

Chapter 13 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

Drip, drip, drip. The sound of [water](#) filled my ears, causing me to look around in confusion. Where was I? I was in a dark cavern, the floor rough and hard beneath my feet. There was very little light and there was water beneath my feet, with more water dripping down the walls. Drip, drip, drip.

The last thing I remembered was being in a room and hearing the sound of the Alpha talking to the doctor or nurse. How had I gotten from what should have been the hospital room to here? I touched the walls, feeling how rough and coarse they were, and felt my feet as the stones on the ground dug into them and cut them. If this was a dream, it was eerily real. Scarily real.

The water drew me. Even though it was dark, my eyes adjusted and I could see that the water, even dark, was surprisingly clear and I knelt, glancing at my reflection. The water began to shimmer and turned brighter. My hair was longer, the blue brighter. My complexion was pale like porcelain. There were dark circles under my eyes and a haunted expression on my face. I opened my mouth to speak, but no words came out. I was still mute. I touched the water and felt its coolness, cupping my hands and drinking the refreshing liquid that eased my parched throat.

Where was the way out? I began to search the cavern, my hands blindly seeking some sort of hole or exit. But there was nothing but the water and the cave. I went back to the water. I sensed I needed to swim my way out. I was wearing nothing but a thin white gown, and I took deep breaths, steeling myself. An instinct told me to dive, dive deep and I did, my body flinging itself head first into the water, my arms sweeping forward and propelling my body forwards as I swam, down and then up, towards the surface, away from the cave, my body surging upwards and breathing in oxygen as I broke the surface and paddled.

Sand. I swam towards it. My body sank onto it and I sat, glancing around in awe. My hair dripped onto the ground and my body was soaked but I felt nothing but the feeling of the sand beneath my toes and the coolness of the water. I felt peaceful. My hands reached down and spread my fingers on the sand, my eyes closing in bliss. My soul sang, rejoicing in the moment. The urge to sing was overwhelming, but I could not and tears pricked my eyes. Broken. I was broken. I could not sing and it saddened me. It brought tears to my eyes and a heaviness and despair that I had not felt, at least not to such depths before.

A splash and another woman surges to the surface. I eye her. Something about the woman looks familiar, but I can't place my fingers on it. She remains in the water, treading the [water](#) with ease, though I can't see her legs properly. Her hair is blue and black like mine. Her teeth are

pearly white. Her skin is creamy and she has a welcoming smile on her face. I stand and move to the edge of the sand that meets the water, the woman moving slightly closer.

"Darling girl" her voice is almost singing, my eyes widening.

Is this, it can't be, but is this my mother? She looks different and yet, I know it has to be her.

"It's not your time yet."

Not my time? I stare at her longingly. I want to go back in the water but as I take a step the woman's eyes widen and she shakes her head adamantly "No."

I pause. I want to beg to join her. I make several gestures, indicating my strong desire but she laughs and shakes her head.

"Foolish child. Do you not know who I am?" she asks.

I nod eagerly. She is my mother, is she not? But as I look at her, there are signs I missed. The scar on her wrist, identical to mine, the gash on her shoulder, from being whipped by my father. The tiny scar above her eyebrow. It's me and yet not me at the same time. I look at her confused. How is this version of me able to speak?

"All in good time. What you did was brave, but stupid" she said admonishingly.

I glare. I did what I had to do and the idea of myself, possibly my future self admonishing me was annoying. She laughs.

"I can see how confused you are. You hover between life and death right now" she explains, still treading water.

I'm impressed with her endurance. She looks like it's so easy to remain in the water.

"Alpha Jaxon gave you his blood, but that's not enough," she said, while I stared at her mutely "You have to want to live Riley. You have to be prepared to face everything that you are and everything that you will be."

She was speaking in riddles. I didn't understand what she meant by what I was, or would be. I was a shifter with no wolf. It was pretty simple. Wasn't it?

"You question nothing and yet you should question everything," she said sighing "Why does our father fear us so badly?"

I stared at her in disbelief. Our father didn't fear us. He had no reason to. We were weak, we were pathetic. We had no wolf. We couldn't fight. My father was not afraid of us. He wouldn't beat us if he was.

"Do you think that he took your voice by accident? Do you think that wasn't intentional?"

I had disobeyed him. I had sung when he asked me not to, but why couldn't I sing, I thought with realization. Why had that been such an issue?

She raised a brow "To sign is to give you life, to sing is to feed your soul. To take it is to make you powerless."

More riddles. I scowled. Was she going to help me or not? "Our mother was not what she seemed and when father discovered her true lineage, he killed her. Yet he blamed us, telling us she died giving birth. Why?"

Why indeed? Lineage? Why couldn't future me give me a straight answer? Future me is annoying, I thought with a huff.

"I'm merely your conscience speaking to you" she pointed out as I scowled "but what I speak is true. Riley, make a decision, do you want to live or die?"

I hesitate. To live would be to endure more pain, more humiliation, and more abuse. There is no guarantee I'll be treated any better in Alpha Jaxon's pack than I was treated in my own. For all I know it will be worse if I wake up. I'm not sure I would survive if that was the case. But to die? To never have a family of my own, children, experience the mate bond or love? Could I throw all that away on a case of what if? What did I do?

"Fear is a prison," the other me said quietly "It prevents you from seeking out what you want for yourself and discovering the truth. Riley, it's time you faced it. You are not just a shifter," she said gently as I frowned at her "you have never been just a shifter. You know you're not normal. You know that there is something more to you. Something far greater than you could ever have imagined."

But what if I didn't want to know I pondered. What if the truth was more hurtful or scarier than I could picture?

The [water](#) was beginning to slowly rise. It was just below my knees now. It no longer looked as calm and peaceful, but rather it was ominous, and violent waves were crashing through it. "You don't have much time Riley, the veil between life and death is beginning to close" the other me shouted, her body beginning to violently sink beneath the water, only to surge back up again "a decision must be made" she shouted.

I started to panic. She was asking the impossible. She was asking me to choose. I didn't want to. I wanted to remain here, where the water was, without having to pick either side. But it didn't work that way.

Damnit Riley, choose. The water was up past my knees now. I knew when it reached over my head it would be too late.

"Your mate will want you eventually" my other self yelled, before she sank down again under the water and surged back up "hold onto that. Even during the hard times. He will want you. But he's afraid."

I was afraid, I wanted to yell back as the water continued to rise. It was like I was being pushed into it. My body trembled. My head was throbbing. My whole head felt like it was about to explode. I couldn't think. My head was screaming. My voice was gone. Finally, I made a decision.

Live. I want to Live.