

# The Rebellious Omega

## Chapter 42

Third Person POV

Brynn was unceremoniously shoved into the same cell as Ashton, who stared at them both hatefully. He had been whipped to an inch of his life and blood trickled down his wounds. Brynn shrieked and rushed to him as he sat, using the wall to lean against, barely conscious, his breathing labored. “Oh my god Ashton” she shrieked, kneeling beside him, feeling panicked.

Part of her was concerned about being whipped as well, but she valiantly tried not to show it. Her father would never hurt her like that, would he?

There was so much blood. Her stomach roiled, and she turned to glare at her father who looked absolutely miserable as he stared at the three of them, Brynn, Ashton, and his wife Bianca. “How could you do this to me?” Brynn said hysterically “And look at Ashton” she gestured to her chosen mate resentfully.

Her father had lost his mind and allowed that b\*\*\*h Blair to cloud his judgment.

Ashton pushed her hand away resentfully. Brynn looked at him taken aback. She felt hurt that he had pushed her away from him. Luna Bianca was silent, staring off into the distance. There was no expression on her face. It had only been a day or so and already she had lost all hope and been broken completely. Alpha Johnathon groaned out loud, wanting to smash his fist into the nearest wall as he glared at them all. He couldn’t deny that he was furious with the lot of them and how they had chosen to behave with the King himself visiting the pack. He had expected better and instead, they had behaved repugnantly.

“Shut up Brynn, you brought this on yourself” he snarled “You just couldn’t help yourself could you” he said in exasperation throwing his hands up in the air “offending the Alpha King for god’s sake. Have you no common sense” he seethed, staring at her in disbelief.

Brynn blinked at him. She thought he might have been on her side but her father was lecturing her as though she was the reason for all this! She was innocent, this was all that conniving slut Blair’s fault! Didn’t he see that?

“Father” she wailed and Alpha Johnathon gritted his teeth, his temper past fraying point. When had his family gotten so out of control? He let out a ferocious growl that had everybody shrinking back, except for Ashton who remained on the floor staring dumbly at him.

If you are not reading this book from the website: [novel5s.com](http://novel5s.com) then you are reading a pirated version with incomplete content. Please visit [novel5s.com](http://novel5s.com) and search the book title to read the entire book for free

“Enough” he yelled, making Brynn tremble from the ferocity of his anger “You stupid girl. You could have used this visit to curry favor with the Alpha King and strengthen our treaty and trade negotiations and instead, you’ve practically doomed our pack! Do you even realize the enormity of what you, Ashton, and your mother have done? Do any of you have a f\*\*\*\*g clue?” he shouted as they all fell silent.

Brynn’s father had never spoken to her like that before in the whole history of her lifetime and she felt frightened of him for the very first time.

Alpha Johnathon was shaking with rage. Brynn paled even further. She had never seen her father this angry before and never aimed at her. Ashton darted his eyes away. He’d already had his father visit him, shaking his head and launching a tirade at him over how disappointed he was over Ashton’s behavior. Now Alpha Johnathon was doing the exact same thing. Alpha Johnathon’s eyes were flashing. Brynn suddenly felt frightened of her father and the expression on his face. He looked as though he had lost all control of himself. He was breathing heavily. She feared what he might do or what he might order be done to her. She instinctively knew that she was not going to be getting out of whatever punishment he had in mind and she swallowed hard.

Brynn’s eyes widened as he motioned to a guard. The guard quietly came forward. Alpha Johnathon looked at Ashton. His tone changed, his aura growing. He used his Alpha tone on Ashton who was forced to obey. “You will hold her so that her back is facing me and the guard and not let go. Brynn, you will not attempt to shift” he ordered.

Ashton grabbed Brynn who screamed and tried to struggle, his arms locking around her neck, keeping her in place as she fought against him, but she was no match for his strength, not in her human form.

“Sir what are your orders” the guard asked quietly, stunned to see the prisoners in here at all, particularly the Luna and the Alpha’s daughter.

He never thought he would see the day. None of the guards did. Alpha Johnathon gave a twisted smile, his heart feeling a burst of pain as he gave the instruction. “Rip her dress down her back and whip her 6times,” he said in a low tone, looking directly at his daughter who was incredulous. Her father had never physically punished her before and she couldn’t believe he was attempting to do it now.

Hearing him, Brynn screamed again, struggling anew. She couldn’t believe her father was about to let a lowly guard hurt her like that. “Father, father don’t” she pleaded, unable to turn her head in the position Ashton kept her locked in “I’m your daughter, you can’t do this” she begged, sounding hysterical.

