

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 37

King Braedon POV

I stand in the front foyer, adjusting my bowtie for what feels like the millionth time, feeling my mouth go dry. From all reports, Blair had been stunned by the amount of preparation she'd been expected to do, with her own personal stylist, hairdresser, beauty and makeup person. She wasn't used to having so much attention lavished on her. I had been told in passing that she had disliked it too, having to be cajoled into wearing a dress and makeup, as she didn't like the feel of the makeup on her skin and she was uncomfortable wearing dresses. I was certain that the end result was going to look fabulous though. She was beautiful in plain jeans and a shirt so a dress would only enhance her natural beauty. Suddenly my heart began to race and then I saw her. My mouth gaped open. For a moment I didn't recognize her. This couldn't be the same girl. But it was. She walked stiffly, in gold glitter heels, her long hair swept up in an elaborate updo, small curls tastefully weaving around her bun. She wore a caramel gold dress that was tight around the bodice and hips before flowing down. It had a long slit down one leg and spaghetti straps. A matching clutch was in her hands. She looked ravishing. Her hair was the same colour though and I realized she must have refused to dye it. I shrugged. She looked gorgeous regardless. She was a sight to see and I gazed upon her, never wanting to see this moment end.

She walked slowly down the stairs and I met her halfway, lending her my arm to assist her down. She wasn't used to walking in heels. The ones she had, possessed straps around the ankles, otherwise I suspected they would have fallen off. She gave me a tight smile, allowing me to assist her, although she looked reluctant about it. I gathered she didn't like needing to be helped with anything and preferred her independence.

"You look beautiful," I told her, eyeing her up and down appreciatively.

Her lips downturned. "I look like bimbo barbie" she muttered, turning to look outside.

Whoa. Didn't all girls like to dress up and look good? What was I missing? Why was she so upset?

"Should we go outside?" I asked her, trying to lighten the mood.

"Sure," she said moodily.

I frowned. Maybe she was just worried or nervous? I held her hand and helped her outside, her feet teetering in the heels. She tightened her lips and then slowly strode with me towards the large marquee. We made it inside and her mood lifted slightly, to my great relief as she took in the beautiful decorations and lovely presentation of the tables.

"How about we sit down?" I suggested, uncomfortable with the stares and whispers as people openly eyed us.

"Good idea" she breathed, sounding very relieved.

Maybe the shoes were hurting her?

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We sat down at the table, listening to the band and I noticed a refreshment table nearby. "I'll get you a drink" I offered. She gave me the first genuine smile of the evening and my heart skipped a beat. I coughed and stood up, walking over to get a glass of champagne for her and myself. I bumped into Cordelia. "Oh, I'll get you and um, what's her name a drink," she said sweetly and a bit hastily.

"That's okay, I don't mind," I said automatically, wanting to get a drink for Blair myself.

"Oh no, King Braedon it's the least I can do, after the horrible way I've behaved towards you and your mate," she said with wide eyes.

I ignored her and grabbed two glasses as she pouted at me, heading back to the table and placing one in front of Blair who blinked at me.

"Something wrong?" I asked tersely.

She politely pushed the glass towards me. "I don't really drink," she said quietly, sounding a little bit annoyed.

Of course. It hadn't even occurred to me to ask. Way to go. Smooth move Braedon. I was an i***t. I went to push my seat back and get some water when she put a hand on me, stopping me. "It's fine, I'll get it," she said with a sigh, sounding desolate.

Cordelia sat down and pushed a glass of water at her. "Here you go Blair is it?" she said sweetly.

Great. Even Cordelia seemed to know Blair's preference instinctively. I gritted my teeth.

"Thanks," Blair said suspiciously, taking the glass and sniffing it.

"It's not poisoned" Cordelia laughed "I swear."

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Blair took a tentative sip and then relaxed. Cordelia put a glass of water in front of me and I put it to the side absent-mindedly, drinking the champagne and feeling dumb.

