

Chapter 10 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

I can feel his eyes on me, see him watching me. Something about this man draws me. I want to touch him, I want to look closely into his eyes, but I don't dare. Not when he thinks I am nothing more than a mere omega. If only I could tell him who I was for real. That I was of an Alpha bloodline, that my father was keeping me secret from the rest of the world, but alas, without a voice, I could do nothing but his bidding and pray for a way to earn my freedom eventually. Or run away. Whichever came first. Whatever opportunity I could take. But something, some instinct inside of me, told me that today was the day that a decision was going to have to be made, and soon. I felt a terrible sense of foreboding, that had started the second we got onto these lands and it hadn't disappeared, it had only grown stronger. "Have your servant take care of the drinks" he said and his voice was hoarse, tired. He sounded weary and I wanted to shake my head, wanted to refuse, but my father was already nodding in agreement, gesturing to me. Alpha Jaxon was rubbing his forehead as my father leaned over to the coffee table. He was closest, and then Damien while the Beta, Callum was behind me, unable to fully see what was going on. My father's grin was vicious, and triumphant, as though this was what he had been waiting for. I saw something flash and then my eyes widened as he tipped a vial quickly over one of the drinks, letting two drops of some mystery substance into it, before sliding the vial back down his sleeve. The bastard had been hiding it on his person all along. I couldn't believe it. I swallowed hard. The vial looked exactly like the one that I had disposed of before we made it to the pack. Exactly the same. Both were identical. Realization dawned. They were planning on poisoning Alpha Jaxon and they needed somebody to take the blame while they took out the pack and kept the Beta busy. That vial had been planted on me so that when I was searched, I would become the scapegoat for the poisoning.

My father spoke, his voice was sharp and impatient.

"Stop dallying girl and start to serve the drinks," he said with a growl "So slow. I knew I should have brought a different servant" he complained to Damien, who nodded quickly in agreement.

I glared at them both.

My hand trembled with indecision. I didn't want this man to die. I couldn't bring myself to do it. My father's eyes were on me, narrowed, watching my every movement. The Alpha could hardly get mad if I failed to follow proper etiquette could he? He would probably put it down to ignorance due to my station or perhaps even the upbringing of my father's pack, I told myself, slowly handing the other drinks out to everyone else. I gave the Beta one, my father his, and Damien's. They began to sip, confident that none of theirs contained the poison. That left one drink left.

I picked the drink up. My hands shook slightly. The Alpha waited for his drink, his eyes on me. I stared directly at him. He raised a brow and began to reach for it. I held it just out of reach, my father and brother oblivious to what I was about to do. What I was about to do was dangerous. It was risky. But it could end up saving a lot of lives, lives that were more important than my own, and of the pack that had treated me like a disease or pest to be exterminated.

The Alpha was looking slightly bewildered now. I stared at him even harder, willing him to see what I was doing.

“Alpha Jaxon” My father began apologetically and I moved, out of reach tipping the drink up and swallowing all of it my father shouted in anger finishing the drink off and staring at him defiantly, while the Alpha looked stunned, the Beta moving, certain there had been a reason to my actions.

“You stupid fool” my father thundered, his hand squeezing around my throat “How dare you interfere in my plans? I’m going to kill you” he thundered.

I scrabbled at his hands and then felt my body drop as my father was flung into the nearest wall, desperately gasping for air. My vision was dimming and I fell to my knees, the Beta supporting me to stay kneeling upright. I could hear his voice in the background, even as I heard the sounds of my brother running “Get that man” roared Alpha Jaxon while my father got back up snarling.

Shame he hadn’t been hurt worse, I thought a little violently.

“She’s been poisoned,” Beta Callum said panicked, as I coughed up blood, my stomach beginning to cramp and my body beginning to grow cold “If I don’t get her to the hospital wing, she might not survive. What are your orders?” he asked glancing in the direction of his Alpha.

Did he care if I lived or died? That was surprising I thought a little dazedly. Had it been my father he would have let me die. He was letting me die, I corrected myself.

