

# The Rebellious Omega

## Chapter 48

King Braedon POV

The chef looked completely dismayed as he glanced between myself and my mate, who looked absolutely adorable in her apron, his expression one of complete and utter panic, while Blair looked as cool as a cucumber. “Um Your Highness, I um, I thought that this was just a mere servant girl” he began to stammer, his voice rising and becoming more shrill “I swear she never said a word about being your mate, or else I wouldn’t have dreamed of putting her to work!”

My eyes continued to darken “Perhaps you should have found out exactly who she was before you made her do chores?” | suggested.

Gordon looked like he was about to pass out. My mate decided now was a good time to step in. “Braedon,” she said sweetly, “don’t blame Gordon, he really didn’t know. I tried to tell him but he mistook me for a servant,”

I let out a low growl and the chef jumped. I gave Blair a meaningful look “You didn’t see fit to correct him?” I asked dryly.

She shrugged, beginning to untie her apron and hand it to the stunned chef “To be honest I didn’t mind working and I was hungry” she said calmly, her stomach choosing that moment to let out a low growl “I used to work in the kitchen at my old pack” she said as though that made it alright to do it here.

The chef and I stared at her. It was like she had no notion of how things worked around here or she didn’t care. She was a King’s mate. Visit [Jobnib.com](http://Jobnib.com) to read the complete chapters for free. She did not need to dirty her hands or do menial tasks. Yet she stood here talking about it as though it was perfectly normal. The chef cleared his throat, shifting from one foot to the other.

“King Braedon please forgive me for my transgression,” he said gravely.

I motioned towards Blair who was attempting to brush some of the flour off her clothes and tidy her disheveled hair. “It’s her you should be apologizing to. You mistook her for a common servant and then worked her.”

He immediately turned to Blair and bowed his head “Please forgive me Miss...” he paused, indecision in his eyes.

“Blair” she supplied smiling gently “and it’s fine. I actually had fun,” she said casually, causing the chef to gape at her as though she was mad.

“Yes well,” Gordon said faintly “I shall ensure that it doesn’t happen again and that everybody is aware of who Miss Blair is in the future.”

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Blair looked a little disappointed. I sighed and waved a dismissive hand. “Thank you, Gordon, you may go. Mate” I said deliberately, eyeing her “you may sit and join me for lunch.”

Poor Gordon couldn’t get out the door fast enough. Blair happily sat down and sniffed the soup, her face lighting up. “Oh this smells so good” she gushed enthusiastically “I’ve been looking forward to trying this” she added, grabbing a roll and dunking it into the soup with relish.

Despite my anger, I had to smile as she bit into the roll, crumbs going everywhere. It was a pleasure to see a woman eat with such enjoyment. She ate as though she was starving, even though breakfast had not been that long ago.

“It’s delicious” she mumbled, food in her mouth and I chuckled, taking a mouthful of the soup and readily agreeing. Then again Gordon’s food was always delicious.

We ate in silence for a while. Blair polished off two rolls and a full bowl of soup, before leaning back and patting her stomach in satisfaction. “I think I might need to be rolled out of here,” she said remorsefully.

I laughed. “Well maybe we could take a walk and get some fresh air” I suggested “Is there anything in particular you would enjoy seeing? Are you into horses?” I asked doubtfully.

A lot of shifters disliked the creatures, not really seeing the point of them as we could run faster in our wolf form. Blair looked intrigued though. She bit her lip, her eyes brightening.

“Horses” she breathed, sounding a bit incredulous “Don’t tell me that you have some...” she added sounding eager.

So she did like them! I grinned. I had horses primarily for breeding and some for just riding for pleasure. Blair clapped her hands delightedly.

“I have a stable on the grounds,” I told her, watching every reaction she had keenly.

I had never seen somebody like her, whose every expression on her face was like an open book.

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“Can I see them?” she squealed “Oh my god, can I ride one?” Her eyes were shining with excitement.

I stretched and glanced down at the paperwork with a sigh. It could wait until later. I would much rather spend time on a horse with my mate than force myself to work on something tedious and downright boring.

I gave Blair a lazy grin. “We can go check the horses out and go riding. It’s a nice enough day” I said with nonchalance, wincing as she shrieked, the sound ear-piercing “It’s right at the back of the grounds, behind the pack house” I added.

She stood up so fast it was a miracle the chair didn’t tip over. I walked over and grabbed her hand, gently leading the way. She was practically skipping as we headed out of the pack house and around it. She began to hum lightly under her breath and I looked at her surprised. Her voice was magical, soothing, and musical. It was beautiful.

“You have a nice voice,” I told her.

She smiled pleased. “Thank you. I love to sing” she whispered and I tucked that away in my mind, both of us walking casually, my mate’s eyes widening in awe as she took in the beauty of the grounds and the serenity surrounding us. It was like she couldn’t get enough and I felt a sense of pride as I watched her in turn. I had worked hard to bring this pack looking so beautiful and it was truly a sight for visitors to behold.

I frowned. “How did you end up in the kitchen anyway?” I asked her, still holding her hand.

She looked bewildered “I’m sorry what?” she mumbled, her eyes still darting every which way.

“How did you end up in the kitchen?” I asked patiently.

She glanced at me and I saw something flash in her eyes as her hand reached up and tucked a loose tendril of hair behind her ear. “Oh, I got lost looking for the study,” she said with a casual shrug “No big deal.”

Except the study was no way near the kitchen. Nobody could get that lost. I opened my mouth to protest and demand a proper answer, but she saw the stables and rushed forward, while I followed behind at a more leisurely pace.

“Oh they’re all so beautiful” she whispered, putting a hand to her mouth, her eyes sparkling as she took in the rows of horses neatly stabled in their stalls. I grinned and stepped up beside her, my groom Neil coming up to us and bowing his head.

“Your Highness,” he said sounding stunned “what brings you to the stables today?”

It was unusual for me to visit. I only did it on the rare occasions. It had been months since I had last gone on a ride, so I didn’t blame Neil for being a little shocked.

“This is my mate, Blair,” I said introducing her.

Blair shyly shook his hand as he smiled at her and bowed his head again.

I looked around the stables impressed with Neil’s hard work and dedication. He had several junior grooms working underneath him, but the horses looked well-fed and healthy and the stable was immaculate.

“I thought that it might be nice to go on a horse ride with my mate,” I said to Neil, the man’s eyes as wide as saucers “Do you have any that would be quite docile for Blair to ride on for her first time?”

My groom grinned “I think I might have the perfect one for the little miss” he said jovially “And you’ll naturally want your usual horse I’m guessing?” he confirmed.

I gave a slow nod. He chuckled. “I’ll just get them sorted then and be right back.”

Something occurred to me then and I glanced at my mate, feeling guilty. I should have asked her this first. Still, I needed to make absolutely certain before we went ahead. I took a deep breath and stared her in the eyes, willing her not to lie to me. “Blair, are you capable of going on this ride with me? Or is it dangerous because of your condition?”

Silence. We hadn’t really spoken about her condition since the attack, but now I was asking her directly and she looked nervous, her hair covering part of her eyes as she bit her lip and looked at me. I wasn’t about to risk her safety for the sake of a horse ride and I was more than relieved when she spoke out, her voice conveying her conviction “I’ll be fine. My attacks only come when I’m stressed, angry, or upset. I am none of these right now” she added, “I am not missing out on this Braedon, and I don’t intend on my heart condition restricting how I want to live my life.”