

Chapter 41 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Alpha Jaxon POV

As soon as I say the words I can see the nervous expression on her face, accompanied by another expression that almost looks like she's terrified. I thought she would be happy to learn that we were mates and I'm stung to realize that isn't the case. She looks scared. Is she frightened of me? Of the fact that I'm a Lycan or something else? I struggle to maintain my composure as I see her eyes welling up with tears. Part of me wants to lose control while my Lycan roars with fury in my head, not sure why our mate is rejecting us or not wanting us for her mate. I struggle to hold him back in my mind while I stare down at Riley who is trembling, I suddenly notice, in the chair.

"Mates" she whispers, her voice shaking as Thomas shoots me a concerned look "I'm sorry but are you sure?"

Is she doubting the feel of the mate bond? I try not to growl. "Yes, we are mates Riley" I say lowly "I feel the mate bond with you. My Lycan is desperate for you. Nobody else would have that effect on the both of us."

She continues to tremble. I'm becoming concerned now. Is it because I'm the King? I can feel a lump in my throat. She looks up at me and I inhale sharply as a lone tear trails down her cheek.

"Please don't put me in the dungeon" she whispers while I stare at her in shock.

Put her in the dungeon? My Lycan roars at such a thought. The notion that our mate has even considered us capable of such a thing has us wanting to tear the table to shreds. Did she think we were cruel? That we would harm her? I shake my head and try not to show my anger.

"I would never put you in the dungeon. Why would you think I would do something like that, to my own mate no less?" I ask, my chest tightening as she avoids my eyes.

What is she not telling me? What secrets are lurking in that mind of hers. She licks her lips and stares down at the floor.

"My last mate put me in the dungeon" she mumbles.

I almost fall over in shock. She had another mate? One before me? I knew such things were possible but...then the other thing she said made me straighten back up. Her mate had put her in the dungeon?

"Why?" my voice is hoarse, disbelieving.

How could someone do that to their own mate? Had he rejected her? I was feeling a whirlwind of emotions. My Lycan was pissed and it was taking everything inside of me not to let him take over.

"He said I was a danger to him and his pack" Riley confessed in a small voice, finally looking up at me "he said it was for the sake of the pack. He was going to keep me, but take a chosen mate."

I heard Thomas's sharp intake of breath. This was the ultimate cruelty. To force your mate to remain locked up and take another, while they could feel the bond and feel you with them. I try not to look repulsed but it's not easy. It's disgusting that her first mate had wanted to do something like that. No wonder Riley looks so scared. I don't know what she had to do or go through to get free of her first mate, but it can't have been easy.

I try to muster up some compassion and patience. "Riley, I'm not your first mate. I wish I was" I admitted a little forlornly as she looked at me surprised "but I'm your second chance one from the sounds of it and unlike him, I want you, very much."

"No you don't" she blurts out, shaking her head in desperation and leaping to her feet, backing away slightly in panic "you're going to be just like him when you realize what I am. You'll think I'm dangerous."

"I know you're a siren" my voice is firm, reassuring "and I assure you I don't care. I don't fear your kind" she looks shocked "they never deserved to be killed for what they were. I know you and you would never just use your powers to kill. You're too kindhearted for that. Not to mention if the stories are true, your song doesn't work on your mate, at least it doesn't entrance them like it does with other men."

Her eyes are troubled. "It doesn't" she confirmed "but your pack, won't they..."

"Accept you? We have other supernatural creatures here, vampires, witches, hybrids" I commented "other Lycans. We don't discriminate. I am the King and my mate will be the queen. They will accept you because I won't be giving them a choice" I added as she bit her lip and looked between Thomas and me.

"I don't know" she said hesitantly "I mean, I don't even know what I'm capable of."

"Well how about we just start to get to know each other first. I'm under the assumption that because I feel the mate bond with you, that you must have rejected your first mate, whoever he is?"

"Alpha Jaxon" she said timidly "and yes I did, but he refused to accept it."

"Then he's an idiot" I said fiercely "because he'll feel the pain whenever you're with someone."

"How do I know he's not going to try and force me to go back to his pack?" she whispers.

"Because he would have to go through me first" I said easily as my Lycan agreed with the sentiment.

If the Alpha was stupid enough to come to my pack, he would find himself beheaded before he made it halfway to the pack house. I did not suffer trespassers to the pack lightly, although I kept that fact to myself. Riley already looked distressed enough.

"But um, aren't you worried that if we have children, they might not be shifters?" she blushes a brilliant red color.

I notice that Thomas begins to discreetly leave the room while I nod appreciatively to him.

"No" I say nonchalantly "if they turn out half siren then so be it. I can hope they look as beautiful as their mother" I add teasingly as her mouth parts slightly open "and that their hair reminds me of the sea."

I swoop in for the kill. I move, gathering her tightly in my arms for an embrace. She doesn't resist. I held her before but this is better. This is different. Her heart is racing, I can hear it and I can hear the hitch in her breath while she looks up at me with those big eyes of hers. I slowly trail a finger down her smooth cheek, relishing in the feel of it. She feels so good. She smells so delicious. Her cheeks are flushed a becoming pink. I stare down at her pale pink lips and then I bend my head down and capture her lips with my own.

It's like electricity runs through my veins. She tastes divine. My Lycan practically purrs in my head. I want more. I deepen the kiss and am rewarded by the sound of her breathy moan as she willingly opens her mouth wider for me. I slide my tongue inside, exploring the inside of her mouth and caressing her sweet tongue. God, so good. I'm lost in a state of bliss. This is heaven. For a moment it's like time is suspended and there's just the two of us, lost in the moment, unable to do anything but clutch desperately at each other as we express our feelings without words or gestures. I reluctantly pull back and see that her eyes are sparkling and her lips are slightly swollen, causing me to smile. She looks a little dazed.

"Do you feel that?" I whisper, reaching back and tucking a loose tendril of hair behind her ear.

She nods shakily, still looking stunned, a hand going to her open mouth. "Yes," she whispers.

"That's the mate bond, Riley. That's what I feel when I touch you. You are my other half and the person I've been waiting for for so long" I commented, gazing down at her tenderly "and now that I have you, I have no intentions of letting you go."

She nods, still looking disorientated. I take her hand as she willingly lets me and begin to lead her out of the kitchen and dining room and towards the front of the pack house. "Let's get you acquainted with the grounds," I say coaxingly as she obediently follows me "why don't I give you a tour?"

I'm proud to show off my pack to her. To introduce our members and show off my mate to them. I don't want her to feel like she has to be hidden away. I intend for her to be front and stage. Somebody as beautiful as her, deserved to be in the limelight, where she could be appreciated by many and not just by any one individual. We step outside and begin our tour.

Reluctance

Chapter 42 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Alpha Jaxon POV

Needless to say, Amber's father was none too pleased to discover what we had been doing in the woods together, and by mutual agreement, Amber was forced to stay at my pack and I was being forced to accept her as my chosen mate.

"Mark me already" she whined as I stood there robotically, staring at the nape of her neck, my wolf feeling nothing but anger towards her and disgust that couldn't be hidden "Enough stalling already Jaxon. It's not like you haven't fucked me or anything. I want your mark on my neck" she pouted, attempting to look seductively at me.

She was clad in sexy lingerie. Her father was gone now but Callum and Cody were keeping close tabs on what was happening and I knew they would inform the Alpha if I didn't mark Amber soon. But the very thought of it caused a wave of revulsion to sweep over me. My wolf didn't want Amber. It wanted Riley. Even though Riley had the nerve to reject us, it wanted our mate. The one we should have accepted as our mate in the first place. This woman was nothing to us. Nothing but a fuck toy that we had taken pleasure in. She was disgusting. We weren't attracted to her at all now.

She flipped her hair over her shoulder and gave us a winning smile. She arched her back on the bed, exposing her breasts to me as I stood there looking at her mutely.

"You know you want me" she purred, "come on Jaxon, just one little bite right here" she pointed at her neck "and we are mates, forever."

Forever. The word echoed in my mind. The thought of being tied to this girl forever was enough to make me feel sick to my stomach. What had I been thinking when I took her into the woods? What was going on in my mind? I could say insanity but I had known what I was going to do and gone ahead with it anyway. Now I was filled with nothing but bitterness and regret.

"I don't want you" my voice is hoarse as she blinks up at me, a stunned expression on her face "I never wanted you. My wolf hates you" I growl "he wants you dead and you want me to mark you?"

Her eyes narrow "You told my father we would become chosen mates. Are you going to back out? Do I need to inform him that you lied?" her voice is cold and calculating.

