

In All Her Glory

Blair POV

"My god, could you walk any slower?" Luna Bianca snarled, her eyes sweeping over me derisively as I sashayed on my heels, holding the plates carefully in my hands, my eyes focused straight ahead.

"Apologies Luna, but I'm not accustomed to wearing these heels," I said sweetly, causing her to sweep her eyes downwards and give a grunt.

Alpha Johnathon frowned. "Whose idea was it for Blair to wear such an, ahem, interesting costume?" he asked with narrowed eyes.

"Mine," Luna Bianca said dismissively "I wanted her to stand out from the other pack members and designate her a uniform befitting her status."

I smiled placidly and placed their plates in front of them, deliberately leaning forward in front of the Alpha so that he got an eyeful of my cleavage. Alpha Johnathon coughed and discreetly looked away. Luna Bianca glowered. I tried not to smirk. Something told me she hadn't anticipated me being quite so brazen in this costume, but I wasn't done yet. Brynn was eyeing me with disdain as I placed her dinner in front of her, putting her nose up and rolling her eyes. "You look like a hooker," she said bluntly.

"Brynn" Luna Bianca chided "That is not appropriate" she hissed.

I could see Ashton, the Beta's son, sitting there stiy, his eyes on me, lingering on my behind.

"Oh please Mother" Brynn snapped back, folding her arms "look on the bright side, at least Blair can use that costume to make some extra cash on the side" she added wickedly.

"Brynn, enough" Alpha Johnathon thundered, while I grabbed another plate and headed to Ashton.

That was it, the b***h deserved this. I knew she liked Ashton. Christ, most girls did. There was something about the Beta's son, a footballer, strong warrior, broad shoulders, sandy blonde hair, and big blue eyes that literally had girls falling all over themselves to talk to him. Brynn was no exception. I felt her eyes on me as I sauntered towards Ashton, smiling widely at him and leaning over, exposing the creamy, expanse of my bosom as Brynn inhaled sharply and Ashton's eyes lingered.

"I hope you're hungry" I purred, reaching over and pouring his water as he stared at me with hunger in his eyes "Enjoy your food Ashton" I moved over and whispered into his ear, causing him to ush slightly.

"Blair, could you um, please fetch the um, condiments" Alpha Johnathon said, coughing and avoiding my eyes.

"Of course, Alpha Johnathon," I said, calmly grabbing the bottles and heading over to him. I placed the bottles in front of him, leaning over so that my skirt began to ride up. Luna Bianca's cheeks turned bright red as she glowered at me. I blinked at her, feigning innocence. She'd started this war, I was just going along for the ride. We'd see who won this time. I heard a strangled sound come from Alpha Johnathon.

I turned and placed my hands against the table. My skirt hiked up above my knees and I gave my most winning smile. "Is there anything else you need?" I asked with fake eagerness.

Alpha Johnathon's face turned puce. "I'm good, thank you, Blair," he said hastily, staring at his wife who looked like she was about to have an aneurysm. I fought back my giggles and pranced back to Ashton. I leaned over and whispered into his ear "Is there anything you need?"

He cleared his throat "If you could fetch me some more water" he indicated his empty glass, his eyes glinting. I would have to lean over his side to grab the water jug and as I did, he caught an eyeful of my bottom, causing him to choke on whatever he was eating.

I poured him some water and handed it to him. "Here Ashton," I said sympathetically "You must have put a little bit too much in your mouth" I added.

He spluttered. Brynn gasped. "Could you stop irting with him" she demanded shrilly as I glanced toward her "You're deliberately trying to seduce him" she accused.

"I'm just trying to be hospitable and ensure that everybody has what they need," I said slowly, looking confused "Is there something you need Brynn? If I'm neglecting to get you something, please, feel free to speak up" I urged her.

"Yes, she is merely adhering to our requests Brynn, it's very unladylike of you to accuse her of trying to do something she's not. Please try and remember you are the daughter of an Alpha" her father said stiy.

