

## The Stained Omega by Elle T Jefferson Chapter 7 -

(Anna)

As I sit in the garden behind the packhouse I can't help but think about the last two years. My life has changed so much, and mostly for the better. After a few months here I learned that my life at Mountain pack was not the norm for all packs. Here at Swiftmane I have never been slapped, kicked, belittled or even made to bleed. For the longest time I would jump if a male would move too close to me, my internal instinct is to curl into a ball and make myself small like when I was a pup. I'm still wary of new males and some of the females but for the whole I think I'm doing ok. Beta James is really nice, he's always there when I need him. Once I mentioned to him how sad it was to see all the flower boxes on the windows empty and then, as if overnight, they were filled with the most beautiful flowers.

Patrick the Head Warrior is trying to get me included in the training sessions but from what I understand Alpha Fraction has put his foot down. No training for the little wolf. God I hate that nickname. 'I'm not little anymore damn it! We are strong!' my inner voice is as temperamental as always.

At the far end of the garden I can see Patrick leading a sparring group. I can't say it looks fun but I wish I could join. I want to defend myself, I want to be able to hurt people the way I was hurt. Ok, maybe not the same way but you get my meaning.

Suddenly a dark haired she-wolf sits down next to me "Alpha said to call you in for food" Eve looked at me "oh and Happy Birthday Anna." I love Eve, she's easily one of my best friends.

She turned 19 last week and is starting to become concerned she hasn't met her mate.

"I'll just go wash up" I say to Eve as I get up and head to my bathroom. Yes, my bathroom. Located on the fourth floor between the Alpha and the Beta, they didn't want me sharing a bathroom with the warriors so a few months after I moved in a small bathroom was added for me and me alone.

As I walk into the bathroom I marvel at the claw foot bathtub, the round sink basin and the beautifully subtle pink walls. I love coming in here, dumping as many bubbles as I can into the tub and just soaking until I am all wrinkled. After years of not having such luxuries I can't seem to stop myself from taking baths as often as I can. I look into the mirror above the sink as I wash my hands. My hair has grown over the last 2 years, my once uncontrollable shoulder length deep brown hair now sits just above my bottom and is sleek and smooth. Once I realised no one was going to be grabbing it I insisted on

having it grown out. My eyes are brighter than they have ever been, a piercing blue as deep as the ocean. Over the last two months I keep catching glimpses of yellow in my eyes. I pray that it's my wolf but I still haven't heard from her. I quickly dampen my face and wash around my mouth. I want to make sure I don't have any crusting skin bits on my lips. Yuck. I never realised I did it but Patrick pointed out that I nibble at my lips when I'm nervous. This apparently leads to me pulling skin off them, I'm trying to drop the habit. Honestly. As I walk into the kitchen I hear Beth scold the Alpha "Henry Fraction Monroe you will wait for everyone"

"I'm hungry now, just a bite won't hurt" I've never heard the Alpha whine before but I swear he sounds like a pup right now.

"Smells good Momma Beth" I say to the old Luna as I take a seat at the table, "Sorry for making you wait Alpha"

"Anna, how many times, Fraction not Alpha or if you must Henry." He places a BLT in front of me and sits opposite with his own. I begin eating my sandwich as Beta James, Patrick, Eve and Momma Beth sit down with us. We all eat in silence for a few minutes until Beta James starts speaking with the Alpha.

"Just a reminder we have the South Claw Alpha and sister coming to visit next week. He's bringing three females and five warriors." Fraction just stares at him.

"Why the hell does he need five warriors on my land?" Fraction does not seem impressed by this.

"Aside from looking for his own mate I believe his sister and some of his warriors are taking the trip as a chance to find their own" Beta James answers around a mouthful of food.

"James don't speak with your mouth full of food" scoulds Momma Beth

"Sorry Momma" Beta James looks a little red in the cheeks. Honestly Fraction's mother is like a momma to the whole pack, she's so kind hearted but don't make her mad she has one heck of a temper.

"Fine, anything else you wish to ruin my lunch with?" Fraction is getting annoyed, probably at having his home filled with unknown warriors.

"Another six she-wolves have been reported missing, all from 43.42%

different packs." Beta James says this low but we all hear it. Momma Beth gasps, Eve puts down her sandwich and I stare at the grooves in the table.

“Patrick, meet me in my office when you are done, you too James. Eve, Beth neither of you are to leave the packland alone until I figure this out. Understood?” Fraction is in Alpha mode and leaves before we can acknowledge what he says. We will listen. We always do.

(Fraction)

Leaving my sandwich uneaten at the table I storm out and head to my office. James and Patrick will follow me when they are done. I head straight to my computer and phone, I quickly check my emails, nothing, not one damn message about the missing she-wolves. I dial Alpha Darryl on my phone. “Fraction, what do I owe the pleasure?” Darryl picks up the phone on the third ring.

“Why haven’t I been informed about the missing she-wolves?” I’m angry, I have 82 females in my pack, that’s 82 wolves in danger.

“Your Beta works fast” Darryl sounds impressed, “The she-wolves were all declared missing around two hours ago. All different ages, some mated some not, all different in looks. My Beta has a theory but I think it’s far fetched”

“Tell me” I’m holding Leo back. He’s concerned for Anna and is demanding we keep her close. James and Patrick enter my office and sit down. I hold up a hand and put the phone on speaker. “Go ahead Darryl, you’re on speaker with James and Rick.”

“So my Beta thinks whoever is taking these she-wolves might be, erm well, that he might be shopping.”

“Shopping?” Rick sounds confused.

“Wait as in shopping for a mate?” My Beta is clearly on the same wavelength as Darryl’s Beta.

“Yeah, I mean it makes sense. In the last 6 months we have had twenty-three she-wolves be taken. All from different packs. All different ages. None look alike and none are seen again.” What he says makes sense.

“Alright” I squeeze the top of my nose between my eyes, “I suggest I do a conference call with the other Alphas and try to figure out who is doing this. So far my pack hasn’t lost any females but I’m going to tighten my borders to be sure it stays that way.”

“Alright, I’ll see you in a week mate” Darryl hangs up the phone.

I turn to my Beta and head warrior, “Anna is not to go out alone at any point.”

“She won’t like that” my Beta laughs out.

“I could keep her busy with some training, it’s her birthday today. She’s seventeen and she should be trained to defend herself.” Rick makes his case again.

I stand from my desk and walk over to the whiskey bottle and pour myself a

generous amount. "Fine" I turn and stare at Rick, he's been Rick to me for so long I sometimes forget others call him Patrick, "Rick you will train her yourself. Train her better than any female before her. Make her strong. Make her your best. If she gets hurt be ready to face Leo one on one" I swallow my whiskey in one mouthful as they both get up to leave.

"One more year Fraction, she will know soon." James says to my back  
"I just want her safe" I whisper into my glass.