I know she's capable of doing just that. She's speaking to her father regularly on the phone. I swallow hard. Move forward a few steps. A satisfied expression comes over her face.

"You would threaten me to become chosen mates?" my voice is soft.

"Yes," she says simply "You made a promise, and you should have to keep it. Do you think this is fun for me?" she spits out "Ever since this happened you haven't even been able to get it up" she adds, her gaze raking over me with scorn, darting to my genitals with deliberate emphasis as I stiffen "you've been impotent and a disappointment in the bedroom" she continues to degrade me "so the least I deserve is to become Luna of this pack."

Impotent. The truth is my wolf has no desire to fuck the girl ruining our lives. I can't get hard even if my life depended on it. He blames me for this mess. All we think about is Riley now. Her beautiful blue hair, those big doe-like eyes of hers, Her smooth creamy complexion. It makes our mouths water.

"Shut your mouth" I hiss as she smirks at me "You little bitch" I snap.

"The truth hurts doesn't it Alpha Jaxon" she taunts "Don't worry I won't tell anyone, so long as you mark me."

Blackmail. My hands clench into fists. For a moment I picture placing my hands around her throat and squeezing hard, watching the life drain out of her while she struggles to free my grip. Satisfaction fills me. I would do it, my wolf encourages it, except it would be suspicious and her father would begin to ask questions. She has me over a barrel and she darn well knows it. If I kill her, she needs to give me a damn good reason to do it. I exhale, trying to calm myself while she continues to cock her head and regard me with a scathing look on her face.

I could have had Riley. If I had just let my fear go and stopped considering her a danger and saw the positives in my mate instead. Now I was trapped with this redheaded slut instead. I grit my teeth and walk slowly to the edge of the bed as she sits upright expectantly, her eyes twinkling up at me. She slowly moves her hair to the side exposing the creamy expanse of her neck, blinking her big eyes at me and fluttering her eyelashes. It's almost comical. My hand grips her neck, tight. I'm rough, my face inches away from hers. To her credit, she doesn't blink, doesn't

react. She's cool as a fucking cucumber. I let my canines begin to grow out of my mouth. My wolf lets out a long hiss, his own revulsion beginning to show. My eyes begin to darken. A look of triumph comes over Amber's face. She looks at me eagerly.

I roughly push her head to the side. I plunge my teeth into her neck. None of me is gentle. I bite down hard, hearing her give a strangled cry of pain that makes me feel a sense of satisfaction. I've hurt her and it feels good. I pull back and lick the wound feeling resentful. A mark slowly appears on her neck that looks like a tattoo of a black wolf. The symbol of being claimed by an Alpha and giving credence to her claim as Luna of the pack. My eyes slowly slide away.

She moves. Kneels on the bed. My eyes shoot a warning at her. She knows better than to try the same thing with me. Her hand is gentle as she pushes my head to the side. She licks my neck and I shudder. I just want her to get this over and done with. Once it is, I feel like the mate bond with Riley will sever, despite my not wanting to accept her rejection. The small part of us that is joined together will be lost. I feel a sharp prick as Amber daintily bites me, her teeth sliding back as she licks the wound, before I pull away, aware that there is a matching mark to hers now on my own neck.

"There" she breathes, excitement in her eyes "That wasn't so bad was it?"

I don't answer. I'm waiting to see if the last bit of the mate bond with Riley severs. But I don't feel anything tearing or disappearing. My thoughts continue to be plagued by her. Thoughts of what she could have done, what we could have accomplished with other packs flood my mind. If I hadn't been so fearful we could have taken over so many packs and joined them with our own. We could have been the strongest pack in the world. Amber is useless in comparison. Her wolf is weak, even though she has Alpha DNA inside of her. The pack will accept her as Luna for now, but already she's gotten off on the wrong foot with so many pack members who dislike her.

"Are you satisfied?" my voice is filled with hatred.

"Don't pretend to be the victim in this Jaxon" Alpha's voice is cutting "You knew what you were doing when you took me into the woods. If you're not satisfied with the outcome, that's on you."

I let out a growl and punched the wall, creating a large hole in the wall. The wall shudders. Amber merely laughs. "Such a temper" she taunts me "You should learn to control it better."

I storm out of the room. If I stay there any longer I'm going to kill her. I fall into line with Callum who eyes my neck uneasily. He has the wisdom not to say anything.

"How is the progress going with the trackers" I snarl.

Callum halts and stares at me. "I pulled them off of that assignment."

"By whose authority? I want her tracked down Callum."

"Will you listen to yourself? You have a mate now" Callum argues "a chosen one. What good is it going to do to track down Riley? It's not as though you still feel the mate bond with her. Just let Riley go" he urges as I glare at him "she deserves to find another mate and be happy."

"You're wrong" I growl "I still feel the bond. Get the trackers back out there or I will put you in the dungeon, Callum. Don't think I won't" I advised him as his mouth fell open "and I can always get another Beta or Gamma if it comes to that. Don't push me, because I'm dangerously close to the limit of my patience right now."

I stomp off, leaving him staring at me and shaking his head.

Conflict

Chapter 43 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

He wants me. He really wants me. I'm so excited that it's difficult to breathe. He's not going to reject me. The thought that anyone, let alone the King of the Lycan's wants to claim me is so far beyond anything I could have ever imagined. As we step outside, I gaze around the grounds in wonder. Everywhere I look, I see nothing but beauty, even in the wildness of the grass and the flowerbeds that are carefully created to surround the pack house.

I see flowers of all descriptions as he gently tugs me by the hand and we begin to walk. Forest surrounds us on all sides. The air is sweet and the breeze is gentle and cool. He stops to speak to a pack member. "Christina," he says as the woman pauses in her walk "I'd like you to meet someone."

The woman is slender with long black raven hair and dark eyes. She glances at me and then does a double-take. Her skin is pale and smooth, almost transparent. Without needing to be told, I know she's at least half vampire.

"Siren" she whispers.

I give a slow uncertain nod.

Instead of looking fearful though she lets out a squeal, shocking me completely. "Oh, I've always wondered if I would get to see one" she flings herself at me and hugs me while Bailey stands back looking amused "Oh I love your hair" she gushes, picking up a strand and examining it

closely "so natural while I would have to use a dye to get that color. I'm so jealous" she pouts as I try not to gape at her.

"Anyway I'm being rude" she trills and sticks out her hand "I'm Christina and you are?" she cocks her head expectantly while I fight back my laughter.

"I'm Riley," I say softly.

"My mate" Bailey cuts in drily as Christina gives a gasp.

"You're mate Bailey, oh isn't that wonderful? I did think it was strange you weren't in your lycan form anymore but then maybe one of the witches managed to turn you back or..." she trailed off.

This woman was immensely cheerful. Bailey rolled his eyes and reached for my hand "Yes well we have to keep going. I'll talk to you later" he said, striding off while Christina merely waved.

I giggled. "She'll spread the news to the entire pack now," Bailey said with satisfaction "soon everyone will know who you are."

"That's a bit mean" I scolded him but I grinned nonetheless "I like her, she seems bubbly," I said with consideration.

"Bubbly and very cheerful despite how she looks" Bailey chuckles "her mate will have to be a saint in patience" he added shaking his head "or mute I'm not sure which when she meets him."

I swatted his arm playfully as he grinned at me.

"Do you have a training ring?" I asked as we turned and waved at a few more pack members.

He snorted. "Do I have a training ring? Of course, I have a training ring" he said looking highly offended "did you want to go check it out?"

I hesitate but my curiosity gets the better of me. "Sure, why not" I shrug, despite the fact my heart is racing "I never really got to train but I like watching others do it."

There's a curious look on his face but I don't question it. He calmly leads me further onto the grounds, where the training ring is located. There are already two men inside, sparring and a crowd of people watching intently.

One of the men is Thomas and I watch slack-jawed as he uppercuts his opponent and sends them to his knees. He pivots on his leg and gives a roundhouse kick to the opponent's chest, sending them sprawling backward. It's not so much the moves he does, but the ease with which he does it and the speed that has me marveling at it. The other man looks furious as he gets up. He attempts to tackle Thomas but he neatly sidesteps and brings his arm down and around, hitting him in the ribs and causing the other man to give a strangled noise that sounds as though he's in a lot of pain.

"He's really good" I murmur.

"There's a reason he's my second in command" Bailey agrees lowly "but he also has a heart of gold so don't let his rough exterior fool you. These men respect him because he trains hard and he works hard."

Thomas proceeds to give a rapid bout of punches, breaking the other man's nose and sending him howling backward. He looks like he's barely broken a sweat, while the other man is panting and breathing heavily.