"Blair, I just want to apologize for the horrible way I've acted," Cordelia said earnestly, turning to my mate and batting her eyelids while I frowned down at my drink "It was completely inexcusable and I have no way to justify it. I just got so upset, after having dated Braedon here for over a year, the thought of losing him, well I just lost my head for a moment," she said, her voice becoming upset and forlorn as I clenched the champagne glass tightly with one hand, tempted to break it in Cordelia's face. What was she thinking, bringing that up?

Blair's expression got dark. f**k. Cordelia continued relentlessly "You can understand, can't you? I mean to be in love with someone, only for them not to love you back? The pain of knowing you aren't good enough for them, that they perceive you to be something completely different to who you are..."

Blair gave a chilling laugh "You would be surprised at how much I understand that" she bit out, stunning everyone around the table.

Silence. Blair twirled the glass around in her hand. I didn't know what to say. Was she alluding to the fact that she had already been rejected before? The notion hadn't even occurred to me. Now I felt angry. Why hadn't she told me? Why had she kept it secret? Who had the nerve to reject her? God, why did I care about her so much?

"Anyway, I just wanted to say I'm sorry and that I won't stay in the way of your mate bond" Cordelia chirped, oblivious to the awkward tension rising between Blair and me. She raised her glass with a wide smile "To you both" she said and drank it down as Blair took a gulp of water and I did the same, downing my champagne in one go.

Cordelia got up and sashayed over to a tall and dark male alone, offering her hand to him as Blair stared at me coldly.

"You were rejected" It wasn't a question but rather a statement.

Her shoulders hunched. She glared at me. "It's none of your business" she snapped, her eyes glacial as she stared at me defiantly.

Her voice cracked, showing that it still had the ability to upset her.

"Who was he?" I demanded my desire to know, outweighing all practicality and rationality.

"No one" she growled, her eyes blazing with anger.

"Tell me" I snarled "or I'll use my Alpha tone on you" I threatened, not considering just how brutish I was being to her.

"You really are a bastard" she snapped. "Fine, Ashton Grimshaw, the Beta's son. Are you happy now? He rejected me in order to take Brynn Ryker as his chosen mate because I wasn't good enough for him, being wolfless and all" she snapped.

I exhaled, feeling torn. I had forced her to tell me something that was private and personal to her. She glared at me, her eyes suspiciously shiny. Was she blinking back tears?

"He didn't deserve you," I said quietly, hoping to soothe her and make her forgive me for being so callous.

She laughed. "But I deserve you? You threatened to do the same and even now, you haven't fully made up your mind. I wouldn't be so quick to judge somebody when you're doing exactly the same."

I opened my mouth to protest when a young male approached the table, his eyes lingering on Blair. "May I have the honor of this dance?" he asked, with a small smile on his face.

How dare he! How f*****g dare he approach my mate. I let out a growl and he glanced at me, his face going pale as he realized who he was looking at. My eyes turned dark.

"My apologies Alpha King Braedon" he stammered, bowing "I did not realize she was your date."

He backed away slowly and then scurried off with his tail between his legs. I smirked with satisfaction and then looked back at Blair who looked pissed.

"You had no right to growl at him," she said steadily, her nails digging into the table "You have not marked me, you have no claim on me and you haven't accepted me as your mate. I can dance with whomever I like you insufferable prick" she breathed in disgust as I blanched.

"Blair" I clenched my jaw but she was already standing, her legs shaking as she stepped back from the table, her gait unsteady as she began to disappear into the crowd. s**t. I had really blown it this time. I didn't understand the anger though. Most women would appreciate their mates acting possessive in regard to them. Why was Blair acting so differently to them all? Why did she seem so unhappy with me? Had I done something so unforgivably wrong? I didn't understand my mate at all and it struck me that I needed to learn more about her and fast, if I had any chance in hell of making this relationship ever work.

"Damn it" I swore, slamming my hand on the table and getting up in frustration, my eyes scanning the crowd. She was nowhere to be seen. I ran a hand through my hair in exasperation and began to go find her. She couldn't have gotten far, not in those heels, unless she had taken them off. I sighed and began to look for my mate, determined to wipe the slate clean and start the night anew. Maybe with some coaxing, she could tell me what was wrong or why she was so upset. I wasn't a mind reader, but even I knew something was up with her. I just didn't know what.