

# The Rebellious Omega

## Chapter 40

Blair POV

My mate was angry. Alpha Johnathon looked peeved and Brynn looked confused. Ashton looked defiant. "Ashton Grimshaw, what is your father going to say?" Alpha Johnathon rumbled, narrowing his eyes as he stared at the boy who stood up awkwardly, a mutinous expression on his face.

"Who cares" he snapped "I don't give a damn what my father thinks."

Whoa. If his father heard that, I doubt that Ashton would be able to walk straight from the spanking he'd no doubt receive for it. He had guts, that was for sure. Or he was an i\*\*\*t. I imagined he was the latter.

The Alpha's face was stony. I leaned against Braedon who put his arm around me, holding me tight against him.

"Apologize" my mate snarled and Ashton's jaw clenched in refusal.

"Go to hell" he snapped and I gasped, as did the Alpha and Brynn who looked horrified as the color drained from her face. Even Brynn knew that Ashton had really done it this time and she wasn't exactly the sharpest tool in the shed. Ashton had gone too far this time. Braedon went to move and I desperately grabbed his hand, attempting to calm him down.

"Please Braedon, ignore him," I said in desperation "he's not worth it."

"This is the bastard that rejected you and then tried to humiliate you just now" he hissed.

"If he hadn't rejected me, then we wouldn't have known we were mates" I pointed out wisely, still trying to hold him back, while Alpha Johnathon drew his brows together and motioned towards two nearby warriors who grabbed Ashton, who continued to glare at everyone.

"Take Ashton to the dungeon. What he's done is unforgivable, attacking the King's mate is a punishable offense" he said heavily "regardless of whether he's the Beta's son or my daughter's chosen mate. He is to be whipped a dozen times for his misconduct and left in the dungeon for a week along with my wife."

Hesounded absolutely resigned as he gave the order.

Ashton growled and Braedon stepped forward. Brynn began to protest. "Father it was a mistake, he didn't mean to" she pleaded.

"He meant it" I interrupted her, staring at Ashton who looked about to shift, before one of the warriors stuck a syringe into him, laced with wolfsbane.

There was no sympathy in my voice whatsoever. Still, Brynn tried to convince her father to change her mind. "Please, it's my birthday, Father you can't do this" she shrieked, stamping her foot.

I tried not to giggle at how much she resembled a child at that moment instead of an eighteen-year-old. Alpha Johnathon motioned to the warriors and Ashton was dragged away, swearing under his breath as Brynn cursed at me. King Braedon watched intently, stepping back and taking my hand, just as Brynn's insults grew loud enough to be heard, her father stepping forward and slapping her firmly across the cheek as she put a hand to her cheek in shock, her eyes beginning to swim with tears. This was the first time in my memory, that I had ever seen the Alpha hit his daughter like that. This was truly a night to remember.

"How could you" she hissed.

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"Apologize," Alpha Johnathon said stiffly, gesturing towards me.

"To that slut? I would rather die" she yelled, flipping me off and glaring at me.

"That can be arranged" Braedon snarled as Alpha Johnathon began to look nervous.

"Brynn Ryker, unless you want the rest of your birthday to be ruined, you will apologize to Blair. Do it now!" he roared, his eyes beginning to go dangerously dark.

Brynn had really pushed her father to the limits of his temper.

I could see the indecision in her eyes as she glared at me with hatred. The thought of apologizing to me was more than she could bear. It was far too humiliating for her to comprehend. I could see her eyes narrow and I shook my head at her. She was an i\*\*\*t. Her hatred ran deeper than even I had imagined, if she would rather insult me and be punished than offer a mere apology.

"You're nothing but a w\*\*\*e. A b\*\*\*h that has no place being the King's mate. Wolfless, pathetic, piece of s\*\*\*" she yelled out loudly.

Whack. I stepped forward and punched her, right in the nose. Blood spurted out everywhere as Brynn screamed, holding it in place, tears streaming down her face. I didn't even look at Braedon or the Alpha.

"I will not tolerate your insults anymore," I told her coldly "You're nothing but trash Brynn Ryker. Just because you come from Alpha lineage does not make you worthy of being an Alpha or having one for a mate. You are not some precious jewel to be treasured and admired. You are the weak one. I might have no wolf, but even so, I could still beat you in a fight as a human. What does that say about you?" I said frostily and with open hostility.

She whimpered, blood still trickling down her face. She opened her mouth but Alpha Johnathon intervened. "Enough" he roared, shocking Brynn speechless.

"King Braedon I must apologize for my daughter's actions. Please excuse me while I personally deal with her" he said gravely.

Brynn smirked, thinking that she was about to get off lightly. I was much more certain she was in for a surprise considering the expression on her father's face. Alpha Johnathon gripped Brynn's arm, yanking her towards him, his face like a thundercloud.