"Do you forfeit?" Thomas's voice is gruff and deep.

The other man shakes his head, a look of rage on his face.

"Idiot" Bailey murmurs "he's letting his anger get in the way of his thinking. He's about to get hurt even more badly than if he would just submit or admit defeat."

I glance at my mate who is focussed on the match. His eyes are narrowed and his jaw is clenched. He looks at the opponent with a look of disapproval on his face. Thomas looks resigned. The other man refuses to back off. He lunges towards Thomas.

Thomas defends himself against the first punch and catches the man's fist in mid-air. He's so quick my eyes almost miss it. He headbutts the man, hurting his nose even more and causing him to howl. He then thrusts his elbow into the man's ribcage. I wince as I hear the distinct sound of bones breaking. The man's face goes pale ashen. Thomas kicks his feet from under him and sends him sprawling onto his stomach before stepping back.

"Do you admit defeat?"

Thomas's voice is loud and clear. The crowd is silent. They gaze at the opponent expectantly.

"Surely he's going to admit defeat," I say a little anxiously "you would have to be stupid to want to continue."

"You would be surprised," Bailey said with a chuckle "how many men would let their pride get in the way."

The opponent gets to his feet. He sways. I suck in a breath. Surely he's not going to continue fighting with broken bones and a broken nose that's slowly turning purple? His eyes are narrowed as he glares at a calm Thomas.

"Fuck you" he spits.

Thomas gives an audible sigh. The man staggers towards him. There's no way he's in any condition to continue fighting. He can barely walk. Thomas just narrows his eyes.

"Eventually you have to know when to give up" he says in disgust as the man spits out blood onto the ground.

I try not to let my disgust show on my face. The other man cracks a grin and then darts forward. He's taken down with one swift punch by Thomas and falls down on his back, his eyes staring up at the sky.

"Is he dead?" I gasp.

Bailey chuckles "No, the idiot is merely unconscious," he says as two men from the crowd peel out and begin to lift the man up and drape him over one of their shoulders "Toby there will take him to the hospital and get him seen to. He should have quit while he was ahead."

He shook his head "Pride cometh before a fall" he intoned with a solemn expression and then dissolved into laughter.

I sighed. Thomas cracked his neck and then cracked a smile, coming out of the ring and shaking Bailey's hand.

"Good work, holding yourself back like that" Bailey complimented him "you could have seriously hurt the man otherwise. You showed great restraint."

I stared. Restraint? Held himself back? Was Bailey being serious right now? "Are you kidding?" I asked in disbelief "Thomas held himself back?"

Thomas's eyes were alight with mirth "If I hadn't I could have killed him" he said nonchalantly "it's good to see you again Riley" he added as I shook his hand feeling somewhat shaken.

"There's very few men here that can match Thomas's strength or agility" Bailey said calmly "which is why he's one of the best teachers we have when it comes to training."

I glanced around at the crowd. To my surprise I spotted women amongst them and found a question hovering on my lips. "Do you train the women as well?"

Thomas and Bailey shoot each other surprised looks. "Well yes, if they are willing" Thomas divulges "is there a reason we shouldn't?"

"No" I swallow hard "it's just that" I trail off unsure how to phrase it "I've never been allowed to train because of my father and I was wondering...."

I still couldn't say the words. They got stuck in my throat.

Bailey seemed to sense what I was asking because his eyes narrowed in concern.

"You want to train" he said finally.

"Yes."

"Oh" Thomas said faintly "I'm afraid that I won't be able to teach you Riley" he says apologetically.

My shoulders slump. I don't understand why. Bailey lets out a low growl "He can't teach you because my Lycan will get jealous. I'll teach you" he tells me calmly as I brighten "but first how about a demonstration between Thomas and me, to show you why I'm the Lycan King?"

Stricken

Chapter 44 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

King Bailey POV

I stride into the training ring with Thomas in tow. Thomas is smiling broadly as he mind-links me.

Wanting to show off for your mate are you? Do you want me to take it easy on you? I don't want your mate to freak out that you might get hurt he says with concern.

No, I want her to see the full extent of our powers. I want you to shift into lycan form. She needs to see that I can protect her if it comes down to it. I want her to know that I can be the mate she deserves to have.

Plus you want to show off Thomas adds knowingly

I deign not to answer that one, aware that Riley is watching us anxiously from the crowd that has gathered to watch the lycan king and his Beta fight together.

I begin to strip and notice Riley blushing from the corner of my eye. She steadfastly looks away and I can't help but grin at her reaction. She's so innocent, I think to myself and then feel my cock harden at the thought she might not have actually done the deed, pleasing myself and my lycan immensely. I put my clothes to the side and then shift, my wolf massive as it turns and faces Thomas who is doing the same, a look of nonchalance on his face, despite the fact that this is going to be one hell of a fight.

He's barely shifted before I attack. He dodges the flurry of quick and agile moves, before attempting to lunge towards me. I turn and kick him, sending him sprawling backwards as he lets out a ferocious roar in anger. I dart towards him and slash his midsection with my claws as he

defends himself and sends me staggering back. He's good, I marvel and while training the other lycans and creatures, he's only gotten better over the years. I'm impressed despite myself.

He jumps and I dodge, just avoiding him. I sideswipe and he cracks his front paw at me, getting me across the chest as I growl in rage. He's drawn blood. My lycan is growing pissed. I see red but fight back the urge to kill. This is meant to be a friendly sparring session, I try to remind my lycan, but both of us are aware of Riley watching, her eyes wide in disbelief as she watches how fast Thomas and I can move, our bodies like a blur at moments as we attack and lunge towards one another only to separate and do it again and again.

The crowd is cheering. "Way to go Thomas."

"Get him Bailey, smug bastard he is."

"Look out!"

"Dodge damnit dodge" they shouted.

As usual, the spectators are caught up in the moment, elbowing one another and urging their favorite person on. It rankles when Thomas is encouraged although I have to admit that it's funny how insulted my lycan gets over it.

I roll underneath Thomas as he jumps and get his underbelly. He howls and drops to the ground. I can see the blood trickling from his wounds. I cut deep but not deep enough to cause serious injury. He's practically foaming at the mouth. Thomas's lycan is just as stubborn and dangerous as mine. Both of us are circling one another. Neither of us are prepared to give up just yet. We don't want to submit to each other or admit defeat. We're enjoying ourselves. It's been a long time since we've fought one another. I lunge again and Thomas manages to sidestep and get me across the chest, gouging me and causing more blood to trickle down. It looks worse than it is but I hear Riley's sharp intake of breath across the circle and when I look her face has gone pale.

Maybe we were taking it too far? I hesitate but Thomas continues to attack and I'm forced to defend myself as Riley's pallor continues to whiten and go ashen. I let out a roar of frustration. We fling ourselves at each other. A scream from the crowd forces us both apart and my head turns automatically towards Riley, who is now on the floor. I shift, my lycan filled with worry as Thomas does the same and I bolt over to her, forcing the crowd to part ways.

"Riley" I shout in panic, kneeling beside her and ignoring the blood-streaked all over me and the nakedness of my body as I cup her face, trying to wake her back up "Riley, wake up honey."

"Who is she?" someone whispers curiously.

"She's new to the pack" another shoots back as the crowd watches intently "I heard she's King Bailey's mate."

"No way" breathes another.

"You better believe it. Look at how he's trying to get her to wake up. That's the mate bond" someone hisses.

Riley is unresponsive and I can feel myself panicking and then her eyes begin to slowly flutter open. I feel a sense of relief wash over me as I help her to sit upright. She blinks, rubbing a hand on her temples a look of confusion on her face.

"What happened?" she mumbled, while I glanced over at Thomas who had begun to get dressed.

"You fainted," I said quietly "while Thomas and I were sparring."

Her eyes widen. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry" she breathes, looking embarrassed, her cheeks flushing a becoming pink color as I gaze at her "I didn't mean to. I just was so worried about you that I..."

"You were worried?" I sounded smug and a little arrogant.

She looks at me confused. "Well yes, I mean look at you" she gestures weakly at me as I look down at myself bewildered.

"You're covered in blood and clearly injured" she said sadly as I fought back my laughter at her innocence "I thought you were going to kill each other" she added grimly.

"Riley" I said, smoothing her hair back from her face and cupping her cheek "Some of the blood on me is Thomas's and very little of it is mine. I'm not as injured as you think I am" I said honestly.

"Oh" she says weakly.

"Lycan's heal incredibly quick sweetheart. Look at Thomas."

