

CHAPTER 21

Winter POV

The gun is heavy in my hand and it shakes slightly but I'm not loosening my grip. Thomas will be back any moment and I know I need to take him by surprise. I can't fight in my condition and I stumble towards the stairs, quickly getting under them before he comes back. Naturally I hear the door creak back open seconds later and his footsteps as he comes in. It only takes him less than a minute to realize I'm gone.

"Winter" he yells and I stay silent, breathing heavily in the darkness, trying not to give my location away. There's plenty of hiding spots in the basement and I hope he thinks I'm hiding somewhere, anywhere else.

"This is stupid" he says annoyed "you can barely walk on that leg. You really think you have the guts to shoot me" he scoffs and begins to walk down, looking tentatively around him, looking for me.

Come on, I think to myself, just a little further down. He stops just above me and I strike, darting both hands out and shoving him. To my satisfaction he loses his balance and goes tumbling down the stairs. He doesn't move. I wait, seeing his chest moving evenly but his eyes are closed and I pray that he's lost consciousness because now I have to climb over him to get to the stairs and out of here. The gun shakes in my hand as I come out, pointing it directly at him. I'm taking no chances.

I limp, swearing, over to him and kneel down slightly to check his pulse, It's steady but he doesn't react to my touch and I slowly move my good leg over him, gripping the banister tightly as I swing my painful one over his body and up the first step. I pant, it hurts so damn much but I can't afford to slow down. Part of me wants to shoot Thomas in the face while he lies there, but I can't bring myself to be a killer, despite everything. Besides it feels really wrong to kill a boy while he's lying there helpless and completely naked. I spare a thought for the fact I'm still in a baby doll with no underwear but shrug it off. Who cared? Right now I needed to get out. Clothes could wait till later, screw modesty.

I had gotten not even halfway up when I heard him move. I freeze and look over my shoulder, seeing his arm beginning to move and I start to almost jump each step, desperate to get out the door. I limp towards the front door, the gun still in my hand, hoping that he's still not up, still in too much pain to move. I forgot that he already had his wolf and would heal quickly. He tackles me to the floor and I scream in rage, red hot pain in my foot as I fall, the gun sliding out of my hands.

His eyes are crazed as he turns me over, his face stony and his hands reaching to strangle me.

"You little bitch" he hisses "I was trying to be nice to you and you pull something like this? You only have yourself to blame" he adds and I back up a little as he laughs, his fingers closing around my throat while I scrabble and claw at his hands, trying desperately to get them off me.

“Stop” I get out but if anything his hands get tighter. “I’m sorry” I pant but he doesn’t stop, a crazy expression on his face.

“All I wanted was for both of us to be together” he shouts, banging my head into the floor over and over until blood begins to trickle from my head.

While it was excruciating the sight of blood seemed to snap him out of it and slowly his hands slide off of me, sitting back but stupidly, it must be said, with his knees over mine. I tense. There’s only one way he’s getting up and it’s something I’m about to take advantage of. I might be down and I might be in pain but so help me if I’m about to die today I’m taking the asshole with me. Sure enough he stands to get up and I bite down on my lip to prevent myself from screaming as I shoot out my good leg, effectively kicking him in the place it hurts the most. I hear his howl and watch as he keels over on the floor, gripping his nuts while I slide out from under him and turn onto my side, inching towards the gun which is close by, my hand reaching out for it.

I can hear his growling behind me and don’t risk looking back as my hands grip the gun and I turn, just as he tackles me, his claws digging into my throat. I can feel them, it’s almost like he’s severing my vocal chords and I don’t hesitate any longer, my hand instinctively bringing itself up as I shoot him, over and over until the chamber’s empty, his body going slack over mine, blood dripping all over me.

He slumps and I curse at how heavy he is as I push him off. What a deadweight. This time I want to make sure he’s dead and wincing I slowly pull his claws out of my throat, gripping it frantically and making sure to

stem the bleeding as I literally use my good leg to kick him off me. I can barely breathe but I'm also not about to be found here, holding a gun by the dead body of a shifter. But I also can't get up, my foot now swollen and in so much pain that to even wiggle my toes elicited a howl and a loud scream from me. I close my eyes and face the truth. I was going to jail, there was no way they would believe my story even dressed as I was. I'm just a lowly omega after all and Thomas was well, rich. I was done for. I can't even bring myself to try and get to the door, too exhausted from my fighting and all the trauma I've just gone through. The last thing I expect to hear before I succumb to the darkness surrounding me is my brother and Johnathon's voice calling out my name before I fall unconscious.

“WINTER.”