

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 66

King Braedon POV

“Braedon, are you coming to bed?” she asked a little impatiently, folding her arms across her chest and surveying me.

I cleared my throat. “Yes,” I said hastily.

Get a grip Braedon, I chided to myself.

She turned her back and I swallowed hard, past the lump in my throat. I could see the curve of her spine, the smoothness of her skin, the lushness of her hair as it fell across her shoulders. She was so beautiful. Like a goddess. I let my towel drop to the floor and stalked to the bed, climbing beneath the bedsheet and sliding in next to her, putting a protective arm over her and pulling her gently against me. Her buttocks rested against my member and I groaned, her back against my chest. I felt tingles running all over my body as we touched, my lips moving to kiss the nape of her neck. For a moment I was tempted to do the unthinkable, my lips hovering over the one spot I could claim her for good, my eyes closing as I talked myself out of doing it. My wolf was not pleased.

We should mark her, claim her as ours so that unmated males don’t touch her! It’s not as though she shouldn’t expect it! We are the Alpha King, she should be obeying our wishes.

No, she wants to get to know us first and we have to respect her wishes! We can’t just mark her against her will. If you want to keep her, then we need to do it her way, not because you want to dominate her.

If we don’t and she goes into heat, what then? She’ll be chased by the unmated males in the pack. Don’t you think that’s dangerous? This way we can protect her my wolf continued to argue.

She doesn’t have a wolf, so her odds of going into heat are low. I won’t betray her trust like that. She would never forgive us.

But everybody should know that she’s our mate. Or are you ashamed of her still? I thought you were past that.

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I’m not ashamed of her, I just respect her wishes. In time, she’ll want us to mark her, but until then, we aren’t touching her like that. Let her get used to us before we stake our claim on her. She’ll let us do it, but we have to treat her right. She’s not like other women. Our mate is special.

Fine, but don’t say I didn’t warn you my wolf grumbled, sounding upset that I wasn’t heeding his advice.

It was a big thing for a wolf to mark their mates and I knew that mine hadn’t had the chance to do that yet. It was a way of marking their claim and ensuring nobody else touched their mate. It was a pride thing. I snuggled up against Blair, feeling the softness of her body and the gentle touch of her hand on my own. A cool breeze came through the open window, and in the distance, I could hear the sound of howls as pack members went for their runs in the forest. It was peaceful and added to the serenity of the atmosphere.

“Braedon” Blair said, sounding a little self-conscious and worried “can I ask you something?”

I kissed her on the top of her head, feeling her body tense and wondering what she wanted to ask that had her so anxious. It was unlike her to be so self-conscious. “You can ask me anything” I answered honestly.

“Did I...Please you?” she asked nervously, avoiding my eyes.

For a moment I was struck dumb. Please me? Did she mean sexually? I let out a low growl of possessiveness and gripped her tighter, kissing her on the top of her head and neck “You pleased me greatly” I answered her, “but just being with you was a gift in itself” I told her “don’t ever think that you have to do anything to please me that way.”

She relaxed, closing her eyes. I stroked her hair absent-mindedly, enjoying the softness of its strands and the gorgeous color of it. Why would she think I wasn’t pleased with what we had done? I wondered what had brought that question on. She had been perfect I thought to myself and my wolf silently agreed.

“Braedon” she mumbled sleepily and I smiled to myself. She was stubbornly holding on to consciousness instead of going to sleep. It was cute. “Go to sleep” I murmured into her ear “Whatever you have to say, it can wait until morning” I whispered, watching her nod slowly to herself with a yawn.

“Okay,” she muttered and not even a minute later, I heard her soft snores as she finally went into a blissful sleep and a content look on her face.

I gently played with her hair, happy to look upon her, watching the way her face changed expression in her sleep. She was so innocent-looking, so adorable. I nuzzled her shoulder and put my head on my pillow, relaxing as I closed my own eyes. My mate was perfect, in every way. I would fight to the death if it came to that to keep her and I would let nobody else touch what was mine. Anybody that tried would meet a swift and painful death. For the first time in my life, I was experiencing an emotion I hadn’t before. It stunned me to my core but I embraced it. I had been waiting for my mate for so long and now I was lucky enough to have her by my side. I kissed Blair on the back of her head and breathed out a long sigh. “I love you Blair” I whispered, my throat constricting “and you’ll always be safe so long as I’m by your side. I will never, let anybody hurt you” I promised, solemnly vowing to keep her protected at all costs, even if it meant losing my own life. I closed my eyes and went to sleep, my mate safely in my arms, where she belonged.