

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 47

Blair POV

To say that Julia and I weren't going to get along was a bit of an understatement. Once King Braedon had left the table and disappeared to go to his study, I finished eating my breakfast, taking infinite care to chew slowly and annoy the infuriating woman as much as possible, her face getting redder and redder, until she looked like she was about to explode at any given moment. No doubt she was not used to being treated this way but she needed to learn that I was not going to let her run all over me. Once I had finished my coffee and had satiated my intense need for caffeine, I gestured for her to join me, but she insisted on taking me to a private sitting room and seating me opposite her in an armchair, placing her clipboard on the small table between us. I could tell that this was going to be a fight and I braced myself for it, smiling sweetly at her as I clenched my hands underneath the table. I was not going to bow out gracefully if she thought that was the case.

She heaved a long-suffering sigh. "Miss Blair," she said with gritted teeth and in a pained tone of voice "I understand that you have come from a different pack, where perhaps things were done differently to this one, but I assure you that things will be much more pleasant for you if you try to transition to some of our traditions."

To me that sounded like a threat, even though she remained perfectly poised with a serene expression on her face. Interesting. How long could she keep her cool though I wondered with amusement.

I c****d my head and observed her coolly. Perhaps she thought that with no mate to back me up, I would be more subservient and agreeable to her suggestions. She was fresh out of luck. I didn't need the assistance of my mate to get my opinion heard or express myself.

"I believe we were here to discuss my clothing preferences," I said calmly, ignoring her request and sitting upright, a pleasant smile on my face.

Two could play at this game. I waited for her to speak, keeping the fake smile in place.

Her face drooped. She cleared her throat, a tight smile on her own face. "Yes of course," she said, shooting me a dirty look "What exactly is it that you feel is missing from your wardrobe?" she said, disgruntled.

I took a moment to think about it. "Shorts of course, for when it gets hot, 3/4 pants, tank tops, normal t-shirts, jackets, sweatpants, sweatshirts, pajamas to start with," I said respectfully.

I didn't have to be rude after all. Kindness went a long way into getting people to help you. Plus, I wasn't wanting to make enemies if I could avoid it.

"You are joking?" she said grimacing and looking scandalized.

I didn't understand her reluctance. It's not like I had asked for racy lingerie or stripper heels.

I shook my head. "I don't dress up," I said bluntly "I like to be comfortable and I like to be able to move in what I wear. If you want a bimbo or some sort of debutante then you're going to have to hire one" I said coolly.

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Her mouth dropped open. I nodded towards the clipboard. "Do you plan on writing what I need down? I would hate for you to forget anything" I said brusquely.

It was a dig and an effective one at that. It looked like she didn't like her efficiency or job being called into question. I noted that and put it away for later.

She glowered, reaching for it and beginning to scribble things down. Her mouth turned downwards as she wrote, a peevish frown on her face. "Surely there must be some dressy stuff you would like? Some cocktail gowns? More heeled shoes?" her voice was almost desperate now.

I almost felt sorry for her. Almost. But I was not a barbie doll to play dress ups with.

"Actually I could use more sneakers, preferably Converse," I said casually, hopeful at the prospect of having comfortable shoes to slip on and off.

I swear she looked as though she was about to have a stroke. Her face was completely devoid of color. There was a tic in her eye. I worried she was going to have a heart attack.

"As you wish" she whispered, her voice cracking "I will get to this at once" she added and I fixed my eyes on her, suspecting it would take forever if I didn't put a timeline on it.

It wasn't above her to try and find a loophole in all of this. I frowned.

"I expect to see those items in my wardrobe by the end of today," I said calmly, noting the disappointment on her face. Bingo. She had been planning on delaying over it. Too bad.

I stood up and then reached over, shaking her hand, which was clammy and sweaty. "Thank you for the assistance Julia," I said with a smirk "Now perhaps you could direct me towards the Alpha King's study while you are here?" I asked politely, my way of informing her that this meeting was now over and done with.

She quietly gave me directions, looking defeated. I strode out of the room with a spring in my step. Pack members quietly observed me, some of the girls sneering. I stared at them and they turned their heads away. I followed Julia's instructions and ended up in the kitchen of all things. b***h. Should have known she would have given me the wrong ones and tried to humiliate me in retaliation for doing the same to her. She clearly didn't know me that well if she thought this would embarrass me. If anything, I was intrigued by what was going on in the kitchen.

The chef was busy yelling out directives to the staff who were scurrying about like frightened little roaches. He saw me and his eyes narrowed. "Get an apron and hurry up and start helping" he shouted, sounding incensed.

