

10. Omega pups

-Riley-

I snarled at him as he took a step back, his human eyes wide with fear. I wanted to hurt him so badly, I wanted to hurt him a million times more than I wanted to hurt Hiran for betraying my trust, for breaking my heart. Hiran was a heinous, horrible monster, but Keller... Keller wasn't. Or so I believed. He was my best friend.

"Get the hell away from me before I rip your heart out," I hissed, my eyes aching with anger and disgust.

My body shuddered, but he just stood there, not moving, his mouth opening and closing with words that wouldn't come out.

"Riley... I am-"

I pressed my palms against my ears as anger swirled inside me like a cyclone, ready to take him apart from limb to limb.

I remembered the first time I met Keller. And Dee.

They saved me that day, in more ways than one.

"Do not talk. I said leave."

"I am sorry, Riley, I-"

"I am not lying, Keller. I would have killed you for that. The only reason you are standing here is because you have once saved my life. Consider this as my repayment."

I was just sixteen, just shifted and my life in my old pack was terrible. I was a freaking pariah in the pack, and I was bullied by the Gamma's stupid sons. My Alpha, Alpha James, was a good man, but he didn't have time for everyone. He delegated the duty to his gamma, who was... well, a sadist, and so were his sons.

So I ran. I ran after the very next day I shifted, but I wasn't prepared for the things that lurked in the dark. Gem was weak, frail and she wasn't prepared for anything either. I should have bided my time, but I was so eager to get out of that pack.

Just my luck that I stumbled into two bloodthirsty rogues. Two big, bulky wolves that had only hunt in their eyes, and they wanted me, a fresh prey. I was technically a rogue by that point, but I was not ready for those two wolves, towering over my small, tiny wolf.

Gem had grown since then, but she was barely older than a pup when we first shifted.

But Gem was fast. We ran, avoiding bushes and thorns, as stones cut her paws. But deep in my heart, I knew that day was my last day. One of the rogues was a dirty brown and another was an ugly gray. The gray wolf nally caught up with me. His sharp teeth snapped against Gem's leg.

Gem whimpered in fear. I knew there was no way in hell Gem could fight these two wolves. One, I could almost try. Two, no way. The second wolf came closer to me, and his long claws scratched along my side. I whimpered. He snarled. He was asking me to shift. But I knew I didn't want to shift. I wouldn't have any chance if I shifted.

And then a miracle came in the form of a girl and a boy.

An arrow whizzed past my dark red-brown fur as it hit the first rogue, the brown one, in his eye. And then another hit the massive gray wolf in his stomach. The arrows kept coming, one after the other, until the two rogues lay there, bleeding and hissing in pain. I pulled out of their grasp and ran and ran. I saw the girl motioning me to follow her. I knew she was human. I had no idea how she knew who I was, but she saved me, and I had no qualms about following her.

Memories of those days were dark, and the only light was coming from Dee and Keller. And now, Keller... was standing in front of me, his eyes shining with regret, but could I forgive him? How could he do this to me?

After that, I lived in a small room next to Dee's parents' house. It was closer to Crystal Park. When her parents died, she wanted to move and start anew. And I moved in with her.

After a few months, Keller followed. And that was how we came to Crystal Park, and that was how I met Hiran. I was twenty, and it was the mating age, but I never thought of a mate, or anything. My life was perfect as it was, and then Hiran happened. I thought it was a blessing.

"How wrong we were. It is a curse," Gem said, shaking her head.

"It is. I feel even more angry at Keller, though. Somehow, I accept Hiran's betrayal. But his..."

"Because you knew Keller, you loved Keller years before you met Hiran."

"I- I didn't- I have no intentions of hurting you, Riley. It just-" His eyes were sad and full of guilt, such a contrast with Hiran's unmoving, cold eyes. But they were both the same.

"And yet you hurt me. The pain wasn't only emotional, Keller. It was physical. Everytime you pleased my husband and he pleased you, I felt the pain of it all over my body. I was going mad from the pain. I thought I had some terrible disease. I thought I had cancer, eating me from inside out. I thought someone was pouring acid inside me. And who did I tell about this awful pain?"

"Dee and me."

"Dee and you, my f*****g best friends." My lips quivered. I didn't want to cry in front of him, but I couldn't stop as tears rolled down my cheeks. "It hurts me to see you, Keller. YOU. You are the one I hate the most for doing this to me. Not him. YOU. Leave. If you ever considered me a friend, even if only for a second, leave."

His eyes met mine, begging, pleading. But no words he could say would save this, save our friendship.

"I am so sorry, Riley. I am so sorry." Tears filled his eyes and he shook his head. "I am sorry."

He left. I stood there for a long time, feeling the emptiness in my chest. I didn't know how long I was standing there.

