

# The Rebellious Omega

## Chapter 51

King Braedon POV

Four of them. One made the mistake of trying to attack and I took them out instantly, leaving three to contend with. I was vehemently aware of Blair behind me, my instinct to protect her from these vile rogues who were eying her hungrily, all too aware of how vile they were and the violence they were capable of. They wouldn't care that she was wolfless or unable to defend herself. All they cared about was killing and their next meal. I snarled and then launched myself at the closest one, hoping Blair would take the opportunity to run into the safety of the trees. The rogue collided with me and I slashed across its midsection before turning and heading towards the other two.

They were chasing after Blair. I landed on the back of one, tearing into its throat and severing its spinal cord. It dropped to the ground defeated. I rolled to the ground. Blair was facing off against one, holding a large stick in her hands and brandishing it at the rogue who hissed at her. Even outnumbered Blair was determined to show how fiery she was. I was concerned that she might have an attack and I loped towards them, flinging the rogue into the nearest tree and getting back in front of Blair. My eyes darted between the two. One was injured, limping due to the wounds I'd imparted onto its midsection, blood pooling down onto the ground. Its eyes were a bright vivid red as it glared at me, while the other rogue appeared to have recovered from the hit it had taken when I flung it at the tree.

I moved forward slightly, giving them a target to attack. We were facing away from the cliff face with our backs to it. The rogues jumped and I tackled one, tearing its throat out, and turned to the other one. It gave a snarl and I watched horrified as it attempted to go for Blair. I watched in disbelief as the rogue leaped and Blair rolled underneath it, using the stick to propel the rogue over the cliff face. I heard a wolf scream as the rogue hit the floor below and a thud and then there was silence. I swear my jaw dropped open and hit the ground. Unbelievable. I had never seen a woman do something like that before.

She was breathing heavily as I came up to her and I shifted, helping her up from the floor. She was covered in scrapes and bruises. I frowned feeling remorseful. "I apologize, I should have been more careful and gotten them all," I said stiffly.

She looked at me "You were outnumbered and did amazing" she said heatedly "And I managed" she pointed out with a glower.

I was still impressed with the maneuver she had managed to do. I took her hand and caressed it as we glanced around at the bodies littering the forest floor. Blair gave a shudder. "They just came out of nowhere," she said puzzled "Strange. Shouldn't patrol have picked them up when they came close to the border?"

So Blair had noticed the discrepancy as well. Either I had a traitor in my patrol or they had genuinely missed the threat. I frowned. She gave a yawn and I realized she must be tired.

"We should get you back to the pack house," I said briskly.

I felt her hand on my shoulder. "You're wounded," she said softly, running her hand over a large scrape and looking concerned.

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My wolf practically purred at her touch, the big softy. I tried not to roll my eyes. "It's nothing, it will heal," I said dismissively. She frowned and slowly took her hand away. I felt a little bit of disappointment. I had liked her touching me. "I'll change to wolf form and you can ride me back," I told her as she nodded quietly.

The mood of our date had turned dark. It was a shame. I concentrated and shifted, my wolf form turning its head to look over its shoulder at Blair, before I slid onto my belly, allowing her to climb onto me with ease and grip my fur gently in her hands. I felt her rub against me and almost groaned inwardly. She felt so good on top of me. I stood up slowly and she rocked back and forth, her buttocks grinding against me. f\*\*k. I hadn't even moved and I was getting a hard-on. My wolf was horny as hell as we began to trot toward the pack house.

She smells so good he groaned and sweet. Oh god, I can feel her legs gripping us tight and that pert little bottom of hers rocking back and forth. It's heaven Damn it wolf, you need to stop. The last thing Blair needs is us getting aroused. As it is I'm taking a goddamn cold shower when we make it back.

She might be willing to help us with our problem he suggested

Unlikely. We don't know each other that well to be intimate so stop right there. Don't even think it. She wants to get to know each other as mates first and we have to respect her wishes.

She kicked you in the gonads remember? I respect her just for that my wolf said smugly.

I scowled. But my wolf wasn't finished yet. By the way, we might not be the only ones getting aroused, or haven't you smelt hers yet? he demanded.

I sniffed, our body weaving through the bushes and trees and almost fell over. My mate was aroused. I could smell her juices clearly and my mouth watered. I wondered what she would taste like, how she would sound if I made her o\*\*\*\*m. She gave a small gasp as she rubbed against our back and I growled by accident.

"Is everything alright?" she asked, rubbing my neck.

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Gods. If she knew what I was thinking.

We could stop, and help her to relax a little.

Rogues just attacked us! We can't afford to stop in the forest.

Blair would probably kill them with a sharpened stick. She's pretty resourceful my wolfsaid with a chuckle.

We are not stopping.

Fine, but just imagine all the different things we could do to our mate in the woods. How loud she could scream as we pleased her and there was no one to hear her, the different positions we could try,

I could have killed him in that instant as he sent erotic images to accompany his words. I began to run a little faster, feeling my c\*\*k harden even more. Blair held on tight and she rocked back and forth even faster, causing me even more pain. Damn. I couldn't get back to the pack house fast enough.

I stopped, panting, Blair slowly sliding off, the feeling pleasurable and torturous. She patted my head as I tensed my body, the urge to mate her increasing by the second.

"Thank you Braedon" she whispered, and then stood back, looking at me expectantly.

I swallowed. If I shifted now, she would know that I was turned on. Blair looked puzzled when I didn't shift straight away. A crease appeared between her brows and she bit her lip, edging closer to me.

"Braedon are you okay?"

No, I wanted to shout, I have the world's biggest hard-on and my wolf won't stop sending me naughty images of what we'd like to do to you, long enough for my erection to fizzle out!

I was no better than a randy, horny teenager. I saw pack members eyeing the two of us curiously and knew they were wondering what was going on. I needed to speak to James, I needed to speak to patrol. I needed to shift back. I was the King. But instead, I did something totally unexpected. I turned tail and ran, Blair, yelling from behind me, making my way towards a lake on the outskirts of the pack, propelling my body forward and landing with a splash. I shifted and began to swim towards the edge, climbing out and heaving a sigh of relief. No more hard-on. The ice-cold water had made certain of it. I heard a laugh from behind me and turned to see James looking amused.

"Having some difficulty with something were we?" he asked drily.

"You have no idea" I grumbled, "no bloody idea at all."

Without another word, I began to stalk back to the pack house, with James chuckling behind me. I felt droplets of water dripping down my body and as I approached Blair she looked relieved. "I thought you might be hurt," she said, worried "Is anything wrong?"

I tried to walk past without answering but James, who had a death wish, chose to answer her "he had a boner he needed to get rid of."

I stomped into the pack house, feeling less like a king and more like a fool.

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