

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 33

Third Person POV

Cordelia was still fuming. How dare Braedon treat her like this! She, his girlfriend, and loyal to him as well. Ever since he'd laid eyes on that b***h Blair, he'd been taken with her and now he was breaking his promise to reject anybody that was inferior to him. She couldn't give up on being his chosen mate. She had to be Luna! Otherwise, all of her hard work would be for nothing! It made her sick to think he was willing to overlook the fact that Blair didn't have a wolf. Since when did he lower his standards like that? It was disgusting.

Not to mention Blair wasn't even that pretty. She was average-looking at best. She had a mouth on her as well, thought Cordelia with a snarl. Like she had been born trash. She wasn't worthy of being King Braedon's mate. She was complete garbage. She belonged in the gutter where she came from. She slammed the door to the room she was staying in and glowered. No doubt that bastard James found this amusing. He'd never liked her and the feeling had been mutual. He was probably in Braedon's ear, encouraging him to mate with the slut. She let out a low growl of frustration. She wanted to scream, but it would be unbecoming as she was a visitor at this pack. She swallowed hard. She wanted to go after Blair and attack her when she was alone and vulnerable, but if Braedon caught her, he would not show mercy. She needed to be smart about this and come up with a plan. One that would not lead back to her. What was she going to do? She couldn't just give up on becoming the Luna Queen now, not when it was so close to being in her grasp.

"Damn it, how can I mean so little to him?" she sulked, running a hand through her hair "How can he just discard me like yesterday's garbage? I have done so much for him and he doesn't even appreciate it!" she scowled.

He had no idea how many girls she had run off that had tried to show even the remotest bit of interest in him before he had agreed to date her. It had been exhausting. Sometimes she'd had to be downright vicious towards the other women, who thankfully knew to keep their damn mouths shut. She had persevered and it had finally paid off and now...now it was like she was right back to where she had started! It felt like she had accomplished nothing and all because of this slip of a girl!

"Goddamnit!" she snapped, stomping her foot and acting like a petulant adolescent.

Her eyes fell on her bags, situated in the corner and she let out an exhalation, unaware she'd been holding her breath. A small smile hovered on her lips as she scurried across the room and grabbed one of the suitcases.

She winced as she put it on the top of the bed. Her muscles strained and she panted, unzipping it carefully. For a werewolf she sure was weak. Then again, she never had liked or participated in the training aspect of the pack, preferring to get by on her good looks alone. Where was it? She frowned, digging frantically through the piles of clothes, her hand seeking it out with desperation, her fingers spreading out in search of it. Finally, just when she thought she might have placed it in the other bag, her fingers touched something smooth and hard, latching onto it and gripping it tight as she withdrew her hand staring down at the item she held with triumph. She chuckled to herself. She couldn't believe she had forgotten all about this. Especially since she had packed it intending to use it on Braedon and now? Well, what was going to stop her? It's not as though she had anything to lose.

It was a risk, she thought, looking down at the tiny vial. A big one. But she had paid top dollar for it and she had been guaranteed it would bring results. It would put him under her spell and seduce him into finally doing what she needed in order to become the Luna Queen. All she needed was for him to finally mark her as his and it would be over. Blair would no longer have a claim on him. She would be thrown aside like Cordelia was being thrown aside now. There was nothing Blair would be able to do to bring Braedon back to her. A mark cannot be undone, at least not as far as she knew. Once you were marked it was permanent until death. Cordelia smirked. Blair would find out what happened when you tried to take something that was not rightfully hers and belonged to Cordelia the hard way.

She watched the green liquid sloshing as she tipped it slightly. It was almost glowing. All she knew about the concoction was that it contained mugwort amongst some other herbs and that it was particularly potent when used on werewolves. It would dissolve and become clear when mixed with alcohol. The perfect time for her to use it would be at the party, thought Cordelia with a small smile. There would be plenty of drinking happening there. She had no doubts she could convince Braedon to drink something if she offered it to him. She gave a happy sigh and quickly began to put the vial back into her luggage, just in time as there was a loud rapping on her door and then James of all people came sailing in without waiting for her to answer him!

