

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 54

Blair POV

I looked at the training ring with awe. James looked at me with a grin on his face. There were so many pack members, all in teams of two, sparring with each other, although I did note that not many were women and I frowned. Was there a reason for that?

“Why so few women?” I murmured.

“Braedon believes that women should have a choice. Most prefer not to learn” James said with a shrug.

Huh. I felt that was strange. Every woman should know at least some semblance of self-defense, even if it was to keep themselves protected against human males when they went into town.

There was a large, brutish-looking male, walking around and shouting orders at the teams as they went against each other in human form. “That’s Malcolm” James said, confirming my suspicions.

“Malcolm” he shouted out and the large man turned, his long dark hair in a bun, his eyes dark and menacing as he strode towards us, eyeing James with a wide grin.

“James” he greeted him gruffly, while eyeing me with interest “have you come to train?” he asked keenly.

James slowly shook his head “Not today” he said briefly and then pointed at me “but she is. This is Blair, she’s...”

“New” I interrupted, not wanting this man to treat me differently for being Braedon’s mate “And I don’t have a wolf but I was hoping to learn to at least fight in human form,” I said calmly.

Malcolm’s eyes raked over me. James looked at me and then gave a subtle shrug. He wouldn’t divulge who I was then. “Well, I have to go. Visit Job n i b .co m to read the complete chapters for free. Good luck Blair” he said with a wink and then walked away whistling.

“Have you got any experience fighting or sparring?” Malcolm asked impatiently.

“No,” I said meekly.

“Whatabout fitness? Do you exercise?” he growled.

Another shake of my head. He looked at me suspiciously “Any medical conditions I should know about?”

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I hesitated. He glared. I sighed “I have a heart condition,” I said miserably “so I guess you don’t want me to train then.” My shoulders slumped and I turned but he stopped me. “Wait” he snapped and I stopped, staring at him wide-eyed “If you feel you can train then that’s on you. You die because you choose to do something foolish against medical advice, that’s on you. So if you want to train, then by all means do so, but don’t expect me to go easy on you when you’ve admitted that you have a condition. Unless you’re dying, you do as I say” he snarled.

I nodded. He gave a low chuckle and rubbed his hands together. Suddenly I was unsure about this but he didn’t give me time to think it over.

“Ten laps,” he said, pointing at the grounds. “Running and don’t stop, when you get back here, we’ll do pushups and situps, squats and starjumps, and then get you into learning some defensive positions.”

I took off running, well slow jogging, running around the pack house as Malcolm kept watch, while still training the other pack members. I was drenched in sweat and struggling for breath after the seventh lap but I persevered and finished all ten laps before starting the various other exercises. He seemed pleased at how stubborn I was proving to be.

“Great, now I need a volunteer” he called out and I saw pack members stop and stare at me, some of the women looking particularly catty.

“I’ll fight with her” a woman called and she walked up, a pretty young woman with long brown hair and doe-like eyes. She looked friendly, offering her hand for me to shake.

“Josie,” she said quietly.

“Blair,” I told her back. She smiled and looked over at Malcolm, who had his arms folded across his chest.

He scowled. “Right, well first off, I want you to learn basic self-defense” he rumbled, gesturing at Josie “Teach her how to break out of a stranglehold and an arm grip to begin,” he said nonchalantly and then wandered off to correct another pack member’s stance.

Josie quickly demonstrated what I needed to do and then proceeded to gently strangle me as I brought my arm up and dislodged her grip.

“Good work” she praised and I laughed.

“Only because you weren’t actually strangling me” I teased as she giggled.

“Let’s do it again” she suggested “and I’ll make my grip a little tighter this time.”

We proceeded to do the moves over and over again until it was second nature to me. Josie was pleased. “Sometimes it takes several lessons to learn the moves. You’re quite good” she complimented me and then gave me a sidelong glance and leaned in close “Aren’t you the King’s mate?” she whispered confused “Why are you training with the rest of us? Does Malcolm know who you are?”

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I bit my lip chagrined. “I want to learn how to fight” I whispered back conspirational “and Malcolm doesn’t know. Please don’t tell him, I don’t want special treatment” I added.

She shrugged. “If it was me I would but if you say so, I won’t say a word,” she said easily.

