

The Rebellious Omega

Chapter 67

Blair POV

I dreamed of my mate during the night, images of his naked body flitting through my mind, scenes of us doing it, together, causing me to moan in my sleep and shift around awkwardly as I felt my juices beginning to flow. I felt Braedon's arms around me, holding me tight, and forced my body to relax, a smile on my face as I remembered everything that had happened. I had been mated, but not marked. He had respected my wishes and I was grateful for that. I was so happy as I woke up in the morning, but a little upset to find that Braedon had already left to start work.

I sat upright, a little disgruntled, and then saw there was a Rose on his pillow and a note. I grabbed the rose and sniffed it. It was a beautiful pale purple color and smelt heavenly with a delicate aroma that wasn't too overpowering. I gave a soft smile and then grabbed the note. It was simply written and read:

Sorry I couldn't be here when you woke up, but I was called away to an emergency.

Come find me when you can and I will never forget last night.

I hope you like Roses.

Love Braedon.

I couldn't even stay mad at him now. Not when he'd had the courtesy of leaving a note and a beautiful flower as an apology. I sniffed the rose again and then reluctantly put it down. I wondered what kind of emergency had dragged Braedon from our bed and gave a sigh. I guess being the Alpha King it could have been anything and I hoped it wasn't something too awful. I hopped out of bed and padded to the bathroom, quickly doing my business. I drowsily turned the shower on and got in, washing myself all over, a dull ache between my legs, a reminder of what happened last night and I fought back my smile.

I sighed to myself. For my first time, it had been magical. Perfect. Romantic. Better than I could have ever dreamed of. Braedon had gone to extraordinary lengths to make sure that it was pleasurable for me and already I was contemplating when we would do it again, my cheeks flushing slightly at the thought. I never could have anticipated having such a strong bond with my mate and I suspected that our bond was beginning to grow stronger. I began to wash my hair, humming lightly under my breath, my mood brightening. I would go have breakfast, I decided, my stomach growling lightly, and then find Braedon. He was most probably in the study anyway, a room I had become well acquainted with due to his rather large workload. I spent a lot of time there with him. I lathered my hair and rinsed it, feeling energetic, the steam filling the air and making it difficult to see as I continued with my shower, not feeling like I needed to particularly rush.

I began to sing, loudly, the lyrics to 'These Boots Were Made For Walking', pretending I had a microphone in my hand, my body shaking and dancing, my mood was upbeat and happy. I was almost a completely different person to the Blair I had been forced to be in the old pack of mine. I giggled at myself, feeling euphoric. Braedon had that affect on me and for once, I didn't try to deny it. I wanted to be happy. I wanted to feel loved. Why keep fighting it? Braedon had shown me nothing but tenderness since we had gotten to the castle. He was completely different from what he had been like at the pack before we came here.

"Face it, Blair," I said to myself sadly "you've got it bad. You've been bitten by the love bug" I said dramatically and then dissolved into giggles again.

I was acting like an immature schoolgirl and I didn't care. I felt like any other teenage girl.

"Okay, enough foolishness, time to get out of the shower," I said with a shake of my head, "what will people think? Talking to yourself like this?" I scolded myself "They'll think you're crazy, that's what Blair," I said mockingly.

I turned the water off and went to open the shower door when something made me pause. I couldn't quite determine what was wrong, but something felt off. Not quite right. My instincts were screaming at me and I peered through the foggy glass but I couldn't see anything that was obviously wrong. The door was still closed and firmly locked. Nobody had gained access to the room while I had been in here. I would have noticed if they had. Still, my heart was pounding, and for no reason. My stomach felt like I had eaten something heavy that was now weighing it down. I frowned. It was like my body was screaming at me not to open the shower door. My hand trembled as I reached for the knob, forcing myself to gather up my courage. I couldn't exactly stay in the bathroom all day. I was being foolish I thought to myself. My imagination was going into overdrive.

A strange sound entered my ears. It was noisy. Loud. A rattling noise. I was puzzled. There was nothing in the bathroom that should be making that noise. The water was turned off so it wasn't the pipes. I swallowed hard, wiping my hand on the glass and trying to peer out at various angles. Nothing. Maybe it was just something passing by in the hallway? Was I being paranoid? My breathing became shallow and I couldn't deny that fear was flooding through my veins. I was acting foolish, I thought desperately, but something told me that opening that door was not a good idea. That I should stay in the shower where it was safe. But I couldn't see why or explain why I felt that way. But I was learning to trust my gut. In the end, I was forced to swallow my fear back, my hand trembling violently as I grabbed the shower screen and slowly slid it back.