Luna Bianca's lips turned up, while her eyes turned cold. "Luna Bianca" I gushed, surprising her "I must say that I do think this dress is extremely lovely and I thank you for giving it as a uniform."

She blinked. I knew she wasn't expecting me to say that, but I wasn't nished yet. I continued, my voice dripping with sweetness, a look of delight in my eyes as I smoothed the dress down, Brynn looking confused now "I mean, ever since I started wearing it, I've gotten so much more attention from the pack members. Some of the boys have even started to speak to me. They're being a lot nicer than I'm used to. I was so worried that this dress was going to bring me the wrong kind of attention you see" I paused, the Alpha going still now, his eyes going to his wife "but I know that as my guardian, along with Alpha Johnathon, you wouldn't do something that might lead to untoward attention or affection towards me. I mean, that would be against the laws and principles of the pack" I said with glee "wouldn't it?"

Silence. A coin could have dropped to the oor and you would have heard it. Luna Bianca's mouth opened and closed as she struggled to think of what to say in the face of that accusation, the knowledge that whatever she said was bound to come across as wrong, her husband already glowering at her.

"Um, well the thing is," she said lowly but Alpha Johnathon interrupted, a vein bulging in his neck as he turned to me.

"Blair," he said very quietly, a gentle smile on his face as he looked my way, "I fear that Luna Bianca has done you a disservice. It's a very nice dress," he said agreeably as I kept my face perfectly composed, Ashton beginning to look disappointed and Brynn churlish "but I must say that I nd it very unbecoming and well, doesn't do you any favors. Would you mind getting rid of it? I believe that your normal attire of jeans or sweatpants and a shirt is more than adequate for your work in the packhouse" he said calmly.

I frowned, looking disappointed. "But it's the rst new thing I've had since I came to work here," I said a little dejectedly.

"I understand and as Luna Bianca is the one who organized this uniform and made the mistake, she will personally give you two new pairs of jeans in its place," he said, staring at his wife.

Luna Bianca opened her mouth to protest and then shut her mouth, looking resigned. I wanted to dance around the room, but instead, I inclined my head respectfully.

"As you wish Alpha Johnathon."

I went to lean over and Alpha Johnathon interrupted "Actually, go and get changed now, if you don't mind Blair. Bring the dress and ahem, other items here," he said frowning.

I looked at him bewildered, but an omega came into the room with a pair of jeans and a plain shirt and he handed them to me. I disappeared into a nearby bathroom and quickly changed, keeping the panties and bra on. I gathered everything up and headed back out, silently handing them to the fuming Alpha. He took them and then strode across the room, inging them into the replace as everybody let out gasps.

"I never, want to see such a thing worn in this pack house again" he snarled, turning and viewing everybody with anger on his face.

"Bianca, next time, I won't be so lenient with you" he added darkly.

"Why do you care anyway" Brynn burst out, looking frustrated "Who cares about this little slut? You're too nice to her" she blurted.

Alpha Johnathon turned on her. "Leave" he roared "and never question my authority again. Bianca you too."

Brynn's mouth fell open and then she rushed from the room. Luna Bianca gave her husband a searching look and then followed behind. Ashton sighed and stood up, inclining his head and heading in the opposite direction, leaving just myself and the Alpha. Maybe I had gone too far. "I apologize for my actions" I began but he shook his head.

"I know I'm not a perfect Alpha but even I know when my wife has stepped over the line and abused her authority," he said gruy "Starting tomorrow, you're to have a room in the packhouse on the Omega's oor, instead of in the shabby cabin on the outskirts of the pack. You've just reminded me as a guardian I do have certain responsibilities towards you. Tonight, sleep on the couch in the living room."

He left without a word, leaving me staring after him, wondering if he'd been possessed or if I was dreaming. Never in a million years, would I have dreamed I would have been stepping foot in a room in the pack house, let alone sleeping in one. Even if it was the omega's quarters. I almost danced from the room as I headed towards the living area, my mood lifting. Sometimes, it was hard to believe that Alpha Johnathon was related to Brynn. Only sometimes though.