She glances at Thomas, who luckily is fully dressed by now. He grins at her and exposes his stomach which is fully healed by now. Her mouth parts open in shock.

"Wow," she breathes as I chuckle.

"I'm sorry if we worried you but we are both fine," I say as the crowd begins to disperse.

I stand and then help her up. She looks at me and then glances away, her cheeks burning bright red. I can't help but notice that her eyes keep darting towards a certain part of my anatomy that makes me grin inwardly to myself. I take it as a compliment and my lycan finds it amusing.

"Um, maybe you should get dressed" she says, turning around.

I chuckle "I don't mind if you look. After all, you're going to see all of me eventually" I say nonchalantly.

I hear a sharp intake of breath but she refuses to turn her head around so I sigh and walk back into the training ring, beginning to don my clothes. Thomas subtly leaves and I walk over to Riley and press a hand to her shoulder, causing her to start.

"I'm dressed" I say slightly grumpily.

Part of me wonders what she looks like undressed and immediately my member begins to harden in response. Shit. That was a bad idea. A very bad idea. I'm practically drooling now and my lycan is sending all sorts of naughty thoughts and images to my mind. I swallow hard. Riley thankfully is oblivious to what I'm thinking.

"Do you have a um" she pauses "a lake or anything in the forest?"

I stare. Then it hits me why she's asking and could have slapped myself in the head. Duh. She's part siren. She's going to be drawn to water. I should have thought of that myself instead of trying to show myself off like an idiot. I groan inwardly.

"We have something better" I tell her as she eyes me suspiciously "Come with me."

I could fix this. Part of me wanted to watch her in the water, another part of me wanted to join her. What did a siren look like, when she swam? Was she graceful like a mermaid? Did her hair change color? So many questions on the tip of my tongue as I grabbed her hand and began to lead her inside the forest, but I kept them to myself. I would know the answer soon enough and I would get to watch my mate in her most comfortable surrounding. Water. Siren's loved it. I was willing to bet my life on it that Riley felt most at home in the water as well. It was as much a part of her as the forest was for Lycans.

Pleading

Chapter 45 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

Watching my mate spar with Thomas was nerve-wracking. I watched with my heart racing as the two of them continued to hurt each other, over and over again. I had seen the blood trickling from their wounds and the aggressiveness with which they had tackled each other. It had caused me to fear for his life, even as I acknowledged that as the King of the Lycan's it was naive of me to think that he would be taken down by his Beta. But it didn't stop the rush of fear flooding through me, or from feeling like my heart was leaping through my throat as I watched.

Eventually, it had become too much and I had fainted, causing my mate and Thomas to stop the fight, even though I was embarrassed at having such a reaction.

Now my mate was gently holding my hand and squeezing it as we walked deeper into the forest. I had enquired if there was a lake or some form of water nearby and I had seen a thoughtful expression come over his face. I could feel anticipation flooding through me. I missed the lake from my old pack. I missed the water. My body craved it. It wanted to be swimming and surrounded by the refreshing liquid again. My body was practically thrumming with excitement as we walked and I could see my mate's eyes sparkling as he glanced at me.

We were quite deep in when we came across the lake. It was huge. Bigger than the other packs. The water was almost crystal clear. I could see my reflection in it. I inhaled sharply, my mouth salivating at the thought of diving into it. It was surrounded by wild grass and shrubbery. Baily looked at me consideringly. "The water is deep," he said "but it's also extremely cold" he warned "shifters tend to avoid the lake not liking swimming," he said with a chuckle "same as Lycans but I think you might get good use of this."

I eyed the water longingly and then hesitated. "Take your clothes off" Bailey urged and I glanced at him, blushing profusely.

"I mean just down to your underwear," he said flushing.

I nodded and quietly peeled off my top and shorts, before turning and diving straight into the water as he watched open-mouthed. It was as cool and refreshing as I'd imagined. My heart felt like it was bursting with joy. My hair flowed behind me, like a curtain as I began to swim, feeling like a fish, comfortable and at ease.

"You're like a mermaid" Bailey breathed as he watched me, my body moving constantly, diving and surging back upwards, my hair wrapping itself around my body "a beautiful mermaid," he said in awe.

I treaded the water "why don't you join me?" I asked excitedly.

The only thing better than this would be to have my mate in the water with me. I eyed him expectantly as he stood there and began to slowly take his clothes off. My mouth went dry. Damn. Was he going to come in naked? I wouldn't mind if he did, a small voice inside my mind said teasingly.

He kept his shorts on but kicked his shoes off and then dived into the water, surging back up towards me. Before I could blink he'd grabbed me around the waist and yanked me to him, my legs wrapping around him. He was so tall that he could reach the ground easily as he moved, my hands cupping his face as I leaned forward and kissed him, feeling desire overtake me. Heat flooded through my body.

He tasted divine. I felt him reciprocate, felt him deepen the kiss as I moaned into his mouth, felt his tongue slowly slide between my lips and dive into my mouth, exploring and caressing me. It

was heaven. My legs clenched around him, my breathing becoming shallow. I could feel myself becoming wet between my legs and his nostrils flared although he continued to kiss me, one hand wrapping itself in the back of my head and twining itself in my hair. I could have stayed like that forever, my body tingling, pressing itself desperately against him.

It was like I couldn't get enough of him. I saw his eyes darken slowly. His kiss turned harsher but I didn't pull away. I wanted more. His hand gripped me even tighter at the back of my head and I whimpered, not because I was in pain but because I was enjoying the feeling of being dominated. Because that's what this was. He was dominating me. His lycan side was showing itself even in human form and I was almost ready to throw myself at him and let him ravish me, my body desiring more than just a kiss at this stage.

He pulled away and I gave a slow whine of disappointment, my body grinding against his as he let out a sharp inhalation of breath. His fingers trailed the shell mark on my shoulder as I looked down.

"Have I told you how beautiful you are?" he asked me as I looked down at him, refusing to unclamp my legs.

"I never get tired of hearing it" I breathed, as I felt his hands gently cup my buttocks, squeezing them.

"You're a fucking goddess" he murmured.

I moaned. Leaned forward and rubbed my head on his neck. His hands gripped me harder. "If you keep doing that I won't be able to stop myself. My lycan wants to claim you" he said in a strangled tone, making me pull back and look at him confused.

Claim me? That could only mean two things. Either he meant mark me orthe other thing both of which I was already prepared to do. I gave a low moan.

"Do it" I whimpered.

"You don't know what you're saying" he growled, trying to maintain his self control "If I mark you we don't know what would happen, with you being a half siren. It would be taking one hell of a risk without researching it properly."

But the idea of being his, of being claimed as his mate, for all of the pack members to see reverberated through my mind and once he had said it, I refused to think of anything else or be denied this opportunity. Couldn't he see that I wanted him? Couldn't he see how badly I wanted this? My last mate had turned me away, had rejected the bond completely. Now I had a mate that claimed to love me, that claimed my siren lineage didn't matter. I wanted him to prove it. I wanted him to show that I mattered to him, in a way that mattered the most. In a time old tradition. Was that so wrong? Everybody else did it, so why shouldn't we? Why should we be so cautious? Suspicious? The moon goddess had chosen us as mates for a reason, who were we to defy it?

"Do it" I whispered biting my lip and gazing at him with longing in my eyes "Please Bailey. I want to be your mate" I pleaded sincerely.

He exhales slowly, gritting his teeth. He's still trying to restrain himself. I'm trying to control my anger. I know that he's concerned about me. It's why he's hesitant. "Honey" he says placatingly "we don't know what will happen. What if I hurt you? My lycan" he pauses "my lycan is not exactly gentle and I'm afraid that he'll hurt you trying to mark you."

Was that what he was afraid of? His lycan being too much or biting too deep? I almost laughed at his concern. It was cute. His eyes were narrowed though and his tone was solemn. He was afraid. I cupped his cheek and looked him directly in the eyes, leaning forward to kiss him gently on the lips, expressing my thoughts without words.

I pulled away again and touched his cheek, smiling softly at him. "Bailey, I know you" I told him quietly "and you're not capable of hurting me. Not when we're mates. Your lycan isn't capable of hurting me. You don't need to be afraid. I want this" I told him honestly and saw his eyes go completely dark as he stiffened "I want you to mark me. Please stop hesitating" I begged "I don't know if I can mark you back but if I can, I'm going to" I told him honestly and saw a look of desire cross his own face.

"I can't stop him anymore" he told me slowly, between gritted teeth "You're about to get your wish Riley, whether you want it now or not."

