

# The Rebellious Omega

## Chapter 46

Blair POV

I awoke with a start, my eyes opening wide as I took in the fact I was in a large bedroom, Braedon's body beside me, his snores filling the room. His arm was heavy, like a leaden weight, weighing me down and I grunted, shoving it off me. I had a pressing need to go to the bathroom and I made a mad dash to the adjoining door, thankful when it contained what I needed, quickly doing my business and coming back out into the bedroom. Braedon was awake and yawning widely. "Good morning," he said sleepily.

It was almost adorable, seeing him all rumpled and messy like that.

"Good morning," I said warily.

I remembered everything. My cheeks burnt at the thought that I'd suffered an attack right in front of him. I waited for him to lecture me, admonish me, reject me but he did none of those things. Instead, he got up and stretched, showing off his taut abdomen and six-pack as I drooled. He was like a male adonis, perfect in every way, so gorgeous that I felt dowdy in comparison.

I hurriedly turned my gaze away, not wanting to get caught staring and have him think that I was some sort of lecher. He nonchalantly went into the bathroom and I waited patiently, wondering what to do and whether I should leave. He came back and began to dig through one of the dressers, gesturing to the large wardrobe behind me and a dresser beside him. Visit [Job n i b .co m](http://Jobnib.com) to read the complete chapters for free. "These are yours," he said with a shrug "They're filled with all kinds of clothes and stuff in your size. I had them fill them when I knew you were coming back. Choose something to wear and we can grab breakfast," he said.

My eyes lit up in surprise. I was excited, not just at the prospect of food but at the thought of new clothes, something I had never owned before. All the clothes I possessed had been hand-me-downs from the pack. I opened the wardrobe and scanned the clothes, beginning to feel a bit deflated. Dresses. Lots of them. I swallowed hard. They consisted of pink, blue, and purple colors. I fought the urge not to be sick. They definitely weren't my style. Perhaps the dresser had more in the way of pants and shorts? I could only hope. I tried to keep the disappointment off my face, not wanting to appear ungrateful.

I walked to the dresser and opened the drawers. There were shorts, but very few, and some pants, mostly jeans but otherwise there were lots of skirts and blouses, cardigans and so forth. There were a handful of t-shirts. I frowned. King Braedon had dressed in trousers and a white dress shirt with black gloss shoes and was looking at me in concern.

"Something wrong?" he asked raising an eyebrow.

Should I say something or should I keep quiet? I had my suspicions if I kept quiet, then I would be forced to continue wearing things that I didn't like and I shuddered at the thought. Besides, it was better to speak the truth than continue to tell a lie, wasn't it?

"These clothes aren't suitable," I said calmly, King Braedon's eyes narrowing "There is not much here I would wear" I admitted with a heavy sigh of disappointment.

I appreciated the gesture, but I also wanted to wear my own style of clothes instead of conforming to what other people expected me to wear.

"Put on what you can for now and we'll organize more of what you would prefer," he said kindly.

I put on a pair of shorts with a loose T-shirt. Underneath I wore a lace bra and panties. I found a hairbrush and quickly put my hair in a basic ponytail as well as put sneakers on. I was satisfied and comfortable. King Braedon eyed me critically. "I'm not sure Julia will approve" he murmured with a twinge of concern.

Who was Julia and why did she have to approve of me or what I was wearing? I was bursting with questions but he merely took my hand and led me out of the room, heading downstairs. The pack house was huge, it was massive! It put all other pack houses to shame. There were so many winding corridors and hallways that it was easily possible that I would get lost trying to find my own way back. My mate seemed to know the way easily enough though. I would have to rely on him when it came to finding my way around the house, I thought with a groan.

We made it into the dining room and were met with frowns and puzzled glances. I frowned. What was the problem? The girls, I noticed, were all dressed up, in fancy dresses and their own hair up in elaborate hair do's. The men were a little more casual, some in jeans and shirts, others in trousers like Braedon. I felt underdressed but I wasn't going to dress up every day when I preferred my comfortable clothing. It seemed a bit ridiculous. What if I wanted to run or cook or something? I would be getting the dress all messy for nothing.

Braedon went to push my seat out for me and I sat, letting him push me in. Gasps sounded from the table. He sat at the head and immediately an omega began to put a plate in front of each of us. The smell of delicious food wafted towards my nostrils and my stomach growled loudly in anticipation. I could hardly wait to dig in.

I saw James smile and wave at me. I grinned. A woman looking haughty with a scowl on her face came walking in, with a clipboard in her hand. She looked like an evil supermodel to me, with ice-blond hair, blue eyes, a slender figure, pale skin, and immaculately dressed in a designer dress and heels. I probably looked like the state puff marshmallow man or something in comparison. Still, I wasn't going to let it bother me. I'd like to see her run in those heels.

"King Braedon, welcome back" the woman trilled, leaning over and kissing my mate on the cheek as I stiffened.

