

# The Rebellious Omega

## Chapter 45

King Braedon POV

I sensed them as we drove towards my pack, my nose easily picking up their putrid and disgusting scent. I wrinkled my nose and mind-linked James, trying to keep the worry from my face as Blair remained oblivious to the fact we were being followed by rogues. I instructed the driver to pull off of the main road and go to a side one, stopping so that I could fight. Blair began to protest, but I told my driver to remain with her and shifted, racing off to prevent the rogues from getting to the limo. I had to protect my mate, at all costs and I would do whatever it took to do just that.

The rogues stepped out of their car and shifted. I took one out instantly, slicing across his throat as he jumped towards me, severing his head from his body as the other rogues hesitated. Smart of them. I wasn't in a forgiving mood. I protected the limo, but the rogues didn't seem particularly interested in it. It was me they wanted after all, just as I suspected they would be. I hoped Blair was alright, but I couldn't even risk glancing over my shoulder to check that all was good. The rogues began to attack all at once, only to be broken up by James's arrival. He took out another one, while I leaped atop one, plunging my claws into its spine and severing its spinal cord. I jumped off, leaving it falling to the ground, and faced the three that were left, who looked nervous now and apprehensive. Good. They wouldn't be so arrogant and so quick to attack. This would work in our favor. I was pissed that I had been forced to leave my mate's side in order to deal with these bastards.

I snarled. James came up beside me. One of the rogues leaped on top of the limo and James gave chase. I attacked the other two, sending one flying into a nearby tree trunk, and the other one swiping at me as I dodged to the side. I sideswiped them, getting them across the midsection, blood spraying everywhere, including all over me. The wolf let out a howl of pain and satisfaction flooded through me. I wanted him to be hurting. I kicked out, sending the rogue flying as the other rogue came back, jumping. I rolled underneath and dragged my claws along its underbelly, tearing out its intestines and organs, before turning and stalking to its head as it lay there, its eyes glazed with pain. I would not show it mercy. It didn't deserve any. None of them did. Rogues were killers. All of them. They didn't deserve to be treated with respect or dignity. I stomped on its head, crushing its skull into tiny pieces, watching the light fade out of its eyes. It was dead and I let out a low growl as I turned to view the rogue that still continued to fight.

One more to go. It was extremely hesitant. I saw it stare at the car and make a move towards it. Bastard. There was no way it was getting anywhere near my precious mate. I cut it off and halted it in its tracks. It snarled foam frothing at its mouth. I wasn't letting it get away. James came up behind it and it turned, its eyes narrowing as it realized there was no escape and nowhere to run. Together James and I made quick work of the rogue, ignoring its whimpers and cries, until its bloody body lay on the ground with the rest of them. I shifted back to my human form, as did James, studying the scene with disgust, wrinkling my nose at the metallic scent of blood in the air.

"Get rid of the mess" I instructed James with a grimace "Contact the local shifter authority and make it happen. Meet me back at the pack" I added darkly, my mood foul.

Something felt off. Something wasn't right with my mate. I could tell it instinctively and feel it. My chest was tight and I was finding it difficult to breathe. Not only that but the driver was desperately attempting to mindlink me. I strode towards the limo and yanked the door open, my eyes widening as I took in Blair's pallor and the way she was clutching desperately at her chest looking panicked with her eyes wide as she stared up at me.

"Get us to my pack" I shouted to the driver, shutting the door and sliding Blair's head onto my lap, ignoring the blood that was on my body as I looked down at her anxiously.

Was this a panic attack or something else? "Blair sweetheart, what's wrong?" I asked, stroking her hair and gently touching her as I sought to calm her down and control her breathing.

The tightening in my chest eased as I felt tingles begin to spread all over my body as well as a comforting warmth. Blair's breathing eased up and I relaxed, even as I continued to hold her as she began to draw in deep breaths, her body trembling and shuddering all over.

"I'm okay" Blair wheezed, trying to sit up and protesting.

I pushed her back down, "Lie down, rest" I growled, not in the mood to argue with my mate who looked weak and sickly. She opened her mouth and then shut it, blushing slightly. It was adorable. It didn't ease my fear or irritation though.

"Now do you want to tell me what that was?" I demanded, still feeling anxious and on guard "Was it a panic attack or something?" I accused, desperate to know what had caused Blair to suffer.

Had I felt it through the mate bond and that was why I had experienced some of the symptoms? Curious. My concern was for her though and preventing this from ever happening again.