So the Lycan was taking control. It didn't like Bailey denying it what it wanted. Interesting. I should have been afraid. I should have been concerned. But his Lycan didn't scare me, just like Bailey didn't scare me. So instead of recoiling or moving away, I smiled deliberately into his eyes and then moved my head to the side, one hand sweeping my hair to the side in a deliberate invitation as he swallowed hard and let out a low growl.

Unexpected

Chapter 46 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

King Bailey POV

She's luring me. Like a trap. She moves her hair to the side and cocks her head, exposing the creamy expanse of her neck as my Lycan moves restlessly in my mind. My mouth waters as I stare at how exposed she is, my desire to claim her, to finally mark her and make her mine becomes almost overwhelming. But I also don't know what will happen if I do mark her. She's

half siren. That complicates things. There's no telling what could happen. What would happen? It could be dangerous. But my Lycan refuses to heed my warnings or listen to reason.

She's ours. She has always been ours. We will make it so that everybody in our pack knows and so that no other unmated males dare to touch her.

We don't know what this could do to her. What if we hurt her?

The moon goddess gave us to each other for a reason. Marking each other will not harm her. She desires to be ours. Why would you refuse? Do what she wants. Or I will he growls.

I can't hold him back any longer. Riley's invitation has unhinged him. He's practically trying to leap into existence. My eyes have already darkened. I feel our canines beginning to grow as she continues to steadily regard me. I begin to pray that we aren't doing the wrong thing but I want to see my mark on her. I give one last look at her neck, unblemished and flawless, before my Lycan and I move as one, bending our head down and plunging our teeth into her neck as she lets out a startled cry, one of pain, our teeth biting down hard before we pull back and tenderly lick the wound closed as her eyes shimmer with unshed tears. The mark of a crown appears on her shoulder, a black one, that resembles a tattoo. She has the mark of the Lycan king on her. I'm pleased. So is my Lycan.

She touches her neck and then something comes over her face. Before we move, before we can utter a word, she lunges, biting into our shoulder and causing us to inhale sharply in shock. We hadn't been expecting that. But her shifter DNA must be allowing her to mark us as well. She bites down and we groan at the arousing sensation of pain as she moves back and licks the wound. The mark of a crown appears on our neck, along with a shell to accompany it. I glance at Riley stunned.

"Two marks" I whisper.

"I didn't know it would do that" she stammers, looking shame-faced, even as my arms wrap around her and hold her tight "I swear..."

"I like it" I tell her, causing her to still "The shell resembles you and the crown resembles me" my tone is nonchalant.

She stops wriggling "Really?"

"Really" I confirm.

She gives a slow smile. "I feel different" she confesses, tracing the mark with her finger, her hair covering part of her face.

"Different how?"

She frowns. "I don't know how to describe it," she said as I held her "I feel strange" she confessed.

I'm trying not to panic. But as I hold her, her body is beginning to heat up. A lot. Even though we're in cold water.

"Riley, you're hot."

"I feel warm," she says rubbing her forehead "like my whole body is. I can feel ah..." she stiffens and suddenly I feel her thighs clenching around my waist as I stare at her and then my Lycan begins to go berserk.

Holy shit. No way. This wasn't meant to happen. Not so soon after being marked. In fact, I thought marking was meant to stop it. I'm confused and slightly panicking. My lycan is trying hard to surge to the surface, wanting nothing more than to claim Riley in another manner entirely. I can sense her sudden arousal as she gives a loud moan and I can feel my self control slipping. Thank god she's marked because otherwise there would be a hell of a lot of unmated males coming along to investigate the sudden pheromones she was giving off.

"Riley, I think, I think you're going into heat" I say as I begin to head towards the shallow end of the lake.

"No, you marked me" she whimpers, her thighs clenching around me again and making me swear out loud.

"I know, but um I can smell your arousal" I growl, closing my eyes and counting to ten in order to restrain my ardor.

"But isn't marking me meant to stop this?"

"Usually" I growl "but for some reason it's not. I don't understand, you don't have a wolf do you?" I ask.

She shakes her head as I get out of the water, grabbing clothes and flinging hers towards her apologetically.

"Get dressed" I rasp, barely containing myself.

My whole body is shaking as I force my shirt back on and shoes. Riley's fingers and hands are trembling as she begins to force clothes back onto her body, all the while I can smell her scent which is growing stronger by the minute. Fuck. I run a hand through my hair and debate my options. It's not safe to be around her, but I can't just leave her here either. A growl comes from behind us. I whirl around. A pack member stands there in human form, staring at Riley, his eyes slowly going dark. My eyes narrow. She's claimed, he shouldn't be looking at her like that. But he's staring at her as though he's entranced. He makes a move towards her, trying to grab her and

she screams, my hand slams out and punches him, sending him sprawling unconscious to the floor.

"We're going to have to get back to the packhouse and lock ourselves up in the bedroom" I shouted.

Or at least her, I amended in my mind, spotting other pack members making their way towards us. Riley looks about to protest, glances around and then changes her mind. She whimpers, in pain and I swear, grabbing her and holding her tight. My own cock begins to harden, distracting me for a moment. Now is not the time to get distracted by such things.

I take off running. Riley's eyes are closed and her breathing is shallow. She's in pain and the heat she's exhibiting is like a fever all over. I dodge pack members and slam through the front door, taking the stairs two at a time. I'm forced to take out two more pack members getting to the bedroom. I slam the door shut behind us. "Get in the bathroom" I rasp, locking the door, grateful it was a reinforced door "and lock it."

She's sobbing now. I'm trying hard to avoid looking at her. The urge to take what's mine is almost unbearable. But I'm not going to do something that she'll hate me for later. I won't do something that will be unforgivable. She whimpers and the sound almost breaks me.

"Please" she's sitting on the floor, her hair cascading over her shoulder, tears trailing down her cheek, her gaze down at the floor "please Bailey it hurts" she sobs.

Shit. I clench my jaw and walk over, touching her face gently. Electricity shoots through me. Goddamn. I can barely breath for want of her. "It hurts less when you touch me" she whimpers, and I want to slam my head against the floor.

Does she know how difficult it is to keep my hands off her? How hard it is to maintain what little self control I have left? I'm gritting my teeth as I try to take my hand away, but her hand shoots out and grabs it.

"Bailey, make it stop, make the pain go away."

"Sweetheart" my voice is hoarse, "the only way to make the pain go away during your heat is to..." I trail off.

She looks up at me not comprehending. Did nobody explain to her what a heat was? I swallow hard.

"The only way to get rid of the pain is to have sex, lots of times" I say lowly "and I don't want to do that to you so let's get you in the bathroom in the shower" I suggest.

God please. The sooner we have some distance between us, the easier it will be. My Lycan is about to force the change whether I like it or not. I begin to assist her up but she shakes her head

and refuses, her eyes beginning to gleam brighter than I've ever seen them. She nibbles her lower lip and arousal shoots through me. Fuck. She's slowly killing me.

"Bailey, I want to" she begins and I shake my head.

I have no doubts that she's a virgin. I'm not about to take her virginity during her heat. It's not fair to her.

"No" my voice is firm. "I won't take your virginity."

"Please" her voice hitches, causing my chest to tighten "Please Bailey, it hurts so much and I want you" she confesses, causing me to exhale slowly "I want you so bad" she cries and my lycan begins to roar loudly in my head, while I stare at her, inwardly debating what I should do. On one hand I knew the pain she must be experiencing and I wanted to help her, but would she forgive me when her heat was gone and she was able to think clearly again?

Loved

Chapter 47 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

The pain is too much for me to bear. It's causing me to beg, to plead with my mate to make it stop. To do anything to make it stop. He's hesitant. He's too much of a gentleman to take what he fears is too precious to lose and part of me loves him for that, but another part of me is reckless, throwing caution to the wind and wanting the pain to end, no matter what it takes to make it. I need him. I need him to help me. I give another sharp cry and see him wince as he tries to fight the urge to do what his Lycan is urging him to do.

"Please" I whimper, staring up at him with a beseeching expression as he wavers "Please, I want you to. I want you to" I repeat when he stiffens and stills.

"But..." he begins to argue and I interrupt, another surge of what feels like electricity surging through my body and causing tears to come to my eyes.

"Please, make it stop" I begged, and he moved, so fast he was a blur, picking me up and cradling me gently as he put me on the bed.

Just one touch from him and it felt like the heat began to fade. The second he removed his hand, it was back again. I whimpered as he began to slowly take off my shorts, pulling them down and

flinging them to the floor. I sat up and pulled my shirt off, never breaking contact with his eyes, and flung it to the floor and he inhaled sharply. He swung himself over me as I lay back down on the bed again, his hands gently touching and roaming over my body, causing me to relax as I began to experience tingles all over. This, this was so much better. I bit my lip as he began to kiss my stomach and navel, his hands gently squeezing and caressing my skin, going down my legs and thighs, causing me to moan and stiffen.

