

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 17

Blair POV

“If it isn’t the useless mutt that almost got Ashton killed” Brynn sneered, blocking me on the stairs as I stared up at her brazenly.

Ashton was standing with her, looking resolutely at me, his jaw tight, his eyes narrowed, and his arm tightly held around Brynn’s waist. I could hear pack members whispering behind me, as well as omega’s as they blatantly eavesdropped on what was going on. Brynn had deliberately chosen to block me at the foot of the stairs, near the front entrance, where her and Ashton’s voices would carry the most.

“If it isn’t the coward that ran away and left me to die” I snarled back, Brynn rearing back at the insult.

“As if I would risk my life for a worthless creature like you” she snapped, regaining her composure.

I eyed her “You would think as a soon-to-be Alpha that you would want to ensure the safety of every single one of its pack members” I emphasized “but then, that would actually require being compassionate, and you don’t have a compassionate bone in your body, do you, Brynn?”

“I’m compassionate to those who deserve it,” she said frostily.

I laughed “You mean those who kiss your ass and who show you loyalty,” I said sarcastically “and anybody low on the shifter hierarchy is left to fend for themselves” I shook my head in disgust “Some Alpha you’re going to turn out to be.”

This conversation was not going how she had envisioned it and I could see her nails digging into the palm of her hand as she struggled not to lose her temper with me. I waited for the inevitable breakdown and tantrum. It would not be long in coming, if past history was to go by.

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“Because of you Ashton got injured,” she said haughtily.

My eyes widened and I shot a look at Ashton who looked distinctly uncomfortable now, shifting from one foot to the other. “Did you?” I asked in concern.

He flushed. “It was nothing” he muttered “Brynn you’re making a big thing out of nothing” he snapped.

She glared at him. He stared her down. She bit her lip and flipped her hair over her shoulder, looking peeved. She cleared her throat, staring at me challengingly. “Pack members follow me” she shouted as I rolled my eyes.

She could have just mind-linked them, but I guess the shout was for my benefit and those who were too young to have their wolves.

She sashayed through the front door, Ashton’s hand on her hip, a wide smile on her face, pack members, including the Alpha and Luna, following her onto the grounds, forming a large circle so that she was in the center, holding everybody’s attention. I stood there, watching her with Ashton, wondering why I felt so miserable, my eyes lingering on his arm and the way he held her. Pain shot through my chest and I put a hand over my heart, wishing it away. Whatever this pain was, it wasn’t part of an attack, it was something else and I frowned, wondering if it had to do with my eighteenth birthday, which coincidentally was on the same day as Brynn’s.

“You may all be wondering why I have called you here,” Brynn said gleefully, her mother and father looking at her approvingly, as though they knew what she was going to say, her eyes looking at me with satisfaction, and was that triumph? “With my eighteenth birthday approaching, I have decided that I will take a chosen mate, rather than wait for my fated one. My father wishes to pass the title on as I become of age and I have no desire to become Alpha, but am content to be the Luna of the pack instead while my mate takes up the position.”

The pack was quiet. Truthfully the majority of them were probably relieved that Brynn wasn’t going to be the Alpha, considering the amount of training sessions she missed and the lack of interest she showed in leading the pack. They were probably inwardly celebrating, but she remained oblivious to that fact. She was still grinning as everybody waited for her to announce who she had chosen, even though it was obvious it was going to be Ashton. Why else would he be standing there beside her?

“However, in order for Ashton and I to become chosen mates, he will now, need to reject the mate his moon goddess has provided for him. Due to him being nineteen, he has been aware of his mate for some time, but his mate is younger and unable to fully feel the mate bond. As a show of loyalty and proof of his love for me” Brynn said, looking around at the bewildered pack members, some of whom looked a bit indignant “he has agreed to reject his mate right in front of me and all those gathered here today, as witnesses.”

“Do you think that’s wise? I mean, it’s uncommon for a shifter to reject their mate?” a pack member called out uncertainly.

Brynn nodded “Usually it isn’t common, but I am certain that once you learn who the mate is, you will fully understand and acknowledge that rejecting her is the right thing for Ashton to do.”

I began to feel a sinking feeling in my gut as the pack members began to look around at each other. Shifters almost never rejected one another. It was only in rare circumstances that they did. One was that their mate was of a lower status or wolfless. I was both. I swallowed hard, feeling myself becoming lightheaded. There is no way they would do this to me, not in front of the whole pack, would they? I felt bitterness inside of me. Of course, they would. Any form of humiliation was a form of pleasure to them. I began to feel sick to my stomach. Brynn was looking delighted now as she gestured towards Ashton who looked grim-faced.

“Ashton,” she said loudly, “go and reject your mate.”

He let go of her waist and began to move. Right towards me. I shook all over. I stared at him with hatred. I couldn’t believe he would let Brynn take it this far. He could have just rejected me in private. Saved us both the pain. Especially since I had been told that the pain of rejection was excruciating. Alpha Johnathon and Luna Bianca were silent, mere spectators in the crowd. They made no move to prevent what was about to happen. Ashton stopped in front of me. Anger flared to life. He was nineteen. He had known he was my mate for almost a whole year now. He had that much time to reject me. Bastard, I seethed. My eyes glittered with contempt. He swallowed and narrowed his eyes. I spoke before he could, surprising everyone. If he wanted a rejection, then by god he would have one, but I would be damned if I let him reject me first. Screw him and screw the entire pack watching.

“I, Blair Williams of the Dark Rising Pack” I shouted, my voice carrying across the wind “Reject you Ashton Grimshaw of the Dark Rising Pack as my mate, now and forevermore” I screamed, my rage unleashed, the pack members gasping while Ashton clutched at his chest, pain showing in his eyes.

I felt something in my chest severing. The pain was almost minuscule. Perhaps because I couldn’t feel it fully, but Ashton could and he sank to his knees, panting heavily. I stepped closer, Brynn looking shell-shocked.

“You son of a b***h” I hissed “I hope it hurts. I hope the pain is excruciating” I snarled “Now accept the rejection you bastard, because there’s no way I would want to be mates with the likes of you” I roared.

Silence. The pack was stunned. I straightened my shoulders, breathing heavily. Brynn’s mouth was open as she gaped. Ashton, rose awkwardly to his feet, his jaw tightening, a look of determination on his face.

“You’re going to regret taking Brynn as your mate,” I said quietly so that only he could hear me “and you’re going to be miserable. It’s no less than you deserve” I spat out and he glared at me.

“How dare you” Blair shrieked but I ignored her, my face staring resolutely at Ashton, daring him to accept the rejection and free me from the mate bond completely.

He straightened his shoulders, still panting loudly. “I Ashton Grimshaw of the Dark Rising Pack, accept your rejection Blair Williams of the Dark Rising Pack.”

My chest tightened and then lightened. I gave a twisted grin and then mockingly bowed. “Thanks so much. I guess I dodged a bullet.”

Brynn was still shrieking obscenities at me in the background.

“Get her and take her down to the dungeon” Luna Bianca ordered, several warriors stepping forward as Brynn quietened.

“Handle her gently, she’s not going to put up a fight,” Alpha Johnathon said resignedly.

I allowed them to take me away, as Ashton stepped back towards Brynn, who flung herself into his arms, sobbing loudly about how she’d been humiliated. The guards were surprisingly gentle and I sat on the threadbare mattress provided, listening to the clang of the cell door as it closed with a final clanging sound. I guess I was going to be confined until I left, after all, I mused and gave a defeated sigh. I had no illusions that I was ever going to find a mate that accepted me for who I was and the knowledge surprisingly hurt more than I had ever thought it would.