

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 43

King Braedon POV

I knew that Blair hadn't had an easy time of it. When we entered the bedroom, she was exhausted, with dark circles under her eyes and she looked pissed. We got ready for bed silently, Blair dressing in an oversized top that hid all of her luscious curves and a pair of short shorts, while I put on a pair of sweatpants and nothing else. She got into the large bed and moved over so far to the side that she was almost falling off of it, her body stiff and unyielding. I sighed and got in, listening to the sound of her breathing which was uneven and shallow. Was she nervous or was this something else? It seemed a bit extreme or maybe I was just misjudging just how angry she was?

"Blair" I began and she hunched her shoulders, cutting me off as I gave a long sigh.

Damn it, it felt like there was a wide wall between us. I steeled myself and then reached over, grabbing her around the waist and pulling her back against my chest as she flailed in my arms, kicking and waving her arms around in annoyance. "What are you doing?" she snapped and I held my arm over her, preventing her from trying to move away from me.

"I'm not letting you put distance between us," I told her blandly as she fought to keep her body as straight as a board and her head turned away from me "I just want to hold you" I added gravely, hoping she understood exactly what I meant.

I had no intentions of trying to force her to do the other thing, but I wanted to hold her in my arms, feel the tingles and the sparks as our skin touched. I felt a warmth inside as we pressed together and my wolf was more content because of it. We just longed to be near her.

She didn't answer. I stroked the side of her, over her t-shirt, and heard her breathing quicken slightly. Slowly her body began to relax against mine, her back pressing against my chest, her legs winding between mine. It was like heaven. Sparks flew and the warmth she exhibited was so pleasurable that I sighed in contentment. Visit Jobnib.com to read the complete chapters for free. I stroked her gorgeous hair, wanting her to relax even more. Slowly a smile crept onto her face. My hand continued to massage her side and she let out a soft moan. It was cute. It was adorable and my wolf purred in my mind.

"Not fair" she mumbled sleepily, trying to sound mad and failing miserably as I tried not to chuckle.

"What's not fair?" I murmured, breathing into her ear as she shivered and gave a low moan that had me stiffening and my c**k twitching in response.

"Using the mate bond like this. Unfair" she drawled tiredly.

"Well if it gets you to let down your guard against me, then I'm going to use the bond to my advantage every time," I told her as she huffed at me and pouted like a petulant child while I tried not to grin at her. She was so cute, that all I wanted to do was hug her and squish her.

I put my head on her shoulder. It fits there nicely like it was made to. My wolf purred. Both of us were satisfied just spending time like this with Blair. She tentatively puts her hand over mine and strokes it absent-mindedly with her fingers. I try not to groan. I don't want her to get self-conscious or aware of what she's doing and stop. She's willingly touching me and it makes me feel awesome. She nestles against me and I feel the perky round buttocks wriggle against my private area, my c**k beginning to harden. Damn. I adjusted myself discretely, knowing she would move away if she felt it. But it's hard, every touch of hers making my body begin to respond without me even thinking about it.

"What is the plan for tomorrow?" she asked after a minute or two of complete silence.

"The plan?" I asked, a little bemused.

"Yeah," Blair said, glancing over her shoulder, her eyes challenging me "Are we remaining here, am I going back with you? What is the go, Alpha King Braedon" she said reluctantly.

She sounded a little wistful. Did she want to go back with me and was frightened I would leave her here after all? It was never going to happen. Not now.

"I want you to come back with me and see what my pack house is like," I told her sincerely as she paused, her eyes widening in surprise and shining with hope.

"Is that wise? You still don't know whether you want to reject me" she said doubtfully.

I cleared my throat "about that. I have made my decision. I do not intend on rejecting you" I said smugly.

I wanted her too much. My wolf was desperate to have her. We would only be weakening ourselves if we chose to reject her. Besides, I didn't want to, not anymore. The more time I spent with Blair, the more I was fascinated by her.

She was quiet. Too quiet. "What if I still wish to reject you?" she asked, meeting my eyes.

