failing me completely, heedless of the consequences "You're nothing but a spoilt rotten little b***h Brynn Ryker!" My voice carried across the carpark, other students openly gaping as they watched the scene unfold in front of them "if your parents weren't the Alpha and Luna of the pack, you wouldn't be so protected and everybody would have the guts to tell you just how horrible a human being you are. You think you're untouchable, but wait until you get out in the real world. See where being an Alpha's daughter gets you when it comes to fighting rogues or being on the battle ground. I hope you die, you arrogant little b***h" I screamed, "and I hope you rot in hell." I flipped her off for good measure as her mouth flopped open and shut in shock, turning around, my backpack shoved unceremoniously over my shoulder as I began to stomp towards the gate, students scattering out of my way. "You'll...you'll pay for this" Brynn gasped, finally getting her voice back. I chanced a glance over my shoulder, my eyes narrowed, seething. "Go run to your mummy and daddy" I taunted, "I wouldn't expect anything less from you." "f**k you Blair" she yelled, her voice shrill and ear-piercing. I laughed, "No thanks, you're not my type" and left, leaving her spluttering and shouting obscenities in the background.