"Forget about both of them. Go. The kids will make you happy," Gem said, and I was pulled out of the blackhole that seemed to surround me. I shook my head.

"Pups." I remembered where I was going before I met Keller. I hastened my steps and soon I was in front of the small house. I opened the door, and pushed it open and four eager faces looked up at me from where they were playing and the emptiness in me was replaced by contentment.

The older kids would already be in school.

There were ten kids in this house, who had no family to take care of them, no parents.

Nanny Roza and Nanny Linda, the two women who took care of the kids, didn't have their own children, and their mates died early.

When I talked about this with the pack members, everyone supported the idea, and Roza and Linda wanted to stay with the children and take care of them. They were both good and loving women.

Our head cook cooked for the kids, but sometimes, other pack members would bring them food and treats and dresses occasionally.

Big smiles bloomed on the little faces as they jumped up.

Nanny Roza walked towards me, carrying little Mirabel in her arms. Mirabel was the youngest of them all. She was just two years old. Her mother died just four months ago. I had spent nights with little Mirabel when she was screaming for her mother, not sleeping at all, not eating. But now, she looked happy and healthy.

Mirabel jumped to me, making sounds as she did. I took her from Nanny Roza and kissed her chubby cheeks, my eyes misting at the sight of her and all the other kids.

"They are always happy to see you, Luna," she said as her little hands tugged and pulled me and wrapped them around my legs. I looked down at their innocent faces. They were very young. All between the ages of 2 to 10.

My heart felt heavy as I sat down with Mirabel. Ryan, who was just four years old, walked towards me with his stubby legs, his smile full. "Luna, have you seen my train?"

I chuckled as he made noises with his mouth, running the train around me. My eyes blurred as I looked at the shining, happy faces of the kids.

I stood up, handing Mirabel back to Roza.

"I will come back later. I have things to do in the pack house," I said to the kids.

Claire, the sassiest one of the bunch, lifted her chin up and shook her head. Her eyes seemed to be accusing me.

"Sorry, Claire. Luna is bad, isn't she?" I said as I tugged my ears with my fingers, pouting. "Forgive me."

"No, Luna good," Claire said. "But we wanna play with you. Where is Auntie Dee? She not come."

"Auntie Dee is a bit busy at her new job, Claire. She will come soon," I told her before I walked out, my mind running a mile per second. I had to find a way. I had to get the hell out of this place, and keep the pups safe, away from the heinous beast they called Alpha.

"Luna, Luna, come back soon."

"Of course, I will."

And I found a way to get you all out of this hellhole.

-Adrian-

"Dean called from the Dirty Secrets," I said. Dirty Secrets, as its name, was a dirty place.

It was a cruel, terrible underground club, owned by Lord Ebenezer and two other vile vampires, Ramsay and his brother, Armond. Only a chosen few were allowed in and the activities that happened there would make even the strongest of men shudder in fear and disgust.

"He has finally found a way to sneak in, and we are right. It isn't just a night club anymore."

"The fucking bastards. Soulless monsters." Clay hated just the thought of the man who was behind all of this. "If I could just kill him."

"Unfortunately, we can't."

Roman growled and stood up from the chair, his body shaking with anger. He looked like he was going to snap any moment now. But I knew we had to handle this situation with finesse.

The vampires were just as powerful as the Lycans, and we had found a way to co-exist, without the bloodshed and war. We couldn't tear this fragile peace that was keeping us all alive and the humans, safe. Killing vampires would put everything at risk.

The Lycan king, Rome's father, had made a pact with the humans to protect them, too, and for centuries, we were doing it. We were keeping the peace.

"I will kill these assholes and show them to their graves."

"Please stop. I understand you're angry, but we can't start an all-out war at this moment.

Everything is already hanging by a thin thread. We need to wait for the right time, and then we will destroy them. I promise."

Roman growled, the sound reverberating along the walls. The whole building shook. His power radiated out of him in soft white waves.

Being a royal Lycan was different from being a werewolf. I was also from a royal line, and that was how I had a Lycan wolf, too, but he was the blue blood. He was the Royal.

Being a royal Lycan came with extraordinary abilities, but also violent mood swings. If it were anyone else but Roman, they would have already shifted, tearing off the windows and rampaging against those committing such contemptible crimes.

However, Roman had greater control over his powers and emotions. He was Roman.

"You sound like a fan girl," Clay scoffed. "Karl is ... a piece of shit."

"I know you love Karl. You are just being macho for the heck of it, Clay."

Clay rolled his eyes.

"He is an ass and he always irritates me."

"And you still love him."

I looked at Roman. He had finally calmed down.

"These fucking traitors are helping the bloodsuckers! And the human trash they call scientists... I will destroy everyone. I will destroy all of them for this."

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