A loud growl. So loud and so furious it caused the windows to shake and break, glass splintering everywhere. My father shifted into his wolf form hurriedly. I could barely make out the image of his wolf in my eyes, my vision was so blurry. Alpha Jaxon sounded angry. More than angry as he yelled at his Beta in desperation.

“Get her there. She saved my life. The least we can do is save hers. That bastard. I’m going after him and I’m going to kill him, slowly” he vowed with a growl.

More sounds of shifting behind me. A loud roar. Then nothing but silence. The beta picked me up in his strong arms, carrying me like a limp rag doll, as though I weighed nothing. Alpha Jaxon had gone after my father and there was no doubt in my mind that he would catch him. I gave a smile, even though I was in so much pain. My father would get his just desserts, even if I wasn’t alive to see it.

“Alpha Jaxon’s gone after your Alpha” the Beta informed me grimly as he continued to carry me, informing me as though it might make a difference to me “and we’re going to get you some help. God knows what you are thinking, but we owe you,” he told me with his eyes fixated on me “you saved his life. Now you just have to hold on so that we can save yours” he added grimly as my head flopped down and my breathing began to slow. “Poor girl” he murmured, as I felt my body weaken and darkness beginning to surround me “so young and so brave. Alpha Jaxon will avenge your death if it comes down to it” he muttered but his words were of little comfort as I fell into unconsciousness, succumbing to the

darkness and aware of nothing more that was happening around me. Whether I lived or died, it was no longer in my hands or was it?

Riley POV

There was so much pain that I knew instinctively that I was dying. I could hear the incessant beeping of multiple machines, hear the sound of scurrying footsteps and panicked voices as I lingered in a state between life and death, barely clinging on as I felt needles poking and prodding me, a voice familiar and gruff speaking with desperation in the room.

“Why isn’t she getting any better? What’s wrong with her?”

It’s poison she should be healing if you’ve managed to keep her alive this damn long!” He was practically shouting by now and I could sense the distress from the nurses.

“We don’t know what poison it is. We don’t know what she ingested. There is very little we can do except keep trying everything at our disposal to keep her alive Alpha Jaxon.

We’re blind. We’re doing the best we can. Are you willing to donate blood in order to help her heal?” the nurse questioned him in a soft voice.

- That would be the day. As if an Alpha would ever lower himself to heal a lower being such as myself. She might as well have asked him to hand her the moon. I wanted to snort but I didn’t have the energy. I was listless. I had stopped puking up blood, but I couldn’t even force my eyes open.

“If you think that will help her, then by all means, set me up and take it” the Alpha snarled and there was a stunned silence in the room.

Take his blood? Was he joking? An alpha would never help a pitiful omega such as myself, especially a wolfless one. I feared I had misheard him. The nurse sounded cautious when she spoke “with all due respect Alpha Jaxon, that is…” she trailed off.

“Just do it” he roared and the windows in the room shook so violently it was a miracle they didn’t shatter.

Another sharp sting in my arm. The feeling of another needle being pushed into my delicate flesh. I heard the Alphas footsteps as he moved to the corner of the room, heard him sit down, and heard the nurse give him instructions in a low voice. I could not move. I lay there listless. My body began to feel different as I lay there, taking in his Alpha blood. Stronger. It was like the poison was being thrust out of my body with a great degree of force, or being consumed by the Alpha’s blood. I began to feel revigorated

“Her vitals appear to be growing stronger” the nurse spoke, sounding a little surprised, “your blood must be helping to rid the body of the poison she ingested. There’s hope yet that she might live.”

Live. I could live. What good would it be though if I was to be killed upon opening my eyes? I didn't know what had happened to my father, or my brother. I only knew that the

Beta had rushed me to the hospital in his arms. When Alpha Jaxon spoke, it was in a controlled voice that was reverberating with rage "the bastard that used the poison is rotting in the dungeon as we speak as is the son."

