

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 13

Warning: This chapter contains mention of suicide and may prove triggering to some. If this may trigger or upset you in any way, please do not read it.

Blair POV

The lake. It was the only place that felt like a sanctuary, at least in comparison to the pack house. It wasn't far and I sat there moodily, plucking at the grass and feeling as though the world was on my shoulders. Nobody ever came out here, not unless it was hot, due to the fact that it wasn't a large lake and there was a bigger one further in the forest. But this one suited me just fine. I kicked, my legs slightly in the water, feeling the coolness of the water on my bare skin, the warmth of the sun bearing down on me. I clasped my hands together, my body shaking. For once, fear was striking me in the heart and my fierce nature was abandoning me. The fight was leaving me. I felt like giving up on life. Perhaps, I thought, eyeing the lake, taking my life, would be preferable to what was awaiting me. It was a morbid thought, but one that would not leave me, the water shimmering invitingly at me as I wondered what it would be like to drown, my thoughts getting darker and darker, the longer I looked at it.

Nobody would miss me if I did, I thought, grabbing a pebble and throwing it. Luna Bianca would be upset, only because she wouldn't be able to use me but the rest of the pack wouldn't even blink an eyelid. I got to my feet, standing there woodenly. What if I did it? What if this was the only way to escape this place for good? I couldn't run, Alpha Johnathon had made sure of that. But he couldn't prevent me from harming myself, I thought, my mind ticking over. I didn't even have a wolf so I didn't have to worry about it trying to heal me. My lips tightened. I fought the urge to keep walking into the water until it passed over my head, images of myself drowning entering my mind. I sucked in a breath. I couldn't bring myself to do it. Not yet. I wanted so badly to live and have a family of my own one day. Could I really condemn myself for shortening my life so quickly? I gritted my teeth and resolutely turned my head away before I became entranced by the beauty of the water once more.

I heard rustling sounds and footsteps approaching. Brynn came out from the shadows, a nasty grin on her face. I kept my expression neutral, hoping she hadn't seen me looking so carefully at the water. She was full of glee, her two friends with her, a redhead and a brunette, neither of whom I knew their names.

"How does it feel knowing that you're going to be a breeder for an old man?" she smirked as I looked at her, feigning nonchalance.

I knew she was trying to get a rise out of me, but I wasn't about to let her affect me. I couldn't afford to get another punishment at the moment and risk being put in the dungeon. I made a motion to move past her and she grabbed my arm, causing me to stop in my tracks and grit my teeth as I held onto the last remnants of my patience.

"You didn't answer me" she hissed, while I glared at her "How does it feel to know that some old man is going to f**k you until you're pregnant with his pup?" she smirked.

I yanked my arm away "You're disgusting" I spat out, my body shaking as I held my temper in check.

Barely. She was pushing it.

"No that's how you're going to feel as soon as he ruts you" Brynn crowed, her friends giggling behind her "Disgusting and worthless," she said with contempt.

I closed my eyes and started to count. "You're a virgin too, aren't you Blair" she scoffed "Which means your first time isn't even going to be special" she added coldly and with intentional vindictiveness.

Breathe, Blair, breathe. Do not under any circumstances, attack the evil b***h.

Brynn was looking disappointed at my lack of reaction. She put her hands on her hips. "Well, aren't you going to say something" she snarled.

"Grow up," I told her tightly "and I hope your mate turns out to be a disgusting old man. Karma can be a b***h" I snapped, taking her aback.

I turned, only to pause. What was that scent? It was drifting towards me, subtle, indiscernible, but my instincts were screaming at me that something was wrong. I stiffened. I could feel the hairs on the backs of my arms beginning to rise. I swallowed hard. We were a little distance away from the pack house. Blair would be fine, I thought grimly and her friends, but I was a goner if I didn't move. s**t. Of all the f*****g times.

"Damn it Blair" Brynn screamed and I turned around and put my hand over her mouth, my eyes blazing as I tried to warn the stupid cow.

"Shut up" I muttered furiously "There are rogues approaching, you're going to get us all killed!" I hissed.

She widened her eyes and began to sniff, the color draining from her face. Her friends took off, shifting instantly and running. Brynn looked indignant. I guess they weren't willing to die for her, I thought with a grin. I couldn't say I blamed them.

"Those bitches" she hissed, before looking at me with a gleam "Well you're on your own" she began to say, shifting as I looked at her with dismay, although not overly surprised.

She turned into a black wolf, easily able to fight, and took off running in the direction of the pack house, howling and sending the alarm.

The smell of the rogues got closer. I gulped and looked around frantically. I had no training, I was too weak for it. My chest hurt. I saw a tree with many branches and started to scurry up it, desperately hauling myself upwards, my muscles straining as I fought to get as high as I could in a short amount of time, aware of every vital second passing. Brynn might have sounded the alarm, but if they knew it was just me out here, they were hardly going to come to my rescue, I thought bitterly. I was in deep s**t and I knew it. I perched on a thick branch, hoping that the leaves and shrubbery hid me, peering down to the ground below.

Moments later, a rogue came sniffing, its red eyes looking around intently. I held my breath, hoping it might go away, but it had caught my scent and it knew I was nearby. f**k. My body trembled on the branch, as I held on desperately to the trunk, praying that somebody, anybody from the pack might come. Another rogue appeared, and then another. I could feel my hopes slipping away. Soon there were five rogues all at the base of the tree, sniffing around, snarling at one another. I tried not to make a sound. I tried to steady my breathing. I wished I had the power to hide my scent like some rare shifters were able to do.

My foot slipped, causing the branch to shake violently, scattering several leaves that floated down to the ground. f**k. I swallowed hard as the rogues slowly lifted their heads and their eyes went upwards until all five sets of eyes were firmly fixed on me. They licked their lips, hunger evident on their faces and I fought back the urge to scream as one by one, they began to attack the tree, slamming into it, as I held on, my body sliding back and forth, my nails digging into the trunk of the tree as my body pitched back and forth with the tree. Any moment now, I thought hysterically, they were going to succeed in sending me to the ground and then I was going to be attacked and eaten. I was so thin and malnourished that part of me hoped they fought over who would get to eat me even as I screamed, loudly, for help, as I felt myself beginning to slide from the tree, my body precariously perched on the branch. One more slam and my body began to fall, heading directly to the center of the waiting Rogues. I was about to have a pile of broken bones and die a slow painful death. I closed my eyes and waited for the inevitable. I was doomed. The only consolation, I thought to myself, was that I didn't have to worry about being a breeder anymore.