

# The Rebellious Omega

## Chapter 38

Blair POV

It took hours to get ready. Hours of being primped and pampered and made to feel like I wasn't pretty enough to be the mate of King Braedon. I refused to color my hair, offending the hairdresser who glowered at me. My feet were forced into tight-fitting heels with straps that cut into my flesh and I wore a dress that revealed entirely too much skin for my liking, the long slit exposing my upper thigh, the thong I was wearing beneath the dress uncomfortable and irritating. By the time I was finished getting ready, I was angry. I felt like a Barbie doll. I hadn't enjoyed the experience, no matter how many times I was told how lucky I was to have this much attention lavished on me and how much was being spent on me. I hadn't asked for this. I hadn't asked for a designer dress and heels. I hadn't asked to have my skin be all tanned and for makeup to hide the blemishes and flaws on my face. I was perfectly content to wear something comfortable to Brynn's party. Instead, I was dolled up to look like someone else and it rankled. It was like it was making a statement to me that I wasn't good enough and it hurt.

As I stormed away from the table, all I could think about was how much of an i\*\*t my mate was. He had no idea what I was feeling at the moment or how angry I felt. I wove my way between the crowd, pissed that he had scared off a male who had only asked me to dance. Visit [Jobnib.com](http://Jobnib.com) to read the complete chapters for free. It's not as though Braedon had decided what he wanted to do with me. One minute he wanted me as his mate, the next he didn't. It was like being on a rollercoaster and never knowing if you were going to go up or down. I exhaled loudly, my feet stomping on the grass as I stormed outside and around the marquee, trying to take deep breaths in order to calm down. I was so sick of all this bullshit. I was so tired of feeling like a damn pawn in his game.

I wobbled in my heels and swore. I bent over and undid the straps on my shoes, pulling them off, one at a time roughly, before sending them flying through the air and across the ground with satisfaction. My feet sank into the soft, earthy grass, my toes digging in with blessed relief. That was so much better. They didn't hurt as much now. I could walk without feeling like I was going to trip or fall over. The air was fresh and cool outside. I breathed it in greedily. I closed my eyes, feeling myself relax as the music softly played in the background. There were only a few shifters outside and most of them were disappearing into the forest for a run. Nobody was going to bother me out here. I was all alone and that's how I liked it. I could breathe, if only for a minute.

My hand reached up and slowly began to pull out the numerous pins holding my hair into place. One by one, I dropped them onto the grass, my hair slowly cascading and flowing down past my shoulders, until my scalp felt less sore. I knew Braedon was probably looking for me but at that moment I didn't care. Screw him. I walked towards the forest, the moon shining brightly down. I was so disappointed that I hadn't gotten my wolf. I could hear the leaves crunching beneath my feet as I made my way in deeper, my hands touching the bark of the trees, feeling its coarseness, I stopped as I reached a small clearing, leaning back against the trunk of a tree.

I jumped as a hand touched my shoulder. He had been so stealthy I hadn't heard him approach. His eyes were glittering. "Do you have any idea how hard it was to find you out here?" he said with gritted teeth.

I just looked at him. "Do I look as though I care?" I said slowly and deliberately.

If anybody should be pissed it should be me, not him.

He frowned as I removed his hand with a huff. "I don't understand why you are so angry," he said "Is this because I haven't marked you? I told you I need time," he said with annoyance.

My temper erupted. I turned to face him, flinging my arms out wide. "Do you think this is just because you haven't marked me? It's because you can't make up your mind Braedon and I'm left feeling like I'm walking on a tightrope while you make a decision. It's because you scared that man away that asked me to dance when you have no claim on me" I shouted, my voice rising as he blinked "It's because you forced me to dress up like some stupid bimbo in this damn dress and look like something I'm not. I'm not some damn Barbie doll for you to play dress-ups with. I'm my own person, believe it or not," I screamed, my chest heaving, my eyes glaring as he swallowed hard, his face expressionless. God, he just didn't get it and it was bloody infuriating.

