

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 50

Blair POV

I kicked my legs, feeling nothing but joy as my mate tenderly kissed the top of my head, sending more heat flooding through me. “The forest looks so majestic and gorgeous from up here” I breathed, opening my eyes and studying it with fascination.

“Yes, it is,” Braedon said hoarsely, but he wasn’t looking at the view, instead he was looking at me with slightly darkened eyes.

He seemed to be oblivious to the forest or the scenery around him and I blushed.

I sucked in a breath. He lightly trailed a finger down my cheek, a slow smile spreading across his face. Time seemed to stand still and everything happened in slow motion, while I seemed to be in a trance.

He gripped my chin with gentle fingers and tilted it, pressing his lips to mine, sending tingles through them. I opened my mouth willingly, granting him more access as he deepened the kiss, my hands twining through his hair. He lay down backward and then rolled us away from the cliff’s edge, stopping with his back on the floor and myself lying above him, still kissing me as though he couldn’t get enough of me, panting heavily as though I was taking his breath away. He then rolled one more time and suddenly I was beneath him, being kissed and his hand was lightly trailing up my shirt, causing me to moan out loud. His touch ignited a flame inside of me and I was beginning to grab at his trousers, wanting to feel more of him, my fingers deftly seeking out the button and zipper when suddenly Braedon stiffened, halting me in my tracks and preventing me from going any further. He slowly pulled away from me. I looked at him confused. Had I done something to upset him? I couldn’t discern what it might be. But his eyes had darkened even further and now there was a real look of concern on his face, rather than anger. Whatever was wrong, it had nothing to do with me and I began to scan the forest, feeling my chest beginning to tighten.

He slowly stood up, his eyes scanning the forest, as he held out a hand and pulled me up to a standing position. “Braedon what’s wrong?” I whispered, my throat constricting.

Whatever it was, it had him worried. He was biting his lip and glancing over at me, an expression of anger beginning to take hold. I couldn’t see anything but I didn’t have a wolf to increase my distance when it came to sight and my sense of smell would not be as sensitive as he was.

Suddenly I smelt it. The pungent smell of rotten meat and eggs. Only one thing caused that smell and as it wafted towards us, I cringed. Of all the times for this to happen. s**t. I wasn’t even a help without a wolf. I was virtually useless to Braedon. No wonder he was so worried. I glanced back over my shoulder and was greeted with the sight of the cliff edge. Damn. There was nowhere for me to go.

“Get behind me,” Braedon said very softly “I can smell that there are at least three of them and you can’t defend yourself.” I wanted to protest. But he was right. I couldn’t do much and I certainly couldn’t help to protect him. “What if we made a run for it?” I hissed.

He shook his head “They’re too close and I can’t run the risk of you getting hurt while I try to outrun them” he exhaled. This was all my fault. He glanced at me sharply “This isn’t your fault. They shouldn’t have even been able to get on the territory. Somebody failed to catch them while on patrol and it will be dealt with. Do not start blaming yourself” he growled as though he was reading my mind.

A look of determination came over his face and he clenched his jaw.

Wow. He began to shift, his muscles flexing and rippling, his bones cracking and adjusting, his clothes tearing and ripping, until he stood there in his wolf form. He was so large that he was easily towering me. He stood right in front, blocking my view, his feet planted firmly on the floor. His wolf was beautiful and I wished I had time to admire him properly. He glanced over his shoulder at me, his eyes narrowed, before turning his head back to look towards the forest with a grim expression on his face as we waited. My legs trembled. I fought to keep my breathing under control. The last thing that Braedon needed was to be distracted by me suffering an attack while he was fighting. It would be a death sentence for both of us. I couldn’t let it happen. I would not be responsible for my mate’s death. I breathed evenly, in and out, the repugnant smell growing stronger the closer the rogues got to our location. I gagged, the smell making me want to vomit up my stomach contents.

I heard their low growls and the sounds of their snapping jaws before I actually saw their wolves, the sound sending me into a spiral of fear, their wolves stepping out from the shadows of the trees, their mouths foaming, their eyes a bright red color. They looked menacing, their eyes fixating on the both of us. My heart began to hammer loudly in my chest. My mouth went dry. Braedon had been correct that there had been at least three. There were four to be exact. All of them looked thin and starving, drooling from the mouth as they eyed us with hunger. I saw them sniff, saw the way their eyes glowed, and knew they could smell me from behind him. How was Braedon going to be able to take on four rogues all at once? I had to help him, I thought wildly, but how? What could I do, being little more than a mere human?