

# The Rebellious Omega

## Chapter 32

Trigger warning: This episode contains mention of t\*\*\*\*e and s\*\*\*\*l abuse, please do not read if this may be triggering to you.

Third Person POV

He stared at her, her face devoid of color, her body trembling as she remained kneeling on the floor, her long hair covering part of her face.

“Tell me why” he demanded, still unable to understand it “Why would you go to such lengths to get rid of an innocent girl? Why would you go against the law, knowing the consequences like that? You’re many things Bianca, but you’re not stupid” he shouted, his voice full of rage.

She raised her eyes and it was all he could do not to flinch. She looked blankly at him. She curled her lips back. “Innocent,” she said dumbly “After all these years, you still consider Blair to be an innocent girl?” she gave a mocking laugh “That girl is the very devil and yet, you refuse to see it” she sneered “always coming to her defense, punishing her lightly, refusing to kill her despite her weakened state, no matter how many times I’ve tried to persuade you” her voice was bitter.

He took in a breath. “Being compassionate is the sign of a good Alpha, Bianca. I could not kill a girl simply due to a medical condition that she could not help. She didn’t ask to be born with it” he argued “or to be an Orphan. As a Luna, you should have compassion for her. She’s still a member of our pack.”

She stared at him stonily “I did not ask to be saddled with her guardianship” she hissed “and yet I had no choice.”

His voice was dangerously low “You wished her to be an omega in our home and we needed to be guardians for that to happen. That is something that you asked for”he said, his tone brooking no arguments as she fell silent.

There really was no pleasing her he thought sourly, not understanding her obsession with getting rid of Blair once and for all. The girl had never done anything to her.

“As for the punishments, they have not been light. I have punished her as you asked and as I saw fit, but even now, I feel as though they were too harsh. Why this hatred of the girl Bianca? A girl who had done nothing to you?” he demanded “it’s as though you despise her very existence!”

“She defies my every instruction” Luna Bianca snapped, her eyes coming back to life “She refuses to obey me willingly. She riles up our daughter and treats her with contempt. That is enough to make me hate her. She doesn’t deserve to be in this pack.”

“Brynn is no angel,” Alpha Johnathon said heavily “I think we have done our daughter a disservice by ignoring her bad behavior and allowing her to run wild as we have. She’s being punished as we speak, by the Alpha King for striking his mate.”

Luna Bianca gave a hiss “Blair again” she snarled “it’s always to do with her.”

Alpha Johnathon shook his head “Did you not hear me” he snapped “She struck his mate. It mattered not that it was Blair. When you get out of here, I expect you to start laying down boundaries with our daughter and stop tolerating her bad behavior. She can no longer continue to act like the spoiled princess she is. Trust me, the punishment she is undergoing right now is tame in comparison to what he could have chosen to do. She’s very lucky.”

Luna Bianca glared at him. He sighed. “You took a huge risk going against the law. Why? Was it so bad to have Blair in our guardianship for a few more years?” he queried “By going against the Alpha King’s orders, you risked death, Bianca! You could have been killed for disobeying him. I don’t understand why you would have risked everything to get rid of one poor girl!”

“I wanted her gone” Luna Bianca’s voice cracked “I didn’t want to have to look at her face any longer so I did it. I took the chance and it failed. Don’t reprimand me Johnathon, you have no idea how it feels, having to look at her all the time and having her look down on me as though she is superior in some way instead of some pathetic wolfless brat. She acts as though she’s better than everyone else” she sniffed.

“You’re going to miss our daughter’s eighteenth birthday because of your foolish actions” Alpha Johnathon breathed “You’re going to miss her transition and her path into adulthood. All because you couldn’t put aside your hatred” he accused, his voice rising slightly in his anger.

She looked down, feeling regretful. She loved Brynn and it hurt that she would miss the party she had worked so hard to prepare for tomorrow. She had put a lot of love and care into preparing for it. Her throat closed up and tears came to her eyes. Now she hated Blair more than ever. This was all her fault.

