

CHAPTER 29

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29 Ava: Omega? (II) 29 Ava: Omega? (II) [WARNING: Sensitive content.]R There's a luxury I've indulged in since I left my pack. The news. I wasn't allowed to watch it at home because of its 'human bias'. One thing I learned in the news is that s@xual assault from shifters happens at least twice as often as it does from humans, and that's only what's reported in the human community. It's estimated that assault within the shifter community is be much higher. Theories run rampant, but there's one that feels authentic to me. It talks about the bestial temperament of wolf shifters, and how their innate need to breed like wild animals gets the best of them. This is why we often have fights between males over women, even with a fated connection in place. It's something I don't think about too much, because it was just a part of my life when I lived in a shifter pack. 14:50 1/7 Now that I live among humans, I can see how different the relationship is between humans, compared to how it is in our packs. I see why they are kept so separate. And as someone in this kind of situation again. I'm inclined to think that humans are a hell of a lot smarter than shifters. stare over my kidnapper's shoulder, looking through the window. We're no longer in the city. Towering trees flank both sides of the winding road. I swallow hard, my throat constricting around the lump of panic that threatens to choke me. Selene's silence has me anxious, worried that I'll be alone when I have to fight for my freedom Forcing my gaze away from the window, I study the shifter in the front seat. They're talking again, their gruff voices blending together in a low rumble as they discuss something I tune out their words, focusing instead on trying not to vomit f@cking shifters. A tremor runs through me, and I clench my fists to still the trembling of my hands. I can't afford to show weakness 29 Ava: Omega? (II) Now that I live among humans, I can see how different the relationship is between humans, compared to how it is in our packs. I see why they are kept so separate. And as someone in this kind of situation again, I'm inclined to think that humans are a hell of a lot smarter than shifters. I stare over my kidnapper's shoulder, looking through the window. We're no longer in the city. Towering trees flank both sides of the winding road. I swallow hard, my throat constricting around the lump of panic that threatens to choke me. Selene's silence has me anxious, worried that I'll be alone when I have to fight for my freedom. Forcing my gaze away from the window, I study the shifter in the front seat. They're talking again, their gruff voices blending together in a low rumble as they discuss... something. I tune out their words, focusing instead on trying not to vomit. f@cking shifters. A tremor runs through me, and I clench my fists to still the trembling of my hands. I can't afford to show weakness. 14:50 2/7 29 Ava: Omega? (II) The car takes a sharp turn, and I'm forced even farther into the embrace of the one holding me. I let go of my fists to dig my nails into the worn leather of the seat I'm lying on, my legs bent awkwardly against the other door. They're going to be on edge when they bring me out of the car, so I'll have to play nicely until I can get on my feet. But I can't go into any building they drag me to—it'll be even harder to escape then. My mind races, desperate for a plan, for any sliver of hope that I might make it out of this. I don't even want my fated mate, much less these assholes. "We'll be there soon, little mate." Again with the sniffing and snuffling at my scar, as he rubs and grunts against me. "f@ck, you feel good. You going to be able to take us both, little omega? I think you can. Your smell says you can." That makes no f@cking sense at all, but I can't even talk back. I just groan beneath the weight of his body, constricting my lungs. He must think I'm making a s@xy response, though, because his breathing quickens and he rubs harder against me, his arousal unmistakable in his jeans. 3/7 29 Ava: Omega? (II) I grip his hips in my hands and try to push him off, but it only seems to excite him further. "Please," I murmur, staring up at him with what I hope are innocent eyes. "I can barely breathe." "You're such a tiny little thing," he groans, and my attempt backfires as he ywww.nOveLwOrM.com

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anks my legs apart and wraps them around his waist. "She's so hot and wet," he says to the driver. I'm not, but apparently this excites the other one, who's- Oh, my God. Is he- Yes. He is. That rapid shaking of his arm is unmistakable as his moans fill the car, too. "If you don't stop, you're going to have to switch places with me," he growls. "It isn't fair that you get to play with her while I drive." "You can always pull over. I don't think I can wait until we get there anyway" His hand's at his waistband 14:50 29 Ava: Omega? (11) now, and I start to panic. "Wait!" I grab his wrist in a panic, trying desperately to think of something, anything, that would get through their horny skulls. "If you do it out here—my scent will be everywhere. Do you really want someone barging in on us in the middle of it?" For an excuse, it's pretty flimsy, but the feral look in his fades slightly. His hand cups my cheek as he croons, "What a smart girl our little mate is. You're right. We'd have to kill anyone who smells you." He slides his other hand up my shirt, easily breaking my grasp. I can feel him cupping my breast through my bra. "We'll just have to have our fun while Derek drives, won't we?" "I get carsick," I say, frantic now. "I don't want to ruin..." "For f@ck's sake, Jeremy. It's her first time. Don't be a f@cking retard." Derek grunts and groans, his arm moving even faster. "Bring her up here and let me finish in her mouth." God, no. Please no. "Who's the retard?" Jeremy growls. "Pay attention to 14:50 – 29 Ava: Omega? (II) the f@cking road before we get in an accident." Yes, there we go. Have some brains, Jeremy. "Just get her ass up here!" Jeremy snarls at his partner, and I have the brief hope that they're going to get into a tussle. Instead, Jeremy ki*s'es me again, a bruising ki*s with a tongue that slams into my mouth like a slimy jackhammer, before he yanks me forward and shoves me across the center console. Derek's dick is there in front of my face, angry purple and disgusting, pumped furiously by a hand that seems to be gripping it way too hard. Won't that thing just pop off with that kind of strength? Alas, it doesn't. Selene, I really hope you're about to make this car crash, I snap into the darkness of my head. "I can't," I whine, trying to sound as pathetic as possible. "I feel so sick. I'm going to throw up." Derek grabs my hair at the back of my head, and in that moment something slams into us, turning reality sideways. 14:50