

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 60

King Braedon POV

The wolf tried to fight the Alpha tone, but an Alpha King's voice or command is more powerful than his own and he was forced to shift back to his human form, cowering and curling up in a fetal position as he valiantly held his hands against his injured stomach.

"Why?" he whispered "She's nothing more than..."

"My mate" I snarled and saw realization dawn on his face, followed by blank terror.

He knew who I was now and he knew how badly he had f****d up. He began to hold up a bloodied hand in surrender "Please forgive me Alpha King" he babbled, his voice strained and full of pain "I didn't know" he added.

I glared at him, coming closer as he stared up at me fearfully. "You touched what was mine," I said silkily "You tried to force yourself on my mate, mine" I hissed as he paled even further "Even if it had been some innocent woman, it still would have been a crime" I snarled.

"Please" he pleaded "don't you think this is enough punishment?" he added desperately.

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What a miserable excuse of an Alpha I thought to myself with a shake of my head. I c****d my head and stared at him, my eyes flashing. "Punished enough?" I said slowly "You haven't been punished nearly enough" I grunted and then, before he could prevent me, not that he was strong enough to, I reached down and grabbed his m****d, tearing it off his body as he let out a bloodcurdling scream, tossing it aside carelessly and looking down at the man coldly as he screamed over and over.

It grew annoying. I stomped on his skull, crushing it. It was done. He was dead. A shame he hadn't suffered more, I thought, my wolf silently agreeing with me. I turned and headed to my mate. Josie had uncuffed her and she sat, covering her breasts with her hand her knees pressed together, her cheeks pink. James handed me his shirt and I fought the urge to growl at the thought of his scent covering her. I slid the shirt over her. James was a lot taller so it covered her all the way down to her lower thighs.

"Blair," I said as she looked at me, her eyes widening as she took in the blood splattered all over me.

To her credit, she didn't flinch away. I stayed right in front so that she couldn't see the bloody mess in the room. She was shivering. Josie stood up and backed away, giving me some room. "Braedon" she sobbed "I'm so sorry, I should have listened to you" she cried.

I shook my head "Blair, I was being overprotective. I want you to know that you can go out and have fun, safely. I had a man on you" I said with a frown and James let out a growl as I turned my head and looked at him questioningly.

"Bastard's drunk at the bar," he said stonily "I saw him on our way through the doors. I apologize Alpha Braedon, this is on me" he added.

I clenched my hands and then forced them to open. I would deal with the warrior who had left his post in order to drink, later. All I wanted to do was get Blair back to the pack house.

I touched her wrists and saw her wince. They were raw and bloody, from the cuffs being tight and pulling at her skin. I let out a low growl. "We'll get that seen to when we get back home" I advised her and she nodded, biting her lip.

I looked at James "Can you pick her up, I don't want to get blood all over her" I said reluctantly.

He went to move forward, but Blair grabbed my hand, looking panicked. "No, it's alright, I don't want him, I want you" she protested, "I don't care about the blood" she added hiccuping.

Okay then. I didn't give a damn about my nudeness. This was a club for shifters after all, but James had vanished and reappeared with pants which he flung at me. "Courtesy of management," he said icily.

I quickly put them on and then bent down, scooping Blair up into my arms. She felt as light as a feather and she burrowed her face into me, gripping tightly onto my arms as though she was afraid that I would drop her or let her go. I tightened my grip and carefully strode out of the room.

"Close your eyes" I whispered and Blair obeyed.

I didn't want her to see the bodies on the floor. I wanted to protect her from as much of the violence I exhibited as much as possible.

We headed down the stairs and out the doors. "Make sure you get the son of a b***h that was meant to keep an eye on Blair" I snarled and James nodded, heading off in another direction as Josie followed behind. I reached the car and went to put Blair down, but she gripped me and refused to let go. "Please don't make me" she whispered.

What had happened to my fiesty mate? In one night she had gone meek and subservient. I hesitated. I couldn't drive and hold her. Josie quietly got in the passenger seat as I motioned to her.

James came back out, looking grim. "He's dead" was all he would say at my questioning look.

"You're driving" I muttered and he gaped before climbing into the driver's seat, looking stunned.

I never let him drive my cars but today I was making an exception. I climbed into the back with Blair holding onto me like a cuddly koala, situating myself and allowing her to sit on my lap sideways, nestled into me. She looked so vulnerable and childlike as she sat, content to be with me and I gripped her even tighter, determined to always keep her safe, no matter what it took.