

Chapter 12 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

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 don't 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.