

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 34

Blair POV

Night time. As we finished dinner, I was aware of Cordelia's eyes boring into the back of my head, Braedon motioning for me to follow him. My legs felt like leaden weights, each step filling me with dread and excitement at the same time, my stomach fluttering with butterflies. His eyes were dark, staring straight ahead, his jaw clenched. What was he thinking? I swallowed hard as the room came closer and he opened the door, gesturing for me to come inside. I felt awkward, standing there as he shut the door and sat on the bed, biting my lip. He grabbed his suitcases and began to rifle through them. A small pile of clothes sat on the bedside table, new, with tags. I glanced at them with curiosity and saw they were my size. Had he organized this for me?

"Do you want the bathroom first or should I take it?" he asked nonchalantly as my cheeks burned with embarrassment. "Um, I'll take it" I squeaked, grabbing some pajamas and panties at random and almost running to the adjoining door. He let out a soft laugh as I hastily shut the bathroom door behind me and locked it, before starting the shower, the water warm as it cascaded over me. I let out a moan, the steam filling the air as I scrubbed my body all over, washing my hair until I felt like a prune. Visit [Job n i b .co m](http://Jobnib.com) to read the complete chapters for free. With great reluctance I stopped the water and stepped out, drying myself with the towel and putting the pajamas on. They were soft, with a pair of short shorts. I hung the towel up and then opened the door, cautiously walking back into the room, feeling a bit exposed and vulnerable.

My mouth dropped open. He was bare-chested. My mouth salivated. He was glorious. A perfect six-pack, a taut abdomen, and muscles that rippled as he moved. I couldn't speak. My eyes lingered on his chest. He wore nothing but a pair of simple sweatpants that hung low on his hips. Unconsciously I licked my lips. He smirked. "Do you like what you see?" he growled looking pleased.

I blushed. Damn it, he had caught me looking. I had two choices, feign ignorance or be completely blunt. Nobody ever said I was timid I thought to myself. I decided to be the latter.

"Oh yeah," I said harshly as his eyes widened in amusement "I could look at you all day" I murmured, walking forward and trailing a finger up his chest as he stiffened "But your wolf is probably sexier" I added and he gaped as I turned around and got into bed, pulling the bed covers up so that I was warm and cozy. He looked stunned for a second and I grinned at him viciously.

Laughter burst out from him. "You are definitely not a shy one are you?" he murmured.

"Oh I can be" I agreed trying not to look at a certain part of his anatomy, but extremely curious about it, "but it's difficult not to look at something that's in plain view," I told him honestly.

He looked thoughtful now. "Really" he murmured, "I wonder if that works both ways?"

I looked at him and saw where his mind was going, hastily backing up against the wall. "Hey now, I didn't undress you" I protested, as his hands went towards my shirt "There's a difference" I shot out indignantly.

He chuckled and dropped his hands. I had to admit, I liked this playful side of him. But I was still apprehensive about what he was expecting of me. Was he expecting me to sleep with him after only knowing him for what constituted little more than a day? Surely not. I had my pride after all and I was a virgin. I wasn't exactly in a rush to change that either.

He climbed onto the bed. It dipped slightly under his weight. His eyes twinkled and I inhaled sharply, entranced by how beautiful they were. I tensed and he gave a lazy smile.

"We could do that," he said quietly "but in all honesty, I haven't made up my mind about accepting you fully yet" he admitted and my heartplummeted.

How could he say that to me? The thought of it hurt so bad that I couldn't help but lash out.

"Whose to say I want to accept you either?" I snapped, feeling peeved.

Every time I thought that we were getting somewhere he brought this s**t up. Damn, it was annoying and extremely frustrating. He needed to make a f*****g decision already because he was pissing me right off with this nonsense.

"If you didn't want me, you wouldn't be staring at me and licking your lips right now" he pointed out smugly.

Bastard. I stopped licking my lips and glared at him.

"Reject me" I snarled "or I'll do it" I threatened, meaning it.

I made a move to get out of the bed and he shook his head and grabbed my wrist. "Stop," he said icily "Right now my wolf wants you and part of me too. I'm just having trouble coming to terms with it. At no point did I say I was going to, just that I wasn't sure yet. Stop getting so defensive."

