

# The Rebellious Omega

## Chapter 24

King Braedon POV

“The response to the breeding program being demolished has been met with a mixture of both positive and negative reactions,” James said tightly “A lot of the older, established packs with older-fashioned Alpha are resistant to the change” he added.

I raised an eyebrow, not surprised in the slightest by the news. I had known that this would cause controversy amongst the packs, but I wasn’t going to be swayed from doing what I believed to be the right thing.

“I want men sent to the packs confirming that the programs have been demolished,” I said inclining my head “Those that haven’t are to be given a choice. Do it or face their packs being disbanded. I will not have my ruling be ignored.”

James just nodded. “What if they choose to fight?”

I gave a scornful laugh “Disrespect the royal Alpha King? I have unlimited resources and allies. It would be their funeral” I said icily “and any messenger or delegate that is harmed will be a declaration of war on their pack. Make that clear.” “Understood” James muttered.

I ran a hand through my hair, feeling exasperated. I glanced at my suitcase, sitting beside the front door, and gave a long-suffering sigh as James smirked at me.

“Where is she?” I asked tiredly.

Already I was regretting my offer to bring her. Never before had I seen such a disorganized and late-to-the-party, female. “Still getting ready,” James said wryly, his own suitcase beside mine.

He went and grabbed them, shaking his head. “I’ll put these in the limo,” he said with a groan.

Damn it Cordelia, I seethed, heading upstairs and in search of the blasted woman. How hard was it to make sure you were ready to go on time? Especially when you had been given ample notice? I had told her to pack lightly for Christ’s sake. My men who were accompanying me were beginning to look impatient, not that they would dare to speak a word to me.

I spotted her in the room, tucking something carefully into the bottom of her suitcase. She whirled around, looking panicked when she saw me out of the corner of her eye.

Cordelia put a hand to her chest. “Oh Braedon” she exclaimed, her voice a little on edge “You scared me,” she said.

I frowned. She was wearing a tight-fitting dress that clung to her body, skimming along her hips and showing off her long legs. She also wore long heels. “Cordelia, I know you want to look your best, but that outfit is hardly going to allow you to be able to move around unrestricted,” I said with narrowed eyes.

“I’m the date of the Alpha King, I can hardly come along looking like a trollop,” she said indignantly.

If the behavior fits Lucian snarled.

I pointedly ignored him, looking at the various suitcases with a raised eyebrow. There were four of them. “Cordelia I told you to pack light” I growled, feeling a headache coming on.

She looked at me confused. “I did. I originally had eight suitcases” she said annoyed.

Maybe we can stuff her in one and put her in the trunk Lucian snapped, sounding disgusted. I forced a block up, sensing his anger rising. Cordelia blinked her eyes at me, feigning innocence. Something snapped in me.

“Hurry up and bring your suitcases down. Seeming as you insist you’ve packed light, you’re responsible for carrying your own bags” I snapped.

Her jaw fell open. “Braedon, that’s what the servants are for” she protested.

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I shot her a look. “Carry your own suitcases Cordelia” I repeated, my voice dangerously quiet “and I suggest you hurry. I want to get on my way and I’m angry at the delay you have caused.”

“But I can’t carry all of these” she wailed, looking helpless.

I snorted. “Then you didn’t pack light enough,” I said icily “you have ten minutes, then I’m leaving without you” I added, turning around and stomping out, my frustration obvious by the look on my face. I stormed out of the pack house, heading towards James who was waiting patiently by the limo, an amused look on his face.

“Let me guess, she has multiple suitcases and still isn’t ready” he quipped sarcastically as I glowered at him.

“I gave her ten minutes” I snarled “Any longer and we leave without her.”

“Thank god for small mercies” James muttered under his breath.

I pretended not to hear him. Part of me was hoping she wouldn’t meet the deadline, my jaw clenching as the minutes passed.

Unfortunately, Cordelia was determined. I heard the sound of the front door banging open and then the sound of something being dragged across the floor. I turned. Cordelia was panting, dragging her suitcase along, sweat beading along her brow. Had she always been this weak, this pitiful? As a shifter, the suitcase should have been able to be lifted with ease. What on earth did she have inside it? She looked at me and James pitifully, but neither one of us made a move to help her. She bit her lip, looking peeved, and tugged at the handle, her heels digging into the grass. My driver made a move to assist and I subtly shook my head at him. He paused.

She made it to the trunk of the limousine, panting heavily.

“Chivalry is dead,” she said snappily.

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“I told you that you were going to be responsible for your own damn suitcase,” I said gritting my teeth “Now hurry up and put it in the trunk.”

She grabbed it and almost threw it in the trunk, my driver shutting it. She looked red in the face. I opened the door and impatiently motioned for her to get inside. She glowered at me and slunk inside, buckling herself up. I got in, seated opposite her, James joining me.

“I don’t understand why we’re leaving for this pack so early” Cordelia whined, pouting “The party isn’t for another two days. They aren’t going to be expecting us” she sulked.

Was the woman really this obtuse? That was the whole point. This way, I could determine if they still had the breeding program in place and could arrive without their prior knowledge. I fought not to roll my eyes. James on the other hand, had no such compunctions and rolled his eyes openly at her.

“You’re not the sharpest tool in the shed, are you” he said with contempt.

Cordelia glared “As if you’re so smart” she scoffed “Stop acting all high and mighty” she hissed.

It was like dealing with children. I thumped on the barrier to inform the driver to begin the journey while sighing deeply to myself. I forced myself to patiently explain “We’re going to the Dark Rising Pack early so that they don’t expect it, Cordelia. That’s the whole purpose of leaving early. If they knew we were coming, they would prepare themselves and hide things from us. This way, they don’t have time to do that.”

She blinked at me. James grabbed his cell phone and began to look through it.

“But what if they don’t have rooms for us, or we get stuck in the omega’s quarters?” she said a little hysterically. James looked at her in disbelief. I wanted to hit my head against the window. I knew I shouldn’t have brought her. Her shallowness and vanity knew no bounds. “If that’s the case, then we rough it,” I told her blithely, watching the color drain from her face “Just because I’m the Alpha King, doesn’t mean I’m entitled to demand the best rooms. I will accept whatever courtesy they extend. Besides” I added, a thoughtful expression on my face as she began to shake “it would do us some good to be in the omegas quarters. Humbling. A reminder that we must always care for each member of the pack, not just those who are higher in the hierarchy.”

“Braedon,” she said faintly “you’re the king, you shouldn’t be sleeping with the omegas or anywhere near them.”

I gave a shrug, watching as she slumped back against the chair, my eyes narrowing, while James fought back his laughter “Being King doesn’t make me better than someone else. It’s what I do as the royal Alpha that makes the difference” I advised her “and brings me respect from the other Alpha’s and packs.”

Silence. She sniffed and turned her face, looking troubled. I grinned and James shot me a wink. For now, the atmosphere in the limousine was one of relaxation as Cordelia thinned her lips and chose to remain speechless, but I was in no doubts that it wouldn’t last for long and I urged my driver, through mind-link, to make the journey as swiftly, but still safely, as he possibly could. It would only be a matter of time before Cordelia broke the silence and the peace, and the fighting would begin again. I looked out the window, my body tense, watching the scenery pass by, wondering what the Dark Rising Pack would be like the closer we got to their territory.