Damien and my father had been caught. I did not have to fear them laying their hands on me and killing me for my betrayal. /could not relax yet. The pack would blame me. for my actions. Would blame me for turning against their Alpha and soon-to-be Alpha. Loyalty was everything to a pack. You lived and died by it. Even if you disagreed with your Alphas actions. But did that truly matter when the pack abused you? Were you meant to be loyal then? Where did the line get drawn? Where did the option of saying no begin and end?

"You say this girl ingested the poison rather than kill you?" the nurse queried, her voice sharp and loud.

"I'm saying exactly that. She risked her own life to save mine, so I will not tolerate her dying on your watch" Alpha Jaxon snarled

"If she went to such lengths to save you, then she deserves nothing less" the nurse countered back with a growl "but it does prove fascinating that she went against her pack, for the likes of you, considering your reputation"

"I know" Alpha Jaxon confessed, sounding just as confused "which begs the question..." he trailed off.

Question? What question would that be? What was he proposing? I had done this of my own free will. I didn't want

his blood on my hands. I did not want to be responsible for an Alpha's death or the forcible taking of his pack. I had merely wanted a chance to prove that I was not as bad as they claimed I was. That I had good in my soul. The collar still lay around my neck, but Damien must have lost it as he ran because I had experienced no shocks.

"How worse is this Alpha Maxwell if she was willing to betray him for you instead?" the nurse supplied

"Exactly" Alpha Jaxon growled and that collar on her neck, is it...?" he trailed off questioningly.

The nurse sighed "It's exactly as you thought. The bastards put a shock collar on her. It's been used more than once I would say, judging by the extent of some of the injuries we found on her body. It must have been a way to force her obedience. You said she couldn't speak?" she asked amusingly.

“That’s what that bastard Alpha claimed. She didn’t speak a word before she drank the poison” he uttered with a growl.

*Hmmm, we might do some more tests. But she has bruising all over her body, broken bones that have yet to heal, and those that have healed only to be broken over and over again. This girl is almost eighteen judging by our calculations and yet her life has been anything but easy.

She’s been heavily abused Alpha Jaxon. Perhaps that’s your answer to why she did what she did. There’s only so much a person can take before they snap.”

There is only so much a person can take before they snap, I thought wishing I could crane my head or move my body slightly instead of listening. I had finally cracked

“What kind of man hurts a girl incapable of fighting back”

Alpha Jaxon said, disgust dripping from his voice “it says a lot that he picked a girl with no wolf and much weaker than himself. Do you suppose..” he trailed off and the nurse made a strangled sound.

“Suppose what?” she asked eagerly.

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“Oh. You think this could be his daughter” the nurse said quietly “Alpha Jaxon, the girl may resemble her mother more than her father.”

“But is a father capable of treating his daughter in this manner?” Alpha Jaxon sounded uncertain.

The nurse snorted unladylike “You haven’t been in the hospital wing often enough to know what any father is capable of. Shifters are just like humans, some of them are rotten to the core, like this Alpha Maxwell. You might not want to believe that he and his own wolf is capable of hurting his own pup, but I guarantee you that it’s entirely possible and plausible that this girl is his daughter. No wonder nobody ever really know who she was. He must have been keeping her hidden from other packs or everybody made the assumption she was merely a servant because of her looks and clothes.”

“That’s enough blood Alpha Jaxon” the nurse said tightly.

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“No. You’re planning on going to that pack afterwards, so – you stop here, before you lose too much and make yourself vulnerable” the nurse snapped.

I felt the needle pulled out of my arm as my body lay there, my eyes still refusing to open. I felt sleepy, drowsy now, as though my body had woken for a short time and now needed to rest

again. It was infuriating. I wanted to sit up, I wanted to see for myself the expression on Alpha Jaxons face. I felt this overwhelming desire to reach out and touch him.

“I was going to go to the pack first, but I felt the need to check on her” Alpha Jaxon said and I sensed he was in the doorway.