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She seemed to be extremely familiar with my mate and I didn't like it.

"Julia" he murmured respectfully and then gestured to me, the woman's eyes sweeping over me, her lip curling in disgust "This is my mate Blair."

She put a hand to her mouth, her gaze raking over me. I saw the contempt in her eyes as she coughed. "I beg your pardon, Your Highness," she said super sweetly "but did I mishear you? Surely that common girl seated beside you is not your mate?" she asked, her voice dripping with contempt.

b\*\*\*h. I sat up straighter. My mate looked a bit confused. Was he completely oblivious to that little dig she shot at me or was he just stupid? I scowled at him as he glanced at me, creasing his brow.

"No, that is my mate Blair" he insisted harshly.

The woman gave a small gasp of dismay. "You poor thing, you must not have realized that we provided you with a full wardrobe," she said sympathetically "Never mind, when you are finished here I will take you and show you how to dress appropriately as the Alpha King's mate. I'm sure this is a lot for you to take in" she added, batting her eyelashes at Braedon who was nodding slowly, as though he was agreeing with her.

Um hello? I was sitting right here and I had no problems with how I was dressed. In fact, now I was wishing I had come down in pajamas if only to be spiteful. I cleared my throat, placing my fork down on my plate with a loud clatter, the dining room full of pack members watching the interaction between myself and Julia intently "Actually I know the wardrobe was full of clothes as was the dresser. I picked these out myself and they suit me perfectly well" I drawled as she gaped at me "and I have to say that the dresses and skirts are not to my taste. I would appreciate it if we could have a discussion as to what clothing I would like in order to remain comfortable here with my mate."

My voice was syrupy sweet. Julia frowned, her eyes darting between me and King Braedon. She seemed at a loss as to what to say or do. My smile grew wider. She swallowed hard. I dared her to try and counter what I had to say. I was not going to give in to her, simply because she thought she was the boss of me. If anything, her attitude made me dislike her even more.

My mate continued to eat, ignoring the conversation for now. "Um, Miss Blair," Julia said, as I stared at her, "You see, being the King's mate requires all sorts of rules to be followed and traditions. What you wear is a direct reflection of the King and as such, it's important that you adhere to the dress code and its protocol. Do you understand what I'm saying?" she gritted her teeth, staring at me with annoyance.

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I took a bite of pancake, chewing loudly, Julia looking incensed now. I was annoyed that my mate did not step in, but then maybe he expected me to accede to Julia. This had to be the woman he had murmured would not be happy with how I was dressed. Never mind. I was not about to bow down, simply because it was the done thing to do. Screw that. I was never one for obeying the rules. I wasn't about to start now. Certainly not for this frosty-ass b\*\*\*h.

"Julia, I believe in making new traditions and disregarding rules that make no sense and quite frankly are sexist. If I want to wear pants, like the men do, or shorts, then it's completely acceptable for me to do so. I believe in gender equality" I said chirpily "and all that. If it offends you so much, then by all means I will start wearing dresses and skirts..." I paused and Julia's eyes lit up and she began to smile, thinking she had won "when the men start doing it. Otherwise, I believe I'll stick to what I want to wear" I concluded as her face fell and her shoulders drooped.

"That's not the way it's done," Julia said loudly, beginning to lose her composure.

"That's not my problem," I said calmly as she clenched her hands into fists.

"You are going against the rules!" she exclaimed, her voice rising even higher as the pack members leaned forward, their eyes sparkling with amusement.

"Again, not my problem."

"King Braedon will you please intercede and inform your mate that she has to do what is required of her!" Julia wailed, stamping her foot like a child instead of a fully grown woman.

I wondered if this was how she managed to get her own way all the time and fought back a smile of maliciousness. My mate looked at me. I glared at him. He sighed. "This is entirely between the two of you. Hower seeing as you've pushed me into it Julia, what my mate says, goes. I always thought the traditions and protocols requiring the women to wear uncomfortable clothing and dresses were stupid. Blair can wear what she likes and whatever she wants, get it for her. She should be happy at this pack house and I don't want anything to upset her" he advised the woman who looked taken aback by his stance.

Julia's mouth dropped open. She had expected the Alpha King to agree with her. I eyed her smugly and viciously stabbed a bit of pancake, biting into it aggressively as she looked at me like I was a wild animal. I inhaled my food as James turned his face away, his shoulders shaking with laughter. King Braedon stood up "Blair, once you have had your discussion with Julia over your clothing, come and find me in my office," he said carelessly, waving and heading out the door, clutching it behind a stunned Julia behind. I nodded, waving back, still chewing my appetite one of almost starvation and Julia sank onto a chair, clutching it tight, the blood draining from her face. Clearly, she hadn't expected to see such an uncouth mate to the Alpha King as I was. I looked at her smugly. She hadn't seen anything yet.