

# The Rebellious Omega

## Chapter 72

Blair POV

I saw her claws grow out of her nails and took a step backward. It was against the rules as it wasn't part of our human form, but Malcolm was preoccupied with another fight and I didn't want to yell out and tattle. I gritted my teeth as Sierra gave me a sickening grin. "Let's see you dodge these" she snarled.

"At least I don't have to cheat to win" I snapped, making her eyes blaze.

"Shut up you stupid slut" she yelled and launched herself at me, using a flurry of moves in rapid succession in an effort to finally land a hit on me.

I kept my hands up, dodging and moving, occasionally landing a punch, but even I was unable to prevent her claws from swiping across my shoulder and drawing blood. I hissed, feeling the pain as Sierra's eyes gleamed in triumph. She'd finally gotten a hit. She licked her claw and jumped back, subtly keeping an eye on Malcolm to ensure he still hadn't noticed. I bit my lip and gathered my composure. This didn't seem like friendly sparring anymore. This felt more like a real battle and Sierra looked determined to continue fighting until one of us was badly beaten and bloody.

"Sierra that's enough," I said calmly.

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I was not going to be pulled into this. Nor was I going to be killed by a psychopath. But Sierra didn't care what I wanted. "Think again loser" she whispered, her voice chilling as she stared at me, "the fight isn't over until I say it's over" she added and I swallowed hard. Where the hell was Malcolm?

I looked for him and noticed that he was gone. s\*\*t. So was one of the fighters. He must have accompanied them to the hospital, something he did regularly during training when somebody was severely hurt by accident. Great. Sierra was taking full advantage of it. She smirked, her eyes following my eyeliner. "No Malcolm to save you now" she purred while the rest of the crowd had dispersed, all but Josie who tried to take Sierra's arm.

"Stop Sierra, that's enough. The fight is over" she said, her voice shrill "If Malcolm finds out you've been cheating, you'll be made into an omega and forced to serve in the pack house for a month."

Sierra promptly turned and punched Josie in the face. I watched in horror as Josie crumpled to the ground unconscious. "What the f\*\*k" I yelled "how could you just hit her like that. She didn't do anything!"

"She might have gone to get help" Sierra snarled "Now it's just us. Don't even hope that one of the others went for help, they are all loyal to me"she snapped.

f\*\*\*\*\*g great. She giggled and flipped her hair. "What is your problem with me?" I asked suspiciously, beginning to wonder if she was the one responsible for the spider in my bed and the rattlesnake in my bathroom.

She narrowed her eyes and glared at me "What is my problem?" she said in a snooty voice "My problem is that somebody like you, who is nothing more than a pathetic human, or at least no better than one, doesn't deserve to be in this pack, full of strong shifters and royalty. You're no good to anyone, you're only going to get me or one of my friends killed if we have to save your ass during a rogue attack" she snarled.

So that was it but then she had to add "Not to mention I know whose your mate and I can't believe he didn't reject you. Once you are dead, he'll take me on as a chosen mate. I'm one of the strongest warriors in the pack and fully worthy of being the Luna Queen."

Ah, so she was delusional as well, I thought to myself, nodding my head.

I pointed and she frowned, looking bewildered. "The hospital is that way," I said bluntly "I suggest that you find the mental health unit and tell them you're having delusions of grandeur. Because you becoming Luna Queen is so far from reality, that I'm concerned for you" I told her as she gaped at me.

"Why you" she spluttered.

I shrugged and turned my back. f\*\*k this. I was ready to go for a long nap. Sierra was incensed. "Don't turn your back on me" she shouted, her voice carrying across the wind.

I looked over my shoulder at her. "Sorry, but I'm simply no good at walking backward" I shouted apologetically as she went slack-jawed "I'm more prone to walk into things, so this way is safer." I shrugged.

"That's not what I meant" she screamed. "Are you hearing me? Can't you hear what I'm saying?"

"Yes, but I don't actually care if I'm honest" I yelled "It sounds more like you problem than a me problem. Good luck" I said, waving over my shoulder.

She appeared speechless. I heard a low growl behind me and quickened my pace. Then I stilled as I heard the sounds of bones cracking and adjusting. Despite Malcom's warning about not shifting and fighting in shifter form, Sierra was ignoring the rules. I glanced over my shoulder, seeing a large grey and white wolf pawing at the ground. I swallowed past the lump in my throat. The pack house was in the distance. There was no way I was going to make it in time. I could scream I realized and did just that, flinging my head and screaming for all I was worth, but it wasn't Braedon's name I screamed, instead, I screamed out "Alpha Cody, save me, she's going to kill me" at the top of my lungs, as I propelled my body forward, my breathing shallow. I tripped and landed on my knees, wincing at the cut on my hand. I heard Sierra's low growl and knew I was dead meat, preparing myself as I felt her hot breath on my neck and then I heard another growl as a wolf barrelled into her sending her flying. It was Braedon and he looked pissed. Sierra whimpered and Braedon shifted into human form. "Shift" he roared at her and a shrinking Sierra was forced to do just that, standing naked and shivering as he stared at her icily, his expression deadly. A bemused Alpha Cody walked out of the pack house, helping me to my feet as my mate shot me a seething look.