“I’ll keep her alive, you do what needs to be done young man and come back safely” the nurse said sternly.

Their relationship was almost like a mother and son, I thought absently. I heard Alpha Jaxon grunt before his footsteps began to fade down the hall. Don’t go, I wanted to shout out, don’t leave me. I need you, I need you to stay!

But the words wouldn’t come and my body wouldn’t move.

As usual words would not speak from my lips. I felt a cloud settle over me, felt what little energy I had regained fade and then darkness surround me once more. I didn’t know why Alpha Jaxon had cared so much about me, all I knew was that I wanted to wake up and see his face the next time I did. If I lived, it would be thanks to him, but where would I go? I couldn’t stay here if my pack merged with his could I? I fell into a deep sleep, my thoughts dissipating completely.

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Alpha Jaxon POV

We were ready. All of us poised to attack. They didn't see us coming, even though by now they should have sensed something was wrong. We sprang into action, our wolves racing into the Crescent Moon Pack territory, our focus on taking them down as quickly as possible with minimum bloodshed. My men were under strict orders not to attack the elderly, innocent women, or children. To defend themselves and to fight against the warriors only. I was not some coward who took pleasure in pillaging villages or raping women. I had my own set of ethics and rules to live by. They hardly put up a decent fight. I expected more than the pathetic attempt that was given. My men easily herded the warriors into the pack grounds, while the rest of the pack members were closely grouped together not much further away so that they could hear and see everything with their own eyes. We had killed fifteen of their warriors and they had surrendered after that. I had no casualties. All of us shifted back to human form, my pack and theirs. Although it would not be theirs for much longer. The warriors were weak and miserable-looking. Their heads stared down at the ground as they sat, awaiting what they thought would no doubt be an execution. The sounds of crying from the women and children reached my ears. "I am Alpha Jaxon of the Blood Moon Pack" I declared, the crescent moon pack looking at me with tear-filled eyes "I have forcibly taken over your pack. It is mine now to do with whatever I desire. Fifteen of your own men have already been killed" I growled "I do not wish to add to that number unless it becomes necessary."

I could see the shock on their faces. "Where is our Alpha?" one of the men dared to ask, biting his lip.

"Alpha Maxwell is in my dungeon awaiting his own punishment for attempting to poison me. Where is his Beta and Gamma?" I queried.

Confused expressions as the warriors and pack members glanced at each other.

"Well?" I growled impatiently.

Every pack had a Beta and Gamma, didn't they? How else would this pack have run without it?

"We don't have any" a warrior stammered "Alpha Maxwell was always paranoid that if he gave somebody the title for those positions they might try and overtake him."

My men looked at the pack warriors in disbelief. "No wonder your pack is so badly organized," Callu said in disgust, shaking his head "A pack needs a Beta and Gamma to run smoothly."

The warriors remained silent. "I guess I don't have to execute the Beta or Gamma then" I exhaled with a shrug.

"What about us?" the women shouted, the children still crying.

I gave them a sharp glance, causing them to stiffen. "Here's what's going to happen. One by one, you are going to walk to me, single file, kneel down, and sever your bond to the Crescent Moon

Pack. You are then going to accept me as your Alpha and my pack as your own before merging with my lands. Anybody who disagrees with this request” I glanced around at the pack who was quiet “will be killed immediately. You forget I can tell when somebody is not being truthful as they say the words.”

Uneasy glances at each other. “What about the children that can’t speak?” a mother asked concerned.

“They of course are exempt,” I said “I can’t expect them to do that and they will simply have to accept me when they are older.”

She looked relieved.

“What if we don’t want to? What’s to stop us from running right now and becoming rogue instead?” a man demanded heatedly.

I made a gesture towards the forest “be my guest. You won’t make it more than twenty steps before my men take you down. By all means, a quick death at my hands is more merciful than dying slowly of starvation as a rogue” I said warningly “you would do well to remember that.”

“How do we know that your pack will be any better than this one?”

“You don’t. But you don’t have many options” I growled “it’s death or merge. Now who is going to be first?”