"You're so beautiful" he murmured.

I felt his hands gently hook beneath my underwear and swiftly remove it, leaving me exposed to his gaze. I tried to clamp my thighs shut, but he shook his head and then gently pried them apart while I blushed.

"So perfect" he purred, while I gasped, feeling his lips near my mound before he slowly licked the folds, causing me to arch my back in shock, a startled gasp escaping from my mouth.

It felt so good. His hands kept my thighs pried apart as he bent his head and began to slowly lick me, circling my clit and gently stroking the folds of my vagina with his fingertips, causing me to shudder and moan out loud. My head flung itself back. My hands clenched uselessly at the bedcovers. He was patient, and gentle, stroking me over and over with his tongue as I mewled from the coarse sensation and fought the urge to push him away.

"Delicious" he smirked, while I stared up at him helplessly.

He continued to eat me out as though he was savoring a tasty meal and soon my legs were quivering as my pleasure increased and he continued to pleasure me with no signs of stopping anytime soon.

"Bailey" I pleaded, not sure what it was I was feeling, but knowing something was going to happen.

Whatever it was, I sensed I was close. "Please" I began to wriggle and felt his hands clamp around my thighs and hold them tightly there "I can't..." I choked out.

"Let go" he whispered, and I shuddered as he began to flick his tongue over my clit, causing me to shriek and buck on the bed.

Gods, it was too much. It was all too much. I could feel this unbearable tension inside of my body, like it was coiling inside of itself and I began to sob, feeling something come over me. I needed, I needed...

I screamed his name as my first-ever orgasm tore through me. My body shook violently as he kept my thighs spread apart. He was ruthless. He continued to pleasure me, prolonging the orgasm until I was left panting and gasping, spent on the bed, overcome with emotion from the pleasure I'd received and shaking all over. There were juices dripping down my thigh and I felt

wet between my legs. I lay there, watching as Bailey slowly got up and began to strip off his clothes.

He was quick and methodical. I looked at him and my eyes widened as I took in the size of him, feeling my chest tighten. He wasn't going to fit. There was no way, something that large was going to fit inside of me. It was impossible, I thought wildly. He slowly climbed back over me and touched my cheek, kissing me. Pleasure, pure unadulterated pleasure shot through me.

One touch and I was quivering. The heat was gone. All I could do was feel. My hands began to explore on their own, touching him all over with an enthusiasm that was new to me. His skin was smooth, but rough in places where scars littered his back. I traced the scars while he touched me lovingly all over, leaving me panting and gasping for breath.

It felt so good. He kissed the nape of my neck and I closed my eyes, feeling the roughness of his lips and the gentleness of the kiss mingling with one another. His hand slowly reached down and cupped my breast, massaging it and sending another jolt of pleasure through me. There was not an inch of my body that he was left untouched as he continued to kiss me, here there, and everywhere.

I wanted him. My body was hazy with desire. I swallowed thickly.

"Bailey, please" I whispered while he continued to explore my body.

There was a look of determination on his face. I ground up against him in encouragement and heard him inhale sharply.

"Temptress" he groaned while I tried not to grin at him.

"Please" I begged, "you're killing me."

He trailed a finger down my cheek, his eyes narrowing "so impatient. Your first time is meant to be special" he chided, even as I felt his cock against my entrance, "and I don't want to hurt you" he admitted lowly "I don't have much experience with virgins."

The heat was beginning to come back. I parted my legs wider and looked at him with something akin to desperation. I was practically ready to climb on top of him at this rate. I wrapped my legs around my waist and urged him with small rocking motions. He growled, his eyes darkening further.

"You tempt me too much" he groaned, kissing me swiftly on the mouth.

I felt him lining up at my entrance and fighting back the urge to tense, knowing it would hurt more if I did.

He slowly pushed inside. My mouth gaped open as I felt him push, his size making me feel as though I was stuffed. He kept his eyes on me the whole time, ensuring I was okay as he

continued to penetrate me and I grasped his back, my nails digging in lightly as he advanced. I felt something tear, felt a sharp stinging pain, and gave a small cry as my back arched and he paused. He'd broken the hymen. I panted as he hesitated.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes" I gasped as the pain faded and was replaced by pleasure "you can keep going" I urged, rocking my hips.

He slid inside, to the hilt and then paused again, before beginning to move as my mouth opened in shock. Pleasure reverberated through my body. With each thrust, I could feel him and my body responded. My nails dug into his back, drawing blood. His eyes stared intently into mine, watching me react as I began to pant and mewl.

"More" I begged, rocking against him as he let out a low growl "please, more Bailey."

He thrust in harder, his arms keeping him strongly above me as he continued, while I moaned in pleasure.

I had never envisioned that making love could be this good. Not in a million years. I didn't know if it was the mate bond, the fact I was in heat, or him that made it this dizzyingly spectacular but I wasn't about to complain. All I could do was feel him, moving inside of me and the accompanying pleasure that shot through me with every touch and thrust. I whimpered, my body arching on the bed before another orgasm ripped through me, Bailey's name ripped from my lips.

"Bailey!"

He swore and continued to thrust while my walls clenched tightly around his cock. He looked as though he was struggling for control as I convulsed around him. I cried out and then he began to stiffen.

"Fuck" he groaned as I came again, my body quivering and then he spilled his seed inside of me, before slowly and cautiously withdrawing from me, a look of concern over his face.

I collapsed on the bed, feeling normal again, even as I struggled to move, my body aching in places I'd never felt before.

Considerations

Chapter 48 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Bailey POV

It was unlike anything I had ever experienced with anyone else before. Riley was heaven. So sweet, so pure, so angelic. As I lay next to her, my arm around her, it was all I could do not to purr in satisfaction, even as I fought back my Lycan who wanted to continue exploring her body some more. She was no doubt sore, I told him sternly as he pouted at me, and needed to rest. I was concerned I might have hurt her, although she showed no signs of that as I leaned over and kissed her on the forehead.

I felt the tingle where my lips connected with her skin. She moaned and turned towards me, her eyes clear and focussed.

"Are you okay?" I asked, creasing a brow.

She smiles and snuggles deeper next to me, looking wholly satisfied and drained. "I'm fine," she said exhaling "I feel good" she confessed.

I grin and then stretch, getting slowly out of bed. I head to the bathroom as she watches me confused and grabbed a washcloth, dampening it with warm water.

I come back and gently begin to wipe between her legs as she sucks in a breath of pain.

"You're bleeding" I comment quietly as she moans "which is not to be unexpected considering..." I trail off.

She looks embarrassed but I grab her and cradle her against my chest. "I think we could use a bath" I tease as she giggles.

"We?" she asks suspiciously.

I carry her into the bathroom and put her on her feet, before turning the taps on and looking at her indignantly. "You don't want to have a bath with me?"

She looks me over, her eyes dipping to a lower part of my anatomy and her cheeks blush a becoming pink as I fight back my grin.

"Well um, the thing is" she stammers as I stand there, raising a brow.

"Okay yes" she swallows hard "we can have a bath together."

I grin and get in, motioning for her to join me. She's adorably shy, sitting down and trying to cover her chest with her legs folded up. I grab one of her legs and begin to massage the foot as she gives a squeal and then a low moan of appreciation.

"God that feels good" she moans.

I rub her foot. She gives another moan. Her body begins to relax in the water. Her head tips back against the bathtub which can easily fit up to four people if we wanted. I grab her other foot and begin to massage it as she closes her eyes and breathes shallowly.

"Are you still sore?" I ask her and she peeks out between her lashes, cocking her head.

"Not so much," she said as I began to gently trail my hands up and down her legs, massaging the kinks out of them.

"Good" I growled "because that was only part of your heat. I'm afraid that it's not going to stop that easily" I apologized as she looked at me warily.

"I know" she whispers "but you were so gentle Bailey, I'm not worried anymore" she began to say and then I felt her flinch.

Had I touched a sore spot? I began to open my mouth to apologize but she was already shaking her head. "So hot" she moaned.

That was quick. I hadn't anticipated the heat coming back so quickly, considering that she had just lost her virginity. It didn't seem fair. She needed to recover and rest. I could see her face becoming flushed and saw her biting her lip. I gently began to rub her feet, keeping my eyes fixated on her.

"Riley look at me," I said calmly as she gazed at me wide-eyed "don't worry, don't stress, we'll get through this."