Huh? I wasn't here to help. I just wanted to ask where the study was. I frowned and he growled lowly in his throat. He had no idea who I was. It was almost laughable. I fought back the grin that wanted to appear on my face. If this man had any idea who he was speaking to...

"Is something funny?" he growled as I stood there, debating whether to tell him or not "Because I don't think it is. I have a tray of food that needs to go to the Alpha King and you are going to help me get it ready. Now put this on!" he shouted annoyed.

He threw an apron at me. I caught it easily. Out of habit, I put it on before thinking it through and the chef dragged me into the kitchen. I gave a nonchalant shrug, curious to see what we were making. The smells from the kitchen were making me drool. I was hungry, even though I'd just had breakfast not long ago. Besides, was it so bad to work for my lunch? I liked to be helpful and this seemed a perfect way to help without being in the way. I was a good cook, having had to cook in my old pack for years.

"Go and cut up those vegetables for the soup I'm preparing" he snarled, pointing.

What the heck? I was here and I wasn't averse to working for my supper, or lunch as it was. I obliged, cutting the vegetables into chunks and throwing them in. The chef watched me, his arms folded across his burly chest, his eyes narrowed. The other servants who also had no idea who I was, continued to do their own chores.

"Get those bread rolls out of the oven" he roared and I moved, grabbing a pair of oven mitts to open the oven with, sliding the tray out, and placing it carefully on a wooden cutting board so as not to burn the countertop or mark it.

The smells were delicious. So aromatic. I inhaled deeply. It smelt so good. I licked my lips. The chef grunted. "Put them on the serving trolley and put the lid over it. Fetch the margarine and make sure there is cutlery" he barked.

I moved back and forth, relying on the prior knowledge I had of working in a kitchen previously and the other servants who motioned toward the items when I needed assistance. They all looked sympathetic. I smiled, they seemed nice which was a change from my old pack who had bullied me at every turn. The chef continued to fill the serving trolley with the other items. My stomach growled. Even though I'd had a big breakfast not too long ago, already I was feeling hungry again. It must be the food I thought with a shake of my head. I was used to boring bland food that had no taste, rather than the richness and deliciousness of the food that came from this kitchen.

"You, servant girl, come with me" the chef snapped.

I bowed my head and hurried after him, my legs almost skipping to keep up with his long ones. We headed into an elevator with the trolley and he pressed a button. The chef was silent, a brooding expression on his otherwise handsome and mature face. He seemed nice enough, although a little abrupt. The elevator dinged and we headed through the opening doors, turning and stopping in front of a large door. The chef shot me a warning glare.

"Do not speak unless spoken to. The King is very particular. He has a new mate, so whatever you do, do not offend her" he added smoothly.

I fought back my laughter, smoothing my apron. My mate was about to be shocked. The chef knocked on the door, loudly, adjusting his hat as we waited.

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"Come in" my mate shouted.

The chef opened the door. He went inside first, pushing the trolley in front. I heard my mate's voice "Ah Gordon" he said relieved "Thank goodness. I'm starving and I'm still waiting for my darn mate to arrive. Have you seen her?" he asked perplexed and I bit my lip to prevent myself from giggling.

My shoulders were shaking as I bit my lip in desperation. My amusement grew.

"No, your Highness I'm afraid I haven't met her. I can hardly wait though, I'm sure she's a beautiful girl."

Keep it together Blair. The chef turned his head and looked at me scornfully. "What are you wasting time for girl? Get moving and start putting the food down in front of these men" he snarled "Don't forget one for his mate" he added.

I saw James out of the corner of my eye. He stared, looking at me as though he was trying to place who I was. I saw his eyes widen in recognition and I shook my head as he began to grin.

"Sorry chef" I chirped and began to pull stuff off the trolley, serving my mate who had his head down, and James who sat next to him, before putting a bowl down for myself.

"Are you the new girl?" James said lazily, while my mate began to sniff, his eyes darkening slightly "I swear I've met you before" he added as I began to giggle.

"Gordon," my mate said, looking upwards at the surprised chef, his mouth twisting slightly "Are you certain you haven't met my mate before?" he enquired calmly as I stood there, disheveled and sweaty, flour covering me everywhere, "think really hard about it" he urged.

Poor Gordon looked confused "No sir, I haven't" he protested with a puzzled frown "Why do you ask?"

Braedon slowly stood up, his eyes narrowing as he stared directly at the chef, his body vibrating with barely concealed anger as the chef gulped, sensing he was in trouble "Then would you care to tell me then, why my mate, who happens to be standing next to you, is being treated like a servant and covered in flour?" he roared and the chef paled, looking at me in dawning horror.