"Where are you taking me?" she whined, hand still on her nose as she began to stumble, Alpha Johnathon dragging her along.

"The dungeon" he spat out.

"You can't. I'm your daughter and it's my birthday" she screamed, her father's grip not relenting as she tried to wriggle out of it.

"You will not shift or fight me" he boomed in his Alpha tone.

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She sobbed, obediently following him.

"You have been too spoilt and it shows. It's time you learned how you need to behave and act as my daughter" he said with gritted teeth before they were out of sight.

I exhaled. King Braedon stood there looking a bit nonplussed. I let out a giggle. He raised a brow. "You're still naked" I pointed out with laughter in my voice.

He sighed. "Give me a minute," he said and ran upstairs while I waited. He was back within five minutes clad in comfortable clothes, his hair mussed. He looked like an ordinary shifter in jeans and a shirt with a leather jacket over the top, as well as much more relaxed. His Kingly persona was gone. I felt more at ease in the sundress I wore and tights, my ballet flats comfortable on my feet.

"I think the party is more or less over now," I said wryly.

I doubt Brynn thought it was going to end the way it had. King Braedon gave a grin. "Well, we could..." he began when he was interrupted by a dishevelled-looking James who looked a bit annoyed.

"King Braedon," he said tiredly, bowing his head and then bowing to me "Blair:"

"What is it, James?"

The man sighed and glanced at me. King Braedon's gaze was shrewd. "Whatever you have to say, you can say in front of Blair," he said coolly.

"Fine, but you're not going to like it," James said apologetically.

I was curious as to why James looked so apprehensive. The man swallowed hard and then shrugged.

"It's Cordelia," he said groaning.

"What about her?" snapped King Braedon looking aggrieved.

I fought to keep my jealousy from showing. I disliked Cordelia immensely. She was a fake, insincere woman and I had no doubts she wanted me as far away from Braedon as possible.

"She's in the hospital. I just found out that one of our guards took her there."

James sounded extremely reluctant to impart that news to his King, especially with me beside him.

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King Braedon frowned. "Is she harmed or injured? Did she drink too much?" he asked blandly.

James shook his head. "No. She's suffering from wolfsbane poisoning. Somebody spiked her drink with enough to kill her. She's lucky to have survived" he added and King Braedon's face turned in a scowl.

"Find out who poisoned her. Any attack on my people is an attack on me and my pack" King Braedon roared, his fury showing.

"We are already investigating. As for Cordelia, she's...well she's..."

"She's what?" he asked impatiently, while I stood there silently, my mate's anger still clearly visible.

James sighed. He looked a bit uncomfortable as he glanced at me. "She's asking to see you apparently."

"It can't be helped and she probably has valuable information on what happened," King Braedon said absent-mindedly.

He turned to me. "Would you mind escorting me to the hospital?" he asked sincerely.

I had thought he would insist he would go alone and had been seething but with that simple request, my anger immediately faded.

I was ecstatic. I wondered why he didn't just mind-link her and then remembered that Cordelia had so much wolfsbane in her system that he wouldn't be able to. James coughed. "Actually, the thing is," he said quietly, glancing down at the ground miserably "she's refusing to talk to you unless you come alone."

Silence. King Braedon's eyes flashed. "She dares think she can order me, the Alpha King to do her bidding?" he said in a dangerous voice, looking displeased and his body reverberating with rage..

"I'm only passing the message," James said, holding his hands up in surrender.

King Braedon exhaled, trying to calm himself. He looked exasperated. "Blair," he said again, turning to me "would you mind escorting me to the hospital, please? I would speak with Cordelia and remind her who the Alpha is," he said tightly.

James smirked. I took hold of my mate's hand. "Certainly, the hospital is not far if you would like to walk. It is a nice night" I said smiling.

"Yes, the fresh air will do me some good," my mate said quietly, allowing me to drag him outside and head in the direction of the hospital.

We walked in silence, the sound of the music from the marquee fading into the background. My mate was content to just hold hands and it felt nice, my cheeks burning as I remembered what we had done in the forest earlier in the night. I shivered slightly and he immediately took off his leather jacket, putting it on me as I thanked him. We reached the building and asked for Cordelia's room. She looked pale, an IV dripping into the cannula in her arm, her hair draped over the pillow. She wore a hospital gown and her eyes were dark and listless. A blanket covered her. She appeared to be out of it. She stirred slightly as we moved closer and then she fluttered her eyes open, looking at my mate, a small smile on her lips.

"Braedon, you came" she whispered, licking her lips and attempting to smile at him seductively as I glowered at her. To me, she looked surprisingly well considering she'd been poisoned but then maybe I was just suspicious of this b\*\*\*h as a whole? I coughed and Cordelia reluctantly looked over at me, the light in her eyes dimming as she realized that I too, was in attendance.