"I didn't say you could come in!" she snarled, her mood black.

He just laughed, amused. "Whatever, I'm here to ask if you want to go back to the pack?" he asked with sincerity and a tiny bit of hope.

She was confused. "Why would I want to go back? Who would ask that?" She became suspicious as James's grin grew wider and more mischievous.

"Well Alpha King Braedon thought that it might be a bit uncomfortable for you now that he's found Blair, so he thought he would give you the choice to leave on your own recognizance," he said easily.

Cordelia's anger burst out "I'm staying" she snapped "I'm not letting him push me away like that. Coward" she snarled. "Remember that he is still the king" James hissed, his expression darkening "and what did you expect him to do once he found his mate? Did you truly expect him to reject her? Even without a wolf, the mate bond is strong and undeniable. If you think that it will easily be broken, for the likes of you" he said with a heavy dose of sarcasm "then you're living in a fantasy world."

He truly believed she was becoming unhinged with the way her eyes flashed and a crazed look appeared in her eyes. He felt no sympathy for her, however. He had never liked Cordelia and she had never been good for Braedon who had refused to see it.

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"I will be the one he chooses to be his mate" she hissed, her eyes flashing as James laughed outright "and that slut will be leaving with her tail between her legs. Just you wait and see, you arrogant imbecile, we'll see who is laughing in the end." James just rolled his eyes and looked at her pityingly "I think that you have been living in such a dreamland you have forgotten all about the harsh reality that is awaiting you. If you don't wish to leave that is fine, but you make any trouble for King Braedon, or his new mate, and you'll be wishing that you'd left when you had the chance" he said, his tone dripping with malice.

He was prepared to do anything he had to in order to protect his friend and his King. His eyes fixed on Cordelia, making her aware of it. Even if it meant killing her, he wouldn't hesitate, in fact he would gladly do it.

She glared at him. He winked at her, not phased by the chilling expression on her face at all. "Get out of my room" she spat out feeling violent towards him.

"With pleasure" he drawled, looking around with disdain "I fear I might get an STD just standing here" he added and she grabbed a pillow and threw it at him as he walked away laughing.

It hit him on the back and he ignored it, shutting the door behind him as she let out a scream of rage. She wished the pillow had been something else entirely that would have injured him more. She stalked over and grabbed it, throwing it carelessly back onto the bed, gritting her teeth. She forced herself to calm down, taking deep breaths, and clenching her hands into fists, her nails digging into her flesh and producing blood that trickled onto the floor as she seethed.

She couldn't let him rattle her. He would be regretting the way he treated her soon enough. She couldn't wait to put him in his place. When she had Braedon under her spell and was Queen, the first thing she would do was put that bastard in the dungeon and have him tortured for his disrespect. The notion made her smile to herself as she pictured it in her mind. She sat on the bed and stared out the window, looking down on the grounds, and scowled when she saw none other than Braedon seated beside that b***h Blair as another girl ran laps around the pack house for some strange reason. They were laughing together and Braedon's eyes were sparkling. She felt a pang at the way he was looking at the girl, a hint of possessiveness in his eyes. He'd never looked like that with her. Not once in the whole time they had been dating. No matter how hard she had tried to please him and she had tried, really tried, wanting his approval and his love. But he'd always held himself back from her and she'd felt it. God, it hurt to see him smile at that girl like that, with such ease as though it came naturally to him.

Her lower lip trembled. She took a deep shuddering breath and turned back to her room, it feeling oddly stifling and confining. Blair was outside, in the fresh open air and she was tucked away in this small, claustrophobic space, that seemed to be closing in on her. Enjoy your freedom while you can Blair, she thought sardonically, her lip curling back in disgust and contempt, because you won't be enjoying it for long, not if I have anything to do with it.