

CHAPTER 22 Just an Omega

"Unhand my son!" Bethany's voice echoed through the room, laced with a mix of fury and concern.

Garrett, her older brother, glanced up at her, his eyes filled with anger. He snarled, his grip on Daniel loosening as the younger man began to sob uncontrollably. Garrett wiped the blood from his hands on his pants, a tense silence settling between the siblings.

"Is this what you called me here to see, Father?" Bethany snapped, her anger simmering beneath her words. "To witness the moment Garrett finally loses his mind? Don't you understand that this is a strike against the Moon Stone Pack? Are you trying to start a war?"

Garrett's lips curled into a disdainful sneer. "Your son started this, not me," he retorted, his voice dripping with bitterness.

Daniel, tears streaming down his bruised face, wiped away the blood from his broken nose and finally spoke up. "She was just an omega," he repeated, his words tinged with regret. "How was I supposed to know that she was his future mate?"

Bethany's laughter rang out cold and hollow. "An omega? How fitting," she scoffed, her eyes narrowing with disdain. "Of course, you couldn't find a proper she-wolf to be your mate. You are a joke."

"Get control of your son, Bethany," Garrett said dismissively, refusing to acknowledge her comment.

"Who do you think you are, telling me what to do, Garrett?" Bethany retorted, her voice laced with defiance.

"Someone has to keep you and your unruly pup in check. Just because you're a Luna doesn't mean you get to do whatever you want." A growl rumbled deep in Garrett's throat, his patience wearing thin.

However, before the situation could escalate further, Bethany snapped her fingers, summoning her beta to intervene. The beta swiftly pulled Daniel to his feet, following Bethany's orders to take him home, where his father would deal with him. Daniel wanted to protest, to demand that Garrett be punished, but Bethany's beta hushed him and led him away.

Bethany knew better than to ask Garrett for forgiveness or leniency. She understood that the fault lay with Daniel, and she detested being in debt to her brother. Garrett, with his vindictive nature, was not one to easily forgive and forget.

As the commotion settled, Bethany attempted to address Daniel once more, but Garrett's voice cut through the air, his tone firm and unwavering. "He'll receive a punishment equivalent to the injuries she received," he declared, leaving no room for negotiation.

Bethany's disbelief surged forth. "Absolutely not," she protested. "She should have identified herself."

"As if that would have stopped that drunkard," Garrett argued.

"It is fair, Bethany," Alpha Jack, the leader of their pack, interjected, his tone weighted with authority.

Bethany's eyes flashed with defiance as she countered, "It's not our fault that Garrett chose an unfit mate. No omega should hold a

position of power. They are a liability.*

Garrett's voice hardened. "Bethany, you do not understand the situation. Watch your mouth," he warned, his gaze fixed on Bethany, daring her to challenge his authority further.

Bethany's voice dripped with scorn as she pressed on. "Look at you. You're not even thinking clearly because of her. You'll be at your enemy's mercy if she is captured," she taunted, trying to push Garrett's buttons.

Garrett's eyes narrowed, his anger simmering beneath the surface. "Am I supposed to strive to find a conniving bitch wolf such as yourself?" he growled.

"Say that again, you mongrel!" Bethany growled again as she stepped up to Garrett.

Alpha Jack's authoritative voice boomed, silencing the heated exchange. "Enough!" he commanded. "This is not why I called you all here. I summoned you to have a brunch, to welcome her to our family."

A bitter smile tugged at Garrett's lips as he responded with cold resolve. "Well, that's not going to happen now. I am taking her home," he stated, his words laced with a touch of sarcasm. "Thanks again, Father, for wasting my time."

The atmosphere grew tense as Garrett made his final declaration. Alpha Jack sighed, realizing the futility of attempting to salvage the brunch. The rift between siblings had deepened, and he knew it would take time and effort to mend the broken bonds.

That evening at Garrett's private residence, Lily lay still, sleeping peacefully after receiving medical treatment. However, as the midnight hour approached, she began to stir restlessly, plagued by nightmares that slipped through the fading effects of the tranquilizer.

Whispers escaped Lily's lips, soft and filled with fear. "Help me... No, don't touch me!" she pleaded, her voice trembling with a sense of vulnerability.

"Garrett, why haven't you come to save me?" she cried out in her sleep, her words a desperate plea for his protection.

The name "Garrett" escaped her lips repeatedly, intertwined with sobs that resonated with the helplessness of a lost child. Her nightmares seemed to consume her, trapping her in a world of fear and uncertainty.

Garrett couldn't help but feel his heart ache fiercely for Lily. His anger towards those who had harmed her intensified, and he vowed to himself that he would never again let his guard down.

'Alpha call. Do the Alpha call to soothe her,' Berric said.

Garrett never had the need to do the call, but he did it now. The soft hum came low in his chest. Holding her hand tightly, he pressed it against his cheek, his voice filled with sincerity.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, his words laden with determination as he watched Lily settling down. "This will never happen to you again. If anyone dares to hurt you, I will do whatever it takes to protect you."

The night passed, and as dawn broke, Lily stirred from her fitful sleep. Opening her eyes, she found herself back in the familiar

surroundings of Garrett's private residence. Slowly, she attempted to rise from the bed, only to be greeted by a searing pain that shot through her back, causing her to wince in agony.

Her legs trembling, she tried to put her feet on the ground, seeking support, but her balance betrayed her, and with a sharp cry, she collapsed, falling face-first to the floor.

Just as despair threatened to consume her, the bathroom door swung open, revealing a figure rushing to her aid.

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