

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 15

King Braedon POV

“I can’t believe you treated me like that” she cried, throwing her hands up in the air “all I want is for you to finally make a decision Braedon, is that really too much for you to ask?” she said, turning and glaring at me as I tried not to sigh.

“Cordelia” I murmured, placing a hand on her waist as she blinked her eyes up at me, my wolf growling lowly in my head as I kept him back, forcing a block up that would cost me later “it’s not too much to ask, all I want is for you to wait until after this party. That’s all.”

She pouted “what if you find your mate?” she demanded, looking at me and narrowing her eyes “then what am I meant to do?” she asked looking hysterical.

“Cordelia, if that happens, you know that Lucian won’t allow me to refuse the mate bond,” I told her softly, trying hard to be as compassionate as I could “if I find my mate, I will have to accept her, you know that.”

“Why can’t you just keep her on the side” she snapped, folding her arms and looking at me with her eyes flashing as I looked at her taken aback “and I still be your chosen mate? You owe me Braedon, I’ve put my life on hold for the last year, waiting for you to make me yours and now you’re telling me that there’s a possibility it’s not going to happen. It’s not good enough” she insisted “and you let Lucian attack me the other day,” she said her voice going high and shrill.

I sighed. Lucian would have attacked her again if I hadn’t put the block up, but I wisely decided to leave that out. It was bad enough I’d had to grovel for her forgiveness and promise it wouldn’t happen again. It was taking all my energy to keep the damn block in place. Her eyes went shiny and I felt guilt overtake me.

“Braedon, I love you. Shouldn’t that count for something” she breathed “I’ve been loyal to you, to the pack and its members. You talk as though a mate bond is everything, but what if your mate isn’t worthy?” she asked, raising an eyebrow and leaning against the wall as she coolly observed me.

A mate that wasn’t worthy? That had never happened to an Alpha King before. The only way a mate would be deemed unworthy would be if they were wolfless and in all of it’s history, no Alpha King had received a mate like that ever. I was confident it wouldn’t happen to me. An Alpha King needed a strong, capable mate, who could help the pack and defend it. I had nothing against wolfless shifters but I didn’t want one for myself. Cordelia smirked. “See, you haven’t even thought about that, have you?” she drawled.

“Cordelia, you know it’s never happened,” I said firmly.

“But if it does” she pushed “then what? Are you going to accept a weak, pitiful shifter like that as your Luna?”

Of course, I wasn’t. I had an image and a reputation to uphold. I gave a low growl of frustration as she leaned closer and licked her lips.

“If that happens,” I said with a level of annoyance as she looked at me with a grin “then I would, of course, consider rejection. But the likelihood of that is almost nonexistent Cordelia.”

“What if I were the better choice?” she purred, stroking my arm “what if I was the stronger one, the one better suited to lead this pack and become your luna? Would you make me your chosen mate and reject your fated mate then?”

My voice was sharp. “I’ve already said that I would.”

“I’m talking about if you are given an omega or a low-level warrior” she snapped.

“That would be different” I began and she snorted.

“Because of Lucian right?” she said sarcastically. “Because he lays down the law and you let him.”

Ouch. That stung my pride. She was deliberately provoking me. Against my better judgment, I lost my temper with her. “Fine, what is it you want Cordelia? Do you want to come to this f*****g party? Fine. You can come with us, providing you keep your damn mouth shut and behave. Am I clear?”

Her eyes lit up and she smiled, looking triumphant. “Of course Braedon, I will be perfectly behaved, I assure you” she breathed, flipping her hair over her shoulder and beaming at me. Great. I had just given her what she wanted on a damn platter. James was going to murder me, I thought sardonically, if I didn’t do that to myself first.

I shot her a look. “If I find my mate, you are not to interfere. For all I know,” I said, looking thoughtfully at her “you might find your fated mate at Dark Rising Pack.”

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“Even if I do, I plan on rejecting him for you,” she said automatically.

“Cordelia, the mate bond is special and it’s not a force to be played with. Rejection is rare in our species and only in special circumstances does it happen. Differences in status or positions for instance. You might find that you love your mate” I told her, my voice dripping with sincerity and she shook her head, looking stubborn.

“I care for nobody else but you,” she said stubbornly.

“Just don’t rule it out” I advised her, feeling disconcerted and a little bit shocked at her admission “you may find yourself changing your mind. Just try to keep an open mind about it” I said with a sigh.

She tightened her lips. I groaned internally. Her determination to have me was causing things to become complicated. Her demand for me to reject my mate was causing me to become disquieted. If anything her wolf should be joyful at the prospect of possibly finding their fated mate, but she looked anything but excited at the thought of it.

“I’m not making promises,” I told her tightly “but we leave in a few days, so I suggest you start packing and for god’s sake,” I said exhaling heavily, remembering the last time we had traveled together “pack lightly Cordelia. It’s not some long trip to the middle of nowhere. A day there and a day back. You do not need several suitcases” I said meaningfully as she flushed. “Of course Braedon” she squealed, kissing me on the cheeks as Lucian tried frantically to pull the block down “I’ll go and pack right now.”

She scurried down the hallway. I breathed a sigh of relief. It looked like all was forgiven. James joined me, his expression grim.

“What have you done?” he asked his eyes on Cordelia’s rapidly departing figure.

“She’s coming with us,” I said lowly.

“My god, why? What are you thinking? Braedon, if you find your mate” he said furiously and I put up a hand stopping him.

“If I find my mate, then I’ll deal with the consequences,” I told him as he rolled his eyes, looking at me with a scowl, “but I’m sort of hoping she finds hers while we’re there,” I admitted sheepishly.

His eyes lit up at the thought. “It’s certainly an incentive” he muttered “but if you find your mate, she’s only going to cause trouble” he warned, still looking at me in disbelief “I can’t believe you invited her to come.”

“Me either,” I said resignedly “she somehow manipulated me into inviting her. I can’t take it back now. We’ll just have to deal with it.”

He groaned and then headed off, looking put out. I felt the block being forcibly pushed away by an angry, foaming at the mouth, Lucian.

Speak for yourself he snarled.

Did you hear everything that was said? That block was meant to keep you from hearing and seeing anything!

Well, it didn’t work. I’m too feral for it too. I will not be rejecting our mate because she’s lower in the shifter hierarchy or because she’s wolfless. Try it and I will make your life a living hell he threatened.

Lucian be reasonable. As Alpha King, we need a strong mate by our side. We have requirements and a duty to our people.

I’m telling you, that if you reject our mate, nothing will stop me from becoming fully feral Braedon, not even you. I won’t allow you to accept Cordelia and you can’t spend your life putting blocks up to prevent me harming her. So I guess you better pray she finds her mate or lets go of her hold on you and soon. I will only ever accept our mate.

Lucian, how do I know that you’re not going to go fully feral before we find our fated mate? This is to stop it happening. If you would prefer somebody over Cordelia, I’m willing to compromise.

That’s the problem Braedon, you might be willing to compromise, but I sure as hell ain’t. It’s our mate or nobody growled and then stode into the depths of my mind, where he couldn’t be reached.