

# The Rebellious Omega

## Chapter 12

King Braedon POV

Cordelia wasn't giving up quite so easily after the other night. I sat in the study, discussing the schedules with James, when she knocked on the door, sailing in before I could object. James's face turned into a scowl as he deliberately looked away, snubbing her. I felt myself becoming annoyed. She was dressed in a skin-tight black designer dress that enhanced her cleavage, with killer heels to match. Any other man would have let his eyes linger on her impressive breasts and the outline of her slender figure as she slunk into the room, but I felt nothing. I was bored. I tried not to groan out loud at the interruption, while James looked peeved. She had shown disrespect to me, by not waiting for me to answer before coming in.

"Braedon honey" she trilled and I winced, her voice ear piercing.

Did she think that was cute or something? My wolf was thumping his tail angrily in my mind, narrowing his eyes. The nickname was pissing him off. Funny, if it had come from our mate, he would have loved it, but coming from Cordelia, he considered it an insult.

Why is this slut disturbing our business? If she calls us honey again... he trailed off but the implication was clear. He really, really hated Cordelia.

Lucian, what is with this hostility? Before you at least tried to tolerate her, now you're ready to tear her to shreds the second she even looks at us. You need to stop! I snapped at him.

I can't stand her scent, the ridiculous perfumes she wears, or the clothes that cling tightly to her. She wants a male's attention so bad, you should let her go find another male prepared to give her that!

Enough Lucian!

He fell silent. I was unaware that while I'd been arguing with my wolf, my eyes had been flashing between black and my normal color. James looked interested now, while Cordelia looked taken aback. "Braedon," she said, stammering slightly "What's going on? Why is your wolf trying to take over?" she asked a bit concerned.

"He isn't" I denied sharply "What did you come in here for Cordelia? Is this an emergency?" I growled.

She sat and crossed her ankles, smiling at me confidently. James rolled his eyes in the background and I shot him a dark look. He straightened up, looking away.

"No, of course it's not an emergency silly man" she cooed and my wolf let out a ferocious growl that had me flinching in my chair "Why on earth would you think that?"

I stared at her. "Because you interrupted an important meeting between myself and my Beta," I said between clenched teeth.

"Oh, but I missed you" she pouted "I haven't seen you since the other night when you didn't want to...well you know..." she trailed off blushing and looking sulky.

James sat up straighter, looking interested. Trust him to pick up on the conversation at the worst possible moment, I thought, beginning to feel a throbbing behind my eyes.

"Cordelia," I said very quietly, bringing her focus to me as James grinned mischievously "I need you to pay attention. What exactly are you doing here?" I asked her, trying to have the patience of a saint.

She flipped her long red hair over her shoulder, biting her lip and attempting to look seductively at me as she mulled over her answer. James smirked. I glowered at him. My nails dug into the palms of my hands. I resisted the urge to throw her out of the study, but barely. I was close to slamming my head on the desk. The woman was infuriating.

"Oh," she said, her eyes brightening "I remember now," she said excitedly, leaning forward and pressing her breasts together so that they thrust upwards in front of my eyes "I wanted to talk to you about the upcoming party" she added.

Upcoming party? What on earth was she talking about? James's eyes had narrowed and he was looking at Cordelia askance. Like she had personally offended him. I was just confused. "What party?" I asked stiffly.

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She looked at me with astonishment. Apparently, I was being obtuse. "The eighteenth birthday party you are going to. The Dark Rising Pack" she prodded "Alpha Ryker's daughter Brynn's" she finished exhaling deeply and rolling her eyes at me "You know, that one?"

I was beyond angry. "How do you even know about the party?" I snapped as she looked at me expressionless.

"I just do," she said nonchalantly "and I don't like the idea of you going without me. Braedon, don't you think it's time you started taking me with you? I mean, it's been over a year now?"

I could barely concentrate. All I could think about was how Cordelia was getting this information. James and I, plus a select few were the only ones who knew, so who was passing on the news to her? I knew it wasn't James, I only had to look at the grim expression on his face to know he was as angry as I was. Cordelia was looking at me expectantly. My wolf snorted. Tell that b\*\*\*h she's not coming. Not unless it's as a friggig fur coat for somebody he hissed.

I cleared my throat. For once, I was in full agreement with my wolf, but I chose my words carefully. While Lucian despised her, I wasn't willing to break our relationship, in case I needed her for my chosen mate still. However, with Lucian's behavior, it was looking more and more unlikely.

"Cordelia," I said very, very quietly, making her go still "I don't know how you found out about the party, but let me make this very clear so that you understand. I am attending the party with James and a few select warriors. That is all" I paused as a look of disappointment flitted across her face, followed by anger "I am not willing to take you with me, not yet" I said hesitantly "There is all the time for that in the future."

"You mean you're hoping to find your mate at the pack, don't you?" she sneered, her face twisting with scorn "Isn't that right Braedon? After all I've done for you, the care and love I have, it's not enough is it? Because there's no sacred mate bond" her voice dripped with sarcasm and contempt.

I was about to answer when my wolf surged to the surface, taking over my mind.

"Listen here, you gold-digging b\*\*\*h. Braedon might tolerate your disrespect, but I won't. You say one more thing, one more damn thing and I will rip your head off and feed it to the wild animals in the forest."

She went pale. James sat there in shock. He made no move to interfere as I, or rather Lucian, lashed out at Cordelia. I pray that I find my mate at Dark Rising Pack because I would not want to be stuck as your mate for the rest of my miserable existence. Don't think I don't know what you're really after" he hissed.

She scrambled to her feet. I was desperately trying to wrest control from Lucian, but he had one parting comment for her first Get some self-respect and wear some decent clothes that cover your body, unless you plan on making money on a street corner. It's not sexy and you look like a hooker" he finished.

I took back control, Cordelia's face awash with tears. I could have strangled Lucian. James was laughing, quietly, his back turned, his shoulders shaking. Cordelia let out a scream of rage and stormed from the room. "Wait" I shouted, but she didn't come back. I groaned and slumped back in my chair, my hands over my eyes.

"Great" I muttered "that went well."

James turned back around, tears trailing down his face. "That was hilarious" he snorted, "Lucian really doesn't like her, does he?" he asked with amusement.

"That's an understatement" I muttered, looking resigned "and the more I think about taking her as a chosen mate, the angrier he gets."

James looked serious now. "Braedon, maybe you need to think about someone else then. I have the feeling Lucian is not going to accept her, even if you mark her. Sure, you'll force his hand, but can you live with an angry wolf for the rest of your life?"

I raised my eyes feeling defeated "I don't know" I told him honestly "but I don't have time to just find somebody and start dating again. Not to mention what's to stop him from doing this to the next one?"

"I guess we better hope you find your mate," James said wryly "or at least a girl that Lucian likes the look of" he added, "else you're well and truly screwed."

"I already am" I murmured, looking at the doorway that Cordelia had exited and knowing I was going to have to apologize profusely to her "I already am, my friend."