"Stop acting like you're the only one who has a choice when it comes to the rejection" I shouted, climbing out of the bed and facing him "Just because you are the Alpha King doesn't mean that I don't have a say!" I yelled, furious.

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He snorted. "As if you, a pathetic omega are going to turn down the Alpha King" he shook his head in disbelief. "You arrogant son of a b***h" I shot out seething.

Did he truly think he was a god or something? He might be nice to look at, but his personality was leaving a lot to be desired. I stared at him defiantly "I Blair Williams, reject you Alpha King Braedon..." I only got that far, before he raced to my side and gripped my throat, his eyes darkening.

"You will never ever, attempt to reject me again" he hissed, his grip tight and painful as I tried to yank his hand away "I am your mate, you have no right to even try. I am your king and you will do as I say" he bellowed.

He dropped his hand. I clutched my throat and wheezed. "You're a bastard, you know that," I told him shakily.

He had the decency to look ashamed as I looked away from him. But I wasn't letting him off the hook quite so easily. As he stepped closer, his mouth opening, I took the opportunity, to kick him hard, between his legs, causing him to double over in pain. "f**k you" I hissed, as he sank to the floor, gripping his genitals "If you think I'm sleeping in that bed with you, you have another thing coming!" I threatened.

He blinked. I went to leave. "Don't" he snarled, narrowing his eyes.

I stared at him, my hand gripping the door knob. He exhaled, getting shakily to his feet.

"I deserved that" he growled as I nodded in agreement "but please don't leave. I don't want to find you sleeping on the floor somewhere."

I opened my mouth to protest. He continued, holding a hand up as he kept my attention on him "You sleep in the bed, I'll sleep on the floor."

I thought about it. I wasn't particularly convinced he meant it, but he was still looking pained by what I had done. Part of me wished I had kicked him harder and caused him even more pain, annoyed by how quickly he seemed to have recovered. I stormed over to the bed and got in, pulling up the bedcovers, my mood irritable. I threw a pillow on the floor and he groaned, slowly getting down onto the ground and laying there. I had no sympathy for him. My throat felt slightly bruised. He thought by using his Alpha tone or trying to be all macho on me that he could demand things from me. He was wrong. I only wished I had kicked him in the balls a little harder. Enough so that he couldn't have children.

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I stared up at the ceiling. I could hear him trying to get comfortable and I hoped that the floor gave him a backache. I grabbed a blanket, feeling slightly magnanimous, and threw it down on him. "Ouch," he muttered.

I smirked. Silence. More shuffling and shifting. "I'm sorry," he said quietly from his position on the floor "I shouldn't have done that. My wolf got angry when you tried to reject us."

Did he think that made a difference? "Never, lay your hands on me like that again," I told him sharply "I don't like it and I won't put up with it."

"I got that from you kicking me in my genitals" he groaned.

I giggled. "You deserved it and you're still not getting up on this bed," I told him with annoyance.

He let out a huff sounding exasperated. I figured this would do him some good and teach him some humility.

"I know I need to make a decision," he said from the floor as I stiffened "and I know that I'm not being fair to you. I just ask that you give me some time."

"What am I supposed to do?" I asked tightly "Leave my life on hold while you decide what you want? It doesn't work that way! I would rather have you reject me and let me leave so that I can get on with my life."

"My wolf won't let me," he said guiltily "I need you, or he's going to go feral. I'm sorry, but I think that you might be stuck with me, even if I don't choose you, I need you by my side."

I closed my eyes. I was never going to stop fighting for my freedom or my right to be his mate fully, but right now I was too tired to argue with him. Let the selfish bastard try to justify it however he wanted. He knew it was wrong. He was just too arrogant to concede it. I turned my back on him, feeling nothing but disappointment for the mate that had been gifted to me. The moon goddess could be cruel sometimes. Whatever King Braedon thought, he did not get to choose how my life was going to work out. If it took me running away to gain my freedom, I would do it, but part of me, the part of me that was connected through the mate bond, hoped that my mate just might see the light and realize what he would miss out on by rejecting me.