

## The Stained Omega by Elle T Jefferson Chapter 9

(Anna)

I'm sitting in a field, at least I think it's a field. There are flowers as far as I can see. The sun is blazing above me, and I can hear birds singing their songs. I have no idea where I am, but I like it here. The day changes to night in the blink of an eye. The moon is massive, I feel as though I could reach out and touch it. The birds have stopped singing and the flowers seem to shrink in on themselves. I can feel the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end.

I'm not alone.

From behind me I hear a growl, a wolf. Then it's on my left, no, my right, in front of me. It's all around me. I should be scared but I'm not. As if from nowhere a solid white wolf that seems to almost glow, walks towards me. She stands large and proud, she's beautiful and offers no apology for it. As she walks around me, I notice a brown patch on her rump almost like a wine stain on her fur. The wolf continues to circle me like I'm her prey, yet the fear is still not coming.

'So, you are Anna. Took you long enough to see me' The wolf is speaking in my head, she's still circling.

"Who are you?" I wonder aloud

'Haven't you figured that out yet? I've been whispering to you for years.

Watching your back while you sleep. Guarding your mind from the poison poured into your ears. You know me as well as you know yourself' The wolf has stopped circling and is now sitting on her rump batting the flowers around as if playing in boredom. 'I'm cold and warm at the same time. If it wasn't for me your father would have killed, you years ago.'

"Winter." I don't know why I said it, it just falls like water from

'Nice to meet you Anna, maybe now you can stop blocking me.'

"You're my wolf." Even as I say it, I know it's true. Winter. My wolf, she's beautiful. It's almost hard to look at her. "Why didn't you come sooner?" I didn't mean it to sound so harsh, but I can't help but accuse her of leaving me alone when she should have been with me for years.

'Child, I have always been here. I healed you after the beatings. I licked your wounds clean. I helped you run from harm. Even a wolf as strong as us can only take so much. The torment you went through has left a permanent mark on us' She slowly twirls so I can see the deep brown mark on her rump. Not a mark, a stain.

"He was right" tears start to flow, I can't stop them, I'm crying for my wolf as much as for me "I am stained."

'Not stained. We carry the mark of the abused, we wear it proudly. This mark has grown with each battle we have fought. Just because it wasn't on a field

with hundreds of wolves doesn't make it any less of a battle. We are strong. You are strong.'

I curl into my wolf and use her fur to soak up my tears. When I have cried my fill, I truly take in what she has said.

"I'm not strong, I'm still a pup in the eyes of our laws. My Alpha has me under lock and key. I'm only now just being allowed to train. He won't even swear me in like the others. He says I have to wait until I am 18"

'Leo has his reasons; they will become clear. When you awake

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go to Leo. Tell him your wolf has awoken, tell him on the next full moon we will run on paws. Tell him I want to be in the open'

"The Alpha won't allow that"

'Child, you have no idea what the Alpha will allow you. You just haven't asked the right questions'

Winter seems to dissolve in front of my eyes. I am no longer in a field. I am in a cold room, I can hear the wind, I can smell sweat, blood and mould. No, I know where I am. I can't be here; I begin to panic. Not here. Anywhere but here. 'WINTER, Winter, come back. Don't leave me here' I yell for my wolf, but she doesn't answer.

I walk over to the shaking bundle on the foam mattress. She's no older than 13. As I look down on myself trapped once again in this basement, I feel the pain all over again. The pain as the fists hit me in the stomach. I had just gotten my first period and my father was disgusted. As he was beating me for staining his carpet my brother and two of his friends had come in the front door.

Once they were all done with me, I was left naked and curled into a ball. The whip marks on my back from the belt can still be felt to this day. Some scars don't fade. I remember the agony of the broken ribs from one of John's friends kicking me over and over. I remember the searing pain between my legs as my father roughly stuffed my passage with fabric.

'Until you can learn to be clean you will be stuffed full' father had yelled as he forced my legs apart. I recall thinking that they were going to kill me that night. I sob again for the 13 year old girl on the foam mattress.

Then something different happens, I don't remember this part. Winter appears as if from nowhere. The stain on her rump is smaller but still there. She comes to the small girl and starts to lick at her back, she's cleaning the wounds. She's healing me. She's been here all along. My wolf.

'I will always protect you' Winter speaks to me.

I jerk awake when I feel someone's hands on my shoulders. I open my eyes and see Fraction. He pulls me to him and holds me while I cry, he's slowly rocking me back and forth. The room is dark and I can barely make him out. I

just know it's him. I can feel my cheek on his bare chest. It must be late if he's dressed for bed.

"It's been a while since you had a nightmare little wolf" He whispers into the dark.

"It wasn't a nightmare, it was but it wasn't" I try to stop my tears, "I met my wolf."

Fraction holds me back from him just a little, enough to see my eyes, he takes a sniff and smiles. "I can sense her, who would have thought. My little wolf is a little Omega"

I'm shocked, me an Omega? Omegas are treasured, loved, cared for, that's not me "Are you sure?" I ask Fraction.

"You are as much of Omega as I am an Alpha, little wolf." He sounds proud.

"My wolf is called Winter, she said on the next full moon she will run on four paws and she wants to run in the open" I recall what my wolf told me to say.

Fraction laid me down on the bed and turned to leave "Sleep

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little wolf, I will make sure Winter runs free." As he closes the bedroom door I smile into the dark.

'Goodnight Winter' I speak to my wolf.

'Goodnight Anna' my wolf responds.