"But it's already starting to hurt" she choked out, doubling over in the tub and pulling away from me "The heat, it's too much" she began to sob.

Damnit. I thought we would have had a lot more time. This was so unusual. Normally there was a larger window between heats. Was this because she was a siren or something else that was at play? I could feel myself tensing as my Lycan grew more concerned as well as more aroused as he smelt how strong her scent was becoming. It was almost overwhelming. Impossible to ignore.

I clenched my jaw and then stood up, water sloshing everywhere. I got out of the tub and quickly dried myself with a towel, while Riley stayed doubled over, clutching herself and groaning. One touch of her and I recoiled. She was boiling hot again. I pulled the plug and then grabbed a towel, wrapping it around her and lifting her up. I carried her to the bed while she clutched at me. I dried her tenderly and then pulled the towel away, exposing her.

"I want you" she begged, pleading between gasps "Baily please, the pain."

"I know it hurts" I soothed her "but I can't just take you again, you're still sore" I tried to reason but she was shaking her head with such a vehemence I was concerned her head might fall off.

"I don't care," she said sharply "please Bailey, make it stop. The heat, it's all too much. Why is this happening?" she cried in frustration.

I didn't know. Marking her should have prevented this. At the very least it should have minimized its effects if it happened at all. This was all new to me. My Lycan growled, growing frustrated with my lack of action.

Imbecile, our mate is hurting and you're just going to stand there and do nothing? Are you a man or a coward he taunted do what she needs or so help me god I'll take over from you. I'm close to doing it now he warned our mate needs us you dumbass, stop standing there like a jackass and start helping her.

I begin to touch her all over again. At first, she trembles and continues to sob, but as my hands roam all over and touch her, time and time again, she begins to relax as the heat begins to dissipate. My touch is cooling her. She begins to pant in response and my groin tightens. I sit beside her on the bed, continuing to touch without doing anything more. She looks at me silently begging and I almost come undone. She's writhing on the bed, wriggling and pleading. Her voice is hoarse from begging and her eyes are shiny with tears. It moves me. It pains me. This is my mate that is hurting and I can't do sweet fuck all to help her except give her well, that.

I grit my teeth and then climb back over. She clutches at me, urging me on. I take her again, being as gentle and as tender as possible. I drive her to the heights of pleasure again and again, in an attempt to drive this heat from her. She screams my name over and over again, her body convulsing with each orgasm and when I'm finished, when I'm drained and can't take any more, she collapses back against the bed, her eyes closed and her body barely moving, except for her chest which is rising steadily up and down, to signify that she's still breathing.

I feel guilty as I pull back out of her and roll her onto her side. She's asleep, exhausted by her ordeal. I wrap my arm around her waist. I pull her into me and put the bedcovers over her. She snuggles into me, her arms automatically searching for me. I tenderly smooth back her hair and kiss her on the forehead. For the moment she looks peaceful and I'm hoping that it lasts. My Lycan purrs satisfied with our mate's condition, although petulant that he didn't get a chance to take over and have his turn with her. I ignored him and go as far as putting a block up.

I glance at her belly and put a soft hand on it. During a heat, a shifter's body is incredibly fertile. I had no notion of how a siren's body would be or why she was acting like a shifter all of a sudden. Had we conceived a child tonight? The question hovered on my lips. Was a siren just as fertile during this period? Would our children be sirens or half lycans or both? So many questions without answers. I knew I was going to have to research this a bit more, but there was very little information in regards to sirens, due to shifter's having this illogical fear of them. Sirens could be dangerous, but they weren't as dangerous as shifter's claimed they were. I always suspected that Sirens had been made out to be more monstrous than they were in real life and that they had been betrayed by their mates and packs in more ways than one. I didn't trust the history books completely when it came to a siren's abilities or describing their personalities. I always reserved judgement for myself. How was I going to find out more about what Riley was

capable of and our children when they were born? It was a conundrum and one I needed to consider very carefully.

Disrespect

Chapter 49 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Alpha Jaxon POV

"What is it with the pack members refusing to listen to anything that Amber says?" I ask Callum stiffly as we sit in the study, facing each other, Cody in the other chair, staring off to one side with a blank expression on his face.

Callum chooses his words with care, even as I try not to show my impatience. Although I've been forced to mark the bitch and make her Luna, the news has not gone down well with the pack and so far the members have proved to be resistant to the change in leadership when it comes to the new Luna.

It's a right pain in the ass. I did not accept blatant disrespect from my pack, regardless of their feelings about their new Luna.

"Amber is difficult to get along with. Instead of being gracious about her new role, she's rather demanding and hot-headed" Callum says as I glare at him.

"Who cares? She's the luna, she can do what she likes so long as she is doing her role" I spit out.

I was over this bullshit. Cody looked frustrated with my response. He leaps to his feet, surprising me with his anger. "You don't get it do you?" he growls while Callum tries to shush him "she's a right bitch. She orders the omegas around as though she owns them, she hits pack members and she treats everybody like shit as though we're below her. She is abusing the power you gave her and you're letting her because all you're concerned about is finding Riley."

I slam my hand on the desk "You have no right to speak to me that way" I growl, as Cody pauses and Callum takes a deep breath "I would find it prudent for you to speak to every member of this pack and remind them that it's their job to listen and respect their Luna."

Callum looked disgusted with me, not even bothering to hide the expression on his face. "What about Riley?" he asks me tightly "are you giving up on the search for her now that you've claimed a chosen mate? There is no further point in looking for her. Or are you not aware that Amber has ordered everybody not to?"

She had? I glared at them "How could you let her do that?" I demanded stiffly "I'm the Alpha, you listen to my instructions" I growl.

Callum rolls his eyes at me. He does it one more time and I'm going to dig his eyeballs out with my fingers, I think viciously. "You just said we needed to respect your Luna" he points out maliciously "so which is it?"

I open my mouth to let loose at him when the most godawful pain shoots through my chest, causing me to clutch at it and double over in pain, gasping for breath. It hurts. So much that it's all I can do to grit my teeth and bear through it.

What the fuck is this? I groan, digging my nails into my skin. More pain washes over me. I can barely keep myself upright in the chair. Callum is concerned but Cody remains where he is.

"Alpha Jaxon, are you alright?"

"Pain" I rasp "in my chest, and my abdomen" I add groaning "what is it?"

Callum's eyes narrow "You never fully accepted Riley's rejection did you?" he asks point blank as I glower at him.

"Of course not you idiot" I snap "when I get her back I plan on having her along with Amber. Why would I accept her rejection?"

He sighs and shakes his head looking away from me. "That explains the pain" he mumbles as I give another grimace and then a low snarl as the pain intensifies.

"Damn it Callum if you know what this is then fucking tell me" I roar, gritting my teeth.

It hurt so goddamn bad I was ready to tear Callum limb from limb and he was just sitting there all nonchalant as though nothing was happening to me. It was infuriating.

He blinks. "I would have thought you would have put two and two together Alpha Jaxon" he says quietly as I groan again and feel the heat beginning to burn inside me "this is the pain of your mate bond, even weakened as it is. Your mate" he pauses as I glare at him, daring him to spit it out "is currently being with another."

"What" I roar, the windows shaking from the vehemence of my rage.

Callum nods tightly "it appears that she's found her mate or is sleeping with someone else" he repeats as I groan and grimace "maybe it would be a good idea to fully accept the rejection so you don't have to feel it?"

I slam my fist on the desk again "that fucking whore" I yell in rage while Cody remains tight-lipped and Callum looks resigned "how could she? When I get my fucking hands on her..." I trail off panting heavily.

Callum rubs his forehead and peers at me with a frown on his face. "Why don't you just let her go Jaxon? She's happy now, I can only surmise judging by the pain you're experiencing. let her go" he repeated "end this foolishness. Why are you so desperate to have her?"

"She can make our pack stronger" I growl, as the pain begins to ebb slightly "we can use her as a weapon. I don't know why it didn't occur to me before" I snarled "but don't ask such stupid questions, Callum. She couldn't have gotten too far from the pack if she was running on bare feet. So why hasn't she been found?" I side-eye them both as Cody glances away from me.

They haven't been looking, I answered my own question. They hadn't needed Amber to order them to stop because they had only been pretending to look for Riley. I could have throttled them both with my bare hands. I clenched my jaw. "Callum, once this pain is gone and I can move freely again, I challenge you to a duel. Should you fail, you will be stripped of your title and will become a rogue" I tell him, looking him directly in the eyes "or you can forfeit the duel now and become a regular pack member while I give the position to somebody else."

