

# The Rebellious Omega

## Chapter 81

Third Person POV

Things were not going well at the pack house, especially now that Brynn and Ashton had taken over the role of Alpha and Luna.

“Ashton” Cody spoke, his Beta, his voice a little cold, as he surveyed his friend sitting at the desk, his legs up, a grim expression on his face “The pack members are starting to grow angry at the lack of leadership between you and your chosen mate Brynn. You need to do something. Every time you issue an order, if it has to do with one of her friends, Brynn counteracts it. It’s confusing everyone and it’s bringing your role as Alpha into jeopardy.”

Ashton glowered at his friend “You think I don’t know that” he snapped, slamming his hand on the table “I knew that Brynn was a spoilt b\*\*\*h, but I didn’t know she was this bad. Even my own father won’t speak to me at the moment unless it’s to tell me what a bad job we’re doing. He’s talking about leaving the pack for his brothers instead, now that his role as Gamma to Alpha Johnathon is over.”

He sighed.

“What would you have me do?” he demanded.

Cody’s eyes blazed. As the Beta he was second in command and he was fast losing patience. He might be Ashton’s friend but his main priority was the safety and the wellbeing of the pack. He had never seen his friend in such a helpless situation and he thought that Ashton was being a coward.

“Whatever it takes” Cody snarled, causing Ashton to look at him sharply “For starters, cancel all of your cards. Brynn is spending money like it is going out of fashion. That money isn’t just for her, it’s the pack money’s too, and needs to be divided up accordingly. She’s spent 10 million in two months” he added and Ashton’s expression turned gloomier “Her father is not pleased that he’s having to continue supporting her. Especially since you took over several of your own father’s companies” he pointed out.

“Yeah well they aren’t doing well” Ashton muttered, glaring down at his desk.

Probably because you aren’t doing any f\*\*\*\*g work in regards to them, Cody wanted to shout in frustration. You can’t just sit on your ass and hope the company keeps running smoothly. “You know that Brynn is abusing the omegas,” he said gravely and Ashton looked up sharply, his lip curling back in derision.

“Who cares, they are only omegas,” he said dismissively as his friend struggled to maintain his composure “It’s not like she’s hurting anybody of significance.”

“That makes it okay?” his friend said incredulously “Do you have any idea how much trouble this pack could be in if it’s found out it’s abusing its members whether they are omegas or not?”

Ashton’s voice was careless “I’ve already used the Alpha tone on them all to make sure they don’t tell anyone.” Cody stared at him in disbelief. “You used the Alpha tone, to instruct them not to inform anyone about the abuse?” Ashton nodded. Cody exhaled. He couldn’t believe how low Ashton had gone. This wasn’t his friend sitting here. This was a complete stranger. Brynn had manipulated him into becoming a completely different person. He felt a lump in his throat. Ashton could be a bastard before but this was downright shocking. He glanced back down at his notes. “Ashton, training is only being conducted every few days instead of every day,” he said softly, uncertain as to why that was “The pack members have been told that you and Brynn insisted on cutting it down to just a few sessions a week, Why? It’s always been daily to keep everybody strong and prepared for rogue attacks.”

Ashton laughed. Cody tried to keep his anger from showing. Ashton glanced at his friend with open scorn. “When was the last time we had an attack from rogues?” he asked challengingly “They know better than to approach this pack! Our reputation has forestalled any attacks and nobody likes having to attend training every single day without a day off. It’s boring and it messes with your mind. It’s better for everyone if we only do it a few days a week, that way everybody is mentally healthy and recovered from their sessions.”

Cody wanted to object. Pack members were becoming lazy from not having to attend training. “Is it true that you’ve made it non-compulsory as well?” he asked grimly.

“I don’t want to force people to do things they don’t like,” Ashton said nonchalantly “I mean, Brynn hates it and she hates having to see who’s actually doing the training so…” he shrugged, clearly signifying the discussion was over. Cody was in a state of disbelief.

Cody was close to erupting at Ashton and Brynn’s stupidity. They had been given the reigns of the pack and were running it into the ground. There was only so much, he, as a Beta could do. He didn’t have the power to override an Alpha command, let alone go over Ashton’s head. There was a knock on the study door and Cody wanted to slam his fist into the wall with exasperation. He knew who it was and he was seething as he gritted his teeth. The last thing he wanted was that b\*\*\*h’s presence here but it seemed it couldn’t be helped. She’d come back early from her f\*\*\*\*g shopping trip. He fought to keep the grimace off his face as the door slowly slid open and Brynn came sailing in, reeking of her repulsive shampoo.

“Ashton darling” she trilled, her makeup lightly applied, her designer dress clinging to her slender frame, her heels clacking loudly on the floor, a wide grin on her face “I missed you” she cooed, her ruby red lips pursing to kiss her chosen mate on the lips as Cody rolled his eyes in the background.

As much as Ashton proclaimed to be annoyed with Brynn, he responded to her kiss with ardor, pulling her onto his lap and kissing her hard, leaving the two of them breathless. Brynn giggled, wrapping her arms around his neck, shopping bags dropping from her hands to the floor as she looked at Cody with intense dislike. Neither of them liked each other and showed it with open hostility.