Hurt flashed through me. "I won't let you" I growled without thinking, seriously angry.

She rolled her eyes "So you get upset at the thought of me rejecting you" she said pensively.

"Of course I do, you're my mate" I snarled.

"Yet you've done the exact same thing to me" she pointed out as my shoulders drooped in understanding "So now you know exactly how I've felt as you've considered whether to reject me or not," she said with a flash of anger and a spark of defiance.

Damn, this woman was feisty. I was forced to consider and admit that she was right.

"I'm sorry, you're right. I haven't been a very good mate" I said slowly, feeling as though I was on uneven ground "and you have an excellent point" I admitted.

"I think you're used to women fawning over you," Blair said with a heavy dose of sarcasm "and I think you put a lot of stock into your position and how you're perceived rather than what you or what your wolf wants."

I frowned. "Women don't fawn all over me" I protested lamely.

She laughed. "All day, women have eyed you like they are undressing you with their eyes and constantly asked if you needed anything. You're so used to it that it doesn't occur to you that other men don't get the same treatment."

"I thought it was because I was good looking" I teased.

She grinned "There is that but it's also because they want to be the Queen Luna" she pointed out.

"I know," I said glumly and then eyed her with interest "and yet you would reject me in a heartbeat without consideration of that title. Why?" I asked with interest.

She looked incredulous. "What use is a title if you don't love the person you are marked and mated to? A title can't keep you company on cold nights or encourage you to follow your dreams. It can't give you the family you've always wanted or make your heart skip a beat when you see the person you love. A title is just that, a title. It makes you inferior to others but in the end, doesn't that seem rather lonely?" she asked "not to mention all the responsibilities of making sure that you keep the pack protected and ensure that its safety and wellbeing are a priority."

She spoke such words of wisdom with conviction. I admired her. She wasn't materialistic. She had a passion burning inside of her. "If you could have anything you wanted, what would it be?" I asked.

She tilted her head on the pillow, thinking it over. There was a wistful smile on her face "I guess all I've ever wanted was to have somebody love me for who I was, not who they want me to be or who they think I should be."

I swallowed hard. It was such a simple request and wish but her words were grave and filled with anguish. How much had she suffered at this pack, for that to be her only wish? Being rejected by that a*****e hadn't helped at all. I felt a pang in my heart.

I gently kissed her cheek, making her look at me. "Get some sleep," I told her softly, admiring the way she looked in the

moonlight, the way her hair cascaded over the pillow, my hand resting underneath hers, my arm still possessively laid over her waist "Tomorrow morning we leave for my pack," I told her and she gave a tired nod. "Early?" she asked.

I shook my head "Whenever we want. But I want you to get some sleep. Once we reach my pack house, things will change and it's going to be a big transition" I told her, wishing that she understood the words I wasn't saying "and you might find it a bit difficult. I'm going to do the best I can to help you, but I'm sure that you'll be fine" I added.

She looked unconvinced but still turned her head and snuggled into her pillow. I breathed in her sweet-smelling scent and laid my head down, listening to the sound of her breathing as it filled the air. My mind was in turmoil. I knew that she was going to be ostracized by a lot of the pack for not having a wolf and while she would be under my protection, it would not prevent some of them from having a vendetta against her. It was one of the few reasons I had always thought I would reject a wolfess mate. Instead, I was bringing one firmly into the lion's den, subject to ridicule and god knew what else. I felt a sense of trepidation as she began to softly snore beside me.

Blair had spirit and gumption. She was rough around the edges and unlike any other girl I had dated or shown an interest in. She was unique, clever, and a precious jewel that I didn't want to be tarnished. I fretted as I lay there. I could only do so much. I suspected that Blair could take care of herself but there were many dangers that could befall a wolfess girl, and I had to wonder, with a grim expression on my face, whether Blair was entirely up to the task of becoming Luna Queen or if I was subjecting a poor innocent girl to a pack of wolves determined to bring her to her knees. Time will only tell, starting from our arrival tomorrow.