I glanced at the warriors.

They looked mutinous. It was a woman instead, with long flowing dark hair and a child in one hand who came over, looking slightly hesitant, dropping to her knees, while the child hugged her, her little body trembling all over.

“I hereby sever my bond with Crescent Moon Pack” she began loudly, wincing as the bond severed “and pledge my allegiance to my new Alpha, Alpha Jaxon of the Blood Moon Pack.”

As easily as that it was done. I helped her back to her feet as the woman looked at me.

“What’s your name?” I asked her.

“It’s Calliope.”

“Callum, get Calliope and her child into another line, ready to go back to her new pack” I said gruffly without turning around.

“Yes Sir.”

Calliope started the floodgates. The warriors, perhaps feeling guilty that they hadn't offered to go first, got in line, one by one pledging their allegiance. I stared at them hard, but sensed no apathy, at least until the last one who dutifully said the words, but they all rang false. My hand slashed across his throat, my claws practically beheading him as the crowd gasped and stared in shock. I looked at them unapologetically.

"I wanted you that I could tell when the words were said falsely instead of genuinely," I said as I wiped my hand on the nearby rag offered by Callum, already fully clothed thanks to our foresight in bringing clothes "I suggest you consider your motives when speaking" I threatened the rest of the group.

It was a long day. My mind occasionally flashed back to that girl in the hospital wing, with the glorious blue hair and gentle smile. I had given blood, something that was unheard of for an Alpha, especially in regards to giving it to a lowly omega. But how many omegas had saved an Alpha's life and risked their own in the process? I doubted few had. If she was indeed the Alpha's daughter, the bastard had abused her for years. I knew I could get answers from this pack, once they had all pledged their allegiance, but I was concerned what answers I might receive. What if she wasn't loyal? What if there was a reason for the abuse and I couldn't see past her beauty? What if this pack all contributed to her abuse? Would I be able to keep my temper in check then?

The last pack member came forward and pledged their allegiance. "Get everyone back to the pack," I told Callum and glanced at those remaining. "Your lands are now forfeit. They will be claimed for my own. Anybody who tries to help their previous Alpha or his son" I paused deliberately and let that sink in "will also be given the same punishment that is rendered to them. Your loyalty is to me now."

I shifted and began to run back to my pack, satisfied that my Beta and Gamma had everything in hand. My lands were bigger, my pack was bigger and more extensive. We would have to build more houses in order to accommodate everybody but it was doable. From the looks of the thin frames and threadbare clothes, the pack had been suffering long before I had taken it over. I was wealthy. I could provide for my pack. They would see how advantageous it could be in the Blood Moon Pack, even if it was more difficult in relation to rules and training. I was stern and I was stringent, but my priority was ensuring that everybody in the pack was capable of defending themselves against an attack and rogues. If you relied just on your warriors to save you, you might as well be a goner.

As I headed back onto my own lands I paused debating where to go. I could see my pack members already beginning to welcome the newcomers. They were accustomed to it. This was not the first pack to be merged with mine and they knew how to treat them. I decided to go back to the pack house and eat, shifting to human form and finding some clothes before I went into the kitchen. There was a pale-faced Liandra seated there. Her face changed when she saw me.

"Please Alpha Jaxon, my father, he didn't mean to" she stammered as I glared at her.

“Liandra, you’re lucky I let you live,” I said icily as she trembled “as did Alpha Maxwell which is strange considering he killed your father.”

She bit her lip “I know. But I’ve pledged my loyalty to you” she cried “before I came here. I had to run away so they wouldn’t kill me too” and I could sense the truthfulness of her words and the sheer panic behind them “please dont’ kill me. Please, I had nothing to do with my father’s decisions.”

“Get out of my sight” I told her coldly “you live now because it’s a waste of my time killing you. Your father paid the price for his stupidity, but I don’t believe children should pay for their parents mistakes. Go” I ordered and turned back to my food. She ran from the room weeping.