

## Chapter11

Shawn's Pov

"It's been 3 days. Where is she?" James asked as I plopped down at my desk and put my head in my hands.

It had been 3 days since the Omega, Rory, had shifted for the first time in 15 years. She had holed herself up in her apartment in the pack house. She had pretty much everything she would need in there, a bathroom, living area, bed, even a kitchen that was stocked. A part of me wanted to rip her doors down and drag her out of there and demand the answers that I had questions to.

A part of me was furious with my mother for preparing Paisley's old room for her as if this was some ploy to get me to mate with her. But the room was prepared before My mom even knew she was my mate.

No one had touched the room in years. I occasionally locked myself in there and just stared at her things, at the paintings she had hung on the walls, theuffy pillows she had from when she was just a pup. I felt closer to her there. But now Rory was there. It was Rory's scent overtaking Paisley's. It was the Omegas scent wafting from the room and intoxicating my senses. It ooded my mind but it drove me mad. My wolf craved her and I despised the very thing tying us together.

Don't get me wrong, I don't hate Rory. She hasn't done anything to me. It's the thing that she represents. I don't want another mate. I had the perfect one already and she was taken from me. I don't want her but the thought of her being with another alpha or pack has my skin tingling and my body tense. Im a selsh f\*\*\*\*\*g asshole. I need to gure out what I want to do. Do I want to have a bond of convenience or do I want to give her the chance to nd someone who can truly love her the way she deserves to be? Is there anyone worthy enough for her? I know I'm not.

The punch my father laid on my jaw after my mother slapped my cheek still aches despite my wolf healing my injuries.

My father had never struck me like that before. My father had been a dominant wolf. A erce alpha but my wolf surpassed him and the fact he was able to challenge me without a ght from his wolf was enough to shock me into submission for a moment. My father stuck up for the Omega. I had seen how both he and my mother seemed protective over the little wolf. It was natural for males to be protective over females, omegas especially.

"Let her be. She's not had a life like us in a long time. Can you imagine living in a den or a cage for your entire childhood? And then imagine all of that being taken away without any explanation or thought to your wants." My dad responded and his words rang through my soul.

She was living like a wild animal for so long. Perhaps that was why she had secluded herself. She didn't know how to be a part of a proper werewolf pack.

"But she is living in a castle pretty much. Well, a modern one. She has everything most girls dream of." James said plopping down on the sofa and crossing his angles on the arm of it.

"Imagine going from sleeping on a pile of leaves to a king sized bed. Imagine having nothing and then all of a sudden having everything. She's frightened. She feels alone and scared. This is all new for her. She's probably worried it will all be taken away in the blink of an eye. Females nowadays are raised to fear males. They're raised to be wary of strangers. Raised to hide from Alphas because of the monsters we can become in the sight of an unmated female or omega. They Are stolen from their homes, their packs, treated worse than the dirt beneath our feet. Auctioned off to the highest bidder all to become breeders to further alpha lineages. How many auctions did you intrate and bust this month alone Jeremy?" my dad asked and when Jeremy responded with "12" it made my gut churn.

I knew of the Auctions. I knew Jeremy had been going undercover for them to nd the females and omegas and attempt to reunite them with their packs, families, or homes that were their own choosing. Some even reside here at the royal pack. "Omegas are taught to submit and serve but also be erce and loyal protectors.

Rory was introduced to her own space. She's protecting it. She's making it her own. She's probably worried the space and things she's been given will be taken away. She's probably afraid to leave her room. Probably afraid to explore. For 15 years she's had nothing but the same fence line to prowl. For 15 years she's had nothing and now she has a world at her ngertips. She is probably overwhelmed. I wouldn't be surprised if she was building a nest. Omegas need nests, they need to feel safe. I imagine it's been a long time since Rory has felt safe.

The thought of her building a nest piqued my interest. I looked around my oce. My dad had a solemn look on his face while Jeremy and James looked thoroughly chastised.

Was it possible that Rory was too afraid of us to leave her rooms? She has to know we'd never hurt her, right?

"Has she spoken to anyone?" I asked and Jeremy nodded.

"Your mother, Caroline, and Julianna visit her daily. Caroline has been checking her vitals and health, Julianna has been making sure the potion she gave her lasts and she doesn't revert back. Your mom seems to have..."

"Your mom has essentially adopted Rory." My dad said with a huff and a smile on his face. It made my heart crack for both of them. The fact that they lost two daughters to the plague. It makes sense that my mom would take Rory under her wing.

"Good. She's not secluded. She's just choosing to stay hidden. Give her time." I said.

Surprising myself with my gentleness towards her. I remember her bright blue eyes, the fear in them when she rst arrived and hopped out of James truck. I remember the painful howls when she tried to shift against the magic binding her. I remember the way her copper hair fell down her back in waves. I remember the pout on her lip and the re in her eyes when they met mine. I remember the strength in the way she held my gaze, challenging my wolf.

I felt my jeans grow tight at the thought and my wolf itching to get closer to her. The knot at the base of my c\*\*k swelled and I felt my canines pierce through my lip as I bit it.

"Shawn?" Jeremy asked, pulling me from my thoughts. I shook my head and stood, needing to move. I needed to get my s\*\*t together. Here I was, with a raging hard on to just thoughts of the little omega that I didn't want.

"Have you thought any more about what we talked about?" My dad asked in reference to me telling him Rory was my second chance mate.

Everyone in this room knew, everyone thought I was a fool for not jumping at the chance to claim her. But I can't just forget Paisley. I can't just move on from the love of my life. I shook my head.

"My stance still remains. I had a mate. I don't need another one."

"Son, Paisley isn't coming back." he said and I growled, baring my teeth. He wasn't deterred and continued. "You have to realize that Son. Paisley was an amazing wolf. I know you loved her. We all did. We all miss her. But the reality is she's gone. The plague has taken so much from us, from you. Don't let your anger and your grief keep you from your future or lose the second chance at happiness that the goddess has given you."

I snarled while storming out of my oce and slammed the door. My raging boner was gone but in its place was a fury I hadn't felt in a while. I knew that my dad meant well. I knew he had some truth to his words but It wasn't something that was going to happen.

I stormed my way through the halls and passed Paisley's room. No Rory's room now. Her sweet scent lingered in the air. I made my way through the halls down the staircases and into the kitchen about to burst through the french doors outside for a run. It was then I was stopped in my tracks by the redhead standing in the kitchen alone, wrapped in a silk nightie with a mug of herbal tea in her hands. She was alone. Wolf was she alone?

Her eyes dilated when they met mine and when she sensed my aggression and my anger her head bowed and she bared her neck to me. Her knees fell to the oor as the mug dropped and shattered around her.

She submitted so beautifully. It appeased the beast within me. My anger was sated, my grief was sidelined. The only thought on my mind was this omega kneeling for me. Kneeling in perfect submission for her alpha.

But then she yelped and the scent of blood lled the air and I lunged for her noticing the broken mug cutting into her skin. Her pained yelp sent my alpha genes and pheromones into overdrive. I wasn't in control anymore, my wolf was.

Goddess helps this little omega, and Goddess gives me strength to resist her.