I thanked her. Malcolm came walking back. “How did it go?” He asked.

“She picked it up as though she was a natural” Josie said breezily

He raised an eyebrow “Is that so?” he murmured looking at me skeptically.

The look made me bristle. Did he think I was some sort of moron or something? The moves had not been particularly difficult. I could see he was thinking something and then, he reached over and put me in a choke hold, a different one to the one Josie had used while practicing with me.

I struggled against him. He tightened his grip. “You need to learn to adapt to your surroundings and when things change,” he said loudly as I clawed and gasped “Put your training into action. Adapt” he yelled.

Bastard. Josie looked worried. I however was more pissed than anything as pack members looked over at me, some of the few girls that were there, grinning and laughing openly at me. I debated my options. Slowly I brought the opposite arm up and over while kicking my leg into his gonads at the same time. He had left himself vulnerable, putting his weight into the choke hold. His group loosened and I slammed my elbow into his chest, jumping out of the way as he collapsed onto the ground, clutching himself.

“Way to go” Josie cried out, slapping me on the shoulder as I glared down at Malcolm who was red in the face.

“You didn’t have to go so far” Malcolm groaned, standing back up and straightening, his ears tinged red.

“You told me to adapt to my surroundings and use my training” I quipped, still peeved as the man stared at me “So I did. You left yourself open and I took advantage. Maybe next time, don’t leave yourself so vulnerable to being kicked in the private area” I advised him as he narrowed his eyes at me, looking stunned and speechless.

Josie was giggling now. I expected Malcolm to explode at me, scream, or hit me but instead, he gave me a long considering look. “Well done,” he said warmly and I almost fell over in shock “You did exactly as I asked you to do. You also kick extremely hard” he grunted as I fought back the grin on my face “and you weren’t afraid to do what was necessary. I wish some of the other pack members would take that lesson to heart” he added so that everybody could hear.

I was practically glowing at the compliment. “I want to see you here, every other day for training” Malcolm advised, nodding to himself “If you can pick up moves like that so easily, then I imagine that I can turn you into a skilled warrior, regardless of if you have a wolf or not.”

“What’s the point? Without a wolf, she’s useless” a girl called out, flipping her long black hair over her shoulder and sneering at me.

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“At least she’s trying to better herself” Malcolm growled before I could say anything “You train as though you are afraid of breaking a nail” he snarled as the girl blushed “Sometimes I wonder why you are even out here, to begin with,” he snapped. “That’s Clarissa” Josie murmured “and the only reason she comes out here to train is because King Braedon and James do. She hopes that she’ll run into them or be asked to pair up with them. Otherwise she wouldn’t be here at all” she commented.

“Is she any good?” I asked in a hushed voice, unable to take my eyes off the haughty-looking girl.

Josie giggled “She’s terrible but she keeps coming so that she can perve on King Braedon. She’s going to be so upset when she realizes you are his mate” she crowed.

I rolled my eyes “Let’s not tell her right now. I kind of want to see what she’s like for myself” I said studying Clarissa carefully as she glared at Malcolm “Plus it’s more fun this way” I added and Josie nodded, a smile on her face.

“Alright everyone, time to pack up and go” Malcolm roared and I saw Clarissa’s face drop with disappointment as she realized that the King and James were not attending training today. I tried not to smirk. Josie grabbed a water bottle from a pile of them nearby and handed it to me. I gulped the majority of it down. “Thanks,” I told her, breathing heavily. “Anytime” she chirped. “So what are you up to later?”

I shrugged “Probably nothing,” I said a little forlornly “just sit in the study with Braedon and watch him do paperwork.” “Wow, it sounded so sad when I put it like that. Josie wrinkled her nose. “Well, some of us were going to go to a club later,” she said carefully “Would you like to come?”

My eyes lit up. I had never been to a club before. It sounded exciting and thrilling. I wiped my hands on my shirt. “I would love to, but...” I hesitated and looked down at my clothes.

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“I don’t really wear dresses and skirts” I admitted.

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As for asking Braedon, well that wasn’t going to happen. I would inform him that I was going out, but I was hardly going to be asking permission. If he thought that he could prevent me from leaving the pack house and controlling everything I did, then he was going to be in for a nasty surprise.

“What?”