My tone is cutting. I'm angry now. Beyond belief. He's betrayed me, as has Cody. Cody is next on the agenda and he knows it too judging by the expression on his face.

I expect Callum to forfeit. I expect him to bow out graciously and become a regular member of the pack. But once more he surprises me as his expression turns cool and his eyes turn glacial. I'm half in shock. The man I thought was my friend has vanished and a stranger stands there instead.

"I accept your challenge Alpha Jaxon" he says bowing his head.

Cody looks flabbergasted. "Callum think about this" he says in a low voice "you'll end up as a rogue"

"I'm aware" Callum's voice is calm and his expression indecipherable "and I have made my peace with that Cody. You needn't worry so much about me" he added.

Cody bit his lip looking anxious. He glances at me but I'm still wincing from the pain even as I manage to straighten up.

"Jaxon, stop this" he pleads "we're friends. How could you make Callum a rogue like he means nothing to you?"

I stare at Cody stone faced. "Anybody who gets in the way of what I want for this pack is automatically a traitor and will be treated as such. Don't think you're safe from all this either Cody" I said gruffly as his face drained of all color "you're loyalty to Callum has not gone unnoticed" I growled.

Cody blanched. I glared at them both. "The challenge will take place at sunrise tomorrow morning" I bit out "failure to turn up automatically forfeits and makes you rogue."

Callum stiffly bows his head. "I'll be there Alpha Jaxon" there's an edge to his voice as he begins to make his way to the doorway, an anxious Cody beginning to join him "in the meantime, perhaps it would be best if you advised the pack to listen to your Luna, as she is your mate and you gave her the position. I doubt that the instructions coming from me are going to make much difference at this point in time."

With that parting shot he leaves the room. Cody glances at me and begins to follow Callum.

"I don't know what's happened to you Jaxon" he says over his shoulder as I growl at him "I always knew you were ruthless but this is beyond that. You've betrayed your friends, all for the sake of greed. One day you're going to wake up and realize what you've sacrificed and it will be too late to take it back."

He leaves and I tense my body as a fresh wave of pain washes over me.

Transformed

Chapter 50 - The Beastly Alpha's Mute Omega

Riley POV

It's been days of nothing but days of being confined to the bedroom with Bailey and as I wake up in the room with the sun shining through the windows, I feel different. Strange. Like my body is rippling and the pain that accompanies it is brutal, like my bones are breaking into a million tiny shattered pieces and then being pieced back together again. I scream, sending Bailey flying out of the bed as I fall to the ground, my body collapses on the ground, shaking violently as pain ripples through me.

Don't fight it. That will only make the pain worse. You need to surrender to it. Acknowledge it and embrace it. I will help you.

Who, what is this? It hurts too much, make it stop I plead within my mind, before I feel my leg jerk violently and then the bone snap, sending a blood-curdling scream from my lips while Bailey kneels beside me looking frightened and fascinated at the same time.

"Riley" he murmurs, touching me and then yanking his hand away as I let out another blood-curdling scream "this is, I think you're shifting," he says in awe.

Shifting? But I didn't have a wolf, did I? I couldn't shift, and yet, I could feel another bone break and realign as I screamed and whimpered.

I told you, don't fight it. Just let it take over. You're only going to experience more pain if you keep tensing up. Let what is natural happen.

The voice is chiding me now as I pant and scrabble at the floor. It hurts.

"Make it stop" I beg Bailey as he kneels beside me, looking uncertain on what to do.

"I can't," he said, placing a gentle hand on me as I began to shiver "I'm not even sure how this is happening. I couldn't sense a wolf before but now..." he trails off as I feel my body jolt and convulse.

I grit my teeth. My hand breaks and I feel the bones begin to readjust sending me into a spasm of howling and painful screeches. Bailey looks wrecked as he watches, biting his lip.

"There's nothing I can do but help you through it" he murmurs regretfully.

My heart is racing wildly in my chest and I can feel the blood pumping through my body. Claws begin to grow out of my nails as I continue to struggle violently on the floor. Bailey backs up, as my body begins to grow larger, fur growing on my limbs.

I snarl, feeling sharp pointy teeth inside my mouth. My claws dig into the ground clawing away, and I can feel myself growing steadily bigger, while my hearing begins to grow even more sensitive and keen. I can hear the sounds of the pack members walking around the grounds as I feel my body move for the last time before I open my eyes and stare at my mate who is wide-eyed and stunned.

Paws. Instead of hands, I have large paws. I slowly clamber to my feet, feeling slightly unsteady. It's unusual to be on four legs instead of two. I can feel a tail swishing behind me. I glance behind and see it moving back and forth. I can feel my canines in my mouth and my fur is a glorious white color. I sniff, smelling my mate's intoxicating scent. My wolf is purring inside my mind. The pain from the transition is gone, as though it is nothing but a bad memory. I shake my body like an eager puppy and begin to slowly walk to Bailey who is eyeing me with awe? Surprise? Eagerness? It's difficult to tell.

I hear my wolf in my mind. Finally. Do you know how long I've been waiting for this? All these years trapped in the very recesses of your mind, unable to communicate, unable to inform you I was here. I had just about given up all hope until now.

I don't understand. What changed? How was I able to shift just now and how are you able to speak to me if you weren't able to before?

Your mate. He marked you. He gave you part of his blood and part of his strength. It was enough for me to break free. Your siren side was stronger and kept me captive, but now, now you are able to wield both sides thanks to Bailey.

What is your name?

Snow.

Snow. It seemed strangely fitting for a white wolf I thought. I trotted to Bailey who cautiously reached out a hand and patted me on the head. "You're stunning" he said with awe "but you have a blue shell on the middle of your back" he added frowning "I wonder if that's because of your siren side."

It's a reminder that you are both, siren and shifter.

I nod my head up and down, while Bailey continues to stroke me, almost making me purr out loud. He could touch me like this all day if he wanted and I wasn't about to complain. I loved his hands on me. Snow giggled.

That makes two of us. I can never get enough of how strong and coarse his hands are on our skin. Feel how gently he's touching us though? It's almost as though he's afraid to hurt us she said with laughter in her voice.

I wondered what kind of powers a white wolf with a blue shell on its back might possess.

All in due time. White wolves are more agile and stronger than average shifter wolves, also partly due to Bailey's blood combining with yours when he marked you. But you're also a strong swimmer, and can also control the element of water in your wolf form.

I can? I've never heard of a wolf being able to do something like that I practically yelled in my excitement.

You're no ordinary wolf she chided practically rolling her eyes in exasperation or have you forgotten that already. Naturally your siren side would have some advantage in wolf form. But it's going to take training for you to be able to control water. It's not as easy as simply thinking about it her voice is kind but firm.

I didn't care. I was excited to know I possessed special powers. Bailey ran his hands over my fur. "So soft" he marvelled while Snow purred in my mind "you're so beautiful Riley" he complimented me as I sat there, revelling in his touch and his awe.

Enough of this. Should we go for a run with our mate? Snow sounded slightly impatient now.

Are we even up for that after such a transformation?

Yes, so long as we don't go too far or run too hard. Besides, I find I want to see Bailey's Lycan again. I want to feel the ground beneath my paws and the breeze on my fur. I've been dying to run again. It's been so long she moaned.

Then let's do it I told her.

We began to back away towards the door, our eyes wide as we looked at Bailey who looked confused for a moment. We nodded towards the door, trying to convey what we wanted. His eyes widen. "You want to go for a run?"

I nod slowly. I glance around the room and wince. The floor is littered with claw marks and so are the walls. Some of the furniture is ruined from my transformation. Bailey is oblivious to all that though. He strides through the door and then leads the way to the front, opening the door and allowing us to go through.

We sit and stare at him. He hesitates. "You want me to go with you" he points at himself.

Another slow nod. We give him a wicked grin. He looks pleased. He begins to strip and Snow lets out a low whistle in my mind.

That is one fine specimen of man right there.

I blush as she begins to envision what she'd like to do to Bailey, staring resolutely at the floor while he got undressed. But it's not as though I haven't seen him naked anyway, Snow reminds me and I growl lowly at her, making her chuckle. We hear the sounds of bones cracking and adjusting and then we glance up to see that he's transformed into his lycan. He looks majestic, I think in awe as he glances at me mischievously. There's a grin on his face as he views me and a look of anticipation on his face. He's not the only one looking forward to this run.

Oh it's on. Let's see if he can keep up with us Snow says excitedly let's at least make him give chase she adds wickedly and before I can utter a word or protest, we're moving forward, our body so fast that everything appears to be a blur as we make a beeline for the forest with Bailey's lycan right on our heels.