Planning your weekend reading? Ensure you're on [novel5s.com](http://novel5s.com) for uninterrupted enjoyment. The next chapter is just a click away, exclusively available on our site. Happy reading!

He let out a low growl. “I promised that you would be punished and King Braedon is sure to make sure I kept my word. I am not going to back out, and as my daughter, you should have known better and behaved appropriately” he said icily in an unforgiving tone of voice.

“Please” she sobbed but he hardened his heart.

She had been spoilt and her every whim indulged for far too long. The guard slowly opened the cell, approaching with a whip. Alpha Johnathon gave a slow nod “Do not take it easy on her” he said “Treat her as though she is like any ordinary prisoner” he said heavily.

It was the only way his daughter would learn her lesson. She was like any other pack member, Alpha’s daughter or no. Brynn was shaking violently. The guard looked nervous but he didn’t dare refuse an order directly from the Alpha. Part of the guard was relishing the experience. Brynn caused a lot of trouble in the pack and he had seen firsthand how vicious she could be, causing innocent prisoners to be punished for something she herself had done. He raised his arm as the Alpha watched and tore her dress, exposing the smooth expanse of her back, and then raised the arm with the whip, bringing it down with a large smacking sound as Brynn flung her head back and let out a blood curdling scream.

She had never even been smacked before. To her the pain was devastating. She sobbed, her back feeling like it was on fire. One strike of the whip and she was ready to pass out from the pain. She cried in earnest, the Alpha fighting to remain unmoved by his daughter’s tears.

Whack, whack. She jolted forward, Ashton’s arms still gripping her tight as she screamed and screamed, her cries loud and full of pain. Her back throbbed, every movement, even taking a simple breath painful and she wept, fearful of the next strike.

“Please Dad” she pleaded, tears trailing down her cheeks as she sniffled and sniveled.

“Again,” he said coldly from behind her, unmoved by her tears and her pleads.

“No” she screamed.

Whack. She was hysterical. Two more strikes to go, but she wasn’t sure she could cope with another. She was barely conscious. Prisoners typically received a dozen whips and Brynn wasn’t sure how they withstood it. She had no fight left in her as she received another strike. She whimpered, feeling a wetness between her legs. She was so afraid and in so much pain she had lost control of her bladder. Ashton’s eyes filled with disgust as he held her in place. She was embarrassed. Her father remained silent. Whack. She received the last strike and she fell forward, Ashton’s body the only thing preventing her from collapsing. The guard stepped out and shut the cell door. Ashton let go of Brynn at once and went back to the wall, looking moody. Brynn sank to the floor, weeping and crying loudly.

“You bastard” she sobbed, looking at her father, feeling blood trickling down her back as she felt scorching heat and intense throbbing from her wounds.

“Maybe, but let this serve as a lesson,” Alpha Johnathon said, looking away, feeling ashamed of himself and overwhelmingly guilty.

Maybe he had gone too far? But then, he reminded himself, the Alpha King would have been far more severe had he punished Brynn.

She just cried harder. He saw his wife, staring at him and then glancing at their daughter and felt even more uneasy. Ashton remained silent. “Please let us out” Brynn whispered.

“I will ask his Majesty’s permission tomorrow about letting either of you go free. I haven’t forgotten his orders in regards to you Ashton and what I said, but perhaps he might be in more of a forgiving mood tomorrow before he leaves, but even then, things are going to change Brynn” Alpha Johnathon said to his daughter ominously as she lay on her stomach, her watery eyes looking upwards, a look of resignation on her face “you will no longer be given as much free reign to do as you please. I will be putting rules in place, whether you like it or not. Something your mother and I should have done long ago” he snapped.

She didn’t answer. He shook his head, feeling absolutely miserable, and then turned and walked away, glancing at his wife and spotting the disfigurement on her face. A stark reminder that she had gotten on the Alpha King’s bad side. He clenched his jaw and headed back up the stairs, the guards watching him, feeling slightly sympathetic even as they stared at the prisoners. The only one they felt bad for was Ashton and even then it was very little. The King headed back upstairs, feeling old and weary, seeking out his bed for the night. He had no more business to conclude and he wanted nothing more than to clean up and sleep in his own bed tonight. The look on his face was so heated and so full of anguish that none of the omegas or guests, dared to approach him, sensing that they would only be intruding on his need for privacy. Tomorrow, he thought blindly, he may be able to give back Brynn and maybe Ashton his freedom but it all depended on the whim of King Braedon and possibly Blair. He swallowed hard. He had no doubts, that if it were Blair’s decision alone, that his request would be denied and he felt sick as he got into bed. His family really were damn idiots! How could he have been so blind when it came to how his wife and his daughter behaved?