I panted, my emotions on overdrive. I turned to leave and he gripped my arm, forcing me to stop. "I didn't mean to make you feel that way," he said grimly, a tic in his jaw "I honestly thought you would enjoy dressing up. It wasn't meant to be an insult to you, believe me, I think you're beautiful as you are" he added.

"Really because it feels like I'm not good enough" I shot back, "After all I'm just a lowly wolfless mutt remember?"

His eyes darkened "Don't talk like that" he warned.

"Like what? Telling the truth?" I was reckless now, provoking him in my anger.

I was spoiling for a fight.

"Nobody wants a wolfless shifter for a mate, so why don't you just admit it and..." I trailed off as he picked me up and turned, shoving me hard against the trunk of the tree as he plastered his lips against mine.

I felt his hands gripping me around the waist as I moaned into his mouth, his kiss harsh and demanding, his tongue delving into my mouth. My legs wrapped around his waist, my body pressing against his. I felt electricity shoot through me. I panted, leaning back, my body desiring much more than what he was giving me. His hands raised my legs, putting them over his shoulders, my body easily bearing its weight against the trunk of the tree as I looked down at him in dismay, the kiss broken off, a mischievous light in his eyes, that had me wriggling. I was on display and highly aroused. His nostrils flared. A slow smile spread on his face. His hand reached up and skimmed along my thigh, making me give a small cry and wriggle.

"Don't move" he breathed.

"Braedon" I stammered.

He smirked and then shook his head. "This isn't going to work" he muttered and I breathed a sigh of relief.

He grabbed me and then turned, laying me down on the grass as I stared at him. He bent down and sniffed my mound, his hands spreading my legs, and my dress was now hiked up to my upper thighs. He licked his lips as I stared up at him dazed. What was he going to...

"Braedon" I whimpered, feeling his hand push aside the flimsy fabric of the thong.

I gave a cry as I felt his tongue slowly lick along my folds, my body shuddering wildly.

It felt so good. I instinctively tried to close my legs together, but his hands were like steel, refusing to let me move. I whimpered, his tongue sliding inside me, darting in and out, my back arching in pleasure. My hands dug into the grass. It felt like it was a sin, but it was too damn good to feel like I'd committed anything, my head turning side to side as the pleasure continued to grow. I wanted to feel something, but I wasn't sure what. He began to circle my c\*\*t and my body arched, a low hiss coming out of my mouth.

"You taste delicious" he growled, beginning to lazily flick his tongue against my clit, causing me to cry out "f\*\*k, I can't get enough of tasting you."

He leaned down even closer, beginning to lick and devour me as though he was starving of thirst, my body writhing on the grass, my cries growing even more shrill and louder. I was a sobbing and quivering mess. My legs were quivering. It felt like I was about to explode. I felt something coming. It felt like fireworks exploded behind my eyes. I screamed out Braedon's name, my orgasm ripping through me as I came, hard, against his tongue, my body tensing like a bow being strung. He lapped my juices before slowly pulling away, my body collapsing on the ground as I stared up at him in shock, my body pleasantly relaxed, an ache between my legs as I pressed my thighs together, wanting more.

I reached for him, but he stood, a grin on his face. "If you ever doubt that I want you, in that way," he said deliberately "then I hoped that cleared things up. But I'm not going to take you, for your first time and I have no doubts it would be your first time" he added as I blushed and looked away "in the forest."

He offered me his hand. I grabbed it and he helped me stand, brushing my dress off and then sighing at the amount of dirt and leaves clinging to me. I tried not to giggle.

"I guess that you're going to need to shower and dress into something else. That dress is no longer suitable" he said mildly as I gaped at him.

He began to walk in the direction of the pack house, looking coolly over his shoulder "Are you coming? I can have the omegas find something more to your liking" he added and I grinned, moving forward, feeling much, much better.

Maybe my mate wasn't so bad after all? Then again, only time would tell I mused, following him back to the house, a grin on my face.