Blair looked worried now, biting her lip and avoiding my eyes. "It wasn't a panic attack" she coughed. "It was..." she trailed off, looking at me doubtfully and worried as well.

Something was wrong. Why was she stalling? I was becoming impatient. "Just spit it out Blair" I snapped and she flinched looking hurt.

Damnit. I hadn't meant to sound so cold and cruel. I was just concerned about her, that's all. She took a deep shuddering breath, bracing herself. "I have a heart condition" she whispered, her voice so hushed that I almost didn't hear it.

"You have a heart condition" I repeated, not sure I had heard right.

A heart condition and she hadn't thought to inform me of that until now! Did she have any idea what danger she had put herself in or how much of a risk she had taken by not telling me?

She nodded miserably "I have a weak heart," she said, turning her head and looking away from me "I should have told you earlier."

She sounded miserable and dejected while I fought to keep my temper in check.

I tried not to explode. She already looked so nervous and if she had a weak heart, then I was fairly certain that shouting at her probably wouldn't help the situation. I needed to keep calm for both of our sakes. "You should have told me" I agreed with gritted teeth "if only so that I knew about it and could help you when this, whatever this is happens."

"Attacks," Blair said dully "and they happen if I get angry or stressed or worried or too panicked or..." she trailed off, sliding her eyes away sheepishly.

"I get the point" I interrupted, running a hand through my hair "Why didn't you tell me?" I asked incredulously.

Did she think that I was such a bastard I would hurt her because of it?

She looked at me, and right through me. "Because if I had, you would have rejected me straight away, wouldn't you? Nobody wants a wolfless weak mate with a weak heart" Her voice was bitter and her eyes were shining with unshed tears.

I sighed. I couldn't blame her for thinking that. I'd been a right asshole when we had met and I was sure I hadn't improved my image much. "I understand why you have been hesitant, but I'm not going to reject you due to an unfortunate heart condition," I said gravely, still stroking her hair.

Well, maybe I would have, before I got to know her, but not now, not when I was growing attached to her as my mate. "You're not?" she stammered looking surprised and a little shell shocked.

I shook my head. I would have to be a real bastard to reject my mate for that. It also made me wonder just how much she would be affected by a rejection. She'd suffered one already, would a second one kill her if her heart was weak? It concerned me. The fact that her face was so pale and her body was shivering concerned me as well. She didn't look so good and I wondered how much it drained her, having an attack come on so suddenly and how tired it made her.

I sat her up and put her on my lap, putting my arms around her. She began to cuddle against me, borrowing my body heat. Slowly her shivers stopped as she held onto me, burrowing against me as I held her. "Braedon" she murmured as I tried very hard to will away the erection that was beginning to form in response to her pushing against me "What's it like at your pack?" she asked with a tired yawn.

The attack must have taken it out of her, I thought as her eyes kept fluttering open and closed. She must have used a lot of energy staying conscious and breathing. The poor thing seemed to be exhausted. I rubbed my chin and suddenly her head flopped forward and I heard soft snores coming from her. I fought back my grin. She was too cute. She looked fierce when she was awake, but vulnerable and innocent while she slept. It was like night and day with her. I felt a pang in my chest. She must have suffered a lot at her pack. It must have been difficult dealing with a medical issue on top of not having a wolf. Shifters had been killed in other packs for much less and it gave me pause for thought, why had Blair been kept alive? What had made her so special that Alpha Johnathon had refused to kill her? It was a conundrum.

At least in my pack, she would be able to live a much easier life, I thought, glancing down at her. She would not be required to do anything too strenuous or difficult. I would inform James of her medical condition when I was able to mind-link with him and ask him to keep a close eye on her. I sighed. I felt the limo stop and knew we had reached the pack. The driver got out and then opened the door.

"Would you like me to take her?" he asked concerned.

I shook my head, tightening my grasp as I delicately got out, not wanting to jostle my mate too much "Thank you but I have her" I said confidently.

No one else was going to touch or hold my mate if I could help it.

I strode towards the pack house, ignoring everyone's curious glances, heading directly upstairs and to the top floor, which belonged to me and now to Blair. I placed her down on the bed and shut the door locking it. I took a shower, washed all the blood off of me, and then came back inside the room, climbing into the bed beside Blair and putting a protective arm over her.

I pulled her in close to me, sniffing her delicious scent, my wolf purring in my mind. He seemed so tame compared to a few days ago when he was almost completely feral. He was content to just lie beside her and feel her body pressed against us. I put my head on her shoulder and closed my eyes. I fell asleep, listening to the sound of my mate's soft snores.