Footsteps sounded. Alpha Johnathon turned his head. One of King Braedon’s warriors came out from the shadows. He glanced at the Alpha meaningfully, silently communicating. Luna Bianca watched with a dawning realization. She was weak, having had silver injected into her. She couldn’t transform to defend herself. She had been dreading this moment. Part of her hoped that King Braedon would show mercy, perhaps even some compassion. Now she knew that his reputation for being ruthless was well deserved. Her husband turned to her, a grave expression on his face. She nervously licked her lips, hoping to persuade her husband to intervene somehow.

“Johnathon” she whispered “can you not stop them? Please. I can’t, I can’t go through this. It’s not fair” she added, her voice cracking.

His jawtightened. He was unable to prevent this and the knowledge pained and grieved him. “I’m sorry Bianca” he whispered “but it’s King Braedon’s command. I cannot stop this, no matter how much I want to.”

“Johnathon, I don’t want to be tortured” she pleaded desperately, the other man slowly opening up the cell door as her husband watched feeling sick to his stomach “Please, Johnathon” she begged hysterically.

The man tackled her and put restraints on her, hoisting her arms up above her head and attaching them to a ring descending from the ceiling. He wore gloves to prevent the silver cuffs from burning his skin. Luna Bianca let out a howl as her skin began to burn and bubble. Alpha Johnathon winced. The man tore her dress down her back, exposing her skin to his gaze. She began to whimper, anticipating what was to come. Johnathon winced, knowing that there would be no leniency for her, even if she was the Luna of the pack.

“Johnathon, Johnathon, oh god, don’t let them do this, please, oh god, no” she shrieked, kicking and flailing her legs. The man walked out of the cell, bringing back a trolley full of instruments.

“Alpha Johnathon if you wish to stay then you must not interfere.” the warrior said politely “but I wouldn’t if I were you. It can be traumatic to watch a loved one suffer and be tortured in front of your own eyes and hear their screams.”

Alpha Johnathon nodded slowly. Bianca’s eyes almost bulged out of her head as the man slowly and carefully grabbed a large whip, brandishing it in his hand.

Surely Johnathon was going to do something! He was the Alpha of their pack for goodness sake. He could make them stop,couldn’t he? She felt bile rising up in her throat. Alpha Johnathon looked at his wife with sorrow.

“Forgive me Bianca” he murmured “I am sorry.”

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Her jaw dropped open as he turned and began to walk away, a finality in his step that shocked her to the core. He was abandoning her. Leaving her to her fate. Her body trembled and shook violently.

She feared the pain she was about to experience. The warrior stepped back inside the cell, the whip clutched tightly in his hands.

“I can give you money,lots of money,” she said, her voice shrill and panicked.

The warrior laughed. “Do you think I would betray my king for something so measly and pathetic as money? He pays me well and treats me kindly. No, I would not betray my king for a woman such as you” he sneered, Bianca’s hopes dashed.

He stepped closer, his aura threatening and menacing. He looked her body up and down, his lip curling. He stood close to her ear. “King Braedon gave me strict instructions,” he told her, his voice callous and cold, “he told me all about what you forced his mate to endure. That private examination she had to undergo, how she was humiliated and traumatized by it.”

Luna Bianca’s eyes widened. Her breathing became frenzied. The man wasn’t finished yet. His voice was ruthless. “He told me to make sure you endured the same as she did. The same humiliation and degradation. I’m looking forward to examining you. I don’t have the same tools that a nurse would use, but I’m extremely creative” he told her, his voice dripping with venom.

The first strike of the whip caught her off guard and she gave a cry, pain ricocheting through her body. Tears flowed down her cheeks. He stood directly behind her, out of her line of sight, so that she couldn’t anticipate when the next strike was coming. By the fourth whip, she was screaming herself hoarse and the man was wildly entertained.

“Your screams are music to my ears” he guffawed, her blood trickling to the ground as she tensed “Don’t think that I’ll take it easy on you because you are a woman or because you’re screaming so loud” he warned “the King expects me to be ruthless and that’s exactly what I’ll be. Not to mention, I still have to examine you” he said chuckling as she sobbed “and that’s not going to be a pleasant experience at all. But it will be fun, for me at least” he said and then she felt another strike of the whip, her mouth opening to scream once again. As she was tortured, all she could think about was Blair and how this was all her fault.